

NEO NY



visual thinking

NEO NEW YORK
The Cooper Union
41 Cooper Square
New York, New York 10003
neonewyork.com

Designed By:
Troy Kreiner &
Rachel Mendelsohn

Printer: F.A. Daniels

Typefaces: Graphik & Serif-Beta
Foundries: Commercial Type & Betatype

Team:
Rachel Mendelsohn
Troy Kreiner
Sebastian Zimmerhackl
Mike Essl
Alexander Tochilovsky
Olivia Glennon
Pablo Chea
Jan Buchczik
Thomas Blankschøn
Sarah Haley
Clemens Poole

2014



TROY KREINER 7

**14 RACHEL
MENDELSON**

ISTVAN KANTOR 22

**29 ROMKE
HOOGWAERTS**

CARLA GANNIS 32

37 K-HOLE

**ALEXANDRA
GORCZYNSKI 40**

**43 ANTHONY
ANTONELLIS**

46 EIKE KÖNIG

THE RODINA 48

53 OKFOCUS

FOURFIVEX 54

58 ART404

**BENJAMIN
CRITTON 62**

65 MAJA CULE

JAKE YUZNA 68

INTRODUCTION

Neo New York is a creative workshop series at the acclaimed Cooper Union. It promotes merit-based, free education by providing grants to 30 international participants to work with some of NYC's most talented and contemporary creatives, including Paul Sahre, Maja Cule, K-HOLE, Jake Yuzna, and Alexandra Gorczynski & Marisa Olson. The week of hands-on, interdisciplinary workshops culminate in an exhibition of work produced by participants. The public symposium features presenters OKFocus, Carla Gannis, Romke Hoogwaerts, Cammisa Buerhaus, The Rodina and Istvan Kantor.

NEO NY is a not for profit, student organized event that believes alternate forms of education are essential to address fair wages for educators and the pitfalls of student debt. NEO NY is a microcosmic alternative proving another way is possible. This publication is an artifact; a collection of images and text exploring the term "Visual Thinking." It also a product of the Rhoda Lubalin Fellowship awarded to Troy Kreiner and Rachel Mendelsohn.

TROY KREINER

A BAG OF CANDY

Trying to write about abstract terminology such as 'visual thinking' is like sticking your hand into a pillowcase of halloween candy. Its fun, its recreational but its a crap-shoot; blindly grabbing into a mixed-bag ending up with essentially anything. The pillowcase I'm pulling candy from is properly known as The Herb Lubalin Study Center of Design and Typography housed at the Cooper Union. I recommend you Google this lengthy title to learn more about it, I am not going to explain its attraction—but its worth it, I promise. One can grab from any bag of candy whether it's a dumpster, an archive, or your mother's closet. It is a privilege to have a resource like the Lubalin Center available to me, which makes the incentive to use it in my definition of visual thinking more attractive. Research at this center yields a particular spectrum of artifacts that I organized into one narrative about visual thinking.

In constructing this definition I narrowed the lens to a specific type of person; someone who was compelled by New York City's gravitational pull, identified as a graphic designer but maybe also an artist. These guys were all white men with big opinions, giving them a more receptive platform which allowed them to make risky public maneuvers and develop their field into a profession. Nevertheless, they are an important part of the city's historical fabric. They were the kind of person who could pitch a great idea in an elevator-ride from the lobby to the 14th floor high rise: start to finish.

Herb Lubalin, Bob Gill, Tibor Kalman and Louis Silverstein. Their work individually is unique and cut-throat, but shares a dry humored—*tell-it-as-it-is* sensibility. Often when they combine image and typography, they manage to transform a narrative into a visual pun or joke. If it isn't funny, its unapologetic and unveils *the elephant in the room*, a call to action. These men took advantage of their privilege and talent to communicate ideas to a lot of people. They made a living from ideas written on a bar-napkin.

This doesn't mean their process was lazy or insignificant, visual thinking was just second nature to them. I imagine the amount of visual and auditory noise they absorbed daily on the streets informed their sensibility. While advertising was being shoved down everyone's throats, these guys made room for laughing, room to share serious stories and room to flip paradigms.

I am uninterested in analyzing each work, each poster, each book cover—I think the artifacts speak for themselves, that was the basis of my selection. A lot of these projects were in circulation at one point in the form of newspapers or other publications. Yet, the documents I am sharing now lay in flat files in the lower level basement area of 41 Cooper Square. They sit in the back-area of a cafe smoking cigars collecting each other's debris.

Page 10 (Images in order of appearance): The New York Times silkscreens, Louis Silverstein; The New York Times holiday card, Louis Silverstein; *Renta Noo Yawka*, Bob Gill; *The Gladiators*, standing left to right: Dan Wynn, Roy Kuhlman, Lorenzo Arranz, Ernie Smith, Pete Palazzo. Seated, left to right: Carl Fischer, Herb Lubalin, Milt Ackoff; *fact: magazine*, Herb Lubalin; *Jazz Music*, Bob Gill; *Dancing Hippies*, fact: magazine, Herb Lubalin; *American Cross*, Bob Gill; *Go to Hell poster*, Herb Lubalin; *Graphic Design: visual comparisons*, Alan Fletcher / Colin Forbes / Bob Gill; *Not This. This.*, Bob Gill; *Militancy & Identity 1960-1968*, Herb Lubalin; *Optimism fragrance*, Tibor Kalman; *Yelling at someone illustration*, Bob Gill.

Page 12 (Images in order of appearance): *Umbrella*, Tibor Kalman; *True Stories magazine*, Tibor Kalman, *what if...* *COLORS magazine*, Tibor Kalman; *COLORS magazine cover*, Tibor Kalman; *fact: magazine*, Herb Lubalin; *"Results don't Count!"*, Bob Gill; *65th Art Directors Annual cover*, Bob Gill; *The Lawyer Police Evidence cover*, Bob Gill; *Stomach diagram*, Tibor Kalman; *fact: magazine*, Herb Lubalin; *New York is*, Louis Silverstein; *fact: the End illustration*, Herb Lubalin, *The Statement on the Opposite page is false*, Tibor Kalman; *burning chair*, Tibor Kalman.



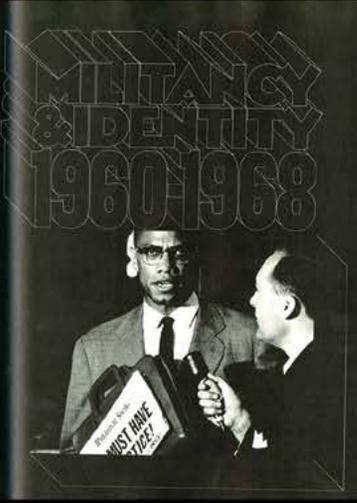
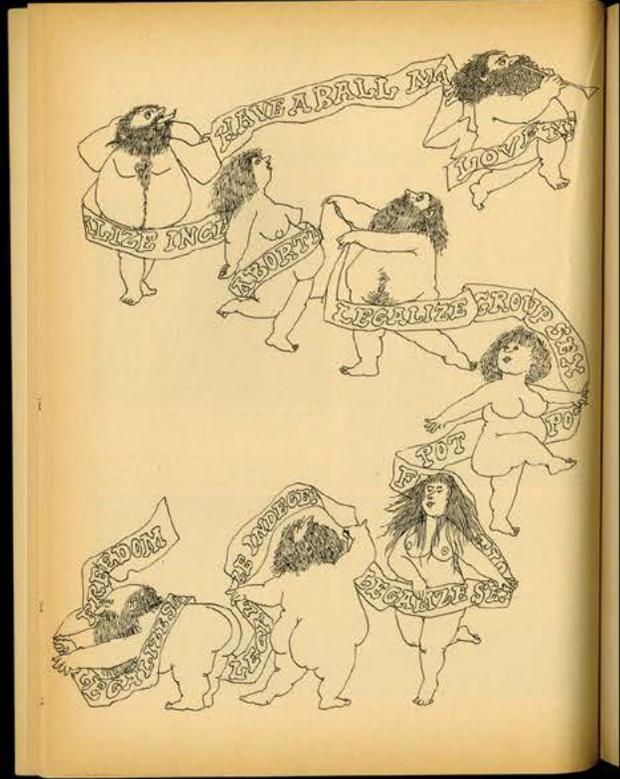
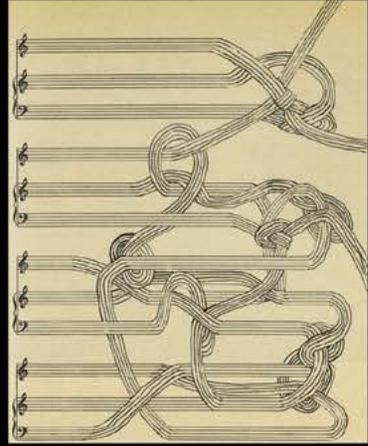
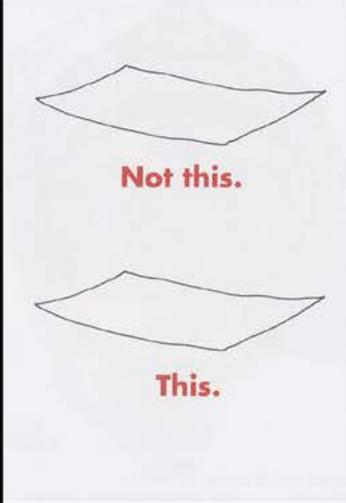
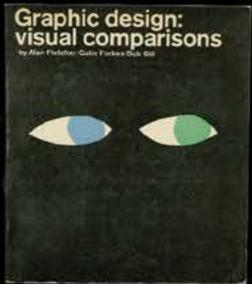


Renta Noo Yawka



fact Dr. Spock says, "The Johnson administration is acting like a 1-year old child having a prolonged temper tantrum."

A Diplomat Is
a Person
Who
Can Tell You
to
Go To Hell
in Such a
Way That You
Actually
Look Forward
to the Trip
Rebekah Samuel





TRUE STORIES

Lonely Bachelor!

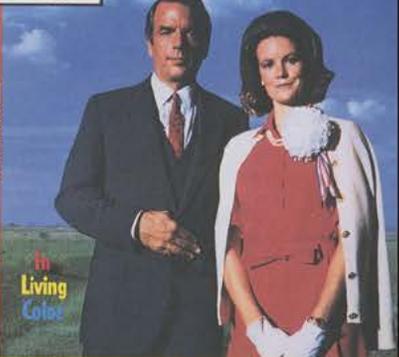
EXCLUSIVE!



Scientists Claim—
People Emit Tones



The Laziest Woman
in the World



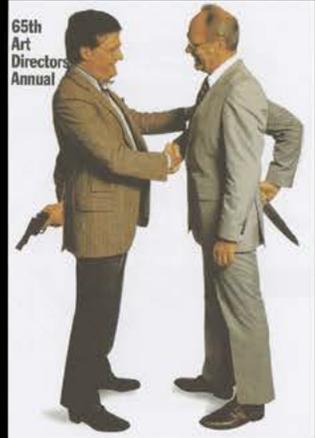
HAPPILY MARRIED COUPLE
HAVEN'T SPOKEN IN YEARS

The Truth About
What the Future Holds
* * *
Woman Dies
of Joy!

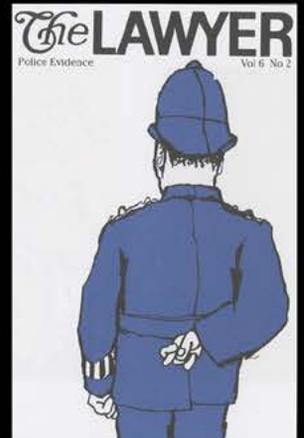
The Government's
Got the Power!
* * *
Six Easier Ways
to be Luckier

fact:

1,189
Psychiatrists
Say Goldwater Is
Psychologically
Unfit To Be
President!

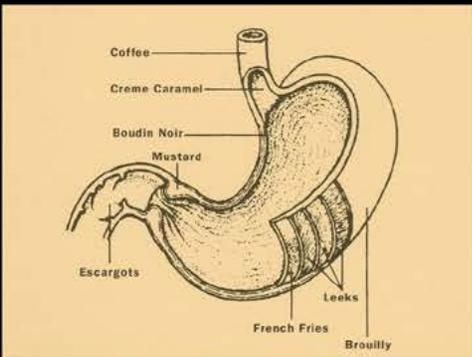


65th
Art
Directors
Annual



The LAWYER
Police Evidence
Vol 6 No 2

“Results
don't
count!”



fact:

VOLUME THIRTY ISSUE SIX
U.S.

“Police brutality”
is not a myth.
Experts say 7 out
of 10 cops will
use violence when
it isn't needed.

New York is



what if...?
¿qué pasaría si...?



COLORS

fakes
Fälschungen

cars
automobile

television
fernsehen

ungen

fact:

“The Star Spangled Banner is just so much trash.”
—Joan Baez

Westbrook Pegler: “I think The Star-Spangled Banner is just terrible.” Louis Untermeyer: “The poets and composers of America could come up with something much better.” Richard Rodgers: “It’s impossible to sing.” Marya Mames: “Any musician will tell you it’s a lousy piece of music.” Meredith Willson: “It violates every single principle of song writing.” Elmer Bernstein: “In today’s world, we could do without warlike anthems like The Star-Spangled Banner.” Geoffrey Cambridge: “It has no meaning for the black man.” LeRoi Jones: “It’s pompous, hypocritical, vapid, and sterile.” Fannie Hurst: “The Star-Spangled Banner, long may it rot away!”

The Statement
on the
Opposite page
is false.

The Statement
on the
Opposite page
is true.



RACHEL MENDELSON

TENDENCY TO TRUST ORGANS THAT CANNOT BE TRUSTED

I present the eyes and the brain. Two organs that can both inform and deceive you. Ibn

Al-Haytham proposes that eye movement is crucial to perception. That is to say, there is *no* perception without eye movement, as it starts to build up our consciousness of the visual world. Reception of light is the first, totally passive, step. Then active processes of attention, comparison and memory are activated as a conscious visual experience occurs. Visual thinking is not a screamed AH-HA! moment. It is quieter than that.



Photocollage by Herbert Bayer

14
Yeah, it's wrapped up in the complexities and mechanics of human perception, light and color. It's that *really* psy-

chological business that will always end up getting used in advertising because, why not? Everything you are viewing, reading, and absorbing is actually resonating on multiple levels. Internal, external, emotional, intellectual and *spiritual*. And beyond that, it is provoking thought in a way that is familiar, but renders new insight. Visual thinking challenges you to utilize your intelligence.

Visual thinking is the entering of the mind on the small-scale and evolution through the active processes outlined by Mr. Ibn Al-Haytham. But it is *not* laborious—it's a natural progression achieved by those things which are well-made, provide the punchline or simply make sense. We do not question visual thinking because it merely happens to us. The intelligence is in the simplicity. It relies only on being seen.

Because our own minds enable us to see what our eyes once saw, then what *can't* we do? It's an instance of misunderstanding that leads to a higher understanding—something from the periphery not defined by decoration or the confusion of others. Visual thought is inherent in the power of the gaze,

what directs it, what affects it, what is being omitted, and what it remembers. Maybe it's conical science, something about the way we are designed, or maybe it's divine intervention. Maybe it's just what makes us human on a very rudimentary level. So we cannot trust these sight and thought organs but we can surely enjoy them.

László Moholy-Nagy wrote, "The creative work of the artist, the scientist's experiments, the calculations of the business man or the present-day politician, all that moves, all that shapes, is bound up in the collectivity of interacting events. The individual's immediate action of the moment always has the effect of simultaneity in the long term." The same is true almost 90 years later.

I want to address the notion of visual thinking as thinking visualized: there has to be simultaneous play between the cognitive processes and the very instrumental use of imagery, typography or other systems; a dialogue between knowledge, discovery and perception.

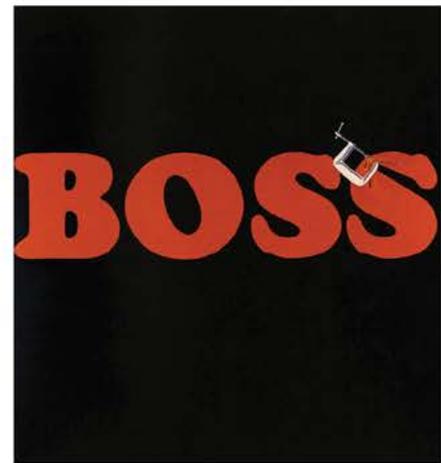
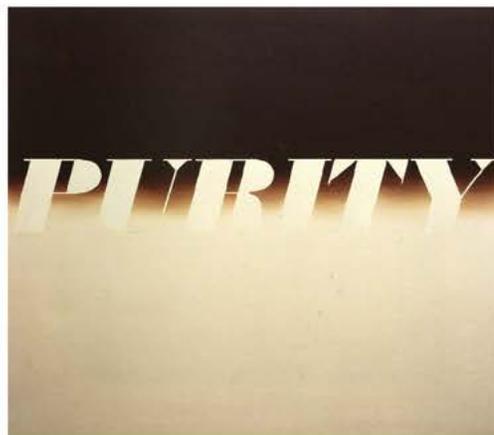
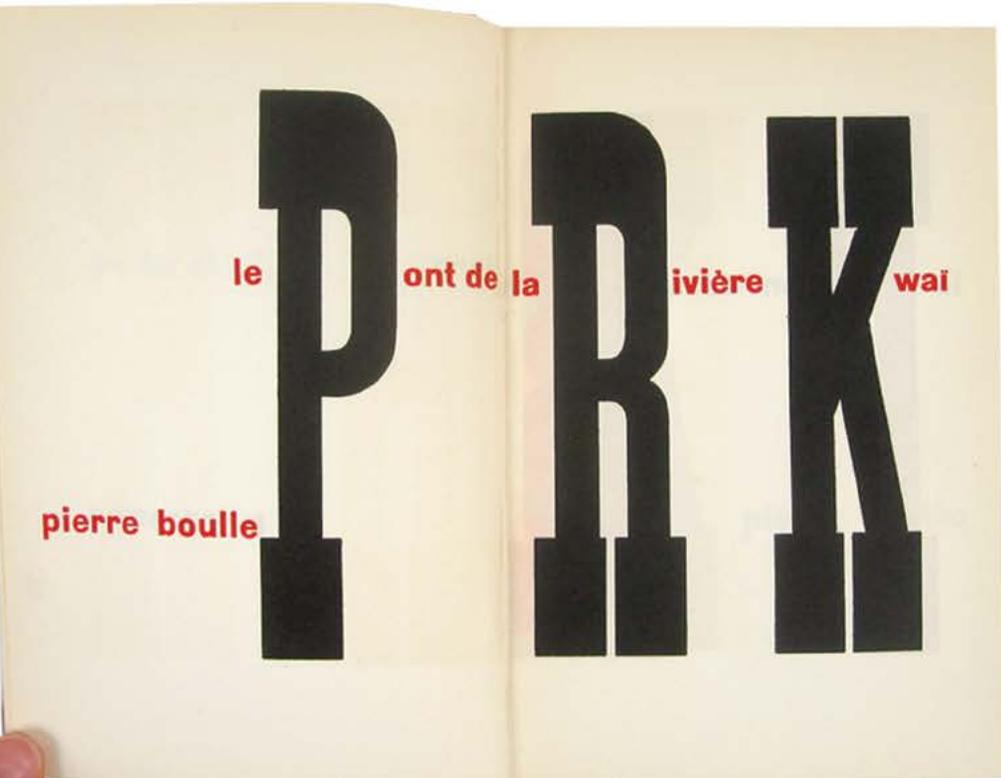
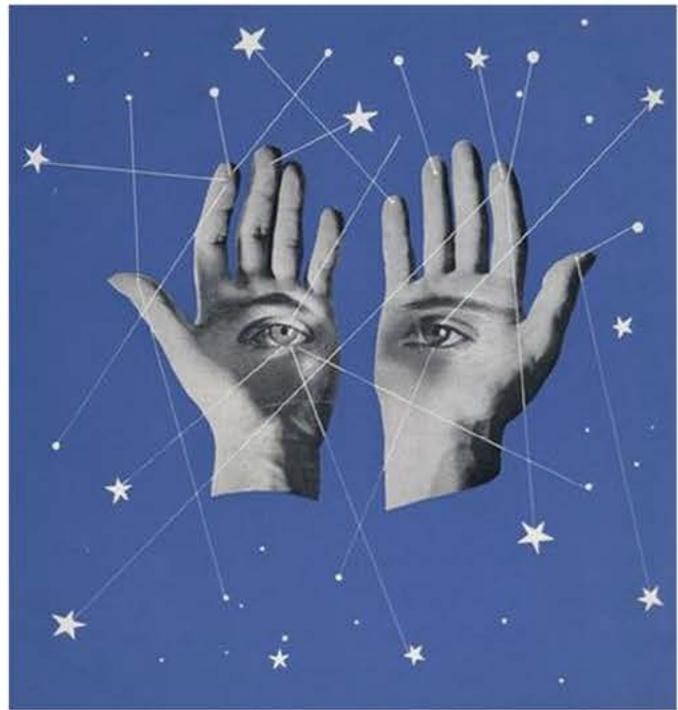
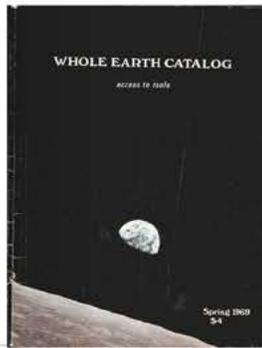
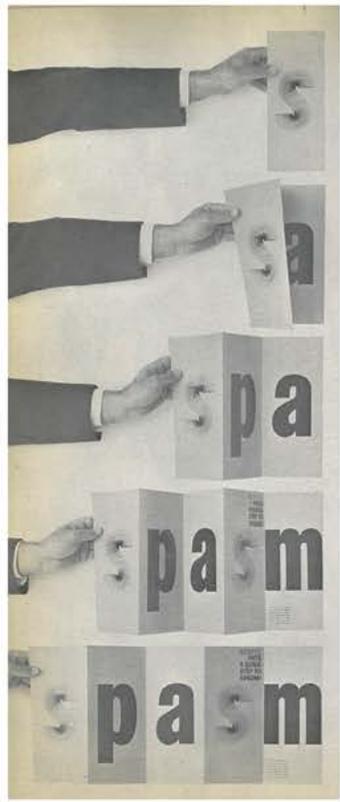
What attracts me to the The Lubalin Center is that it calls on my eyes and my brain. And additionally, an affinity for

investigation and history. I understand the archive to be an actively generated and maintained selection of our visual world. The actual act of archiving is never objective or neutral. The Lubalin Center is curated and framed around a larger idea of visual thinking. There is the nature of what is being collected, by whom, and what systems are being operated to organize it all.

All of this only amounts to a fragmented history of something that carries the scars of time and use. And yet, there is an aim of preservation and equity in the cultural value, crucial to our perception as creatives and makers. Again, the active processes of attention, memory and comparison are activated as our conscious visual experience occurs.

Page 18 (clockwise from top left): *Humanly Impossible-1932*, Herbert Bayer; *Graphis Magazine* Cover from Zürich 1966; *The Whole Earth Catalog*, Stewart Brand; *Purity and Boss*, Ed Ruscha; *Everybody*, Tibor Kalman and Scott Stowell; *Chairman: Rolf Fehlbaum*, Tibor Kalman; page from *Le Pont De La Riviere Kwai* by Pierre Boulle, Robert Massin.

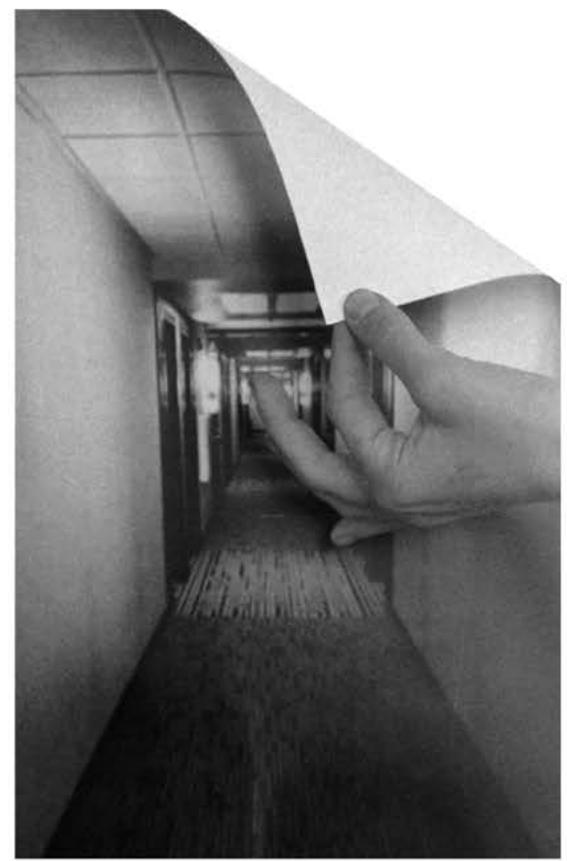
Page 20 (clockwise from top left): *Anatomy of a Murder* title stills, Saul Bass; *Hallway*, Rachel Mendelsohn; *Let's Talk Type*, Herb Lubalin; *Still Life*, Rachel Mendelsohn; Public Theatre Campaign, Paula Scher & Pentagram; office photo, Herb Lubalin; type lockups, Herb Lubalin.





1959
 Saul Bass
Anatomy of a Murder
 Film title
 Courtesy the Academy Foundation/Motion Picture Academy
 of Arts and Sciences

let's
 talk
 type
 let
 type
 talk



THE COOPER
 UNION
 SCHOOL
 OF ART &
 ARCHITECTURE

THE
 DIRECTORS
 CENTER



ISTVAN KANTOR MONTY CANTSIN? AMEN!

Selfie Of A Neoist Open-Pop-Star

SHORT COURSE ON HIGH-SPEED VISUAL THINKING AND NEOISM

When I use public transit, walk in the streets or drink in a bar, people are intrigued by the Neoism propaganda stamp tattooed on the back of my head above my neck and ask me the obvious question: what is Neoism? Most of the time I would rather not answer and tell them to try to figure it out for themselves. This was the case when Neo New York organizer Troy Curtis Kreiner approached me on the "C" train. But he insisted. To appreciate the concept of Neoism it helps if you have an acute sense for the uncommon, good humour and no worries about the dangerous and insane nature of new ideas. Troy possessed these essential requirements and I complied. Here is a brief outline of what I told him while riding the train from the Lower East Side to the Clinton-Washington station in Brooklyn.

Please allow me to introduce myself. I have been around for a long time, spilled my blood, betrayed my makers, wasted my legacy and plundered ideas from others. I'm a dreamer but when I wake up, my dreams instantly disappear. I'm a visionary, but my visual perception is limited to what I can capture with my eyes. I make shit happen, but everything I do eventually falls under the control of authority and power. I'm a mastermind of chaos and mayhem, but everyday reality is far more subversive and drastic than my imagination.

Pleased to meet you, hope you like my name. But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game. I am Monty Cantsin, Neoist open-pop-star. Oh yeah! But I'm not the only Monty Cantsin. Oh no, there are countless Monty Cantsins around the world. Oh yeah. They use the same name but they are all different people, they do different things. Monty Cantsin is not a uniform. To become Monty Cantsin you just have to do everything in the name of Monty Cantsin. There is only one rule: call yourself Monty Cantsin and do everything in the name of Neoism. Neoism is another additional name to confuse you. It has no definition and

no rules either. It's up to you to decide whatever the hell it is! You can use it in any way you like to revolutionize your own existence. The greatest Neoists are those who denounce Neoism. That's the nature of the game. Some says it's an interface, a template that works for everyone in the office and in the bedroom. Oh yeah! Oh no!

When I initiated the Neoist conspiracy, part of my assignment was to turn everyone into Monty Cantsins using the tools of visual thinking and conceptualization for changing the world. Authorities control people by names and numbers. When different people use the same name then control is impossible. The Great Confusion rules. But before you join the game there is one more important idea to visualize.

In Neoism, it's always 6 o'clock. Past, present and future are not separated. Everything is happening at the same time, simultaneously, at 6 o'clock. Why at 6 o'clock? Because linear history is over. I repeat: Over! Today's reality is represented by the vertical arrow of 6 o'clock. The 6 o'clock sign is an iconic reminder of Neoism. Do what you like at Sex o'clock!

My haircut, my metal teeth or the Neoism tattoo on the back of my head are also iconic signs of my Monty Cantsin identity. No matter how old I am, I'm still searching for my true self, for my individual character, hoping that one day I can approve it without a doubt.



Photo: Troy Kreiner 2013

Of course it's not only a question of fashion, um no. Oh no! The face of an individual is a façade of the body behind which there is a complex and

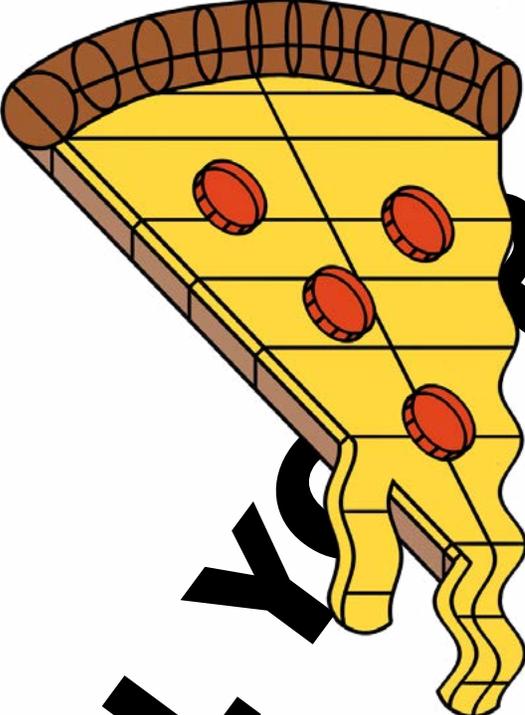
complicated biological system. This bio-machinery is the engine of change from birth to death. It is responsible for constructing the surface of the body, for aging and the result is what is written on the skin or how the face is sculpted. Even though the biological development of the body is determined by genetic encoding, there are many different possibilities for modifications through art, science and technology. Tattoos, piercing, hair removal and hair growth. Cosmetics, bodycraft, transplants, implants, hormone therapy, plastic surgery and prosthetics are some of today's mainstream methods of character intervention/invention.

The growing need for these methods is a sign of the increasing importance of visual thinking. It is not only entertainers and artists who want to cultivate their own look but also average people, the unfamous. They want to realize the vision that they cherish in their fantasy, what they have been secretly dreaming about since childhood. The inclination to achieve a personality that is unique, distinct, exclusive (or even extreme), frightening, monstrous or freaky is today a standard behavior we have

become accustomed to. That's the nature of the game. Oh yeah! In that sense, there are no ordinary or average people anymore. Everybody is a robot, an alien, a vampire, a zombie, a ghost, a demon, a mastermind... A Neoist open-pop-star, a Monty Cantsin. A vision. Pleased to meet you! Dance to the beat of Neoism! Oh yeah!

Ps: My lifelong durational project is the creation of myself, my ideas, my philosophy, my thinking, my body, my face, my revolution. Everything that is under my own control. I'm creating my own autobiography. Anything that happens to me becomes part of my archive: a self-portrait. Oh yeah!

SKILL YOUTH IDOLS



ROMKE HOOGWAERTS

There's a pretty stark generational gap widening in all territories. In China they call the young these days the Balinghou (<http://aeon.co/magazine/living-together/james-palmer-chinese-youth/>), literally *Post-80s*, a slightly crude term for the inattentive, selfish crowd of young we'd call millennials. But what one generation sees as destructive, we see as creative, one that shares a cumulative growth, whose conglomerate experience engages with all sorts of previously unknowables. We consume this information. We consume its visuals—so many that one could think the allegory of Plato's cave might need another look as more people acquire a flame of their own.

We don't even have to meet and discuss our works in person anymore, though of course to do so is good and helps. The amount we can engage with the works of others has been switched to "as much as you want" and we have conversations that we continue to have only through images that we share with one and all.

I wrote in an essay titled *Swimming in the Center of the Earth* that we are all parcels of a big movement (though it is enormous and virtually beyond total individual comprehension) simply by virtue of being online and sharing our work with each other. Our individual practices speak to the larger whole. Our continuous visual conversations have provided us with our own patterns of visual thinking, and to some degree, we all together are forming collectively distinct patterns of individual aesthetic practices; reflections of our visual thinking, expressed in a formidable backlit spectrum of aesthetics.

There's a book I'm very excited to read, challenging a lot of what's for decades been a keystone of peer criticism and the expectation of an art audience. It's written by Jennifer McMahon, professor at the University of Adelaide, titled *Art and Ethics in a Material World: Kant's Pragmatist Legacy*, but is at the moment out only in hardcover (Yale is at present the closest library that has it, otherwise it'll cost you \$150). It is, among other things, on the sway collective opinion has on our personal response to art. That, essentially, our confusions of

contemporary art are precisely due to its being so variegated, continually unrelated to other works. Your "sensus communis" is, at least in part, an operator in your moral and aesthetic thinking. I think that offers some very interesting insight into what we do when we share work online. A good audio interview with McMahon about the book: newbooksinphilosophy.com has a good audio interview with McMahon about the book and I recommend it to anyone interested.

We've been applying this thinking to projects like our latest, *Issue 3: The United States (2003-2013)*. The design of the book is basically one long sequence of photographs moving from one environment to another, with features where appropriate. The works had to be selected from over a hundred photographers to make this possible. In other words, we tried to form a path through the the combination of the visual thinking of many.

on VT had not emerged. Couldn't I just make a drawing? I turned off my computer and went to bed with a notebook on the night table in hopes that in the morning I'd have a dream to record, some visual grammar I could perhaps cull for a definition. I'm a pretty active dreamer, and if I don't wake up to an alarm and check Facebook, Twitter, Tumblr, Instagram and Vine upon first opening my eyes, I usually can remember at least fragments from my dreams:

...split level house...New Jersey...step off superfast Euro train...long-haired kid weeps lanky on a canopy bed next to a pile of rayon curtains...he thinks his lizard tongue is sexy...put that away...I'm trying to fix your laptop...he has extra ribs under his shirt...I talk to him about Miami...his mother's bedroom is dark... soap opera lighting...ballerina shoes bronzed on her dresser...black and white photo on the wall of little ballerinas at a train station struggling against soldiers' arms... it's Instagram...or WWII...a gallerist from LA shows grainy films in the basement...I've never been here until I see a postcard of a bear stuck to the refrigerator with a magnet...I know the gallerist...we're friends on facebook...

in the basement more people...hairy people...watching girly films...a bleached blond confronts me in the hallway... she's young during the blurry moments

Dream vision is fascinating to me because it so closely resembles how I see and process information. In a culture where more and more of our identities are expressed as logical data sets that form patterns, easily analyzed and graphed, I'm drawn to the kind of thinking we do in pre-conscious states, or in head spaces where we're not trying to strictly "illustrate", "explain", "translate" or "categorize" through visualization. In alternate perceptual spaces, when we tap into the intuitive, uncoded "grammar" of vision, less mundane and more idiosyncratic images, or combinations of images, can emerge. None of this is to assert that "disconnection" from technology is necessary to think in profound visual ways. I wouldn't have the art practice I have if I couldn't download images from the web, everyday.

What I'm trying to express, (and remember my test results indicate I have difficulty in communicating) is that Visual Thinking is an atavistic tendency. How we perform it in the 21st century

and in relationship to technology and a more accessible collective conscious is certainly different, but there is a *magic*, not just a more efficient expression of data, that can materialize from visual thinking.

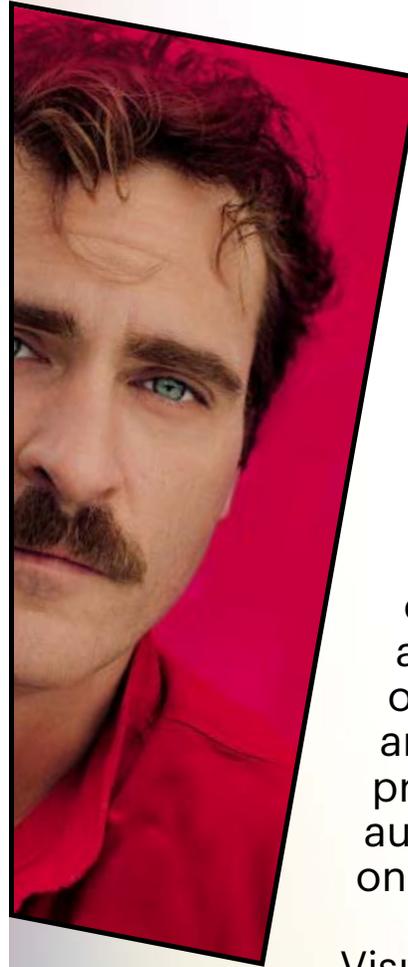
K-HOLE: SEAN PATRICK MONAHAN

Terms like visual thinking pinpoint contemporary anxieties that computers are better at our jobs than we are. They warm us to the idea that there are some things only humans are good at. Outside the code, outside of language, there are a lot of fuzzy material realities people struggle to deal with. Why this and not that? Why red and not blue? These are compositional questions that don't have definitive answers. Computers work with clearly defined variables and render answers in black or white. Visual thinking works with relative terms; it sketches out solutions in shades of better.

Visual thinking is part of a whole class of affective labor that is totally unrelated to any idea of economic efficiency. It works with the weirdo minutiae of being human and derives value from its understanding of sentiment, emotion, and intuition. The selling point isn't economic it's social. Visual thinking is a hustle tailor-made for an age where labor increasingly has no economic worth.

Like all really expensive purchases, there's a meta-awareness around buying labor. You're not only purchasing a service, you're purchasing a whole set of self-conceits about being the type of person who buys such things. Even if an app could choose the right finishes to make your bathroom feel spa-like, only certain people would brag about using it. We live in a world where computers are solving complex math problems in the Bitcoin mines of Iceland. Meanwhile, artists are getting stoned trying to have a new idea. These are two different sets of competencies, two different regimes of labor, two different worlds of value.

But one is not better than the other. Smart people like to do drugs, fuck, and do dangerous things. (Body highs and pharmaceuticals count, too.) David Brooks might call it decadence, but evolutionary scientists see this risky taste for novelty as key to pushing things forward. Innovation, like evolution, leverages acting like a freak. This isn't a pseudo-Darwinist proposition that places artists and designers on top of a perceived value hierarchy. Being efficiently boring has its place, too. But it's



From "Her"

obvious that the realm of efficient boredom will one day belong to computer intelligence.

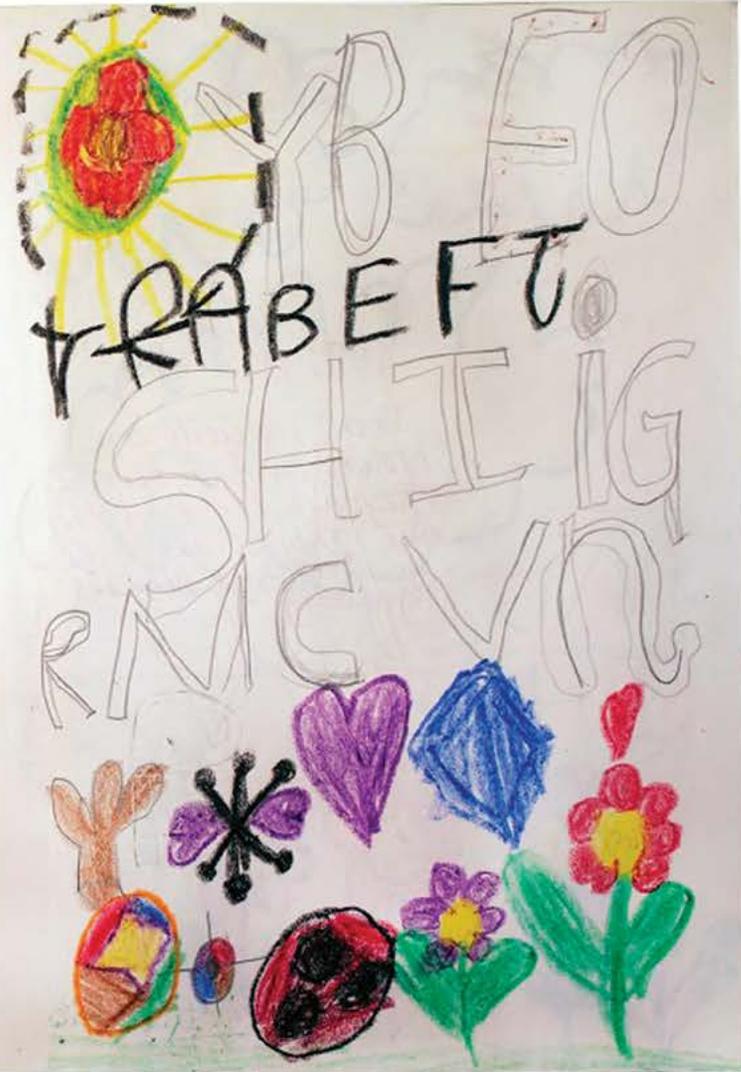
The real question is: if you fail the Turing Test, have you been catfished by a computer? Would you be able to tell if a listicle was created by a human being? And if it wasn't, would you even care? Visual thinking, like all thinking, has its weirdo outer limits and its bread and butter click bait. If programmers step in and automate the latter, it was only a matter of time.

Visual thinking has an edge on other forms of thought only insofar as so many of its rules aren't codified. This keeps the problems relative, the solutions interpersonal, and automation at bay. But it wouldn't be a surprise if in the future boring artists could be automated, too.

ALEXANDRA GORCZYNSKI

FROM MY KINDERGARTEN JOURNAL

The ball is breaking all
the flowers and the hand.
on the ball is grabbing
all of the things while
it is rolling.



The letters are Gorczynski's text and the written sentence is from her teacher.



ANTHONY ANTONELLIS

During undergrad I had to take two printmaking courses: intaglio and monotype. I liked monotype much better than intaglio and my professor told me it was because I'm a painter and I think in layers. The software and internet of my early teens was all flat. Everything was text based and the graphics programs were like worse versions of MS Paint. Slowly graphic software introduced layers, then smart objects and complex special relationships. Websites went from text-based zero-point-0 printouts to being organized into divs, from 1.0 to 2.0 to meaningful layouts with interactive and time based movements.

Within social networks time compresses and expands differently. There are folds in our interactions—the present is extended whenever we comment or post an image—everything on the internet is new again when someone sees it for the first time. Through the internet we can experience the accumulation and layering of our circadian lives.

One day after spending hours liking and reblogging images on tumblr I wanted to be able to like things that I saw in real life, not to acknowledge an object's existence, but so I could find it later on and remember it. Couples who have been together for a long time have been known to store information with each other, remembering only part of something and relying on the other to complete the memory. Similarly, I use the internet as a form of transactive memory. It's a place to remember, a place to think in public, a means to store and recall. Maybe it's because it's safer than physical storage; anyone who has ever lost a hard drive knows it's worse than losing all the files, it's more like losing a box full of journals.

Online is an indefinite present; it's the closest thing to the concept of immortality I can imagine experiencing. It's part of the reason I find Facebook's use of the word timeline counterproductive; it goes against those feelings of digital perpetuity. Daily activities and interactions are continuously becoming quantified for the internet. We're self-documenting for our records and for distribution with our peers or with a public.

With the projected market expansion of wearable technology the phrase "quantified self" will probably make a few word-of-the-year lists in 2014.



EIKE KÖNIG

SELF

top:
my pants from above when I left
them on the ground to go to bed

middle:
virgin dots, ready for your fantasy

bottom:
a broken teapot

connect what you see with what
you know and you will design the
unseen/unknown

from Hort to heart,
Eike Fritz Gerwin König



THE RODINA

VISUAL THINKING: THE BEAUTIFUL MEMORY

When you want to design a form of visual memory, you'd probably study computer science or neuropsychology. But imagine you are "just a designer." How would you proceed? On the one hand there is a conceptual approach, where you construct the object or visual form according to rational rules and then describe it with hardcore crypto professional language. You discuss the rules, create concepts and establish aesthetic criteria. On the other hand, you can play with color, express yourself, or just catch vibrations of energy.

But is this duality necessary? Is the creative process scaled with two opposite poles - reason and visuality? We don't think so. This division is based on traditional western thinking, probably from Plato. According to facts of research how human brain works nowadays, this duality is obsolete. There is no border between propositional and visual memory.

48

Moreover, the memory is not an oasis inside an abandoned desert. It is an island in the ocean of unexplored liquid. This material consist of millions of rules, ideas and visual thoughts - chunks of other memories. On the top of that, in this post-digital age, you have to deal with everyday textual and visual life in the Cloud: Tumblrsphere, Tweetsphere and other social media reality. Fashions, bum bum, trends, bum bum, modernism, bum bum, post-internet, bum bum! Our little island changes surface and coastline every second!

It is desirable to create and reveal connections between things, to find new relations with viewers and also with designed objects. You are invited to contribute into a constant flux of knowledge, insight, art, design, experiment and text by designing affordances, not forms. Consider affordances as all possible relations that are offered by object or medium.

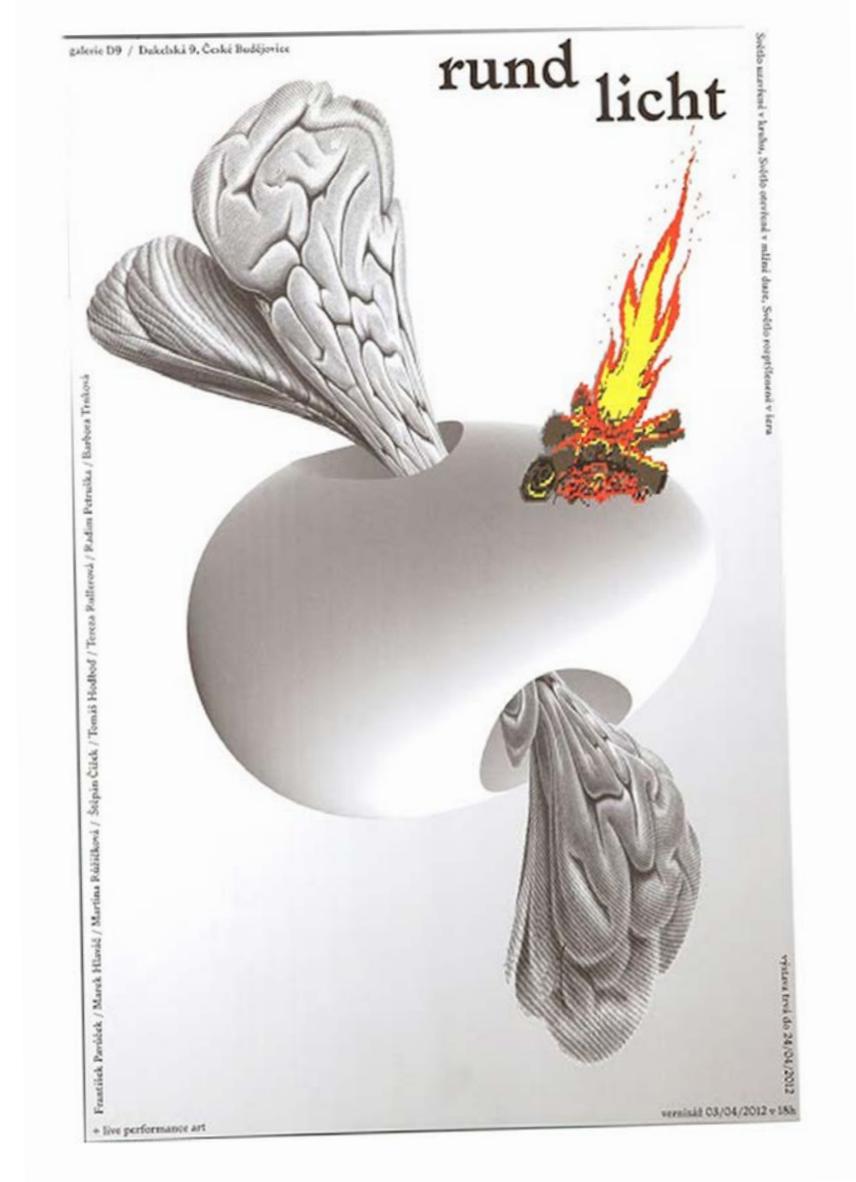
For instance, ocean around our island invites you to swim, taste the salty water, watch the horizon or dive for a pearly seashell. An example of this from our process would be a book which is not

finished by being printed, but rather by being covered with stickers. An extra aesthetic value is given to it. A new social connection is established.

As a designer you work with sensation as a material. This working method is demarcated by the intrinsic relation between medium, affordance and affect. You as a designer should bring a sense of holistic visual intelligence and create beautiful memory.

The Rodina
for Neo NY
2014

50



DO OR DIET



OKFOCUS: RYDER RIPPS

LOOK AT STUFF TILL YOU'RE SICK

Find ways to find ways to look for ways to find things that are new. Find things through other things in other ways that are unknown. Look at everything lame and look at everything cool and forget which was what. Make an idea and design from that, don't design from a design because then it's just a design. Shape the things you make through other people's accidental forms. Throw yourself into the hideous; hangout with people who make you uncomfortable, call something you made yesterday whack, look at stuff till you're sick, actually get sick. Use aesthetic as a clock, figure out how to make it move with you. Control your destiny by accident. Move fast with the times. Afford to throw images out, aesthetic marks our time, or does it? lol

FOURFIVEX

Tim and Alexander

+ New Message * Actions Q

Conversation started Tuesday



Tim Heiler

Dear Troy!

1/21, 9:55am

Regarding your request for an actual text on visual thinking, we feel it's a weird approach.

A visual approach tends to be open for the viewers own thought. By focussing on spacial relationships and formal properties rather than intellectual concepts and the illusion of finite truths expressed in language, the viewer is empowered to trust their individual emotional perception of the world. The recieving individual is invited to find their own truth, since no literal statement can be taken out of context. Through the given multitude of possible meanings, any misunderstanding is avoided, since there is no division between right and wrong any more, ony what is - the image - can be percieved.

We feel very good in that space, rather suggesting questions than providing answers.

If you wish, you may print this letter to accompany our original submissions.

Love,

Tim & Alex.

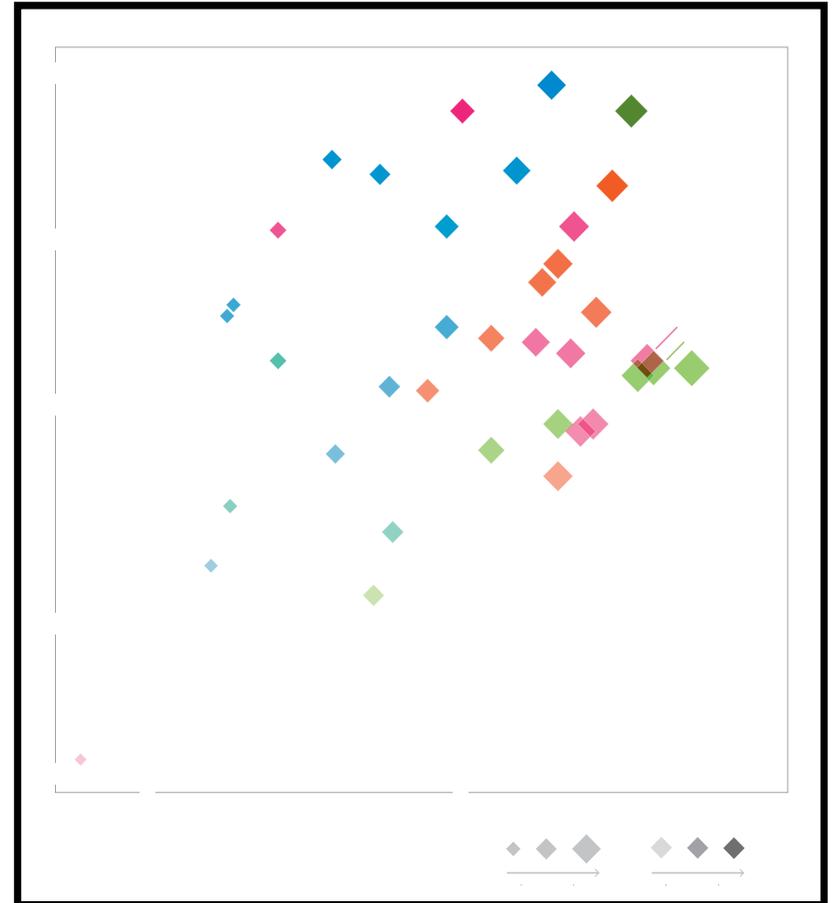


Image 1

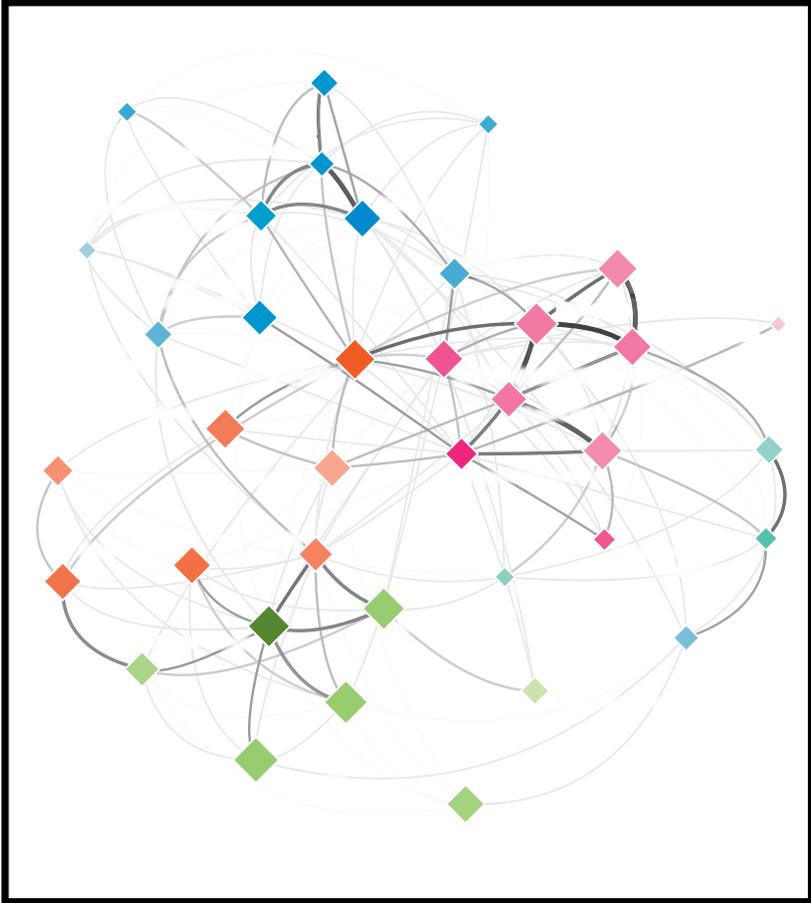


Image 2

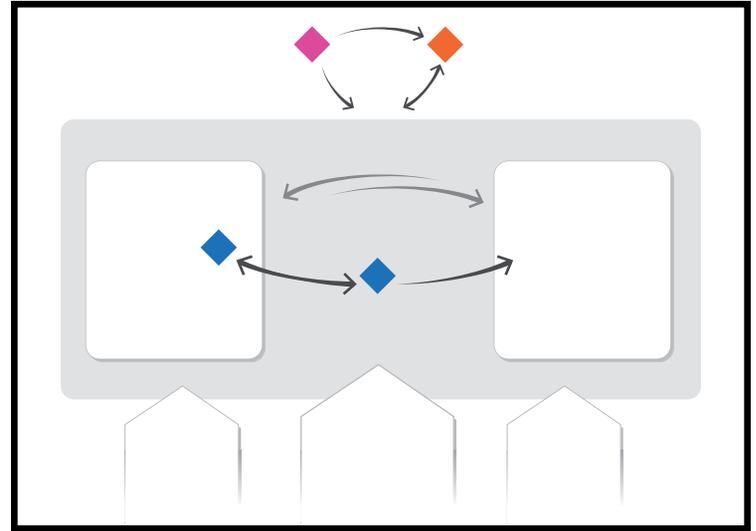


Image 3

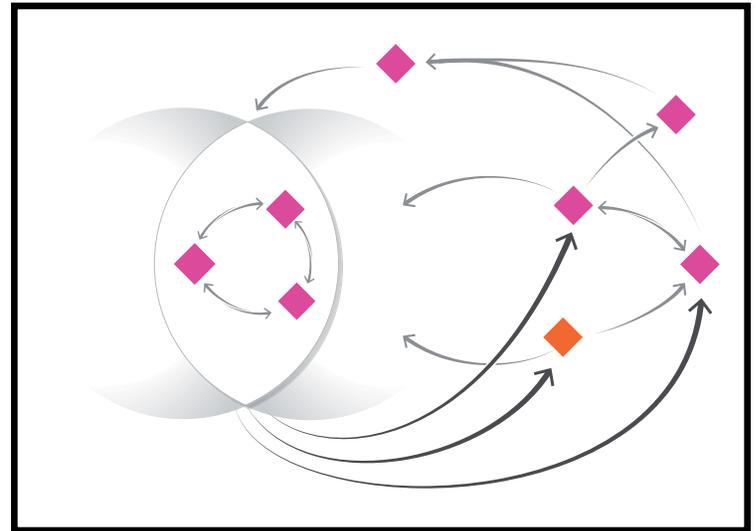


Image 4

ART404

A PERFORMANCE PIECE WHERE

I am a dubstep DJ and make millions. I flip a table while singing Ushers "Let It Burn" and walk out of McDonalds. I catch a fish in the East River and run it to the Hudson before it dies. I repeat the word "meme" while stabbing myself with a spoon. I pull several iPhone chargers with the squares still attached out of my vagina. I throw Banksy works into the East River and then I throw Banksy himself in as the finale. I get into Dave Matthews Band. I lock Terry Richardson up in a basement, forever. I go to every costume shop and ask if they have 'Conceptual Artist'. I walk up to the mic, show a bunch of pictures of people falling into mud and I say "same" after every one.

I call all my student loan companies and cry. I wear a wifebeater & sit on a lawn chair at Union Square & scream "GOD BLESS YOU GORGEOUS" to every male walking by. I stand on my roof reading names of male celebrities as Ciara's "You Can Get It" plays for 6 hours. I sing Mariah's "Let Me Love You" to President

58

Obama. I don't wash my sheets for an entire year. I sit in a glass box, naked, and eat rotisserie chicken while hot-boxing all day for an audience. I just sit on a chair on stage and read from a list of perfume names for 2.5 hours.

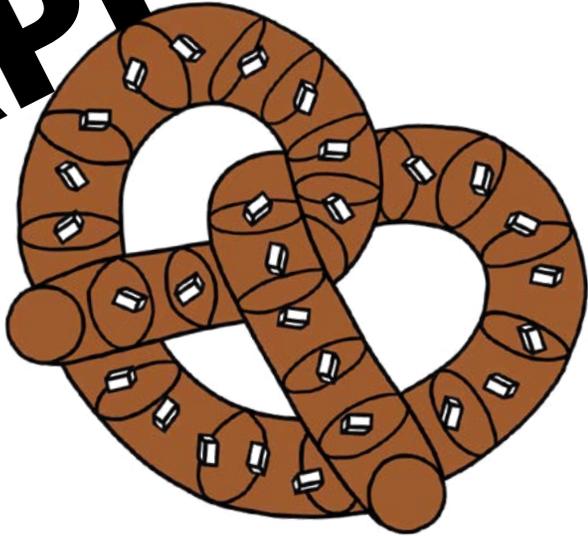
I continually fuck up the unwrapping of Babybel cheese. I keep trying to remove a photocopy of a staple while utterly failing to ever die. I order pizza every-day for lunch as I vow to 'start clean eating tomorrow.' I sit under a soft serve machine and lather myself in ice cream. I smear my body with mustard and roll around crying and hollering. I stand in my underwear in a dentist's office and smear cupcake frosting on my gums while crying. I give my body to yahoo. I set up my email with an autoreply which reads "Nice hearing from you. Yes, that's a great idea." I try to outbid rappers wherever they show up. I like/unlike Marina Abramovic's facebook fan page repeatedly from sunrise to sunset. I unlike everything I've ever liked on Facebook then break into my neighbor's apartment while he's home. I stand on the sidewalk and ask passers by to spit loogies on me until I drown. I go to college, find a profitable career, start a

typical nuclear family, buy a suburban home, & retire at ~70. I implode on myself via cubist demonstrations of energy so that I look like a Picasso painting.

I inhale helium and read aloud all my tweets until I die. I sit in the middle of an empty room, reading twitter, and crying. I get on stage and say 'if you don't follow me on Twitter I'll kill myself'.

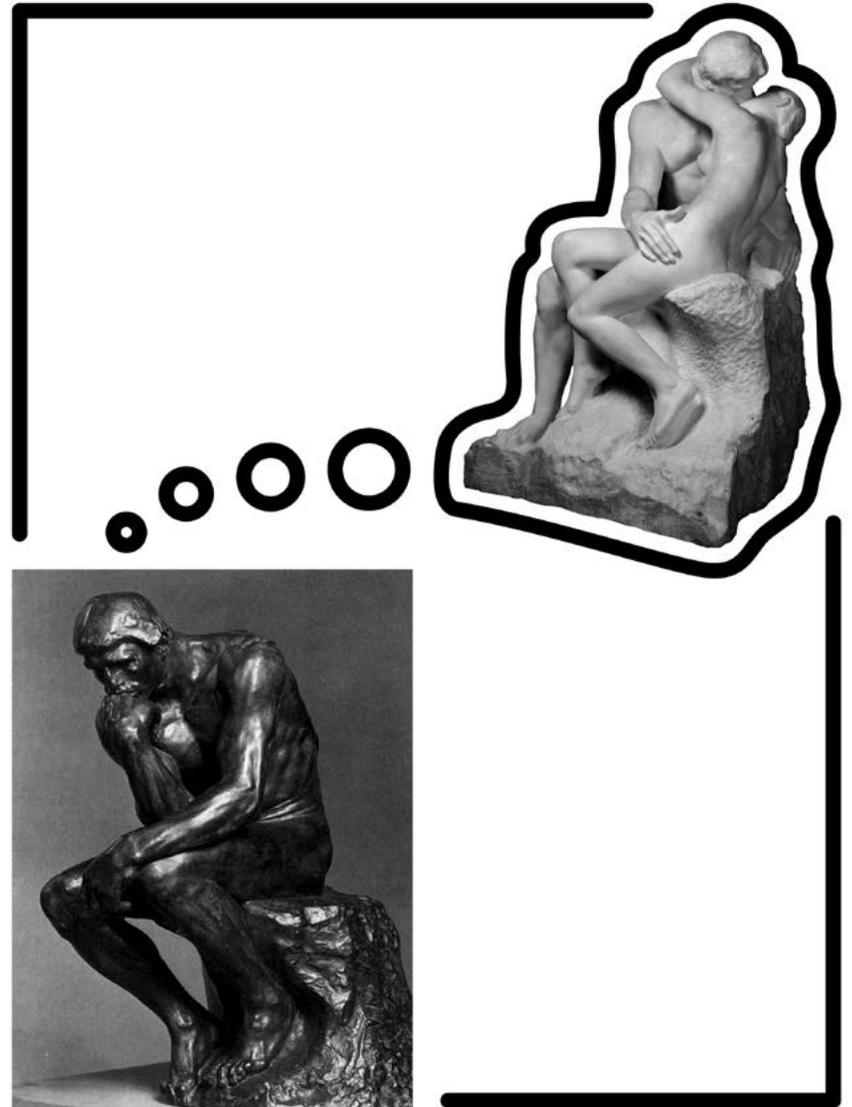
I explode into dust and everyone nods and moves on.

SHIT HAPPENS



BENJAMIN CRITTON

PICTURE THINKING : RODIN



MAJA CULE

You are alone in an empty room, the floor is made of concrete and there are no windows. In the middle of the room there is a small hole, 2 inches wide and 4 inches deep. In the hole there is a 1.8 inches wide table tennis ball. In order to be let out of the room, you need to take the ball out of the hole. There are no tools, just a blackboard on the wall and a sharpie. What will you do?*



***Solution:** you could start by brainstorming how to get the table tennis ball out, by drawing the situation on the blackboard. Look at the 2D drawing on the blackboard, then look at the hole with the ball in front of you. Think. Use camera flash on your phone to figure out how deep is the hole.

Photo looks abstract, decide not to Instagram it.

At first this task will feel great, there is a task, the rules are defined, it feels like such a relief to have a clear task. In comparison with gray areas of creativity, where failure could be potentially good and success happens after doing the same thing for the 10th time.

With this task, there is something to do, and you don't have to "love what you do" or acknowledge—*it's a privilege to be doing it*. This is good. If you succeed in this task, you'll know it right away. If you fail, you'll just have to keep trying, because you do want to get out of that room.

It might seem like a cliché, to leave the hero alone with a path to escape. Think of Batman in *The Dark Knight Rises*, climbing the silos to escape the Pit prison, then dropping the rope to save his fellow prisoners as well. Then think of Christian Bale, giving a mild interview after shooting that scene in Mehrangarh Fort in Jodhpur, saying: *"The locals thought we were nuts. We were out in 120-degree heat. It was an adventure."*

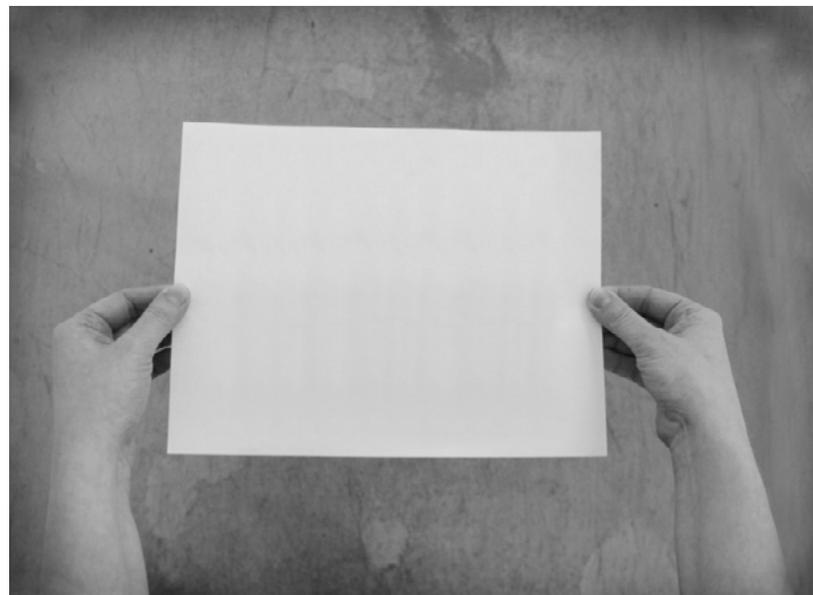
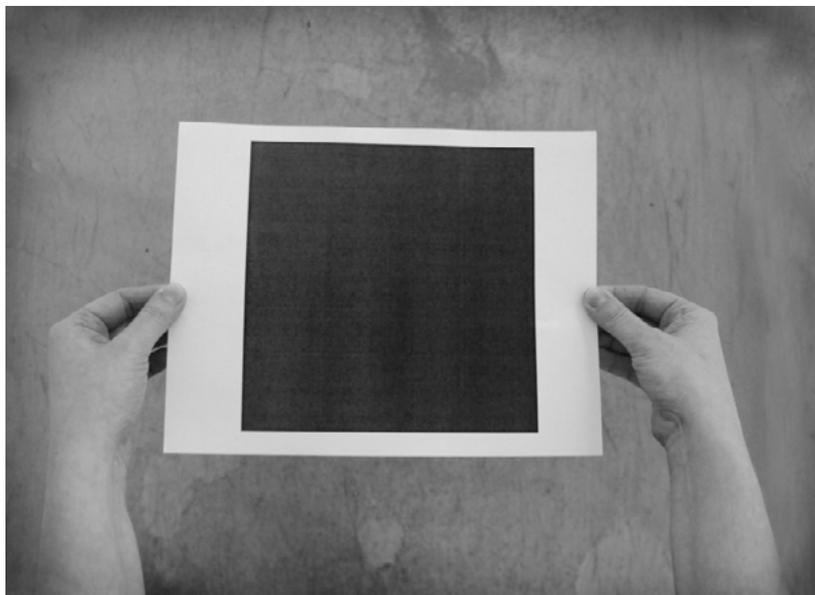


While looking for ways to get the ball out of the hole, you might decide to look up on your phone: *"how to get the ball out of the hole"*, only solution google will offer is subscription to the Golf Digest. Baidu, will do the same. You might turn this into a Youtube video, *"2 holes and a pen"*, 3,040,045 views, uploaded: 4 months ago. Think about the promises of the AI community.

You could start imagining people finding the blackboard with your drawings 50 years after and recreating an object from it.

Solution: *you pee in the hole*

JAKE YUZNA



THANK YOU

The Cooper Union
After School Club
Peter Cooper
The Lubalin Center
Rhoda Lubalin
Jesse Hlebo
Saskia Bos
Jerry Guerrero
Commercial Type
Ellen Pierce
Frank Daniels
Paul Sahre
Maja Cule
K-HOLE
Jake Yuzna
Alexandra Gorczynski
Marisa Olson
OKFocus
Romke Hoogwaerts
Carla Gannis
Cammisa Buerhaus

Karen Pelland
Carol Wolf
Sean Cusack
Rich Watts
Katherine Hyde
David Williams
Vivian Mendelsohn
DeVonn Francis
Ari Ferdman
Art404
Panjetta Johnson
Karim Ahmed
Ariel Cotton
Jennifer Wiley
Lois Sarkisian
Jessia Ma
Olivia Ahn
Benjamin Santiago
Michael David Walker
Oscar Henriquez
Myrna Goodman

Cecilia Corrigan
The Rodina
Istvan Kantor
Victoria Sobel
Anthony Antonellis
Pablo Chea Valdez
Vincent Hui
Aracely Sustaita
Patti Kreiner
Liz Cutler
Jessica Kierson
Vit Ruller
Jeff Kreiner
Erin Sparling
Michael Kerschner
Kelly Occhiuzzo Zack
Mary Lynch
Day Gleeson
Olive Panter
Coert Donohue
Julie Harris

Larry Goodman
Sylvie Bishop
Christine Flohr
Shawn R. Kelly
Joe Riley
Carolyn Oil
Ryan Hageman
Jeff Piazza
Katherine Zuk
Danielle Perez
Devlin Claro
Namku Kim
Stamatina Gregory
Hannah Rosales
Lisa Saltzman
Hyeji Kim
Eugene Radin
Bill Wolf
Mike Essl
Alexander Tochilovsky
Danyel Ferrari

Erin Nelson
Mary Mendelsohn
Ryan Scails
Brian Broker
Alejandra Delgado
Suzy Poghosyan
David Riemer
Eloise Coopersmith
Alex Tatusian
Virginia Gladwin
Bryan Pettibone
Steve Deitelbum
Sipha Say
Lindsay Means
Steve Hellis
Gaye Pettibone
Michael Kleba
Pamela Osman
Jammie Fung
Cynthia Kittler
Mark Pettibone

Christine McCann
Gearoid Dolan
Wayne Adams
Dennis Delgado
Joao Enxuto
Marget Long
Lawrence Mesich
CU Buildings &
Grounds
Corey Regensburg

PARTNERS

Commercial



Lisa Saltzman

*Vivian
Mendelsohn*

KICKSTARTER

*THE
HERB
LUBALIN
STUDY
CENTER*

PEPPER WITH



TROY KREINER

RACHEL MENDELSON

ISTVAN KANTOR

ROMKE HOOGWAERTS

CARLA GANNIS

K-HOLE

ALEXANDRA GORCZYNSKI

ANTHONY ANTONELLIS

EIKE KÖNIG

THE RODINA

OKFOCUS: RYDER RIPPS

FOURFIVEX

ART404

BENJAMIN CRITTON

MAJA CULE

JAKE YUZNA