

TYPOGRAPHY 03  
CODE 2021-003  
TUESDAYS / THURSDAYS  
11:30AM-2:45PM

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LANOE KESSLER  
08 / 06 / 2020  
MEMORABILIA  
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

# Typography 03 — Process Book

**Memorabilia: a retrospective of punk rock and new wave music. Featuring a variety of interviews, reviews and recommendations, Memorabilia channels in word and image both the wild energy and morose sincerity surrounding the diverse new wave music scene.**

# Inspiration Board

Provided is a selection of images from which inspiration for Memorabilia was drawn. Selections intended to contrast vibrant, chaotic DIY aesthetic with a more slick, modern approach. Provided below is a general list of contents seen:

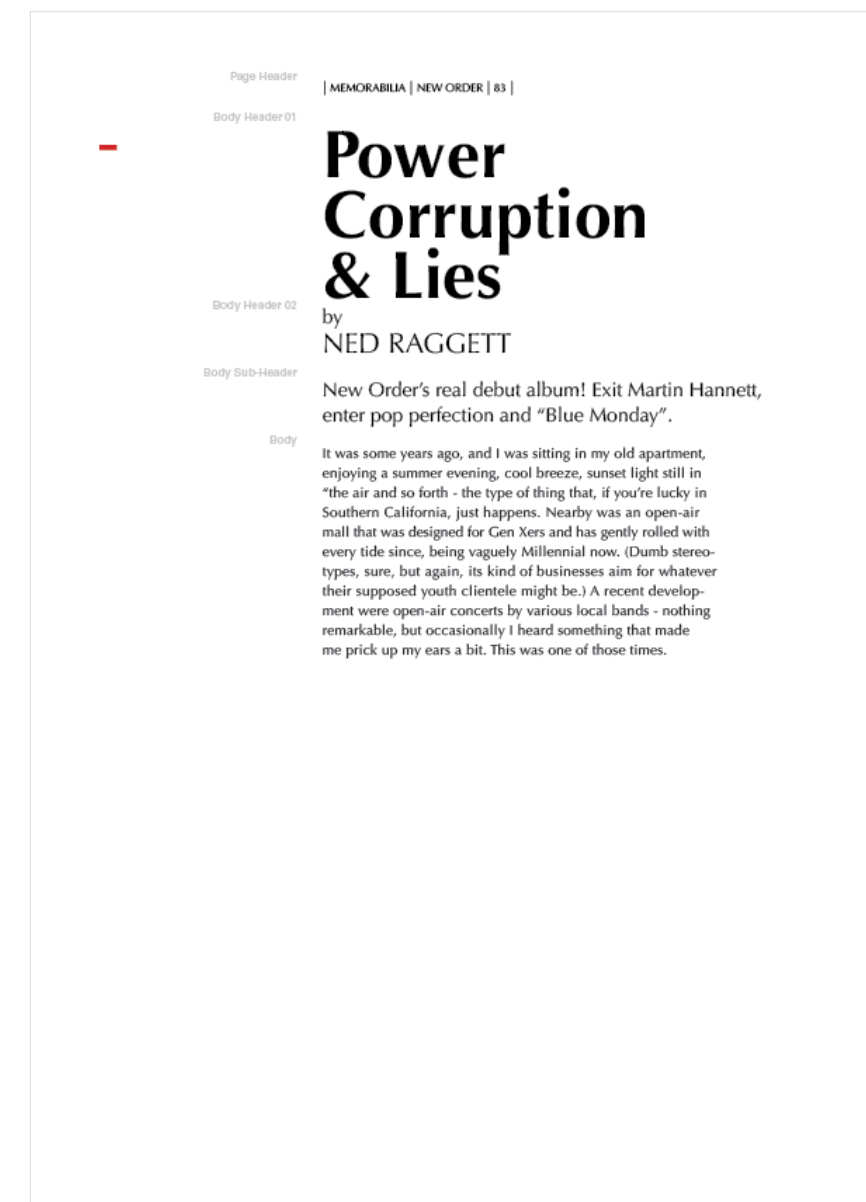
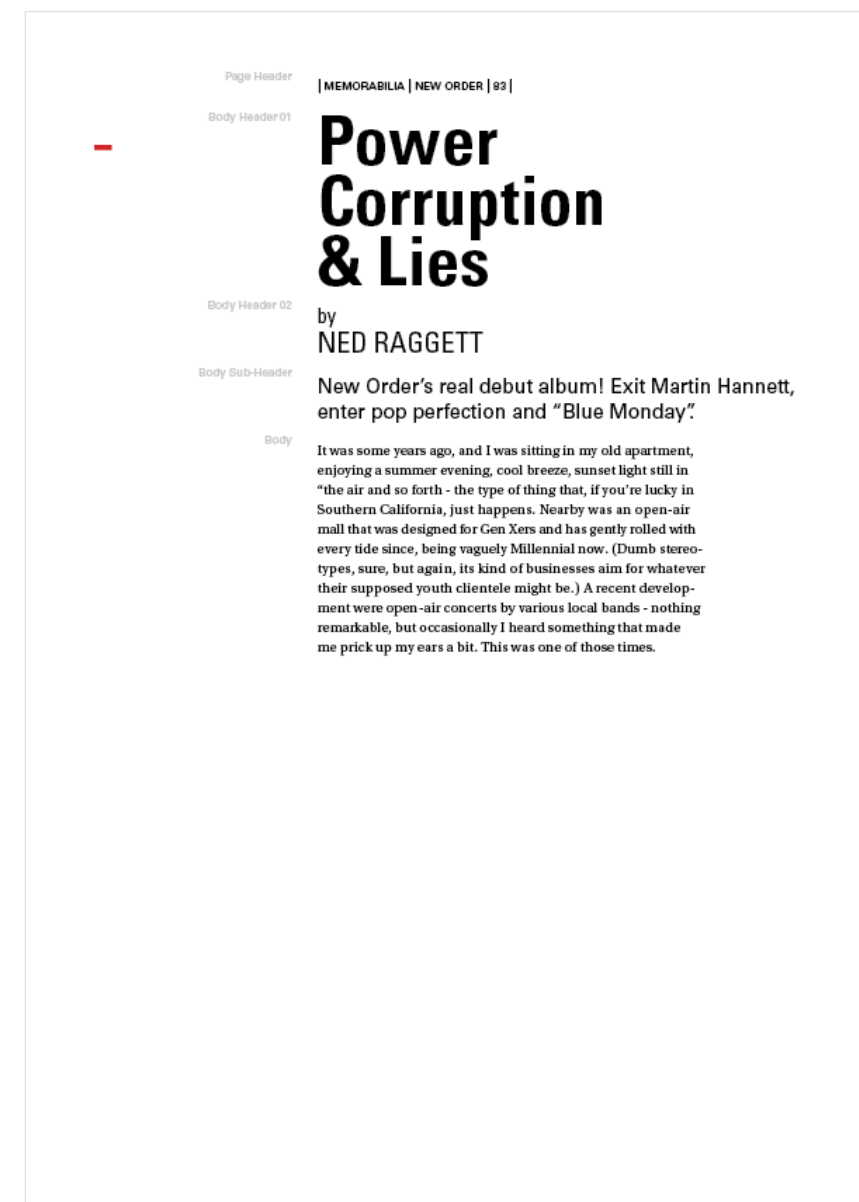
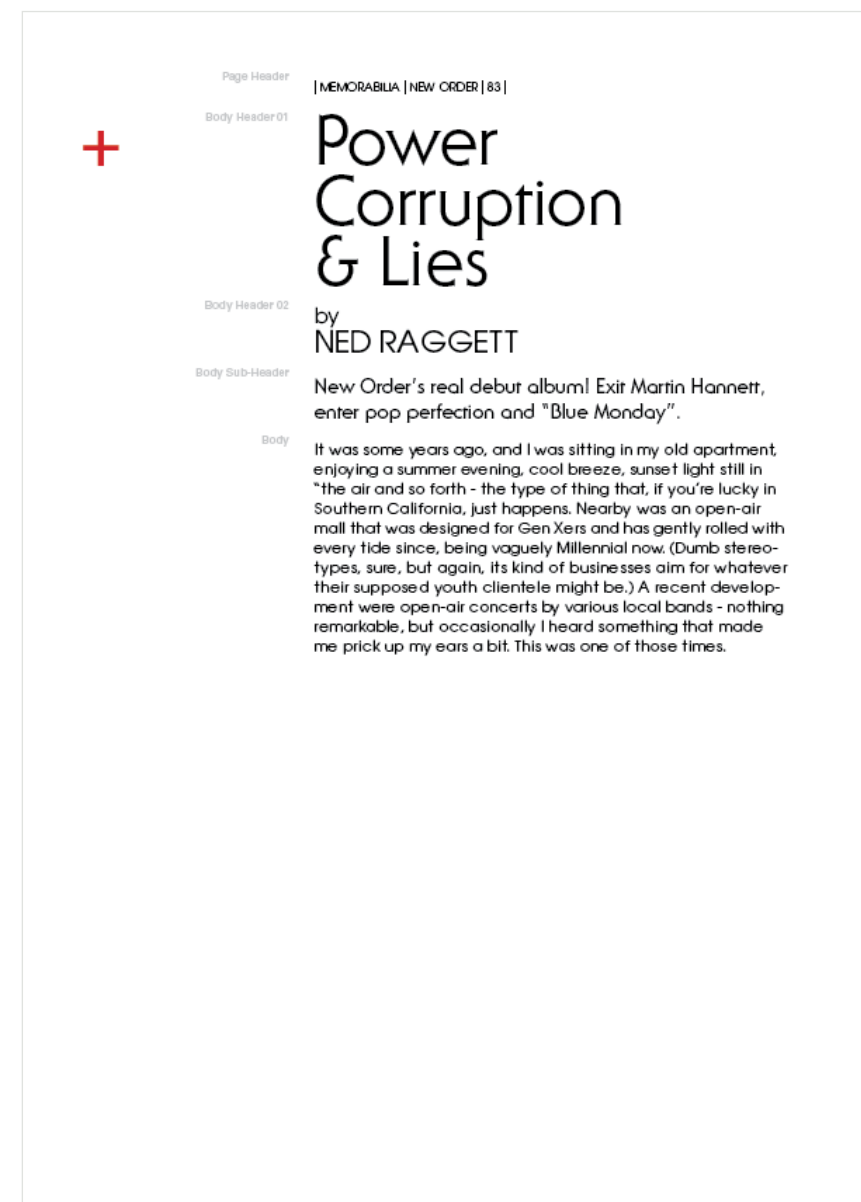
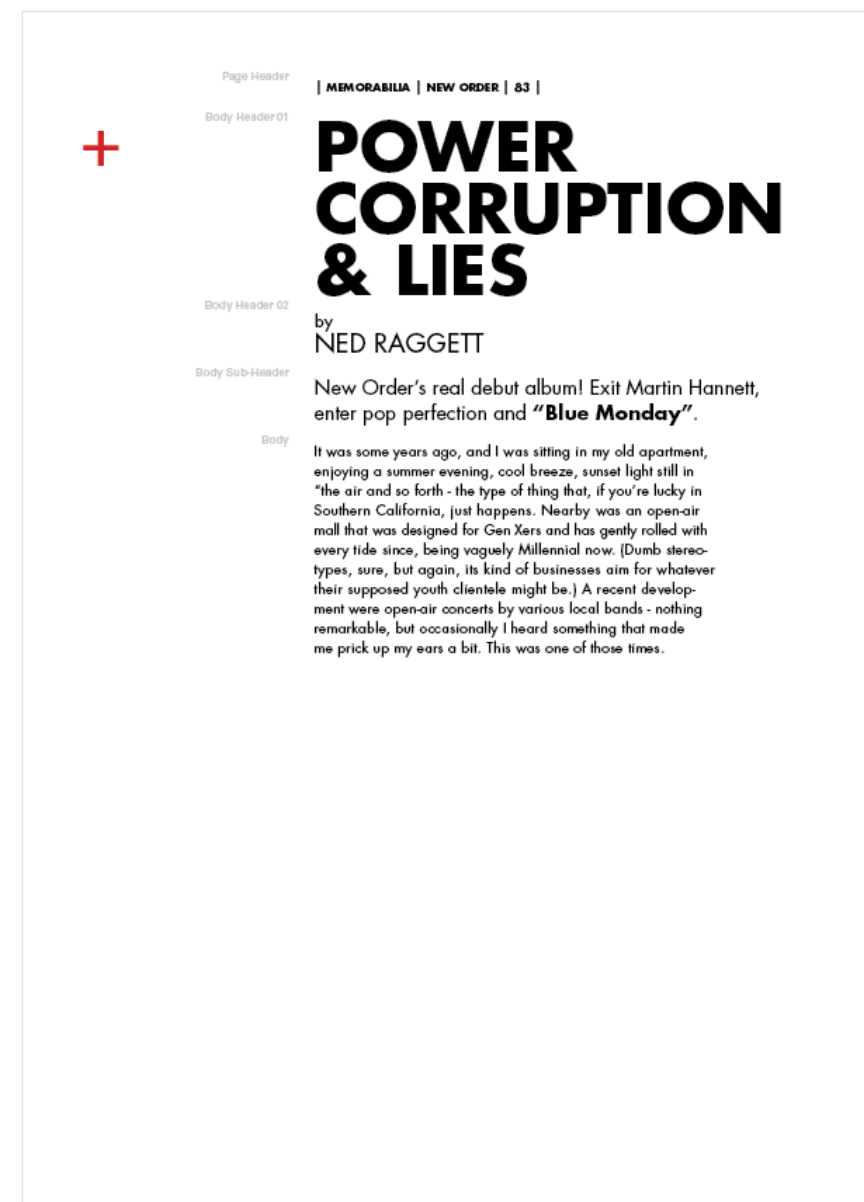
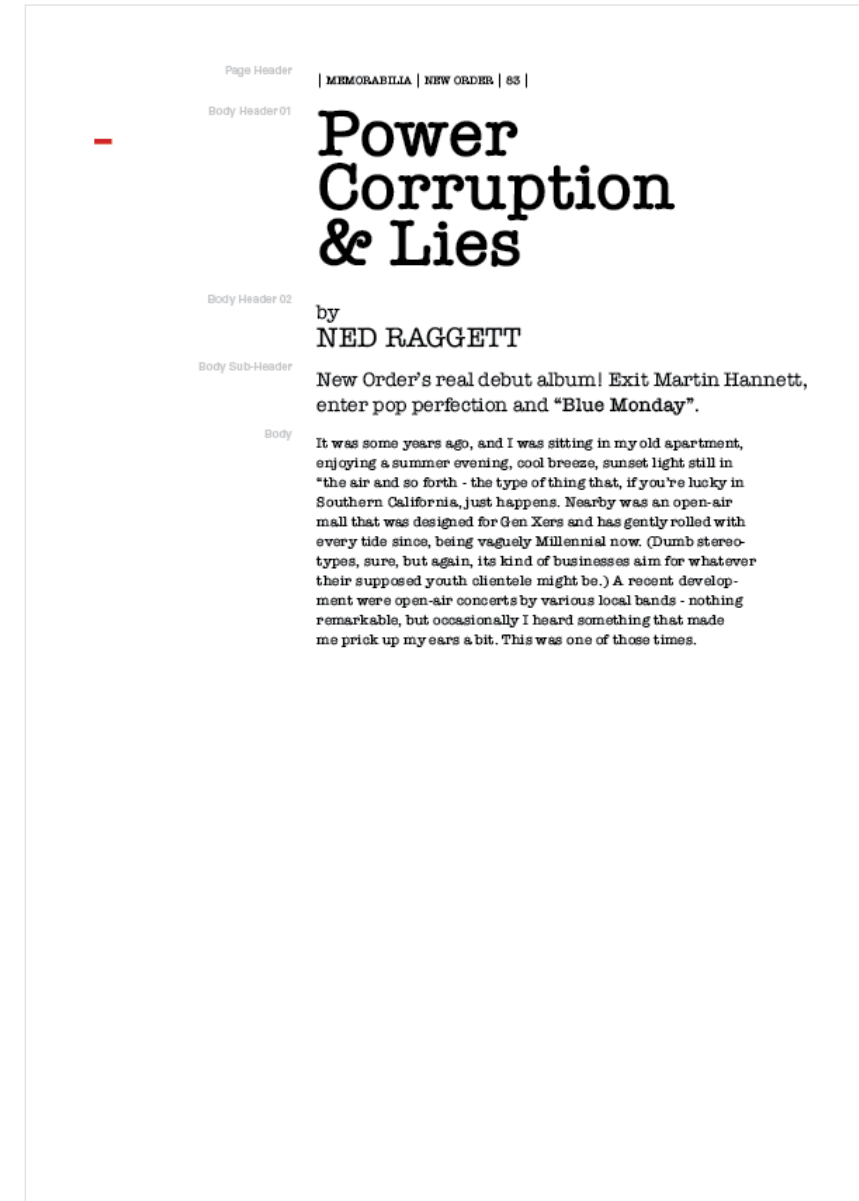
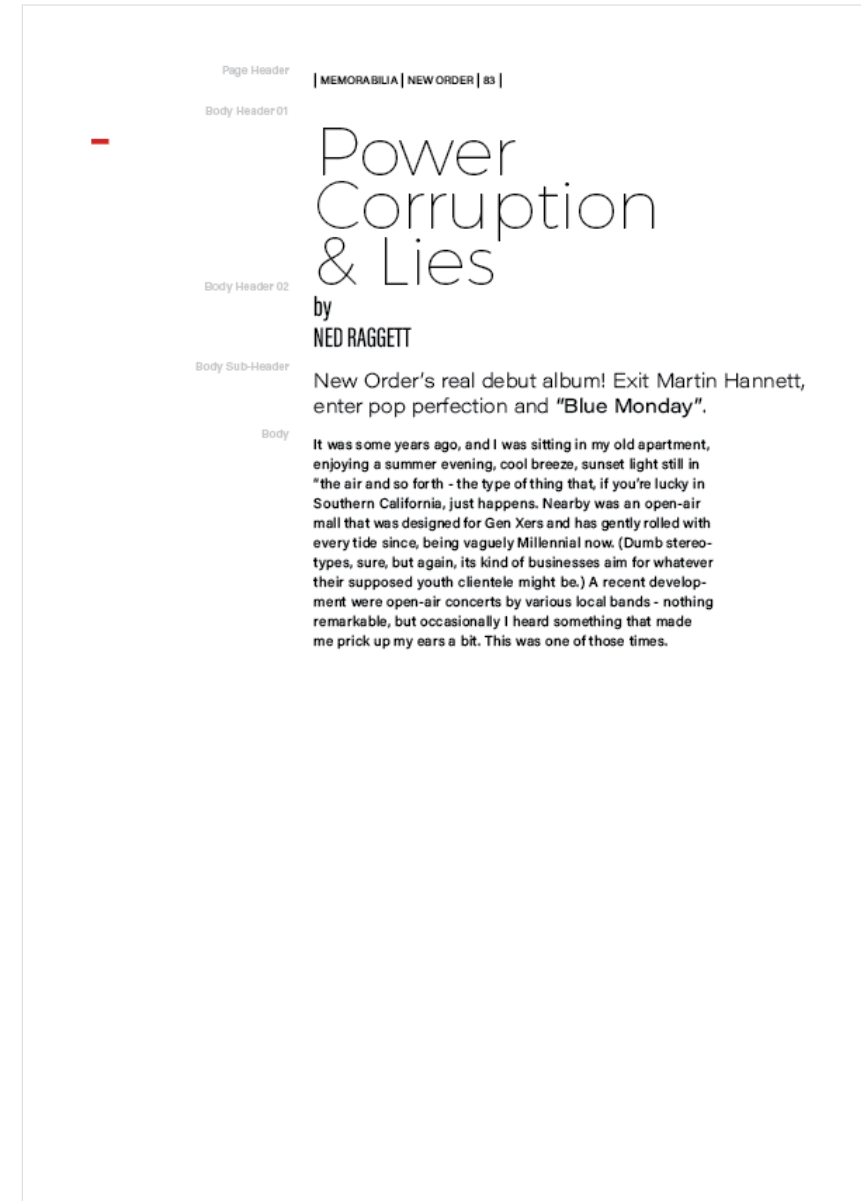
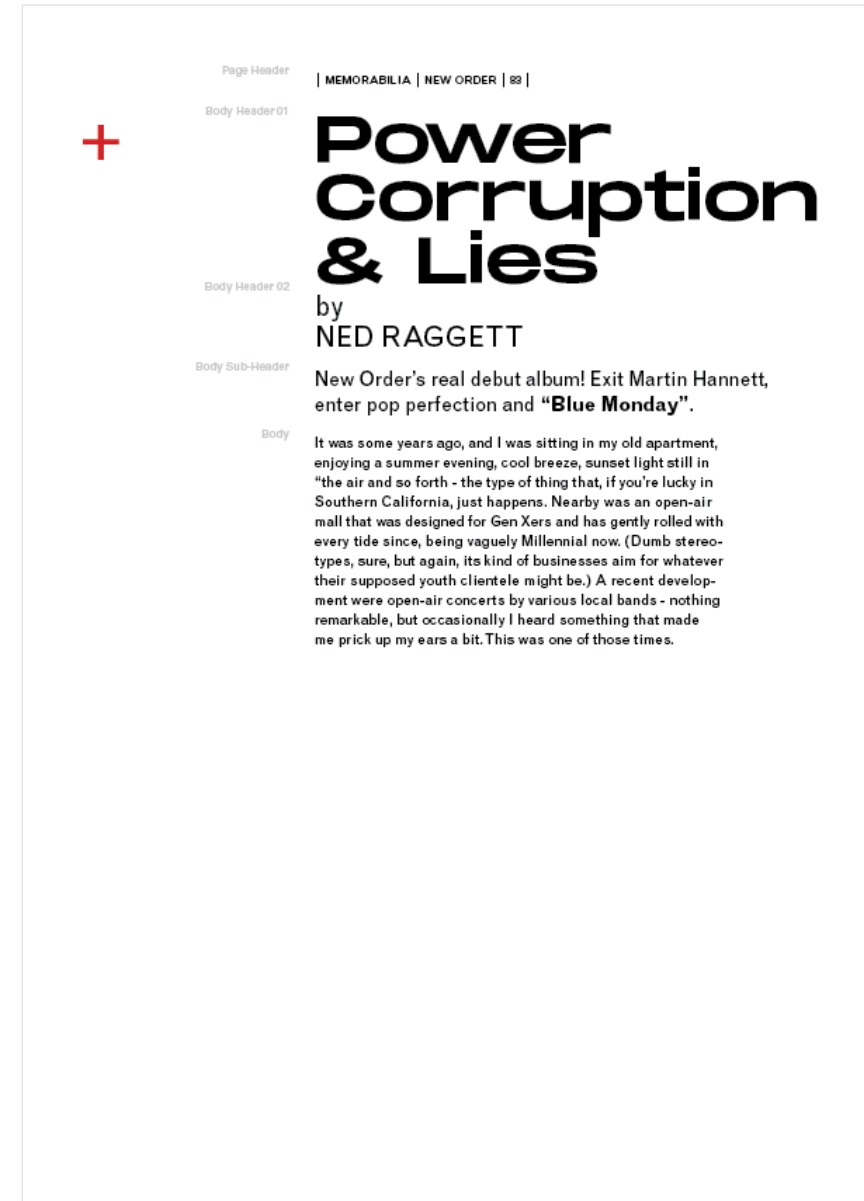
- The Front, Live at the Broadway  
Denver, CO - 02/25/1978
- Television circuit diagram
- Gatefold artwork from "Join Hands" by Siouxsie & the Banshees
- Cover artwork from "Talk Talk Talk" by The Psychedelic Furs
- Members of New Order  
S. Morris, P. Hook, G. Gilbert & B. Sumner
- Generation X et al, Live at Crackers  
London, UK - 08/02/1977
- Ric Ocasek of The Cars
- Cover artwork from Early Indiana Punk and New Wave: The Crazy Al's Years (1976-1983), compilation



# Process

A variety of test variations for typographic arrangement.

Each variation predicated on capturing a particular aspect of the inspiration board. Those which were deemed favorable choices were labeled with a “+”, and respectively those which were less preferred with a “-”.



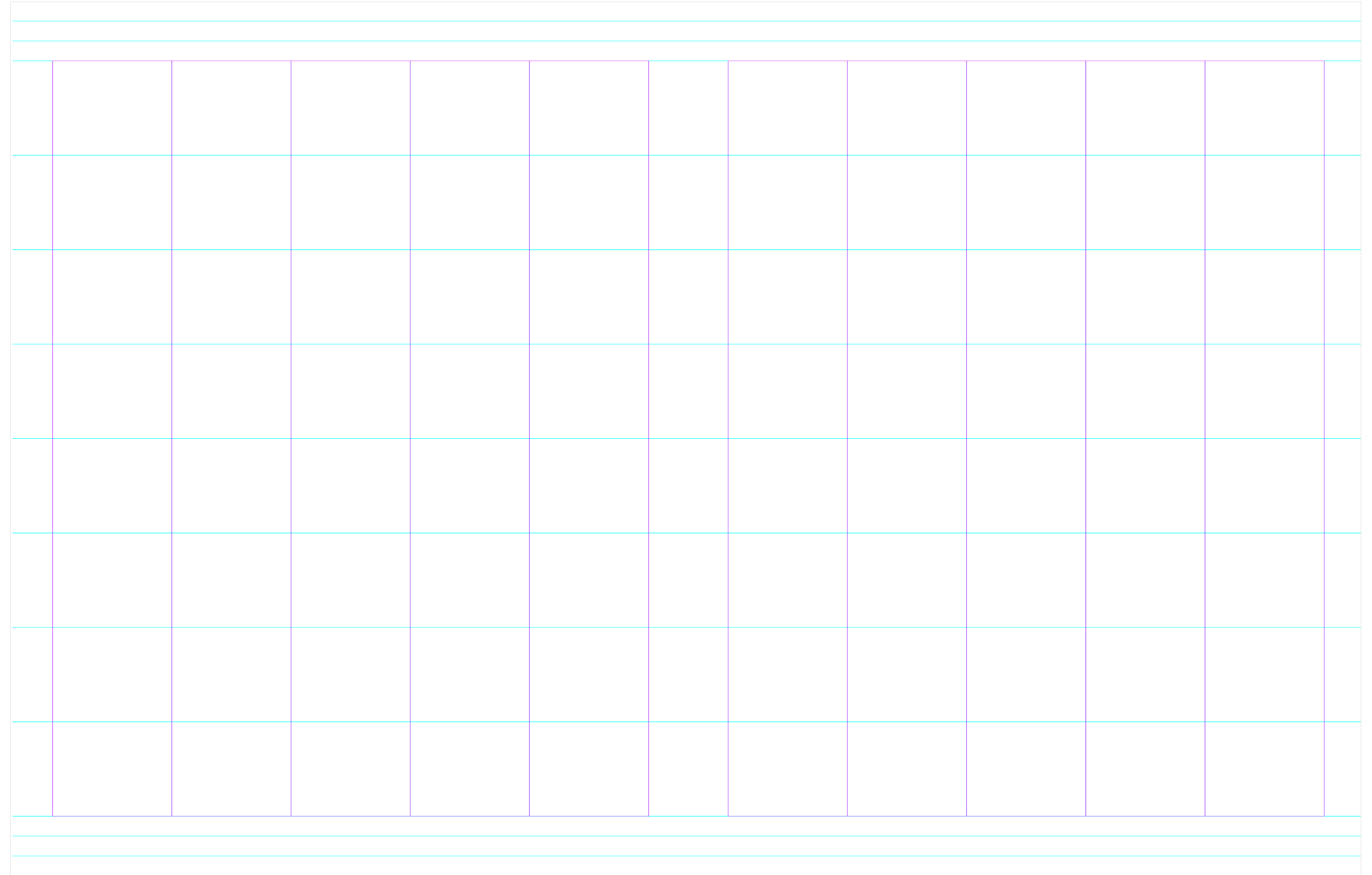
## Handwritten Type + Avantgarde Book

Handwritten type was considered throughout much of the process for developing a typographic system, as it echoed the nature of many of the inspirational pieces, and provided a distinctive character to headers or other important captions. It was ultimately chosen alongside the quite contrasting clean and geometric forms of Avantgarde Book.



## 5 x 8 Grid

For structural development of visual elements, a grid of 5 columns by 8 rows was chosen. This proved to be a versatile layout, with the numerous divisions of the space allowing for variation without becoming inconsistent. In addition, this grid provided opportunities for diagonal motion in unison with points along the grid - an opportunity which was seized in later iterations.



# Feature Article

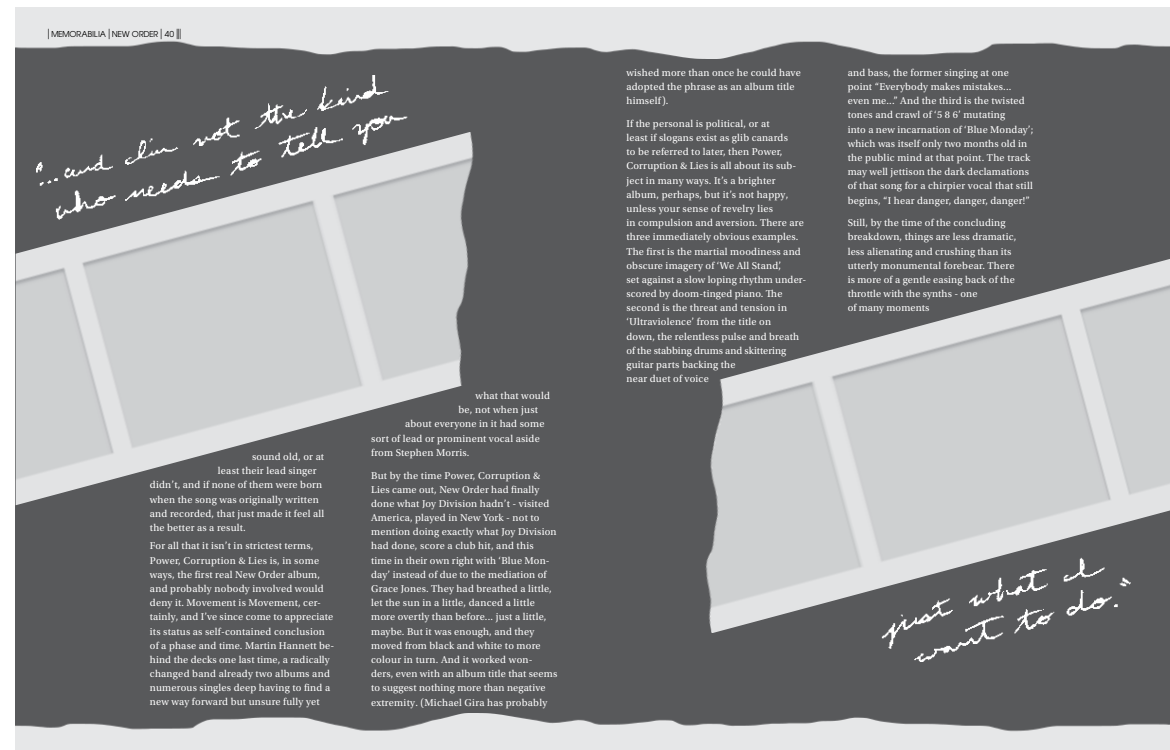
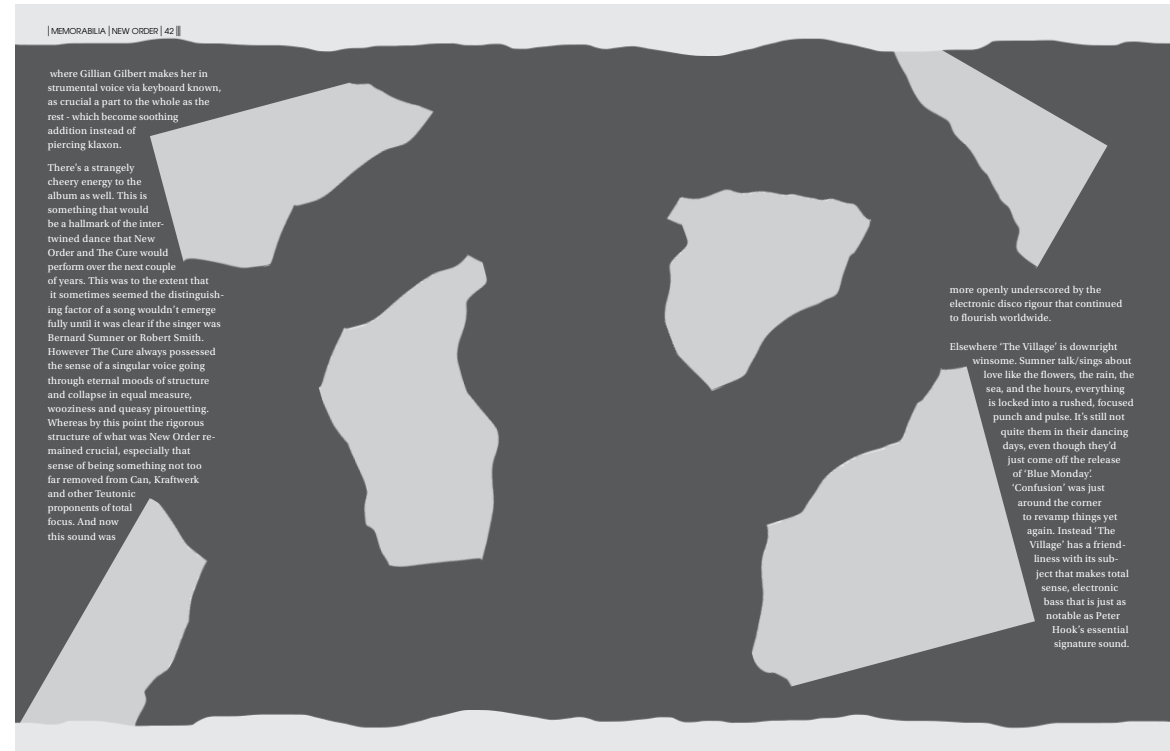
The feature article was the first to be developed, and as such was subject to a fair amount of change throughout.

The first spread introduces the article, featuring images of the focal subjects as well as a large, handwritten header. In its original form, this spread featured a subheader on the lefthand side of the left page, but this was later incorporated more with the body text. The lower left images was altered to better fit within the existing color scheme. In addition, many visual elements such images and the header writing were enlarged on the final version.

The second spread is constructed around the ripped up pieces of a photograph, with text wrapping around the corners of the precariously strewn image. In order to provide the text with more structure, the image pieces were rearranged for the final piece, with text forming two parallel columns running alongside the vertically arranged images. Later on, handwritten captions were incorporated to break up the monotonous text arrangement, as well as provide visual interest.

The third spread features two cut film strips, each providing two rather high-contrast photographs. The text was rearraged for the final iteration so that its baselines ran parallel with the images above and below, respectively. Handwritten captions similar to those on spread two were also added.

Overall changes made to these spreads over their development include increasing the vibrance of the yellow hue, a decision which carries across the entire publication, as well as transitioning to justified text instead of a rather sloppy attempt at ragging around photos.



# Feature Article

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# Power Corruption & Lies

New Order's real debut album! Exit Martin Hannett, enter pop perfection and "Blue Monday".

It was some years ago, and I was sitting in my old apartment, enjoying a summer evening, cool breeze, sunset light still in the air and so forth - the type of thing that, if you're lucky in Southern California, just happens. Nearby was an open-air mall that was destined for Gen Xers and has gently rolled with every tide since, being vaguely Millennial now. (Dumb stereotypes, sure, but again, its kind of businesses aim for whatever their supposed youth clientele might be.) A recent development were open-air concerts by various local bands - nothing remarkable, but occasionally I heard something that made me prick up my ears a bit. This was one of those times.

"Hang on, I know that bass line..."

It was all slightly muffled - the band set-up was always facing away from the apartment building so we wouldn't be completely blasted away, plus some trees provided intervening cover. There was something about the just

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... and I'm not the kind who likes to tell you just what I want to do...

For all that it isn't in strictest terms, *Power, Corruption & Lies* is, in some ways, the first real New Order album, and probably nobody involved would deny it. Movement is Movement, certainly, and I've since come to appreciate its status as self-contained conclusion of a phase and time. Martin Hannett behind the decks one last time, a radically changed band already two albums and numerous singles deep having to find a new way forward but unsure fully yet what that would be, not when just about everyone in it had some sort of lead or prominent vocal aside from Stephen Morris.

But by the time *Power, Corruption & Lies* came out, New Order had finally done what Joy Division hadn't - visited America, played in New York - not to mention doing exactly what Joy Division had done, score a club hit, and this time in their own right with "Blue Monday" instead of due to the mediation of Grace Jones. They had breathed a little, let the sun in a little, danced a little more overtly than before... just a little, maybe. But it was enough, and they moved from black and white to more colour in turn. And it worked wonders, even with an album title that seems to suggest nothing more than negative extremity. (Michael Gira has probably wished more than once he could have adopted the phrase as an album title himself).

If the personal is political, or at least if slogans exist as glib canards to be referred to later, then *Power, Corruption & Lies* is all about its subject in many ways. It's a brighter album, perhaps, but it's not happy, unless your sense of revelry lies in compulsion and

giddy enough (but gentle) performance that caused me to listen in a little more closely; soon I realized I was singing along a bit to what I was hearing. It all clicked when the chorus kicked in:

New Order, *Age of Consent*, of course, I thought to myself. Never did find out who the band was who had in my view the good sense to cover something both perfectly catchy and a little obscure. The song was also suited for a place and location that on the face of it had very little to do with Manchester, the perceived grey gloom of post-punk and an album called *Power, Corruption & Lies* that's now reached 30 years old. But I remember being impressed - obviously in a smug, knowing way, sure, the kind of reaction such an occurrence can too easily produce. But the band didn't sound old, or at least their lead singer didn't, and if none of them were born when the song was originally written and recorded, that just made it feel all the better as a result.

How does it feel to treat me like you do?

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Our love is like the flowers, the rain, the sea and the hours

There's a strangely dreamy energy to the album as well. This is something that would be a hallmark of the re-performed dance that New Order did. The Cure would perform over the next couple of years. This was to the extent that it sometimes seemed the distinguishing factor of a song wouldn't emerge until it was clear if the singer was possessed Summer or Robert Smith. However the Cure always possessed the sense of a singular voice going through eternal mounds of structure and collapse in equal measure, winnowing

and queasy promiscuity. Whereas by this point the rigorous structure of what was New Order remained crucial, especially that sense of being something not too far removed from Can, Kraftwerk and other Teutonic proponents of total focus. And now this sound was more openly understood in the electronic dance rigour that continued to flourish worldwide.

"The Village" is downright winsome. Summer talk; song about love like the flowers, the rain, the sea,

And the third is the twisted tones and crowd of "Blue Monday" missing into a new incarnation of "Blue Monday" which was itself only two months old in the public mind at that point. The track may well poison the tank declamations of that song for a chipper vocal that still begins.

There are three immediately obvious aversions. There are three immediately obvious examples. The first is the martial smoothness and classic imagery of "We All Stand" set against a slow dancing rhythm underscored by drum-tongued piano. The second is the three and tension in "Ultimate" where from the title we down, the relentless pulse and breath of the scabbling drums and skittering guitar parts tracking the near beat of voice and bass, the former singing at one point:

"Everyone makes mistakes... even me..."

Still, by the time of the concluding breakdown, things are less dramatic, less alienating and existing than its surely monumental forbear. There is more of a gentle easing back of the throttle with the synth, one of several moments in which Gillian Gilbert makes her instrumental voice via keyboard known, an equal part to the whole as the rest - which become soothing addition instead of piercing klaxon.

Life goes on and on in this real life fantasy



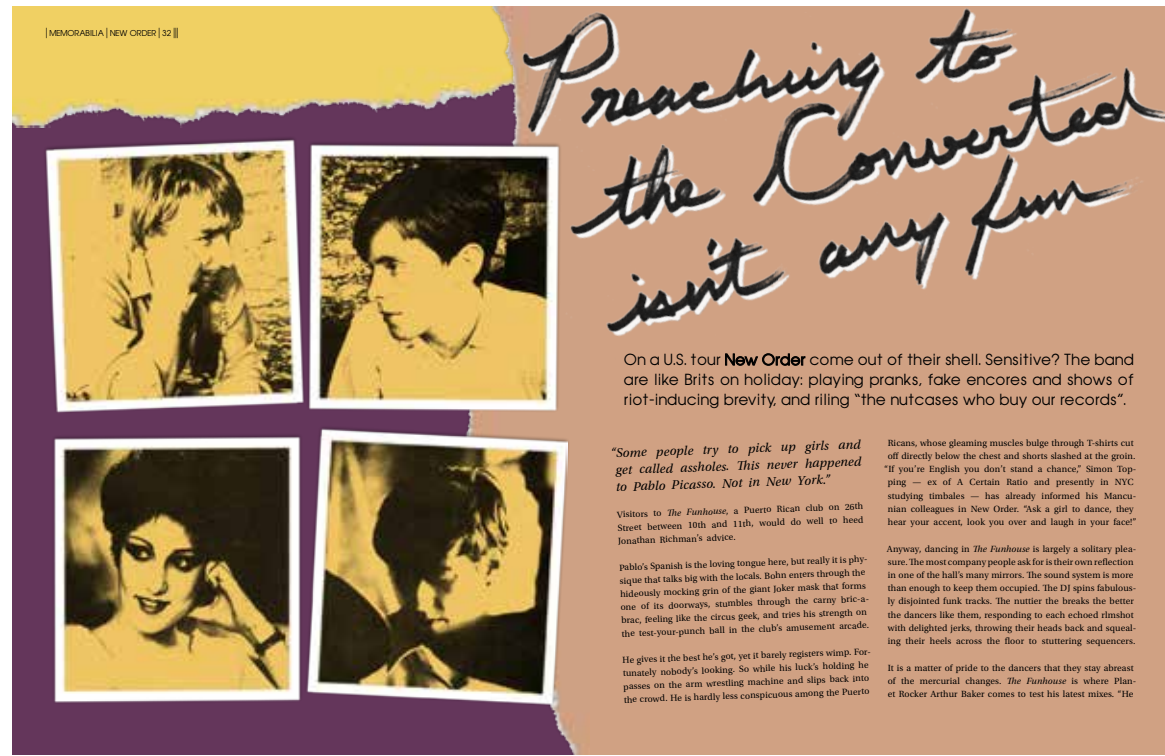
# Interview Article

The interview article started out with a clearer direction than the first, as it followed an already established visual language in some regard.

The first spread introduced the article, featuring photos of the four interviewees. Originally the first block of body text was intended to skew at a similarly subtle angle to the photographs, but this appeared to be a lacking pretext for making such an arbitrary change. The text color was inverted from black to white in order to aid in legibility, a change which was carried over throughout the entire publication.


The second spread features a single photograph which appears to have been torn in two, with text surrounding. Handwritten text was added later to break up monotony.

The third spread features two images in opposite corners with text surrounding. The original image chosen for the bottom left was fitting for the topic of the interview, but lacked the color scheme of the rest of the publication, and as such was replaced by a more suitable photograph.



# Interview Article

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## Preaching to the Converted isn't any fun

On a U.S. tour New Order come out of their shell. Sensitive? The band are like Brits on holiday: playing pranks, fake encores and shows of riot-inducing brevity, and riling "the nutcases who buy our records".

*"Some people try to pick up girls and get called assholes. This never happened to Pablo Picasso. Not in New York."*

Visitors to The Funhouse, a Puerto Rican club on 26th Street between 10th and 11th, would do well to heed Jonathan Richman's advice.

Pablo's Spanish is the loving tongue here, but really it is physique that talks big with the locals. Bohn enters through the hideously mocking grin of the giant faker mask that forms one of its doorways, stumbles through the carry-eric-a-brac feeling like the circus greek, and tries his strength on the test-your-punch ball in the club's amusement arcade.

He gives it the best he's got, yet it barely registers wimp. Fortunately nobody's looking. So while his lack's holding he passes on the arm wrestling machine and slips back into the crowd. He is hardly less conspicuous among the Puerto Ricans, whose

gloaming muscles bulge through T-shirts cut off directly below the chest and shorts stashed at the groin.

"If you're English you don't stand a chance." Simon Topping — ex of A Certain Ratio and presently in NYC studying timbales — has already informed his Mancunian colleagues in New Order. "Ask a girl to dance, they hear your accent, look you over and laugh in your face."

Anyway, dancing in The Funhouse is largely a solitary pleasure. The most company people seek for is their own reflection in one of the hall's many mirrors. The sound system is more than enough to keep them occupied. The DJ spins fabulously disjointed funk tracks. The matter the breaks the better the dancers like them, responding to each released rhythm with delighted jerks, throwing their heads back and spooling their heels across the floor to stuttering sequencers.

It is a matter of pride to the dancers that they stay abreast of the mercantile changes. The Funhouse is where Planet Rucker

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It is not out of vanity that New Order are listening to themselves in a New York club at 4.30am. Having just played the final date of a guesting American tour in Trenton, New Jersey, a few hours earlier, they would rather be back at their hotel celebrating the fact with some sleep.

But even at this hour duty calls. They must film the video for "Confusion" before returning to Britain, specifically as Charles Surridge, whose previous credits include *Indiana Jones*, has been flown out to make it. Don't let it be said that Factory don't do things in style. (Surridge was brought in, incidentally, on the instigation of Factory's Tony Wilson. They met at Granada TV, where Tony holds down a day job and for whom Surridge completed *Widowhood*.)

At the point of filming, the group still weren't sure of the storyline outside the fact that a Puerto Rican dancer flirts into it somewhere. Echoes of fame? Not unless it's at New Order's price.

*"And God, was it hard! Arthur Baker just stood there staring at us, sort of going, go on go on, write something, and we were walking around in circles thinking, fuckin' hell, isn't it time to go home yet? We don't normally work well under pressure."*

"He'd start a drum machine off and send one of us in saying, 'have a go on that synthesiser'" expands guitarist Bernard Albrecht, nee Dickens. "See what you can come up with. So you're standing there thinking, what the fuckin' hell am I doing? You'd do something and he'd go, that's alright, turn off the drum machine, and start the tape rolling and say, right play it again. And even though there'd be a minute's worth of mistakes in it, he'd just say, fuck it. It's alright."

"The one thing he doesn't like about English records, he told us, is they're too neat and clean. And I agree."

*"You just can't believe us. When it shows you what you mean to us."*

The rock of America is riddled with holes. It has become such a commonplace activity that talking music here is about as exciting as discussing the weather.

Bohn would be the last person to bring it up, but at every stopping point on his oblique down Broadway way to the Paradise Garage, where New Order are playing their NY concert, he is exalted by a weevil 'wiv' an anecdote.

The hotel bellhop recalls every blow struck at a Talking Heads concert: a woad jerk gets frothy about all the new English bubblegum groups he's had the pleasure of serving; a cab driver hands him a thesis on how Ritchie Blackmore revolutionised America.

If in Britain forming a group is — as Jollie Temple has said — about as rebellious as joining the army, in America being into rock is on a par with being in the civil service. Being into rock is being part of a non-productive, non-reactive glorified fan club there to service the needs of an idol elite.

Anyone tenuously linked with rock — and that can mean as little as having the right haircut and an English accent — has the sort of credit rating that will earn him a free cup of coffee at Bleecker Bob's

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Greenwich Village record store, so long as he's prepared to put up with the world's loudest and oddest juvenile shooting off his latest Wetterschaung.

The clubs provide some sort of refuge from all this mundanity partly because the music is too loud to talk over, but mostly because the clubs themselves are so gaudy and great, and the music they play so expertly functional and supremely anonymous that people gradually use them — the clubs and the music — and move on. Unlike those people who've immersed themselves in the rockpool, they're not overcome with the need to talk about it all the time.

Tonight, however, is not a typical one for the Paradise Garage. Normally a gay black disco, it has been leased at great expense to New Order for the concert. Few of the regulars are evident in the audience, even though the same group is responsible for a state-side — indeed worldwide — club hit in "Blue Monday".

The shyest, most perfect, driest and most sexual of dance records, "Blue Monday" is a model of anonymous functionalism, the work of a group who assert quality above novel identity.

And you can't believe how refreshing that is until you've heard any one of a stream of British hits screaming "love me, love me, love me!" from every Anglophile store, radio station or club.

Despite themselves, New Order's concert draws an audience in awe of the group's name and reputation, based on the impressions they got from reading the British music press. They are at once given a lot to live up to and even more to live down...

"What people write about us is usually five miles wrong!"

mutters Bernard ruefully.

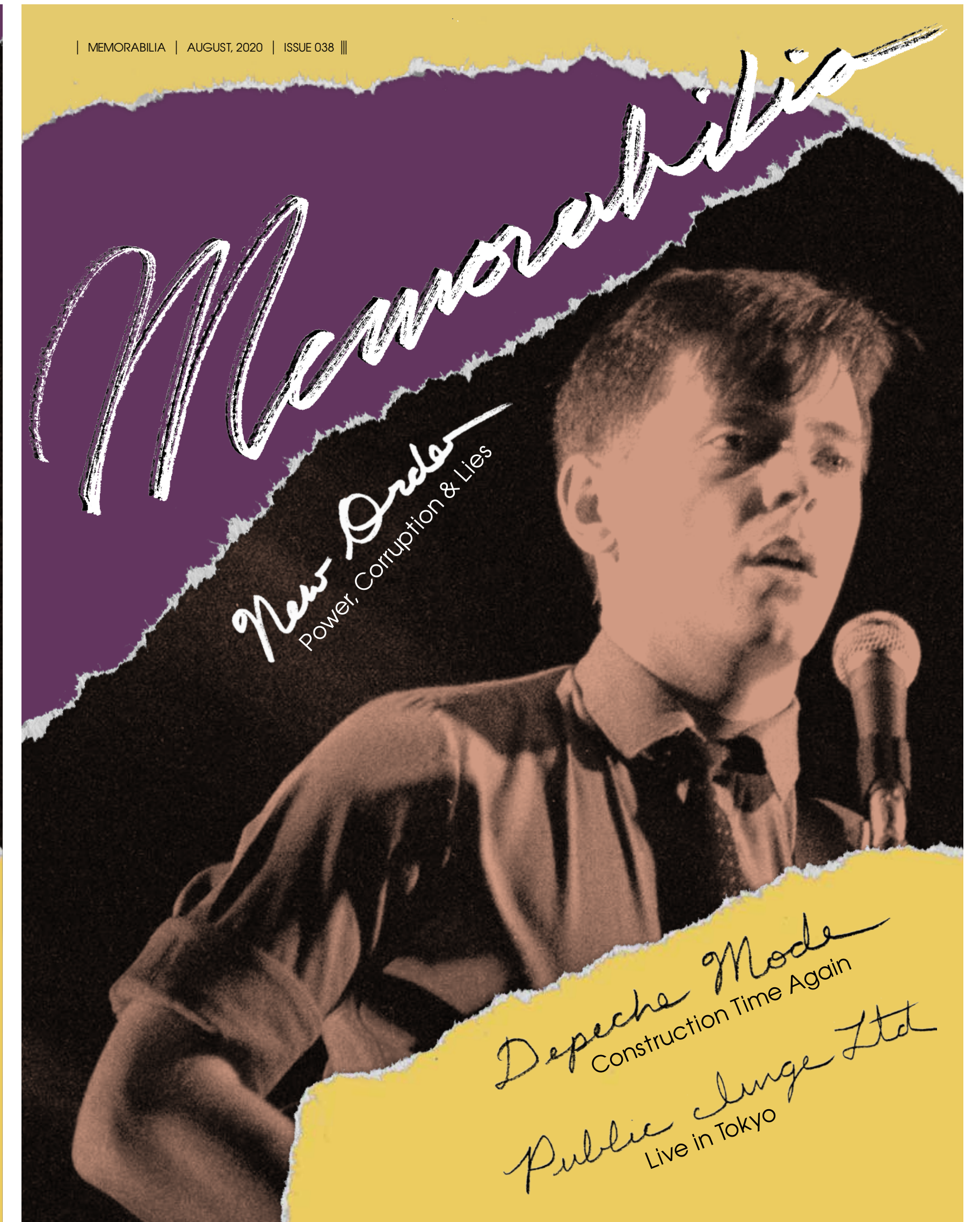
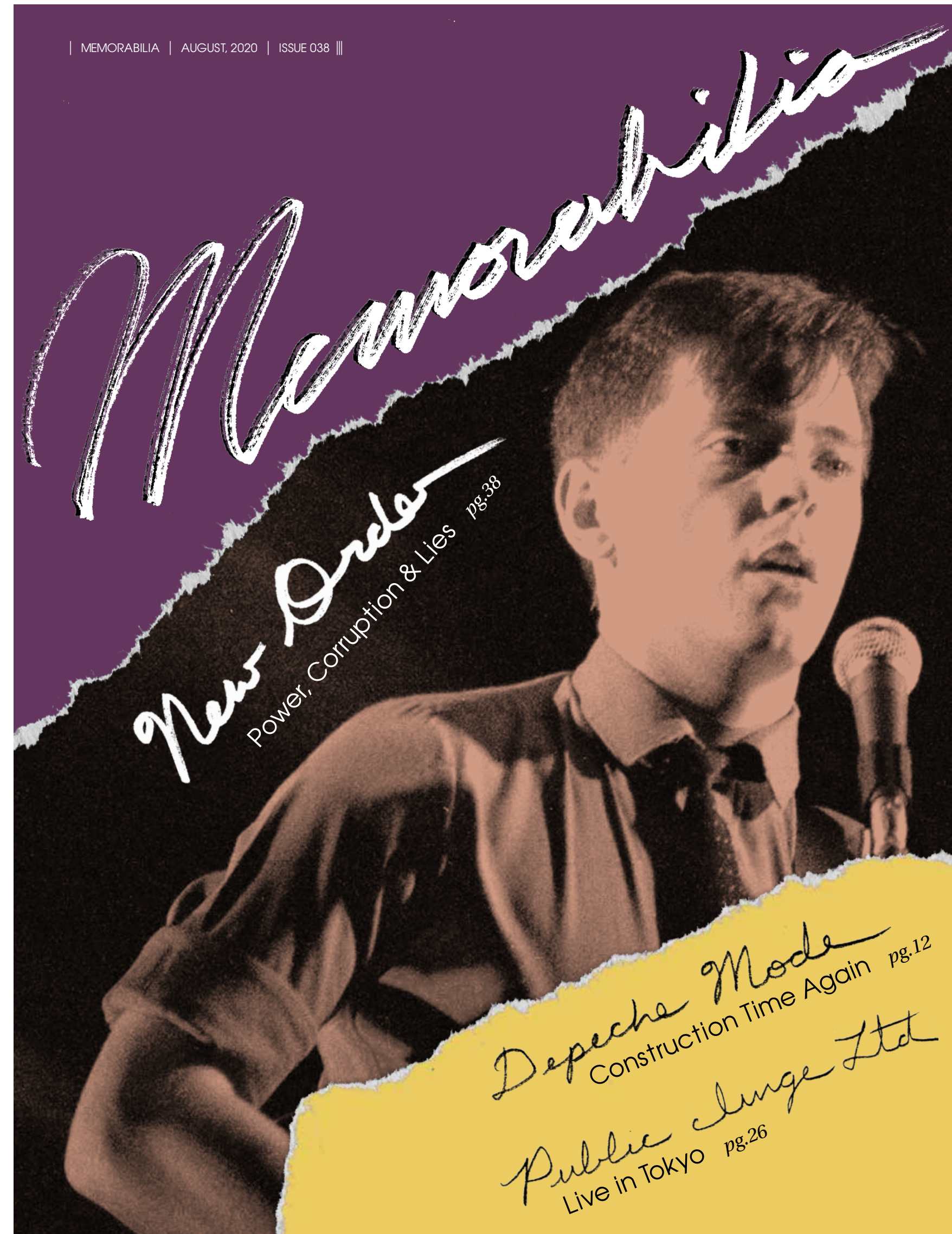
"All these Americans know all the stuff, but all they do is stare," says Peter Hook at once flattered, frustrated and flabbergasted by their American experience.

"It's really weird. The first half dozen gigs before we got to New York we went down pretty well — a bit too well. It was like they were just waiting for us, we didn't have to win them over or anything. We'd already won. All we had to do was play. They were all shouting 'Dreams Never End!' 'Ceremony' — just like they do in Britain. At least we've had some lively over the top audiences there, but here the only lively audience we've had was in Austin, Texas. Otherwise we haven't had to struggle, meaning there's no point to doing it really."

*"Preaching to the converted isn't any fun is it?"*

## Cover Design

The cover received the fewest alterations, due to following the stylistic choices of the two nearly-completed articles. A banner was added at the top to make the header more prominent, and changes were made to text sizes to provide a more organized hierarchical system.





**01.**  
**What are the strengths of your final design?**

I believe my final design has succeeded in evoking the concepts I originally envisioned as shown by the choices in my inspiration/mood board. The overall tone of the publication seem to fall right about where I intended - there's a vibrance throughout, yet all the same it doesn't bring forth a straightforward bright attitude.

**02.**  
**What weaknesses do you see in your final design?**

There are still many aspects of this design which remain unresolved. Slight heirarchal troubles remain throughout, as well as peculiar spacial inconsistencies. In addition, there are slight visual inconsistencies, such as with the tone of certain colored fields.

**03.**  
**Did you thrive at any point during the design process?**

I believe that the most prosperous period throughout this process has been more towards the latter half, as it seemed about then that my vision was beginning to appear in a more concrete fashion. It also became easier to add entirely new elements while maintaining consistency with the overall design structure.

**04.**  
**Did you struggle at any point during the design process?**

Initially there were some challenges regarding how to best translate my inspirations into a more distinct structure. It was as if there were several small ideas I had in mind to go forward with, but no real method for tying them all together.

**05.**  
**Was there anything you wish you had more time to work on?**

I generally wish I had more time to refine certain details that still stand out. Perhaps I might even be inclined to add more entirely new content, as I am quite fond of the visual language I have been able to develop and would enjoy seeing more of it.

**06.**  
**Was there anything you felt wasn't explored or further explained?**

As with my previous explanations, I had much difficulty solidifying my views into an actual design, and I would be interested to see how others might go about thinking through the initial stages of this process.