

Which *one* of
these would you
throw *away*?



Don't waste food.



THINK-EAT-SAVE
WORLD ENVIRONMENT
DAY 5 JUNE

Most of
these will be
THROWN AWAY.



Don't waste food.



THINK-EAT-SAVE
WORLD ENVIRONMENT
DAY 5 JUNE

Artist Statement

Stacey Jacobs

I am a mother, wife, sister, daughter and friend – but most of all I am a graphic designer. My work as a graphic designer, has really defined the person I am.

Designing is something that is *inside* of me. Good design has always been something that I have been drawn too. I've always enjoyed noticing different logos and storefront designs for businesses. I grab mailers as they come in and I am enveloped in the design. I am attracted to good design within so many things; including clothing, labels on drinks and also food items. Sometimes I even pick the ones that I liked the best based on that design. (Not always the best rule of thumb!)

Design is all around us – in and on everything, and my design is a culmination of years of absorbing those wonderful pieces and emotions. I am modern and classic at the same time. I can produce vintage designs, organic pieces, and sometimes like to air on the side of grunge. I relish in making announcements or invitations, I love branding a new client or rebranding an old, and I thoroughly enjoy working on marketing and advertising. I am both humbled and grateful when I see something that I have accomplished be published. My work is constantly evolving, and I believe this has to do with my ever-changing life and learning from individuals and experiences, and my eye for good design that is all around.

I am Stacey Jacobs.

	<u>Title</u>	<u>Media</u>	<u>Original Format</u>
Figure 1:	Food Poster Series	Digital	17 x 11, Graphic Design
Figure 2:	Lost Art Magazine Spread	Digital	17 x 11, Graphic Design
Figure 3:	Vision Quest Magazine Spread	Digital	17 x 11, Graphic Design
Figure 4:	Foodie Magazine Spread	Digital	17 x 11, Graphic Design
Figure 5:	DC Liberty Schedule	Digital	17 x 11, Graphic Design
Figure 6:	EP Infographic Digital	Digital	17 x 11, Graphic Design
Figure 7:	DC Liberty Logo	Digital	5 x 3 (each one), Graphic Design
Figure 8:	Film Festival Website	Digital	11 x 17, Graphic Design
Figure 9:	JL Creations Logo/Branding Iron	Digital	11 x 17, Graphic Design
Figure 10:	BTBC Logo and Application	Digital	11 x 17, Graphic Design
Figure 11:	Strangers Book Cover	Digital	17 x 11, Graphic Design

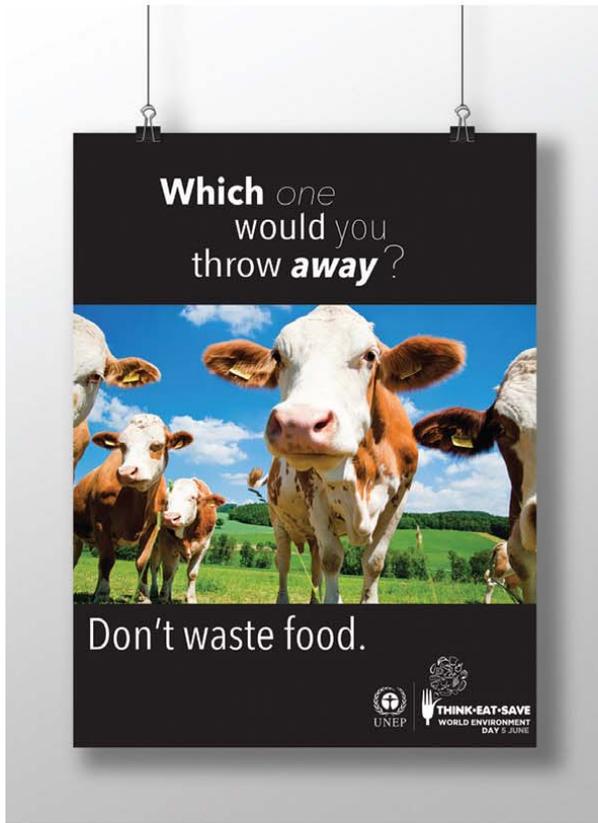


Figure 1: Food Poster Series.

Saving ^{the} Lost ^{art} of Conversation

IN A FAST-PACED DIGITAL AGE, AN MIT PSYCHOLOGIST TRIES TO SLOW US DOWN.
By Megan Garber



"I AM GOING TO BE A LITTLE BORING," Sherry Turkle announces as we sit down to tea in the living room of her sprawling Boston townhouse. "And you're going to be a little boring, too."

Turkle, for the record, is not boring. She is a psychologist and a professor at MIT whose primary academic interest—the relationship between humans and machines—is especially relevant in today's networked age. Her most recent book, *Alone Together: Why We Expect More From Technology and Less From Each Other*, explores our reliance on devices that can isolate us under the auspices of connection. Published in 2011, it poured 384 pages' worth of water onto technological optimism at a time when most of the culture preferred to focus on the promise and allure of digital

devices. In this environment, Turkle has been one of only a handful of experts willing to come out as tech-skeptical, which has made her a regular on the op-ed/Colbert Report/TED Talk circuit.

This tech critic, however, is not tech-phobic. She works with robots. She has an iPhone; actually, she has several. She texts with her daughter. She e-mails with me. The first decoration I saw in her entryway was a large bowl brimming with computer accessories.

As we chat, it becomes clear that Turkle is not just not boring—she's an exceptionally skilled conversationalist. After tea, we take a walk around her Back Bay neighborhood. Throughout our conversation, she occasionally touches my forearm. She speaks deliberately, pausing often. She laughs easily and heartily, a sign more of her warmth than of my wit. She has at her disposal what the best conversationalists have: a wealth of experience to draw from.

Turkle is at work on a new book, aspirationally titled *Reclaiming Conversation*, which will be a continuation of her thinking in *Alone Together*. In it, she will out herself again, this time as "a partisan of conversation." Her research for the book has involved hours upon hours of talking with people about conversation as well as eavesdropping on conversations: the kind of low-grade spying that in academia is known as "ethnography," that in journalism is known as "reporting," and that everywhere else is known as "paying attention."

"I can't, in restaurants, not watch families not talking to each other," Turkle tells me. "In parks, I can't not watch mothers not talking to their children. In streets, I can't not watch mothers texting while they're pushing their children." Her methods are contagious: once you start noticing what Turkle notices, you can't stop. It's a beautiful day, and we walk past boutiques, restaurants, and packed sidewalk cafés. The data are every-

where: The pair of high-school-age girls walking down Boylston Street, silent, typing. The table of brunchers ignoring their mimosas (and one another) in favor of their screens. The kid in the stroller playing with an iPad. The sea of humans who are, on this sparkling Saturday, living up to Turkle's lament—they seem to be, indeed, alone together.

The conclusion she's arrived at while researching her new book is not, technically, that we're not talking to each other. We're talking all the time, in person as well as in texts, in e-mails, over the phone, on Facebook and Twitter. The world is more talkative now, in many ways, than it's ever been. The problem, Turkle argues, is that all of this talk can come at the expense of conversation. We're talking at each other rather than with each other.

Conversations, as they tend to play out in person, are messy—full of pauses and interruptions and topic changes and assorted awkwardness. But the messiness is what allows for true exchange. It gives participants the time—and, just as important, the permission—to think and react and glean insights. "You can't always tell, in a conversation, when the interesting bit is going to come," Turkle says. "It's like dancing: slow, slow, quick-quick, slow. You know? It seems boring, but all of a sudden there's something, and whoa."

Occasional dullness, in other words, is to be not only expected, but celebrated. Some of the best parts of conversation are, as Turkle puts it, "the boring bits." In software terms, they're features rather than bugs.



The world is more talkative now, in many ways, than it's ever been. The problem, Turkle argues, is that ... we're talking AT each other rather than with each other.

Figure 2: Lost Art Magazine Spread.

VISION QUEST

Doug Aitken's tech-fueled, glow-in-the-dark, cross-country, pop-art train ride.
by **CLIVE THOMPSON**

Round, concrete, and mostly windowless, the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, DC, resembles a huge carousel for an old-school slide projector. But in the spring of 2012, it looked considerably different: It became a huge, cylindrical computer monitor. California artist Doug Aitken had turned the entire building into a massive 13,444 by 1,080 pixel art installation.

As night fell, a set of 11 precisely synced, high-intensity movies covered the surface of the Hirshhorn in a single, continuously looping 35-minute film. In Aitken's piece, called Song1, dozens of eclectic characters—a young female worker in a factory, a man driving at night—sang the Tin Pan Alley classic "I Only Have Eyes for You." In between versions of the song, Aitken intercut spooky, pretty images of isolation and technology: A silhouetted woman walking through an empty parking lot, cars racing along a highway at night, a reel-to-reel tape machine. "We're living in a new topography," Aitken says. "Is it possible to be everywhere and nowhere?"

His goal? To make **ART** that's simultaneously **physical and virtual, local and global, broadcasting** using a mashup **of the Internet & one of the oldest networks in the US, the steel rails.**



Crowds gathered in the National Mall to wander around the building and see the whole thing. Like many of Aitken's works, it felt like a monument—both majestic and unsettling—to our iPhone-and-flatscreen-TV-bedecked modern world of high tech distractions and connections. It was a museum exhibit you visited, sure, but inside out. "I wanted the building to disappear," Aitken says. A lot of his work has this effect; he calls it **visual architects**.

This has been Aitken's subject for the past 20 years: the rootless geography of today's mobile life. When you check a text message and momentarily disconnect from the world around you, when you wander down an urban street that's alive with **LED advertisements**, when business travelers forget which city they're in because the hotel rooms all look the same—that's Aitken territory. As technology has swallowed more and more of our lives, his art has grown in lockstep—harnessing cutting-edge techniques, fiber optics, and servers to turn practically anything into a screen. It's digital art for a digital age. And we need it. We're so surrounded by media it seems banal; Aitken makes it weird again.



New technologies always transform art—the way it's made and what it's made about. When oil paint first came out in tin tubes in the mid-19th century, artists could suddenly carry a much wider array of paints into the field, and brighter ones too. The innovation helped usher in a new era of outdoor scenes and made them riotously colorful—hallmarks of Impressionism. Digital-art critic and former editor of the Rhizome art blog, puts it best: "Technology provides us with new ways of looking at things."

It's digital art for the digital age.

Figure 3: Vision Quest Magazine Spread.

WHEN DID young people START SPENDING 25% of their PAYCHECKS on pickled lamb's TONGUE?

by MICHAEL IDOV

ON the Tuesday before we meet, Diane Chang sends me a list of places where she wants to eat in the coming week. Here it is, in alphabetical order: ABC Kitchen, Abistro, Bhojan, Bianca, Cafe Katja, Char No. 4, Coppelia, Cotan, Diner, Eisenberg's, Han Joo Chik, BBQ, Henan Feng Wei, Marlow & Sons, Schritzi, St. Anselm, Sun in Bloom, Tanoreen, Upstate Craft Beer & Oyster Bar, Vinegar Hill House, and Wondee Siam. For our dinner, she eventually settles on Wondee Siam II, on Ninth and 54th (but emphatically not the original Wondee Siam, on Ninth and 53rd).

Chang arrives at the tiny Thai place with her friends Jasmine, a stylist, and Marcos, a graphic designer. They, too, have their food bona fides: Marcos snaps quick photos of each dish as it is placed on the table; Jasmine's phone holds carefully curated favorite-restaurant lists for New York and L.A. Both are a little older — 30-plus to Chang's 27 — but Chang is clearly the group's leader. She has picked the place, orders for everyone (shrimp salad, deep-fried catfish,

and crispy pork off the restaurant's "secret menu"), and generally steers the conversation toward the plates in front of us.

Petite and stylish, with a self-consciously goofy smile, Chang works in online and social-media marketing. She is, in culinary parlance, a *civilian* — her job has nothing to do with New York's sprawling food industry or with the chattering class that's gathered around it. Her leisure time and modest discretionary income, however, are devoted almost entirely to food and restaurants.

"I'm not a foodie, I just like what I like," she says. "Yes, I know, it's just like hipsters saying, 'I'm not a hipster.'" (The cliché cracks her up.) "But it's like when my boss says, 'Oh, you're such a foodie!' I'm like, 'Oh God. When I hear the word foodie, I think of Yelp. I don't want to be lumped in with Yelp.'" Just then, her iPhone goes off, and I glimpse her screen saver: It's a close-up photo of a pile of gnarly, gristly pig's feet, skin singed and torn, half-rendered fat and pearlescent car-

tilage beaming back the flash. The dish is from a tiny food stall in Taipei, she tells me. "It's braised in a soy-based sauce, and they serve it on rice with pickled mustard greens and beans."

There have, of course, always been people in this town for whom food is a serious cultural pursuit. Traditionally, they have been older, white, and affluent. Knowing the newest and finest restaurants to frequent and where to find the very best things to eat have long been es-



sential New York status markers. One of the main hallmarks of twentysomething life, on the other hand, has typically been to not give a shit what and where you eat. As recently as the late nineties, a steady diet of burritos and takeout Chinese, with an ironic-but-not-really TV dinner thrown in now and then, was part of the Generation X ethic. An abiding interest in food was something for old people or snobs, like golf or opera. The notion of idolizing chefs, filling notebooks with restaurant "life lists," or talking about candied foie gras on a date was out-and-out bizarre.

Lately, however, food has become a defining obsession among a wide swath of the young and urbane. It is not golf or opera. It's more like indie rock. Just like the music of, say, Drag City bands on a nineties campus, food is now viewed as a legitimate option for a hobby, a topic of endless discussion, a playground for one-upmanship, and a measuring stick of cool. "It's a badge of honor," says Chang. "Bragging rights." She says she disliked M.Wells, last year's consensus "It" restaurant, partly because of "the fact that everybody loves it, and I just don't want to believe the hype." The quest for ever greater obscurity, a central principle of the movement, reaches a kind of event horizon in Chang's friend James Casey, the publisher of an idiosyncratic annual food magazine called *Swallow*. Lately, Casey has been championing the theory that mediocre food is better than good, the equivalent of a jaded indie kid extolling the virtues of Barry Manilow.

Food's transformation from a fusty hobby to a youth-culture phenomenon has happened remarkably fast. The simultaneous rise of social networks and camera phones deserves part of the credit (eating, like sex, is among the most easily

chronicled of pursuits), but none of this would have happened without the grassroots revolution in fine dining. "You can now eat just as quality food with a great environment without the fuss and the feeling of sitting at the grown-up table," says Chang's friend Amy, who is, incidentally, a cook at the very grown-up Jean Georges.

The timeline looks roughly like this: In 1998, Mario Batali gutted the space that was once home to the stodgy Coach House and replaced it with the loud and brilliant Babbo.

The Times later cited Babbo's "Led Zepelin soundtrack" as "one of the dividing lines between a restaurant with three stars, which it unequivocally deserves, and one with the highest rating of four." That

missed the point. The whole idea was to fuse fine dining and rock and roll. Anthony Bourdain's 2000 *Kitchen Confidential* destroyed the archetype of the foofy French chef in a toque and replaced it with an image of cooks as young tattooed badasses. Then, in 2004, a young neurotic chef named David Chang (no relation to Diane) opened Momofuku Noodle Bar, serving what Bourdain has called the kind of food that chefs themselves like to eat after-hours — that is, simple, ingredient-driven food, often global, that is unfailingly delicious but not necessarily expensive or stuffy. Somewhere along the line, young people even began to view cooking as a form of artistic expression. The idea of eating well wasn't just democratized. It was now, improbably enough, edgy.

"I'm not a foodie, I just like what I like..."



Figure 4: Foodie Magazine Spread.

A NEW ERA OF WASHINGTON FOOTBALL.

DC Liberty

“Life without **LIBERTY**
is like a body without
SPIRIT.”

- Khalil Gibran

2014 SCHEDULE

9/7 at 

9/14 

9/21 at 

9/25 

10/6 

10/12 at 

10/19 

10/27 at 

11/2 at 

11/16 

11/23 at 

11/30 at 

12/7 

12/14 at 

12/20 

12/28 



FOR TICKETS AND MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.DCLIBERTY.COM OR CALL 970.575.5757



Figure 5: DC Liberty Schedule.

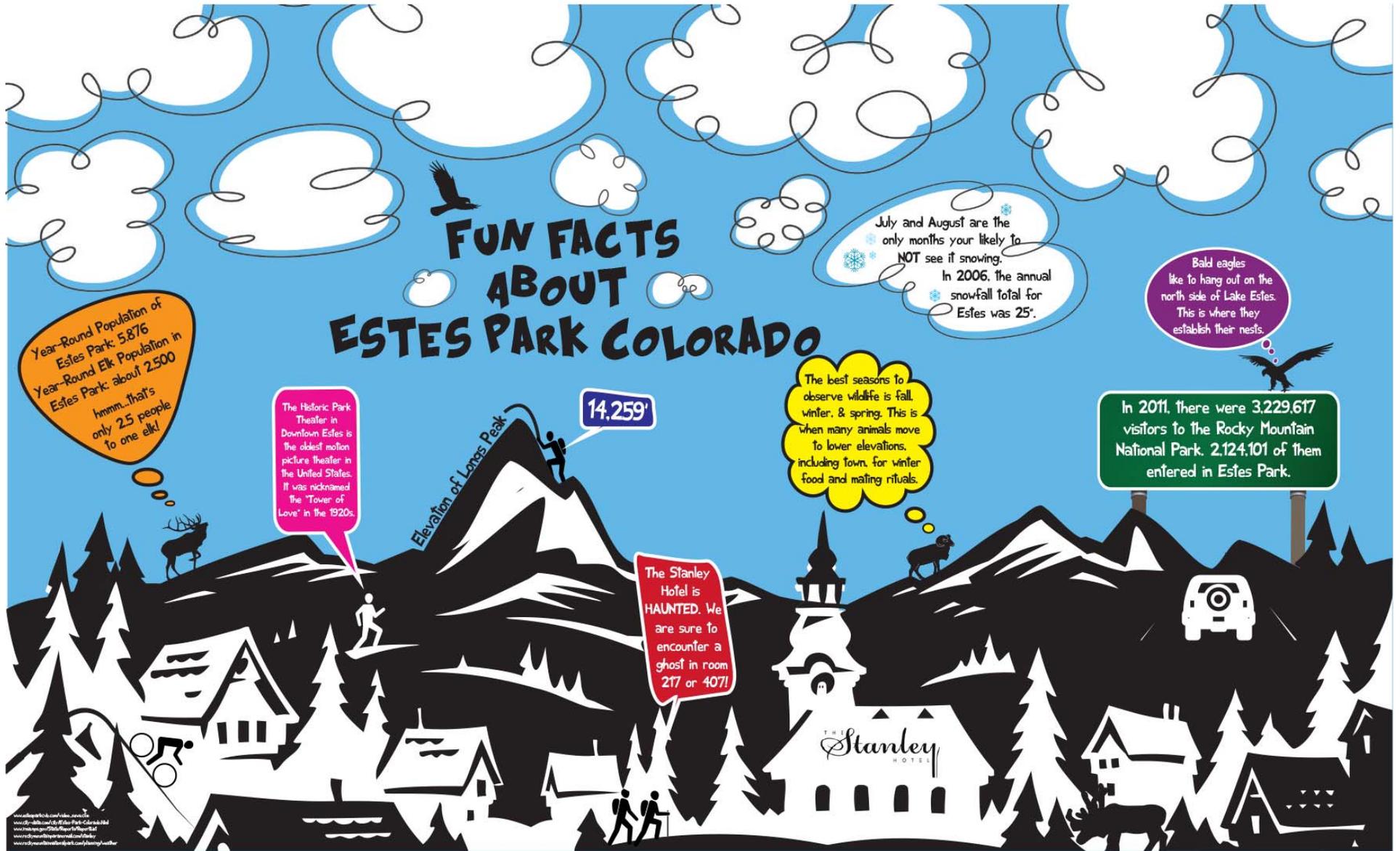


Figure 6: EP Infographic Digital.



Figure 7: DC Liberty Logo.



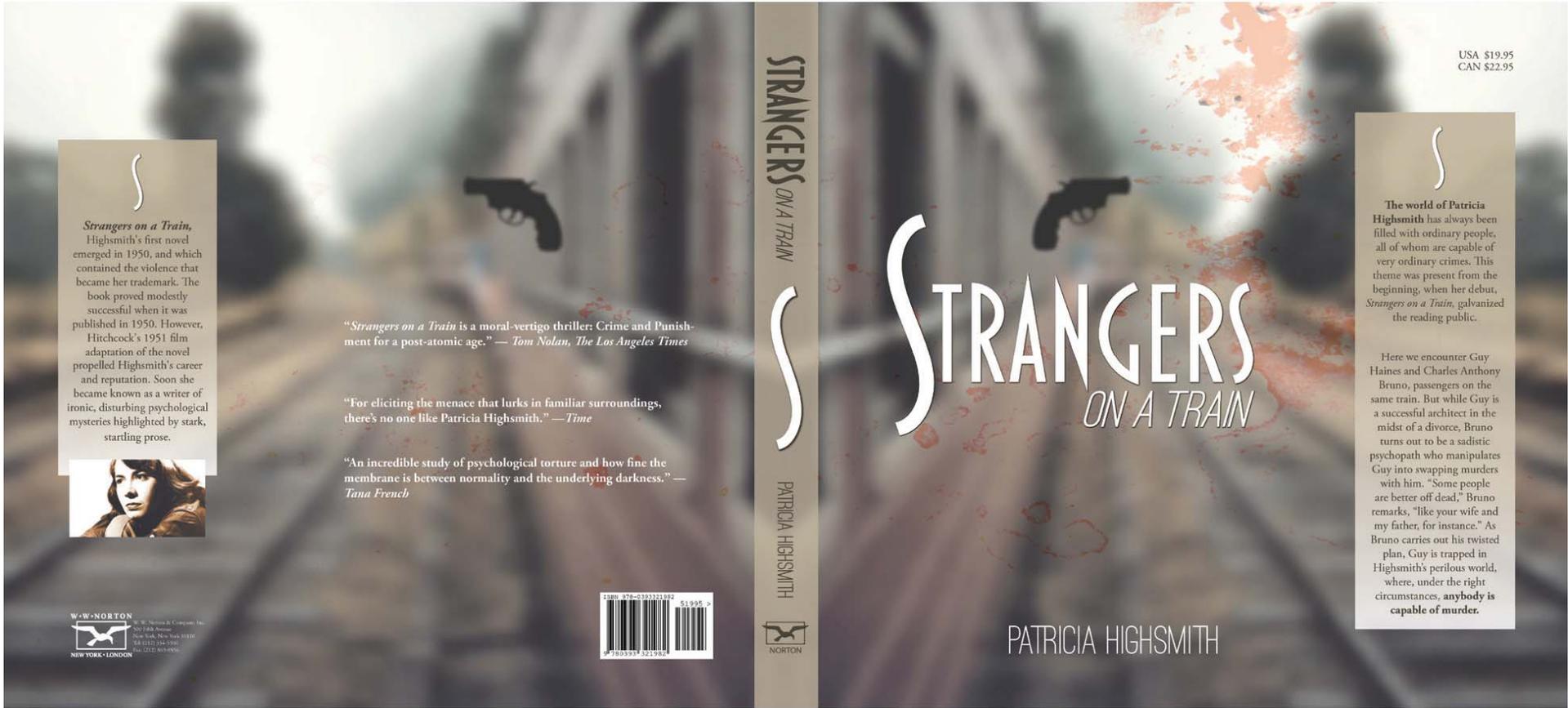
Figure 8: Film Festival Website.



Figure 9: JL Creations Logo/Branding Iron.



Figure 10: BTBC Logo and Application.



USA \$19.95
CAN \$22.95

The world of Patricia Highsmith has always been filled with ordinary people, all of whom are capable of very ordinary crimes. This theme was present from the beginning, when her debut, *Strangers on a Train*, galvanized the reading public.

Here we encounter Guy Haines and Charles Anthony Bruno, passengers on the same train. But while Guy is a successful architect in the midst of a divorce, Bruno turns out to be a sadistic psychopath who manipulates Guy into swapping murders with him. "Some people are better off dead," Bruno remarks, "like your wife and my father, for instance." As Bruno carries out his twisted plan, Guy is trapped in Highsmith's perilous world, where, under the right circumstances, **anybody is capable of murder.**

"*Strangers on a Train* is a moral-vertigo thriller: Crime and Punishment for a post-atomic age." — Tom Nolan, *The Los Angeles Times*

"For eliciting the menace that lurks in familiar surroundings, there's no one like Patricia Highsmith." — *Time*

"An incredible study of psychological torture and how fine the membrane is between normality and the underlying darkness." — Tana French

Strangers on a Train, Highsmith's first novel emerged in 1950, and which contained the violence that became her trademark. The book proved modestly successful when it was published in 1950. However, Hitchcock's 1951 film adaptation of the novel propelled Highsmith's career and reputation. Soon she became known as a writer of ironic, disturbing psychological mysteries highlighted by stark, startling prose.



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STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

PATRICIA HIGHSMITH

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