

# **Stay\* For Just A Moment**

A Communion with the Sky

By

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**Stay\* For Just A Moment**  
 A Communion with the Sky

Pick a day, preferably a nice day; partly cloudy with a gentle breeze...A day where you could stand outside for a while. Now find a spot that has a clear view of the westward sky. At the end of that day go to that spot and wait for the sun to set. Feel the warmth from the sun until it disappears behind whatever is in your way; trees, mountains, water, buildings. Watch clouds turn from pure untouched white to shades of pink and grey and notice how heavy they feel now. See them in relation to the sky who is now shaded orange, pink and green. She changes for you at this moment but is still how you remember her to someone else. Never static; transient beauty. It is not just the sky; we are in constant motion. If even just physically, we can never occupy the same space for more than a moment. Crashing through the cosmos we brave the storm undeniably linked in our trajectory. Any perception of constant is a phallacy of a mind determined to find reason in the unrelenting waves. We were made for this though. Our bodies: built to adapt, made for change, made of motion.

### ***The New Allegory***

While I no longer hide myself, much of my work still feels allegorical. This attitude towards making comes from the trans ancestors. Most notably in this context are Wendy Carlos and The Wachowski Sisters. Wendy Carlos is a trans electronic music artist noted for thrusting the synthesizer into the public view. Her album *Switched on Bach* showed the application of the synth and its expansive potential. She went on to score multiple films and release two more albums under another name before publicly coming out as Transgender speaking on the liberation of self cultivating a liberation of others. If challenging centuries of musical pedigree was not enough, she demanded to be seen as herself and as the immovable influence in the world. This work became motivation to return to my own musical ventures owning my own space in music and demanding to be seen as myself, a body in motion.

Lana and Lilly Wachowski became the influence for the visuals of the album. All four songs (*Spin Me*, *As the World Blurs By*, *The Unnamed*, and *Sunday Monday Boy*) have corresponding videos sculpting a rich visual world attached to the music. *The Matrix* set a new precedent for sci-fi and action films just as the world was entering a new century. After two more follow-up films the trilogy had captured a universal but incredibly specific experience of self. These films were later revealed as a trans allegory, after both sisters came out as Transgender, which reframed the transness as something universal rather than a soley individual experience. The references to their work are both explicit and implicit, for instance one of the first visuals<sup>2</sup> on my album, *Redux*<sup>1</sup> are seemingly random type scrolling across the screen as a direct pull from the

numerical visualization of the matrix. But neither of these are random, the type I pulled was from the Library of Babel, an infinite series of shelves containing all that humanity has ever written, and all we ever will. And the Matrix being a system that can be learned to see another world while still existing in the real. Other themes found their way into the work through less direct means; the relationship with real and ideal self, explorations in religion and divinity, love in an inclimate state of self and the definition of reality all had a strong influence on my works beyond just the videos.

The other major influence that feels necessary to mention is Bon Iver. While not trans, they have had a profound impact on the development of these works. Justin Vernon's complex relations with religion and spirituality explored through music and the voice helped to guide me in my music creation, but also in my own religious fallout. He challenges traditional faith and spirituality comparing it sexual experiences and relationships with others. While many of Vernon's lyrics around this topic deal with the trauma and pain caused by the forced practice and later denouncement of it; they do not center pain, but joy. The joy of finding divinity in life outside the church. In his later works, the voice becomes a more weighted instrument with some songs being composed almost entirely of voices. And here is where I began to value my own. Not only in the tone it carries, but in the words it declares. Showing love to its rich, deep timbre, and finding intensity and power in owning it.

## **Redux**

My Album, *Redux*<sup>1</sup> uses both explicit and vague language to explore the trans experience, making the subject matter both obscured and impossible to ignore. All music, lyrics, vocals, production, filming and editing were done by me, aside from the live performance of *The Unnamed* which was accompanied by audience participation. While the lyrics are tied directly to moments in my life, the album and accompanying videos strike a universal nerve with a broader audience. Grappling with our perceptions of self as we push and pull away from those close to us. The fear of losing someone, the reality of losing ourselves. And seeking divinity of each other. There are 4 tracks on the album *Spin Me*<sup>1a</sup>, *As the World Blurs By*<sup>1b</sup>, *The Unnamed*<sup>1c</sup>, and *Sunday Monday Boy*<sup>1d</sup>. [Link to Album](#)

### ***Spin Me***

Vocals, Guitar and Synthesizer

#### ***Verse 1***

*Talk around,  
you thought it was okay.  
Bring me down,  
Grey on grey so you won't say.*

Towel hangs in the doorway,  
 makeup stains since Wednesday,  
 Take a break.  
 Just lay.

**Verse 2**

Wonder when,  
 i'll be brave enough  
 to tell you when,  
 cause I've been feeling rough

It's all still here if you choose to love.  
 These brittle bones still hold me up.  
 Push and shove,  
 I'm just too much

**Refrain 1**

Flowers Grow along the hill.  
 And it's been too long to tell me when  
 it's coming back again

Tell him "spin me round again"  
 Cause I've been waiting for the moment when  
 My life will just begin.

**Verse 3**

Turn it on,  
 "straight A" Golden boy now  
 walk it off,  
 Mention less and less

Can't breathe at all anymore my chest  
 is caving in beneath the rest  
 Count to 10  
 Stop the spin

**Refrain 2**

A path is weathered on the hill  
 And it's been too long to tell me when  
 It's coming back again

Tell him "spin me round again"  
 Cause I've been waiting for the moment where  
 My life will just begin

**Refrain 3**

*Snow it gathers the hill  
And it's been too long for me to wait  
Around for you again*

*Say "I won't be back again"  
Letting go of all I love  
To let my life begin*

I speak often of the power and strength in relationships and community, but it's also important to acknowledge the relationships that are not positively affecting one's life. Because while taking the vulnerable steps to share life with others is immensely important, it's a risk, and can be harmful with those who are not gentle with hearts. This song highlights the importance of recognizing who you are around others and if that self is your real self. As well as when it is needed to step away from a relationship that is no longer servicing. "The hill" here may be a physical one, but it is not solely that. It represents a relationship and the forms it takes; in bloom, static, and eventually too difficult to traverse. All take effort to get to the top and offer a moment of reflection before descending.

**Lifeguard**

The visuals in this song, and across the visual album, are carried by a few typefaces of my own design paired with both recent and past videos and imagery to provide abstract and physical context. The Typeface most notable in this context is *Lifeguard*<sup>4</sup>, a revival of a lost, proportional sans serif initially referenced from a vintage Lifeguard t-shirt. The misspelling of the name is only the tip of the iceberg in terms of her flagrant flaws and misdeeds. The face is intended to "pass" as this well known and beloved genre of type, with strong familiar forms that balance modern structure with a subtle flair of the hand. Any designer would be happy to use this face in titles down to text (depending on the weight). But she is not without her quirks. In more typical faces, the uppercase would be slightly heavier than the lowercase. But here they are given the same amount of weight, and more than that, they are often the same character width from upper to lowercase giving equal weight and equitable space to each letter.

The weights across the family are another moment of dissonance. The middle weights from *Bold* to *Light* are serviceable workhorses whose structure feels consistent across each weight. But when pushed to the further extremes of the spectrum the flawed structure becomes more apparent. The *Thin* weight has little stress variation at stroke convergence points and heavier moments like the spine in the "s" expose themselves. All these "issues" become even more apparent in the *Gone* weight, the lightest in the family. Here the strokes have exploded into a disconnected pattern of lines, with some letters nearly

disappearing, counters extending beyond the letters, and disproportionately heavy moments at convergence points and in the angular letters. There's a strange sort of beauty in this explosion, the texture is irregular but it has a calligraphic quality that balances the extreme mathematical interpolation. On the other end of the spectrum, the *Black* and *What* weights expose issues with presenting too boldly. The spacing begins to get a little too close for comfort, and heavy pockets of black form at larger convergence points. The expansion stress holds up but without more space given to the characters they feel cramped into their invisible bounding boxes. Some counters strangely open while others are nearly gone and these issues are furthered in the *What* weight. At this point the counters are almost all black. The letters have become a series of shapes that have varying levels of legibility. They begin to bump into each other and it's again clear that this is not our beloved Sans. But the question of whether she is good or bad isn't really something I'd like answered. One could argue that while not useful at the extremes, the middle weights work fine enough, but I no longer believe that we must exist to serve a function. All the weights can be used, or can just exist as part of something larger, each beautiful still in their own right.

This face was exported in full variable offering opportunities in animated, personified type<sup>5</sup>. Expanding and contracting with the music, breathing in the rests. All while carrying the knowledge that if presented too boldly or lightly that she will be found out, putting herself in harm's way. The name *Lifeguard* may have come from a shirt, but it takes on a new context here. The illegibility of gender at its perceived extremes is dangerous so we "pass" to guard our lives. We become the lifeguards to ourselves. This becomes clear that the type is the self the moment I become a part of the letters, projected onto a body<sup>3</sup> that struggles to be seen.

### ***As the World Blurs By***

Vocals and Synthesizer

*No Lyrics*

Written the same day as *Spin Me*, *As the World Blurs By* embraces the constant motion of the world around us and offers a moment of rest after the barrage of imagery and language from the previous track. With no set tempo or chord progression, the song becomes a breeze through the tall grass. Sit, sway, hear the world as it blurs around you. There is a natural rhythm to the world which is often ignored but here after coming down from a dizzying high there was a need to find that natural rhythm and the power and range of a voice.

**The Unnamed**

Vocals and Body

**Verse 1:**

*I've been waiting all these years.  
And I've been facing all my fears to know  
Baby let me go*

*You've been waiting all this time  
Cant walk around on all these sides oh no  
Baby let me go*

**Refrain 1:**

*So if you know, don't wait around  
You walk on snow, but footprints can't be found*

**Verse 2:**

*These perfect moments pass me by  
You fall asleep on window side to warm  
Cause I'm just too cold*

*Flashing lights and bitter smiles  
I fall asleep don't wake her now oh no  
Finally home*

**Refrain 2:**

*So please just hold me down  
I'm falling for what can't be found*

**Refrain 3:**

*My life's unsure, structure unsound  
Arm in arm on unfamiliar ground*

*Said Arm in arm on unfamiliar ground  
(Repeat as many times as needed to feel together)*

This song takes form in two distinctly different ways tied together by a communion of self. The first, seen in the album was recorded in my childhood home tuned to it's old hissing pipes heard in the beginning of the song. The rest of the sounds are made by the body and it's immediate surroundings. A choir of eerily consistent voices each wavering at times to clash with one another creating a background of resonant dissonance. The tapping of a hand on

the chest and stomping provide a tempo for the melody to come in. The lyrics explore the unsteadiness that comes with leaning on and finding divinity in each other. The video shows how this isn't necessarily exclusive to relationships with others, but also our relationships with our self or selves. In the end she is reduced from five to a single body again<sup>6</sup>, these others were always a part of her and serve her in different ways.

This religious theme is explored more explicitly in the live performance<sup>7</sup> where I take on the role of a religious leader and offload the background to the community, asking them to sing and percuss allowing me to sing the lead to a live, unplanned backing track. My tone in this remains consistent that I need them to be present, sharing an intimate moment with me, and everyone else. And that we all need to support each other. No one can hold a note for the near 5 minute performance, and not everyone has a natural sense of rhythm let alone combining these two. We need to stagger our breaths and play individual roles that add to something larger rather than try to do it all ourselves. Much like the church it forces community but here there is no larger being, no great scripture. We are all on the same level, unified by our need for others.

### **Sunday Monday Boy**

Vocals, Guitar and Synthesizer

#### **Verse 1:**

*Fall asleep alone  
And dream until I can't anymore  
In search of something you  
A party packed with light shining through*

#### **Refrain:**

*My chest swelled as my lips met yours  
Waking up, you're not around any more*

#### **Verse 2:**

*A gleaming alleyway,  
From broken glass ethereal rain  
I hear you coming to  
But sleep is lost when I turn to you*

#### **Refrain:**

*your heels' click and unmistakable silhouette  
are all i have until i see you again,*

#### **Bridge:**

#### **Refrain 2:**

*Walk away I'm almost Certain awake  
A dream lived out as I Conjure a break*



**Refrain 3:**

*Empty chest and Frozen pieces again  
Stay awake so I Won't see you again,*

*But I can't wait until I'm seen again.*

The final track on the album, *Sunday Monday Boy* catalogs the conception, development, and eventual end of an intimate relationship through real and dreamt experiences. Here the real and imagined are inseparable to the point where they overlap completely, living out dreams on a time delay. Both of these experiences are important and the definition of real becomes obscured as they both leave me changed. The video shows a character taking a belabored journey over multiple seasons to reach the sunset<sup>8</sup>. She carries over her shoulder a chair, it never touches the ground, and she never sits in it; it's not for her. When she reaches her destination the chair is finally placed on the ground and she sits beside it watching the sun set, waiting to see if they'll show up<sup>9</sup>. Making space for someone else, even though it causes her discomfort, because at the end of the day all she really wants is someone to watch the sunset with.

*Could you spend it beside me?*

*And rest your head on my chest like Sundays into Mondays.  
The 3am realization that we've been up for far too long  
I'm just surprised it's never later.*

*Forever in your eyes.*

## ***The Religion in Routine***

The sunset is more than a metaphor in my work, it has become a routine, and in that near daily act I've found my new religion. She carries a world of symbolism in her relation to the heavens and constant flux. I feel the same. The Sky is Trans and I'm not interested in explaining just how, just as I'm not interested in explaining how I am. It will never be an answer that offers any level of justice to the complex beauty of that experience. On the surface it may seem that we are devout worshipers of the sky, but we are not, or at least not just that. Our true devotion is to each other, we are devoted to a moment. The constant change in the sky is a beautiful representation of the passage of time. And while we can participate in the same act at the same time day after day, each moment will be unique.

### **The Sky is Trans**

This book is the product of documenting the sky over the past couple years<sup>10</sup>. It's a non-sequential field guide providing a cross section of the different forms the sky can take. No blue the same, no cloud repeated, every moment unique.

I am not afraid of death. But I do fear an uncomfortable passage of time. The sunset offers a moment to sit, reflect, slow down and be with others. A unified breath. If the day has gone too quickly I at least have this moment to enjoy before it too disappears into memory, abstracting further with every retrieval until it is distilled down to its core effect. Watching the sun rise and set more regularly offers a sense of time as the world blurs by. So I ask for you to stay, at least for just a moment.

### **Stay Mono**

Stay Mono is one of the other culminating typefaces made as part of this project<sup>11</sup>. With references in the transient roadway type and language meant to guide us through the physical world. It is a love letter to the "untrained" hand and the influence the tool has on the creation of a letter. It has four styles *Paint*, *Stencil*, *Script*, and *Tile*, *Grout* and *Fill* the last three functioning as a layerable font. All four styles are monospaced meaning each glyph has the same character width. And this width is consistent across all styles meaning styles can be mixed without text reflowing or getting any wider. This also allows them to share a similar structure across all styles making what seems like a random collection of references feel inextricably tied to one another. It is a obscure and undeniably queer family of type. Questioning the traditional roles of and what it means to be a part of a family.

The *Paint* weight is inspired by hand painted signage<sup>11a</sup>. It has no weight contrast between horizontal and vertical strokes and is tied to a strict geometric system. While this family is mostly intended for display, *Paint* is the most functional in longer form text with familiar characters, and minimal flair. It functions as the Regular in the family. *Paint*, for potentially obvious reasons, was also the weight used as reference for the hand painted Stay Mono murals.

Although it was pulled from a "RESERVED" parking spot, the *Stencil* weight emulates the type we see painted on roads<sup>11b</sup>, stretched vertically to make it easier to read at slight angles and high speeds. It functions as the Bold in the family, exciting because of the distribution of weight being spread to the horizontal strokes rather than vertical.

The Italic in the family is fulfilled by the *Script* style<sup>11c</sup>. An homage to the chaotic graffiti lettering often seen interacting with this more structured modular type. The capitals take after the casual and quick single stroke tags seen often in graffiti. While the lowercase takes much more influence from cursive with its connective strokes and looped forms. All letters aside from the I's are drawn in a single stroke, bringing a sense of speed in their execution. This combined with the mono width and weight make for an exciting display face that is almost illegible at small sizes. But not Entirely...

*Tile*, *Grout* and *Fill* function as a single style that can be overlaid to create multi-colored, or layered layouts<sup>11d</sup>. All three are pulled from the same reference, a strict, modular, mosaic tile lettering system, and use different parts of the same components to emulate their respective parts of the tiling.

It has taken physical form in two of three shows this year, Both murals, hand painted in a mono width stroke of a roller to mirror the process the letters were originally referenced from. In the first show, *Of Immediate Understanding and the Legibility of Gender*, the letters were painted in the hallway, forcing viewers to engage with the work, walking on it, to access all work in the exhibition<sup>12</sup>. The letters were displayed the same way we would see them in the world. In my second show, *Redux* the piece served a dual purpose. First it changed the perspective of how patrons viewed the letters. Usually seen as non-precious and momentary, but here, hanging from the ceiling the viewer confronts the letters in a way they never have. The banner was painted the same color as the floor it draped onto creating a skewed sense of space where the floor seemed to curve up, becoming the gallery wall<sup>13</sup>. It also functioned to divide the gallery, creating both well lit and dark spaces allowing to show a full range of traditional, video and projection works in their ideal lighting conditions all in a single space.

While different in presentation both iterations ask the same of viewer; "STAY\* FOR JUST A MOMENT" Shifting from "STOP" a more typical word to be set in this type of lettering, it asks you to stay with the work, spend time with it, with me. The viewer is made to question their engagement with the work, and how long that will be. It emphasizes the pause the rest of the work takes to appreciate. Stay, listen to the music, watch the videos, make a letter, read through my journals. And everyday as the show and day came to a close it would become clear what was really meant by the declaration. Mirroring the end scene of *Sunday Monday Boy* I would take the chair positioned behind the banner and carry it over my shoulder, outside to watch the sunset. Anyone who was around was welcome to join. Some days there were many of us, some days it was just me, most days my friend Emil would sit with me. Myself on the ground and him on the chair.

And while there wasn't always someone to sit with me, I began to notice routine in the weeks after. Now it feels more rare to spend a sunset alone. Even if someone is on their way out of the building, headed for their car, there is a pause. At least a look towards the heavens and hopefully a conversation. People ask how often I'm out here, and my response is the truth "Every day I can be." I urge people to touch the brick wall and feel how warm it is. Baptized in the church of us, offering salvation from the dizzying speeds of the world. Feel in real time as the sun dips behind the trees but leaves us warm for some time after. We have the time for this, for each other.

### **is this all we need**

The sunset wasn't the only point of community in my work. In my first two shows viewers were asked to step beyond that role and become a participant in a community designed typeface named *is this all we need?*<sup>14</sup>. The piece was open to any patron of the show and they were given full agency over what their letter was to look like...within the matrix I had designed. The matrix was designed after an earlier iteration of it called *is this all i need*, which is built out of four shapes, a large quarter circle, a small quarter circle, a long line and a short line. I made these four shapes into physical stamps, created letterboxes on paper to provide a confined surface to create each letter, and let the people run wild. Most took to the process with excitement, but for those who were a bit more apprehensive to be a part of the project, an informational zine was provided to help guide the letter making process. The zine also folded out into a test sheet, reducing the stress of the permanence of ink on paper.

Some letters were lovely, considered and mirrored their alphabetical value. Some pushed entirely away from letters to create beautiful compositions that encompassed the entire page<sup>15</sup>. Some were never filled out, space was reserved but never occupied. Each person left their mark

on the community, on the typeface, on myself. Whatever they chose to print mirroring their attitude; genuine, excited, disruptive, absent. But genuine or not, the space is filled, they are a part of something larger than themselves. There is such beauty in these letters; forms that I could never have thought of. And it took a letting go of fear and control to let that happen and truly appreciate them for what they are.

### **Forgive Me Father**

The print we leave on others is powerful and while I strive to have a gentle considerate effect on those around me, it is also important to demand more of those we hold close. *Forgive Me Father*<sup>16</sup> leaves its mark on the viewer and leaves with them. The small pamphlet masquerades as a familiar religious pamphlet using the language and baggage of my christian upbringing to address personal issues. It hides its demands with a plea for forgiveness, allowing for a gentle but unwavering demand for more. With much of my work the language shifts between explicit moments and evocative poetry. Walking through stages of my life as I came into my queer self it is tied directly to my relationship with a father, both familial and celestial. Starting with admission of sin there is still a fear of loss, but with each request she grows stronger in herself, until a full declaration of self. The final request is the most real. Asking him to join her on her journey with fair warning of its danger and transformation.

The body type used in the pamphlet is *Comic Serif*, an alternate style in the Comic Sans family<sup>17</sup>. This family is the last of the three culminating typefaces part of this project. And while she has a silly facade, the ideology behind her became so much about the body, about my body. The use of her in a religious context emphasizes the narrative of love, or rather showing love to something you were taught to hate.

*So what of this release?  
Sun light feels good now, don't it?  
And I don't have a leaving plan  
But something's gotta ease your mind*

Bon Iver  
*Excerpt from Rabi*

## ***The Body in Type***

This body of work has become a love letter to the letter and all it carries. And though much of it is rooted in my Queer experience of the world, it finds universality in a human experience of the body. As I've explored, battled with and eventually started to show love to my own body, the viewer can find solace in a shared experience. Ownership of self and discomfort with the body that self is carried in is not an exclusively trans experience.

### **Comic Fans**

*Comic Fans* is the origin of this project's exploration. We were taught as designers that *Comic Sans* by Vincent Connare was an ugly, poorly drawn face, but I later learned of its use outside of the design world. See while hated it is the font of choice for many dyslexics and others with reading disabilities. Its playful curves, minimal contrast and irregular forms gives it high legibility that feels closely related to the hand. But it is not without its issues, mainly that it gets heavy and bunched at smaller text sizes. Enter *Comic Fans* an attempt to make those notorious forms work in long form, small text. She comes in two weights, regular<sup>17a</sup> and bold<sup>17b</sup>, as well as bold in the Italic<sup>17c</sup>. Weight was carved away from the stroke intersections giving the letters a better sense of stroke direction and balance. All angles, corners and straight edges were removed giving it a soft contour that feels akin to the body. The roundness not only makes for a lovely display, but also reinforces its legibility and readability at text sizes bringing white into the typically heavy connections, and avoiding the vibration of letters that can be caused by parallel lines. Each letter is drawn in its own right helping to avoid confusion between letters like bdp and q. Other issues with inconsistent baselines were addressed reducing the bouncing of letters. [Link to Comic Fans Minisite](#)

Giving her a proper Italic was the point at which she really began to transform and in turn, push the entire project in a new more explorative direction. The Italic forms were based in the history of the cursive script, while also referencing the research and work of type designer Rosemary Sassoon. She found that legibility was based on our early iterations of letters, the first forms they take as we struggle to control our hands as children. She found linking letterforms aided in word cohesion increasing the readability of the face. So when drawing these forms, a comfortable slant was found with slight upward exit strokes to link letters to their neighbors. This redrawing also avoids weight distribution issues that come with artificially slanting a typeface. The hand becomes so present in this style through the slant and motion of the strokes.

This expansion on the source opened up the potential for more styles beyond the sans. I developed a serif version of the face that borrowed elements from the upright and Italic to create an playfully inconsistent face that while not always serified, is usually a bit more formal<sup>17d</sup>. This play between fancy and

familiar reaches its height with the Swash Cap alternates<sup>17e</sup>. Elegant curves with playful, silly characters; the high and low blurred.

### **Alphabody**

This relationship between type, the body, and love began to find form outside the type as I pushed into performative and sculptural outlets. While I continued my work on *Comic Fans* and the other two faces *Lifeguard*, and *Stay Mono*, these fell into a more supportive role, pillars on which the rest of the work could stand. All type attached to this project is of my own creation and while that may not always be evident, there is one alphabet that is undeniably mine: *Alphabody*. The concept and execution behind this piece are quite simple: make an alphabet, use my body. The final connections I urge viewers to make are who makes your type, and because type is an extension of the body, what does it mean that any certain person has made this type. Is my type Trans? Of course, because it is me. But it's more complex than that. At a certain point my type is just a series of letters. It won't always carry the context of my body and my life. It is of course imbued into every stroke, but not everyone will see or know that. And in that the work returns to an allegorical state.

Considering that as a type designer I hide behind this other name, whatever the name of the face is. And I also hide behind this idea that a typeface is nothing more than a series of letters. All this meaning can be found and can resonate with those who need it, but it will never be accessible to everyone, nor do I want it to be. Seeing this work out of context is where it can be strongest. Someone else loving it in ways I never did. Here is where I learned to love my body. Someone else seeing all its strength and beauty, unencumbered by the hate I learned to show it.

*Devout practice, sharing pieces  
We find ourselves, Two wholes once cut in half  
Spread the word to the world  
A sister dies a martyr, under a sacrilegious name*

*Our path from hate, eternal  
As is our damnation  
And In the end as we face the judge, your hand in mine,  
count our sins together, and let our souls burn as one.*

## Thesis Show

The final form this body of work took was in *Reconvene*, the 2022 School of Art and Design BFA Thesis Show. Distilling all these ideas down to their core impact, and having them play off each other closer than they ever had before. In the two shows preceding this one there was an entire multiple room gallery for *Of Immediate Understanding and the Legibility of Gender*, and a medium gallery space for *Redux*. The work was able to breathe and patrons had the excitement of finding ties between works. But this last show the work existed as part of a singular body: an entertainment center<sup>19</sup>. I housed a CRT Television playing the album *Redux* on loop, *The Library of Gwen*<sup>20</sup>, a library containing multiple books made during Gwen's time at Purchase as well as all her sketchbooks from the 2019 onward. I held her type specimen for *Stay Mono*<sup>11</sup>, the original prints from *is this all we need*<sup>14</sup>, and her overlaid, casual lettering experiments<sup>21</sup>. I stood in the center of the gallery, floating freely in the space, able to be viewed in the round rather than from the singular facing direction. I am a letter. That face is all the audience typically sees, but here they are encouraged to explore everything else that goes into that beautiful contour. The time, the labor, the history. The body, the self, the tool. And when they step beyond the implied wall they see there is more to be explored<sup>19a</sup>. Nametags, religion, a loop that constantly looks up to nothing but clouds<sup>19b</sup>, all my wires tucked neatly beneath myself. Though this show had no written request for the viewer to stay, my form asked them to take a bit longer. That childlike urge to sit and watch the TV, dig through the books even just to look at the pictures, investigate.

*The cold stone pulls what little life we have from our bodies  
We join each other in the field where we're told there's a better view  
There is.*

*See, she had watched many before, but always alone.  
Here on this warming day we shared what she had always longed for;  
A moment; together.*

*I could see it in her eyes,  
I could see straight through her  
This was all she ever needed.*



## ***The Beginning to an End***

Now you've chosen a day to watch the sun go down. Maybe you've brought someone along, or maybe you had the pleasure of finding someone there. If you have, consider spending a moment longer; with the sky, but mostly with them. You've shared this time at the end of the day, reflect. The next thing you must do is find those people you want to spend the rest of a night with. Watch the sun set and stay awake until you see it again. See as the sky begins to glow and shortly after you hear the morning birds. Feel how cold it can be even on a summer night. Bundle up and be with each other. I can't promise you'll feel your best the next day, but there are things we sacrifice because sharing time with others greatly outweighs that pain. Together feel your bodies stop shivering as the sun creeps down the trees onto your face. See your shadows return to the ground behind you. Present together as the day begins. Time marches ever onward as we sail through the cosmos, but we are never alone in this motion. We have each other to lean on when the waves crash heavy into us. Because we were made for this. Our bodies: built to support, made for each other, made from motion.



May 18, 5:29 AM  
Purchase College

Photo By Dixie O'Connell

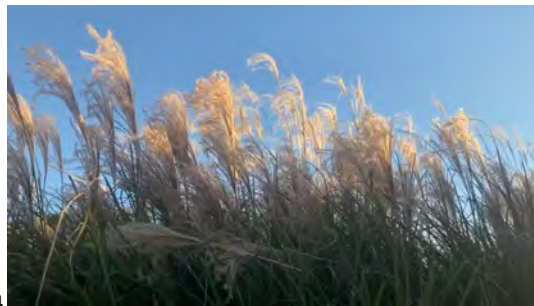
Gwenola Kidd Corbett  
**Stay\* For Just A Moment**  
A Communion with the Sky

**Works Catalog**

**1 Redux title Cards**



1a



1b

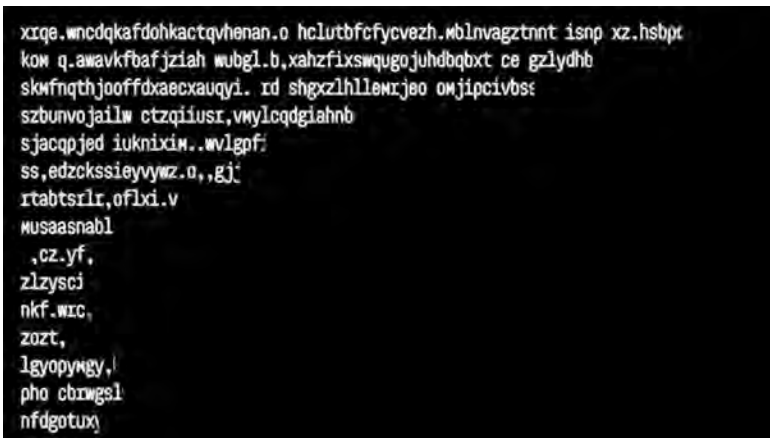


1c



1d

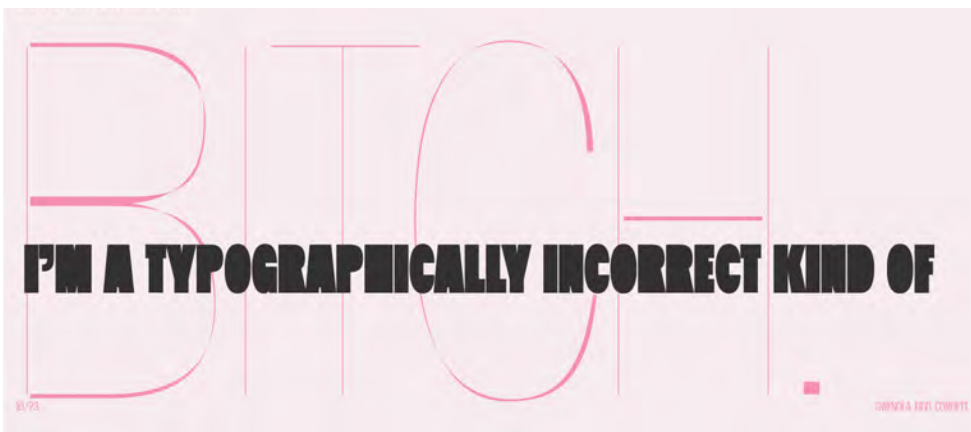
**2 Spin Me Scrolling Text**



3 Spin Me Body Projection

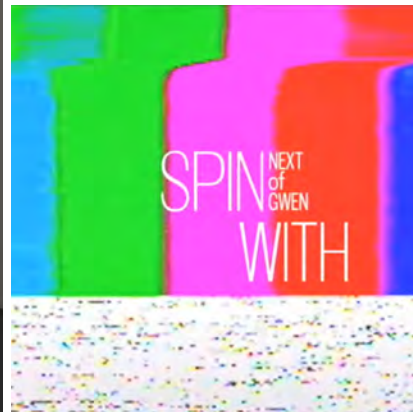


4 Lifeguard





5 Lifeguard Animations



6 The Unnamed





**7** *The Unnamed (Live)*



**8** *Sunday Monday Boy*



9 Sunday Monday Boy (end)





10 The Sky is Trans





11 Stay Mono

<p>ABCDEFGHIJKLM</p> <p>18pt Stencil - Uppercase</p>	<p><b>Stencil</b></p>	
<p>NOPQRSTUVWXYZ</p> <p>18pt Paint - Uppercase</p>	<p><b>Paint</b></p>	
<p>abcdefghijklm</p> <p>18pt Tile - Lowercase</p>	<p><b>Tile</b></p>	
<p>nopqrstuvwxyz</p> <p>18pt Grout - Lowercase</p>	<p><b>Grout</b></p>	
<p>0123456789 &amp;</p> <p>18pt Fill - Numerals</p>	<p><b>Fill</b></p>	

**Paint**

bike lane

**S** **a**

**RIGHT TURN**

**Of The Hand**  
The Paint weight is inspired by hand painted roadway signage. It has no weight contrast between horizontal and vertical strokes and is tied to a strict geometric system.

**High Speed Type**  
Pulled from a "RESERVED" parking sign, Stencil emulates the type we see on roads, stretched to make it easier to read at high speeds.

\*All weights come with an alternate ampersand



11a

**Stencil**

**RESERVED FOR YOU** **one way**

**GO**

**only**

**High Speed Type**  
Pulled from a "RESERVED" parking sign, Stencil emulates the type we see on roads, stretched to make it easier to read at high speeds.

\*All weights come with an alternate ampersand



11b

**Script**

**g b a**

**Gwenola**

**Hands**

**OVERLAPPING**

**Leave Your Tag**  
The overtake line after the second and third stroke stroke tops mean often to graffiti. While the overtake collar mesh here reference from vintage with 100% connective strokes and complex forms. All letters come from the 1's are drawn to a single stroke, this combined with the more width and weight make for an exciting starting from that its almost naturally fitting like it made sense. Not obviously though...

**High Speed Type**  
Pulled from a "RESERVED" parking sign, Stencil emulates the type we see on roads, stretched to make it easier to read at high speeds.

\*All weights come with an alternate ampersand



11c

**Tile, Grout & Fill**

**NYC** **ROC** **HOV BOARDING TRAIN TO HOME**

**R** **Exit Left**

**Mosaic**  
Tile, Grout & Fill are all derived from the same source, a 4x4 mosaic tile grid. These are essentially three components a curve, an angle and a square. This along with the strict grid lead to chunky off-center characters with an irregular but surprisingly even texture.

**High Speed Type**  
Pulled from a "RESERVED" parking sign, Stencil emulates the type we see on roads, stretched to make it easier to read at high speeds.

\*All weights come with an alternate ampersand



11d

12 Stay Mono (Floor Mural)





13 Stay Mono (Banner)

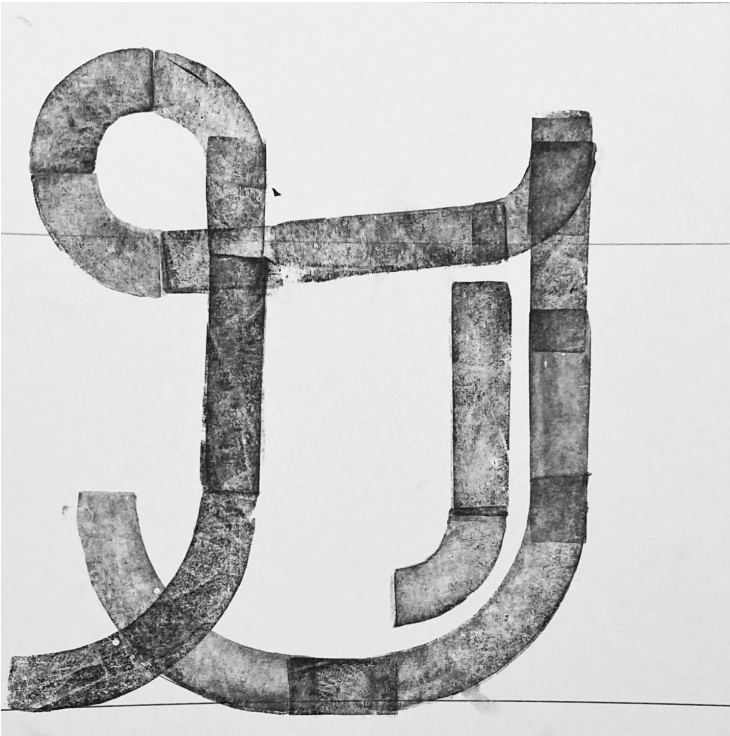


14 *is this all we need?*

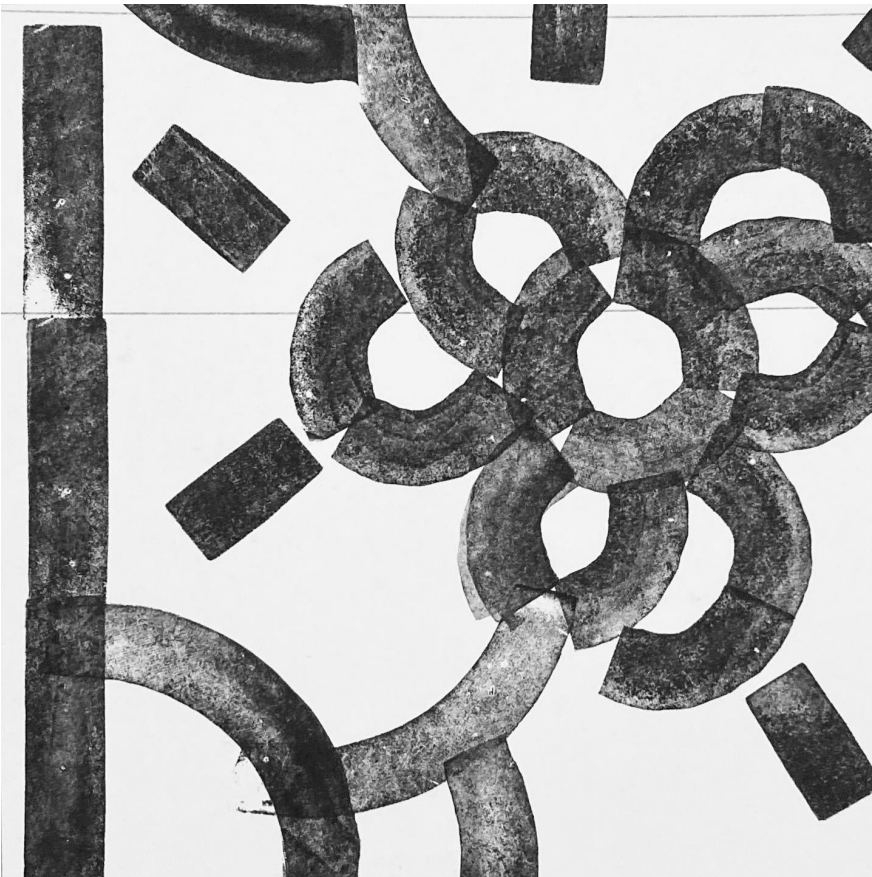




15 *is this all we need (detail)*



*Uppercase G Ezra Armstrong*



*"Almighty h" Emil Chidoub*

16 Forgive Me Father





## 17 Comic Fans Family


**Free!**  
\*serif & italics not included

BOYISH TYPE PRESENTS

# Comic Fans

Regular & Bold  
*Italic & Serif* Bold Only

*gwenola kidd corbett*



**UPPERCASE**  
ABCDEFGHI  
JKLMNOPQR  
STUVWXYZ

**LOWERCASE**  
abcdefghi  
jklmnopqr  
stuvwxyz

**ABC'S  
of  
THE  
BODY**

*soft like  
our bodies*

BT Comic Fans is a love letter to the body and all it's queer beauty. Not only is type in general named after our bodies, it is an extension of ours. And with a face so clearly rooted in the hand, this redrawing becomes a mirror of the body from which it was drawn.

## UPPERCASE

ABCDEFGHI  
JKLMNOPQR  
STUVWXYZ

## LOWERCASE

abcdefghi  
jklmnopqr  
stuvwxyz

Made  
With  
Love

*whatever the opposite  
of repointed is...*

BT Comic Fans takes our favorite font to hate and shows it a bit of love. All corners and angles have been removed, embracing the curve, making it a lovely face for playful display. But don't be fooled, this redrawing centers use at small sizes. Try it out and maybe make it your next text face.

17b

## UPPERCASE

ABCDEFGHI  
JKLMNOPQR  
STUVWXYZ

## LOWERCASE

abcdefghi  
jklmnopqr  
stuvwxyz

never  
just a  
slant

*back to the basics...  
an italic is not a slant*

Along with the full redrawing, a fleshed and considered Italic was drawn. Forms were altered to relate more to cursive and script; where the italic form was originally derived from. And with this it feels familiar like you've drawn it yourself.

17c



## UPPERCASE

ABCDEFGHI  
 JKLMNOPQR  
 STUVWXYZ

stylish  
 sexy  
 serif

## LOWERCASE

abcdefghi  
 jklmnopqr  
 stuvwxyz

*now just for fun...and  
 to make the designers mad*

It's interesting to call something  
 "sans" in a vacuum...sans what?  
 Well, here it is. Found burried  
 beneath the remains of an ancient  
 civilization that can only be found  
 by following a map on the back of  
 Bringhurs's "Elements of Typo-  
 graphic Style" Comic Serif

17d

## SWASH CAPS!!!

S → S  
 W → W  
 A → A  
 S → S  
 H → H

A B C D E F  
 G H I J K  
 L M N O P Q  
 R & S T U V  
 W X & Y Z

17e

18 *alphabody*



19 The Entertainment Center





19 The Entertainment Center (cont)



19a The Entertainment Center (cont)





19 The Entertainment Center (cont)



20 The Library of Gwen





21 Casual Lettering Experiments

