

ON **Los** **K**

A large, expressive black ink splatter graphic is centered on the page. The splatter is dense and irregular, with many fine droplets and larger blotches radiating from a central point. The text 'ON Los K' is overlaid on the splatter. 'ON' is in a small, black, sans-serif font. 'Los' is in a large, white, serif font with a black outline, and 'K' is in a large, black, serif font. The overall composition is minimalist and artistic.



ne day last winter, I got *lost*.





I mean really *lost*.

I had been hiking in the dense **woods** in northern Minnesota and *lost* my bearings. I had absolutely no sense of direction. I did not recognize anything. I was stranded without a map, let alone a GPS.

It took me a while to get reoriented and out of those **woods**, but I made it back, – intact, incredibly exhausted, and shaken to the core by the experience.

Okay, I'm exaggerating. Confession: I was not in the middle of nowhere. Actually, I was only a few miles away from where I parked the car. But it had snowed more than a foot the previous day and it was going to be a brutally cold night if I did not make it back to the car. This Easterner could not help but think there was a chance no one would find me under the fresh, thick snowy blanket of snow until the following Spring thaw.

Weeks passed and I thought about getting lost. I thought about being alone in an unfamiliar area. And I thought about the deeper meaning beyond its initial negative connotations. Besides my high anxiety and intense irritation at being *lost*, there was something also exhilarating about getting *lost*, as well.

ABSENT HIDDEN  
ADrift WASTED  
DIRORIENTED  
INVISIBLE  
MISPLACED  
VANISHED DEAD  
OBSOLETE  
ABSORBED UNCONSCIOUS

Merriam Webster's Dictionary offers a seemingly endless list of definitions including:

- ← not made use of, won, or claimed;
- ← no longer possessed
- ← no longer known
- ← ruined
- ← destroyed
- ← taken away
- ← beyond reach or attainment

Significant synonyms include:

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| ← absent      | ← misplaced  |
| ← adrift      | ← off-course |
| ← disoriented | ← gone       |

SPELLBOUND  
 ENGROSSED ENTRANCED  
 DISSIPATED  
 ABOLISHED WANDERING  
 DISAPPEARED LAPSED  
 FRITTERED FORFEIT  
 RUINED GONE MISLAID  
 LACKING  
 MISSED MINUS FORGOTTEN  
 DEMOLISHED OBSCURED  
 BEMUSED STRAYED MISSPENT  
 BYGONE ANNIHILATED  
 PAST CONSUMED  
 DEVASTATED MISUSED  
 PERISHED ERADICATED  
 EXTERMINATED  
 OBLITERATED MUSING  
 BEWILDERED SQUANDERED  
 WRECKED  
 PERPLEXED  
 PREOCCUPIED

If you are an artist, writer, designer, or you exist somewhere in the sphere of the Humanities, there are synonyms for *lost* that may mean negative things to most people but something altogether different to you:

- ← vanish
- ← unconscious
- ← wayward
- ← wandering
- ← obscured

Then there are the synonyms that embody other characteristics of *lost* that you may take more than an initial thought to see their relationship:

- ← abstracted
- ← engrossed
- ← spellbound
- ← rapt
- ← dreamy
- ← taken up

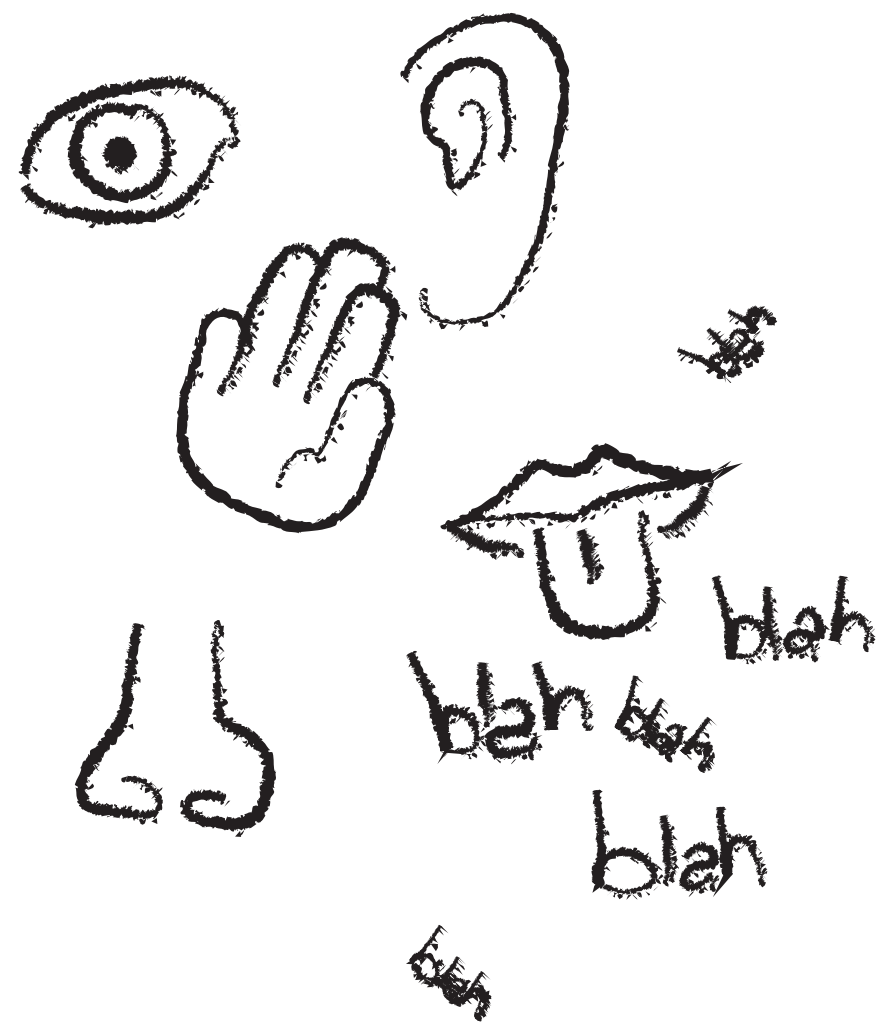


RAPT INCONSCIENT  
 UNREMEMBERED  
 ASTRAY OUT-OF-DATE  
 IRRECOVERABLE AT SEA DREAMY  
 CAST AWAY  
 DOWN THE DRAIN  
 FALLEN BETWEEN THE CRACKS  
 GONE ASTRAY  
 IRRETRIEVABLE WITHOUT  
 WAYWARD IRREVOCABLE  
 KISS GOODBYE IGNORANT  
 PAST NOWHERE TO BE FOUND  
 OFF-COURSE UNREDEEMED  
 OUT THE WINDOW  
 WIPED-OUT DISTRAIT  
 ABSENTMINDED  
 FARAWAY FEEBLE  
 GOING IN CIRCLES  
 TAKEN UP TAKEN IN

I had also been writing some **short stories**. Some of these are within this thesis, which is a mosaic of short writings. The idea of being *lost* is sprinkled throughout all of them. There are things lost here, not cataclysmic *loss*, but things, places, and friends *lost* to time and to the ebbs and flows of life. Some of this will seem very obvious, some opaque.

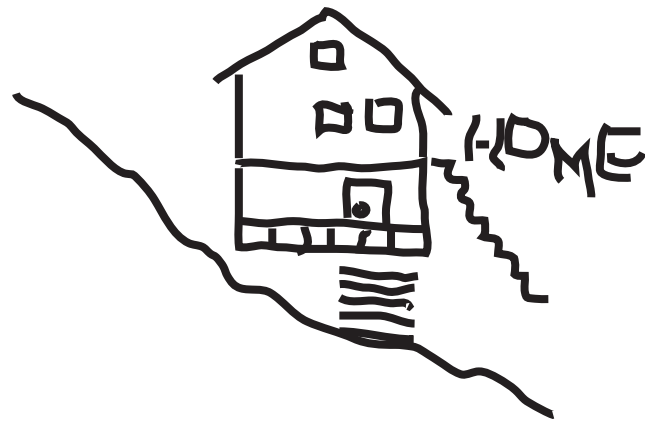
Typographic design experiments were investigated. Most of them did not seem to fit and seemed to want to belong elsewhere. Some of their remnants peek out from the edges of the pages here and there.

So like any **good graphic designer, for better or worse**, I'm telling a story, or a set of stories. There's a little history here, and some cultural context there, and maybe, even a bit of intended entertainment for good measure. **Above all, they are my stories, not told in a typical way, but they are all true.**



**Stories** are best when they are **looked** at, **heard** from, **spoken** about, and **felt** deep inside. When stories are told verbally and passed from one person to another they change. Each teller of the tale adds their own emotions, perspectives, and experiences to the story and the story may wind up to be unrecognizable from its original form. Some stories get *lost* and their parts get *lost*, as well.

**Who am I?**



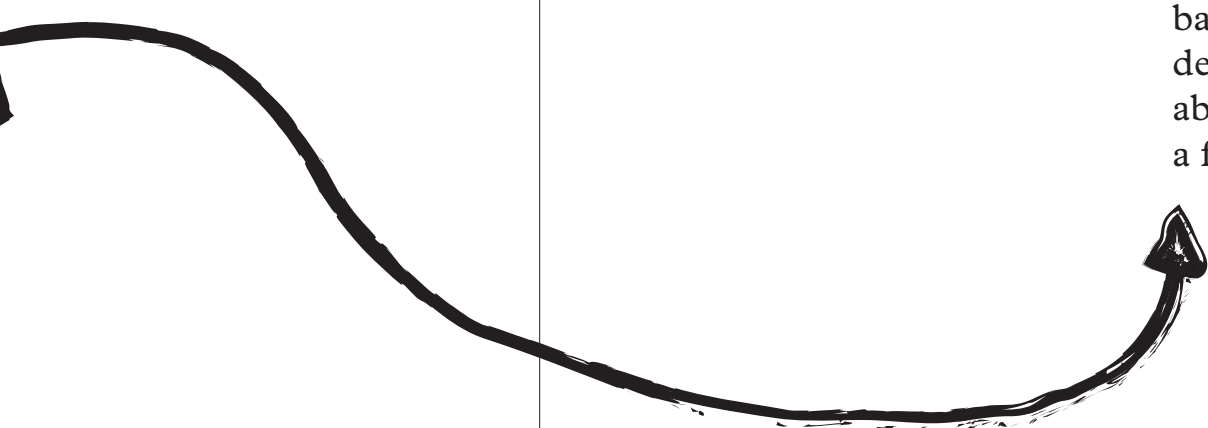
I live in a small apartment in northern Minnesota. I still take the dog out for a walk, sometimes near that place where I *lost* my bearings. I still teach. I still work. I have a great relationship with my kids. I'm still in debt.

One of these stories offers a few more details about getting *lost* in those cold and beautiful Minnesota woods and another story offers some thoughts about being there.

The other stories may not be what one would think of as being *lost*. There's *loss* in them. There are people, places, and things that have passed from my life, but are still present, too. I might think of them again in the future, maybe, or maybe never again. As we all move forward in our lives, our little stories ebb and flow from our memories and all sorts of details disappear, blue, and return to our thoughts. **Some things stick, some things change, some things just get *lost*, and all we can do is hope precious few are *lost* forever.**



None of this became true.



O

ne day, last winter, and a couple of days after a heavy snowfall, I got *lost* in the woods in northern Minnesota. I was hiking with my dog, Hades, and I took a trail I had never taken. I had passed through the area before and despite the newly fallen snow, I was pretty confident I could find my way back if I got into any trouble. I followed a trail of footprints that seemed to have been made just a day or two before. After about a mile, the trail disappeared and there was no further path to follow. Instead of turning back and going back up the hill that I had just descended, I plowed further ahead. I felt certain about my bearings and was confident I would see a familiar landmark if I kept moving ahead.



Where I stood,  
I lost my bearings.



In the brown, gray and

~~white~~ snow, I lost my

bearings. The snow blanket-

ed all around, hiding details

from me. The leafless trees

formed a pattern

of brown and black lines

against the brown

and black lines against

the horizon. I had

disappeared. I had

myself. I had

through

snow. I had

keep,

calling for a dog that was



move this further down

if I kept moving forward

es crisscrossed the sky.  
blanketed the ground in which  
I did not know where I was.

from the right-hand page

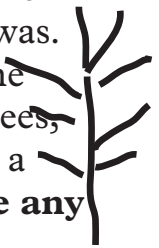
**Where I stood, I had lost my bearings.** The snow disguised any semblance of a landscape that I might recognize. The leafless trees offered no resemblance of anything familiar. Their brown and black branches crisscrossed above the ground and hid anything behind them from my view. The snow blanketed the ground where I stood. **I did not know where I was.** Then Hades disappeared.

I was *lost* and Hades was gone. He was not returning despite my calling his name endlessly. I found myself struggling through snow drifts halfway up my thighs, **yelling** for a dog that was nowhere to be found, and looking for anything that I might recognize. At first, I was more annoyed and irritated than scared. After a while, I started to feel **unsettled**. **Daylight was not going to last forever**, especially in the middle of February in this part of Minnesota. It is an unnerving feeling to be *lost*, to not know where your present self is, to not know what direction to go in, to be surrounded by a monotonous pattern of tree branches and snowdrifts that have hidden things you once knew.





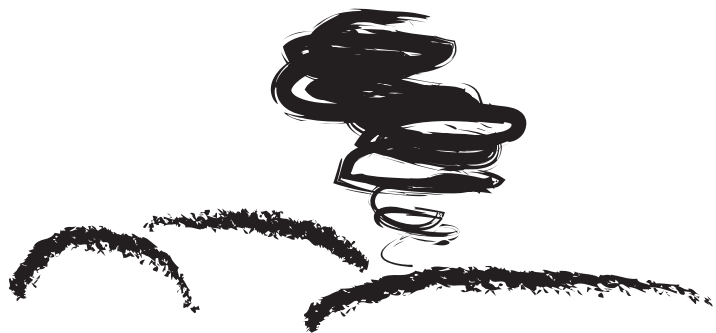
**I could hear** a distant sound of cars and trucks coming from a highway some distance away. I knew I wasn't totally *lost*. If I kept walking, I would eventually come across some slice of civilization in the form of that road. I just didn't know how far away it was. Sound can be a deceptive thing traveling over the surface of snow. With no foliage on any of the trees, something heard could be around the corner or a mile down the road. **There did not seem to be any trails leading me directly to that sound.**



I had a sense, despite my current situation, that the noise was in the opposite direction of where the car was parked and where I needed to go. I really did not know how close I was to that road and that sound of traffic. There I stood, with only a distant sound for which I knew would take me even farther away from where I thought I needed to go, and yelling, "**Hades!**" repeatedly to absolutely no one.



**A bit of panic set in.  
Then I saw what I  
thought was a familiar  
landmark and I headed  
towards it.**



**Before the panic... well, during the panic,** it had been a sunny, beautiful winter day. It was the middle of February. It was cold, but I was dressed in plenty of layers. It felt comfortable and refreshing to be walking and breathing in the cold, clear, crisp Minnesota air. There were two feet of snow on the ground. The local parks department had flattened the main trails in the area for cross-country skiing and dog walking. It was getting late in the afternoon and another round of snowy weather was on its way but wasn't going to reach us until later in the evening. The sun lies low in the sky in the middle of winter in northern Minnesota. Darkness comes quick even during cloudless days such as today. Mid-winter snow is light and fluffy when it falls. *When the winds pick up, you can see snow devils rise off the surface of the snow. They twirl and dance across the snowdrifts, and when they stop, the snow settles back to the ground and a miniature snowfall is created.*

It had been easy to walk over the flattened snow. Everything felt good. Upon the farthest point out in the woods where the trails ended, I looked at Hades and said, "Hey, let's go this way."

Hades' first look at me was a dubious one. I am always reading how it is emotionally healthy to break up one's routine when taking your dog out for a walk. Although illiterate, Hades is always up for an adventure. I am always up for an adventure. So, Hades' second look at me was,

**"WHAT THE HELL?"**

continued on p. 269

ve lost  
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ical way

*S lost*  
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from the right-hand page

I have worked as a graphic designer for a long time. I have created a lot of work. I have had busy times and not so busy times. I have worked for employers who needed fifty to sixty hours of work from me per week, and I have been unemployed for weeks at a time. I have had excellent bosses and clients, and I have had bosses and clients that were nightmares. **I had never felt lost in the physical way I was lost on that cold afternoon in February.** I've always done something related to my profession regardless of whether I was employed or unemployed.

**When we hear the word *lost*,** most of us think of our sense of being, our physical psyche. We think of being in a void, of having no orientation, the losing of our internal compass. Things are hopeless. Things are numb. We could also be *lost* in the cacophony of our surroundings. The discord could be the busyness of an unfamiliar urban environment as well as hiking in a vast open snow-covered field. **Find yourself, find your way out is the resolution.**



I was lost and now Hades was gone

of the... mentation,

to the... you can

internal

We could also be in the... our surroundings.

... this new

... side note:

2 stories, one for type+design for a typical word-like document

to my profession

regardless

We think of being in a... which seems like a little lost

do

see p. 39

Stepping into a **void** seems like an intimidating thing to do. Years of logic take hold and you tell yourself, "Why the hell am I doing this now!? What good does this do? There's the rent to pay, the dog to feed, the kid's putting a fork into the electrical outlet, gas is so expensive!! Void? *Lost*? I should have done this a long time ago. What purpose does this serve if I am doing this for a client? For an employer? For myself? How do I teach this to a student when the job market is looking for the Illustrator-Photoshop-After-Effect-Motion-Video-Editor-CSS-PHP kid?"





the discord could be the busyness  
 in a city as well as hiking in a vast open  
 snow-covered field.

Find your way out is  
 what comes to mind.  
 Find yourself, find your way out is the resolution.

words get lost

not a subhead

*Lost.*

If someone came up to me and said, “**you seem lost**”, I probably would respond right away with a reply, “What the hell are you talking about?”. The image of *lost* seems to make myself appear vulnerable and without direction. “Where’s my purpose?”.

The history of the word, like many words, is **not confined to a tidy historical package**. *Lost* has many meanings depending on geography and its cultural context.

Nathan Bierma writing for the *Chicago Tribune* with Anatoly Liberman, author of *Word Origins and How We Know Them: Etymology for Everyone*, tells how in Old English, the noun ‘los,’ means ‘to come to destruction, perish.’ This is what many of us feel today if you are told that you seem *lost*.

Then they write that ‘los’ disappears from all texts and manuscripts for a few hundred years and reappears again in the 14th Century. ‘Los’ got *lost*. Apparently, this is not an uncommon occurrence in etymology. **Words and their meaning get lost in history and they may reappear either as the continuation of the old word or reappear by chance as a new formation.**

all the above text just got lost





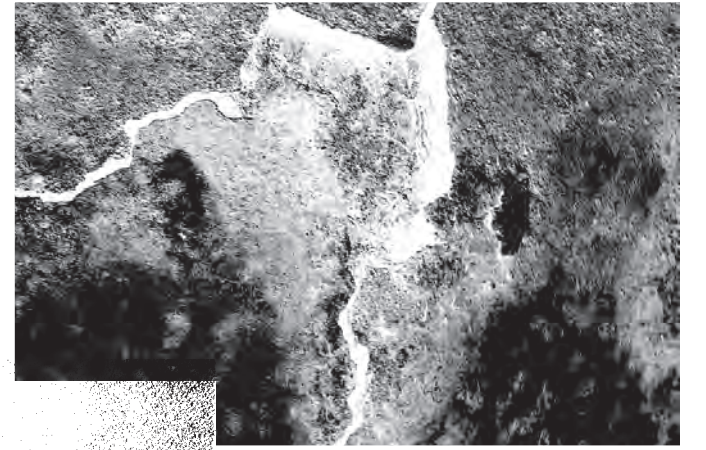












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The

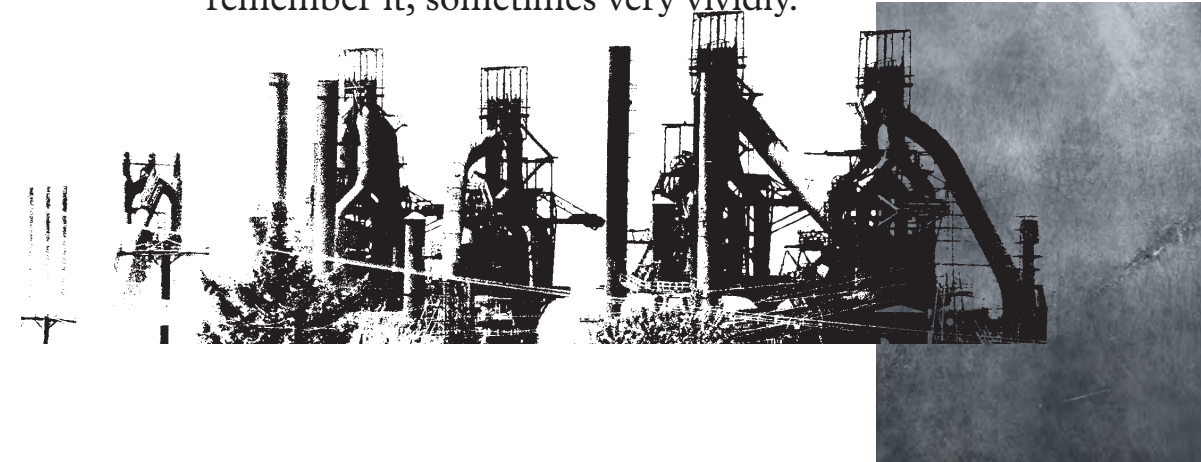
STEEL

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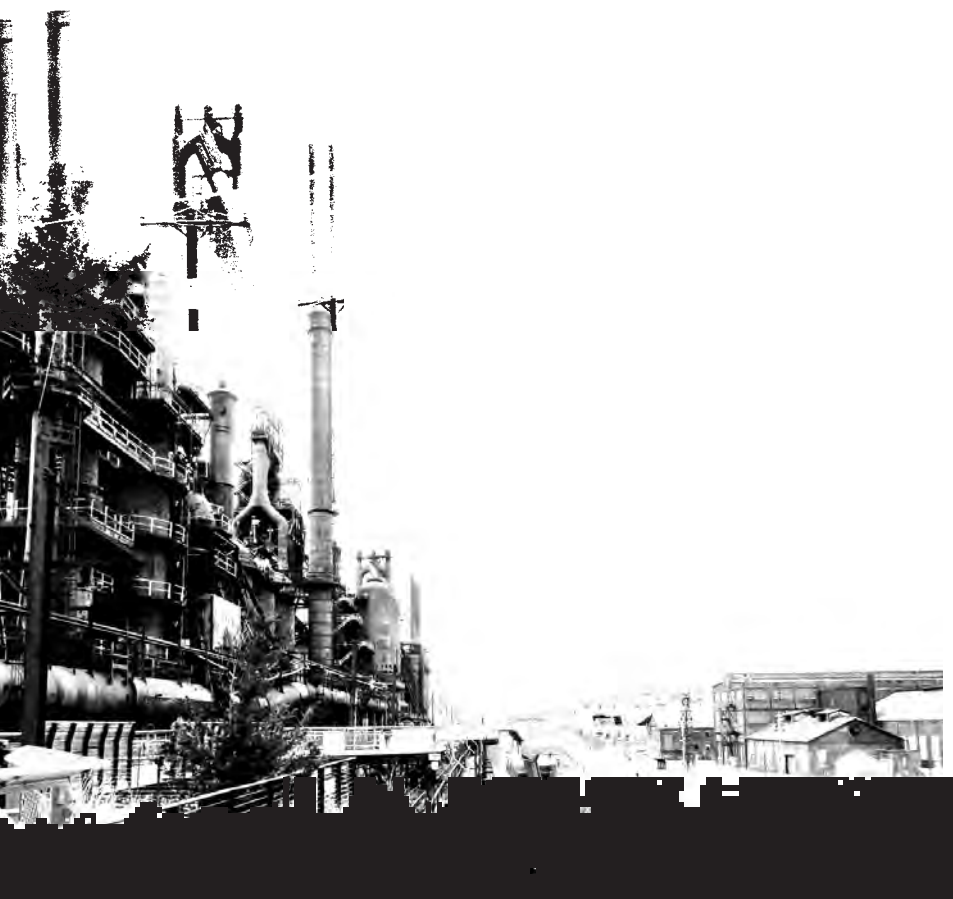
EL



I grew up in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Bethlehem is home to the **Bethlehem Steel Company**. I never worked there, I never wanted to work there, but it was a looming presence in my life while I was growing up there. It was such a big company. It was a part of everyone's life in Bethlehem. I do not live there anymore. I have not lived there for many years. But I remember it, sometimes very vividly.





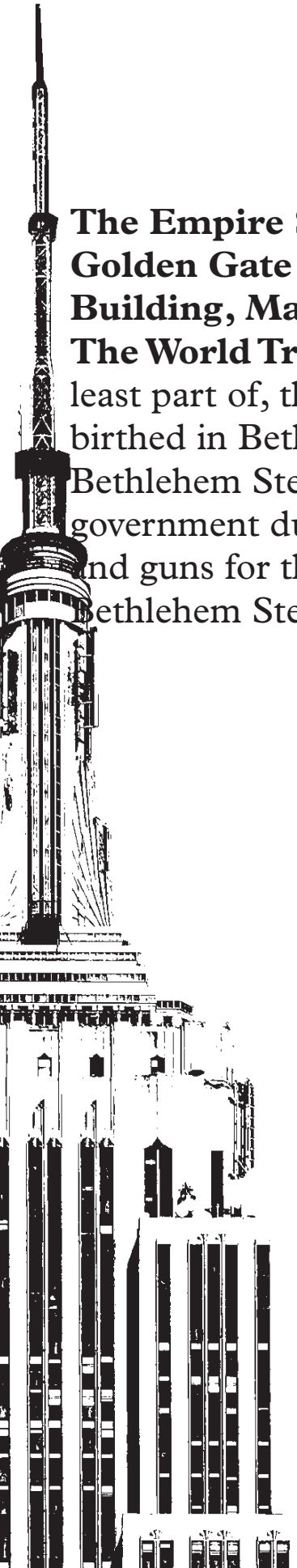
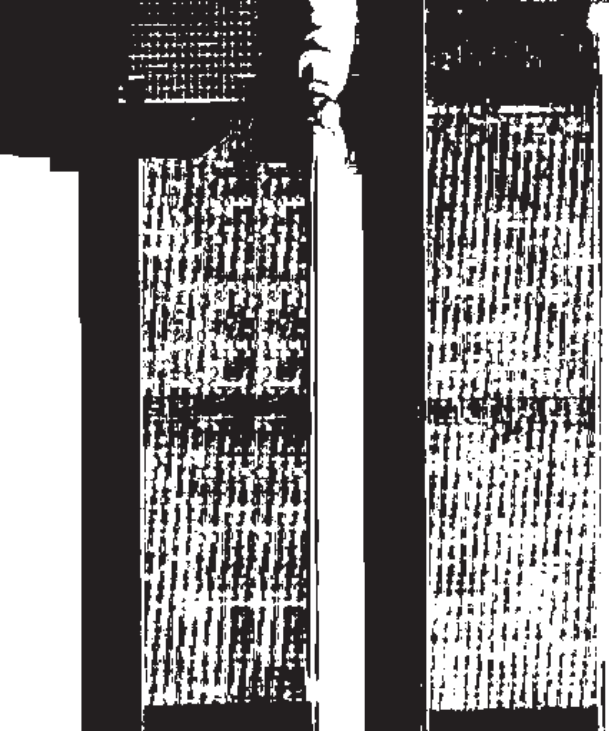


## FREEMANSBURG

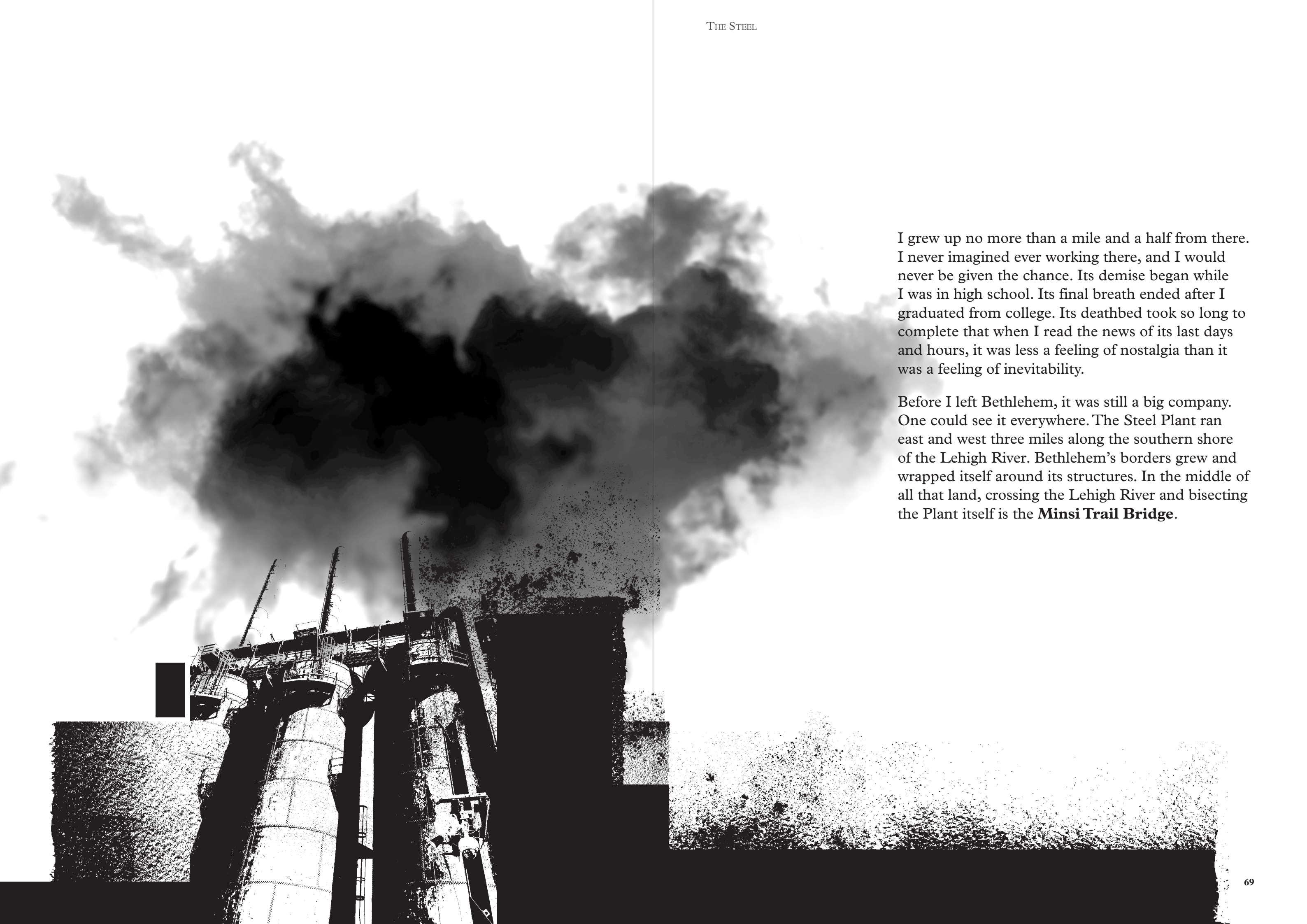
From where I lived in Freemanstown you could see the Steel from my front yard. If you walked around my house to the backyard you could still see the Steel. All the locals referred to Bethlehem Steel as *'The Steel'* or *'The Plant'*. You heard this so often when we were kids. Shortening the name of something that was spoken of so frequently during conversations always impressed upon me the intimacy that thing had in all our lives. Even as a child, you understood the power and hold of something that was so often referenced in adult conversations.

Bethlehem Steel does not exist anymore. **No one works today for Bethlehem Steel.** As a company it is non-existent. Even though it is gone, physical parts of it remain. Huge leftover structures still dot the landscape along the Lehigh River. They are brown, grey monolithic buildings that stand as a form of icons and grave markers for an industry that supplied a ton of work to our forefathers and a ton of steel to America's infrastructures.





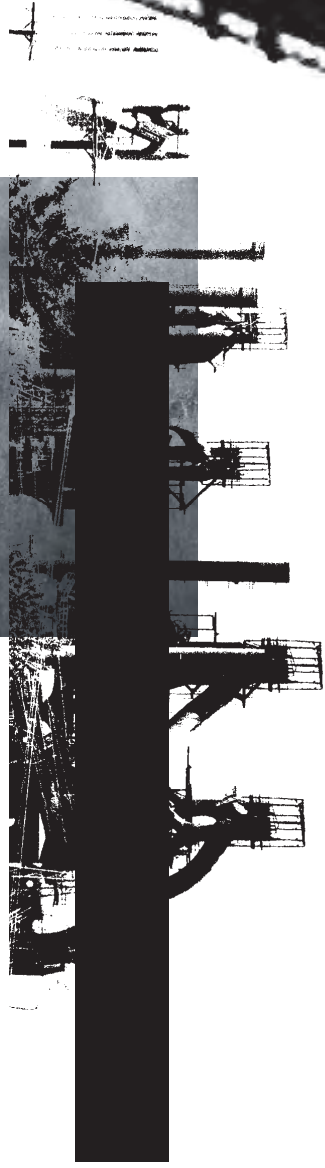
**The Empire State Building, The Golden Gate Bridge, the Chrysler Building, Madison Square Garden, The World Trade Center,** all have, or at least part of, their steel skeletal structures birthed in Bethlehem. In its heyday, Bethlehem Steel manufactured steel for our government during World War II. Warships and guns for the US navy were forged at Bethlehem Steel.



I grew up no more than a mile and a half from there. I never imagined ever working there, and I would never be given the chance. Its demise began while I was in high school. Its final breath ended after I graduated from college. Its deathbed took so long to complete that when I read the news of its last days and hours, it was less a feeling of nostalgia than it was a feeling of inevitability.

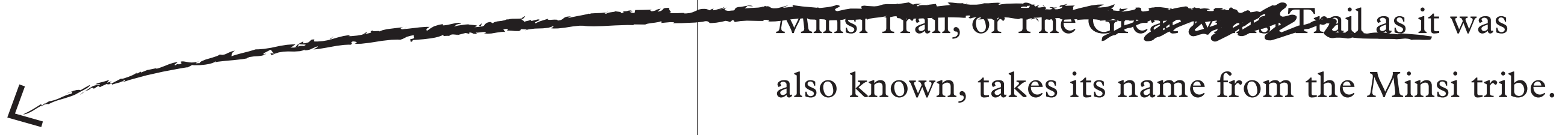
Before I left Bethlehem, it was still a big company. One could see it everywhere. The Steel Plant ran east and west three miles along the southern shore of the Lehigh River. Bethlehem's borders grew and wrapped itself around its structures. In the middle of all that land, crossing the Lehigh River and bisecting the Plant itself is the **Minsi Trail Bridge**.







It was a bridge that connected the north and south ends of Bethlehem and is named after a long-ago path that ran along the Lehigh. The ~~Minsi Trail, or The Great ~~North~~ Trail~~ as it was also known, takes its name from the Minsi tribe. The Minsi were one of the three subtribes of the Lenni Lenape. Hundreds of years ago they lived at the headwaters of the Delaware River, which was about sixty miles south of Bethlehem. Although history writes that the Lenni Lenape were the most warlike of the many local indigenous cultures, the Minsi subtribe was considered the most peaceful. What that means in America's historical opus is that when it became time for the Minsi tribe to leave, they probably did so without much choice. Today, the Minsi are long gone from the area. The Steel, or what's left of it, remains.

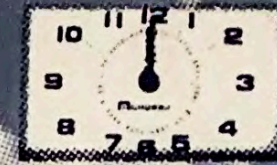
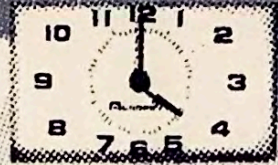
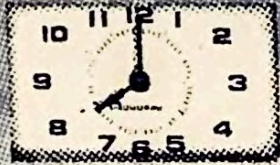




It was not only the **noise** that signified the changing of worker shifts. It was also the **thousands of workers** coming and going at the same time that did it.



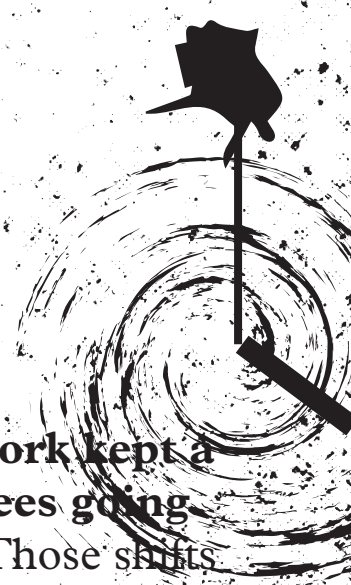






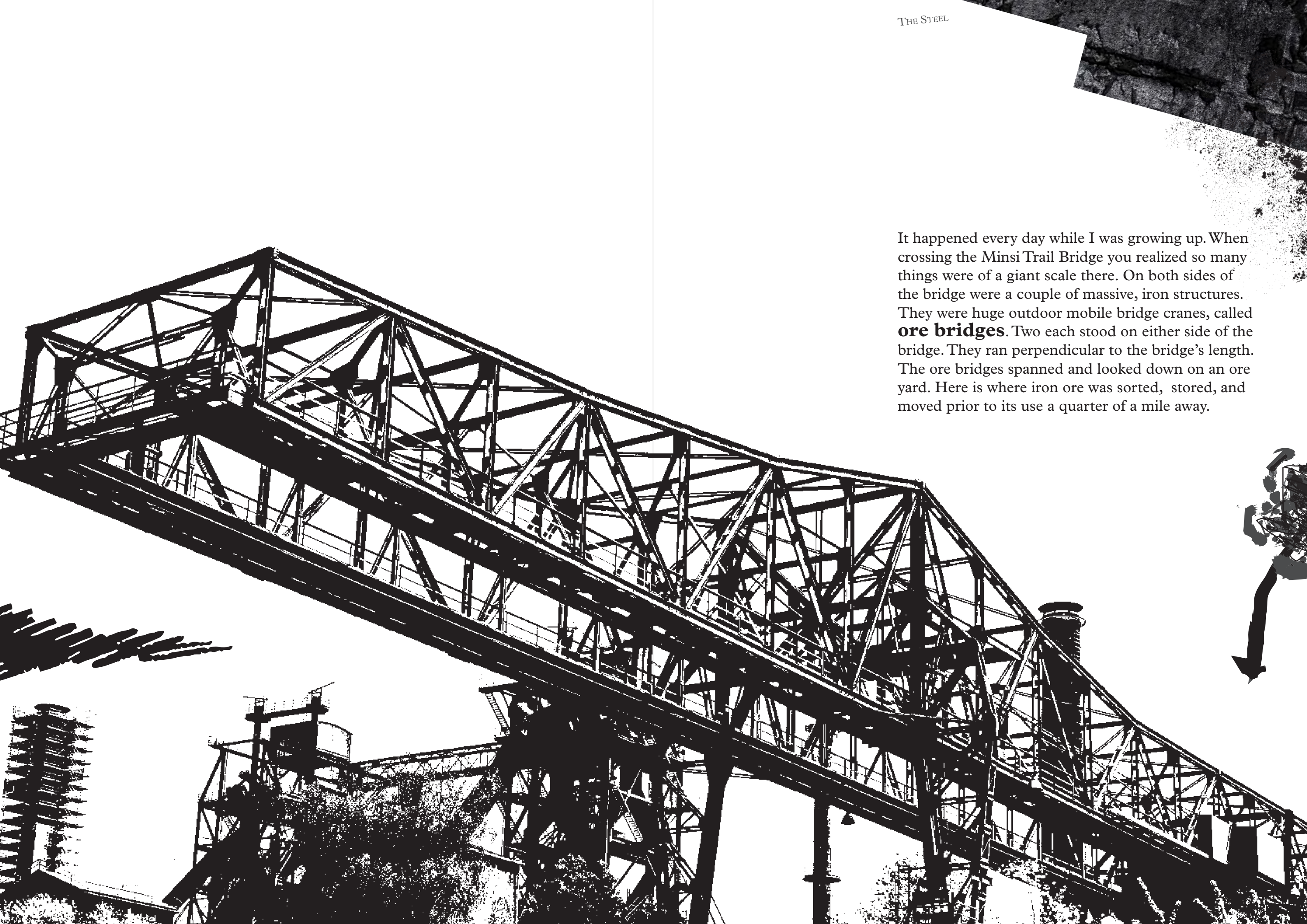


*illustration by my son, Joshua Kery*



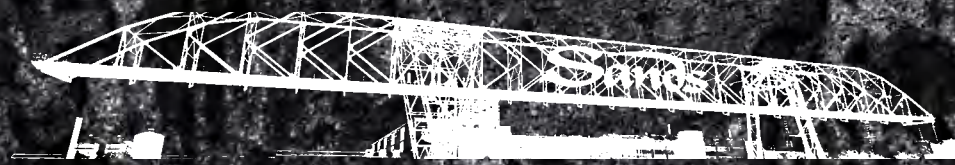
**Three eight-hour shifts of work kept a constant rotation of employees going to work and coming home.** Those shifts happened at 8:00 in the morning, 4:00 in the afternoon, and 12:00 midnight. The Minsi Trail Bridge was a conduit for a great portion of those workers who lived or parked their cars on the north side of the bridge and walked its span to work or started to head home. The bridge was built for cars and pedestrians. I knew those times of day without ever having to wear a watch. It was the lull of noise in the air and the mass of humanity crossing the bridge that let me know what time of day it was.





It happened every day while I was growing up. When crossing the Minsi Trail Bridge you realized so many things were of a giant scale there. On both sides of the bridge were a couple of massive, iron structures. They were huge outdoor mobile bridge cranes, called **ore bridges**. Two each stood on either side of the bridge. They ran perpendicular to the bridge's length. The ore bridges spanned and looked down on an ore yard. Here is where iron ore was sorted, stored, and moved prior to its use a quarter of a mile away.

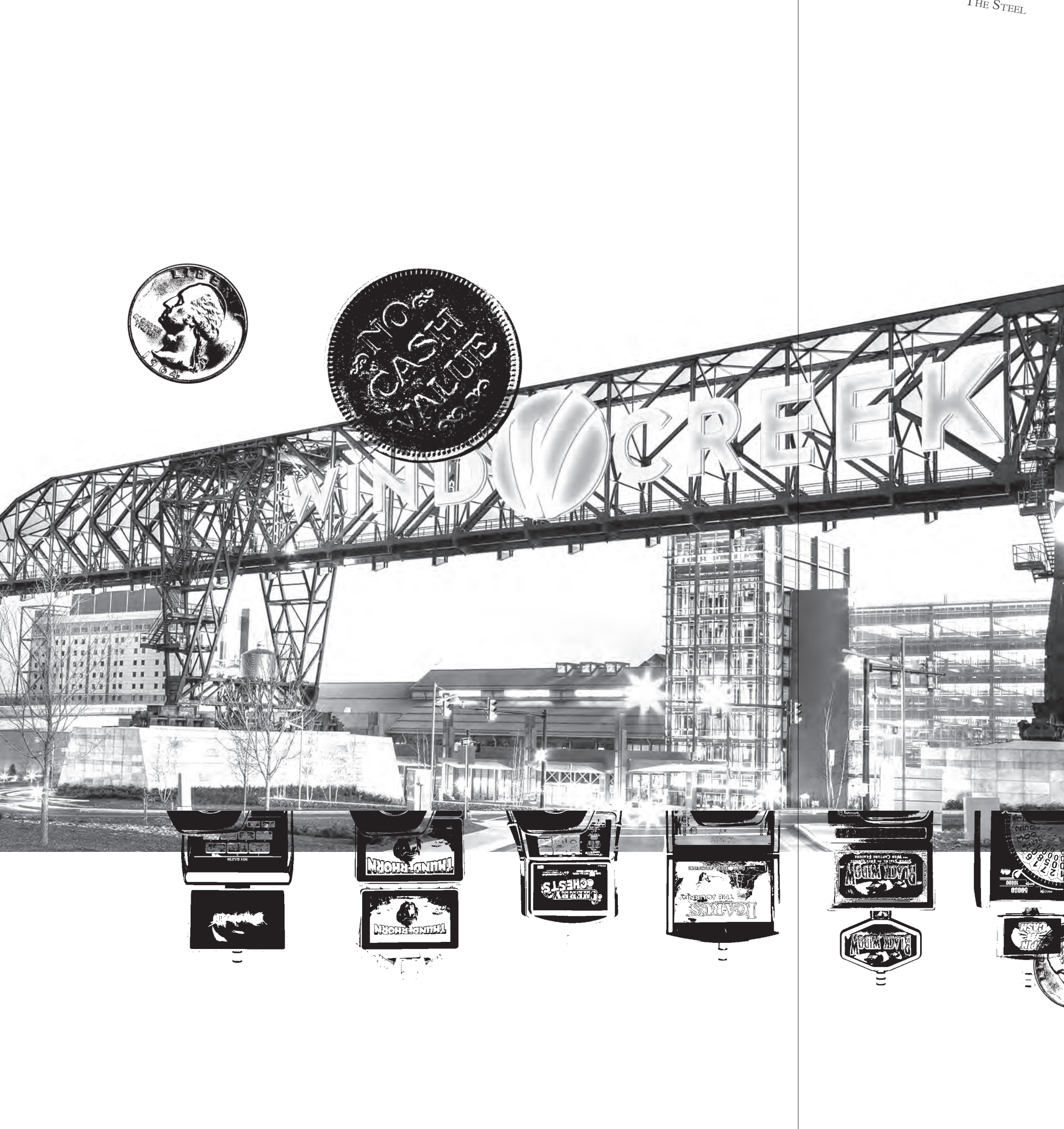




Those structures looked like old railroad trestle bridges. They were about the size of the small bridges you saw spanning narrow parts of rivers. They were suspended hundreds of feet off the ground, and they each carried a crane that glided along the lengths of their bottoms. This crane's function was to dip hundreds of feet down to the ore field, pick up the iron ore that was transported and dumped from incoming train cars, and then move the ore to other train cars that transported that load to the blast furnaces. What made these structures even more impressive were that they moved. They moved both parallel and perpendicular to the bridge. That means as one was crossing the Minsi Trail bridge, you had a giant ore bridge traveling the same direction as you or in the complete opposite direction. If you could picture a railroad bridge that spanned a small river being able to move back and forth across that river and along its length as well, you would get a sense of the mechanics and raw power needed to move these structures.

One of those ore bridges is all that remain. Three have been torn down and what became of their material, God only knows. The remaining ore bridge has been removed from its original location and placed on a set of gigantic concrete piers. What is placed on the side of this structure is less befitting of the Steel's demise and more a telling sign of blue-collar placation in the twenty-first century, a giant neon casino sign.





Today, the neon lights of that casino spell out 'WIND CREEK'. A casino is not inside the site of Bethlehem Steel. The casino is owned by the Poarch Band of Creek Indians. It is a full-fledged casino. There are hundreds of slot machines, several entertainment complexes, and a hotel for out-of-town gamblers. Those slot machines stand on the location where thousands of men and women helped make steel for this country. It is a good bet that even some of them, long retired and years away from their Steel experience, inhabit the floors of that gambling venue and feed a constant stream of metal coins into all those slot machines. **Bethlehem Steel began on the lands of an indigenous culture. What remains of the Steel is owned by descendants of another indigenous culture.**





Feed 3,366 pounds of ore, 1,676 pounds of coke and 724 pounds of limestone into those furnaces and you get one ton of iron. All it takes is to heat things up at 2300-degree Fahrenheit.

**Vulcan's prodigies.**





From my home you heard those furnaces run day and night. They would sound like someone had left a giant faucet on of thick liquid spilling over a faraway pavement. That sound mixed with the continuous rattling and screeching brakes of train cars that brought in the various mineral deposits into other parts of the Plant. This all made for a cacophony of noise that was easily heard a mile and a half away to where I lived.

I never really heard it. It never bothered me. When I think back to that noise, I realize how acclimated I was to its constant droning. When I moved away from home to attend college, I was subjected to another kind of background noise. I lived in an apartment on campus in the middle of Philadelphia. Climbing up to my eleventh-floor window was the noise of traffic and people yelling at each other in the middle of the night. Whereas my roommate, who grew up in the suburbs of Connecticut, made mention of the irritable sound outside our windows, I never gave it a second thought.







Later in life, when I moved into the suburbs and experienced the stillness of a suburban neighborhood, I realized how much background noise was grained into my past experiences. Silence in the suburbs has its own sound. It is a quiet sound punctuated softly by the noise of soft intrusions. Leaves rustling. Crickets. Winds blowing through chimes. A cat howling. A car traveling down the street. Something brushing over the grass. It took me a few weeks to get a good night's sleep when I first moved there. It was just a different kind of noise, and a different kind of

**silence.**

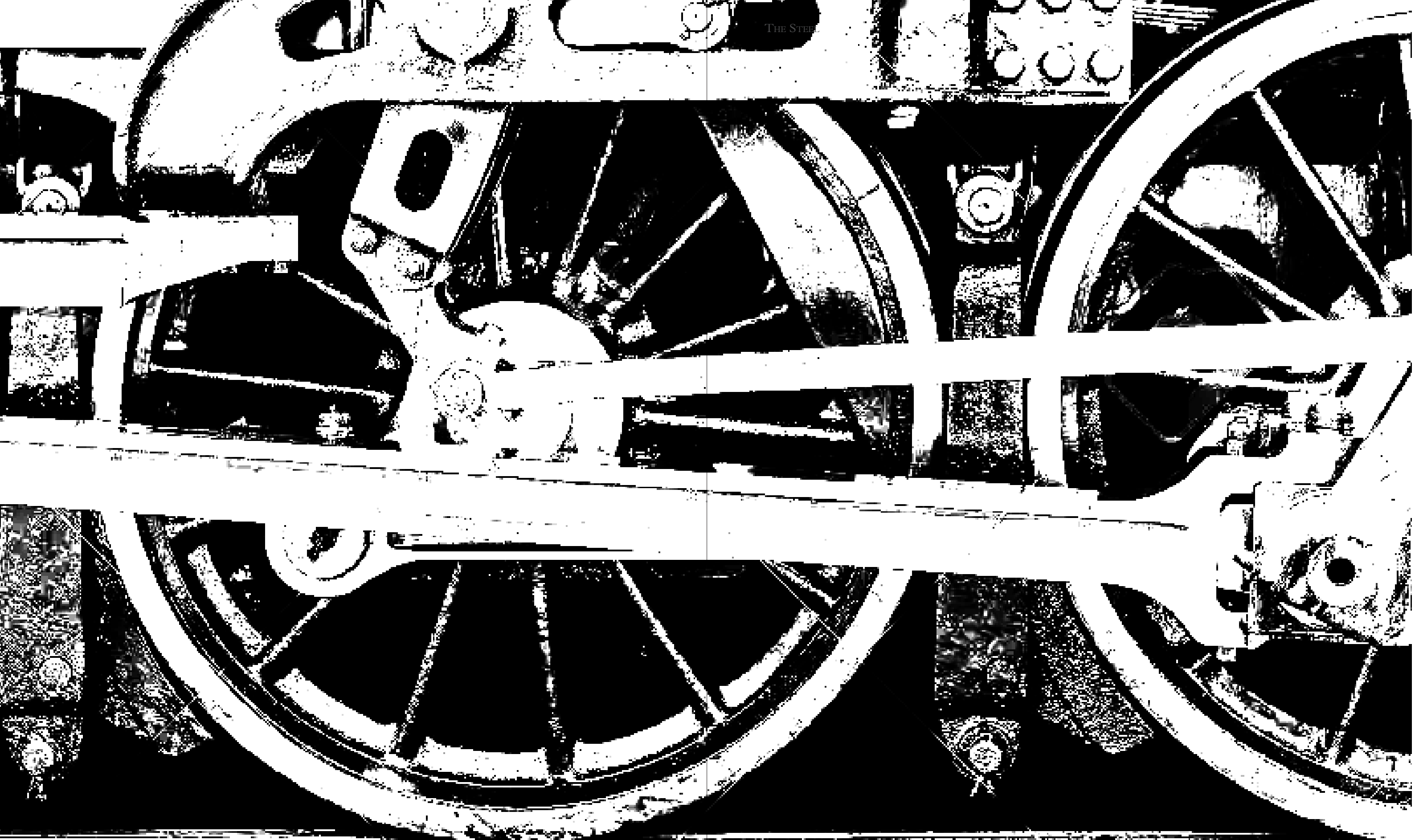




The **sunsets** were another source of wondrous light. Almost every cloudless day growing up, there was an extraordinary display of banded colors viewed from my backyard. But all those **yellows, red, oranges**, and even purples had a sinister reason for existing. That which made all those specs in our snow, that which let us play cards in complete darkness for a few minutes during the night, also made spectacular sunsets. If you see something consistently all your life, you get used to it. It becomes a noticeable thing when it is missing. Air pollution makes gorgeous sunsets and I have never seen sunsets again like I saw on an almost daily basis looking out towards the west side of Bethlehem.





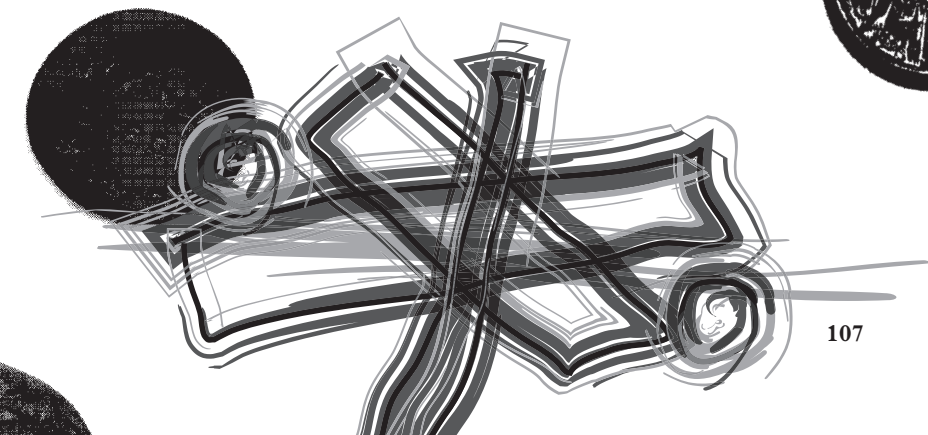
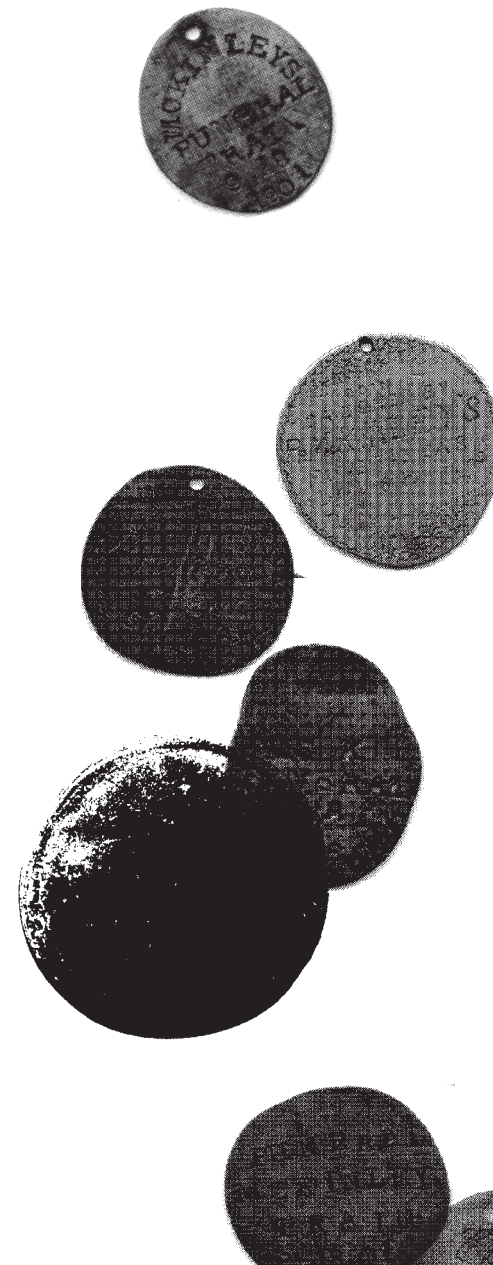
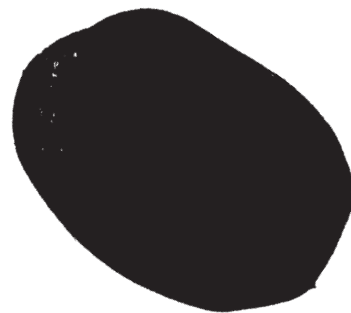






My grandmother and grandfather lived on the south side of Bethlehem. **They lived along one of the rail lines** that came in from the west end of the city. Trains came in from all over the country bringing in additional minerals to help with the steel making process. These trains had locomotives that were enormous. They could carry hundreds of train cars behind them.

**They traveled directly through residential neighborhoods.** Fortunately, they did so at an almost pedestrian speed, so I never heard of any train fatalities on the south side of Bethlehem. Some of the trains were so long and going at such a slow speed, that it might take them hours to pass a typical train crossing. One game that was played, not as dangerous as you would think, but dangerous all the same, was to put a coin on a steel rail when the train crossing signals began. **You stood back and waited for the huge locomotive to pass. You watched its wheels and the unfathomable weight roll over your sitting coin.** After the train passed, you would be rewarded with a flattened and stretched piece of metal, *lost* of all its engravings, just a shiny thing that once was money.





Today, I currently live and work in **Duluth, Minnesota**, which lies at the far southwest tip of Lake Superior. If you looked at that lake and envisioned a long forefinger pointing southwest, Duluth would be at its tip and at the top of the fingernail.





I have lived at various locations in the urban areas of Philadelphia and Boston over the past thirty-five years. They were great places to live, and I have many fine memories there. But when I came here to Minnesota, and I started to meet people, I started to get a familiar feeling. There is **no steel company** here in Duluth, but there is plenty of industry along the shores of Lake Superior. There is not a river running through the city, but there is the lake right against its shores and its as big as an ocean from where I'm standing. There are no buildings here that remind me of Bethlehem or even Freemansburg. It's just a feeling. You sense it from the 'hellos' you get from walking the dog. You sense it from the 'How are you's' and the pause that is given in order to respond and listen to your answer.

I have not lived here long. I am not completely settled, yet. But "here" has caused me to think about "there" from a long time ago. Duluth and Bethlehem are two different places, they are 1200 miles apart, **tethered together by my own experiences.**











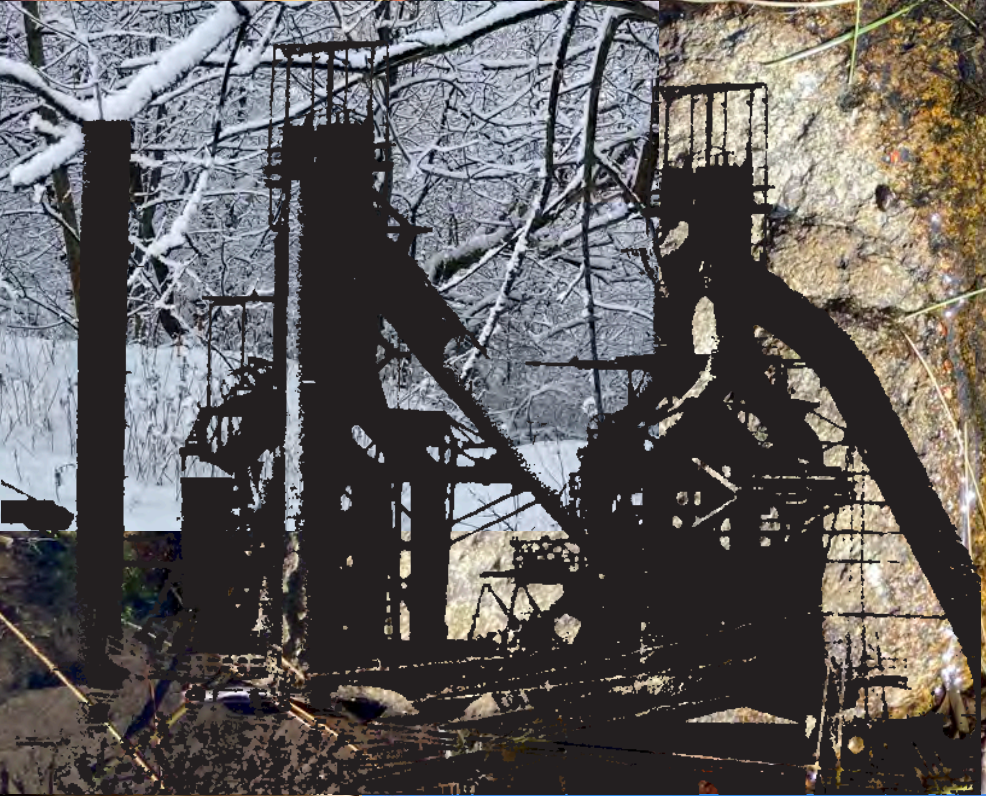














AFTERNOON

NEWSPAPER



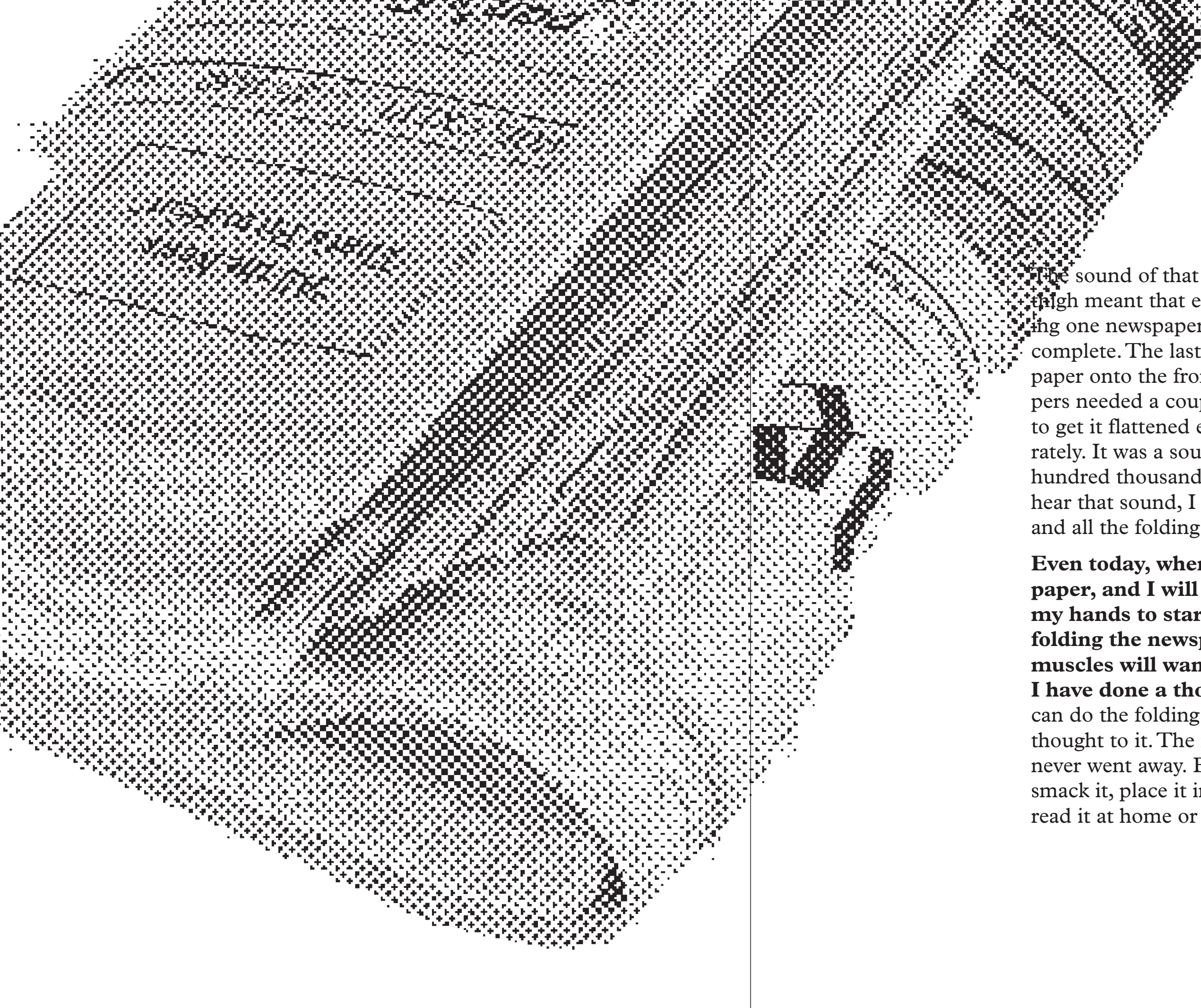


I delivered newspapers when I was a young boy. I did this for six years in the late nineteen-seventies. Almost all the information one received about the town and the world was through the TV news channels and your morning newspaper. I delivered an afternoon newspaper, *The Bethlehem Globe Times*.

I delivered *The Globe* every afternoon to fifty homes. I walked about four miles every day, Monday through Saturday, until I got back home for dinner each night. There was no Sunday newspaper.







The sound of that newspaper hitting my thigh meant that each little task of delivering one newspaper to a home was almost complete. The last act was throwing the paper onto the front porch. Some newspapers needed a couple of smacks to my thigh to get it flattened enough to throw accurately. It was a sound I've heard over one hundred thousand times. To this day when I hear that sound, I think of that paper route and all the folding of newspapers I did.

**Even today, when I pick up a newspaper, and I will get this little tug on my hands to start doing the motion of folding the newspaper into thirds. My muscles will want to repeat an exercise I have done a thousand times before.** I can do the folding now without a conscious thought to it. The memory of my muscles never went away. Buy a newspaper, fold it, smack it, place it in my computer bag, then read it at home or at the nearby coffee shop.



The afternoon paper had an advantage over its morning counterparts. In an age where Facebook, Twitter, and YouTube's creators were not even born, events earlier in the day from around the world could make its way to the afternoon news before the night's newscasts. Sometimes, if the printing presses fell behind schedule, customers would wander up to the spot where I received my bundle of newspapers, and check to see if the news had come. If it did, I handed them a newspaper. If it didn't, I would shrug my shoulders, give a look of empathy and understanding that I had no news to give them, and they would either hang around to chat a little bit, or turned promptly around and go home.

That was basically the two types of customers I had. Some always wanted to chat a little bit. What was going on up the street? What's in the paper today? How are you? And the other customers who barely said a word in all the years I delivered their newspaper.









They were delivered in front of the local **mom and pop store** called 'Dodigs.' 'Dodigs' was a luncheon grill and a candy store. **One cent for Swedish fish, tootsie rolls, smarties, and jawbreakers. Two red-hot dollars for a penny. A quarter for the pinball machine.** Dodig, the husband, made steak sandwiches and fries at his grill; his wife worked the candy counter. Dodig always let me hang out in the store when it rained.





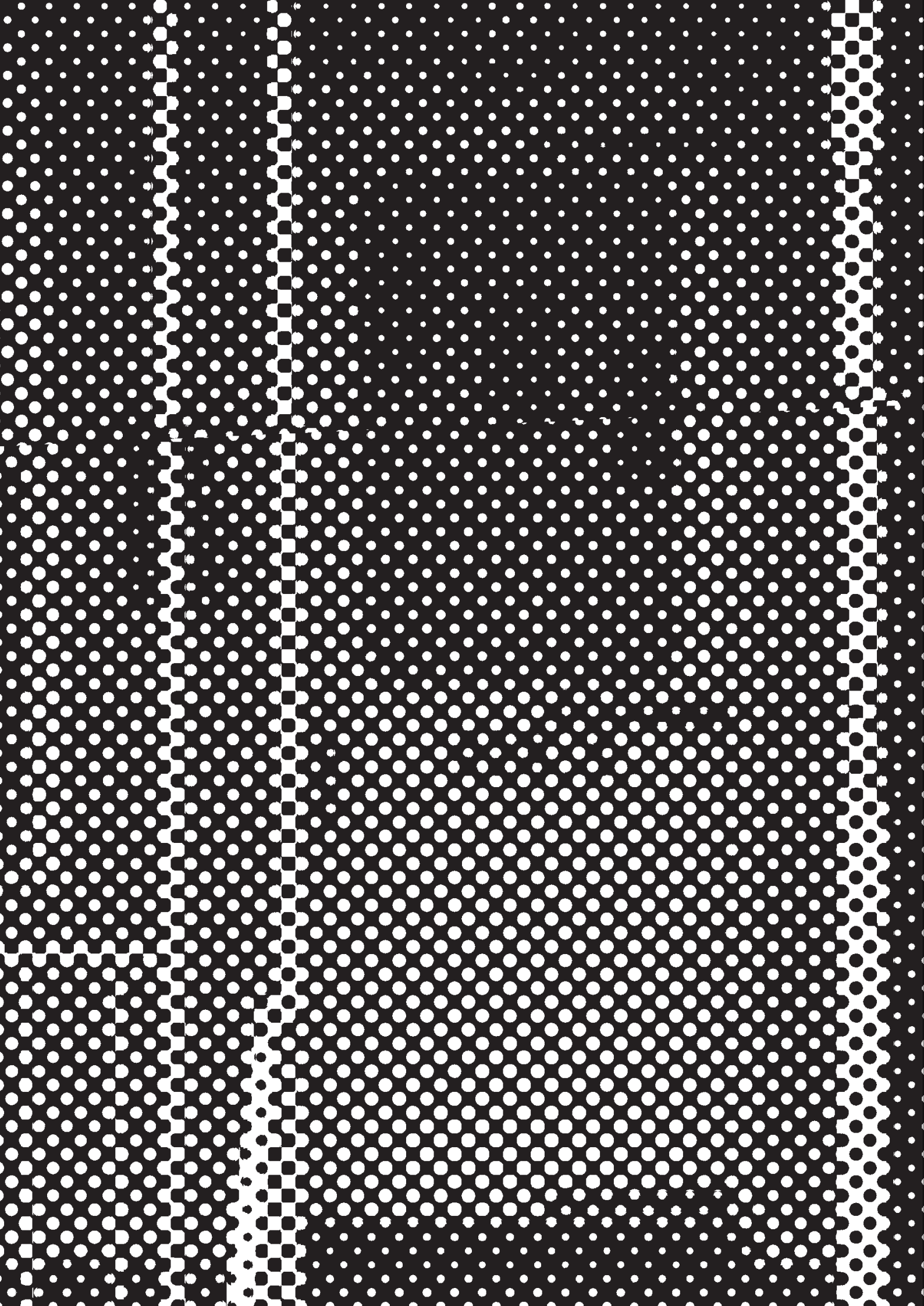
When the truck arrived to drop off the newspapers, my name would be on a label at the top of my bundle. Some days I would fold all fifty newspapers at one time, sometimes I would fold them as I walked through my route, and other days I would read the paper before I delivered any of them.











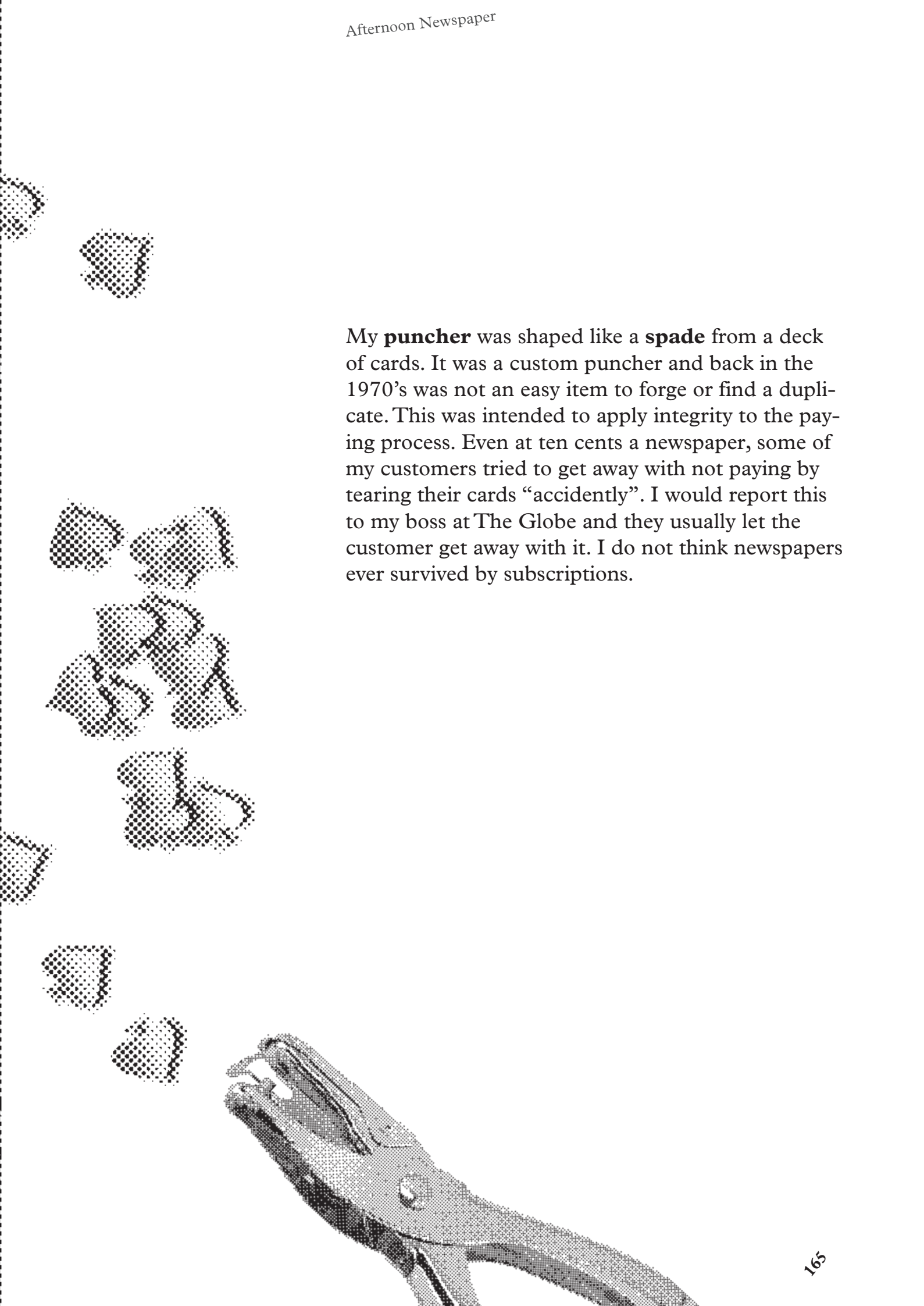
These homes were also called **trinities**. They each had three floors and they were nicknamed **father, son, and the holy ghost**. They were as wide as a typical living room. They ran about fifty to seventy-five feet deep that included a small hallway and a kitchen. Up above were the bedrooms, maybe an extra sewing room. Almost all the owners worked at manufacturing jobs, almost everyone in the household had a job, most times.

On rainy days, I could deliver newspapers from one home to another along that continuous row of front porches. They were all connected. All I had to do was climb over the railing that separated each front porch and deliver everyone's newspapers without ever getting back out into the rain.



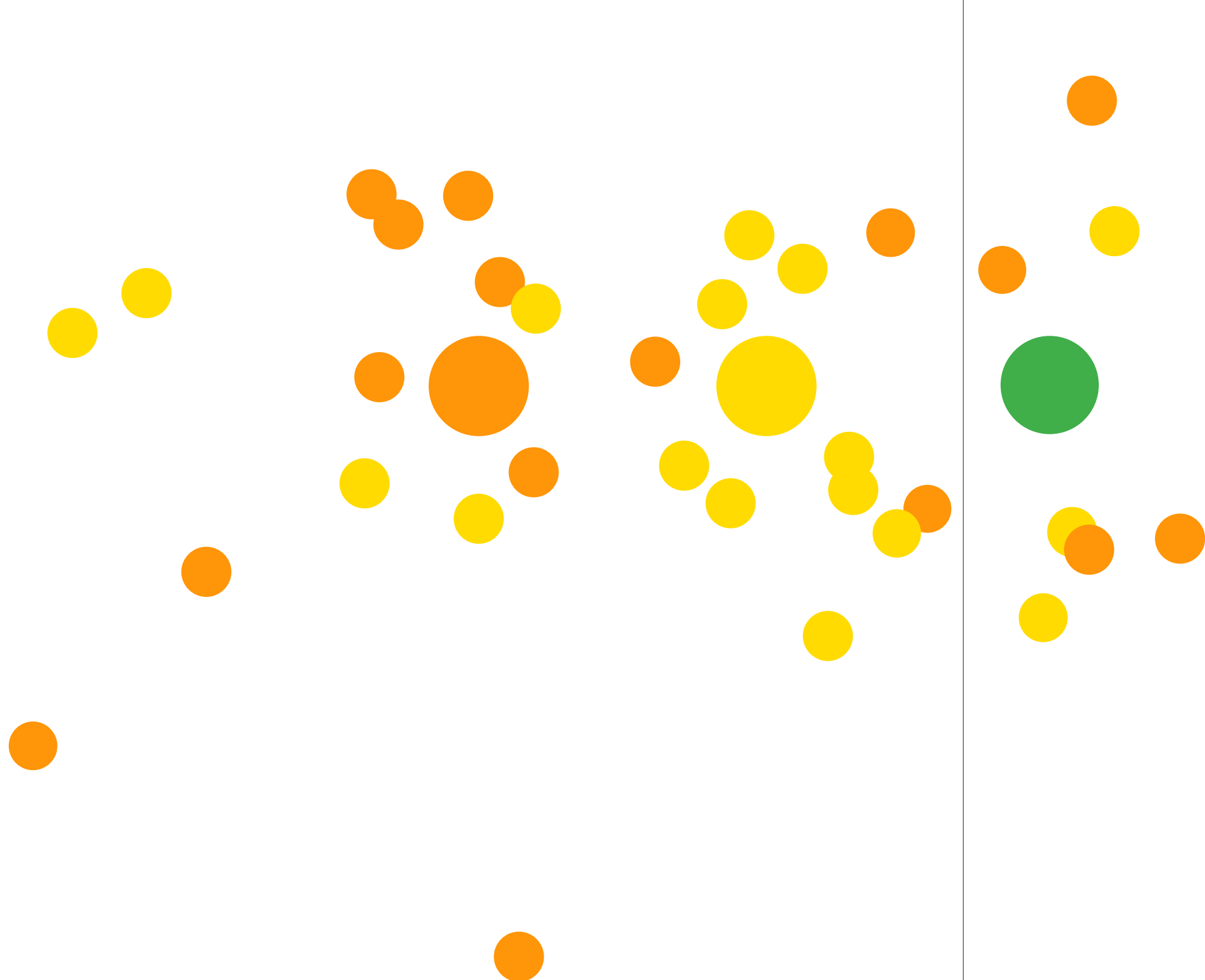






My **puncher** was shaped like a **spade** from a deck of cards. It was a custom puncher and back in the 1970's was not an easy item to forge or find a duplicate. This was intended to apply integrity to the paying process. Even at ten cents a newspaper, some of my customers tried to get away with not paying by tearing their cards "accidentally". I would report this to my boss at The Globe and they usually let the customer get away with it. I do not think newspapers ever survived by subscriptions.





I had a **classmate** from elementary school who was on my route. Whenever I walked into his house his home smelled of kitty litter, badly. Will was his name. Will always seemed to just float through school and life. It never seemed that his parents thought anything of this, they were floating, too. From second grade onward, Will was probably doomed by an educational system that separated our class into reading groups of orange, yellow, and green colors.

During first grade, unbeknownst to any of us, we were being tested on our reading and learning abilities. When second grade arrived, we were placed into colored groups. **Orange** was the smartest, **yellow** was the second smartest, **green** was the least smart. The school never communicated this as any sort of hierarchy or purpose, but everyone in elementary school knew it, even the green group kids. If your reading capabilities were not up to snuff, you were marked in the **green** group.

At the time, I never thought of the implications of this codified system, I only thought that it always seemed that the green group kids could never get out of the green group. Will was in the green group. Throughout all my years in elementary school he was a kid that hung around with himself and didn't seem to be interested in much of anything. I never got to know him. That lingering smell of cat urine permeated his clothing while he was in our classroom. None of that seemed to change when we entered middle school and I am not even sure if he ever went to high school. **My paper route was long gone by then, and so was Will.**







THE BOSTON GLOBE  
PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT ON SUNDAYS  
AND HOLIDAYS  
JUNE 27, 1968

When I delivered my second last newspaper for the day, my hands were black. All the ink from delivering newspapers rubbed off onto my hands. It was black ink that made all the type and photographs in all those newspapers. Photographs were reproduced by a myriad of tiny printed black dots that created the appearance of gray depending on how close the dots were to each other. If you had a magnifying glass, you could look at this as I did with great fascination. If the dots were close, the content, such as type and the darker parts of photos, were much denser. If the dots were farther apart, things were gray and lighter appearing.

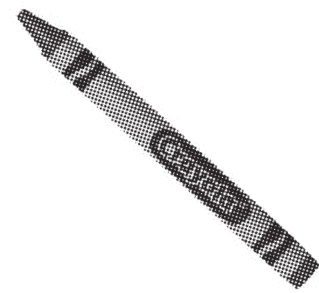
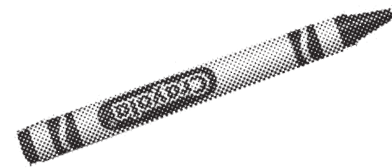
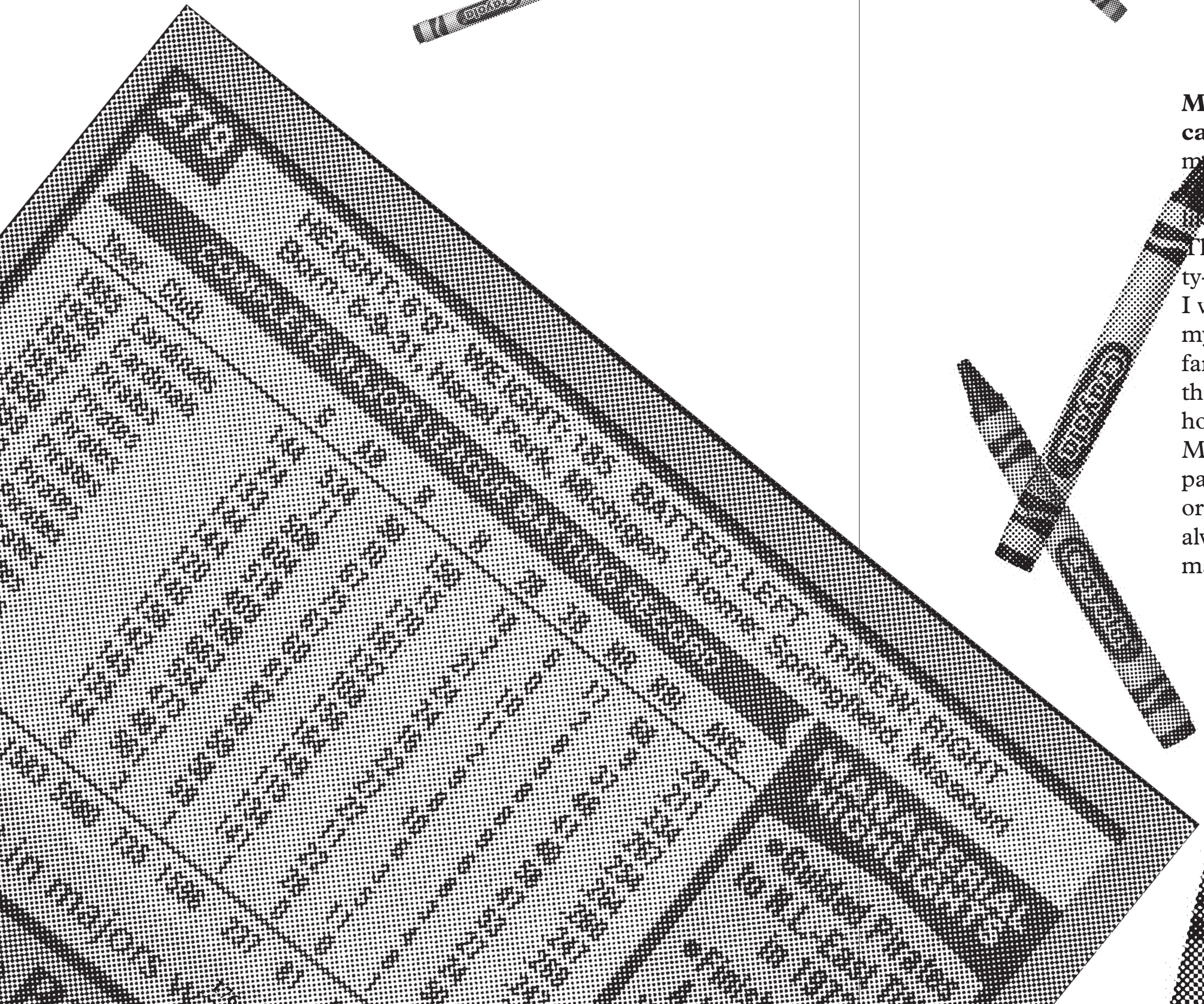
Every day I would come home and wash the ink, **typography's leftovers**, off my hands. I would see it swirl in little black eddies of water down the drain. Patty, Nixon, Carter, war, all remnants of their typographic headlines and body copy went down the drain. My hands became clean. I would tell my father where I put the last of my newspapers, I sat down to dinner.





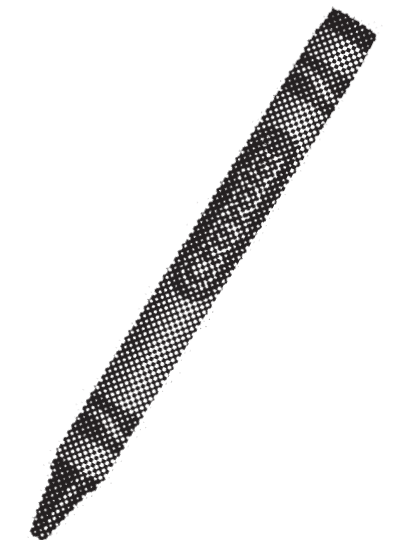
My students ask me quite frequently how I became a graphic designer. I think they wait to hear for a special moment of revelation in my life. My answer is that it is not one thing. Maybe there might be a special experience or encounter I had with someone related to the graphic arts. I do not believe we are defined by a significant event, although some events may be more significant to us than others. Our history washes over us with our own personal moments, mostly benign and forgotten, sometimes important to us. I try to remember that some of those quieter moments may not have been so benign.





**Maybe I began my graphic design career with the box of Crayola Crayons**

my mom got me when I was very young. Thirty-eight colors in a single box seemed like a gold mine when I was very young. The Crayola Company was just a thirty-minute drive down the road from where I was delivering newspapers. Upon leaving my hometown you would pass miles of farmland and cornfields until you reached their factory. Today, you pass miles of housing interrupted by a mini-mall or two. Maybe it was all the colored construction paper my family always dropped off for me, or the baseball and football cards my aunt always picked up from her job at the pharmaceutical store.





...ed another run and...  
...Friday's games...  
...NATIONAL LEAGUE...  
...AMERICAN LEAGUE...  
...TODAY...  
...SATURDAY...  
...SUNDAY...  
...1st Half...  
...2nd Half...  
...3rd Half...  
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...100th Half...

Player	AB	R	H	BI	BB	SO	Avg
Milwaukee	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
C.Gomez cf	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Lucroy c	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Jeffress p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Braun rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000
G.Parra rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Ar.Ramirez 3b	3	0	2	0	0	0	.667
W.Smith p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Maldonado c	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Lind 1b	4	0	3	0	0	0	.750
K.Davis lf	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Gennett 2b	3	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Segura ss	3	0	1	0	0	0	.333
Lohse p	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Blazek p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
a-L.Schafer ph	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Cotts p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
b-L.Jimenez ph-3b	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Totals	33	0	11	0	0	0	.333

1980 Major League Baseball season statistics and game logs. Includes batting, pitching, and fielding statistics for various players and teams.

Player	AB	R	H	BI	BB	SO	Avg
Milwaukee	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
C.Gomez cf	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Lucroy c	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Jeffress p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Braun rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000
G.Parra rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Ar.Ramirez 3b	3	0	2	0	0	0	.667
W.Smith p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Maldonado c	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Lind 1b	4	0	3	0	0	0	.750
K.Davis lf	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Gennett 2b	3	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Segura ss	3	0	1	0	0	0	.333
Lohse p	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Blazek p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
a-L.Schafer ph	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Cotts p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
b-L.Jimenez ph-3b	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
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Lucroy c	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Jeffress p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Braun rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000
G.Parra rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Ar.Ramirez 3b	3	0	2	0	0	0	.667
W.Smith p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Maldonado c	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Lind 1b	4	0	3	0	0	0	.750
K.Davis lf	4	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Gennett 2b	3	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Segura ss	3	0	1	0	0	0	.333
Lohse p	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Blazek p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
a-L.Schafer ph	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Cotts p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
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Blazek p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
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Cotts p	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
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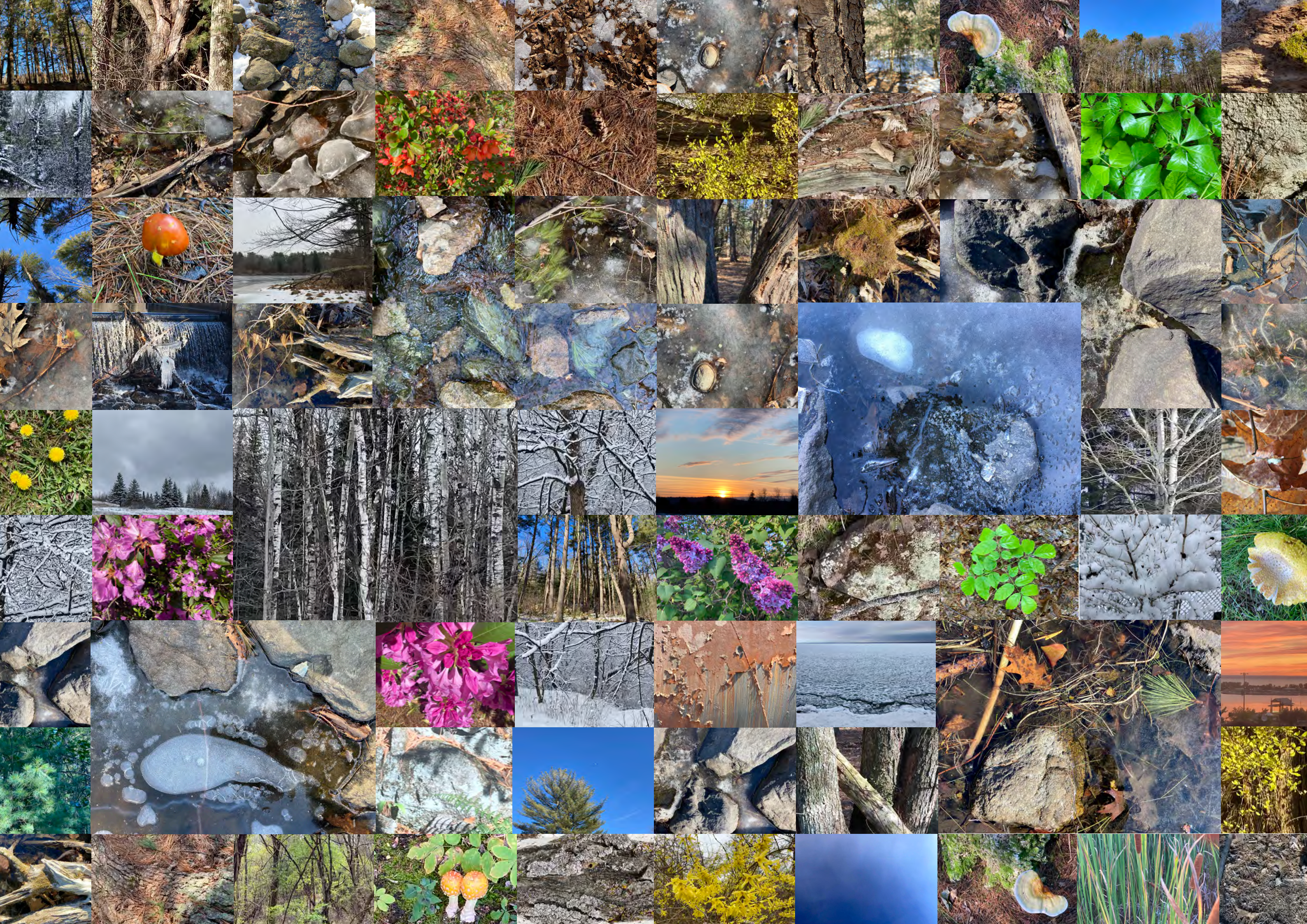


**Maybe** it was my summer job in college where I repaired bridges and worked the landscape along the Delaware River. That is another story.

**Maybe** it's Will, if he's alive somewhere, wondering how and why he got to wherever he is, never liking green, and never really knowing why.

A cascade of **lot** moments.

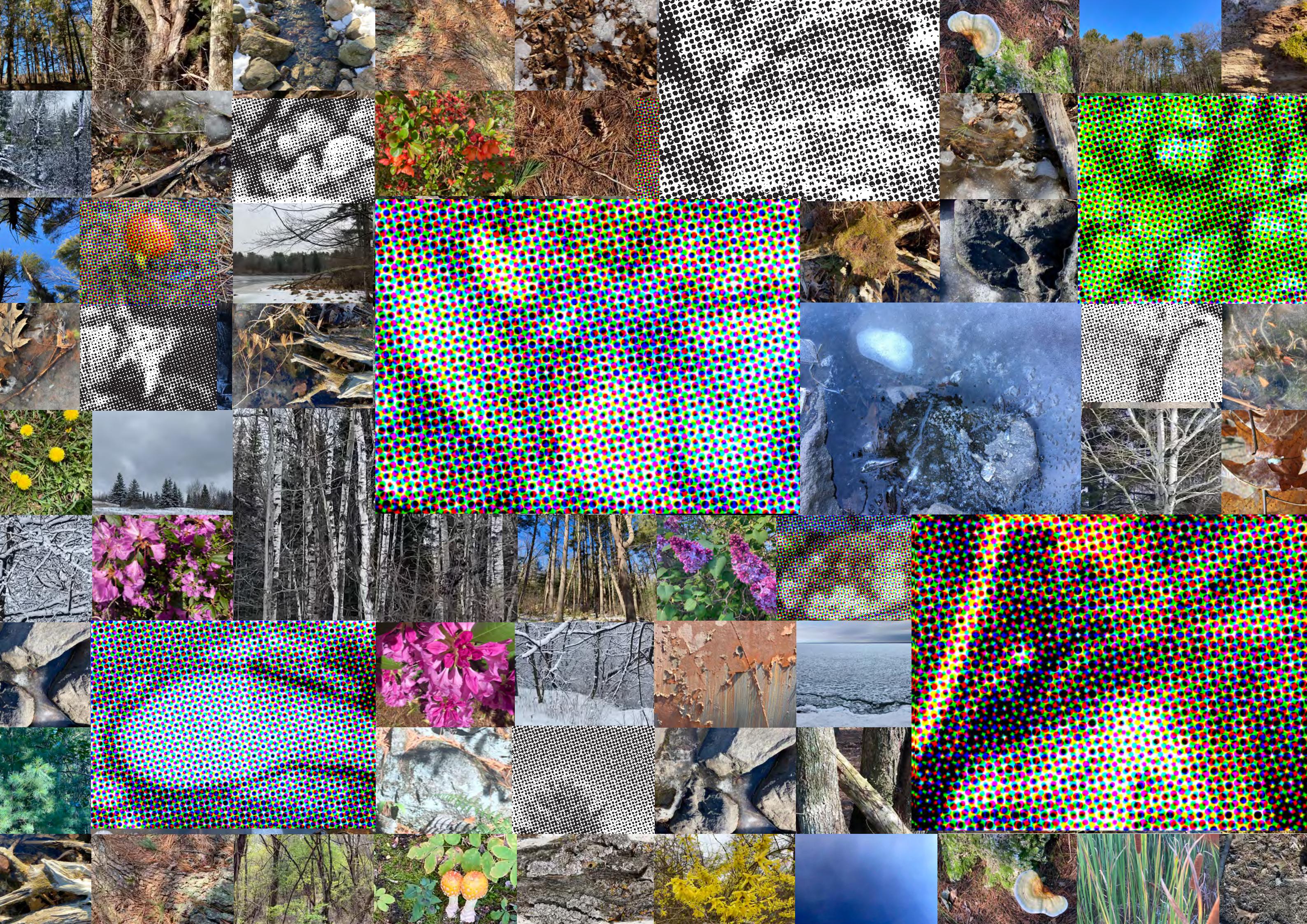














I met her in college. I knew her for the next fifteen years, and she passed away from cancer before she was thirty-eight years old. She studied dance in school. She became a massage therapist and then a midwife. She lived along the New England coastline and then finally settled in the desert of southwest Texas. She traveled through Europe and Israel. At one point in her life, Israel is where she planned to settle down. She was the sister of a fisherman and daughter of a distant mother. She roomed with Dead Heads and punk rockers. She lived in the house of a famous photographer. She lived in a small cabin in the Connecticut woods where she had to pump her own water and her only neighbors were one other home and a family of otters.





One day during the school year I walked into the lobby and saw Kristiana sitting by the elevator doors. We struck up a conversation and we have become friends ever since. **She was studying dance.** I was studying graphic design. Our college had both **artists and performing artists** living together

within its residential walls. One of the first things I learned about her was that she was a great lover of cats. When she moved out of the dorm the following year, she adopted two of them from the local animal shelter. I had a cat of my own and Kristiana was my cat sitter when I needed to leave town now and then.

When she graduated, she realized dancing was not going to be part of her future. She stayed in Philadelphia for a couple more years, worked as a waitress in a few different restaurants and then moved up to the Boston area and closer to the home where she grew up.






She moved into a house and had two roommates. One was the lead singer of an all-girls punk rock band called **Lizzy Borden and the Axes**, and yes, the frontwoman's name was really Lizzy (Elizabeth) Borden and they played throughout the Boston area. They were loud. They were raw and when you stood in the middle of the floor in front of their stage, your head and eardrums vibrated and the humming inside your ears would continue for the next day. You would try to find some rhythm to their music but that was a failed quest. It was just pure adrenaline, and it was punk.

The other roommate was a **DeadHead**. For those of you under the age of sixty who may not know what a Dead Head is, they are exceptionally devoted fans of the Grateful Dead. Grateful Dead fans travel all over to see their band in as many venues as humanly possible. They became their own population and their own community. They had their own idioms, slang, and dress. One day that roommate left for a

concert as a single **DeadHead** young lady and came back from the same concert as a newly married **DeadHead** bride, with the **DeadHead** husband in tow. Kristiana and the lead singer soon moved out.



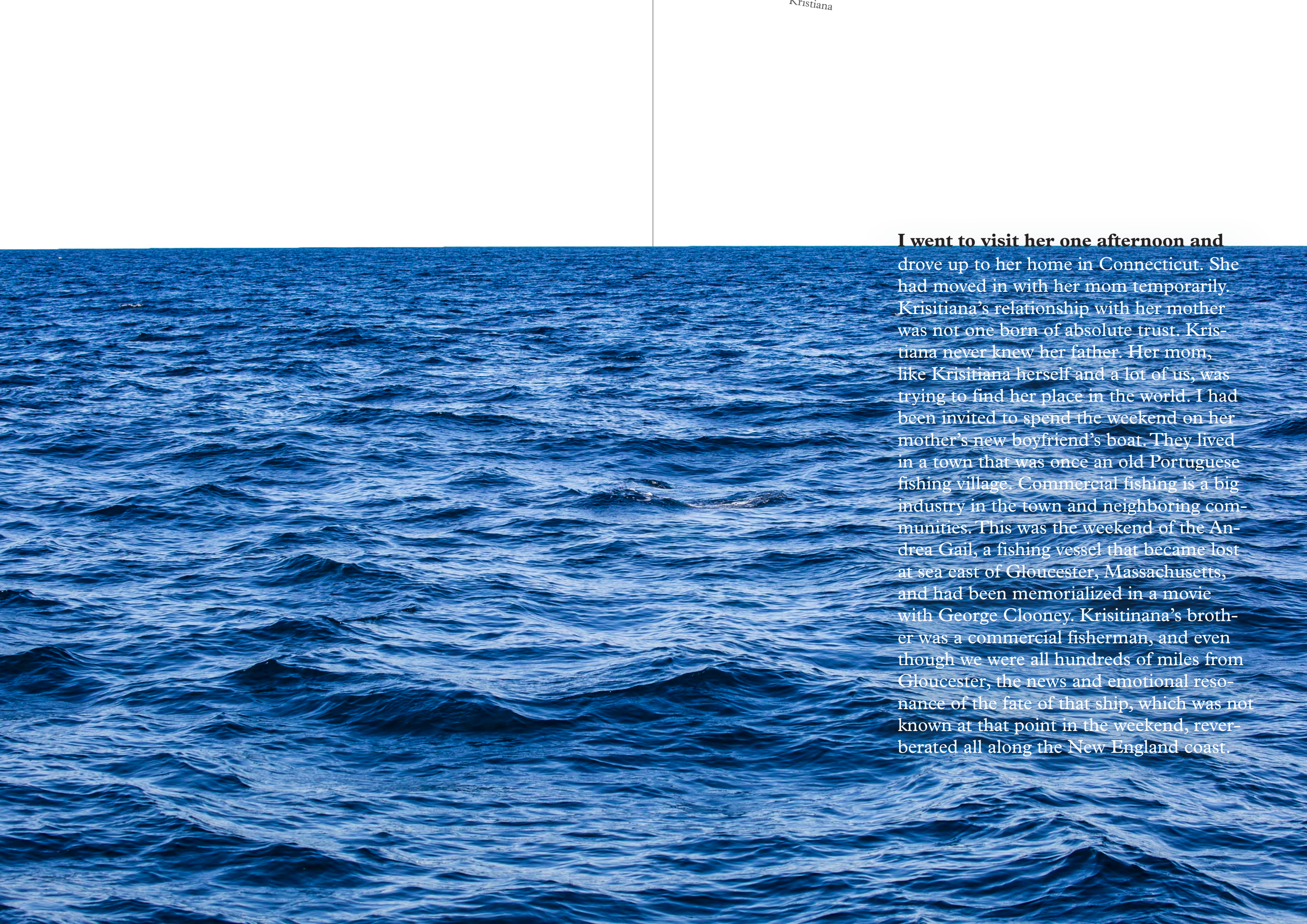


We traveled through Nova Scotia together. With two other friends, we drove up to Portland, Maine. We took a ferry and traveled twelve hours to Nova Scotia. We stayed overnight at a hostel which was not more than a wooden shack with a few boards nailed together to serve as beds. The curator of the hostel barely charged us anything, so we got our money's worth.

**It was the beginning of September and we made dinner by a campfire. The Canadian weather was already very cool and crisp by the evening and the maple tree leaves were turning red.**

The four of us were joined by a young woman from France, traveling by herself and making her way back and forth along the Canadian highway. This seemed like something unimaginable to do in today's day and age, especially in the United States, maybe in Canada. I cannot remember her name. She had made her way to Vancouver, was coming back east, and was now ready to return home. She told us she would sleep at other hostels and sometimes just camp on the side of the road during her journey. She was totally by herself. Her whys and wheres are *lost* to me. She seemed to be a bit worn out from her trip and I remember she did not offer a ton of information on her background. She was probably tired and a bit weary of strangers. I do remember that she told us that she did not have one bit of trouble with anyone over her entire trip.





**I went to visit her one afternoon and** drove up to her home in Connecticut. She had moved in with her mom temporarily. Kristiana's relationship with her mother was not one born of absolute trust. Kristiana never knew her father. Her mom, like Kristiana herself and a lot of us, was trying to find her place in the world. I had been invited to spend the weekend on her mother's new boyfriend's boat. They lived in a town that was once an old Portuguese fishing village. Commercial fishing is a big industry in the town and neighboring communities. This was the weekend of the Andrea Gail, a fishing vessel that became lost at sea east of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and had been memorialized in a movie with George Clooney. Kristiana's brother was a commercial fisherman, and even though we were all hundreds of miles from Gloucester, the news and emotional resonance of the fate of that ship, which was not known at that point in the weekend, reverberated all along the New England coast.





Two ~~men~~ I went to visit her one afternoon. I  
 elling north on interstate 95 I came  
 upon a traffic accident just short  
 of New Haven, ~~Connecticut~~  
 stopped on the left ~~side~~  
 with her ~~mother~~ ~~hours~~. It became  
 hard to ~~remember~~ ~~by~~ the situa-  
 tion as **I witnessed tow truck**  
**after tow truck on the op-**  
**posite side of the empty high-**  
**way carry away cars that**  
**looked more like crumpled**  
**metal** than automobiles.

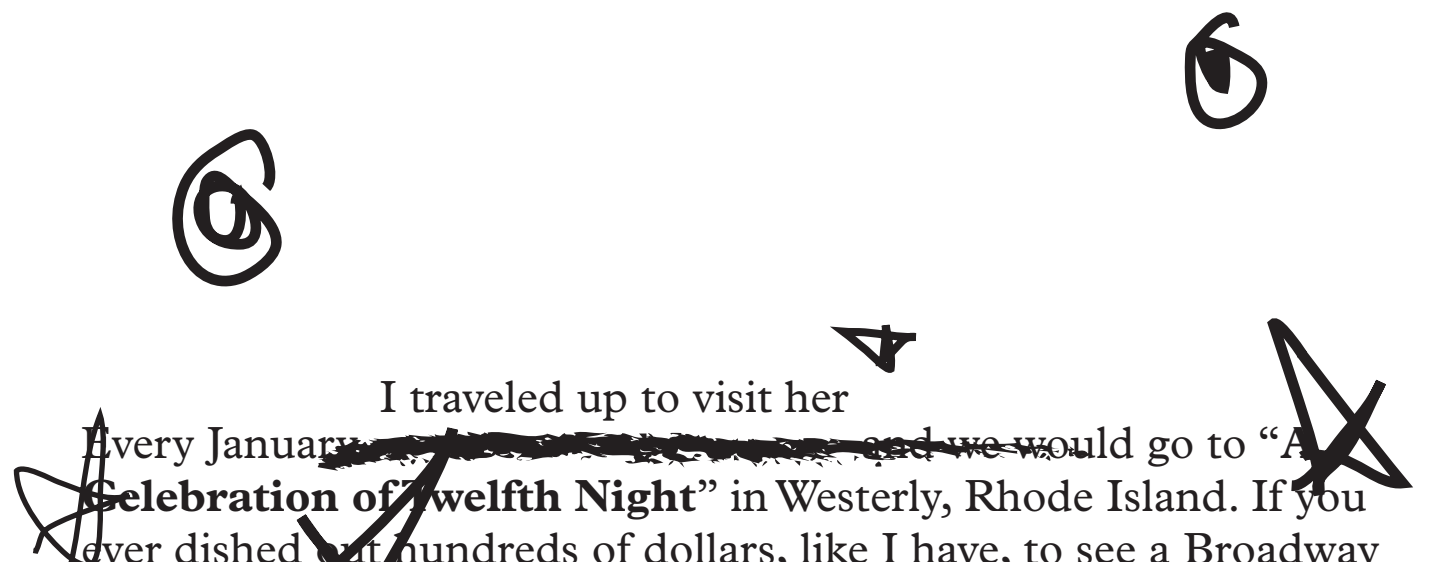
end. One, it was the time that the  
 Andrea Gail, a commercial fishing  
 vessel, was lost at sea

her brother was also a commercial fisherman,



Near her home was an **old Portuguese fishing**  
**village** called Stonington. It was located near the  
 border of Connecticut and Rhode Island. There was  
 a high-end restaurant there along its port. But if you  
 knew enough of the local culture there, one would  
 rather go into its bar area. Plain wooden tables and  
 chairs laid on wooden plank floors. One could eat the  
 same lobster dinner there for a fraction of the price  
 that went on in the dining area next door. You just  
 received your lobster whole and it was up to you to  
 crack open, saw out and dig the delicious meat for  
 yourself. We have eaten lobster directly off a fishing  
 vessel harbored off the coast of Connecticut.





I traveled up to visit her  
 Every January ~~and we would go to "A~~  
**Celebration of Twelfth Night**" in Westerly, Rhode Island. If you  
 ever dished out hundreds of dollars, like I have, to see a Broadway  
 show, this little performance for twenty dollars admission will let  
 you witness a holiday pageant that has more to do with the winter  
 solstice than it does with the Christian holiday. European jugglers,  
 choirs composed of adults and children, simple, but elaborate orna-  
 mentation and white holiday lights mixed in with stories from Nor-  
 dic and nautical myths were performed inside a local church. There  
 was chanting, singing, operatic performances mixed in with choral  
 music. It was always performed a few weeks after the Holidays so  
 it could tell of long ago stories before department stores and reli-  
 gion's own interpretations. I saw a performance there with my wife,  
 I saw it again with my first-born son.



**She lived without running water** in the woods of eastern Connecticut. There was a pump 100 feet from her home. She would pump what she needed and carry the water back to her cabin. She had enough electricity to keep some lights on and a couple of burners on an electric stove. She lived in a modest cabin in those woods.









I do not have any photos or mementos of my time with Kristiana. Through a marriage, raising three sons, a separation, a divorce, and moving from one place to another, anything that I may have had has gotten *lost* through all the transitions. However, there is one piece of art I have and left over from my time with her. It was one we worked on together. It is a mark I did for her when she became a midwife. Even midwives need to make some money. The mark was not so much about marketing as it was a validation of her new identity, her new life, her new passion. Kristiana was also a lover of Matisse.

Throughout all the time I knew her and through all the places she lived, she kept one item that traveled with her wherever she lived. She had a large print of Matisse's "Icarus" illustration. It is **an image of a dark figure floating in a beautiful space** of blue. Matisse's blue felt like it could recede forever beyond the plain of its frame. Yellow starbursts, or sun bursts if you desire, surround the figure as if they were drawn by Matisse as a young child. If one follows the trajectory of Matisse's work, this painting, this illustration was part of the beginning of a change in his later work. This print and her two cats were the only things she carried with her throughout all the places she had been. Life did not give her a long chance to soar. It is a person forever floating in that deep blue space and forever looking up beyond the blue.



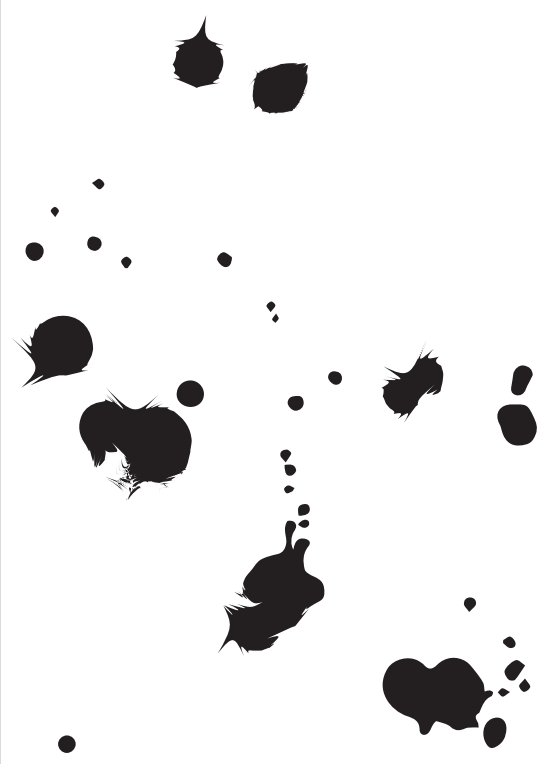
I do not believe Icarus is a proper symbol for my old friend. After all, Icarus, in a sense, chose his fate, he chose that place in the sky, in the end Kristiana did not. But they do share something in common. There in that place in a big beautiful blue sky there is a pause, a moment to remain floating there. Is it getting *lost*? Maybe. Is it looking for something else? Mmmm, maybe. I think it is less of an objective than it is simply to get there. One cannot fall until you get to a place where falling is a possibility.







The mark we created was inspired by Matisse. It's a mother holding her baby in her arms and was created out of cut paper and black and white paint. I would like to think of it as her creation and I was just the helping hand in which to put it on paper. It was made into a rubber stamp. When it was time for Kristina to send out a bill or create some other form of paperwork, she could run the pertinent information through her little laser printer and then simply stamp her mark anywhere on the printed sheet. No two stamps were ever the same. By the characteristics of the art and by the amount of pressure used during the stamping process, there was always at least a semi-unique mark created. The messier the stamping, the better.







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I have worked as a graphic designer for over 10 years. For over 10 years, I have created a lot of trouble for quite a while.

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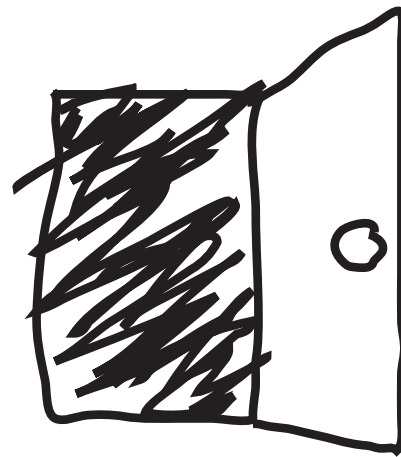
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Rebecca Solnit in the beginning of her book, *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*, speaks of leaving the door open for the unknown, for possibilities. She writes of a time a student gave her a quote from the pre-Socratic philosopher Meno,

*“How will you go about finding that thing the nature of which is totally unknown to you?”*

When I started this thesis, **I had no idea what I was going to do**. I had a couple of semesters of graphic design work. I had a semester of writing which was brand new to me. I had these various little projects that felt good to do, but I did not have a ‘big idea’.

I had a smaller idea about my *lost* journey with my dog. But where to go with this? Was it a big essay? Was there some philosophical and methodological discussion to be pulled from getting *lost*?

**I didn’t know.**



...ing no orientation,

the losing of our internal compass.

We could also be lost in the cacophony of our surroundings.



see simple draft p. 290

## Away we went.

There was a semi-trodden path in the snow to follow. The path led down an incline. I followed it between two hills, went around a clump of trees, avoided an area where I sensed a pond existed, which was now buried and concealed under a blanket of ice and snow. I thought I knew where I was. I thought I was heading for a path I had walked before the previous autumn.

However, whoever had walked the path I was currently on, seemed to have vanished in thin air.

**The trouble with our internal compasses is that you can know the direction you are going, but you are still at the mercy of the terrain, and this terrain was covered in snow. The details of my previous hikes to the area were *lost* on me. I had no idea of what lied underneath the snow.**

I walked further down a hill for about a quarter of a mile. No fear, there was a roof of a building I recognized. The only thing between me and my new destination was a few hundred yards and two feet of snow. I plowed ahead.

**And where the hell is Hades?**

I GOT LOST

continued from p. 35



before the  
during the

had been a sunny,  
beautiful winter day. It  
was the middle of Feb-  
ruary. It was cold, but  
I was dressed in plenty  
of layers. I felt com-  
fortable and refreshing  
from walking and breathing  
the clear, crisp, fresh air. There  
was no snow on the ground. The



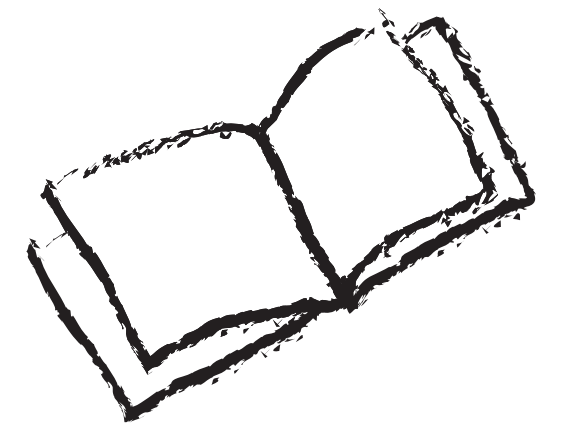
They had seen Hades by my car and they told me he had been waiting for me for the past hour. They were getting concerned that there was this dog running around with no human in sight. They figured somebody would eventually show up, and when no one did, they became concerned.

Hades came running up to me and just like every time I leave him at home and come through the door, jumped up and down as if he has not seen me in months. This moment felt a little closer to that truth. We piled into the car and **headed home.**



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