
From: "Fitzgerald, Kenneth" <KFitzger@odu.edu>
Date: Wednesday, March 9, 2016 at 11:06 AM
To: Jennifer Renko <jennifer.renko@vcfa.edu>
Cc: Jennifer Skinder <Jennifer.Skinder@vcfa.edu>, Ian Lynam <ian@ianlynam.com>
Subject: Re: meeting up

I'll need anything and everything you have to make this happen:

Music for Metaphors

Kenneth FitzGerald

Workshop

◇ = Free Style

One of Brian Eno and Peter Schmidt's "Oblique Strategies" cards reads, "Feed the recording back out of the medium." So, let's go out of the medium of recording altogether and into graphic design. Music's my default metaphor for discussing graphic design and making it. What might it be like to make design the way contemporary, studio-produced music is made? We're going to make a design album (12 tracks?) as a large ensemble, with individual participants assigned roles. For instance, someone will be designated as "lead guitar," which, for our purposes may be primary typographer. Others will generate rhythms, step up for solos, sing backup. Roles will be swapped, different bands and types of music invoked. A set of Oblique Strategies cards will be consulted. Come prepared to play acoustic or electric or sample. Bring all your axes—I'm coming with crappy old Letraset sheets and rubber stamps along with my laptop.

Core topics covered:

- Craft and technology
- Pedagogy/teaching
- Formal skills
- Content/container synthesis/production

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AIGA DESIGN CONFERENCE 2016

DO PRESENTERS PUT THIS TEXT AT THE BOTTOM TO REMIND THEMSELVES OR YOU WHERE THEY ARE

GAMES FOR MUSICIANS

Introduction

I wrote these "games for musicians" during the recording sessions for what has now become the David Bowie album *1.Outside*. The sessions took place at Mountain Studios in Montreux, Switzerland, right on the edge of Lake Geneva.

At Montreux, David had assembled a great team – Mike Garson on piano, Reeves Gabrels on guitar, Sterling Campbell on drums, Erdal Kizilcay on everything and bass, and then the two of us. It quickly became clear that here were six people who had the talent and good humor (you need both) to be able to work together in a new, experimental way.

I wanted the sessions to be improvisation based, but I wanted also to think of some structuring devices that would prevent the improvs from falling into the lowest-common-denominator grooves ("the blues" is the most common one). What I was after was a way of using the breadth of the players to create a music that was stylistically stretched, where there was a level of musical tension, a resistance to simple cohesion. So I came up with the games.

I printed them up and handed one to each of the musicians (and also to the engineer, Dave Richards, and the assistant engineer). I asked everyone keep his character secret. After that, we played "in character." It has to be said that we slipped frequently out of character, but nonetheless these set us off on a new foot and allowed us to come up with some kinds of music that we certainly wouldn't have made otherwise. Any absurdities could be blamed on the game: The game takes responsibility and lets you be someone else.

For Reeves Gabrels

It's 2008. You are a musician in one of the new "Neo-Science" bands, playing in an underground club in the Afro-Chinese ghetto in Osaka, not far from the University. The whole audience is high on "dreamwater," an auditory hallucinogen so powerful that it can be transmitted by sweat condensation alone. You are also feeling its effects, finding yourself fascinated by intricate single-note rhythm patterns, shard-like Rosetta Stone hieroglyphs. You are in no particular key – making random bursts of data which you beam into the performance. You are lost in the abstracted rational beauty of a system no one understands, sending out messages that can't be translated. You are a great artist and the audience is expecting something intellectually challenging from you. As a kid, your favorite record (in your Dad's record collection) was *Trout Mask Replica*.

For Mike Garson

You are a player in a Neo-M-Base improvising collective. It is 1999, the eve of the millenium. The world is holding its breath, and things are tense internationally. You are playing atonal, ice-like sheets of sound which hang limpid in the air, making a shifting background tint behind the music. You think of yourself as the "tonal geology" of the music – the harmonic underpinning from which everything else grows. When you are featured, you cascade through glacial arpeggios – incredibly slow and grand, or tumbling with intricate internal confusion. Between these cascades, you fire out short staccato bursts of knotty tonality. You love the old albums of the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

For David Bowie

You are a member of an early 21st Century "Art and Language" band. You make incantations, permutations of something between speech and singing. The language you use is mysterious and rich – and you use a melange of several languages, since anyway most of your audience now speak a patois that effortlessly blends English, Spanish, Chinese and Wolog. Using on-stage computers, instant sampling techniques and long delay echo systems, you are able to build up dense clouds of colored words during performance. Your audience regards you as the greatest living exponent of live abstract poetry. Samuel Beckett is a big influence.

For Erdal Kizilcay

It's 2005. You are a musician in a soul-Arab band in a North-African role-sex club. The clientele are rich, sophisticated and unshockable – this is to the Arab world what New York was to the US in the '80s. You play a kind of repetitive atonal funk with occasional wildly ambitious ornaments to impress your future father-in-law, the Minister of Networks for Siliconia, who is in the audience. You love the recordings of Farid El Atrache.

'White space' is scorned like it was
 design apartheid. Design heroes:
 Mike Genatser Music: hip hop classic
 Grandmaster Flash

19. You are a Sophomore design student
 at Ringier School of Art in Florida.
 Just about all you know about design
 is from your intro class ~~but~~ and
 deck designs. Your boyfriend (you're
 gay btw) turned you onto Jay Ward +
 you have Mr. Peabody + Sherman stickers
 all over your laptop. Music: a capella

20. You're a member of the neo-Punk
 collaborative but was purged for having
 nice things to say about branding. Now
 you subvert the most mainstream
 brand design tropes ~~deconstructed~~
 treated through pure contrarianism.
 Influences: George Maciunas, Joseph
 Cornell. Music: Stevie Wonder, Kanye

nothing can be
 destroyed - must
 appear in final mix

DEMORING

(working)
 titles

WHAT'S PATTERN?
 SEQUENCE

instrumental
 ballad
 power ballad
 a capella
 medley

STACCATO
 3/16 5/8

song lengths
 dimensions

ONE TAKE

epic
 punk
 anthem

DIRGE
 LAMENT

VERSE
 CHORUS
 INTRO/OUTRO
 AFTER/BEFORE
 CHORUS

solo acoustic (guitar)
 solo acoustic (piano)
 orchestral
 improvisation
 nocturne
 suite

LINEAR
 DISPENSED

LOOP

IMPROV
 SCORED

BONUS HIDDEN TRACK

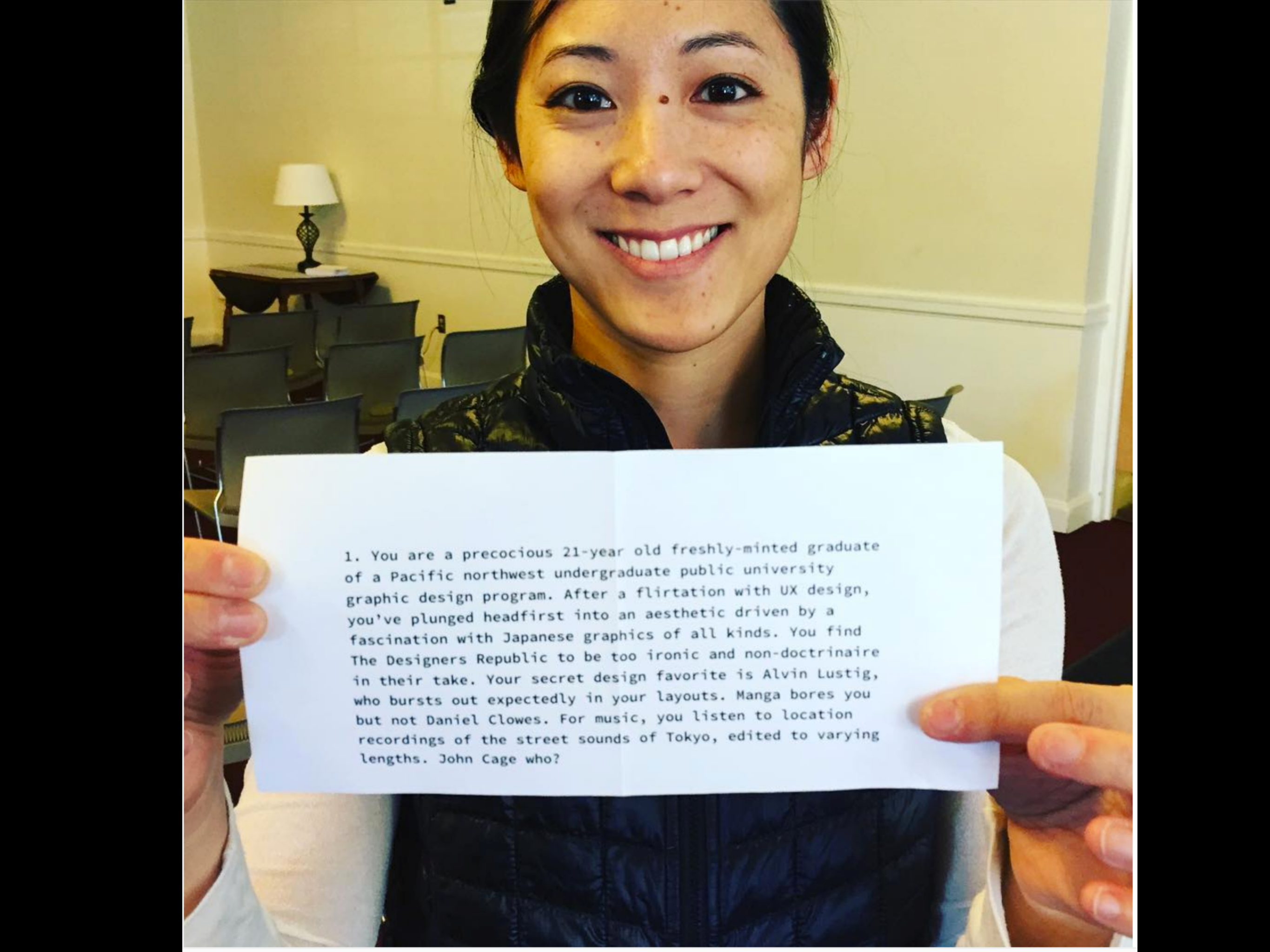
KICK
 SNARE
 CYMBAL

→ HOOK
 DRONE
 ARPEGGIO
 RAP
~~FAST~~ FEEDBACK
 (COUNTER) MELODY
 STACCATO
 INTERLUDE
 VARIATIONS OF THEME
 MIDDLE
 BREAKDOWN BRIDGE
 ECHO

DOUBLE TRACKING
 TAPED
 1/4 1/8 1/16

LYRICISTS
 DRONE
 BASS
 DRUM
 LEAD INST
 RHYTHM INST
 FILLS
 PROGRAMMING
 BEATS
 WASH
 ORCH.
 PERC.
 GUIDE VOICE
 SEQUENCER
 SAMPLE(S)

CLOSE MIXING

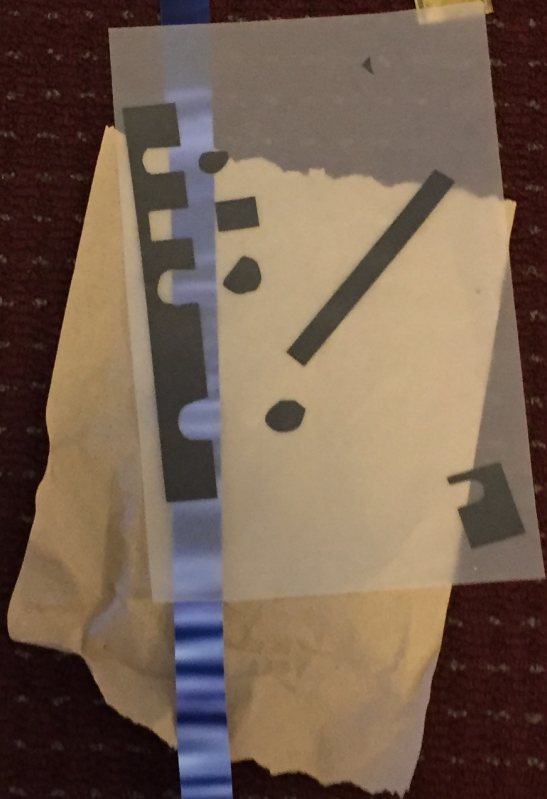
A young woman with dark hair and a bindi on her forehead is smiling and holding a white piece of paper. The paper contains a paragraph of text. The background shows a room with a lamp and some chairs.

1. You are a precocious 21-year old freshly-minted graduate of a Pacific northwest undergraduate public university graphic design program. After a flirtation with UX design, you've plunged headfirst into an aesthetic driven by a fascination with Japanese graphics of all kinds. You find The Designers Republic to be too ironic and non-doctrinaire in their take. Your secret design favorite is Alvin Lustig, who bursts out expectedly in your layouts. Manga bores you but not Daniel Clowes. For music, you listen to location recordings of the street sounds of Tokyo, edited to varying lengths. John Cage who?



Photo by: [illegible]
[illegible] - [illegible]

colored
24" x 35.007 in







JOHANN

PAULINA

MIKE

TODD

Jesus
Kinky
n
03
Macabre
n
02
Ouiji
the
Trust
n
01

Coochtang
n
06
Empathy
About
Something
n
05
Sausage
a
Smoke
n
04

MUSIC FOR metaphors

07
10
n
n
Eat
Butterflies
Alright,
Suite
n
Weight
Bonus
of
Seeing
Track
n
09
Tech
Disposable
Wipes
(and
3-Pr
Issues)
Commodity

MARTI

ASHLEY

production

+

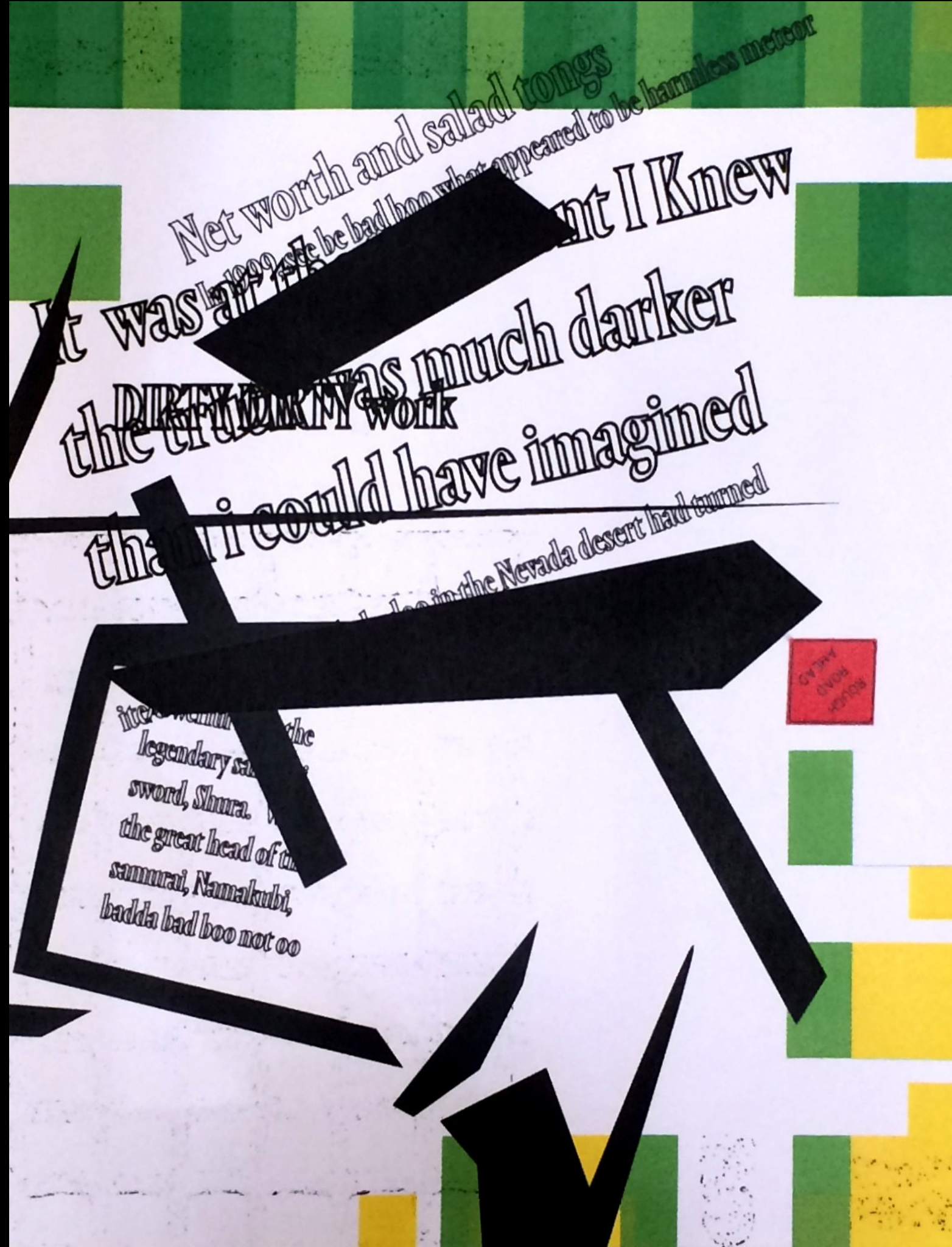
AMELIA

treatments:

kenneth

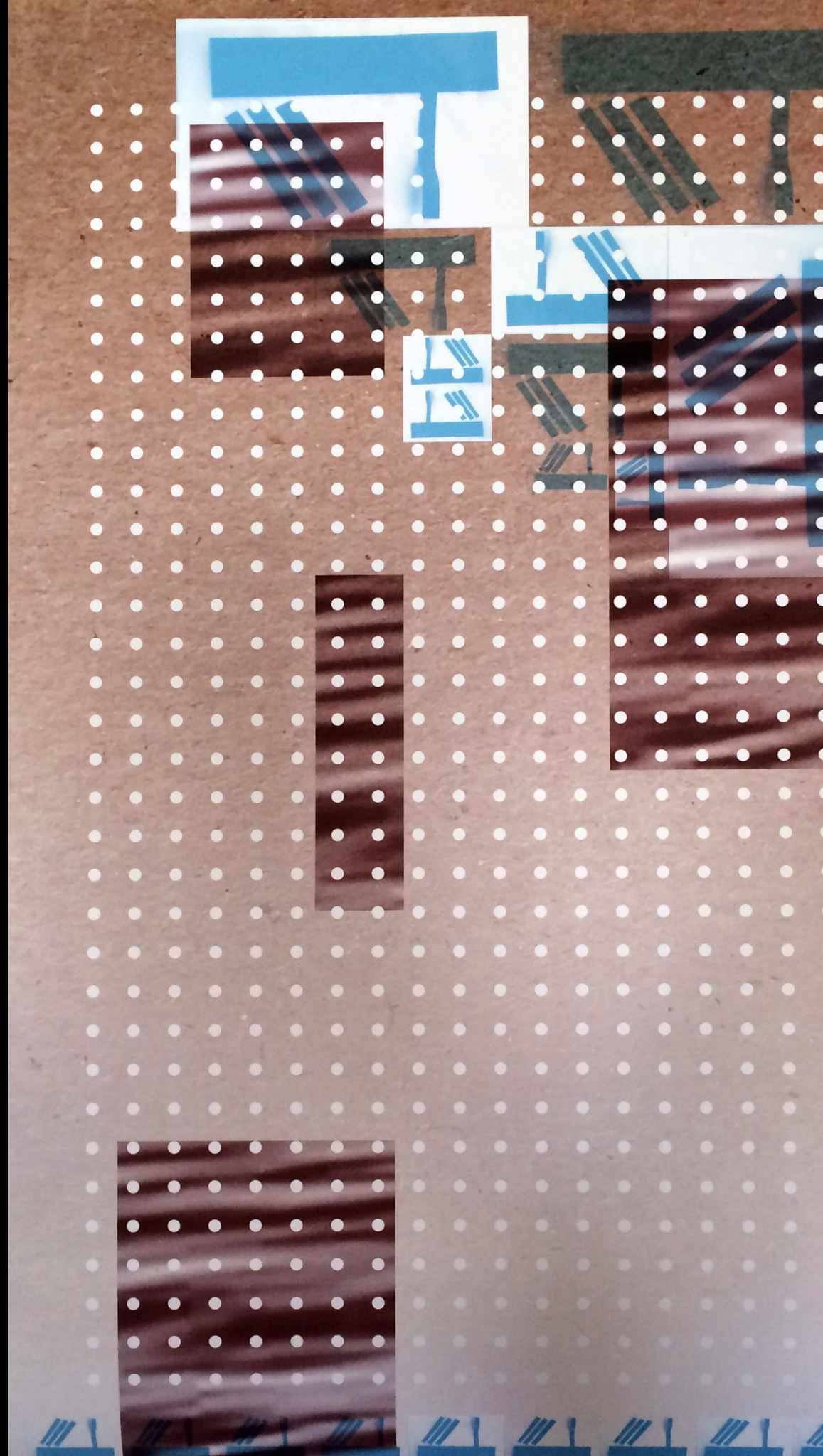
LM

fg



Track 1:
Trust the Ouija
(Punk thrash)

Track 2:
Macabre
(Orchestral)





Track 3:
Kinky Jesus
(Power ballad)

S

Vast Pasts never romance and laughter of the alchemist
as the tripod kicks loose and the cat meows.

T

R

E

A

Never flow amateur with rhymes with diastase and
nexus commercials play in repeat as the tidal wave
flows over and over again.

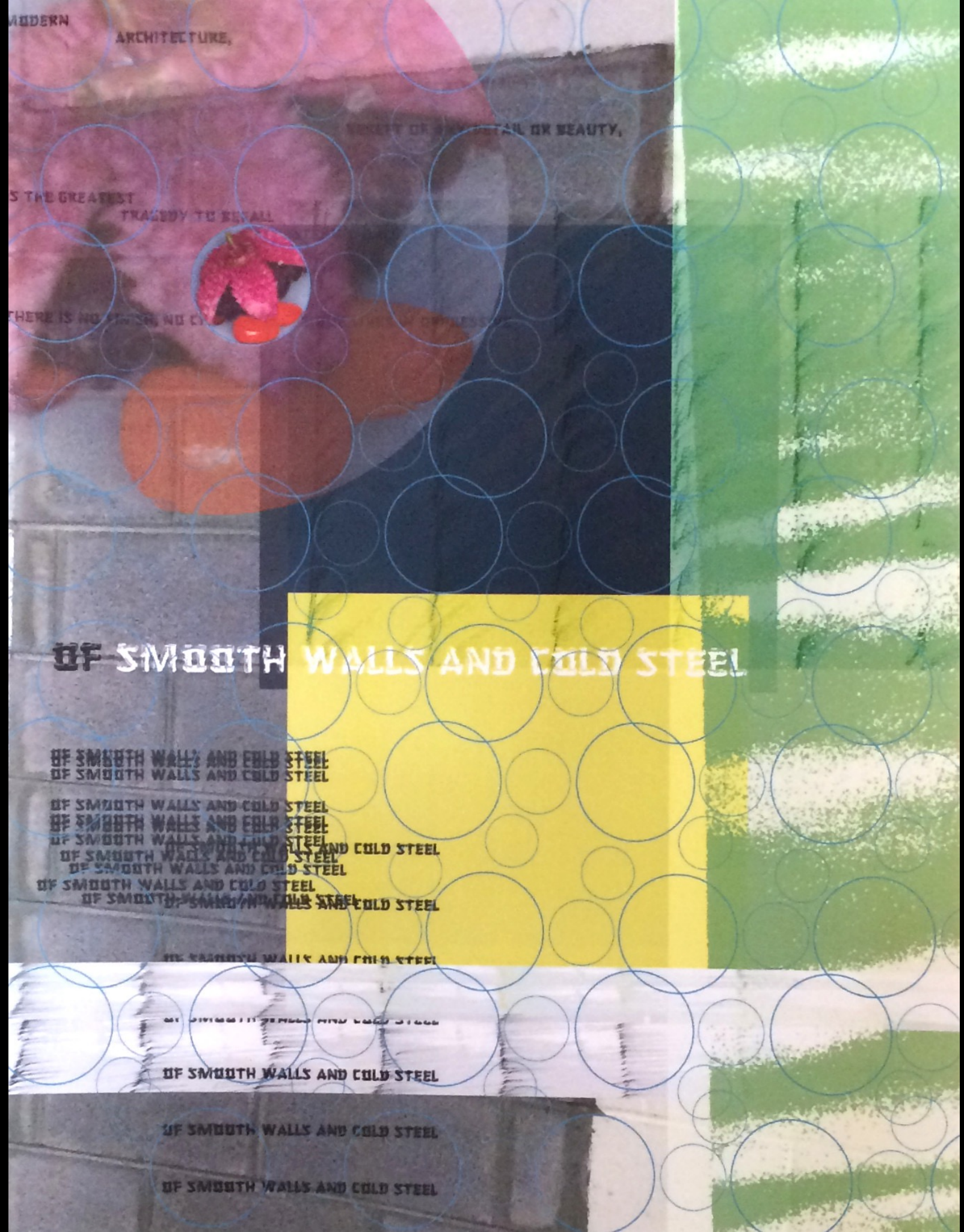
M

S

Mom is calling and I can't reach the couch to
respond under water is to respond with favors.

Track 4:
Smoke a
Sausage
(A capella)

Track 5:
Something
about
Empathy
(Anthem)



ROCOCO & BAROQUE

“If the student will but endeavor to search out the thoughts which have been expressed in so many different languages, he may assuredly hope to find an ever-gushing fountain in place of a half-filled STAGNATE reservoir.”

Owen Jones The Grammar of Ornament 1868

**Track 6:
Coochtang**

Track 7:

I Eat Butterflies

(Ballad)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
OF ADULTS ADVOCATING FOR
AGGREGATING approach



ABANDON ABSTRACT ACADEMICS
&
ARCHIVES OF ACHIEVEMENTS
ACKNOWLEDGING

Track 8: Weighz of Seeing (Acoustic)

Track 9:
Tech Wipes
(and 3-ply Tissues)
(Instrumental)





Track 10:
Alright, Suite
(Epic)

101.

A collage featuring the word "ARTS" in large white letters on a red background. A black rectangular box obscures part of the image.



Disposable/ Commodity (Free form)



Thank you:

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