




objects
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methods
 Designers in Residence Lecture
 Department of Graphic Design


Herdimas
 Anesara
 Herdimas
 Ghraowi

Herdimas Anggara  **Ayham Ghraowi**

Monday, September 12th
 12:30 PM EDT

In Person at the ICA
ZOOM Link Provided
ASL & Live Captions Available

No registration required. Zoom link will be emailed out to GDES department and posted in GDES Instagram bio on the day before the event. All are welcome, open to the public.



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Objects & Methods presents **NYC**

Other Means

Monday, October 31st
 12:30 PM EDT

RVA  **609 Bowe St. 5th Floor**
 ★Limited Capacity★

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IN PERSON, ZOOM also provided
 ASL + Live Captions Available

No registration required.
 Zoom link will be emailed out to GDES department and also posted in GDES Instagram bio on the day before the event.
 All are welcome, open to the public.

Objects & Methods **ALEXIS MARK STUDIO**

MONDAY 12:30 PM EDT

NOV. 14TH 2022
Presents

ALEXIS MARK STUDIO

ALEXIS MARK STUDIO

Only on Zoom, ASL Interpretation & Live Captions Available.
 No registration required. Zoom link will be emailed out to GDES department and also posted in GDES Instagram bio on the day before the event. All are welcome, open to the public.

vcuarts | the anderson

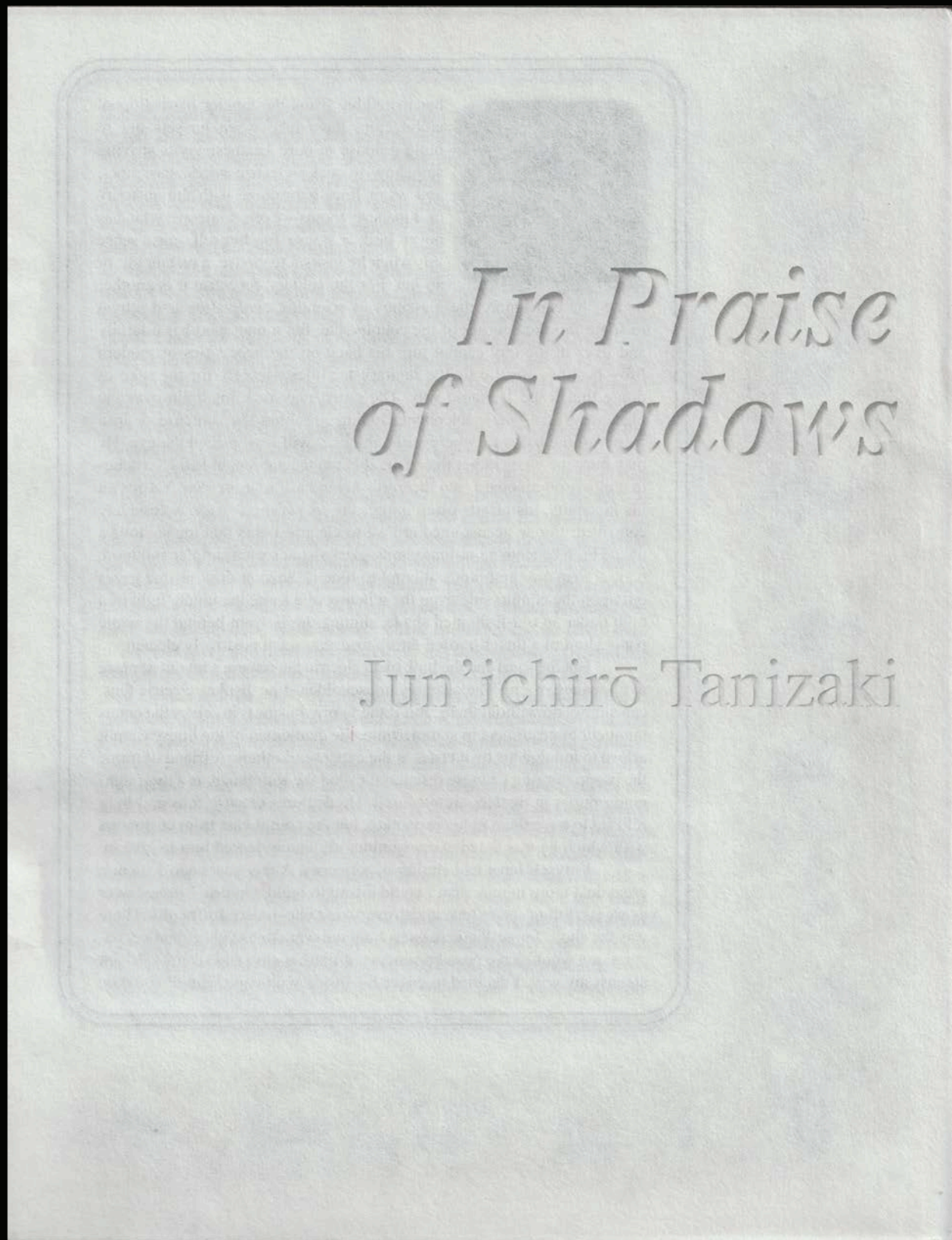
Open Video Call #8

"Existence Now"



THE ANDERSON OPEN VIDEO CALL



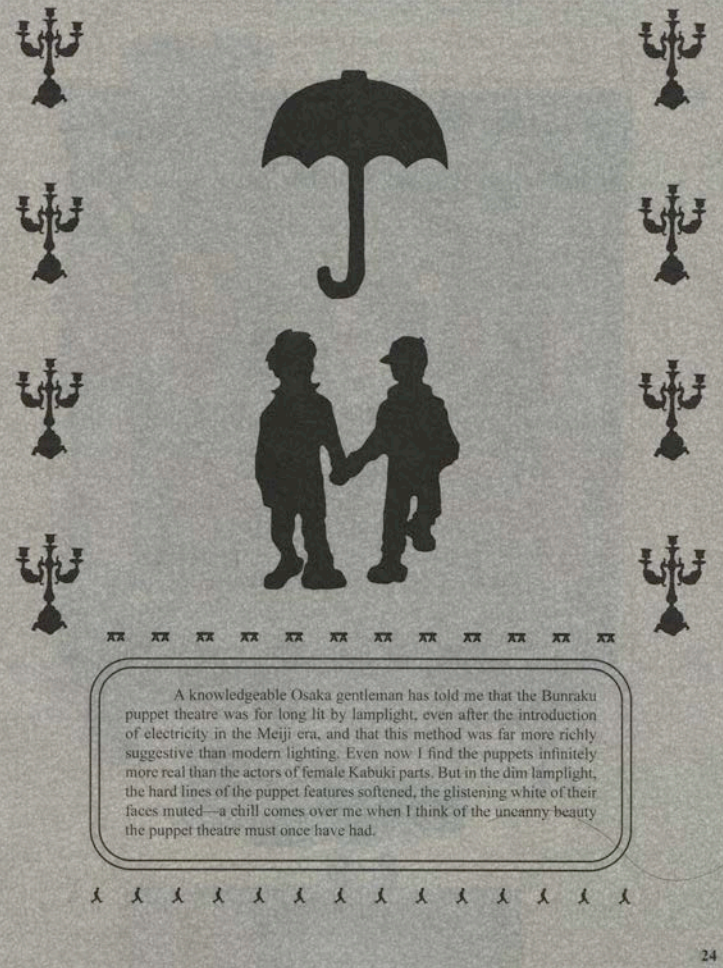


he darkness in which the Nō is shrouded and the beauty that emerges from it make a distinct world of shadows which today can be seen only on the stage; but in the past it could not have been far removed from daily life. The darkness of the Nō stage is after all the darkness of the domestic architecture of the day; and Nō costumes, even if a bit more splendid in pattern and color, are by and large those that were worn by court nobles and feudal lords. I find the thought fascinating: to imagine how very handsome, by comparison with us today, the Japanese of the past must have been in their resplendent dress—particularly the warriors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Nō sets before us the beauty of Japanese manhood at its finest. What grand figures those warriors who traversed the battlefields of old must have cut in their full regalia emblazoned with family crests, the somber ground and gleaming embroidery setting off strong-boned faces burnished a deep bronze by wind and rain. Every devotee of the Nō finds a certain portion of his pleasure in speculations of this sort; for the thought that the highly colored world on the stage once existed just as we see it imparts to the Nō a historical fascination quite apart from the drama.

But the Kabuki is ultimately a world of sham, having little to do with beauty in the natural state. It is inconceivable that the beautiful women of old—to say nothing of the men—bore any resemblance to those we see on the Kabuki stage. The women of the Nō, portrayed by masked actors, are far from realistic; but the Kabuki actor in the part of a woman inspires not the slightest sense of reality. The failure is the fault of excessive lighting. When there were no modern floodlamps, when the Kabuki stage was lit by the meager light of candles and lanterns, actors must have been somewhat more convincing in women's roles. People complain that Kabuki actors are no longer really feminine, but this is hardly the fault of their talents or looks. If actors of old had had to appear on the bright stage of today, they would doubtless have stood out with a certain masculine harshness, which in the past was discreetly hidden by darkness. This was brought home to me vividly when I saw the aging Baiō in the role of the young Okaru. A senseless and extravagant use of lights, I thought, has destroyed the beauty of Kabuki.



A knowledgeable Osaka gentleman has told me that the Bunraku puppet theatre was for long lit by lamplight, even after the introduction of electricity in the Meiji era, and that this method was far more richly suggestive than modern lighting. Even now I find the puppets infinitely more real than the actors of female Kabuki parts. But in the dim lamplight, the hard lines of the puppet features softened, the glistening white of their faces muted—a chill comes over me when I think of the uncanny beauty the puppet theatre must once have had.



smaller rooms are the fashion now, and even if one were to use candles in them one would not get the color of that darkness, but in the old palace and the old house of pleasure the ceilings were high, the skirting corridors were wide, the rooms themselves were usually tens of feet long and wide, and the darkness must always have pressed in like a fog. The elegant aristocrat of old was immersed in this suspension of ashen particles, soaked in it, but the man of today, long used to the electric light, has forgotten that such a darkness existed. It must have been simple for spectators to appear in a "visible darkness," where always something seemed to be flickering and shimmering, a darkness that on occasion held greater terrors than darkness out-of-doors. This was the darkness in which ghosts and monsters were active, and indeed was not the woman who lived in it, behind thick curtains, behind layer after layer of screens and doors—was she not of a kind with them? The darkness wrapped her round tenfold, twentyfold, it filled the collar, the sleeves of her kimono, the folds of her skirt, wherever a hollow invited. Further yet, might it not have been the reverse, might not the darkness have emerged from her mouth and those black teeth, from the black of her hair, like the thread from the great earth spider?

he novelist Takebayashi Musōan said when he returned from Paris a few years ago that Tokyo and Osaka were far more brightly lit than any European city; that even on the Champs Elysées there were still houses lit by oil lamps, while in Japan hardly a one remained unless in a remote mountain village. Perhaps no two countries in the world waste more electricity than America and Japan, he said, for Japan is only too anxious to imitate America in every way it can. That was some four or five years ago, before the vogue for neon signs. Imagine his surprise were he to come home today, when everything is so much brighter.

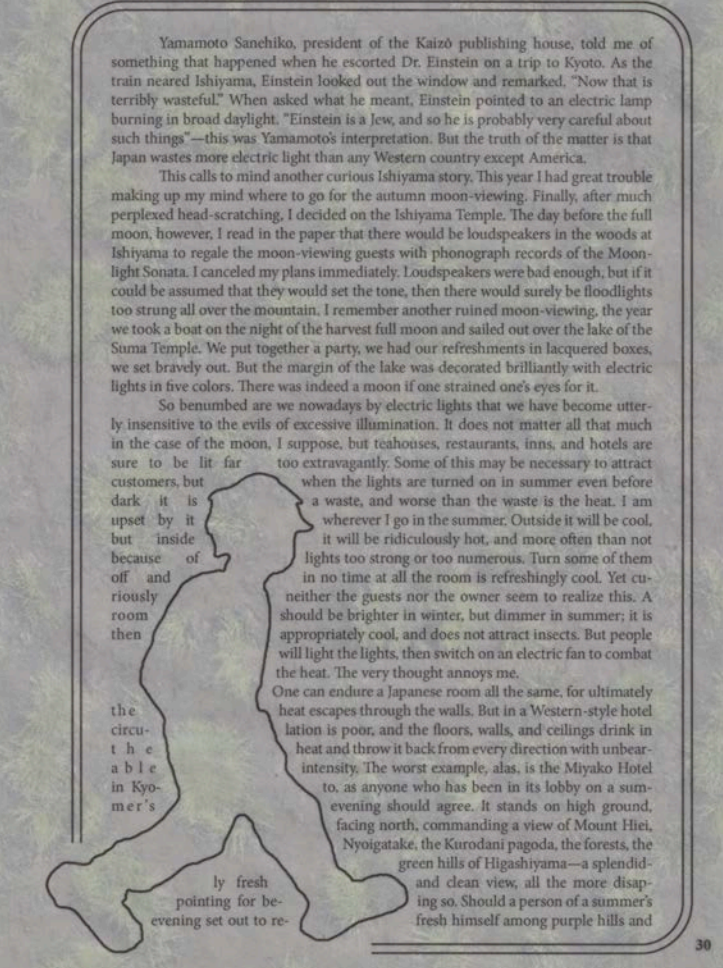


Yamamoto Sanehiko, president of the Kaizō publishing house, told me of something that happened when he escorted Dr. Einstein on a trip to Kyoto. As the train neared Ishiyama, Einstein looked out the window and remarked, "Now that is terribly wasteful." When asked what he meant, Einstein pointed to an electric lamp burning in broad daylight. "Einstein is a Jew, and so he is probably very careful about such things"—this was Yamamoto's interpretation. But the truth of the matter is that Japan wastes more electric light than any Western country except America.

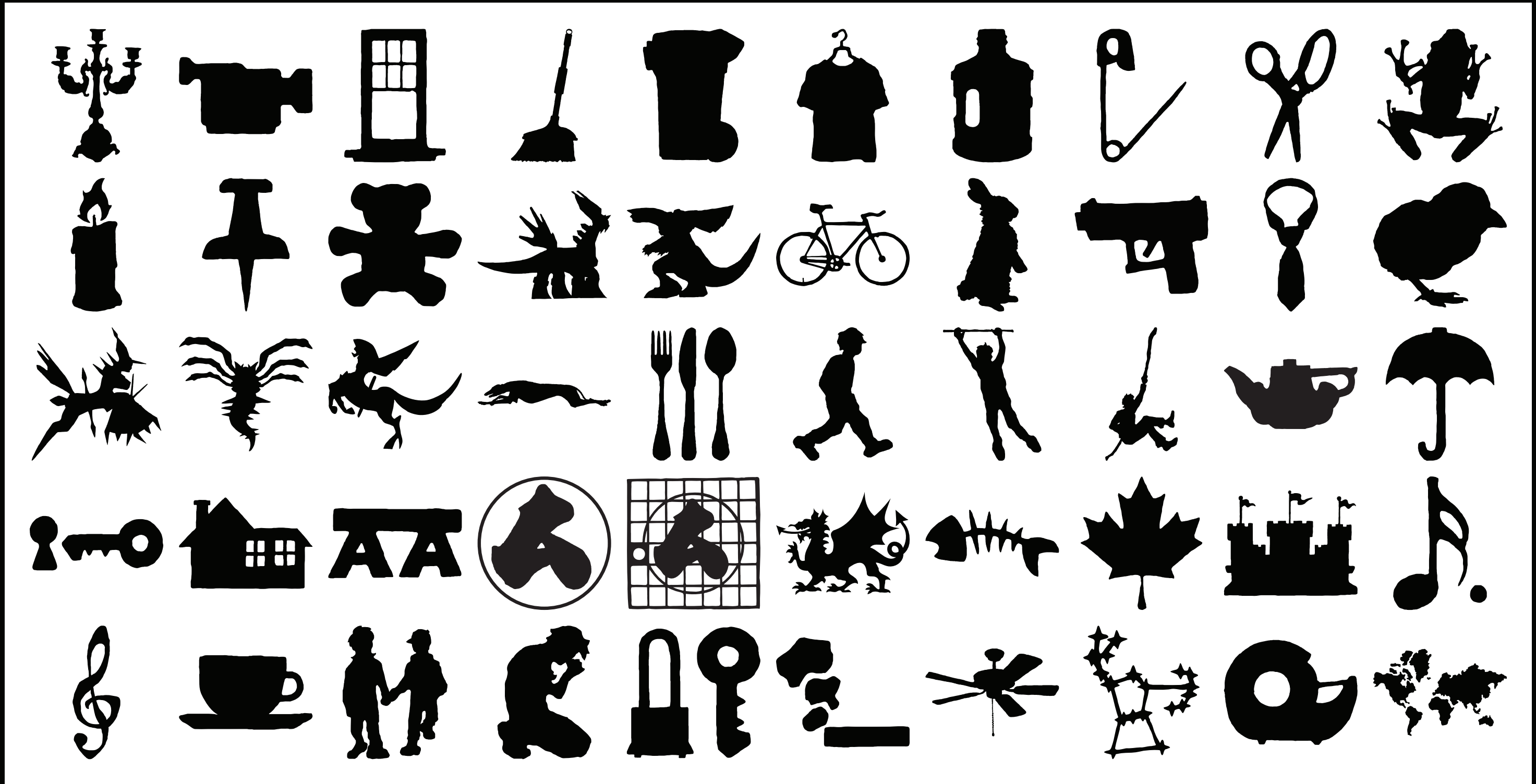
This calls to mind another curious Ishiyama story. This year I had great trouble making up my mind where to go for the autumn moon-viewing. Finally, after much perplexed head-scratching, I decided on the Ishiyama Temple. The day before the full moon, however, I read in the paper that there would be loudspeakers in the woods at Ishiyama to regale the moon-viewing guests with phonograph records of the Moon-light Sonata. I canceled my plans immediately. Loudspeakers were bad enough, but if it could be assumed that they would set the tone, then there would surely be floodlights too strung all over the mountain. I remember another ruined moon-viewing, the year we took a boat on the night of the harvest full moon and sailed out over the lake of the Suma Temple. We put together a party, we had our refreshments in lacquered boxes, we set bravely out. But the margin of the lake was decorated brilliantly with electric lights in five colors. There was indeed a moon if one strained one's eyes for it.

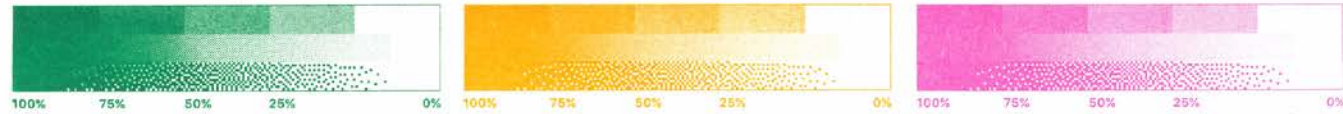
So benumbed are we nowadays by electric lights that we have become utterly insensitive to the evils of excessive illumination. It does not matter all that much in the case of the moon, I suppose, but teahouses, restaurants, inns, and hotels are sure to be lit far too extravagantly. Some of this may be necessary to attract customers, but when the lights are turned on in summer even before dark it is upset by it wherever I go in the summer. Outside it will be cool, but inside it will be ridiculously hot, and more often than not lights too strong or too numerous. Turn some of them in no time at all the room is refreshingly cool. Yet neither the guests nor the owner seem to realize this. A room should be brighter in winter, but dimmer in summer; it is appropriately cool, and does not attract insects. But people will light the lights, then switch on an electric fan to combat the heat. The very thought annoys me.

One can endure a Japanese room all the same, for ultimately heat escapes through the walls. But in a Western-style hotel the circulation is poor, and the floors, walls, and ceilings drink in heat and throw it back from every direction with unbearable intensity. The worst example, alas, is the Miyako Hotel to, as anyone who has been in its lobby on a summer evening should agree. It stands on high ground, facing north, commanding a view of Mount Hiei, Nyoigatake, the Kurodani pagoda, the forests, the green hills of Higashiyama—a splendid and clean view, all the more disappearing so. Should a person of a summer's fresh himself among purple hills and



Republishing of Junichirō Tanizaki's *In Praise of Shadows* in an effort to interpret the essay's stances on aesthetics through modern graphic techniques.



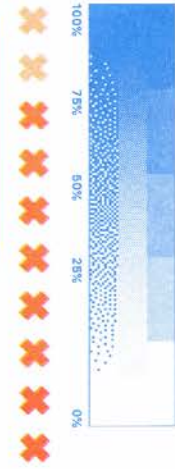


Free Parking
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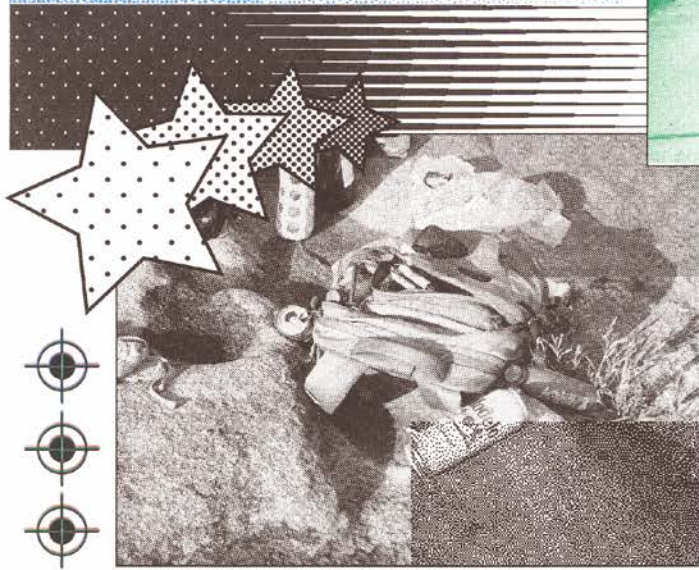
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I'm about to google
how to tie a tie.

im getting tired of
not Caring
and throwing whatever on

doesn't feel good to be lazy



because the most important thing
is
CARING

If i did not seek out
how to tie a tie
it would be
a mystery

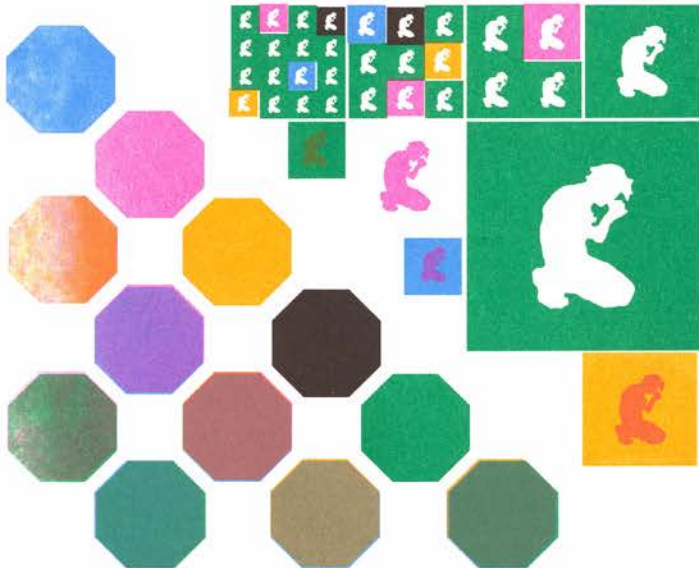


so
trying to look like I try
by tying a tie
and looking like I try
is proof that I tried

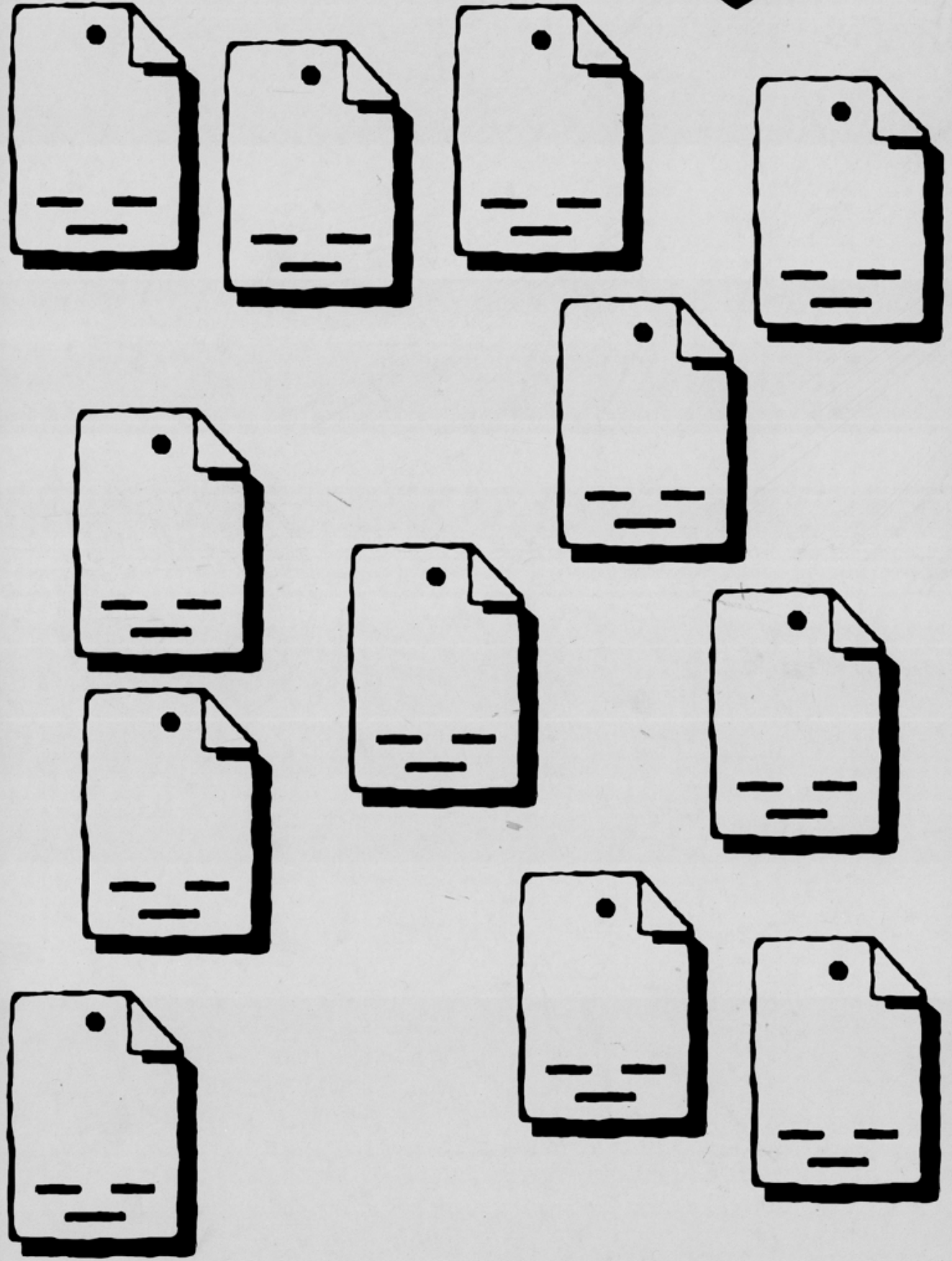
to tie my tie

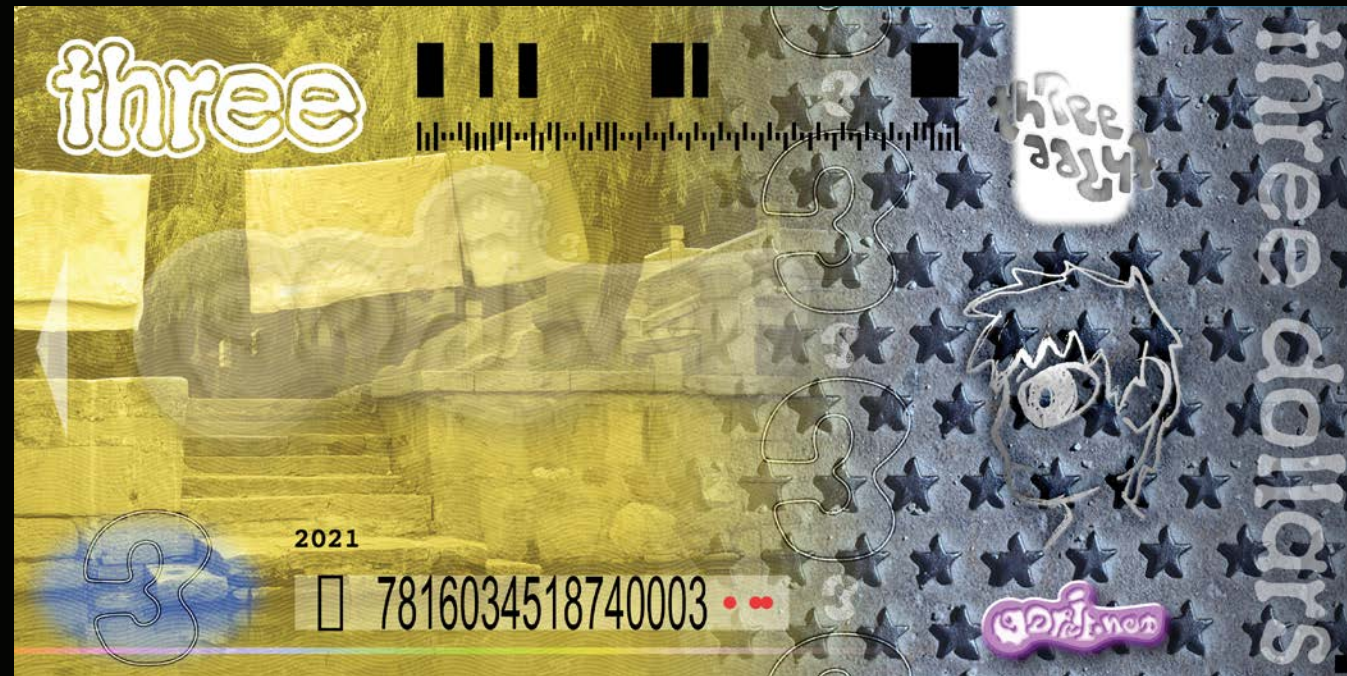
Every day smiling
As I lay dying
rhyming

TANG



postersonly







LOONA/YeoJin - Kiss Later [flip]

c-gear

2 years ago

Romance



Gymnopedie NO. 1 (calling from behind the wall)

c-gear

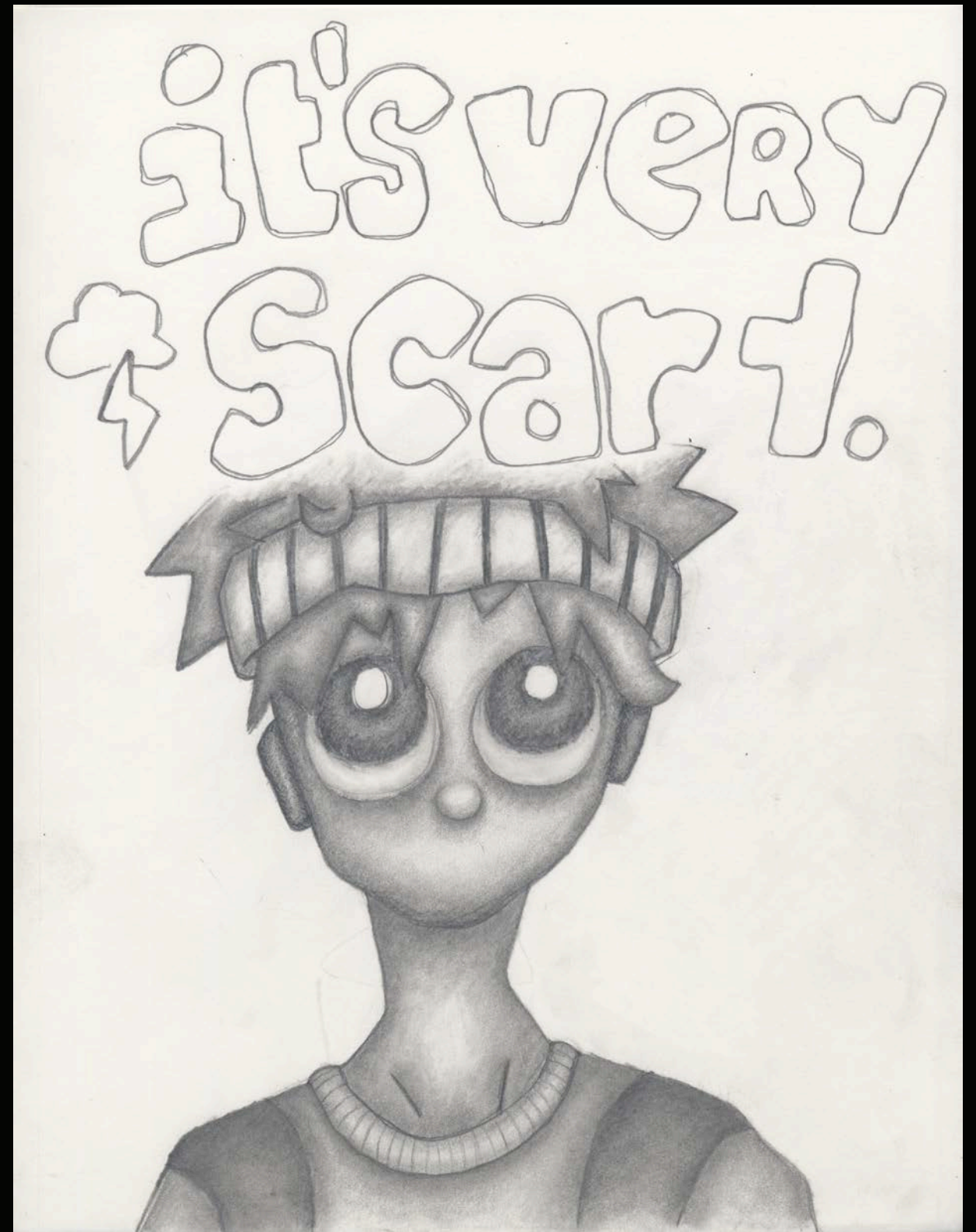
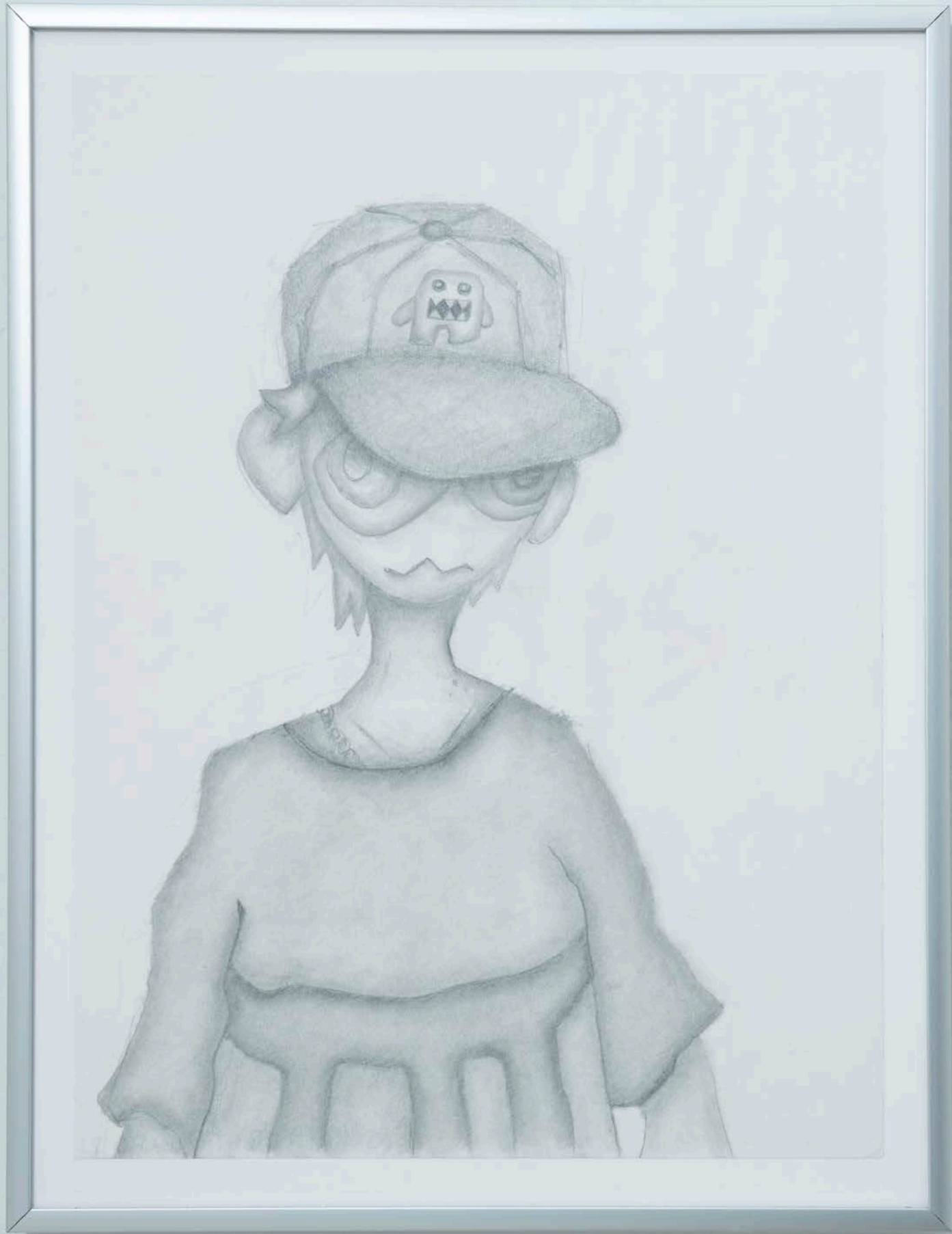
3 years ago

Ambient



MONKEY

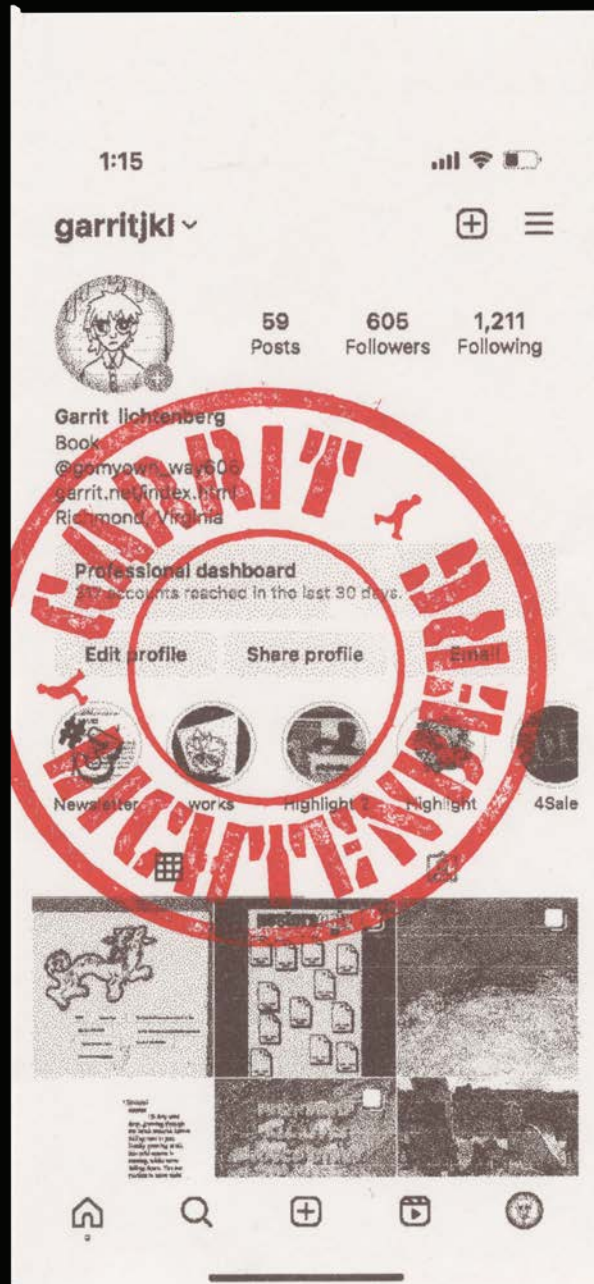




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A post I saw on Instagram yesterday



I'm now collecting this series of mailpieces Under the name "Principalities"

I was really inspired by the names for the Christian Hierarchy of Angels

Principalities is the seventh highest rank out of nine

I'm not sure if there's any significance to which rank I am naming it after

But I think of each person or group of people that I send mail to as a Principality That I correspond with

Address book new members: 15
 New total: 43

- Hello Harper
- Hello Jake
- Hello Tony
- Hello Ryan
- Hello Ezra
- Hello Caroline
- Hello Asher
- Hello Sophie
- Hello Celia
- Hello Joseph
- Hello Sterling
- Hello Abby
- Hello Rae
- Hello Lauren
- Hello Ayush

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- *Letter #2 - 3/15
 The letter you're reading right now
- *An Interview With Grace on the Topic of Accumulation

Hello Garrit

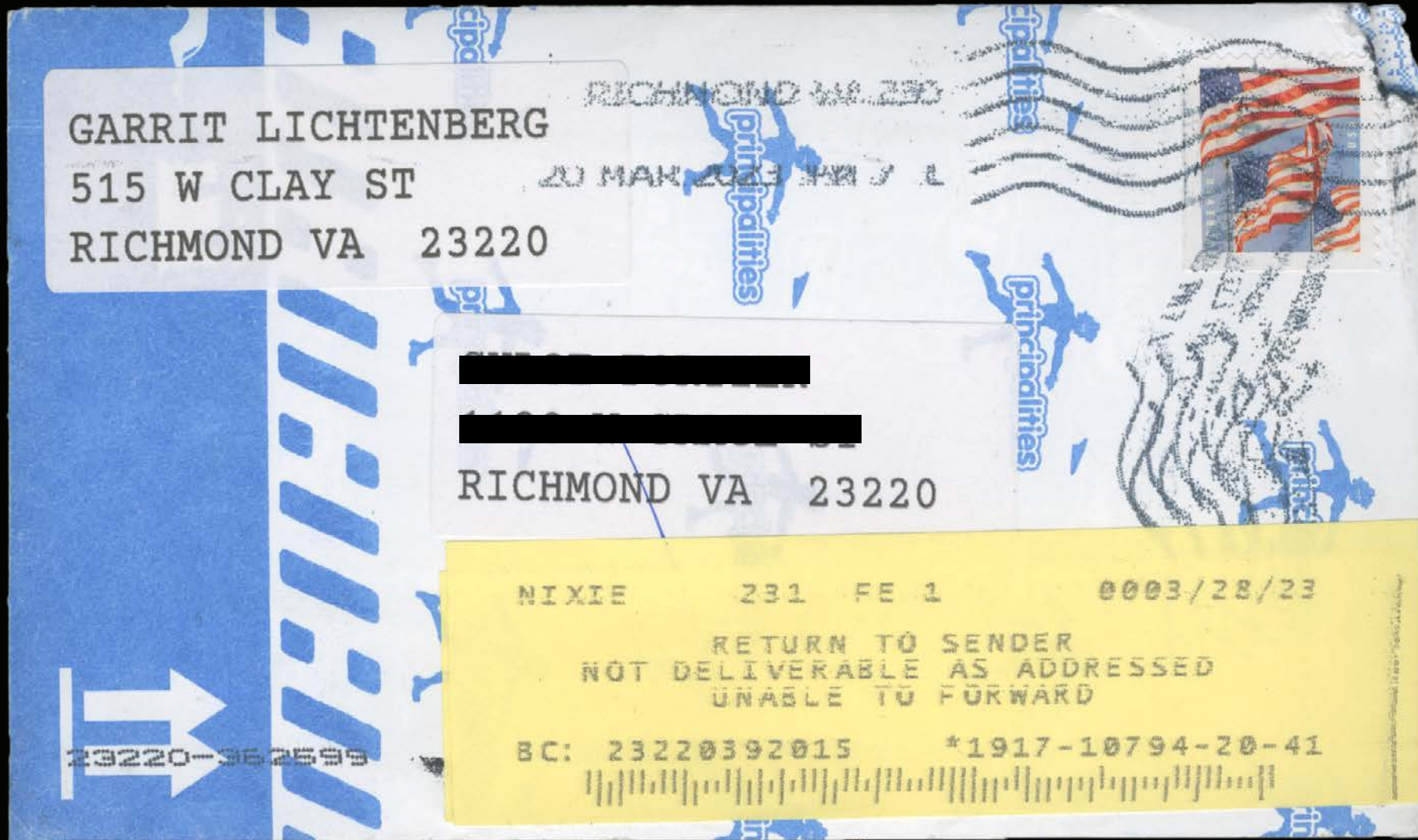
Thanks for joining my address book. I am really excited to send you all some things

& I hope you enjoy what I send you. I think, as a project, my outgoing mail and perhaps any reply you might want to send (!) are a complement to the weekly newsletter I have been posting on my website. So I guess you could think of each piece of mail I send out as another page or another chapter or another volume in one big, huge, maybe endless publication that would sit next to a book or an archive of every newsletter I've published. And if you're receiving this, that means you're starting from page one, but someone who signs up a month from now could be starting on page 11 or page 34 or

page 194 or whatever.



Speaking of mail as an accumulation and the archiving of such, the best way to



Garrit Lichtenberg
515 W Clay St
Richmond VA 23220



Paul Peng
Buy Two iPhones
16" paper, conte, white charcoal
drawing 2017
I know you are a fan of Paul Peng
one of my favorite artists
I think you will like this

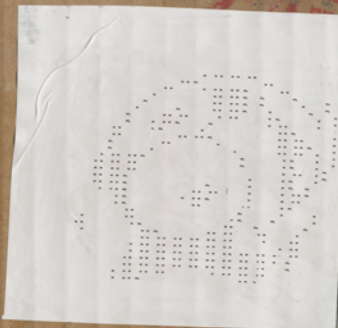


Robin Duggan

Brooklyn NY



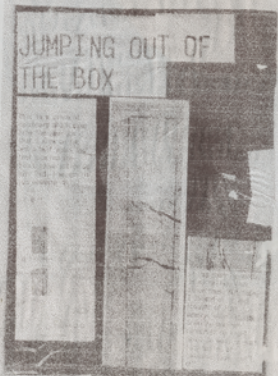
14.75" x 10.25"



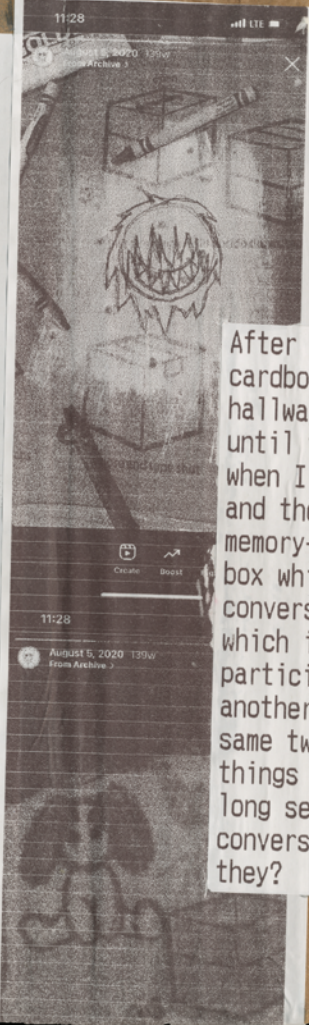
INTERNATIONAL
BOX
NO. 12
PREPAID
IMP-12

JUMPING OUT OF THE BOX

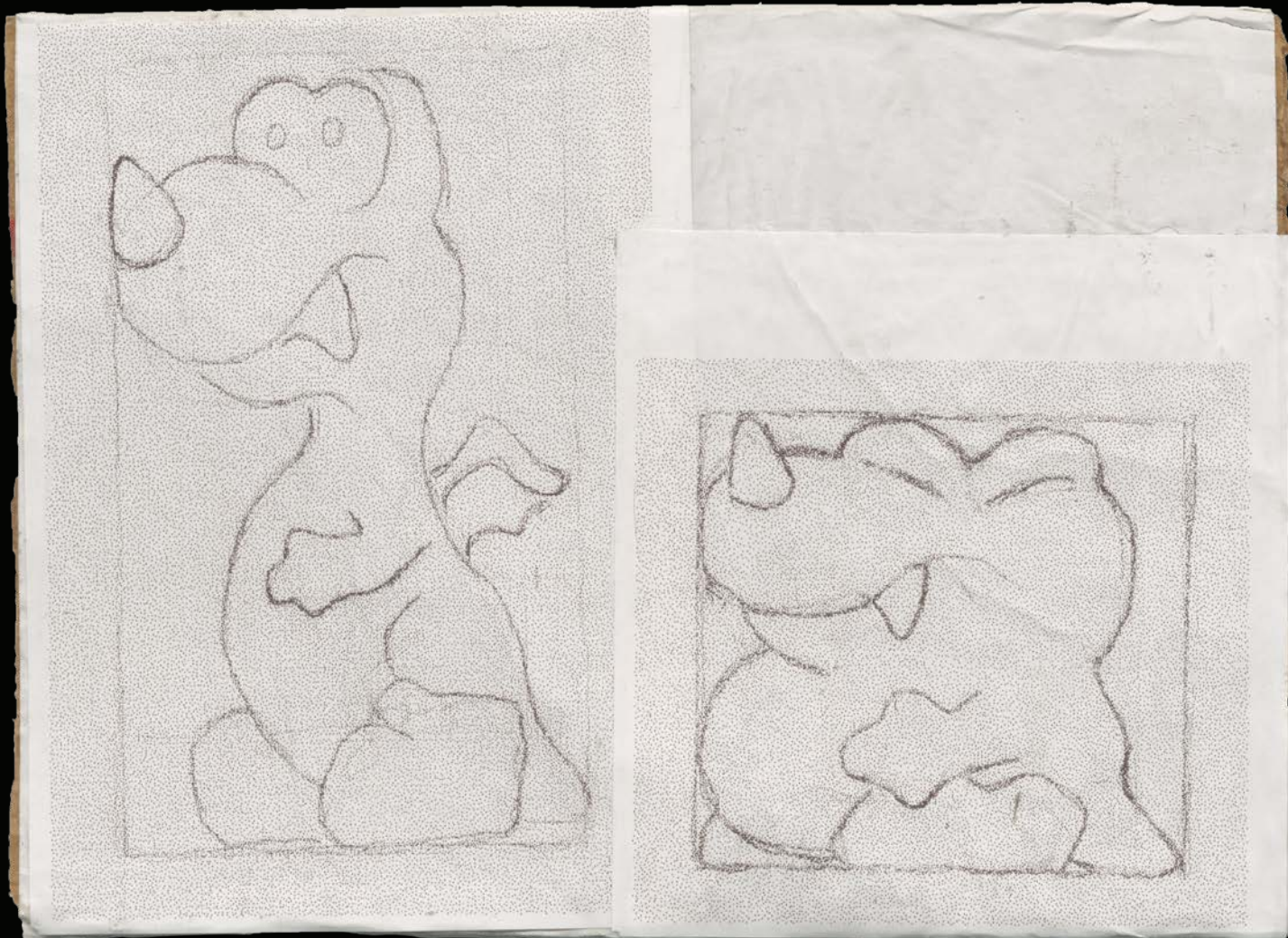
This is my second time writing this letter-the first time, I applied the receipt paper with packing tape, not realizing that the adhesive breaks down the heat-sensitive coating of the paper. I woke up the next day and the entire image had almost faded away completely



I am writing to you to-day on a piece of cardboard from the same box as a few drawings I did on cardboard two and a half years ago which triggered the first interaction we ever had. I wonder if you remember?



After that the cardboard sat in the hallway untouched until the other day when I looked at it and thought of that memory-the cardboard box which started one conversation, and which is now participating in another between the same two people. Most things are just a long series of conversations, aren't they?



GARRIT LICHTENBERG
 515 W CLAY ST
 RICHMOND VA 23220
 UNITED STATES

10^c



USA



USA
 Additional
 Dunce



forever usa

hello Yoko

today is Monday, april 18th.
 the time is 12:23 AM

found the secret
 in Chocolate Island 2

Chocolate Secret

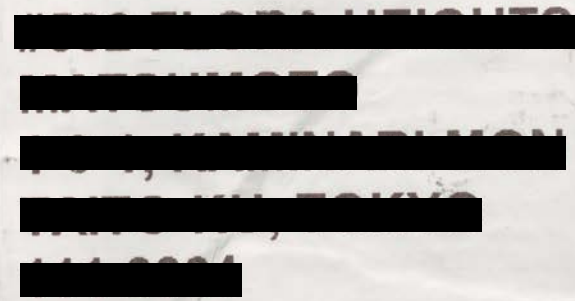
as i enter my dream tonight

i would like to live on cliffs of
 Chocolate Island

with the friendly dinosaur folk

US-9295898

YOKO ORI



JAPAN

IND-018

