I heard a voice that led me up the mountain
Growing Spirochetes in Glass Dishes

Think of these fonts as my "Vision Induced by a String Found on My Table" or my "Pieta" or "Revolution by Night." The grotesque caricature of the post World War One avant-garde, the amnecia of the Vatican-pox-a-skatespunk, all tools at our disposal. Like the kaft-wit Karak Appel, the cannonballish of circus clown canvas, I too paint (grunt) "like a barbarian in a barbaric age." I'm thoroughly disinterested in the eloquence and simulated profundity that lies between quotation marks, but for the sake of ritualized discourse, let me take a stab at it:

"A PAINTER IS LOST IF HE FINDS HIMSELF" - MAX ERNST
THE FACT THAT HE HAS SUCCEEDED IN NOT FINDING HIMSELF IS REGARDED BY ERNST AS HIS ONLY 'ACHIEVEMENT.'

Well played...I too cherish the suppression of logic and midnight games of linguistic Chinese Checkers, but to what end? This question sweeps across my cerebellum like some medieval bubonic plague. Leaving in its wake the stench of value relativism and post-utopian thought. I'm the sad child of the lost tribe of apola monkeys. Intellectually, environmentally and financially disenfranchised.

* * *

Therefore it would seem rather obvious:

A. Like John Ruskin we place our hand to the plow, and strive for the honesty of the hand.

B. It's far better to cultivate malformed rare blue fungi in petri dishes of our own design; Sprouted under the sublime black light of "love," nourished in the musty dirt of the subconscious, than to eat "Food Lion" white mushrooms in the prison yard of convenience.

C. We live in Harmony with nature. So too do all forms of our expression. (I'm referring to that most beautiful dissonant harmony: The assonance of Coltrane. The polymetric improvisation of Monk.) We ARE context.

* * *

Given this... (as an example) go and 'contextualize' all forms of your typographic expression:

fig1 fig2 fig3 fig4

In QuarkXPress, Illustrator, or Freehand select a line of type that you would like to alter (fig.1) select 'convert to paths' from the edit menu (fig.2), shift select all the 'dots' and then delete (fig.3). 'Join' the remaining paths (fig.4).

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IF I'M NOT ELVIS

WHO THE HELL IS !?!!*

I'd really like an answer

UVULA

NUMBER 9 FROM "8 STUDIES FOR A PORTRAIT OF HENRY MILLER"

OBVIOUSLY, MY LOVE

ALONE

COLD

SUGAR-RADA

SUGAR-RADA
1. sometimes he's not simply...BOLD

2. see the FLAMES lick the sky?

sometimes we talk like bears

...BOLD

FURRY

AND GREEN

she's not

souL

she's not solely my lover
Suddenly, he...bibliolater. he...hot-gospeler.

I THINK THE PREPONDERANCE OF HAND DRAWN (OPEN) MOUTHS IN THIS BOOKLET STEMS FROM A GENUINE SEXUAL FIXATION...TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

with you in my sleeve of lost stories...
THE HORROR

losing

WAS DYING CHILD

WHO HAS THE IRON WILL?

DeEp LOSS

bamboo build

Kid fluid

"THE HORROR"!

flesh desk under fire
actively rejecting your CULTURE OF "e-lroy"

from exhibit A

CULTURE OF DEATH

You'd be wise to consider this the (passive) PONTIFICATION of "et-roy"
he spoke of a winged bull watched by four children

it pleased the Lord

and today, when I hold young bear cubs to my breast I suckle them.

We gothic American wield pitchfork like a pickaxe under ancient acid sun and pray for rain. We take refuge in storm cellars and make rain dance.

Fascinated by the Uvula...
YOU DAMN PIG S
always bite Me

I'D RATHER BE A HAMMER THAN
vilified by villains

I am I (n)one

I saw a winged bull
watched by 4 children
I had to let go of my movement of the bullfighter. *!#! I miss him *!#!
Frankly, I find this a bit offensive.
I was devoured by a no-man's-land.

My kingdom for a (runaway) horse. The day is lost?

NO BIGGER THAN YOUR FIST

THE CROW, THEN WHITE... WAST TURNED BLACK IN HIS ANGER

WON PRINCE

DEVINE

NOW

MadKing
There were days I thought of nothing but... Zurich as the monkey-boys, flunkeys and yes-men of my generation inked deals with the devil, I held bearcubs to my breast and strode straight like Job through the gaping maw of black hell. Spit from that sperm whale as a latter day Ahab (nah Jonah). Let me recall for you now my time in the belly of the architect...

I saw seven seals and I saw the desert...
Typhoid Mary was based upon the design of Peter Dombrezian's typeface, Dom Casual, with permission from Kingsley Holdings. (Dom Casual is a trademark of Kingsley Holdings Corp.)

Why can't Elliott read?
If I remember correctly, the Pope made reference to America as 'The culture of Death.' Now I have to disabuse you of the notion that I'm a papist. (I'm not) but the moment I heard this statement, it was as if all my conceptual detritus, and years of partially formed aesthetic and ethical notions coalesced instantaneously. The leitmotif of American aesthetic production was defined for me in these terms. When attempting to understand my role, or the role of any (let's use my preferred title) 'cul-tural pipe fitter' (or alternately, 'linguistic longshoreman'), my thoughts would often drift to Oliver Stone's adaptation of Quentin Tarantino's 'Natural Born Killers.' An obvious choice, and yet one that confuses me for quite some time. This meditation on violence and the media fails miserably, and not merely on the most elemental and simplistic level, as irony, nor does it redemptively resonate with the sublime pathos of Francis Bacon, an obvious influence. This quadrangular relationship, Stone:Tarantino:Film:society, is the exact opposite of the triangular relationship, Ayn Rand:Howard Roark:society, both proscribe relationships between the 'pipe fitter' (i.e. you as work maker) and society...