Dearest Readers,

You might say the Lit is Old School, since we’ve again renewed our pledge to print a fully analog magazine. But lest you think we are not Hip to the Future of Publishing, we now have a clickable website and email address — and both are digital. NEW FEATURES IN THIS UPDATE INCLUDE:

* New redesign for increased viewing pleasure :)— new paper
  — new type of salmon color
* New words never before printed in this issue — i.e. Drake, heineken, buster, Pagliacco, supermoon
* Putting into words experiences we don’t have words for — i.e.
  — the reading of a Yelp review
  — the writing a diary on MS Word
* The taking of black and white pictures of things too hard (or soft) to put into words
* The world’s first translation of the Emoji language — many ineffable feelings now made publicly accessible for the first time

The day you’ve been waiting for is finally here ;)  
xoxo  
Sophia and Ava
I left the Dulles Airport for Israel at 7:25 pm on 01/12/2002. In the plane I sat next to a Swiss national, a kind of friendly person going to Switzerland for two weeks vacation. He was very concerned about the world economy in relation to the U.S. economy. We talked about that. He told me that he works in the manufacturing sector and I tried to relate with him and understand his concern. It was a good discussion.

The flight was very pleasant. The flight personnel were very professional, food and drink abundant. Each seat had a TV with your own remote control to operate. I watched two movies. To be honest I was sleeping half time. But I was always up for food and drink.

At my arrival, while leaving the plane, I was asked by security about the purpose of my visit. I am visiting my brother who lives in Ashkelon and he may be waiting for me at the airport, I told the security lady. She asked if this is my first visit. I told her it is my second. She welcomed me and let me go through. Now I am legally in Israel.

There were many people waiting the arrivals. I glanced around to see if my brother was waiting for me. Couldn’t see him. It had been fourteen years and within this time, I said, he may have changed and me too. I thought we might not recognize each other. Whatever, I must be able to distinguish my brother among the many in the terminal.

I have two luggages: one on my shoulder and the other one I am pulling it. My brother was not there. I joined the crowd. I became one of them but they looking at the people coming and me looking for someone among them. I saw them reuniting with their loved ones, hugging each other. Me, kind of lost.

I saw one girl, maybe two or so and a man, maybe about thirty to thirty-five (very difficult to suggest an Ethiopian’s age). I wanted to talk to them. The girl, kind of fussy, so I said to myself, leave her alone. The guy came towards me but not knowing what to ask. He hesitated. I said good afternoon (Tenayesitelegn). Then he said Tenayesitelegn. I introduced myself and he introduced himself. He asked me what am I doing. I told him that I am waiting for my brother. He advised me to wait for him since Friday is the worst time of the week in terms of traffic to come to the airport. I responded positively. On the mean time he asked so many questions like where do I live, how life is in America and so on. I responded to his inquiries and we exchanged our addresses.

After waiting for one and a half hours, I said to myself why not I take a taxi and go to Old Jaffa Hostel where I made a reservation upon the advice of my brother. Then I realized
I have actually already suggested to him that it may be easy for me to take a cab and he doesn’t have to come to the airport. I thought that may be a reason for him not to show up. I said let me take a cab.

The taxi driver was a young man, I think in his late twenties. I asked him to take me to Old Jaffa Hostel, 13 Amiat St. in Tel Aviv. He started driving and on the way said he doesn’t know how to get there. I advised him to get directions from the radio dispatcher. He did. Then he asked if I have been to Israel. Although I have been once in 1984, I told him I know Israel very well. I was trying my best to alert him not to take a longer ride to charge me more. I think he realized that I am not totally stranger. After about 25 minutes, in the middle of the city, he pointed his finger and said that is Old Jaffa Hostel. I said O.K. He said I have to drop you here. I said why? drop me at the hostel. He said from here I can’t drive through therefore you have to walk. I looked around and the place seems abandoned. It’s Friday evening and everything is closed. The people walking are kind of very low class (poor). I paid the taxi fare, got my luggages, and walked to the Hostel, about 300 feet.

It is an old building, the first floor has many doors but all of them closed. There is no visible sign for the hostel. I couldn’t figure it out. I went around the building, but there was no door that was open. I said to myself, did the taxi driver drop me in a danger zone? I was scared to be honest. There were some people I could ask, but I was not sure that is the right thing to do. I had no choice but ask.

An older man with a difficulty walking was next to me. I asked him where is Old Jaffa Hostel? He said this building, pointing with his finger to the building. I said but where is the entrance? He replied the green door, it is open, just push it. I thanked him and pushed the green metal door. It opened. There was no one. I said is there anyone? No response. I walked upstairs to the 2nd floor. There was a guy. I said good evening and got inside. Yes, it is the reception. This guy said, Are you Solomon’s brother? I said yes. Another man with a strange leather jacket, a dense mustache, and a kind of bald head came and hugged me. It was Solomon. We hugged each other for a while. He was very excited, as much as I was.

A room with two beds, bath, and kitchenette was reserved for us. Solomon gave me a tour of the place. I didn’t care about the place, I was happy to meet my brother. We talked. I was emotional to remember and write what we talked about.

For dinner I suggested we go to the best restaurant in the neighborhood. Solomon agreed to it. We took a cab and drove far from the neighborhood. Next to the U.S. Embassy is, according to Solomon, the best restaurant. Yes, it was nice. The menu had good choices. Solomon ordered salmon fish and I ordered the same thing. The waitress brought us our order. Just salmon and rice. Compared to DC, a very small amount. I want my brother to eat well, but for my eyes, the food was small. We ate. I told Solomon to order more, he said it is enough. I had a good lunch but this one was too small. I had beer and Solomon had tea. That was all we got.

We took a cab back to the Hostel. On the door at my room there was a note: Dear Solomon’s brother, welcome. This night and tomorrow we will not have hot water. Sorry.

I was actually waiting for a hot bath. Not tonight. Not tomorrow. Well, no choice. I looked at the bed. If I had a
choice, I wouldn’t sleep on it. But no choice. I did sleep and slept the whole night without interruption.

Yes, before I slept, Solomon and I talked and talked. Our talk was about the family, about our childhood, and about everything.

Saturday
The cloth I bought for Solomon and the things I brought for myself were all for the summer season. Now I am told it is winter in Israel and it is cold. Yes, it is COLD. I have no cloth good enough for the season. What a misunderstanding. Everybody in DC was telling me you’re going to the hot weather. Yes, I have my swimming suit, but the weather is not good for that.

Yes, today is Saturday and everything is closed. In the morning we went out for breakfast. There was a bakery with many people standing on line. We got croissants and went next door to a cafe. We got coffee but I didn’t like mine and ordered tea. After that we went back to the hostel. We spent the whole day and night without going out. Everything was closed.

Solomon brought me kind of pizza with sesame on it. I pretended I ate it but actually I dumped it in the garbage box. I didn’t have lunch and dinner. Well, I had my tea and blood pressure medication.

No shower yet, but I hope tomorrow will be a different day. Everything, I am told, will be open, and I will be moving out of here to a hotel with working showers and better facilities and closer restaurants.

Sunday
Woke-up about 8:30 am. I talked to Solomon about our daily plan. Yes, the first thing: get breakfast. We went to the city and had a good breakfast (coffee, croissant, two orange juice).

Then we went to a dentist for Solomon. I have no idea about the dentists but Solomon seems to know about them. In a building on the third floor a very beautiful young receptionist welcomed us. There was a television running in Russian language. Not difficult to know these are Russian Jews.

Solomon has lost two teeth on the right and one on the left. He complains that he can’t chew properly and wants some kind of implantation of teeth. I think it is more of psychology and self esteem. No matter, I am here to help a brother in his need. He got x-rayed and they told him it will cost him about 15,000 Shekel (about $3,000). Too much for an Israeli teeth. We thanked them and left.

We headed to an internet cafe, I think kind of disappointed. No choice but navigate the internet. As usual checked the news about Ethiopia, but there was nothing.

Monday
Today we had a plan to drive to Ashkelon where Solomon resides. I wanted to see the place where he lives and after that see a dentist he claims to know. It is a forty minutes drive to Ashkelon. Not bad. The weather was much better than the previous days, warm and pleasant.

In Ashkelon first we headed to the dentist, who refused to see us without making an appointment. No choice but go for breakfast. We had breakfast in a cafe place crowded by French Jews.
Finally we headed to the place, Solomon calls it an apartment, where he lives. Yes, a building. We approached the building and Solomon started moving faster, not through the main entrance of the building but toward the window at the back of the building. I was kind of lost and completely confused. I asked where is the entrance to your apartment? He said follow me and I did. I get in through the window he said. Now I am completely lost. The window is open, actually no window. I said how did you get in through the window? He replied put your foot on the wall and jump in. I contemplated to do that or not. I decided to follow his instruction. Inside is full of garbage. I said where is your bed? Where do you sleep? He said on that, there, pointing to the garbage. I said what are you talking? He said this is my place. Sometimes I sleep on the street. Hard to believe but my brother is mentally ill and homeless.

I got angry to say the least. I looked at him. He’s well dressed, actually has a tie and sun glass on. He said I brought you here so you know why I didn’t invite you to stay with me. I have no words to respond.

I want to cry. Yes, I did cry inside me.

Back in Tel Aviv we had lunch. I was angry still but Solomon doesn’t seem to have a problem. We visited the Ethiopian Embassy and at about 4pm we drove to another dentist. He recommended cleaning, taking out bad teeth, and putting in artificial teeth. That’s what Solomon wants. A total cost of 1,500 Shekel (about $300+). For me, I thought, why does a homeless man worry about his teeth. But I am helpless, so what do I do, just pay it and forget it. He is scheduled for Wednesday, January 18th.

Our day concluded with dinner at a restaurant. For me to sleep well, I bought two large bottles of Heineken beer from a grocery store and brought it to my hotel. I am writing my diary while drinking my beer.
And then it was just us—
you, me, Franz Schubert,
Supermoon—on the bus,
at the end of the day,
riding down the croup
of a great sunlit horse.

We parked in a dirt loop
under a tall tree, with
Supermoon. Two birds
made change in the dark.
The tree was shaped like
a supermark. A crow spoke,
bomfire, bomfire. Fire.
Loneliness grew in me
like a child’s black coin,
into the wavering tree
you see in a commercial
for a bank. Thank you.

Supermoon was smoking
in a cloud. The dream was
uxorious and corrective.

Come out, my moon…
I can’t see you. I’m hiding
beneath the fetlock of
an enormous horse.
Running Shadows
Alexis Inguaggiato
from that dream again about bodies
he couldn’t touch

youtube comment
on the illusion
gut buster
in which a man
sticks his hand
through another
man’s gut:
weird how this
happens even
though you know
its still some kind
of trick.

I’m very sad
to report that
gut busters,
home of the
best philly
in atlanta,
is now closed,
yelp.

and amazon reviews
of a gut buster
which will help trim
away all excess
say there is no
magic bullet
for excellence
in health.
this product
really sucks.

(arms twitching,
eyeballs rolling,
he turns over in his sleep.)

and in a beginner’s guide to telekinesis:
telekinesis is moving objects
with your mind, but who
says you can’t move yourself?
one chewing gum,
one chewing mouth,
many chewing gums on the ground.

people are running,
person can run as fast as they want,
and people can stop if they want, but hardly ever do.
I myself have never been into team sports,
running is for individuals,
and people are good at running.

one hot summer,
one hot weather,
many chewing gums are sticky on the ground.

I see the wall,
the wall is red,
I have been taught that the color on the wall is red.

the person next to me also says that it is red,
but I will never be sure we see the same color.
this makes me incredibly sad.

one revolving wheel,
one revolving tire,
many chewing gums are now on bikes.

people holding hands,
people shaking hands,
people in the past wanted to see others' hands.
they wanted to check if they had daggers,
they hugged to check if they had knives,
in russia smiling to strangers is very suspicious.

one trail,
one ground,
many rocks stick to chewing gums.

I like looking at the stars,
looking at the stars make me feel less lonely.
on Drake's opinion there are other 23.1 eyes up there,
maybe they believe in their Drake too,
maybe the number 23.1 make them feel less lonely too, but not less alone.

one rock,
two tires,
rocks are tires' death.

the Bicycle Repairer won't probably understand,
I'm too much of an implicit person,
so implicit I often don't understand my thoughts myself.

but he will fix my bike.
Throughout its long history, the Lit has contacted many of its favorite artists and writers. Only some respond, and even fewer remember doing so. “By the way, I have no recollection of that interview of 1995,” Mark Strand told one of our literary editors recently. We had no recollection either. So for this issue, as a fun corrective to our institutional amnesia, we caught up with fifteen of the writers that have been interviewed in the magazine. These four responses came to us sporadically. It felt good to be back in touch.
Q: In your 1995 interview you said, concerning prose poems, that “The one thing that makes these bits of prose poetic is the specific gravity of each individual word […] language adheres.” But in your new book, Almost Invisible, it seems to me like the opposite is the case — one of the miracles of the book is its lightness; it’s like “a journey leaving behind no trace of itself.” How has your conception of prose poetry changed? Does language adhere or erase itself?

A: In 1995 I had different ideas about poetry. Well, somewhat different. These days, I think the cumulative effect of a tight narrative can be just as suggestive as a poem and it needn’t depend on the specific gravity of each individual word. I am thinking especially of short, page-length narratives and ones that are even shorter, especially of Kafka’s parables and paradoxes, the rereading of which was what got me started writing Almost Invisible. I was under the illusion that I was writing prose and not poetry and I enjoyed myself, that is, I stopped second-guessing, engaging in endless rewriting, and driving myself crazy. I felt liberated from all that. I allowed myself to be humorous in ways that my vision of poetry had not permitted me. I wrote satire, quasi jokes as well as more somber meditations. I was simply interested in what would happen if I let myself go. In most extended prose language erases itself; it has to in order to get out of the way of the plot or argument. In Almost Invisible language may or may not erase itself. I don’t know. I’d probably be the last to know. I have come think now that that book is poetry, but I had to believe it was prose to get it written.

Q: Throughout the interview you expressed admiration for painting and the desire to be a painter rather than a poet. I’m curious about how your views on the subject have evolved: have you been painting recently?

A: I make collages, but I make the paper from which the collages are made. I am not in the tradition, which has now become a cliche, of Ernst, Hoch, Hausmann, et al. My collages are without meaning or message. I hope to go back to painting one of these days. In the meantime, my collages strive to become as much like painting as possible.
Q: In your 2010 interview you cite psychoanalysis, fiction, poetry, and social theory as influences on your writing. You also mention that you’re “not a translator.” How do you communicate your work — much of which interrogates moments of cultural misinterpretation, the significance of ruptured representation — across disciplines? Does an understanding of “The Humanities” as a unified academic body potentiate or aggravate re-articulation?

A: When I said that I “was not a translator,” I spoke too hastily and indistinctly. I meant to say that I have never been a disciplinary disciple whose ambition is to follow the work of a maître penseur (or a master-text), establishing a legitimate descent of ideas or a lineage of concepts. I think I meant “translator” in the banal sense of one who transmits a tradition of thought, holding fast to its letter and its law, in order to transmit its discursive authority to another time and place. This is the kind of translation I have tried to avoid. You are quite right, however, to point out that my interests in cross-disciplinary or transdisciplinary work requires a methodological and conceptual practice of translation. I have found Walter Benjamin’s work on translation most helpful in this regard. Translation for Benjamin is as much about the agency of language as it is a trope for thinking of how “newness enters the world” (to steal a phrase from Salman Rushdie’s Satanic Verses).

In Benjamin’s view translation is the process by which languages, meanings, cultural objects or practices touch each other at a tangent, making a connection through the re-negotiation of differences or the re-presentation of semblances at one point. This connection, or articulation, can be interstitial, iterative, and imminent; it is an attempt to understand the persistence of a certain kind of signifying intention across temporal disjunction and spatial disjunction. This is why Benjamin sees translation as a coming to terms with the the alterity of language, meaning and history — what he calls the “foreignness” of language or discourse.

The limitations of space don’t allow me to explore the nuances of Benjamin’s argument here, but even my brief version has important implications for the humanities. The university fosters a set of disciplines which form the kernel of the humanities as academic knowledge; but humanistic thought, and the values it embodies, goes far beyond the academy and extends to law, medicine, architecture, business, aesthetics. The humanities are part of the very texture of civil society. The humanities play this key role because “interpretation” — the process by which information turns into knowledge — provides the guiding light of the humanities; and interpretation as an art of understanding and transmitting meaning and value comes very close to the practice of translation as I have described it. Moreover, the importance of humanistic interpretation lies in its ability to build communities of cultural exchange and political dialogue, rather than quantitative “models” of unbridled progress.
Q: In your interview you also mention your “secret garden in London.” Can you tell us more about that?

A: It is a typically English garden with a dense web of plants of different scales and shapes. At one end of it, there is an octagonal glass house—a little garden pavilion—that allows for slow reading, careful writing…or undisturbed, loud snoring. Laid out like a Persian carpet before you is the crazy beauty of mixed plants and wild flowers. Only the birds disturb you; only the bees threaten you. And suddenly it’s time for a quiet cup of tea, or a bottle of wine with friends, whose loud voices chase away the bees and the birds. Drop in, sometime…but you must keep the secret.
Q: In your 1993 interview, you mention the problematics of “basic verb forms that ensnare gender and sexuality”—the tendency of I am and I have statements to depoliticize and ameliorate otherwise fraught associations. That these verb forms “ensnare” is provocative; you seem to argue the opposite, that there’s a reaching continuity in the copula, an attempt to assert the centrality or stability of some threatened “I.” But I think this contradiction—that some conception of “being” can both falsely impose seamlessness and simultaneously enmesh or tangle—is brilliant. This seems to be where some of the most exciting work in feminist and queer theory is located—in exacerbating contradiction, mobilizing paradox to produce subjectivities that occupy a curious space of being and becoming. In your interview you also mention the potentiality of narrative and anti-narrative strategies for articulating the complexities of gender and sexuality. With narration, though, and perhaps with anti-narration, the end seems always in sight. I’m wondering: to what extent is failure written into this anxious movement within and about the boundaries of gender and sexuality? Does the impossibility of perfect redescription indicate emergency, the anticipation of an end?

A: It has been some time since I made such statements, so your question not only asks me to think about verb-forms such as “I am” and “I have” but “I thought” or “I claimed.” You ask me to traverse a certain passage of time as if I am still the author who wrote those words, as if I were continuous. It may be difficult for readers to grasp sometimes that in the course of 23 years a person rethinks and begins again several times. Perhaps the idea is that one might feel ashamed at no longer thinking the same thing, or that an author has a stake in showing that all claims uttered over the course of more than two decades are consistent with one another, as if writing over time is just the building of a system, rather than the reworking of a set of grounds. So though I do not clearly remember that interview, I accept that it is new for you, and perhaps for some others, as if the words were written just now. So you ask me to enter into a temporality that is strange to me, and that is surely the polite thing to do. If had to reconstruct what I could have meant, I suppose that it would have to do with the over-inclusive character of certain verb-forms. If I “am” a particular sexual orientation, then we have to ask whether that is all that I am, and if it is not all that I am, in what sense am I that? Am I that only under certain conditions, or continuously? And do I make matters too firm when I say that is what I “am.” Sometimes in response to someone’s wrong assumption about what your sexual inclinations or practices may be, you do have to say, “but I am x”—in that case, the “am” is phatic, if not emphatic. It is intended rhetorically as a firm rejoinder. But if I am wondering to myself or laying out a complex sequence, then probably I would not rush headlong into ontology. Rather, I would try to characterize various directions that my desire goes, and the language I use might be more descriptive, if not fully narrative. In a way, the ontological move stops a story that might be more complicated to tell. After all, one really does not know very much about a person when the person says “I am
gay” — it is almost a way of saying that “I do not want to tell you very much about myself — this is all you need to know.” The stories we do tell tend to interrupt themselves, get renewed, and are sometimes disposed with altogether when they no longer seem plausible. With any given story, I can be trying to convince myself, build a case, or I may be trying to approximate something with language. But if we accept that sexuality always failed to adapt fully to language, then a certain amount of stuttering underlies our most coherent presentations of who we are. There — I inserted the copula again, suggesting that I do still need the various inflections of being. Perhaps we need to say “I am this or that” in accord with identitarian logics because we require abbreviated ways of presenting ourselves. It would be interesting to know whether something is really conveyed, or whether the statement begins or ends a conversation. Perhaps both “being” something and “having” something are ways of interrupting or beginning or renewing a form of conversations, depending on how they are used, and with what effect. If so, then all these verb forms would have to be recast within a scene of address.
In the winter, lovepipes crack.  
Tears turn to wax,  
clog my throat like pebbles.

Father brushes the snow from my hair;  
tells me that I am no great miracle.  
I cup a dove inside my roadmap palms,  
onyx-eyed, unblinking,  
but my muscles have lost all memory of offering.

Spring will come  
when the tiredness begins in my arms.
This is the story of two brothers whose neglect earned neglect and who lost what they could have had.

This is also a gallery for two who were at the same time firstborns.

This is thirdly curation by triage rather than triangulation. The artifacts lower themselves into their edges and they let the air run between them.

There is one twin who feels elegant in uniform and a different twin on whom his habit sags like chains.

With the death of an icon and no trust from the tragedy, they will fight for an abstract paradise through the falsification of a will. Concerned for their collective economy, and concerned for their estate, they set out in search of new representations.

[1]

The second twin will say he feels a synthesis as though his brother aired a chemical and he breathed in neon light, and that the sound is steely and the light inimitably green.

[2]

And the first twin will cut and see miles of shelves, storing in his clenches the manifesto of utilitarian things repeated.

[3]

There may come one moment when the brothers regard the television’s dancing performer apart to give each other privacy during the looking.

[4]

Integrated into a constant eyesight, the seeing feeling pressed into what granted vision in the first place, the fascination recedes into the bounds of its glass back cork-stop—and abstractly again a televised recollection unsettles a memory.

[5]

For one brother the life feels firm again and his mother’s tight lips like a rope for him to climb and create at once.

[6]

The second brother will name this a downward living—downward in a concrete way, as she was not cremated and has a tomb—and worry that the thick paint on her lips from the old portraits she commissioned should not be what he sees as he looks at the lines in his thick hands.

[7]

But each will be happy with the surveillance they choose and the morals it relieves them of, and can think themselves morally joined as the dancing feet shapes flip into their identical eyes.
At last they can remember the ground and sink into it, seeing themselves above and below, and forward and back, beside the plot of their mother’s and the lowering down.

In the eyes of twin two the space grows into the round and its cracks draw his gaze to the crowd. And so first a lawyer is referenced neatly—“he’ll want to set us straight...”—but one form in the street of a girl with an elliptical walk with a rip right along the collar of her blouse will attract them enough that their progress will freeze for a moment.

The problems of matter are multiplied. “Is that a crack in your window?” He goes to the pane and it feels like a liquid.—“I’ll get them cleaned next week.” The first twin stops, rapidly monklike, arranging the paper-cuts splayed like a hand of cards as if sacrament.

Suspicious of the traps of distractions, next it is the cactus beside the window put at issue. But with one disposal already in the works, the cactus will stay and since the cactus cannot be cleaned the monk will be tempted to cover it and puncture the will-strips over the bristles to let each piece touch as in a chain.—“Now we can start with the new one,” the first will say and cross his hands again to calm his brother into religious delusion.

Finally—well-seated into the Newtonian moment, forces disclose their guise of equilibria. The second brother saw the late icon in atomic situations: The girl had walked on and his mother is in the grave. The girl had glanced up and his mother


had written a will. And this building stood like a trowel in the ground so that it could ascend with curtain glass gleaming at sundown, and his mother had pressed hard into the nub of her pens so that the ink would gleam with insinuations and shut each curtain into a wall.

As for the forgery of the will and its new system, while his brother sat with his eyes closed and carried his pen in circles like tracking hours in falling sand, the first win lay into the depression eked out by a fraudulent poetics

* a palindrome every w sentences
* assonance to consonance ratio x:y
* alliterative phrase every z characters

And as his brother determined the draft he began to lisp phonetic tautologies like the idiot boy Frank downstreet to whom his mother had left her collection of Rosette Stone CDs.

And still all is at equilibrium. The calm mortician recrafts the will while the tremulous monk redeems it all, all of it in his perverse poetic lilt.
I’ve been hanging on to designs of a goofier future,
Low steppin’ through high tides.
Post-heartbreak at the luau,
We watched *Karate Kid* on shrooms
It’s hard to keep oriented, you said,
when the things next to you are gridded diagonally—
Tell it to the showerhead, Pagliaccio.
The high priestess of chain mail says that
These are the red-arrow perils that plague us:
Shot up with performance-enhancing drugs,
The little runners on Greek amphorae
Have rammed through the soles of their feet and put on
Lighter, faster, running shoes.
Not quite lighter, nor faster, themselves
The painted runners run in place.
Their cartoon stereograms
Move fitfully against your shroom-mumblings.
This book was set in two main typefaces; the body text is Gill Sans & the additional text is Adobe Caslon Pro. Its page numbers are set in Bodoni MT. It was printed on Mohawk Via paper.

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