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course.....: BA 1.....

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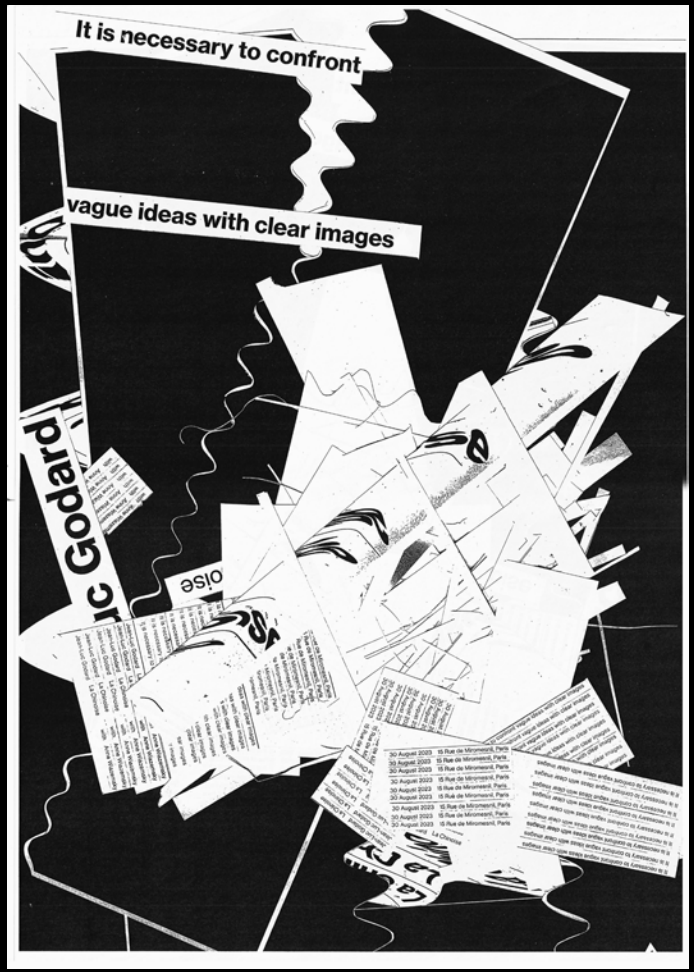
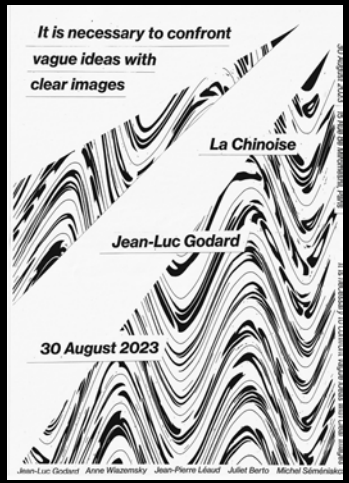
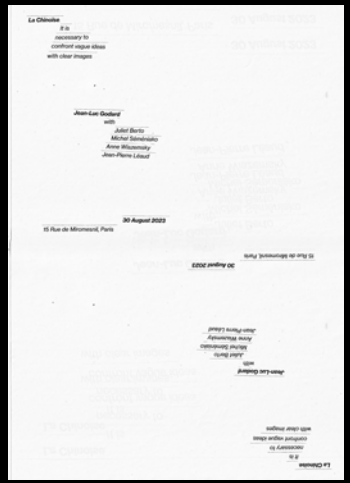
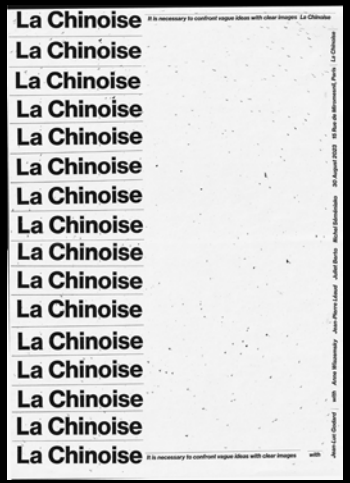
№ 15.
“ TYPOGRAPHY...
& TIME VS. SPACE ”




It is necessary to confront
vague ideas with
clear images
La Chinoise
Jean-Luc Godard
30 August 2023
Jean-Luc Godard Anne Wiazemsky Jean-Pierre Léaud Juliet Berto Michel Séméniako




La Chinoise
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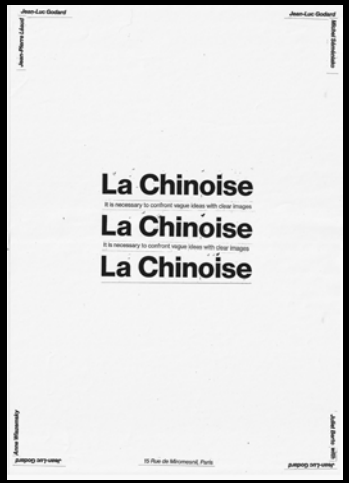
Jean-Pierre Léaud
30 August 2023 15 Rue de Miromesnil, Paris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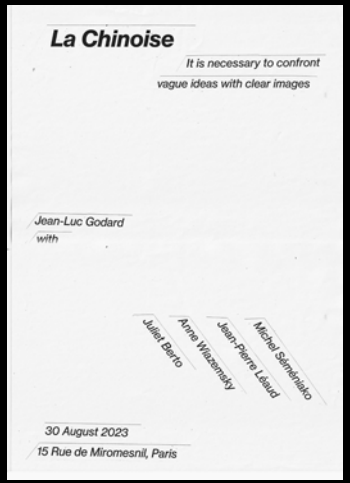
La Chinoise
Jean-Luc Godard
15 Rue de Miromesnil, Paris
30 August 2023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№ 16.
“ TYPOGRAPHY ...
& LUCKY NUMBERS ”

Emphasize

repetitions repetitions repetitions repetitions repetitions

Upside **Turn it** *Down*

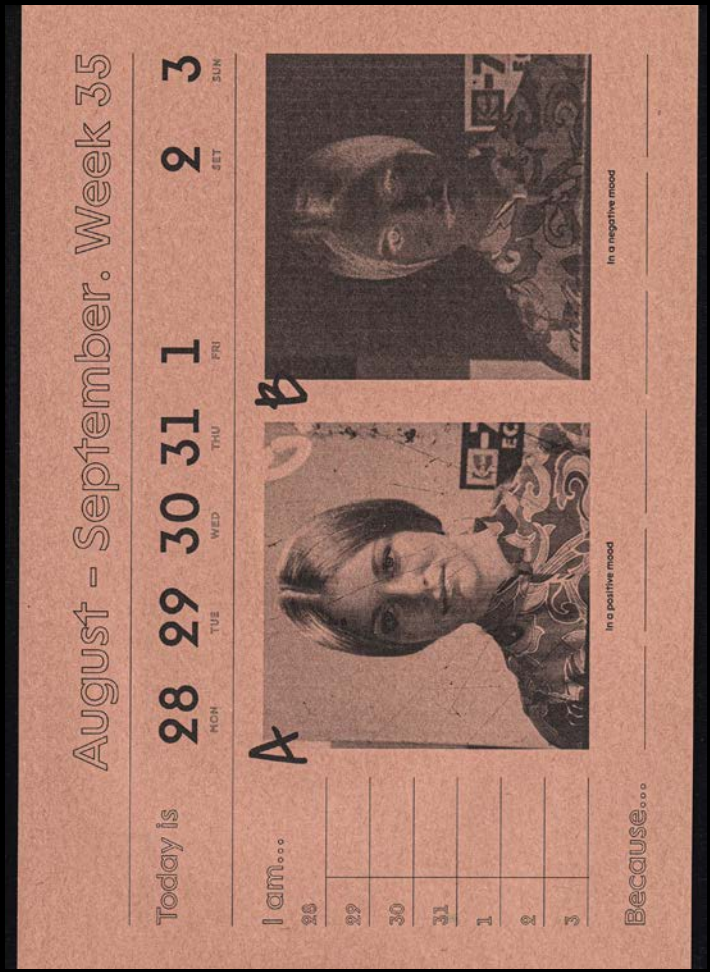
From nothing
to **more than nothing**

Consider different fading systems

Possibilities

Chekushkin Dudnik Gafarova Maklyakova Meklina
Morozova Ovsyannikova Pavlova Povetkina Ratkina
Rogozhina Shevchun Tsakhaev Vazhenina Voevodina

№ 17.
“ TYPOGRAPHY ...
& WORD + IMAGE ”



August. Week 34

Today is

21	22	23	24	25	26	27
MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SET	SUN

I am...

21
22
23
24
25
26
27

A

The innocent child

B

The Mad Queen

Because...

August. Week 33

Today is

14	15	16	17	18	19	20
MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SET	SUN

I am...

14
15
16
17
18
19
20

A

Unbreakable and serious like no other

B

Scared to death

Because...

№ 18.
“ INFRA-ORDINARIE ”

Vegas collection

General info:

3 visits
1121 photos
198 video
16 hours spend there
20 areas of research
7 discussions
87 hours of editing

Categorisation:

23 types of leisure
1 constant
5 age groups
10 locations
10 types of people
3 time periods
2 genders

Outcome:

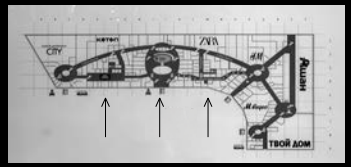
20 newspaper ads
1 script
1 final video
6 video drafts
10 photo sets

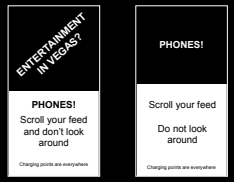
Entertainment / activity zones and services

1. Turn left.
   Go to food bazar
   Eat or scroll

2. Go straight.
   See the ice.
   Skate or scroll

3. Go straight.
   See star alley.
   Watch or scroll





PEOPLE IN VEGAS

IT DOES NOT MATTER WHAT THESE PEOPLE WERE DOING: SITTING, STANDING, WALKING, OR SHOPPING.

WHOEVER THESE PEOPLE ARE: YOUNG PEOPLE, ADULTS AND EVEN PENSIONERS, WOMEN, MEN OR EMPLOYEES.

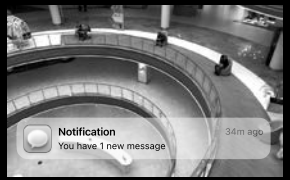
WHEREVER THESE PEOPLE WERE: ON THE ESCALATOR, IN THE FOOD COURT, AT THE MARKET, AT THE ICE RINK, ON THE PLAYGROUND OR ANYWHERE ELSE.

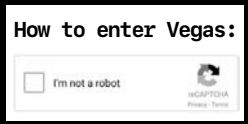
THERE IS ONE BIG THING.

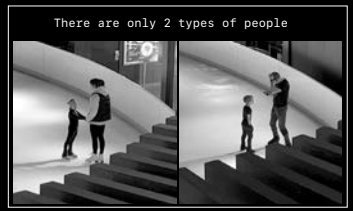
THEY ARE NOT JUST WALKING OR EATING OR WAITING.
THEY ARE STARING AT THE BRICK IN THEIR HANDS.

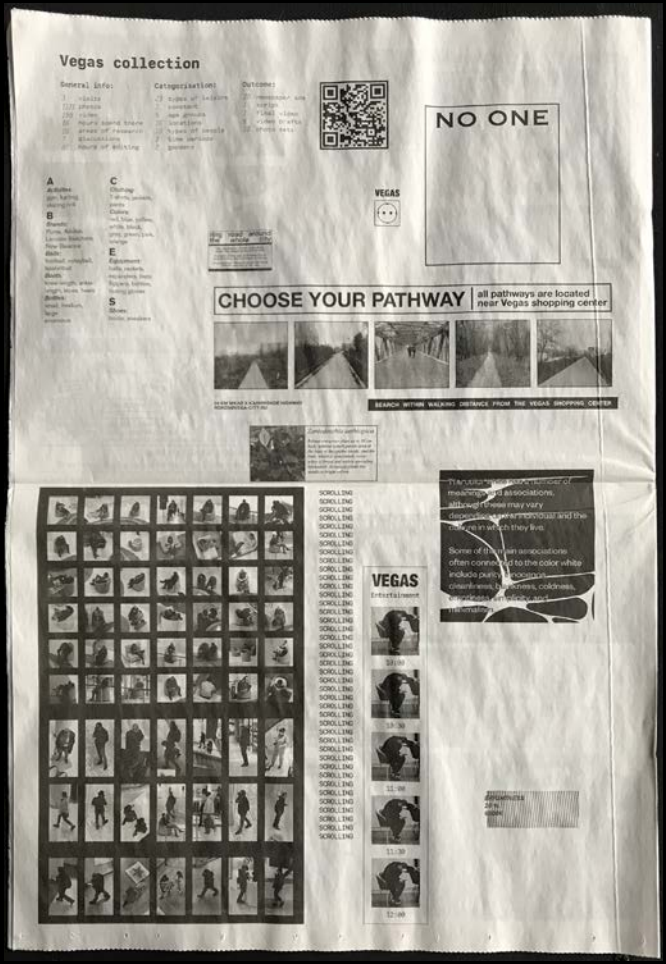
PEOPLE'S AGE, STATUS, ACTIVITY, LOCATION CAN CHANGE. BUT WHAT WILL REMAIN THE SAME IN ANY CIRCUMSTANCE IS THAT THEY WILL ALWAYS SCROLLING.

IT'S INVARIABLE!





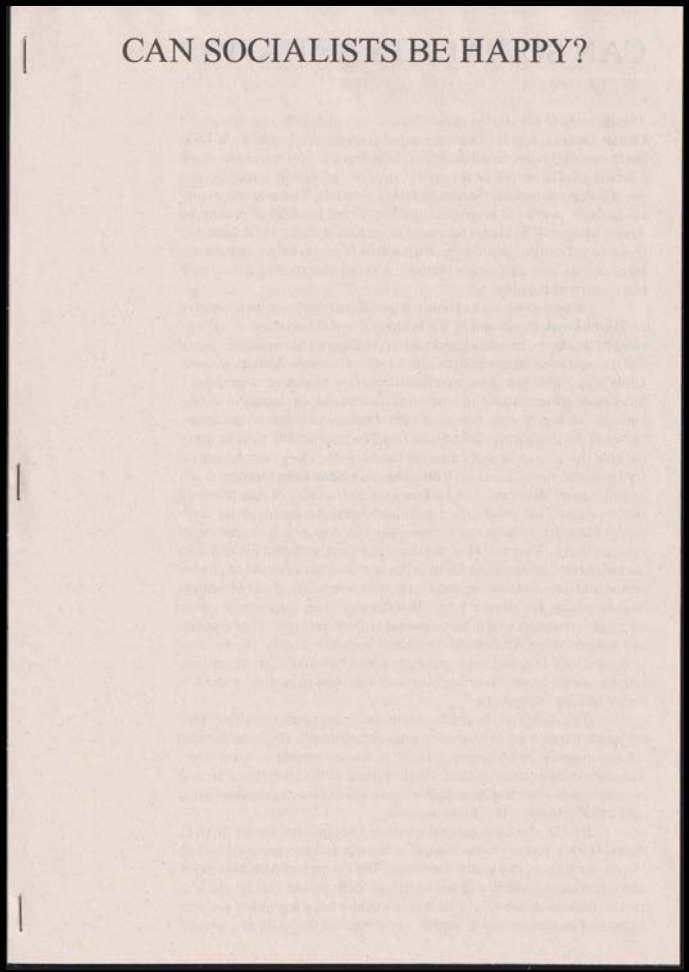




[PRINTED MATTER] COLLECTIVE NEWSPAPER. FRONT COVER 280

[PRINTED MATTER] BACK COVER 281

№ 19.
“ TEXT –> PARAGRAPH –> … “



CAN SOCIALISTS BE HAPPY?

GEORGE ORWELL

The thought of Christmas raises almost automatically the thought of **Charles Dickens**, and for two very good reasons. To begin with, **Dickens** is one of the few English writers who have actually written about Christmas. Christmas is the most popular of English festivals, and yet it has produced astonishingly little literature. There are the carols, mostly medieval in origin; there is a tiny handful of poems by **Robert Bridges**, **T. S. Eliot**, and some others, and there is **Dickens**; but there is very little else. Secondly, **Dickens** is remarkable, indeed almost unique, among modern writers in being able to give a convincing picture of happiness.

Dickens dealt successfully with Christmas twice in a chapter of **The Pickwick Papers and in A Christmas Carol**. The latter story was read to **Lenin** on his deathbed and according to his wife, he found its 'bourgeois sentimentality' completely intolerable. Now in a sense **Lenin** was right: but if he had been in better health he would perhaps have noticed that the story has interesting sociological implications. To begin with, however thick **Dickens** may lay on the paint, however disgusting the 'pathos' of **Tiny Tim** may be, the **Cratchit** family give the impression of enjoying themselves. They sound happy a for instance, the citizens of **William Morris's News From Nowhere** don't sound happy. Moreover and **Dickens's** understanding of this is one of the secrets of his power their happiness derives mainly from contrast. They are in high spirits because for once in a way they have enough to eat. The wolf is at the door, but he is wagging his tail. The steam of the Christmas pudding drifts across a background of pawnshops and sweated labour, and in a double sense the ghost of **Scrooge** stands beside the dinner table. **Bob Cratchit** even wants to drink to Scrooge's health, which Mrs **Cratchit** rightly refuses. The **Cratchits** are able to enjoy Christmas precisely because it only comes once a year. Their happiness is convincing just because Christmas only comes once a year. Their happiness is convincing just because it is described as incomplete.

All efforts to describe permanent happiness, on the other hand, have been failures. Utopias (incidentally the coined word Utopia doesn't mean 'a good place', it means merely a 'non-existent place') have been common in literature of the past three or four hundred years but the 'favourable' ones are invariably unappetising, and usually lacking in vitality as well.

By far the best known modern Utopias are those of H. G. **Wells**. **Wells's** vision of the future is almost fully expressed in two books written in the early Twenties, **The Dream and Men Like Gods**. Here you have a picture of the world as **Wells** would like to see it or thinks he would like to see it. It is a world whose keynotes are enlightened hedonism and scientific curiosity. All the evils and miseries we now suffer from have vanished. Ignorance, war, poverty, dirt, disease, frustration, hunger, fear, overwork, superstition all vanished. So expressed, it is impossible to deny that is the kind of world we all hope for. We all want to abolish the things **Wells** wants to abolish. But is there anyone who actually wants to live in a **Wellsian** Utopia? On the contrary, not to live in a world like that, not to wake up in a hygenic garden suburb infested by naked schoolmarms, has actually become a conscious political motive. A book like **Brave New World** is an expression of the actual fear that modern man feels of the rationalised hedonistic society which it is within his power to create. A Catholic writer said recently that Utopias are now technically feasible and that in consequence how to avoid Utopia had become a serious problem. We cannot write this off as merely a silly remark. For one of the sources of the **Fascist** movement is the desire to avoid a too-rational and too-comfortable world.

All 'favourable' Utopias seem to be alike in postulating perfection while being unable to suggest happiness. **News From Nowhere** is a sort of goody-goody version of the **Wellsian** Utopia. Everyone is kindly and reasonable, all the upholstery comes from Liberty's, but the impression left behind is of a sort of watery melancholy. But it is more impressive that **Jonathan Swift**, one of the greatest imaginative writers who have ever lived, is no more successful in constructing a 'favourable' Utopia than the others.

The earlier parts of **Gulliver's Travels** are probably the most devastating attack on human society that has ever been written. Every word of them is relevant today; in places they contain quite detailed prophecies of the political horrors of our own time. Where **Swift** fails, however, is in trying to describe a race of beings whom he admires. In the last part, in contrast with disgusting **Yahoos**, we are shown the noble **Houyhnhnms**, intelligent horses who are free from human failings. Now these horses, for all their high character and unfailing common sense, are remarkably dreary creatures. Like the inhabitants of various other Utopias, they are chiefly concerned with avoiding fuss. They live uneventful, subdued, 'reasonable' lives, free not only from quarrels, disorder or insecurity of any kind, but also from 'passion', including physical love. They choose their mates on eugenic principles, avoid excesses of affection, and appear somewhat glad to die when their time comes. In the earlier parts of the book **Swift** has shown where man's folly and scoundrelism lead him: but take away the folly and scoundrelism, and all you are left with, apparently, is a tepid sort of existence, hardly worth leading.

Attempts at describing a definitely other-worldly happiness have been no more successful. **Heaven** is as great a flop as Utopia though **Hell** occupies a respectable place in literature, and has often been described most minutely and convincingly.

It is a commonplace that the **Christian Heaven**, as usually portrayed, would attract nobody. Almost all **Christian writers** dealing with **Heaven** either say frankly that it is indescribable or conjure up with

Heaven either say frankly that it is indescribable or conjure up a vague picture of gold, precious stones, and the endless singing of hymns. This has, it is true, inspired some of the best poems in the world:

Thy walls are of chalcedony,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl
Exceeding rich and rare!

But what it could not do was to describe a condition in which the ordinary human being actively wanted to be. Many a revivalist minister, many a Jesuit priest (see, for instance, the terrific sermon in **James Joyce's Portrait of the Artist**) has frightened his congregation almost out of their skins with his word-pictures of **Hell**. But as soon as it comes to **Heaven**, there is a prompt falling-back on words like 'ecstasy' and 'bliss', with little attempt to say what they consist in. Perhaps the most vital bit of writing on this subject is the famous passage in which **Tertullian** explains that one of the chief joys of Heaven is watching the tortures of the damned.

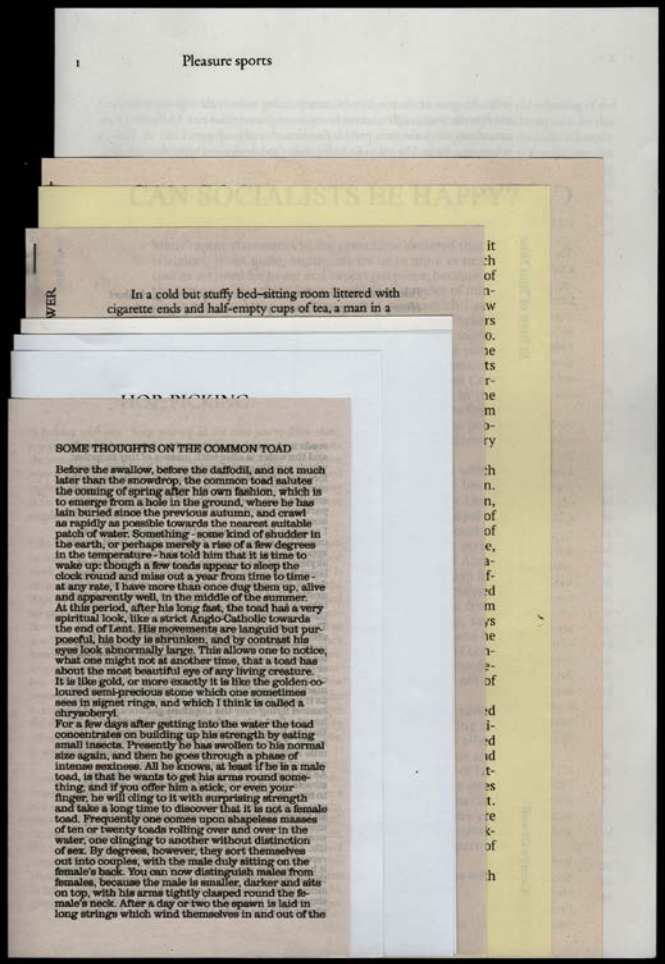
The pagan versions of Paradise are little better, if at all. One has the feeling it is always twilight in the **Elysian fields**. **Olympus**, where the gods lived, with their nectar and ambrosia, and their nymphs and Hebes, the 'immortal tarts' as **D. H. Lawrence** called them, might be a bit more homelike than the **Christian Heaven**, but you would not want to spend a long time there. As for the **Muslim Paradise**, with its 77 houris per man, all presumably clamouring for attention at the same moment, it is just a nightmare. Nor are the spiritualists, though constantly assuring us that 'all is bright and beautiful', able to describe any next-world activity which a thinking person would find endurable, let alone attractive.

It is the same with attempted descriptions of perfect happiness which are neither Utopian nor other-worldly, but merely sensual. They always give an impression of emptiness or vulgarity, or both. At the beginning of **La Pucelle Voltaire** describes the life of **Charles IX** with his mistress, **Agnes Sorel**. They were 'always happy', he says. And what did their happiness consist in? An endless round of feasting, drinking, hunting and love-making. Who would not sicken of such an existence after a few weeks? **Rabelais** describes the fortunate spirits who have a good time in the next world to console them for having had a bad time in this one. They sing a song which can be roughly translated: "To leap, to dance, to play tricks, to drink the wine both white and red, and to do nothing all day long except count gold crowns' how boring it sounds, after all! The emptiness of the whole notion of an everlasting 'good time' is shown up in **Breughel's** picture **The Land of the Sluggard**, where the three great lumps of fat lie asleep, head to head, with the boiled eggs and roast legs of pork coming up to be eaten of their own accord.

It would seem that human beings are not able to describe, nor perhaps to imagine, happiness except in terms of contrast. That is why the conception of Heaven or Utopia varies from age to age. In pre-industrial society Heaven was described as a place of endless rest, and as being paved with gold, because the experience of the average human being was overwork and poverty. The houris of the **Muslim Paradise** reflected a polygamous society where most of the women disappeared into the harems of the rich. But these pictures of 'eternal bliss always failed because as the bliss became eternal (eternity being thought of as endless time), the contrast ceased to operate. Some of the conventions embedded in our literature first arose from physical conditions which have now ceased to exist. The cult of spring is an example. In the Middle Ages spring did not primarily mean swallows and wild flowers. It meant green vegetables, milk and fresh meat after several months of living on salt pork in smoky windowless huts. The spring songs were gay — Do nothing but eat and make good cheer, And thank Heaven for the merry year When flesh is cheap and females dear, And lusty lads roam here and there So merrily, And ever among so merrily! — because there was something to be so gay about. The winter was over, that was the great thing. Christmas itself, a pre-Christian festival, probably started because there had to be an occasional outburst of overeating and drinking to make a break in the unbearable northern winter.

The inability of mankind to imagine happiness except in the form of relief, either from effort or pain, presents **Socialists** with a serious problem. **Dickens** can describe a poverty-stricken family tucking into a roast goose, and can make them appear happy; on the other hand, the inhabitants of perfect universes seem to have no spontaneous gaiety and are usually somewhat repulsive into the bargain. But clearly we are not aiming at the kind of world **Dickens** described, nor, probably, at any world he was capable of imagining. The **Socialist** objective is not a society where everything comes right in the end, because kind old gentlemen give away turkeys. What are we aiming at, if not a society in which 'charity' would be unnecessary? We want a world where **Scrooge**, with his dividends, and **Tiny Tim**, with his tuberculous leg, would both be unthinkable. But does that mean we are aiming at some painless, effortless Utopia? At the risk of saying something which the editors of **Tribune** may not endorse, I suggest that the real objective of **Socialism** is not happiness. Happiness hitherto has been a by-product, and for all we know it may always remain so. The real objective of **Socialism** is human brotherhood. This is widely felt to be the case, though it is not usually said, or not said loudly enough. Men use up their lives in heart-breaking political struggles, or get themselves killed in civil wars, or tortured in the secret prisons of the **Gestapo**, not in order to establish some central-heated, air-conditioned, strip-lighted **Paradise**, but because they want a world in which human beings love one another instead of swindling and murdering one another. And they want that world as a first step. Where they go from there is not so certain, and the attempt to foresee it in detail merely confuses the issue.

Socialist thought has to deal in prediction, but only in broad terms. One often has to aim at objectives which one can only very



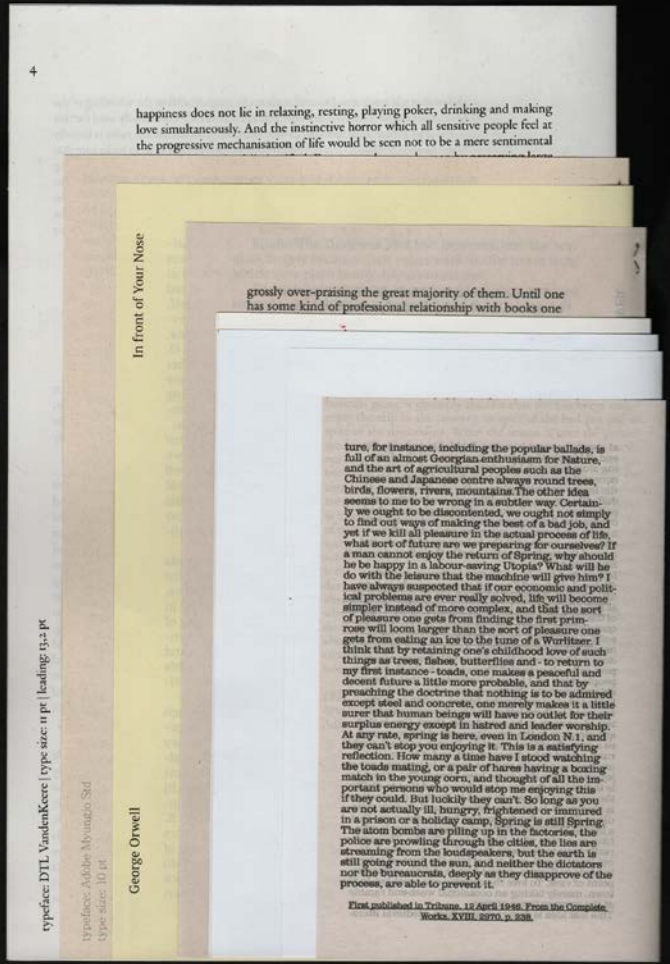
1 Pleasure sports

In a cold but stuffy bed–sitting room littered with cigarette ends and half-empty cups of tea, a man in a

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE COMMON TOAD

Before the swallow, before the daffodil, and not much later than the snowdrop, the common toad salutes the coming of spring after his own fashion, which is to emerge from a hole in the ground, where he has lain buried since the previous autumn, and crawl as rapidly as possible towards the nearest suitable patch of water. Something - some kind of shudder in the earth, or perhaps merely a rise of a few degrees in the temperature - has told him that it is time to wake up: though a few toads appear to sleep the clock round and miss out a year from time to time - at any rate, I have more than once dug them up, alive and apparently well, in the middle of the summer. At this period, after his long fast, the toad has a very spiritual look, like a strict Anglo-Catholic towards the end of Lent. His movements are languid but purposeful, his body is shrunken, and by contrast his eyes look abnormally large. This allows one to notice, what one might not at another time, that a toad has about the most beautiful eye of any living creature. It is like gold, or more exactly it is like the golden-coloured semi-precious stone which one sometimes sees in signet rings, and which I think is called a chrysoberyl.

For a few days after getting into the water the toad concentrates on building up his strength by eating small insects. Presently he has swollen to his normal size again, and then he goes through a phase of intense sexiness. All he knows, at least if he is a male toad, is that he wants to get his arms round something, and if you offer him a stick, or even your finger, he will cling to it with surprising strength and take a long time to discover that it is not a female toad. Frequently one comes upon shapeless masses of ten or twenty toads rolling over and over in the water, one clinging to another without distinction of sex. By degrees, however, they sort themselves out into couples, with the male duly sitting on the female's back. You can now distinguish males from females, because the male is smaller, darker and sits on top, with his arms tightly clasped round the female's neck. After a day or two the spawn is laid in long strings which wind themselves in and out of the



4

happiness does not lie in relaxing, resting, playing poker, drinking and making love simultaneously. And the instinctive horror which all sensitive people feel at the progressive mechanisation of life would be seen not to be a mere sentimental

In front of Your Nose

grossly over-praising the great majority of them. Until one has some kind of professional relationship with books one

ture, for instance, including the popular ballads, is full of an almost Georgian enthusiasm for Nature, and the art of agricultural peoples such as the Chinese and Japanese centre always round trees, birds, flowers, rivers, mountains.The other idea seems to me to be wrong in a subtler way. Certainly we ought to be discontented, we ought not simply to find out ways of making the best of a bad job, and yet if we kill all pleasure in the actual process of life, what sort of future are we preparing for ourselves? If a man cannot enjoy the return of Spring, why should he be happy in a labour-saving Utopia? What will he do with the leisure that the machine will give him? I have always suspected that if our economic and political problems are ever really solved, life will become simpler instead of more complex, and that the sort of pleasure one gets from finding the first primrose will loom larger than the sort of pleasure one gets from eating an ice to the tune of a Wurlitzer. I think that by retaining one's childhood love of such things as trees, fishes, butterflies and - to return to my first instance - toads, one makes a peaceful and decent future a little more probable, and that by preaching the doctrine that nothing is to be admired except steel and concrete, one merely makes it a little surer that human beings will have no outlet for their surplus energy except in hatred and leader worship. At any rate, spring is here, even in London N.1, and they can't stop you enjoying it. This is a satisfying reflection. How many a time have I stood watching the toads mating, or a pair of hares having a boxing match in the young corn, and thought of all the important persons who would stop me enjoying this if they could. But luckily they can't. So long as you are not actually ill, hungry, frightened or immured in a prison or a holiday camp, Spring is still Spring. The atom bombs are piling up in the factories, the police are prowling through the cities, the lies are streaming from the loudspeakers, but the earth is still going round the sun, and neither the dictators nor the bureaucrats, deeply as they disapprove of the process, are able to prevent it.

First published in Tribune, 12 April 1946. From the Complete Works, XVIII, 2970, p. 238.

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George Orwell

№ 20.
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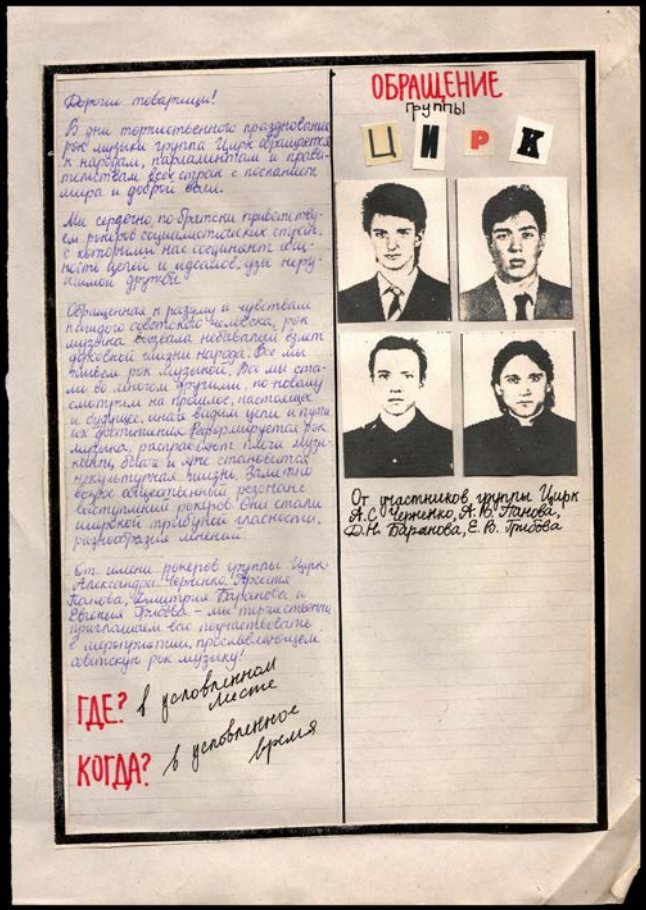

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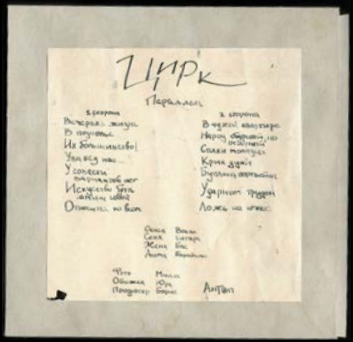

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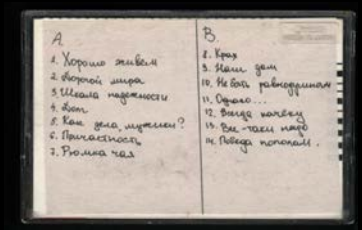
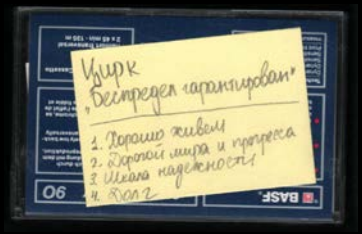
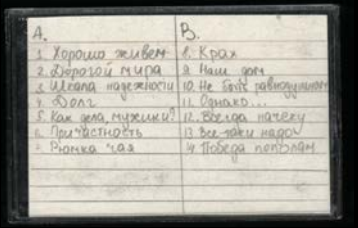
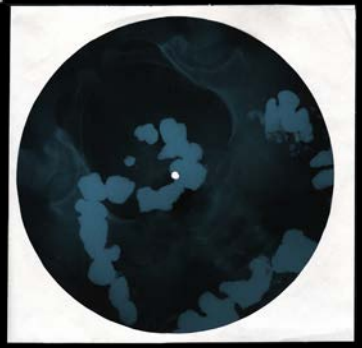






img_03. front cover.



img_04. the record.

img_05. front cover.

img_07. inside cover.

img_06. record inside.

img_08. front cover.

img_09. back cover. song list.

img_10. front cover.

img_11. back cover.

Ц И Р К

Ц И Р К

№ 21.
“ TYPOGRAPHY ...
& FANZINE ”

PRE-MODERN

- 40 000 THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE 1500

The siege of Constantinople (1453). French miniature by Jean Le Tavernier after 1455.

The fall of Constantinople, also known as the conquest of Constantinople, was the capture of the capital of the Byzantine Empire by the Ottoman Empire. The city was captured on 29 May 1453 as part of the culmination of a 53-day siege which had begun on 6 April.

The attacking Ottoman Army, which significantly outnumbered Constantinople's defenders, was commanded by the 21-year-old Sultan Mehmed II (later nicknamed “the Conqueror”), while the Byzantine army was led by Emperor Constantine XI Palaiologos. After conquering the city, Mehmed II made Constantinople the new Ottoman capital, replacing Adrianople.

The conquest of Constantinople and the fall of the Byzantine Empire was a watershed of the Late Middle Ages, marking the effective end of the last remains of the Roman Empire, a state which began in roughly 27 BC and had lasted nearly 1500 years. Among many modern historians, the fall of Constantinople is considered the end of the medieval period. The city's fall also stood as a turning point in military history. Since ancient times, cities and castles had depended upon ramparts and walls to repel invaders. The Walls of Constantinople, especially the Theodosian Walls, were some of the most advanced defensive systems in the world at the time. These fortifications were overcome with the use of gunpowder, specifically in the form of large cannons and bombards.

ANCIENT

EGYPTIAN

GREECE

ROMAN

BYZATINE

ROMANESQUE

GOTHIC

RENAISSANCE

NORTHERN

PRE-MODERN

- 40 000 THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE 1500

The siege of Constantinople (1453). French miniature by Jean Le Tavernier after 1455.

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ANCIENT

EGYPTIAN

GREECE

ROMAN

BYZATINE

ROMANESQUE

GOTHIC

RENAISSANCE

NORTHERN

MANNERISM

ITALIAN

DUTCH BAROQUE

ROCOCO

ROMANTISM

NEOCLASSICISM

ACADEMISM

REALISM

IMPRESSIONISM

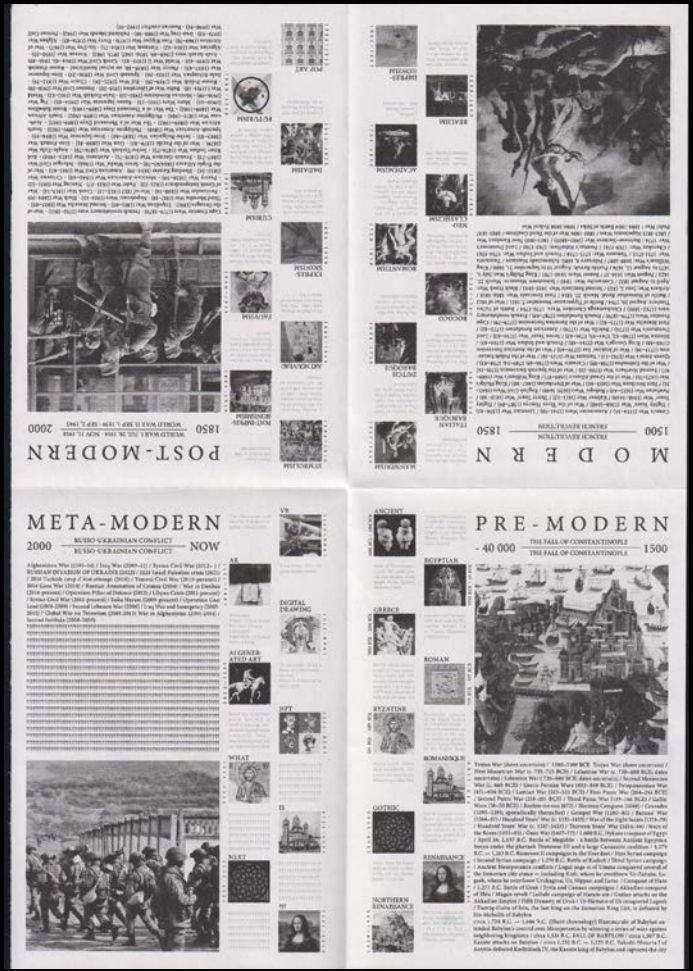
M O D E R N

1500 FRENCH REVOLUTION FRENCH REVOLUTION 1850

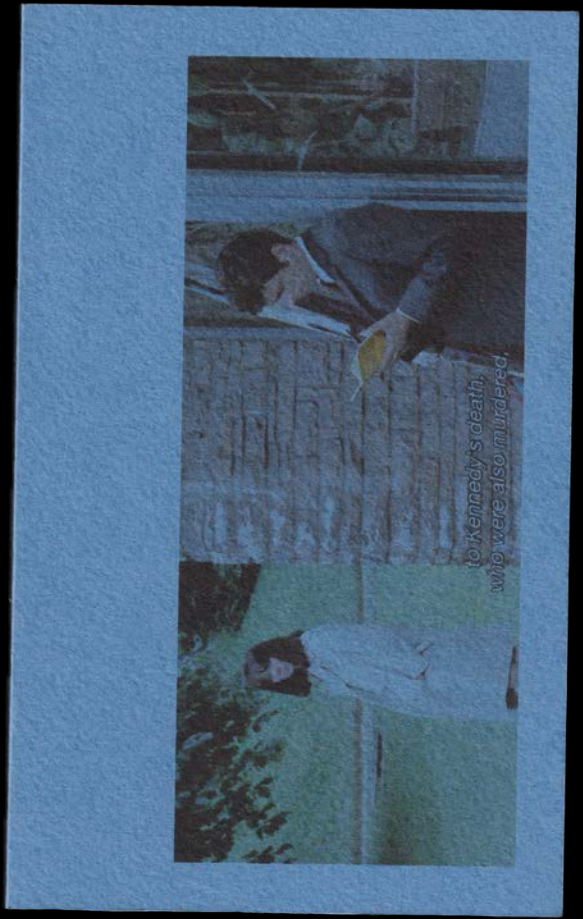
The French Revolution was a period of radical political and societal change in France that began with the Estates General of 1789 and ended with the formation of the French Consulate in November 1799. Many of its ideas are considered fundamental principles of liberal democracy, while phrases like liberté, égalité, fraternité reappeared in other revolts, such as the 1917 Russian Revolution, and inspired campaigns for the abolition of slavery and universal suffrage. The values and institutions it created dominate French politics to this day.

Its causes are generally agreed to be a combination of social, political and economic factors, which the Ancien Régime proved unable to manage. In May 1789, widespread social distress led to the convocation of the Estates General, which was converted into a National Assembly in June. Continuing unrest culminated in the Storming of the Bastille on 14 July, which led to a series of radical measures by the Assembly, including the abolition of feudalism, the imposition of state control over the Catholic Church in France, and extension of the right to vote.

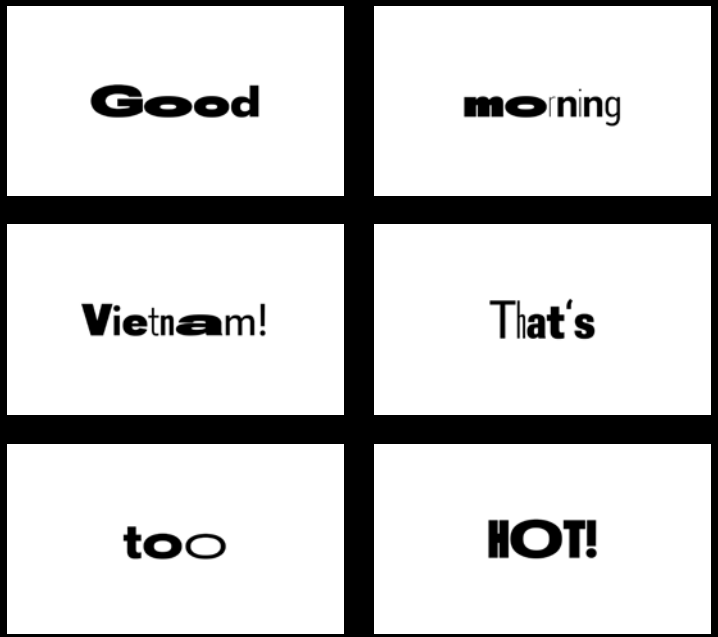
The next three years were dominated by the struggle for political control, exacerbated by economic depression and civil disorder. Austria, Britain, Prussia and other external powers sought to restore the Ancien Régime by force, while many French politicians saw war as the best way to unite the nation and preserve the spirit of the revolution by exporting it to other countries. These factors resulted in the outbreak of the French Revolutionary Wars in April 1792, abolition of the French monarchy and proclamation of the French First Republic in September 1792.

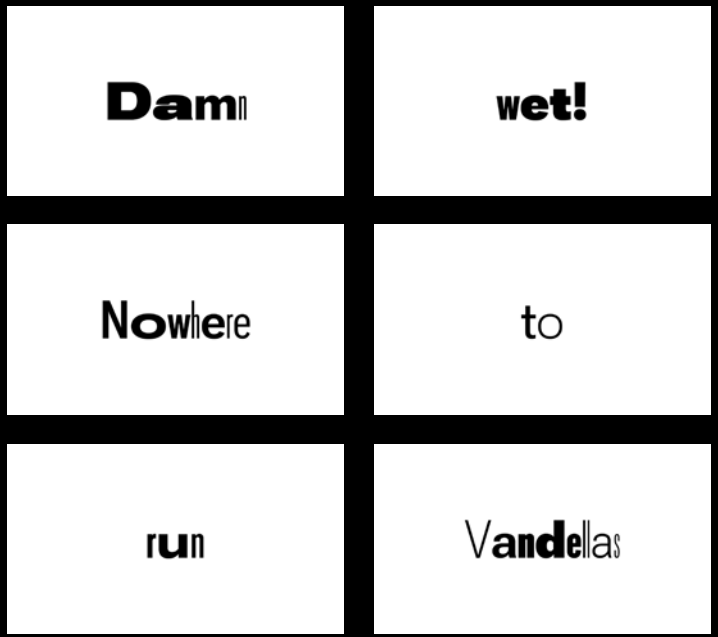


№ 22.
“ TO TRANSLATE ”



№ 23.
“ KIND OF MAGIC ”





[EXTERNAL MEDIA] SEE THE ANIMATION. SOUND ON!

№ 24.
“ BASIC OPERATIONS ”

Сегодня твоя стихия – огонь (кем бы ты ни была по знаку зодиака).

сказал, что ты не подарок?

БАНТЫ

Именно по ним в новом сезоне узнают главных модниц. Комбинируй банты с джинсами, грубыми ботинками и челси на платформе. Легкомысленно? Да нисколько.

1. Сумка, **Ushatáva,** 9900 руб. 2. Туфли, **Vitacci,** 8495 руб. 3. Платье, **Pinko,** 38 900 руб. 4. Серьги, **Natia x Lako,** 11 280 руб.

99 THE VOICEMAG

Ваше снисходительство, честное слово, ослепляете!

Достаточно прозрачный намек? Зимняя спячка закончилась!

БЕЛЬЕВОЙ СТИЛЬ

Опять не удалось проснуться вовремя? Зато можно быстро собраться на выход. Останься в ночной сорочке и просто накинь на плечи плащ. Домашняя футболка с изображением белья тоже подойдет.

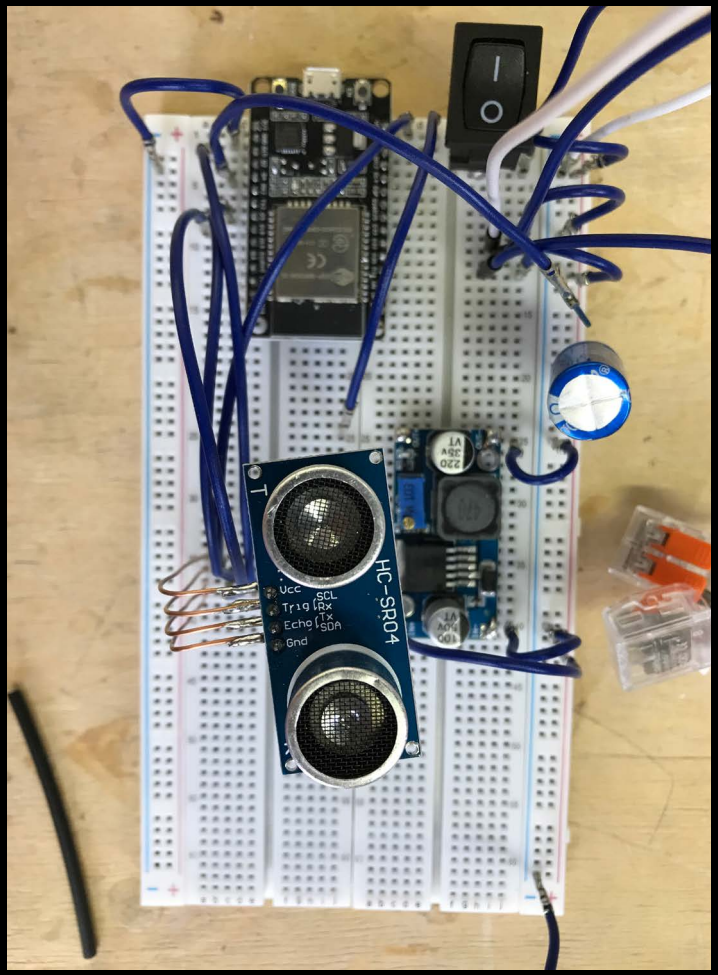
Наконец можно скинуть тяжелые пуховики и примерить бомберы в пайетках. Дизайнеры не подвели – чувствуем, шопинг растянется на несколько дней (или недель)!

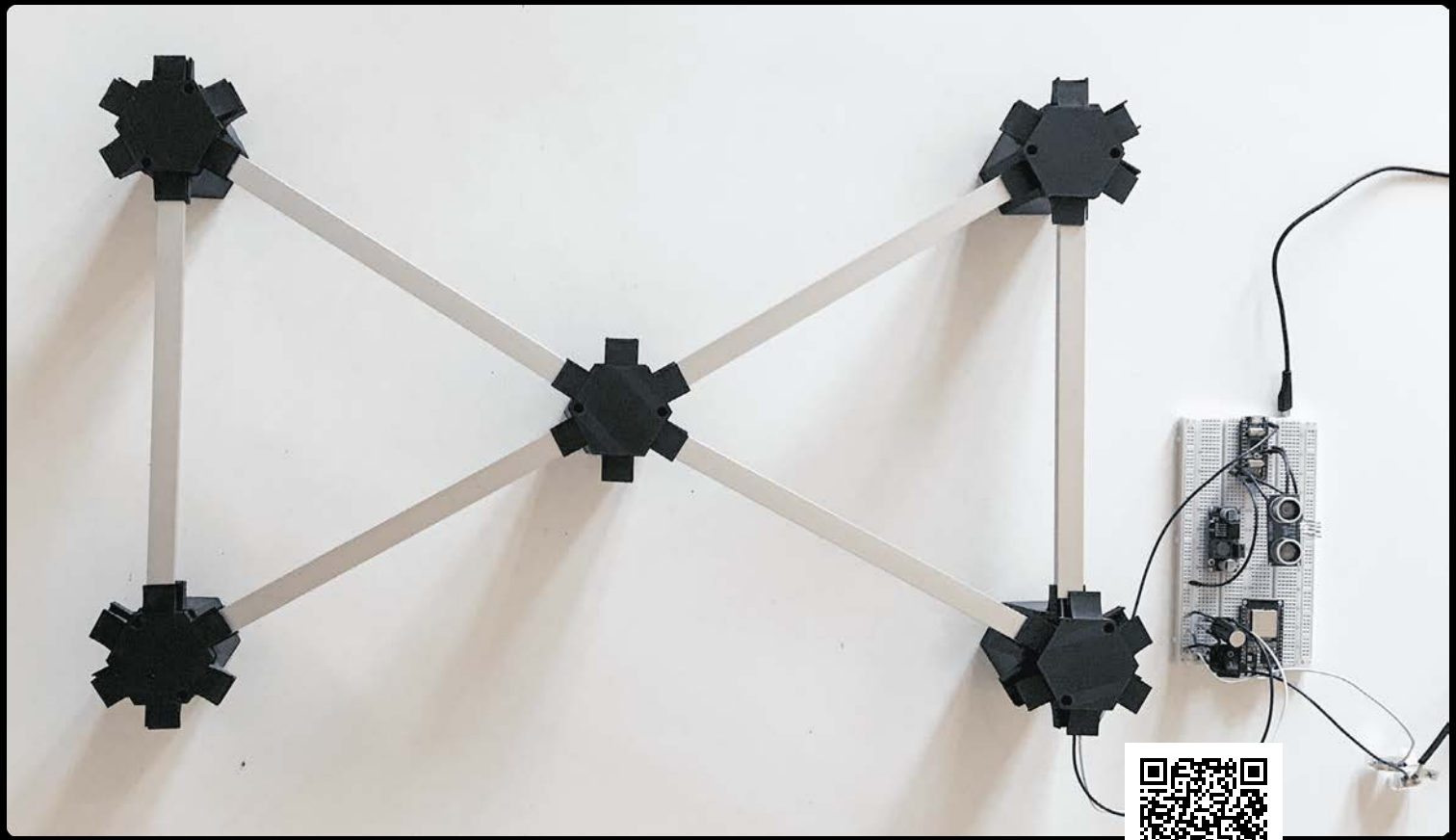
THE VOICEMAG 98

№ 25.
“ IF
/ ELSE / THEN ”

```
from datetime import date, timedelta
import random as rnd
import random as rando

start = date(2025, 1 ,1)
end = date(2025, 1, 31)

date_objects = [start+timedelta(days=x)
for x in range((end-start).days)]
dates = [(x.strftime('%a'), x.strftime('%d'), x.strf-
time('%b')) for x in date_objects]

for date in dates:

    day, date, month = date
    # now draw for this date

    newPage('A4')
    i = width()
    e = height()

    fill(250,250,250)
    rect(0,0,i,e)

    # drawing lines
    stroke(0)
    line((i, (e/2)-40),(0, (e/2)-40))
    line((100, e),(100, 0))

    # Draw the month
    fill(0,0,0)
    font('DS-Digital')
    fontSize(65)
    lineHeight(50)
    t = month
    x,y,w,h = 25, 340, 50, 300
    textBox(t,(x,y,w,h),align="center")

    # Draw the day
    fill(0,0,0)
    font('DS-Digital')
    fontSize(65)
    lineHeight(50)

    t = day
    x,y,w,h = 25,-100, 40, 400
    textBox(t,(x,y,w,h),align="center")

    # Draw the date
    fill(0,0,0)
    font('DS-Digital-Bold')
    fontSize(330)
    lineHeight(50)

    t = date
    x,y,w,h = 150, 200, 400, 300
    textBox(t,(x,y,w,h),align="center")

    # Draw the content

    fill(0,0,0)
    font('Comic Sans MS')
    fontSize(30)
    lineHeight(45)

    t = rando.choice(anecdotes)
    x,y,w,h = 150,-50, 400, 400
    textBox(t,(x,y,w,h),align="left")


#saveImage('~/Desktop/calendar.gif')
```

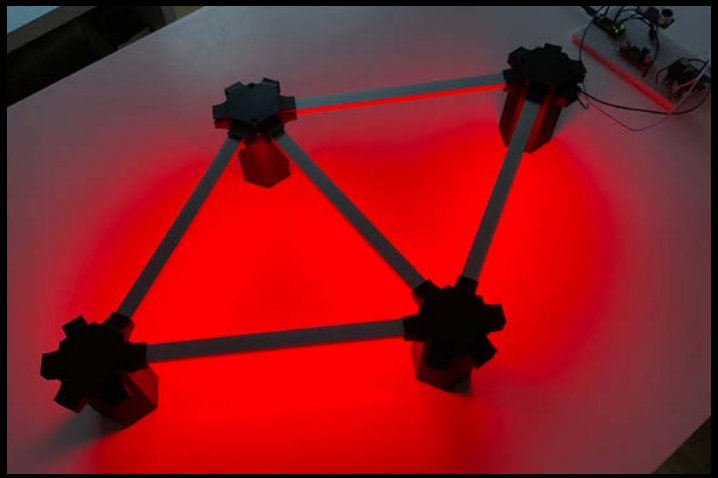
№ 26.
“ TALENT SHOW ”

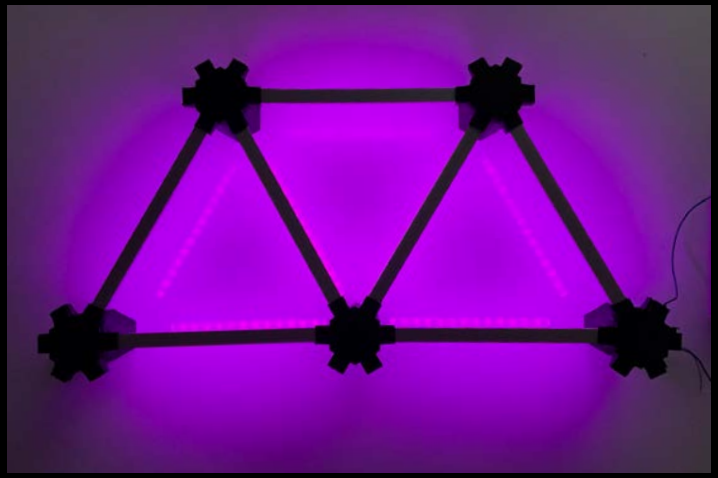




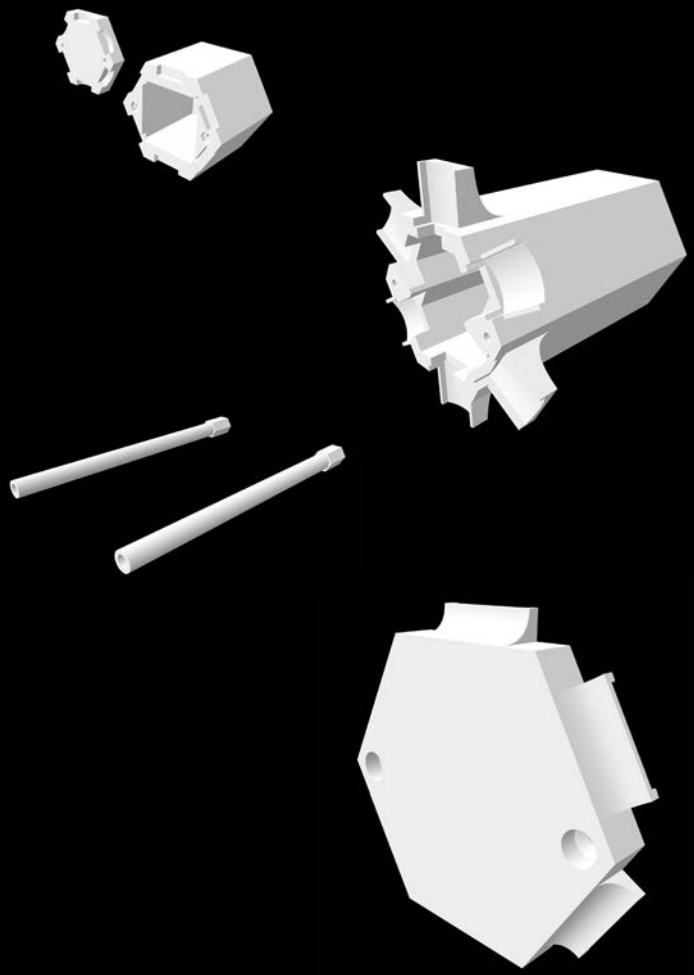
MODULAR LED CONSTRUCTION CONTROLLED BY GESTURES 402

[EXTERNAL MEDIA] STEP BY STEP YOUTUBE PLAYLIST 403





[EXPERIMENTAL MEDIA] COLOUR AND SHAPE CHANGE DEMO 404



[EXPERIMENTAL MEDIA] 3D MODEL 405

```
> node_export: complete......

projects.....: 12............
pages........: 430...........

linked_node..: [ PROCESS_LOG ]
linked_module: / MEMORY.......
```