

Strife

A dark, high-contrast photograph of a fly with its wings spread, centered on a light background. The fly is the central focus, with its wings fully extended to the left and right. The body is dark and somewhat obscured by the wings. The background is a light, neutral color, possibly a wall or a piece of paper, with some faint, darker spots or smudges. The overall mood is somber and dramatic.

By Jeff Scott Lane

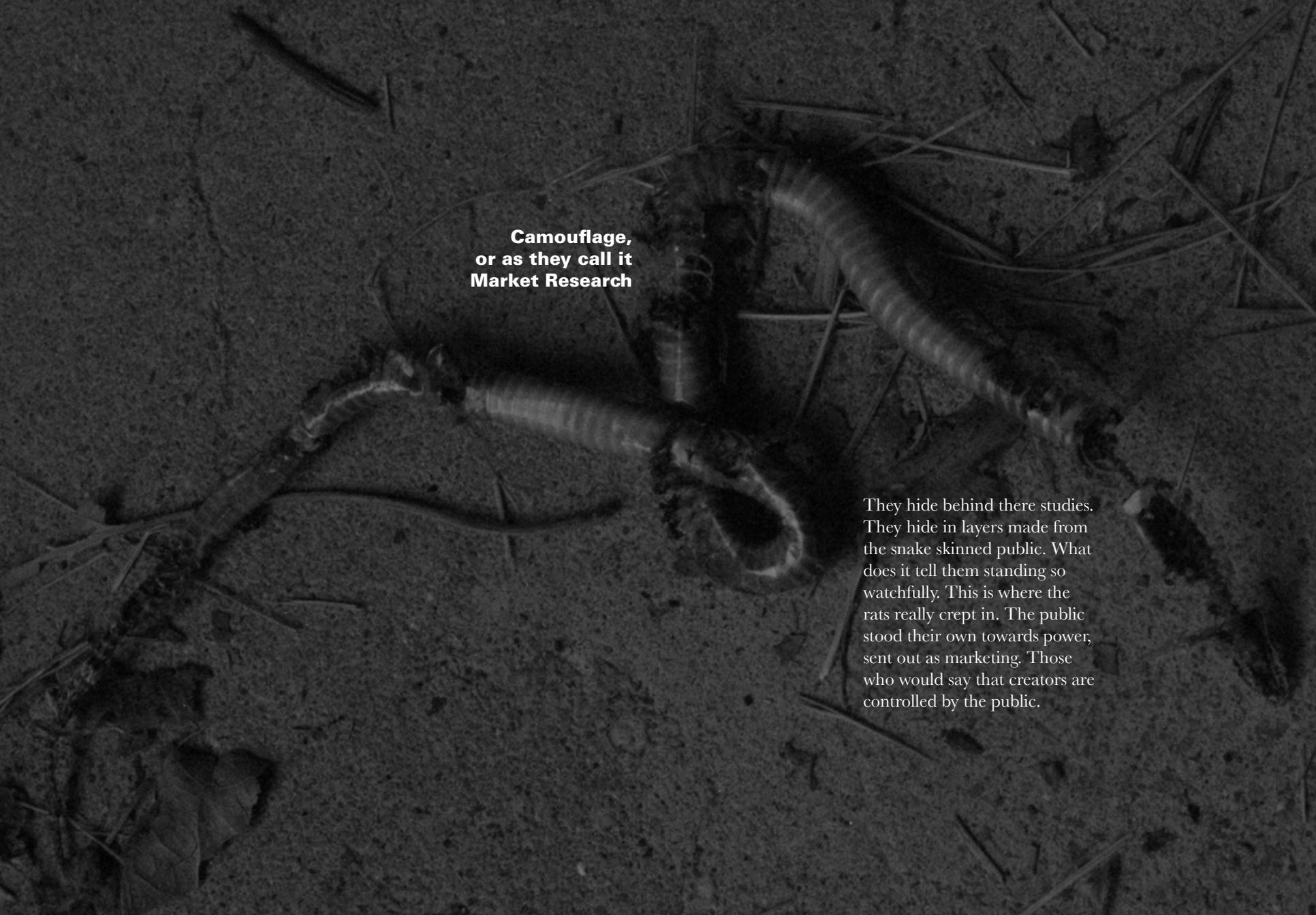


I shall bite my tongue and pray to no god
In this cold wasteland
Long left from any meaning
Embrace the warmth of the sun
Rise up on your own
Rise up and strike with force and will



When the 'I' became the Commodity

One of the first things I heard when asking for advice on to get a job was “You are a product and have to sell yourself to them”. You are no longer you, you just something to be bought and sold. The most disturbing part of it all is just how much people have submitted to this. People just watched the ads, watched the TV, acted according to make themselves as marketable as possible. They sat behind their phones and their computers making pages about themselves to make themselves ads based on how they could best sell themselves. So they could talk the same, look the same, it was about the one who could best simply disappear. Even how companies acted fell into the same cycle. They need to sell themselves and the idea of them. Just as much they must sway the public, they must sway themselves to the public. So they sway together from the gallows in an unchanging parasitic cycle.



**Camouflage,
or as they call it
Market Research**

They hide behind there studies.
They hide in layers made from
the snake skinned public. What
does it tell them standing so
watchfully. This is where the
rats really crept in. The public
stood their own towards power,
sent out as marketing. Those
who would say that creators are
controlled by the public.



Kill the Root to Kill the Weed

So we come back to it again. The question that still circles. The one so many still fight to answer. And that is the one of who has power. But we seem to have begun to have lost sight of a key thing in all this, that public and creator are two separate entities. This is not an internal but external power struggle. So let us simply remove this weed from our minds for now that we shall not bow to any snake.

A monochromatic, misty photograph of a rocky coastline. In the foreground, a sandy beach is visible with several people silhouetted against the water. The water is calm, reflecting the light. In the background, there are several large, rounded rock formations or islands, some with small structures or buildings on top. The sky is overcast and hazy, creating a soft, diffused light. The overall mood is serene and quiet.

Song of the Sword, Song of the Pen

Never forgot the web is ever changing, but always erasing its history. It can and never will learn from it self. It's mistakes will be never ending. The mistakes only living as long as the memory of it remains. That which is printed can only be purged with fire. Until then it is forever there textile to the touch and to the eye.



The Conquest of the Worm

That which crawls will be given right. That which will crawl amongst what is left feeding on what was and never venturing a new will be raised highest. This is not our law nor that of nature, but law written in sand by those who now claim power. As we surrender culture to the cold hand of death, these worms will only grow in number. Take it back. Reclaim the warmth of the soul.



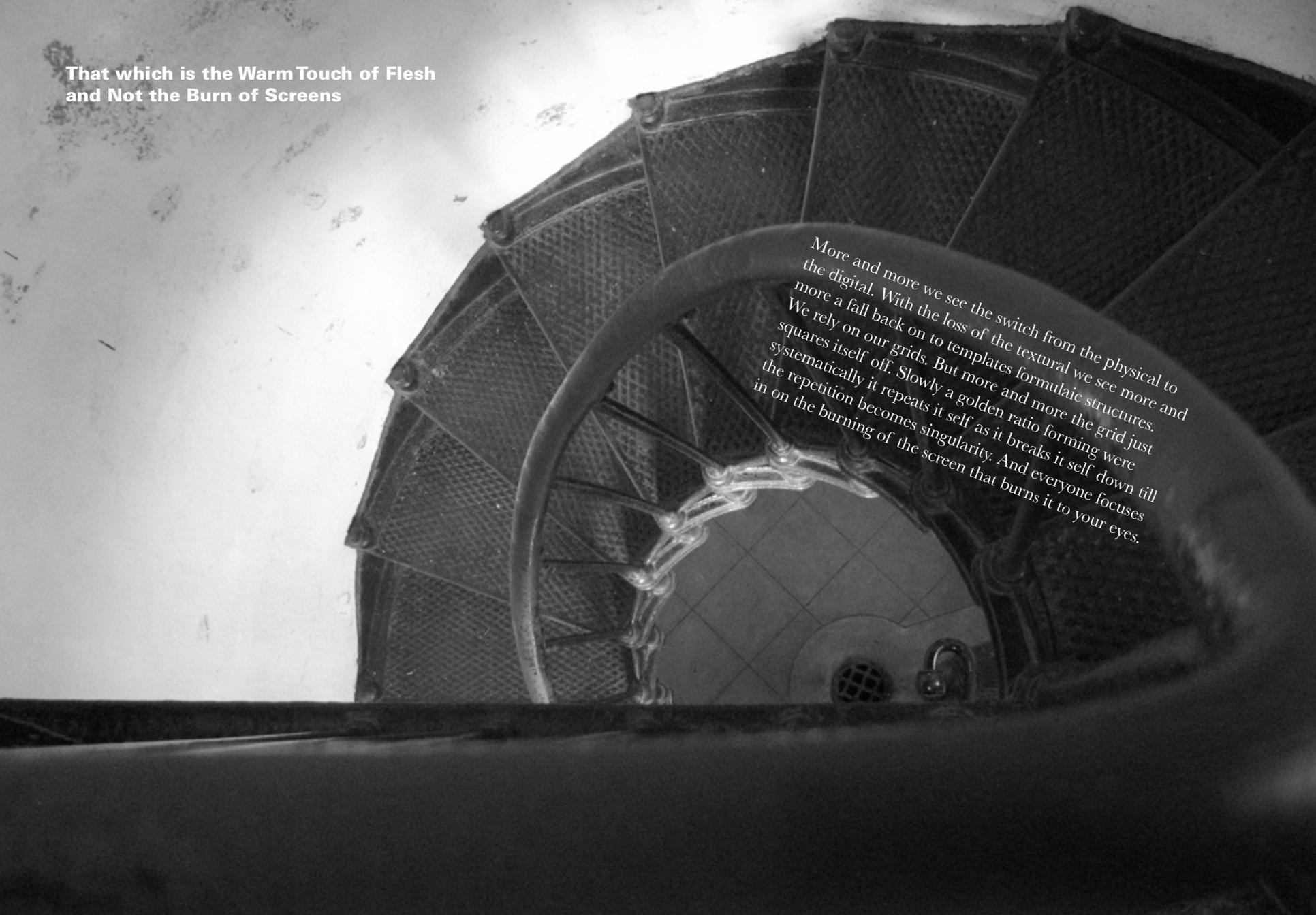
Fading Fast

The type on the cover is fading fast now. Not because of size, nor lack of words, no. It is the return of using gradient on type. Type that is not texture, but type that is title. A cheesy effect of little effect or value. Only a thing of bitter aftertaste left asking why and visual making a statement of laziness or inexperience.

Take Stock in Bland and Nameless

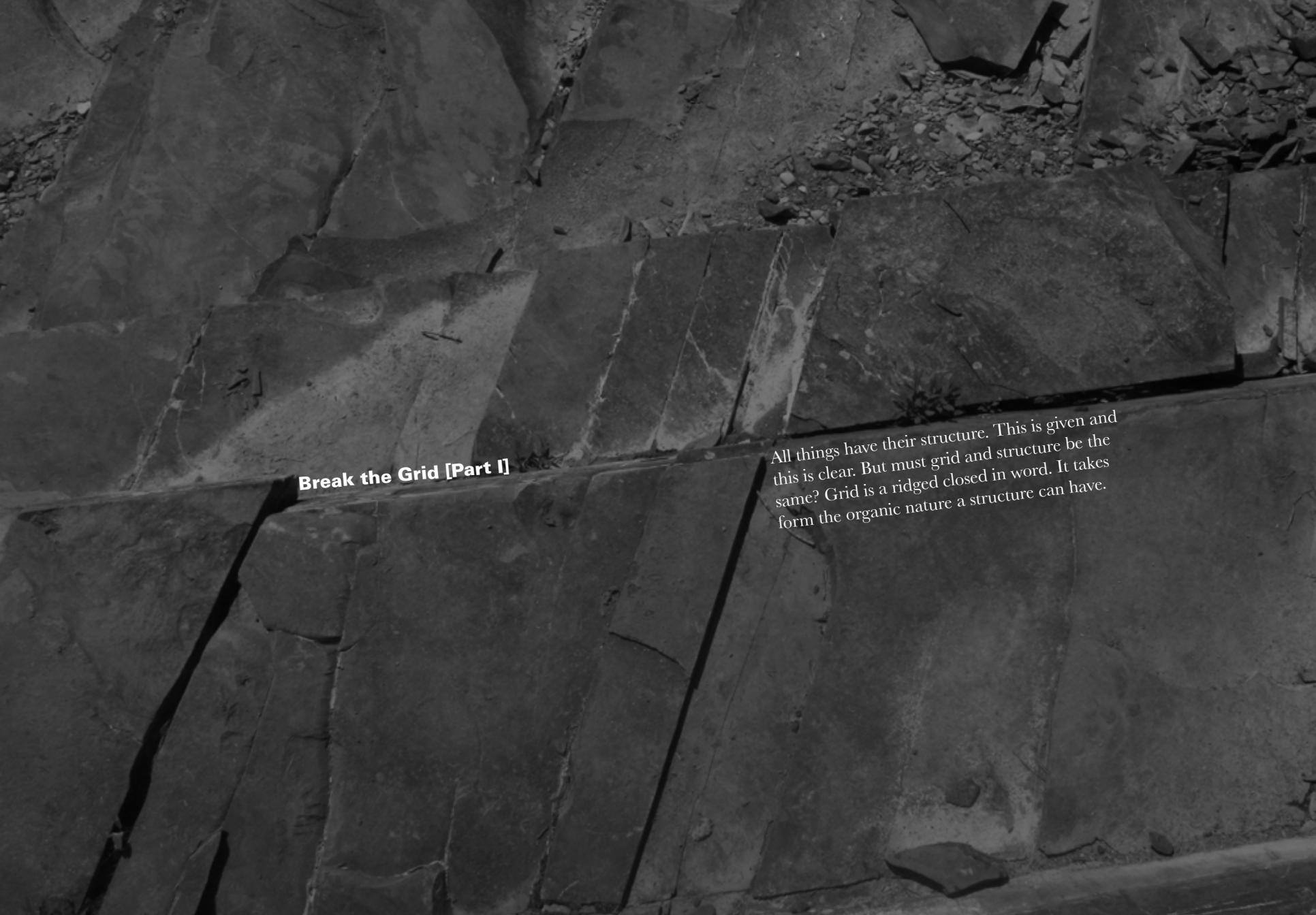
Take notice the nature of the trend. That which follows suit is the bland repetition. This crosses beyond design but design does not escape it either. It isn't good enough for a book to have the near same title and storyline, no the cover must nearly be identical as well. Be it their way of trickery or be it the way of driving home the idea if you liked that one then you'll enjoy this dead eyed soul copycat. Do not confuse though trend and style. While it can be said that genre have a certain style that goes with them, this becomes a fine line to tread and must be taken with caution.





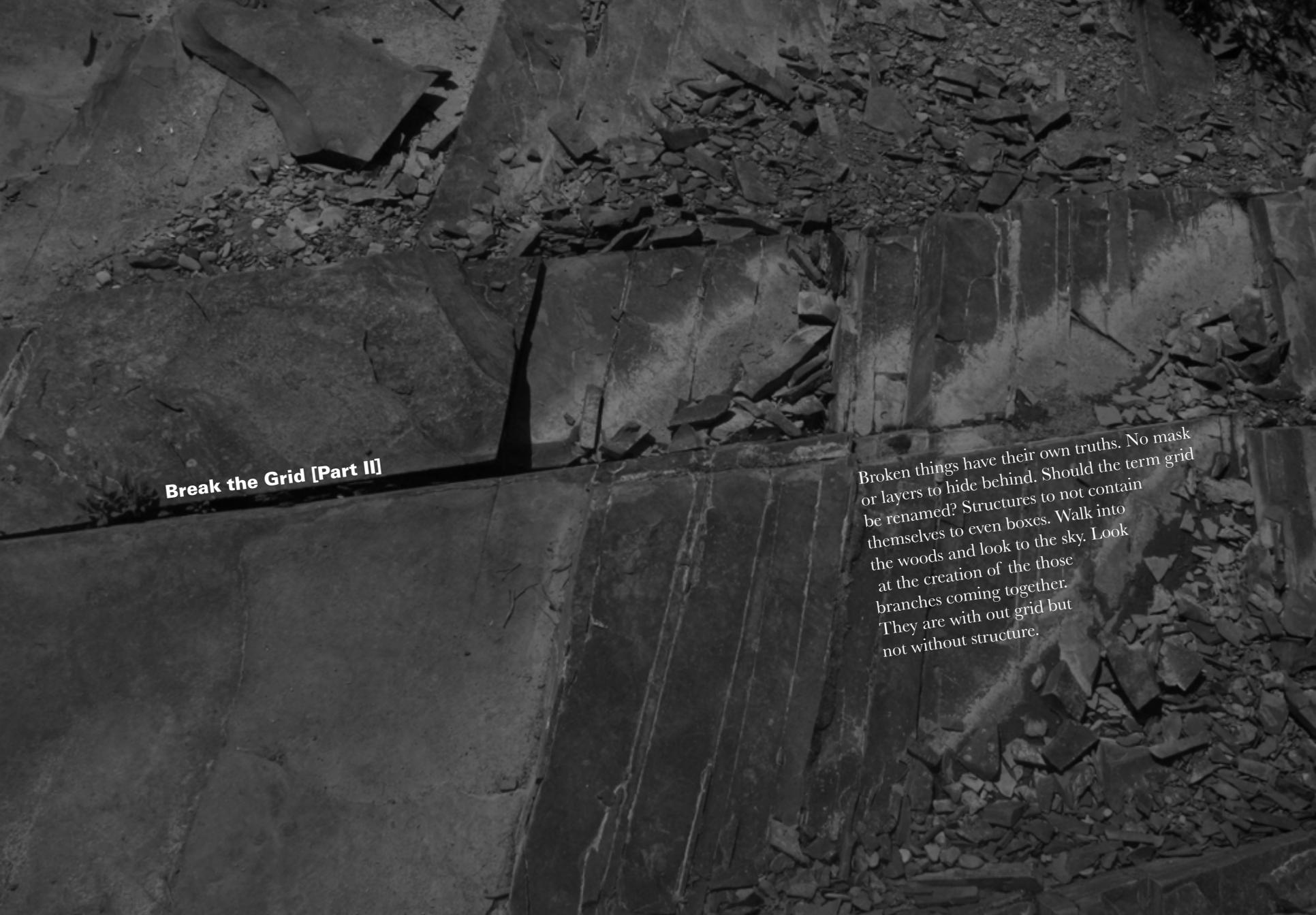
**That which is the Warm Touch of Flesh
and Not the Burn of Screens**

More and more we see the switch from the physical to the digital. With the loss of the textural we see more and more a fall back on to templates formulaic structures. We rely on our grids. But more and more the grid just squares itself off. Slowly a golden ratio forming were systematically it repeats it self as it breaks it self down till the repetition becomes singularity. And everyone focuses in on the burning of the screen that burns it to your eyes.



Break the Grid [Part I]

All things have their structure. This is given and this is clear. But must grid and structure be the same? Grid is a ridged closed in word. It takes form the organic nature a structure can have.



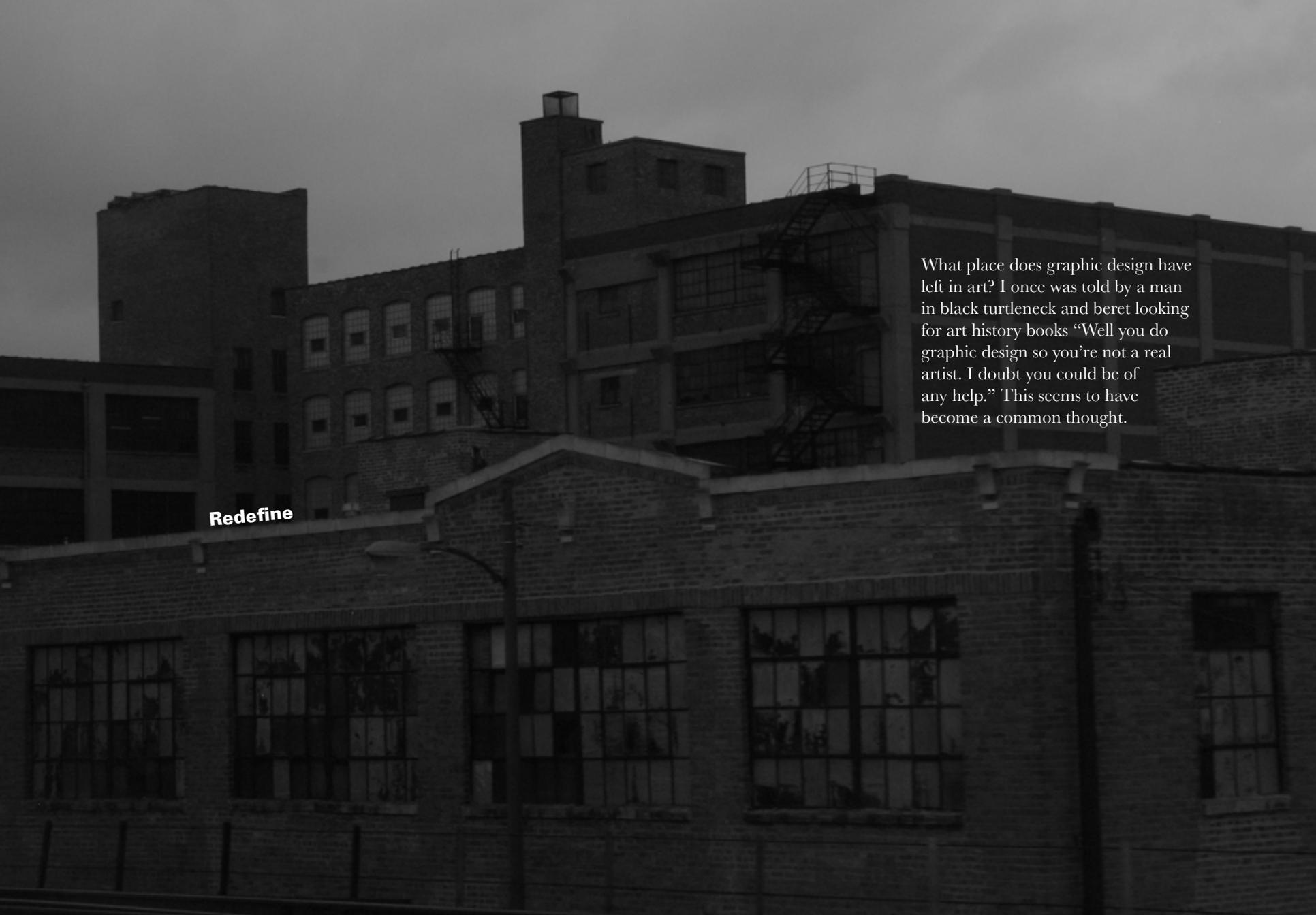
Break the Grid [Part II]

Broken things have their own truths. No mask or layers to hide behind. Should the term grid be renamed? Structures to not contain themselves to even boxes. Walk into the woods and look to the sky. Look at the creation of the those branches coming together. They are with out grid but not without structure.



A rock can rise from the earth. But it will shift.
Eyes on the page will shift. With it flow and
placement shift. Those rocks linear crack and
break substructures being born. A natural
hierarchy in visual dynamics can be seen being
born from these rocks. Linear; non linear; round,
jagged, ridged, all born from the same source
and all patching together into one fragmented
unified image. Those mountains will stand
longer and bold and majestic than
anything people could forge or create.

Break the Grid [Part III]



Redefine

What place does graphic design have left in art? I once was told by a man in black turtleneck and beret looking for art history books “Well you do graphic design so you’re not a real artist. I doubt you could be of any help.” This seems to have become a common thought.



We are Free

We are free to pick and choose the jobs offered to us. In that we are free. If we do not want our name attached to project because the direction the client wants it to go we are free to leave. But, in their eyes we free in different ways. I seek for my self the freedoms of life and in art. They see us as free to do their bidding. It comes in the form of pay as well. More and more turn to the use of unpaid interns. To asking for free work. And when they do not find volunteers simply turn to out sourcing it. Where they can get it next to free. They can pass us around as temp and interns. They can exclude us from our budget and as much as they need us not pay us. Or just wait for that fresh college kid looking for experience to roll over for free. In their eyes we have become beggars on the street and we should be so grateful for their work. Starved for cash, staved for art, starved to create. We have become subservient vagrants in their eyes. With their promise of future work down the road they will wait for us to roll on and for the next to roll up.

A black and white photograph of a cracked concrete surface. The concrete is composed of several large, rectangular slabs separated by deep, dark expansion joints. One prominent joint runs vertically down the left side of the frame. Another joint runs horizontally across the top. A third joint runs diagonally from the bottom left towards the top right. In the center of this diagonal joint, a small, white, irregularly shaped object is visible, possibly a piece of debris or a small animal's paw. The overall texture of the concrete is rough and weathered. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows in the cracks and highlights on the surface of the concrete slabs.

In this strife
Our fight to define ourselves
Never bow or beg
Never be the dog they want you to be
Hard times will come
But one must hold true



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