

student samples

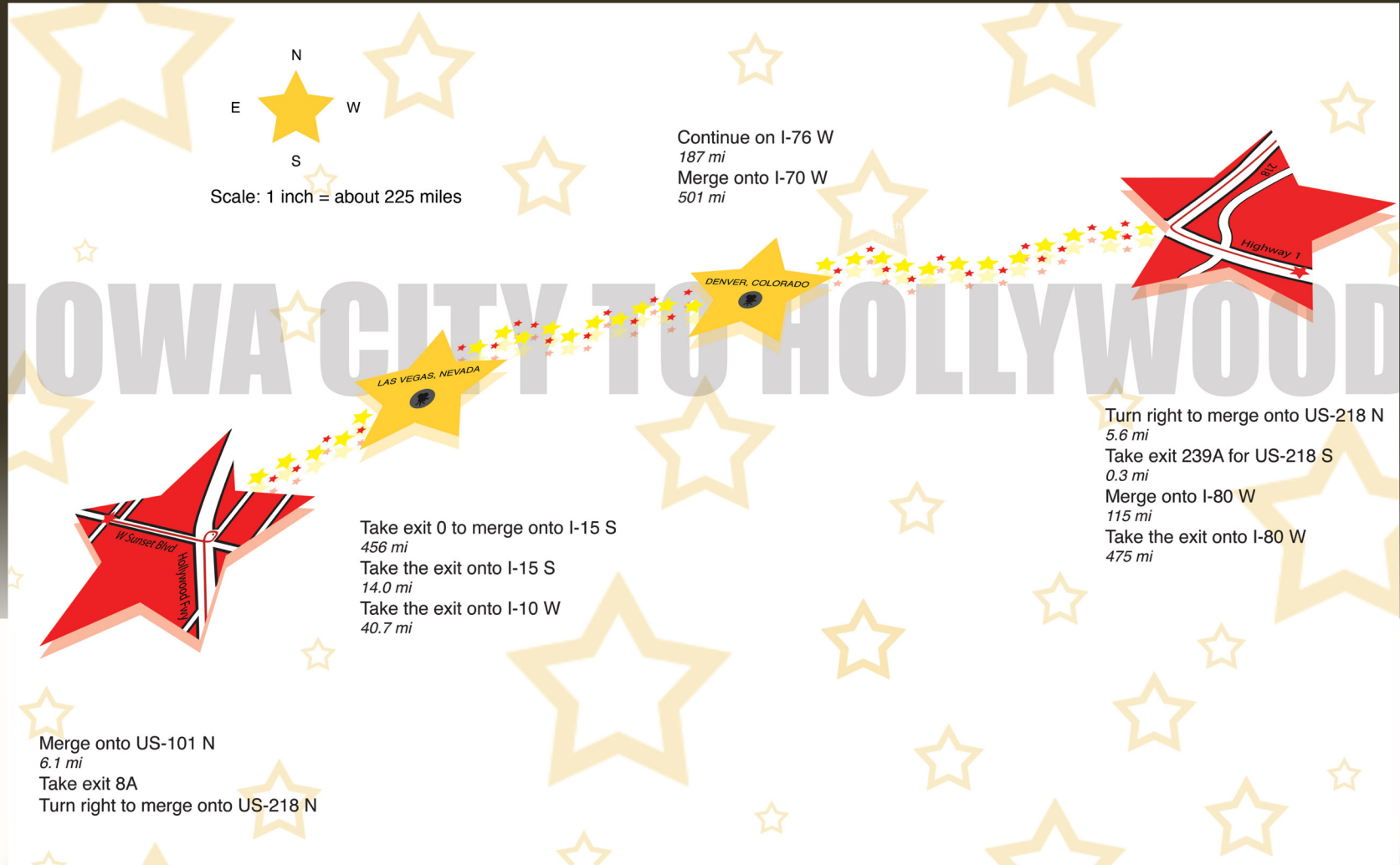
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logos graphics illustrations portraits posters

DAS
ESign

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2d/3d Design Magazine

2D3D
DESIGN MAGAZINE

Issue no. 2
March
2008

Design book review
Revisiting Bauhaus
Designers you should know

Steven Holl
Architecture on the rise

Issue no. 2 March 2008

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On a sweltering day...

I've read it all, now, and its enclosures. I can hardly write a word — my hand — or heart I think it is, — trembles so — I have so much to say — and feel so feeble — My Dear One — yours would not have been the first letter that expressed sad thoughts in its joy — if I had not destroyed one that I wrote you a fortnight ago — in which I spoke of myself with something of the same fear. And indeed there is no happiness which this earth can give — which has not such contingency of distress attached to it. —

A

...early last month, I arrived at the Museum of Modern Art to watch the artist Raymond Pettibon make a wall drawing, which the museum had commissioned him to do just outside the third-floor drawings galleries. I had been told to come by at 4. As I might have anticipated, Pettibon, having invited me to watch, was being polite to a fault. He had pretty much finished the drawing by the time I got there. It was a picture of a crashing wave. I found him surrounded by tubes of acrylic paint, plastic bags, paper bowls and sponge brushes. He was riffling through loose folders of clippings from books and magazines.

"Sorry," he said softly, avoiding eye contact and gently trying to excuse what I realized had been a quasi-deliberate misencounter. He mumbled something about how, to his surprise, the work had all just happened so fast, and would I now maybe like to see him add some touches to the picture, it would be no trouble, not an act, I could still say I had watched him paint. He squeezed a dab of cerulean blue from a half-spent tube into a bowl, picked up a fresh brush and drew a single, small stroke in the middle of the wave.

A shaggy fellow given to rumpled Oxfords or T-shirts, baggy khakis and tennis shoes,¹ Pettibon has, at 48, after several decades of hard living, the pale, unshaved, sagging face of a handsome man nursing a perpetual hangover. Awkward and guarded, he favors indirection and halting non sequiturs; and, as a way of joking around, he'll inject in the middle of conversations bizarre, made-up stories (about having played for the Yugoslav national basketball team or for the Philadelphia Flyers hockey team), which he delivers in a straight-faced, apologetic voice sometimes so hard to interpret that it's impossible to know why or when he's pulling your leg.

"I have, I confess, to truly jerk myself with violence from memories and images, stages and phases and branching arms, that catch and hold me as I pass them."²

ART.

light pollution 101:

urban sky glow

the glow of wasted light in large cities that
has led to degradation of our common
natural heritage, the star filled sky.



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the picador
presents

aaron

Re-
garde, il
gèle Là sous mes yeux
Des stalactites de rêves
Trop vieux Toutes ces
promesses Qui s'évaporent
Vers d'autres ciels Vers
d'autres ports Et mes rêves
s'accrochent à tes phalanges
Je t'aime trop fort, ça te
dérange Et mes rêves se
brisent sur tes phalanges
Je t'aime trop fort Mon ange,
mon ange De mille
saveurs Une seule me tou-
che Lorsque tes lèvres Effleurent
ma bouche De tous ces vents, Un seul
me porte Lorsqu'on ombre Passe ma porte Et
mes rêves s'accrochent à tes phalanges Je t'aime trop fort, ça te
dérange Et mes rêves se brisent sur tes phalanges Je t'aime trop fort
Mon ange, mon ange Prends mes soupirs Donne moi des larmes À trop
mourir On pose les armes Respire encore Mon doux mensonge Que sur ton
souffle Le temps s'allonge Et mes rêves s'accrochent à tes phalanges Je t'aime
trop fort, ça te dérange Et mes rêves se brisent sur tes phalanges Je t'aime trop
fort Mon ange, mon ange Seuls sur nos cendres En équilibre Mes poumons pleu-
rent Mon cœur est libre Ta voix s'efface De mes pensées J'appriivoiserai Ma liberté
Et mes rêves s'accrochent à tes phalanges Je t'aime trop fort, ça te dérange Et mes
rêves se brisent sur tes phalanges Je t'aime trop fort Mon ange, mon ange Regarde
il gèle Là sous mes yeux Des stalactites de rêves Trop vieux Toutes ces promesses Qui
s'évaporent Vers d'autres ciels Vers d'autres ports Et mes rêves s'accrochent à tes phalanges

LIVE

speechwriters
& the weepies

7 ● 15 ● 08

doors open at 9

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Consumer Products Smackdown ...
Katherine McCoy Gets Crafty ...
Women Car Designers: A Pipe Dream?
... Moby's New Band Meets 'Rock
Band' ... Remembering Ettore Sottsass

23
DESIGN
MAGAZINE

May 2008



design twenty-three vol. 1

No More Tears, Uncle Mildred

twenty-three



No More Tears

A conversation with Uncle Mildred
by Johnny Handsome

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Lorem ipsum
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 lestie sed, sem. Vivamus augue. Nulla justo sem, faucibus eget, suscipit vel, sollicitudin
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Phasellus id enim a metus rhoncus porttitor. Praesent cursus ornare est. Ut malesuada nulla
 vitae metus. Sed venenatis, massa lobortis aliquet pellentesque, magna elit dapibus pu-
 rus, nec ornare leo nulla sed orci. Ut faucibus sapien at felis. In sag-
 ittis ornare neque. Praesent fringilla blandit ante. Suspend-
 isse faucibus. Morbi ante ligula, convallis at, volutpat
 at, pretium a, diam. Nulla faucibus ornare magna.

In vitae tellus nec elit porta consectetur. Sed
 tincidunt rhoncus sem. Aenean imperdiet,
 mi ut convallis dictum, nulla lectus ali-
 quet enim, eget condimentum enim
 nisi sit amet tellus. Quisque vitae
 purus varius turpis volutpat
 dapibus Nulla.



Money, Money, Munny

by George Woman Bush



200+ Irresistible Products ... Prais:
The New Design Capital? ... Marc
Newson Brings back Ikepod ...
Hating Compact Fluorescent Light
Bulbs ... Loving the Novint Falcon ...



April 2008

design twenty-three vol. 1

No More Tears, Uncle Mildred



A Look at the World's Most Richest Robot

Money Money Munny

by Johnny Handsome

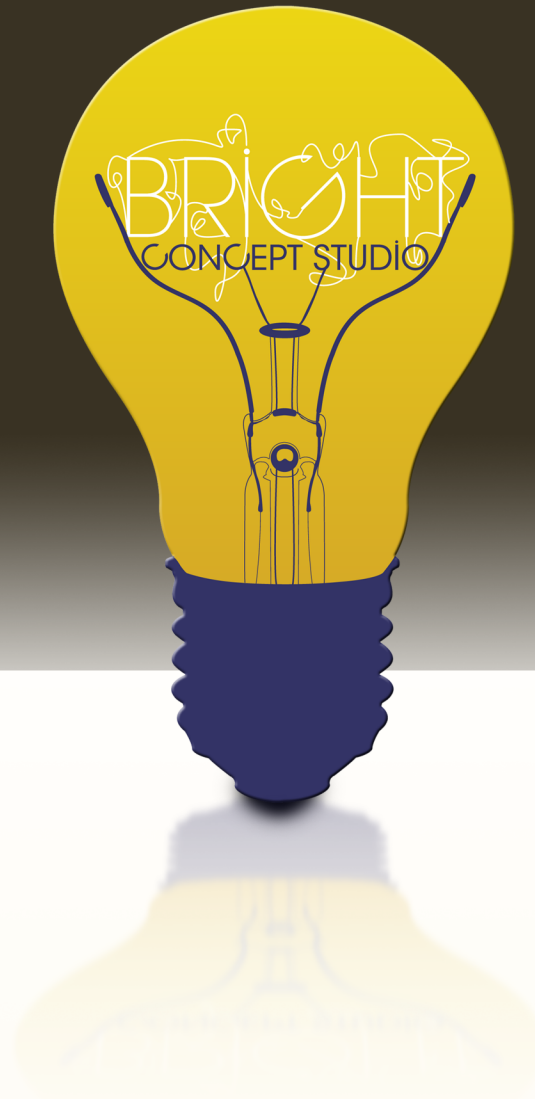


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figure ground.

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A conceptual illustration of a conference room. The room features a long white table, several white chairs, and a wall with yellow and dark blue panels. Several glowing lightbulbs are floating in the air, symbolizing ideas. In the foreground, a large lightbulb contains the logo for 'BRIGHT CONCEPT STUDIO'.

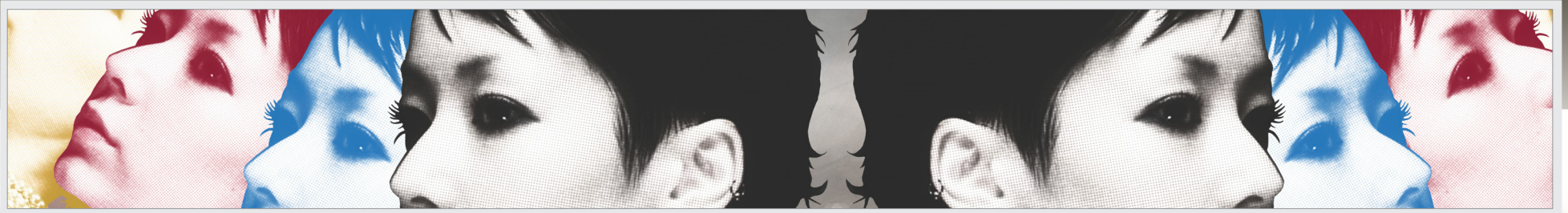
**BRINGING BRIGHT IDEAS
EVERY TIME TO THE TABLE**

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IOWA CITY TO NEW YORK DIRECTIONS

1. I-20 E 70.5 MI
2. EXIT 14 TO I-20 E 169 MI
3. EXIT 16 TO I-20 E 1-90 E 354 MI
4. EXIT 28 FOR I-20 E 105 MI
5. KEEP LEFT AT THE FORK FOR I-20 45.2 MI
6. EXIT ON THE LEFT ONTO I-20 E 369 MI
7. EXIT 47A TO I-280 E 17.3 MI
8. EXIT 16E TOWARD LINCOLN TUNNEL 0.7 MI
9. MERGE ONTO I-75 N TOLL ROAD 35 MI
10. SLIGHT RIGHT AT RT-495 E 4.4 MI
11. SLIGHT LEFT AT DYER AVE 0.3 MI
12. TURN RIGHT AT W 42ND ST 0.4 MI
13. ARRIVE AT
NEW YORK

grow up

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