

EMIGRE
PRESENTS
THE TYPOGRAPHY OF



ELLIOTT
PETER EARLS
AT
THE APOLLO
PROGRAM

I heard a voice that led me up the mountain

Growing Spirochetes in Glass Dishes

(WITHOUT SAFETY GLASSES)

Think of these fonts as my "Vision Induced by a String Found on My Table" or my "Pietà" or "Revolution by Night." The grotesque caricature of the post World War One avant-garde, the ennui of the venetian-poser-skatepunk, all tools at our disposal. Like the half-wit Karel Appel, blung cannonballish at 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 PLANTER IS LOST IF HE FINDS HIMSELF" - MAE 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 it's foul wake the stench of value relativism and post-utopian thought. I'm the sad child of the lost tribe of ebola 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.

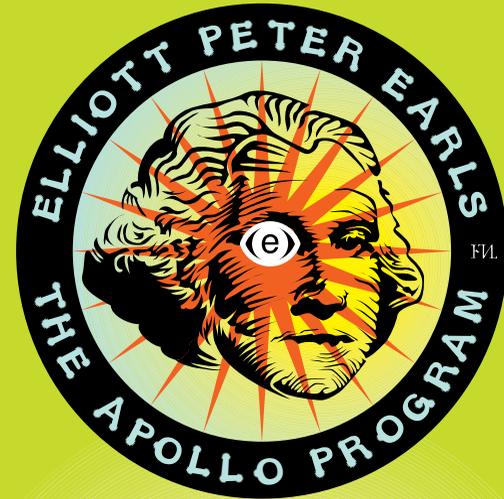


In QuarkXpress, Illustrator, or Freehand select a line of type that you would like to alter (fig.1), select "convert to paths" from the edit menu (fig.2), shift select all the "dots" and then delete (fig.3), "join" the remaining paths (fig.4).

狂

Mad

Я cannot tell a lie



王

King

FL. GOD F. TRUST

EMIGRE
PRESENTS

a brief history of type design at
The Apollo Program

NOW  ON SALE!

THE APOLLO PROGRAM FONT SET includes:

Blue Eyeshadow circa 1993
subluation perma circa 1994

venus D90X9DE + venus D90X9DE outline circa 1997
TYHOOD MARY 3d - LIGHT and DARK circa 1997

JIGSAW drop circa 1998
shadow

SEVEN FONT PACKAGE: \$149

SINGLE FONTS: \$39
(on-line only).

NOTE: The fonts shown throughout this publication include highly modified versions of the base fonts which are not included in the seven font set. These mutations are customized versions created in Freehand, StrataStudio 3d and Photoshop and are presented as examples of the ways in which the user may modify the fonts.

HE I'M NOT
ELVIS



UVULA

I'd really like
an answer

WHO THE
HELL IS ^{Nobody} !? !*

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

OBVIOUSLY,
MY LOVE
ALONE



ZOO

COULD

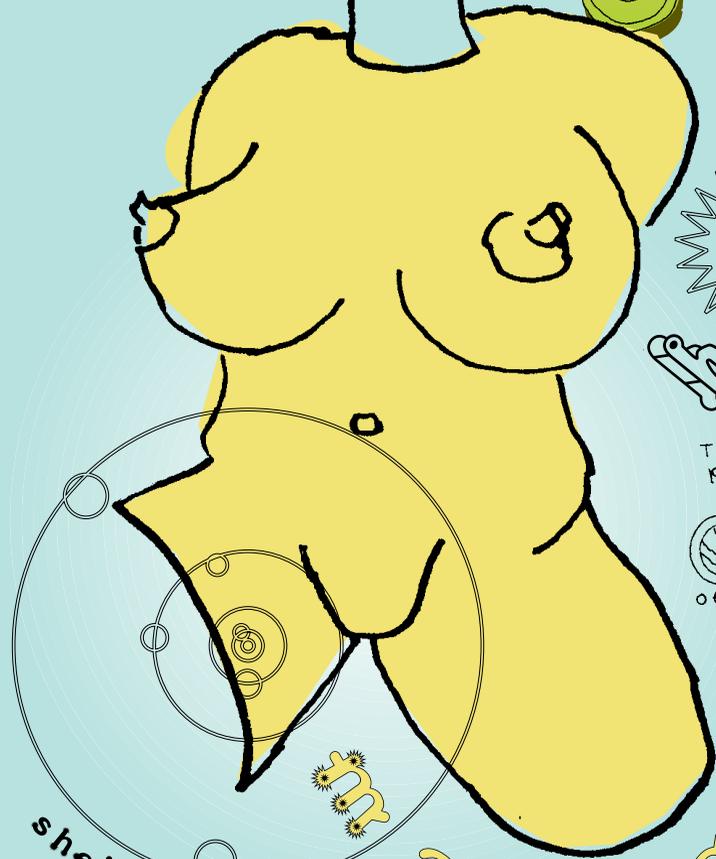
SWAY

SUGAR-RAY



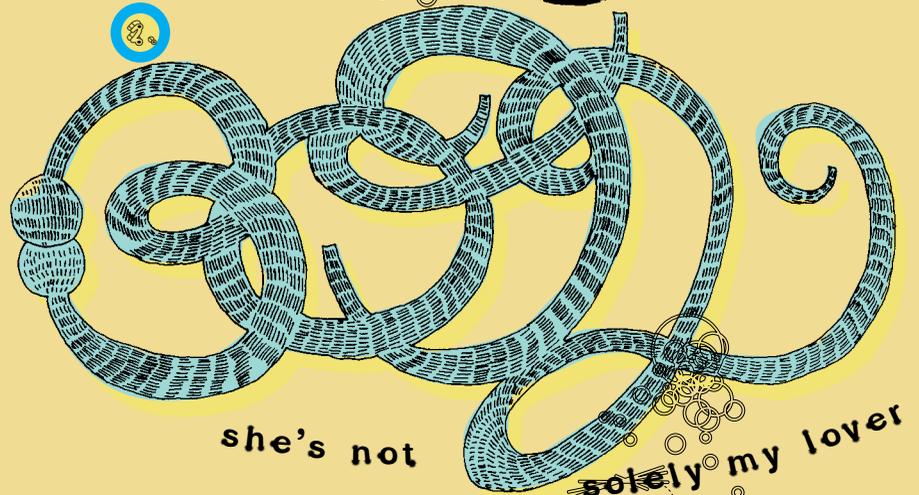


see the FOR FLAMES Lick the sky?
make the connection?
is it in you?

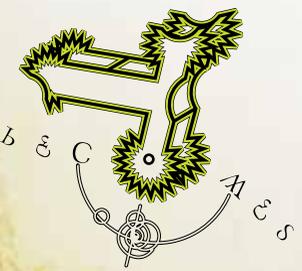


The simple
power
of design

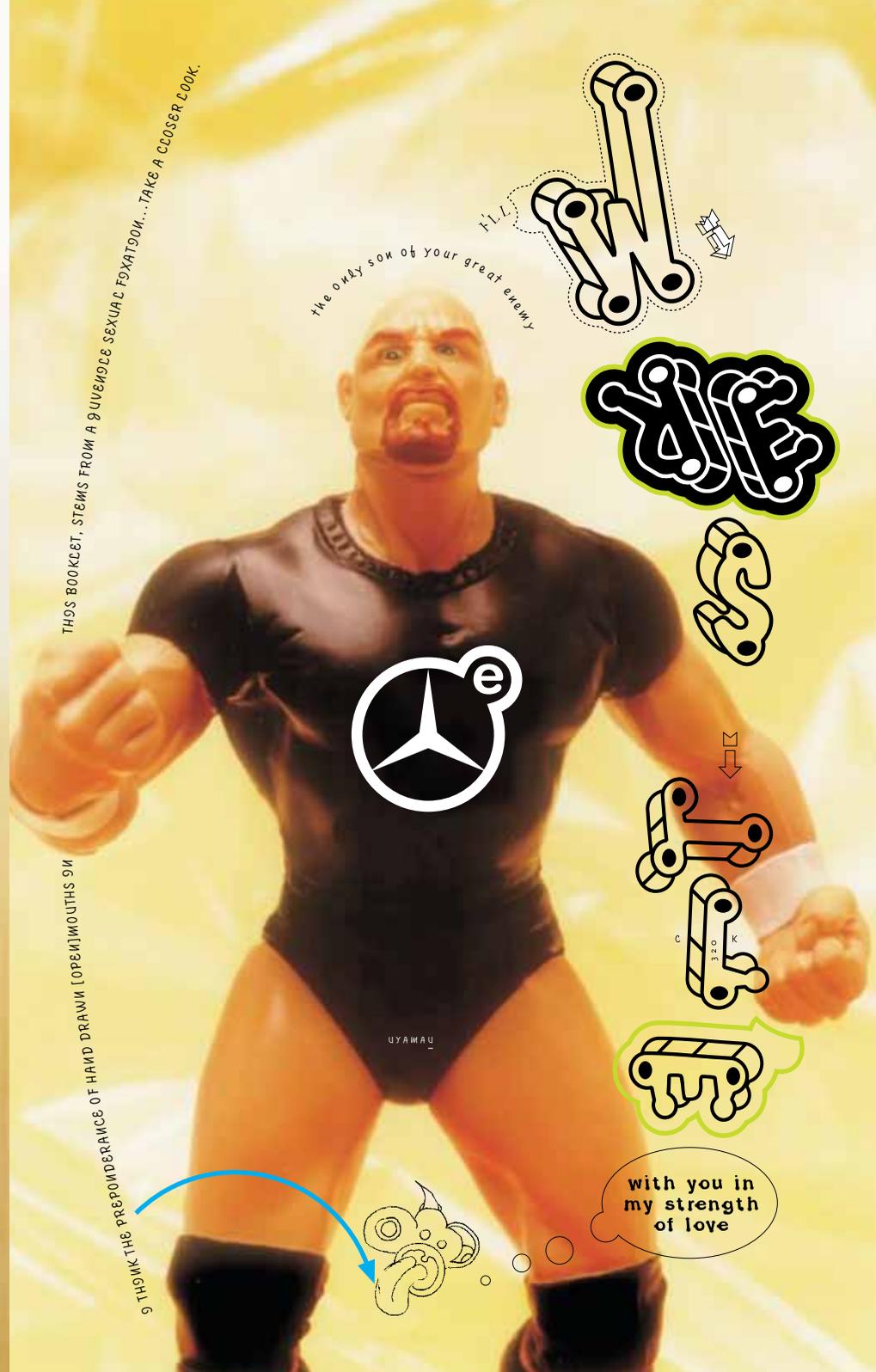
she's not simply a g n e t i



she's not solely my lover



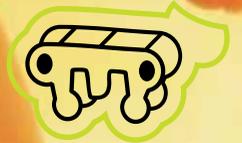
RASPUTIN



THIS BOOKSET, STEMS FROM A GIVEORCE SEXUAL F5XHT001...TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

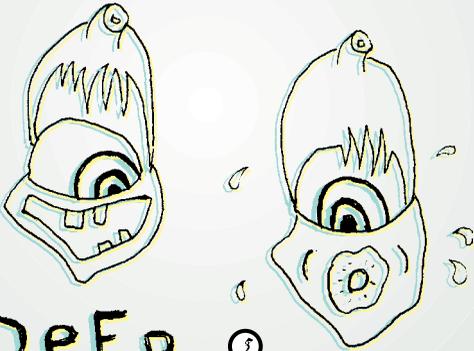
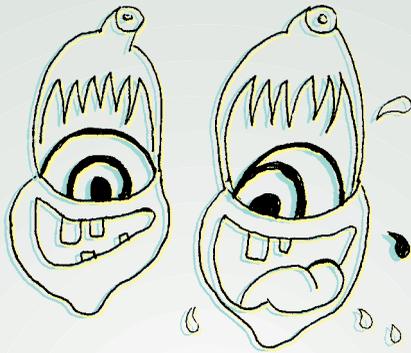
9 THINK THE PREPOMDERANCE OF HAND DRAWN [ORVIM]MOUTHS 9И

The only son of your great enemy



with you in my strength of love





① DeEp

⑤ LOSS

② ~~FLU~~
fluid

⑦ kid

!!"THE HORROR"!!

...
to s i n g s u g a t
...

WAS DYING CHILD

WHO HAS THE IRON WILL?

耳 JE
MIMI
Ear

bamboo
築 work common
Build

IRI
IRADA
肌
flesh desk

IRI, GE
IRUDARU
下
under

EM
HOHO
炎
fire



re-PRO & re-RO actively rejecting your



CULTUR© of

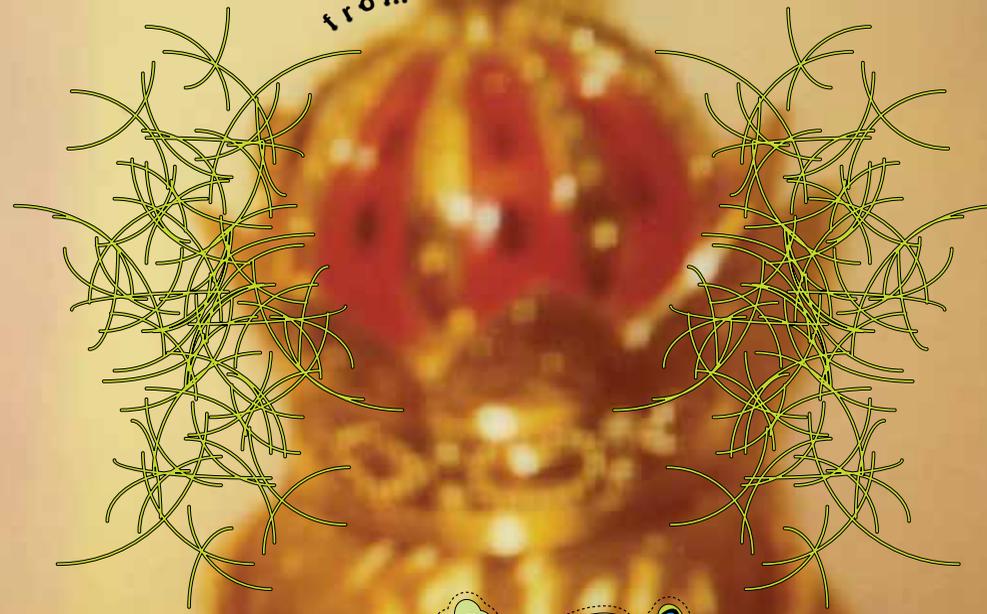
IDEATION

you'd be wise to consider this the [passive] PONTIF-ication of "el-roy"

E

Exhibit A

from



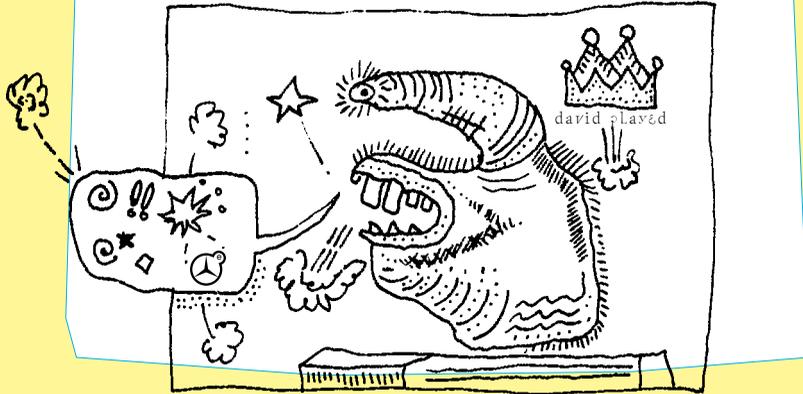
ANCEINT
genia's
BREAK TO



THIS WOULD BE MY

DREAM AND LIFE OF ELL

he spoke of a winged bull watched by four children

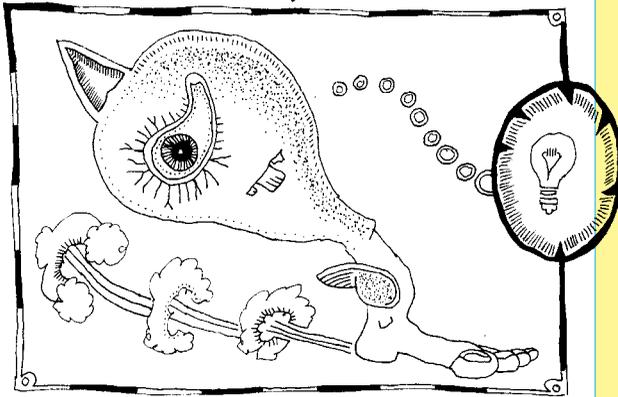


it pleased the lord

SAKAERU



HAERU



we gothic american wild pitch fork like
pick axe under ancient acid sun and pray
for rain. we take refuge in storm cellars,
and make rain dance.

2

© 1937. Harryman.

and today, when I hold young
bearcubs to my breast I suckle m.

1. E. C. H. F. E. P. I. X



go ahead take a look...
I won't bite

I've always been
fascinated by the uvula...





AMN



S

BIG
always bite me

FD RATHER
BE A
HAMMER



TRAM
a
LIFE



am I

(n)one

REFLECTED BY WILLIAMS

i saw a winged Bull



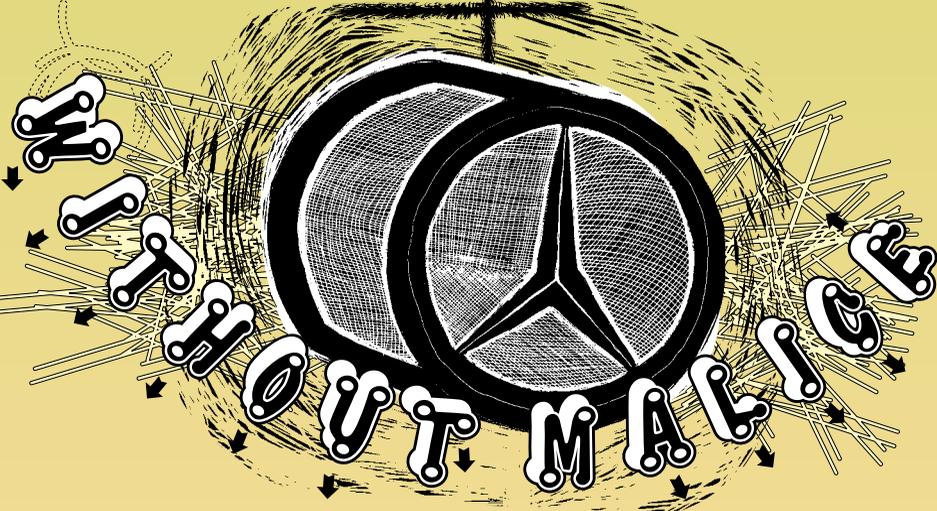
watched by 4 children





↑ 走
ETSU
Koeru/su
Frankly, I find this
a bit offensive
↓ 徒
SOKU
unagasu

the letters at the top of this page form the word "stolen"



GOT A PRETTY

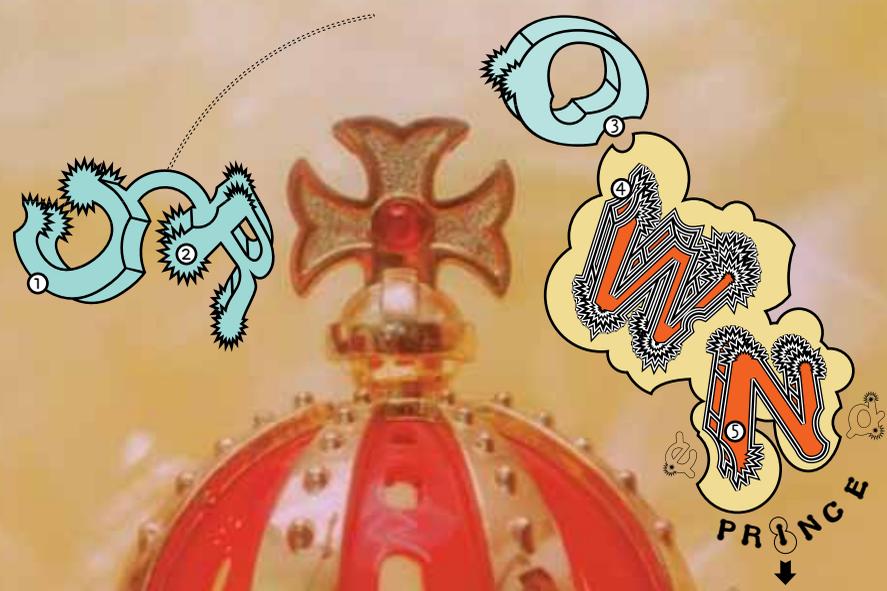
S U N
U V N

I WAS DEVoured BY A NINO



NO BIGGER THAN YOUR FIST

THE CROW, THEN WHATE
WAS TURNED BLACK
ON HIS ANGER



狂王
DEVINE
NOW
Madking

the day is lost?

my kingdom
for a
horse (RUNAWAY)

ANTI-FUNDAMENTAL

SELF
XAMIN

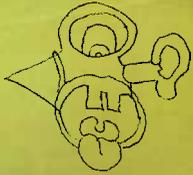
ⓔ

A T O N

LEADS TO

THE PATH OF LIFE

WHEN YOU LOOK IN MY MOUTH
CAN YOU SEE THE SEX?



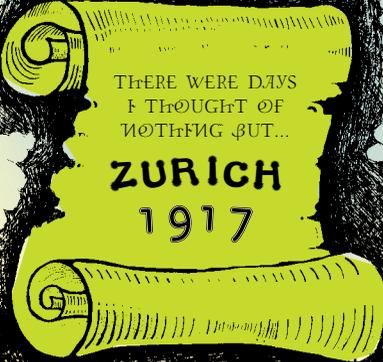
in a dangerous engine

of arbitrary government

WAGES OF SIN?

AS THE MONKEY-BOYS, FLUNKYS AND YES-MEN OF MY GENERATION
LIKED DEALS WITH THE DEVIL, I HELD BEARCUBS TO MY BREAST AND
STRODE STRAIGHT LIKE JOB THROUGH THE GAPING MAW OF BLACK
HELL. SPOT FROM THAT SPERM WHALE AS A LATTER DAY AHAH (IAH
JOIAH). LET ME RECALL FOR YOU NOW MY TIME ON THE BELLY OF THE
ARCHTET...

MY REVELATION Pointy



THERE WERE DAYS
I THOUGHT OF
NOTHING BUT...
ZURICH
1917



UMH



AND I SAW THE DESERT

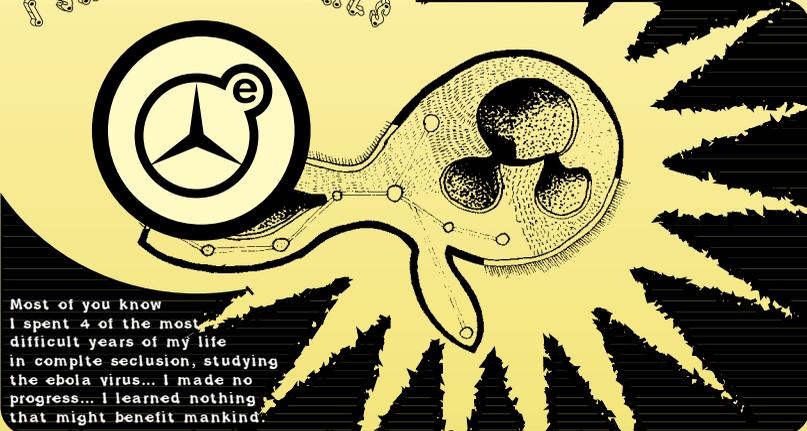
yea, I ate a few locust...

KAKTUS



I HEARD WORDS FALL HEAVY LIKE
METEORS FROM THE MOUTHS
OF TRUMPETERS WITH BRONZE TEETH.
I HEARD THE SILENCE OF
DELTA BLUES MEN DRESSED LIKE
GLING-STARS IN GREEN MOLEHAT SUITS.

I SAW SEVEN SEALS



Most of you know
I spent 4 of the most
difficult years of my life
in complete seclusion, studying
the ebola virus... I made no
progress... I learned nothing
that might benefit mankind.

Hey, who didn't find it offensive...



JIGSAW

dropshadow CIRCA 1998

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
 O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z a b
 c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
 q r s t u v w x y z
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0



3 2 U 3 3 Y 3 3 7 4 9 0 W
 A B C D E F G H I J K
 L M N O P Q R S T
 U V W X Y Z a b c d e
 f g h i j k l m n o p q
 r s t u v w x y z
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

circa 1995

potatoe

subLUæation pËrma

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
 N O P Q R S T U V W X Y
 Z a b c d e f g h i j k l m
 n o p q r s t u v w x y z
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

circa 1994

AN HOMMAGE TO DOM CASUAL. DESIGNED BY PETER DOMBREZIAN IN 1951.

TYPHOID MARY

LIGHT



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.)

TYPHOID MARY

DARK



why can't ellioff read?

VENUS D9OX9DE

circa 1997

ABCDEFGHIJKL
 MNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
 abcdefghijklm
 nopqrstuvwxyz
 1234567890

Why can't el-roy spell?

circa 1997

VENUS D9OX9DE OUTC9IED

ABCDEFGHIJKL
 MNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
 abcdefghijklmnop
 qrstuvwxyz
 1234567890

I remember correctly, the POPE made reference to America as "The culture of death." Now I hate to disabuse you of the notion that I'm a racist (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) "cultural pipe fitter" (or alternatively, "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 has confused 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 proscribed relationships betray the "pipe fitter" (i.e. you as work maker) and society...

