HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT:
How We Live with Illustration

WHITNEY SHERMAN
MARYLAND INSTITUTE COLLEGE OF ART
EXAMPLE ROUTINES

Routine A
- Lat Back Pull
- Lat Back Row - One Arm with Twist
- Triceps Presses
- Multistation Crunches
SMASH MALLOW

Meyer Lemon Chia Seed

Net WT 4.5oz (128g)

SMASH MALLOW

Mint Chocolate Chip

Calories 80
Net WT 4.5oz (128g)
TIME

RESIST

More than Just TOLERANCE

women's-march
FORECAST

OBservations
How to say...get a Swedish name and behave on the beach

AFFAIRS
Carnegie breaking up is so very hard to do

BRing IT ON!
How to fly through the year ahead

Yoshoku is where it's at

CULTURE + MEDIA
Talent watch: cool and impacting the Louvre/Abu Dhabi

DEsign + FaShion
Why Dutch design is in demand and what's next for fashion

EXPOS
File be Back: how the physical archive made a return — plus some pig racing (yes, really)

BUSINESS
Moscow's big cities speculate on the real art of Siberian deliveries

ESSAYS
David Litt talks on what's next for globalization

From the editorial team at MONOCLE, our annual survey of the forces set to shape your year ahead: Diplomacy, transport, retail, hospitality, food and some political provocateurs

Dallin Maybee
Conductors of Our Own Destiny (2013)
Stanley Kunitz was born on Green Street in Worcester, Mass., 100 years ago today. For his poetry, he has received a Pulitzer Prize, a National Book Award, and the National Medal of Arts. He was also the nation's poet laureate. In conversations at his house in Provincetown, Mass., and his apartment in Greenwich Village, he spoke of his childhood and his writing.

Stanley Kunitz: I grew up living right next to the old Indian woods. That's where I used to do my exploration. Follow the trails, find all the arrowheads. As soon as I got back from school at 4 o'clock, I would go there. Where I came back at night, that was my real beginning. The greatest memory I have of my childhood was when we were living on Woodford Street. I had been exploring and found a little kitten.

It was sort of sleeping. It seemed weak, and it seemed to have been abandoned by its parents. I know what I took it back to the house and it grew into a bobcat. It was my family pet. I used to ride on its back. I had him till I went off to Harvard. When I was a sophomore...
If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scornful men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man’s understanding of man as now we do by accident. Our words - our lives - our pains - nothing! The taking of our lives - lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler - all! That last moment belongs to us - that agony is our triumph.
The New York Public Library
Insta Novels

The Metamorphosis
Franz Kafka
CREATE CULTURE SHIFTS WITH

> Visible symbolic reminders or artifacts

> Recurring visible and invisible behaviors that trigger other behaviors

> Invisible yet widely shared attitudes and beliefs or mind-sets
THANK YOU!

AND THANKS TO JASU HU, JUN CEN, MARCOS CHIN, MARTY BLAKE, DESDEMONA MACCANNON, ELIZABETH HAIDLE, JULIE MURPHY, SUsIE GHAHREMANI, ANA BENAROYA, BRYN FREEMAN & PAUL RYAN FOR BEING TALENTED AND RESPONSIVE TO THE CALL!