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MASTER OF FINE ARTS

University of Rochester

Medical Center

Symbol Development

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## INTRODUCTION

My thesis project involves designing a symbolic mark for the University of Rochester Medical Center. While it is theoretical in nature, it has been treated in a professional manner by working hand in hand with the Medical Center Publications Office.

In order for me to design the symbol, I needed to fully understand the Medical Center.

The Medical Center is a unique threefold institution. It consists of the School of Medicine and Dentistry, the School of Nursing, and Strong Memorial Hospital. The Medical Center is committed to excellence in education, research, and patient care.

For sixty years, the Medical Center has striven to uphold this commitment. In The Gourman Report, a book which rates graduate and professional programs in American and international universities, the School of Medicine and Dentistry is listed under the distinguished heading for U.S.A. Medical Schools. It is ranked at 17.<sup>1</sup> On an international level, it has an impressive rank of 31.<sup>2</sup> The School of Nursing ranks 34.<sup>3</sup> Strong Memorial Hospital has been honored as being one of the 19 best hospitals in the country.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>Gourman, Jack, The Gourman Report (Los Angeles: National Education Standards), p. 88.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., p. 93.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. 100.

<sup>4</sup>Peekaen, Ben, The Best Doctors in U.S.: A Guidebook to the First Specialists, Hospitals, and Health Centers. (New York: Seaview Books, 1979), p. 108.

In order to find out how the Medical Center perceives itself, I sent out a questionnaire (Fig. 1) to various executives at the Medical Center. This questionnaire gave me a picture of the Medical Center. A few of the questions with their varied answers are:

- Q. List below 10 words that best describe the nature or function of the Medical Center.
- A. "Care, teaching, research, atmosphere, growth, collegiality, friendliness, support, knowledge, learning."
- A. "Research, serving, education, quality, patient care, medicine, nursing, excitement, caring, cutting edge or forefront."
- A. "Humanistic, excellence, traditional, enriched, scientific inquiry, professional education, student oriented."
- A. "Research, patient care, teaching, tertiary services, collegial ambience, quality, excellence, nursing, interdisciplinary, affiliations."
- Q. As you see it, what is the mission of the University of Rochester Medical Center?
- A. "To provide high-quality care to our patients and their families; to assume a major teaching role in development of health care professionals; to conduct research in all areas of health care including the basic sciences, provision of care, quality assurance, cost containment, health care management and the development of health care policies."
- A. "To provide high-quality education for health professionals, to conduct sophisticated research and offer expert health care."
- A. "Educate and train health care professionals."
- A. "Primary mission is education. Research and patient care facilitate that mission."
- Q. From your own perspective, please list the key audiences for the University of Rochester Medical Center's public messages.
- A. "Alumni, local community, international biomedical research committee."
- A. "General public, government, scientific community, potential students, alumni, private philanthropic organizations."



A. "Students (current and prospective), faculty and staff/other universities, alumni and donors, Rochester community."

At present, the Medical Center has no unifying visual identity. It has no visual mark. Being a medical center of such high caliber, which has a multitude of departments, it has a great need for one. A mark would unify the visual identity of the Medical Center. It would tie it together.

The mark I have designed symbolizes the fact that the University of Rochester Medical Center is a threefold institution. It consists of the School of Medicine and Dentistry, the School of Nursing, and Strong Memorial Hospital. It also symbolizes the fact that the Medical Center is committed to excellence in research, patient care, and education.

## A PASSAGE TO JOY

As an undergraduate art student at a liberal arts college, I was in my own little world dreaming about being an artist. It never once dawned on me to think about what I should do for a career. I was too happy learning about art. After I graduated, I quickly learned there was absolutely nothing I was qualified for. I clearly saw college life was separate from reality.

I came to the Rochester Institute of Technology with the hopes of learning how to make my creativity marketable. It seemed logical to go on to graduate school to learn how to become a professional graphic designer. I thought it much like a history student going on to law school.

I will never forget the difficult lesson I learned about the difference between college and reality. My thesis is a personal attempt at bridging the two together.

The favorite thing I have ever read are the letters Vincent Van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo. In them he would pour his heart out, sharing with his brother his thoughts and feelings and revelations.

The following is a series of letters I have written to my sister in which I do just that.

February 20, Ash Wednesday

Dear Betsy,<sup>5</sup>

Thank you so much for the super terrific Valentine. It really hit the spot and thank you also for the beautiful letter.

Are you in for a treat. Wait until I tell you what I want to do. It concerns my thesis. I plan every day to write you a letter regarding my progress on what I have done. I figure this way you will know what I'm doing. You'll know if I have done something each day, and you will know if I have not. I want to spill my guts out as I go through this thing. I want to do it honestly. I think the best way for me to do that is through writing letters to you because you know me better than anybody. You will know if I'm being full of it or not.

I had started a journal but I just was not being warm to it. I was writing things, but they just didn't have my heart in them. I even wrote a couple of pages pretending that they were letters to you, but no dice, that didn't help much. I don't know when I realized that if I really wrote you that might help me. But now that I am, I am very excited because, as I said, I want this thesis documentation to be honest. I also want it to have heart and now I am sure that this is how I can do it. This is queer but I can't help it. So please save these letters for me. I'm not sure how I am going to use them when it comes time to put my book together; time will tell.

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<sup>5</sup>My sister.

Because this is for thesis I am going to try real hard not to talk about too much else but that. That is so I can keep concentrating. I hope I don't cause you to snore.

I don't know if it's a coincidence or what, but I feel that my thesis project is almost like my Lenten obligation. Everyday from today, Ash Wednesday, until my show, which is the day before Palm Sunday, I will be working on it and writing to you about what I have done.

In all honesty I have been negligent with it. I think the reason is because it takes me so long to do my work for Roger and Jim. I don't work on thesis because I'm apathetic, but because, oh I don't know, maybe I'm making excuses, but truthfully I don't think I am. I really don't know why I haven't worked on it more. But right now at this very minute I can say in all honesty, I am looking forward to doing this. I am racing with the clock, but for some reason that does not seem to bother me, at least right now it doesn't. I know I can do it.

I have been dreaming up until today. I am now going to work. Up until today I have read lots about U of R Medical Center history, which is fascinating considering I know zero about medicine. I have also read, I don't know how to measure it, some, about methodology. I have sent out and have gotten back a questionnaire to the officials at the Medical Center and I have begun to tabulate the data. But I haven't sat down at the drawing table yet. I don't think I was ready. Now I am. You know why? I don't have Roger and Jim on my brain, or at least Jim. Tomorrow I have my critique with Roger and so after tomorrow at 11:20 I won't have to worry about him or rather his project. I am now able to give thesis my energy and undivided attention.

I have been thinking that maybe, or rather, I have been bad because I haven't been faithfully plugging along at this project. I guess I won't know until March 30 rolls around when I see what state it is in then. I was thinking of this analogy. Sometimes when people get married they're engaged for sometimes one, two, or three years, sometimes less and sometimes more; but they plan weddings so long in advance and sometimes the weddings are a blast, but sometimes they might be duds. But then sometimes people decide to get hitched and throw a wedding together in a few short months' time. Sometimes these weddings, like the long planned ones, might be duds, but then on the other hand, they might be great. What I am trying to say is just because I haven't yet gotten this whole thesis thing planned out doesn't mean that it is going to be a flop, but then, oh, this is a scary thought, it might mean that it will be. Time will tell.

Oh, God, I'm such a dreamer. Why haven't I forced myself to do more work on it.

I was supposed to have a thesis meeting tomorrow with my committee but it had to be postponed. I am lucky, I know, because I'm not ready for one. I could get something together for one, but I wouldn't have a real grip on things. Isn't that awful? After supposedly ten weeks of work, I still don't have a grip. But actually maybe I do. Just because I don't have concrete results yet doesn't mean I don't have a grip. Barb couldn't make it before 3 p.m. and that was sort of too late for Roger. So the consensus was to postpone it until the beginning of the week we get back from vacation. But only I'm not coming home for vacation because of this darned thing. Ooops, that sounds like I might be a wee bit mad at this thesis; actually I'm not at all.

I'm going to take a break now. I'm going to Michele's to watch Dynasty. I'll finish this when I come back.

I'm back.

I think I've lost my train of thought. There is so much I want to say. Am I babbling? Making any kind of sense? I have "Sunday in New York" playing on the stereo, "Do-do-da-do-doooo," I love it. It is inspirational as I write to you. I think maybe in this first letter I am venting a lot of hostilities.

Back to what I was saying about the meeting I was supposed to have yesterday but postponed it. Instead, at my critique with Roger, he said we can talk about what I wanted to say at the meeting--what I wanted to accomplish. What did I want to accomplish? Basically what I want to do is say where I'm at, where I think I have to go, most importantly how I think I'm going to get there. That doesn't sound so scary. Where am I at? Well as you know I have done research. I feel I have a good feeling for what the Medical Center is about. Where do I think I have to go? I think I have to design a manual or a guideline something or other of the symbol along with its applications. As you know, what scares me, is this upfront methodology groundbreaking forge new paths stuff. I am seriously beginning to think perhaps I just don't have it in me to do something groundbreaking. Oh I know I can do something decent, but whether or not it is going to be groundbreaking, I just don't see how it can be. Other than the fact that I am doing something that is a real situation. I keep harping on this fact about how I can make it out of the ordinary, but now I'm beginning to think, just do what you can do. Just do something. Then change it

if you have to. I have had a creative block because of this. It has scared me and I have been fearful in attempting to conquer this fear.

Today at Mass the homily dealt with this year's theme for Lent, which is A Passage to Joy. Through patience, perseverance, discipline, and openness one shall find or experience Easter. I hope I have the patience, perseverance, discipline, and openness for the Passage of Joy to Easter as well as for my thesis. I don't know if I'm making this more than it should be. I mean, it's only a school project. But I can't help it. You know how I told you I just want to get this thing done so I can get out of here? Well that is only partly true. The other part is I want to discover things, not be nervous, which I am. Truthfully, I want it to be good and I am afraid that it won't be. Boy it felt so good to vent that one out. This surprises me because I don't think of myself as a fearful, or an afraid person. I am one for trying something, "go fo it" as you would say. But I guess I am when it comes to certain things. As I write this letter I am starting to feel now that I am getting all this extraneous stuff out that has been swimming around in my head about this project; hopefully I will be able to really concentrate and then penetrate to some truly creative ideas as well as reach deep inside myself to create a piece I can feel proud of. Does that make sense? I hope you understand.

What is happening as I write this is just what I hoped would. I want to honestly spill my heart out to you. When I wrote in my journal I hated it because I knew in my mind that I was writing something possibly the members on my committee might read and it wasn't feeling write, right I mean. I need to get these thoughts out of my head and

to somebody and that somebody is you, because you know where I am at. At least you do now, hopefully. Awwww I know you do. Do I sound screwie?

Tomorrow I should, or know I will be getting some input from Roger. So lucky you will be finding out all about it when I write you tomorrow night. Thus far I have spent a fair amount of time on my project, but you know I consider yesterday as being the day I began because that's the day I made the commitment I was going to write you each day about my progress as well as set backs, and that's when I started to see possibilities for this thing. I mean I actually felt a tinge. And that is something I just have not felt here at RIT. Oh I hope I am uncorking my creative block. I guess we'll have to wait and see. Well I guess I've said all I'm going to say for now, although I feel I could still rattle on for a couple more hours. But I think I'm sounding repetitive. I can't wait to see what tomorrow brings. Thanks for listening.

Love you,

Nancy

PS Give my love to Wills.

PSS Don't forget to save this.

February 21, Thursday

Hi Betsy,

Today I had my final crit with Roger and at it we talked about the sis. To my happy surprise it went well. I never know what to expect. My project this quarter with him involved designing three book jackets.



I don't think I told you about this. The project involved picking a person I admire and then design three book jackets to represent three aspects of his or her life. The aspects were listed and I had to pick a person I felt satisfied them in three different ways. Well, now don't laugh; I picked Grace Kelly because she seemed to fit the three different areas interestingly--creativity, she was an actress; dignity, she was a princess; tragedy, she died so tragically. It was a fun project although sometimes I felt a little goofie doing it about her, but actually I kind of like the way it turned out. My runner-ups were John Wilkes Booth and F. Scott Fitzgerald; both of them I think would have made good subject matter.

Anyways, why I'm telling you this is because I told you my crit went well. I went to it feeling good about my jacket designs but feeling not so good about thesis. As I said, it went to my surprise, well, both book jackets and thesis. I think the letter I wrote you yesterday did me some good or maybe gave me some confidence because that is the way I feel. I think I'm learning you never know what to expect.

I sort of just filled Roger in on what I have done thus far. I also scheduled my next meeting, tentatively. Yesterday Barb had asked me about the possibility of having the next meeting at URMC.<sup>6</sup> I find it difficult to ask people to go out of their way for me. I'll try to do anything for anybody and do it gladly, most of the time, but come time for me to ask a favor of someone, I just hate to do that, unless it's a family member. I guess that's the Fisher in me because as you know, that's how we all are. Roger was great. He said he thought that having the meeting at URMC would be a good idea. Phew. Now I

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<sup>6</sup>University of Rochester Medical Center.

have to check it out with Bob. The next meeting is tentatively two weeks from today at 1:15.

I don't think I have much more to say about this for today. Yesterday's letter exhausted me but it also revved me up. I am anxious to see what the morrow will bring. After my crit I sort of took a vacation from things for the rest of the day. I came home, watched General Hospital, and then went to the movies to see The Breakfast Club. It was pretty good. I just needed time to catch my breath. I then came home and rode my bike for an hour. You might think I'm crazy, but what I love to do is listen to Cats or Evita or some other show record as I pedal. It was a beautiful day here today. I almost went outdoors with the bike but my tires are soft and dumb dumb me has her pump in Albany. So I opted to pedal indoors today. Maybe tomorrow I will feel like yakking a bit more.

I love you more than words can say,

Nancy

How is your week off?

February 22, Friday

Dear Betsy,

Today I sat down at the drawing board and actually started to jot down some ideas. It didn't go as bad as I thought it would have because up until Wednesday, I was in all honesty, scared to sketch. Isn't that stupid? I want so very much for this thing to be a nice mark.

I've been figuring one has to start somewhere, just start, do anything, but start sketching, have enough confidence that you can do it

So where do I start. Well, to begin with, judging from the information I got back from the questionnaire (Fig. 1), I found that the three most common words people used to describe the Medical Center were learning, research, and patient care. In my research that I have done, I already knew that those three words, aspects, were how or why the Medical Center was started in the first place. So with these three words in mind, as well as the fact that there are three components to the Medical Center: The School of Medicine and Dentistry, The School of Nursing, and Strong Memorial Hospital, I started to do some thumbnail sketches. I worked with the shape of a triangle because of its three sides. I tried to concentrate to put down ideas fast, not to make any hasty judgments. A triangle is a very stable shape. The Medical Center is a conservative, stable institution, but it also is dynamic because of its sensitivity and openness to the future. So I tried to open up the triangle to symbolize that it is dynamic. I did some sketches with the triangle on an angle, but possibly that could mean the Medical Center is off balance. You see I haven't critiqued these sketches yet; I just wanted to get something down on paper. I decided to start off doing symbols because, like I said before, I had the three words and components in mind. I also did a few sketches with circles, but I was not feeling too positive about what I was doing as I was with the triangle. Maybe tomorrow I'll work on combining the two shapes to see if there is something there in that.

Like yesterday, I am not feeling loquacious tonight, so I think this might be all for today. I know I said I was going to try to keep this strictly thesis, but I just have to tell you I had a date with

John tonight, and did I enjoy myself! We went to a movie and then to dinner. What we saw was unusual but very good--The Talking Heads Stop Making Sense. It's a scary thing. I swear I can feel my heart race when I get near him. I'm sure I'll be talking with you on the phone soon because I feel like we are due for one soon. So I'll fill you in on the details then, not that there really are any details except for the fact that I really like him. Hopefully tomorrow I'll have more to say regarding thesis. Until then, thanks for listening.

I love you very much,

Nancy

PS Hi to Wills.

February 24, Sunday

Hi,

Today I did nothing, as of yet, about thesis except think about it. Actually I had a little too much wine last night and as a result I have not been feeling up to snuff all day long. Julia made a surprise visit to Rochester to visit Sister Magdalene with her mother and called me from Nazareth.<sup>7</sup> I went over to the faculty house and visited with Sister, Julia's mom, and Julia for about an hour. They were all very interested in what I was doing for my thesis, or at least they were polite and were asking me all about it. Instead of going back to Buffalo with her mother, Julia ended up staying here for the night and took a bus to Buffalo early this morning. We talked and talked and talked until wee hours of the morning, replenishing our wine glasses as needed, when all of a sudden, the bottle got to be mysteriously empty. This morning when I

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<sup>7</sup>Nazareth College is where I went for undergraduate study. Julia is my good friend from there. She now lives in Manhattan. Sister Magdalene was chairman of the art department.

woke up I had a humdinger of a headache, and as I said, it has been with me all day long. But I figure that's okay because I need this little break from school even though I probably can't afford the time to take it. I picked Kathy<sup>8</sup> up at the airport around threeish. She looks and feels great. What a great tan she has; she is bronzed.

Am I a stalling this thesis stuff? I mean I keep on telling you I'll see what tomorrow brings, and then here it is tomorrow and I didn't do anything. Heck, I just felt like doing nothin'. I don't think that is bad, but I sure do feel guilty. But tomorrow, I, in all honesty, plan to make a day of it, working away at my drawing board. I hope to do more thumbnails in the a.m., then in the p.m. possibly make assessments. But what I plan and what I do will be two different things, I'm sure. I hope that they are not, but knowing me they probably will be.

Tuesday I have to work at the Medical Center to stuff envelopes and mailboxes with Vital Signs issues. I would like to take with me some of my ideas to show them to Barb so I can get some input. I won't know whether or not I will do this until tomorrow. I have to see how far I go at the drawing board.

I think, while thinking about it in retrospect, Friday I was sort of stiff with my ideas, or at least with the visualization of my ideas. Tomorrow I am going to strive to be limber, really stretch ideas. But whether I do or not remains to be seen. What will tomorrow bring?

Don't laugh at me. I have been reading a biography about Pope John Paul II. I have read something that I have been thinking about. About three or four years ago, the Pope wrote an encyclical dealing with the subject of work, which I have come to learn is a subject very dear

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<sup>8</sup>My roommate.

to him. The encyclical said something to the effect that it is not important whether or not a man is rich or poor, a politician or brick layer when it comes to work. What is important is effort. The amount of effort one gives to his job makes a poor man equal to a rich one. That is basically the gist of the encyclical. I returned the book to the library but if I get it out again I will be sure to tell you exactly what it said. Also there is this beautiful poem the Pope wrote that I think you will find moving; I did. I wish I could remember more details to tell you but I don't. I don't know why but I have been thinking about this. Somehow it makes me feel something for my work on my thesis.

What does it make me feel? Enthusiastic? Confident? Let me tell you, it makes me want to try. I guess I can't do anything else but try. Gee as I sit here thinking about it, the more I am realizing I want to send to you exactly what this doctrine says. I am definitely going to send it to you. This is very important to me.

I hope my tries have creative flair. As I get deeper into my awareness of what graphic design is about, I do feel creative. One can't be creative at something unless one knows what that something is about. Say if one goes to live in a new city and all one does is travel a few roads in that city, and one doesn't explore the expressways, arterials, and back roads. And say if one has to go someplace. There are probably a number of routes one could go to get there more efficiently and efectively but didn't know about them because all that one traveled were those few roads. Sometimes I used to feel like that about graphic design, but not anymore. I guess that is why one goes to school- to learn about possibilities and to find out about all known routes,

maybe even bulldoze new ones.

Love you,

Nancy

February 26, Tuesday

Salutations,

I just came from seeing Amadeus at the movies. As I was walking up the front walk, I noticed there was absolutely no trace of snow. Also for the past few mornings I have noticed, or have heard, birds chirping, rather loudly, from outdoors. I am fond of winter but it is nice not to have to bundle up to fight the cold. I'm sure this flash of spring-like weather is not the real McCoy. We will probably get at least one other blanket of snow before the season is over. The great thing about March is that I know the end is in sight, both winter and thesis.

Yesterday I did some serious thumbnailing. I used my triangle idea as a basis. Tomorrow I am going to review them and then maybe develop two or three of the ones I like a bit farther. I also think maybe I'll try a different approach. Instead of a symbol I might try a logo. This means using the letters URM (University of Rochester Medical Center) as the basis for the design. I like the symbol idea and I like the thinking behind the triangle motif.

Have you ever heard of the word "semantics?" It means meaning. I am mentioning it because semantics is an area of Semiotics and Semiotics is this process, or rather theory of visualization I have been learning here. So I thought it would be a scholarly word to use. It's sort of like skiing. As you ride up the chairlift you see someone swooshing down the slope, skiing beautifully and you wonder how that person does

it. Then gradually as you get the hang of it, you, yourself, are swooshing also, naturally. Mysteriously, you can just do it. You start off being a spaz but then after working, trying, retrying you get to understand, your body understands, and then you can do it. Now let me clarify, when I am using the word you, referring to the rider on a chairlift, I don't mean you, yourself, Betsy, I mean a person new to the sport of skiing. When I first heard of the word Semiotics I had no idea what it meant. I remember thinking it sounded disgusting. Isn't that silly? When I was given the definition of Semiotics, it went in one ear and then out the other. I couldn't understand it even when I really tried to. I was a spaz. Then I don't know when it was that it just clicked in my head. I understood what Semiotics meant. It all of a sudden dawned on me what the three levels of Semiotics meant and how I could use them.

I am now embarrassed to say that I couldn't grasp the concept because it really is simple. Semiotics has three areas: syntax, semantics, and pragmatics. Syntax means how visual elements look and how each element relates to another element. Semantics means meaning. Why am I using this color? Shape? Pragmatics means process. What is the best way or process to put this thing together? This must be boring you. This briefly is what Semiotics is about. What is good about Semiotics is that it is a way of being thorough in thinking and designing. Enough of this. I am boring myself.

Why did I start mentioning this in the first place? Oh yeah, because I liked the meaning of why I was using the triangle theme. There must be ways, or rather, I must explore other ways of getting



across visually the theme of learning, research, and patient care other than using a triangle. Did I tell you before that the other words people used to describe URMC on the questionnaire were excellence, quality, humanistic, and dynamic, to name a few? I have been thinking about these words. They are more abstract than the other three--learning, research, and patient care. But then these three are also sort of abstract themselves.

I just had an idea of taking these three words--learning, research, and patient care and making them not abstract but concrete. I mean I was using the triangle to abstractly symbolize learning, research, and patient care. What if I use images to represent them? For instance, what if I use a hand to symbolize patient care, a book to symbolize learning, and a microscope to symbolize research. These images are what comes to my mind immediately. Then what would happen if I combined these three images to make a graphic symbol? This is just the beginning of an idea. Now I am getting excited because now I am up to three approaches--abstract symbol, logo, and graphic symbol.

This is what I want to do, or hoped I would be able to do--explore different approaches, stretch my imagination. The trick is not to be hokie. Remember this is just the beginning of an idea. It has a long way to go. I will have to think about it more to see if I still like it or even if I like it at all later on. Also another trick is not to rule out any possibility. At this stage in the game, I am supposed to let my mind run wild.

I forgot to tell you I loved Amadeus. It was a great movie. I'm sure you and Wills would love it. I am curious to see what tomorrow

brings. Until my next letter, thanks for hearing me chirp.

Love you lots,

Nancy

February 28, Thursday

Hi Nannie,<sup>9</sup>

It's Thursday afternoon and I'm sick. Oooohh Nanny I got me one of those viruses that are going around. Yesterday I didn't go to school because I felt poorly and today when I woke up I felt that my head was in a vise. So I went to Phylip Schuyler Elementary. But by 8:30 I felt all shaky, clammy and real weak. I felt as if I were going to puke. So I went down and asked Bernice, the secretary, if I could go home. I told her my first class wasn't until 10:30 and crossed my fingers that she could find a substitute. I felt bad causing such a problem but physically I knew I could not teach. She said no problem and get well. I came home and put on Bill's pj's and socks hoping that would be good medicine for me and went to sleep for a few hours. I feel a little better now.

I love your letters. Yesterday I received the one you wrote Ash Wednesday and the one from Sunday. You are such a rare and beautiful person, Nanc, I feel privileged that I'm the one you are writing to. My heart turns when I think about how much I love you. I'm happy you are sharing your thesis thoughts with me. I feel as if I'm "ground-breaking" my way to understanding what it is you're working on. You know I've had a little problem with that. I've understood and seen

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<sup>9</sup>Unfinished letter from Betsy.

you grow while you've been at RIT. I've seen the effects that your studies have brought about in your person, but to be honest, I don't understand exactly what you are doing. So with these letters you write I see and feel and understand it all a little more each day. It will make March 30 even more special to me.

(When you enter the working profession, you are going to have to get a down comforter for your bed. It's like sleeping under a cloud.)

March 4, Monday

Dear Pal,

It's a lucky thing that I forced myself to come back here yesterday rather than today. What horrendous weather it was here today. Lots and lots and lots of snow, then freezing rain. It is a mess outside. My car got stuck for the first time ever. I parked it out front before the plow did our street. I went outdoors an hour later to find it wedged in this humungus snow bank. I was hacking away at prying it loose with a shovel when a nice neighbor came to my rescue. I was a damsel in distress. I don't know how I could have gotten it unstuck without his help. While I was at home in Albany, I did relax; but to tell you the truth, my mind was on thesis.

I have got to get this thing done and that is what is on my brain. The Wednesday I left to come home, I spent the majority of the day in the studio doing thumbnail sketches using the letters URMC in different combinations (Fig. 2). I used the same typeface, Helvetica italic and/or roman. I did a bunch of ideas varying the weight of the letters, negative versus positive aspects of the letters, and roman versus

italic (which means an upright letter as opposed to a slanted one). Much to my surprise I had some luck. As I sketched, I was determined not to make any judgments. I tried anything to see how it would look. I tinkered around. I found I was more comfortable with the italic sketches, or I liked them better because to me they are more dynamic, moving forward. They sort of emulated or captured URM's spirit or at least the spirit I feel URM has. So when these little sketches were coming out halfway decent, that's when I decided I'd come home a day early. When I put them away, I still had not made any decisions, but I knew I had a good stab at something in a few of them and at one in particular.

On my ride home on the thruway I thought a lot about thesis. Whatever it was I thought about, though, is forever gone. I can't remember. But I do remember they were nice thoughts. Maybe now that I think about it, perhaps they were not nice thoughts but rather day-dreams and so that's why I can't recall them. I do remember I was thinking this--I feel like I am cleaning the cellar. I have lots to straighten up, to sort through, throw out, to keep, and today, Wednesday, I did this much. I am no way near or close to being finished but I do have this much done. I am on my way. When I come back from home I can continue. I remember thinking that. Thinking about it like that helps me see that there is an end.

Today when I went to school, I was actually anxious to see my thumbs. I was anxious to see if I liked them as well now as I did when I left. I was anxious to look at them with refreshed eyes. The one that I liked in particular at the time I left, I liked even more today. So I drew it bigger and clearer to see what it looked like. I felt

like I had an old piece of furniture--a piece that had a nice shape but an awful furnish. After I bix stripped and sanded the piece, I found a beautiful piece of tiger maple. I could see what was under there--something nice. When I drew the sketch bigger and clearer, I could see something nice happening with the letters and how their shapes related with one another. I am sending a copy of it to you (Fig. 3). It is the red one I circled. I also picked a few of the other thumbs that I liked but I don't feel for them the way I do for my one in particular. I think it has possibilities. I wonder what The Big Three<sup>10</sup> will think.

Tomorrow I have to ask Roger if 1:30 or 2:00 would be an okay time for my meeting on Thursday instead of 1:15. 1:30 is better for Barb. Bob can make it at any time. Oddly enough, for some reason I'm not in a state of panic yet over this thesis project. Oops I spoke too soon, just had an anxiety wave. I am praying for a miracle. I have a lot to do. In all honesty I am enjoying what I am doing and thinking. I love tinkering with possibilities.

No more thoughts for today. Thanks for listening.

Love you,

Nancy

PS Hi to Wills.

PSS Poor Ginny and I feel like smacking Bobbie in the nose.<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>10</sup>The members of my thesis committee.

<sup>11</sup>Soap opera gossip.

March 5, Tuesday

When I left school tonight I was feeling very discouraged and lost and nervous. I spent almost six hours in the studio and can honestly say I got zilch accomplished. It seemed that whatever I tried was a waste of time or I didn't like, or I did not like as much as my one in particular-- the one I sent to you yesterday. I'm a little leary of liking that one as much as I do, because in a way it seems so easy and simple. But you know what they say, less is more, or the simpler the better. I can just imagine that they'll say "push a little harder." I really like it the way it is. I think that it is almost so simple that it is mysterious. I also think it is a strong design. I am nervous because I fear that I'll hear "is that all?"

Tomorrow I work at the U of R doing Vital Signs. Afterwards I am supposed to show Barb what I have so far. I don't want her to be disappointed. I feel a bit better now, though, because I just showed my sketches to Kathy and she gave me positive feedback. Although I know she is being nice to me.

I have been thinking about you and how you got your wedding dress. I mean the very first dress you slipped on, you knew "this is it." Oh you tried others but they just did not do for you what that first one you tried on did. Well that is how I feel about my one in particular. It evolved relatively early in my sketching. I am finding as I go along that nothing is doing anything to me the way that one in particular does. I have this sinking feeling Barb won't feel as strong about it as I do. I really like it. My mind at this point is stuck. I need to show it to The Big Three for feedback.

You see a lot of my up-front stuff of this project involved reading about methodology. I have found people, authors, saying sketch, sketch, sketch, refine, reflect, sketch some more. Try this, try that, modify, add, subtract, distort, sketch some more. Search until you find the ultimate solution. I am a romantic at heart and reading this gives me a rather romantic dream of giving birth to a solution. Can I be that lucky to have found the solution and like it the way I do? What am I rattling on about? What I am trying to say is I like the one, my one in particular, I got.

Maybe, I was just thinking, my problem is this. I am at a standstill until The Big Three see it. I am anxious to work. I only have twenty days left. All the books say have alternate solutions. I love the one I got. I think I'm in for being disappointed when they see it. My meeting is all set for Thursday afternoon at 1:30 in Barb's office at the Medical Center.

I have not done anything using the microscope, hand, book idea yet. I did, however, xerox a picture of a microscope to use just in case I feel like trying something.

I think tomorrow, either thumbs up or down, will make me feel better. I will have talked with Barbie and I'll know where I stand. Maybe, I was just thinking, I just got plain lucky when I came up with the one I like. This might be corny, but here goes. Maybe God knows I don't have a lot of time to screw around and did me a huge favor by letting me stumble happily upon the one I like. Now that is not what I would call ground-breaking methodology, but that is the way it happened. I got plain lucky.

I am feeling better as I write because I realize I can't do anything more until Barb sees what I have done. And then after we talk, I'll be able to chart out exactly what needs to be done. Actually, though, perhaps I won't be able to do that until after my meeting on Thursday. Why do I feel as though I am going to get my nose punched? I'm trying. But am I doing things right? Maybe there isn't a wrong or a right way. Who knows what I'll write about tomorrow. One thing for sure, I am glad I am writing to you. I feel creative. Thanks for listening.

Love you,

Nancy

PS Hi to Wills.

PSS We are going to be aunties again! Yippie!

March 6, Wednesday

Bang! Bang! My ideas of the URMC logo, my one in particular, died. It didn't go over as well as I had hoped.

But something good did happen. My idea of using the three aspects of the Medical Center was liked. You know I feel like I am undressing myself when I have to show my ideas. Barb was very, very nice and seemed to genuinely like my three-aspect idea and we talked about it. "You might try incorporating, or subdividing it further to include the School of Medicine and Dentistry, School of Nursing, and Strong Memorial Hospital," she said.

This is something I was thinking about so it wasn't new news to me. It was reassuring because I think my thinking was on the right track. Maybe with my one in particular I was trying to get off easy. My problem



is I love a lot of things. I am trying to develop a discernible eye, an eye which recognizes good design, but I think so many things are great and that makes it sort of tough to obtain, acquire, a sensitive eye. Sometimes I feel like I am drinking Lambrusco and saying, "isn't this great wine?", when in reality it sucks. Don't feel bad about my one in particular not going over very well. I have gotten over it. Besides, look on the bright side, I won't have to make the reference, my one in particular again.

Tomorrow I have my second meeting with The Big Three. After my meeting with Barb today, I felt good because as I told you, she reassured me that my three-aspect idea was valid as a basis for a design. So she sort of ignited a little spark to my rather smoldering fire. I am ashamed to say, but at this late stage in the game, I still have a vague idea as to what I will have as a display for the show. That is one of the things I want to resolve tomorrow.

Bob and Roger are making a special trip to URMC for my benefit, and I want to make sure that it is worth their while. I mean, am I striving for a guideline manual for my final presentation, or can that come later? Personally, I would like to have some sort of poster, possibly using the symbol to commemorate the hospital, which is celebrating its tenth anniversary this year as being a new hospital facility, or something like that.

Is it feasible that between now, March 6, and March 26, the day my project is due for hanging, that I am able to pull this thing together. I think I will be hanging myself as well. Only joking. I am hoping that at the meeting, The Big Three stoke my fire because I need them to. I need their input, insight, advice, and expertise. I think I'll punch

myself in the nose if I get nervous and flustered tomorrow. That is how I was at my first meeting. One can't think straight when one is in that state of mind, and I can't afford not to think straight right now, or most importantly, tomorrow at 1:30.

I plan to open up the meeting with briefly synopsising what I have done, which they are all aware of. The next phase will be what I am doing now, working on the three-aspect/abstractsymbol idea. Then I would like to open the meeting up for discussion. Doesn't that sound judicial? By discussion I mean I need their input on where to go. I have my own ideas; I need to hear theirs. I don't want to tell them what I plan to do; I want to hear their ideas. I want to discuss. And that is what my plan is. Of course, if they bluntly ask, "Nancy, where do you see yourself going?" I can honestly say that right now, here tonight, I don't know what my reply would be. Do you think I have a lousy attitude? My attitude is something I have always relied upon to get me through something rough. I can truthfully say I don't recall ever having a negative attitude. Do you? This project is most certainly giving my attitude a rigorous teasing. Thinking about it now, I am going to consciously, from here on in, think in a positive way. If I don't I'll get slaughtered, and we don't want that to happen. Have I been wishy washy? Sometimes I think it is not such a wise idea to wish for the future. But I really can't wait, say five years from now, when I can look back on this experience, with objectivity, and see what I really went through and what a fool I was. Hopefully I will see how I have grown. Right now I feel the most important thing, though, is to get through it.

Have I mentioned to you my favorite part of the day, 5 p.m. to 6 p.m.? Mass is at 5:20 at this church which is about a 5-minute walk away. I walk there and see these people who I have not the foggiest notion about, but whose faces have become familiar to me since the beginning of Lent. Walking to, celebrating, and then walking home from Mass takes just about an hour, and that hour, let me tell you is therapeutic.

I had thoughts of maybe going further with this letter but I think I have run out of gas. So until tomorrow, take care. Thanks for hearing me out.

Love you a whole bunch,

Nancy

PS Hi to Willie.

March 7, Thursday

I can now breathe. The meeting went well.

I was nervous and whatnot but it was under control. I guess I don't have to punch myself in the ole schnozeroo.

Right now I am very happy and optimistic with positive feelings that I will indeed complete this thesis thing in the time I have left (that sounds like I am terminally ill). Personally I really liked having the meeting at the U of R. We were in this nice conference room, that had a nice big table, comfortable cushie chairs, and on the wall beautiful photos snapped by Ansel Adams. So the setting was nice and there were no distractions. When you have a meeting at RIT, ordinarily it takes place in the grad studio. And usually there are other students in the studio as well. I liked having no distractions today. This surprises me

because after thinking about it, I'm sure I would have welcomed one with open arms to relieve me of some tension. But I am happy to say, I was not tense, so I didn't need to be relieved.

What I wanted to have happen did happen. We discussed what I was shooting for and the validity of my three-aspect/three-area concept idea. The concept went over very well, ta da they found it sound. We talked about what I was shooting for, for the show, because as you know, I was not clear on that. Much to my happy surprise they all agreed the show is something I am not to be terribly worried about. I felt like kissing them all.

This is what we planned--from now until March 19 at 2:30 at the URMC I am going to sketch symbols--do nothing but sketch many, many, tons, many, oodles, many sketches of symbols. Then on March 19, which has been coined SD day, symbol due, The Big Three will pick the winner. Then from that day until the 28th of March, I will be designing two panels for the show. One panel will involve the basic elements of the symbol, which means illustrating its construction, its official color, and its combination with type. Something we discussed as being important was how the symbol relates to the words University of Rochester Medical Center. So when I do my sketches, I should have a version with type as well. The second panel will involve basic applications of the symbol, for example, how it looks on stationery, and various printed pieces etc., and that is what I am going to display in the show.

Watcha think? You see this is sort of phase one of what I have left to do. We decided that what I have for the show may not necessarily be the be all and end all. It is just something for the show. Phase two involves

really pulling things together and then making a presentation to some big wigs at the URMC. I can't recall the big wigs' names. Phase three then involves my book. Roger suggested that I make a timeline for myself which covers the next ten weeks. On the timeline precisely put down all that needs to be done and when it needs to be done by and then follow the timeline faithfully. Stick to it. I plan to take him up on his suggestion.

Let me tell you I am looking forward to the next ten days of doing nothing but sketches. I want to exhaust myself with ideas--Try all different possibilities. I will be using the three-aspect/three-area concept thing as my basis. Before when I was sketching, I was nervous because I was not sure if that basis was okay with them and so as a result, I think I can be. I better be. When I was showing them my sketches that I had done thus far I was wishing I had a wealth of things to show them, but I didn't because as I said I was unsure. But now on SD day I will have a wealth and I am looking forward to that.

The meeting had an amicable nice feeling and that made me feel good as I am sure it did for the three of them. I now have all the confidence in the world in myself that I am going to pull this thing off and do so creatively as well as proudly. At least today I feel as though I can.

Well time to say Ta-Ta. Thanks for listening.

Much love,

Nancy

PS Hi to Wills.

March 10, Sunday

To tell you the truth I have absolutely not the foggiest notion of what this letter is going to consist of. I was a naughty girl for not

writing on Friday or yesterday. Let me tell you I was so excited about the baby and how Bar<sup>12</sup> was doing and all that, that I just didn't have my mind on thesis. Even though she was 3,000 miles away and I was 220.5 miles away from you guys and I had no one here to get excited with as I awaited the birth of James Joseph, I was still as excited as ever and treated myself to not thinking about thesis. So that's why you ain't going to get letters for those two days.

Let me tell you, I am forcing myself to write this one. After talking on the phone with you this morning, I'm finding it lonely not to be home. I wish I was there so I could go shopping with you and Mom to get the little tike some gifts and goodies.

Even though I haven't had my mind on this project for two days, when days are so valuable, I have all the confidence in the world in me that I will get this thing together and together well. For some reason, I feel like I am going on a trip. I do not know exactly where I am going and I do not know what I will find along the way. But I know that I will get somewhere, or that I will get THERE. I just know I will. After we finished chatting this morning I went to school to begin my sketch marathon.

Something that has been bugging me was that all my stuff at school had gotten rather messy. So I did some tidying up. Now I know where all my stuff is. I got rid of sketches and scraps of paper that I couldn't possibly have any use for. I feel much better now. It reminds me of a couple of weeks ago when I was talking to Bar on the amichi.<sup>13</sup> She said she was feeling terrific and that she was doing a lot of house cleaning.

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<sup>12</sup>My sister, Barbara, had a baby.

<sup>13</sup>Telephone.

I guess they call it "homing instinct" before a baby arrives. Well, I guess before I could start my sketch out, I had to get things spic and span and now they are. But you know me; I have always been one to putz around the cellar or garage to clean it.

Well after I finished my cleaning, I was beginning to get ready to sketch. I was taking the plastic wrap off my new pad that I had bought for the occasion, when MJ, Michele, and Joanie (a friend of MJ's and mine as well, I guess) came in and said, "Come on; we are going to lunch." I said, "I can't." They asked, "Why?" I said, "Because I can't." Again they asked, "Why?" "I have to do my work and I don't have any money on me," I said. They said, "Pffft, you are coming with us." So I went. We went to The Big Apple and I swear my sides still hurt from laughing so much. I guess I was feeling giddy and loquacious, because I think I talked a lot. I had a glass of "vino" that after the first sipperroo went straight to my head. I'm really glad I went, because we had fun and we talked about thesis. And it was fun talking about it.

Now that I have this new-found confidence in myself, I have been thinking when The Big Three decided that March 19, at 2:30 would be when my sketches will be due, I felt as though I was given a reprieve.

Anyway, after lunch, I had absolutely no desire to trot back up to the studio. Maybe that is when one should, when she absolutely does not want to. But I just couldn't, so I didn't. I came back home and rode my bike for an hour and then sat down to write this letter to you. By the way, I think this is my worst letter yet. Don't you agree? I don't think I have said anything interesting. You must be snoring because I am boring myself. I am listening to Springsteen on the stereo. Kathy just came home from doing laundry and is now rustling up some "din din."


I think I am running out of thoughts to share with you, but then on the other hand, I don't think I have said any of them. It seems that during the course of a day, thoughts flit through my head and I say to myself, "You must remember to tell Betsy that one." But then as I sit here, with pen in hand, maybe one or two of them reach you because the others just are not at my fingertips to write to you. They are locked in my brain. Every once in a while, one might escape. Words are not the best way I express myself. Well, I love you very much.

Nancy

Give Wills a squeeze for me.

March 11, Monday

It is 11:00 p.m. I just came back from the studio. I was actually getting things accomplished. I mean I felt as though I was making headway as well as progress. Fewweee it's about time. I was toying with the idea of staying longer, but I figured I still had this letter to write to you and also I have to pace myself. I can't tire myself out this early in the marathon.

Today I did sketches, basically of a triangle within a circular boundry. It looks something like this:  I did about forty variations on this theme. Let me tell you what it symbolizes. The three bars inside the circle symbolize the three areas of URMC--The School of Medicine and Dentistry, The School of Nursing, and Strong Memorial Hospital. The circle represents the three aspects or components which describe what URMC is about--research, learning, and patient care. These aspects are all related to one another, and no one



can say which one is more important than the other, or where one begins or where one ends. They run into each other. They overlap each other. So that is what the circle means. This is the concept I'm working with--relating the three areas of URM with the three aspects. I think I must have told you this before. Have I?

Tomorrow I plan to work with that same concept but only with a different approach. What that approach will be I am not certain yet. I am hoping that when I go upstairs to go to sleep, I won't be able to because I will be thinking hard about that approach. I'm hoping some glimmer of an idea will come to me as to what to explore; I'm dreaming. I'll probably fall fast asleep seconds after my head hits the pillow. I do have some ideas swimming around up there in my noggin, so when I sit at my table with marker in hand staring at my tablet, I won't be totally at a loss. You see, I have confidence. I guess we will find out if that ole saying, "If you believe in yourself, you can do anything," is at all true when March 30 rolls around.

I guess maybe it is sort of embarrassing at school for me. I mean here it is two weeks away from the opening, and I am sitting at my desk drawing the symbol. By all rights, I should be wrapping things up. But no, maybe, on second thought, maybe not. I have never done this before. I believe in that school of thought, "Things work out for the best." I know I am trying, trying hard, and I know I am learning. I like this situation where I know on March 19 at 2:30 I have symbols due. I am aiming at having 100 sheets of drawings with four or five drawings on each sheet to be able to plunk down on the table on SD day. In addition to them I hope to have some copies of some of the symbols with type combinations

I want quantity as well as quality. Off the record, maybe I want quantity an itsie bitsie more.

When I first began learning about graphic design, I would read a lot of books. They talk about the creative process as well as creative problem solving. And what they say is to do hundreds of sketches, play around with ideas, leave no stone unturned, explore all paths, be outrageous, and things like that. Well, when I read things like that, I'd get a headache and feel sad because I never had analyzed my creativity. What I mean is, I was used to getting or having an idea and then bringing that idea into existence. I guess I didn't have any kind of graphic vocabulary to work with. I did not have any resources in myself to be graphically creative with. So how can one leave no stone unturned etc. if she doesn't have the means within herself to do so, or think that she doesn't have it? You see, gradually I began to figure things out. I began to build my vocabulary. I now understand graphic concepts. Boy, I am corny. So now as I do this sketch marathon, I feel as though I am very capable to handle it. I feel like I am at the top of Hawkee.<sup>14</sup> I am happy to say I am not staring down at the trail, with my legs feeling paralyzed, and trying to figure out how I am going to get down this monster without breaking my neck. I rather feel like I know I will get down this thing, halfway decently, maybe even nicely. You see the important thing is that I am up here on this expert trail trying, figuring, pushing. It is so nice not to feel spastic anymore. I have a long way to go, but thank Heaven I am not at the beginning anymore.

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<sup>14</sup>An expert ski trail at Gore Mountain, North Creek, New York.

It is getting late, and I am feeling punchie and I don't think I am making any sense. So long for today.

Love you,

Nancy

Give Willsie a squeeze.

Stupid Rick, I could smack him.<sup>15</sup>

March 13, Wednesday

An unforeseeable snag has come up. Roger can't make it on SD day, Tuesday at 2:30. At first he said to try to schedule it for Thursday at 3:00 but Thursday isn't such a hot day for Bob. But Bob said he could make it at 2:00 if he had to. But Roger couldn't make it at 2:00 either because he has a meeting with the Dean. The more I thought about it, Thursday is really getting late. I mean Tuesday is real late itself. Thursday would be (I shy away from using the word impossible because it still might take place on that day). I have not gotten this problem resolved yet. Thursday would not be good timing.

Oh how I don't like things like this, but you know the saying, "It's always something." So when I told Roger that Bob couldn't make it at 3:00 on Thursday but at 2:00, and he said he couldn't make it at that time, I realized Thursday clearly would be lousy for me. So I became assertive and asked if there was any possible way for late Tuesday. But unfortunately that was no good either for him. But from 12:00 to 1:00 on Tuesday was a possibility. I asked Bob and that was okay with him. In the morning I will call Barb and cross my fingers tht 12:00 to 1:00 will be good for her.

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<sup>15</sup> Soap opera gossip.

Roger suggested that an alternate solution would be to meet with each other individually. I have this gut feeling that it would be better if we could do it as a group. But if it has to be done individually then so be it.

At the drawing table today, I did not do one single sketch with the triangle theme. Yippie! I did a bunch of sketches with bars and circles. Each idea I have been doing has been done in four different weights and it is astonishing how one idea looks in each weight (Fig. 4). Roger suggested that I might try this. What excellent coaching. The three bars symbolize patient care, research, and learning. So that is what I was working with. I also was using the typesetter today to get different type combinations of the words, University of Rochester Medical Center. After I get a slew of sketches, I'll apply the type combination possibilities. Harold, this man in the media center, was very very very helpful to me while using the typesetter.

I can feel myself generating ideas in my head more spontaneously. I feel the value of asking, "What if I try this?" I feel like my flabby mind is getting some muscle. Well I have run out of steam for now. so until tomorrow, thanks for hearing me out.

Love you,

Nancy

Hi to Willie.

March 14, Thursday

Wasn't yesterday's letter poppie? I think I would have been better off writing you in the morning rather than late at night because I find

that's when I think of things I want to say and have some enthusiasm. At night when I write sometimes my heart just isn't in it or I forget the things I thought I wanted to tell you. But also sometimes my heart is in it and I find letter writing at night allows me the time to review what I have done with the day. Sometimes, I am finding, when I am talking to someone about my thesis, I confirm. I say things. I say a thought that I wrote to you, and that makes me feel like I have a handle on my thoughts--on what I'm doing. Letter writing helps me; it allows me to realize what I realize.

Well, I got the snag fixed. My SD day is still Tuesday. The time is 12:00 to 1:00. It was nerve racking fixing that problem. As I told you I just wasn't happy with the possibility of an SD day on Thursday. I feared that would have been fatal. Barb came through for me. 12:00 to 1:00 was fine for her.

I was at school by 7:45 a.m. Triangles are on the in list again. After having a day sans triangles, it feels good to be thinking in that direction again. Why? Because triangles feel appropriate.

I would like to elaborate on a thought I said yesterday. "My flabby mind is getting some muscle," I said or something to that effect. I want to tell you what I mean by that in case you don't get it. What I mean is I feel like it is my first day of the ski season. It has just snowed, the conditions are superb, the weather heavenly, and I am skiing all day long, very hard. Now I'm home at the chalet, comfie and cozie by the fire in my sweats, and I can feel the muscles in my body. I feel them because I really worked, used and worked them today. I pushed them. My flab feels like muscle. Well, similarly, as I go through this sketch

marathon, I can feel my imagination getting stronger, muscular. Now you might ask, "How does she know her imagination is getting stronger?" Well, what I mean is I am pushing for ideas, not just one solution but several and I am realizing the beauty in pushing. I am understanding ways, several ways I can communicate this idea of three aspects ala three components. I seriously don't think I am flying yet with any of my solutions, but I think, or I know I am on the runway. I have gotten a lot of junkie ideas out of my system; now it is time to tread where my true creativity abounds.

I asked Roger to take a peek at what I have done thus far. I am glad I did. It seemed to me he was neither impressed nor unimpressed. One of my ideas sort of reminded him of the Colt Industries symbol. He suggested that I check that one out. Son of a gun, he was right. It was like it, but it also was a little different. I was sort of bummed because this was an idea I was taking a liking to. You see, what I am finding difficult is originality. I am trying ideas; then when I see them, I think, "Well, this is no good. This reminds me of . . ." But that is what I meant when I said I've gotten rid of the junkie ideas. Roger peeking at my ideas today was good. He reinforced this feeling I've had in me that I will indeed get there. He said something to the effect, "Keep plugging along; I'm sure by Tuesday, you'll have something." He selected four sheets of sketches that he was partial to.

In my dreams you know what I would like to have happen on Tuesday, SD day? At the meeting I'd love it if The Big Three had a couple of symbols they loved. I have this dream that they will feel like they are looking at the Mercedes Benz's of symbolic marks, not some clunker. I

pray that they don't go home disappointed, especially Barb. I hope they don't say, "We don't see anything we like."

On the whole, today was not a very productive day, even though I was at my desk from 7:45 a.m. til 4:45 p.m. without hardly budging. I wanted to go to 5:20 mass, so I left. I was going to come right back after dinner, but I got chatting with Kathy and Julie and before I knew it, it was 7:30. Here is my big confession. I wanted to watch The Hotel New Hampshire at 9:00. I know I should be back at school, but I really want to see this movie. So that is when I decided I would write my daily letter to you now and try to make it a halfway decent letter at that. That is all for today. Thanks for lending me your ears.

Love you so much,

Nanny

St. Patrick's Day, March 17, Sunday

Oh boy, where do I begin. After not writing for three days I am looking forward to writing this one. I'm not sure why; I just am. I was telling Kathy that things are so intense. I am excited, scared, and confident all at once.

The past three days at the ole drawing board have been peppered with revelations. My butt has been glued to that stool for at least 12 hours per day. As I sit there, I think about nothing, practically nothing, but graphic design and thesis and what I am doing. As you know, I have been working with triangles. Well, I would say I have left no stone unturned, no path untrodded when it comes to triangles. It has felt good to just keep trying ideas, one after another, after another and so on. I felt

like I was playing basketball in the back yard trying to make baskets by doing all sorts of different outlandish shots. Every once in a while, boom, I would sink one. Other times, I'd miss by a longshot. Other times, I would come close, maybe ride the rim. I guess I won't be able to tally up how many swishes I made until The Big Three take a peek.

I feel as though I made progress. I pushed ideas--ideas of how to combine triangles. I say triangles in the plural tense because I have been working with the idea of one triangle representing the School of Medicine and Dentistry, the School of Nursing, and Strong Memorial Hospital. The other triangle represents research, learning and patient care. I have been trying to relate the two together. I have been thinking about something that was said at my last meeting--something about the company the symbol would keep. What I mean is there are an awful amount of symbols out there with a triangular theme. It is my job to make this symbol distinct among the company, the class it is in, among other university medical centers, hospitals, health facilities, etc. So perhaps some department store somewhere might have a symbol similar to the one I have designed for URMC. That is sort of okay because the URMC symbol and the department store symbol don't have anything in common; they don't hang around each other. They are not friends. I am trying very hard to be original, but as I told you before in some other letter, sometimes I do an idea and I say, "That's no good; it reminds me of . . ."

Yesterday, I feel was my best day yet in this sketch marathon. I did some ditty's that I would describe as being pert. They were simple and straight forward and bold and I liked them. Tomorrow I am going to do some heavy duty xeroxing so I'll send you the cream of the crop.



When I look at symbols, I love it when I can say, "Wow look at that!" I shake my head and say, "Yeah! That symbol captures something." Most of the time that usually happens when something is so simple, so simple yet so effective. Well, that is how I want my symbol to be, a "yeah" mark.

I have been thinking, this is really the first time I've had to create an identity mark for some place. Last year, I did one for COLECO for a class project, but I had no idea what I was doing. No, rather I did not know the possibilities. Sometimes marks might be based on a piece of architecture, a product that a place might produce or sell or manufacture. Sometimes marks are based on letters, like, for example, my one in particular that I did a ways back that went over like a lead balloon. Sometimes marks are a combination of these. Sometimes marks abstract something, some aspect of the place and that is what I have been working with. Sometimes I have been wishing that there was a pretty building or piece of architecture that I could use as a basis, but there really isn't. I have been thinking about my notion of the hand, microscope, book thing. Probably because it is so different from my triangle theme. I feel this urge to try this notion out, but I think I may not have the time. I wouldn't mind trying it out if I thought it wouldn't bomb, not that it would necessarily. I know it would take me a good many hours to get one done and I don't know if it is a good enough idea to spend time on it.

What I have been thinking about symbols is that I really feel I have learned how to look for things which might make an effective mark for some place. What I mean is I feel as though I have possibility questions at my finger tips. Tomorrow I am going to combine the symbols I have

sketched with different sorts of type combinations. Actually I was going to do that tonight but I ran out of cash for the xerox machine so I decided to come home and write to you. If I have the time after I do my type combo's I think I'll try my notion that I was just telling you about--the hand, microscope, book jobber. But that is only if I have time. Who knows maybe it will be a winner.

So tell me, Bets, do you race home from school to read my letters like you do to see General Hospital? I am trying to make them so you do. I have, or I am enjoying writing to you. These letters have helped me get a grip on my thoughts. These letters help me not to lose my thoughts. Perhaps that word, enjoying, isn't right. It is more like I need to write them to you, and I will never forget this need. I also feel natural in writing you. I think at first I started off rattling like a crazy woman. But now I feel quite at ease.

I am looking forward to SD day, Tuesday. Then I can start designing my panels that I will display for the show. Then I will know what the winning symbol will be. I truly am praying that there is at least one symbol that they fancy. I can honestly say that as I go through this sketch marathon, I think about thesis 23.75 hours per day. It is quite funny how things work out. I really think that it has been for the best that I have spent the past ten days marathoning it as opposed to plunking along week by week. I don't think I would feel as intense about my symbol as I do now. But who knows, maybe I would have at that. I feel really good about what I have been going through. I feel as though it is what I needed to have happen to me. I feel like a race horse who has moved up in class. This project is very important to me and I am concentrating very hard on it.

It is almost getting to the point where I am brainwashed with it. I'll be talking to Kathy or Kathy talking to me and I am not hearing what she is saying because I'm thinking about thesis. Which reminds me to tell you, you know how I said 5:00 to 6:00 was my favorite time of the day? Well not so anymore. I have been going to Mass at school this past week because I have not been able to afford the time to go home and then to walk to Blessed Sacrament. Hopefully when this thing gets finished I'll be able to resume my favorite ritual of the day for Holy Week. Don't I begin a lot of my sentences a lot with "well"? I absolutely love my new tapes, especially the classical ones.<sup>16</sup>

I'ma tellina youa it was a Godsend that I splurged for them. They truly do help me submerge myself into my thoughts; they help me concentrate. Until tomorrow thanks for listening to me ramble on and on and on . . .

I love you very much,

Nancy

Happy St. Patrick's Day to you and Will!

March 18, Monday

All of a sudden at around 5 p.m. this afternoon, I got me one of them there awful feelings in the pit of my belly. No not the flu. Rather plain ole honest-to-goodness panic-ie fear.

I was at my drawing board looking at my efforts and thinking, "God, what am I doing? Have I been on the right track? I should have run over to Barb's during the week to see if she thought I was digging in the right hole. Have I done enough?" I had planned today to do some type combinations with my sketches, but when I was sitting there looking at what to do

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<sup>16</sup>I bought cassette tapes for my Walkman, which I listen to as I sketch.

I could clearly see no point in doing so until tomorrow when I know which mark will be the winner. I mean why would I try to do type combinations with marks they might not give a fig about. I found it so overwhelming to think that I wanted to try to do these type combo's. I really don't think I should do it until I know which mark to do it to. I reckon that I have my sheet of type combinations that I did on the typesetter to have with me at the meeting to show them and maybe get some input from them about these. I had the type set in Helvetica, which is a very simple sans serif face. I think that if Helvetica (Fig. 6) were a color, it would be navy blue. It is a nice letter and looks nice with many things. It is an easy-to-read typeface and it is undistracting. I like it. But I have been having second thoughts about using it. A lot of big places around here use it. Like for instance, RIT, the Museum and Science Center, and Security Norstar Bank. I was thinking if I do use it, it really won't make URMC distinct from them. I was thinking perhaps of using a serif typeface such as Baskerville (Fig. 6) which to me also reminds of navy blue but only it has serifs. I don't have examples of either of them with me now but tomorrow I'll get some and send them to you to show you what I mean. But you see I love the simplicity of Helvetica. I really do. I think it appropriate for URMC. I really do. We will find out on the morrow what The Big Three think.

I am pooped from this marathon. I feel bad I didn't get the chance to try the hand, book, and microscope idea. It was probably dumb to begin with, no great loss I guess. I think if it were meant to be, I would have tried to do it so I guess it wasn't because I didn't try.

I am at the point where I need input from my committee. I am glad SD day is tomorrow. It is strange. You know how I was telling you I felt awful? Well, now I sort of feel something like how I feel on Christmas Eve. I am full of suspense. When Barb, Roger, and Bob take a look at what I have done, I think I'll look at it as though I was giving them a present and so I can't wait to see their eyes when they look at my sketches. I understand that there is a risk; they may want a return, but then also things might fit like a glove. Does this make sense?

I am anxious to begin my panels. I've been thinking these marks that I have been doing look fairly simple, don't you think? But a lot has gone into them--mega sketches, mega research, mega thought, mega booboos. But I guess maybe that is what integrity is about. That was just a thought that flashed by me. So I guess with a thought like that in mind, showing my sketches tomorrow really won't be treacherous.

I can't believe it! Oh, yes I can; the show is less than two weeks away. Just think. Two weeks from now the opening will have come and gone. Tomorrow's letter should be loaded so until then keep you fingers and toes crossed (mine are) for good luck. Thanks for listening to me chatter.

I love you more than anything on earth,

Nanny

Give a squeeze to William.

Has GH been any good?

These sketches are the cream of the crop (Fig. 5, 6, 7). I think maybe, though, some dark horse might be the winner. I mean it might be possible the one they like won't be any of these. I want to send you these because I told you I would.

SD Day, March 19, Tuesday

And the winner is, TA DA, this symbol I have xeroxed for you (Fig. 9) I was right; it was a dark horse winner. It was one that was not on the cream of my crop list.

The meeting went rather well, I am please to report. It was like Christmas, partially because I was excited about showing them the batch. But it mainly felt like Christmas because of another crazy reason. Paper was flying. You see what I did was lay out all the sketches on the table. They overlapped each other. I told you they overlapped because I had a lot of sketches and I did not want you to think that they all fit on one table top. Then Roger, Barb, and Bob picked away at the ones they did not like. The paper flew off the table so fast. Well, not so fast that they didn't take their time a bit, but it did go quickly. And as they picked away, I just looked on, happily, I might add. I felt like what I think Mom and Dad must feel like on Christmas morning. They put so much time, effort, thought, money, and love in the gifts they give us and they are so beautifully wrapped. Zap! Christmas morning we tear at the packages while they look on, lovingly watching us attack the gifts like wild animals. Saying that we are wild animals is an exaggeration, but you get the idea. Well, that is how I felt. I felt really good about my efforts. I loved watching The Big Three paw, that's a lousy word, rather scrutinize, that's better, over the batch. We decided in the beginning that we would each pick a favorite and then narrow it down from there. That is how we got rid of the ones they did not particularly care for. When there were about twelve sheets with sketches, of course, sketches, what a dummy I am, left, they asked me if I had a favorite. Well, truthfully I was indifferent. I don't know if that is good or bad. The one I wanted was the

one they wanted, whichever one they might choose. I just prayed that out of all of them at least one would be acceptable, that one sketch would be a swish in the basket. The one I said I was a little partial to is labeled "The one I was partial to" on the xerox I have sent you (Fig. 10). But like I said, I was really indifferent. But this was one in which I did feel good about. I don't know why. I just did, or do. Isn't that something. I designed the thing and I can't even explain why I like it. The Big Three did not share my enthusiasm for it. They liked the winner and then also this one runner up that was a variation on the winner. Sorry I did not make a copy of that one to show you. It just occurred to me now that you might like to see that one as well. I'll send it to you tomorrow (Fig. 11).

After we established that this one won "Best Symbol" we discussed type combinations. I was pleasantly surprised. They could see using a serif face, like I was telling you yesterday that I was starting to think perhaps Baskerville might be nice. Roger suggested Times Roman (Fig. 12) as a possibility. I think that would be nice. Helvetica, Roger thought was too corporate. I see what he means.

As you can see, or don't you think I sound happy? Well, I am. I feel so good about what happened today. I was not nervous one itsie bitsie bit. No sir, not me and that, as you know, is a major breakthrough.

Every minute from here on in counts until the show opening. I have a lot of work to do to pull this thing together. I have confidence, blind confidence, that I can do it. Although I did not get too much accomplished tonight, I was sort of tired, as I am now. So I left the studio around 10:30 p.m. knowing that when I came home I was going to write cha. As I told you, I think about this thing 23.75 hours per day. It rarely leaves

my forehead. And you know what I believe lies smack in the center of my forehead, the Sole.

I feel like I have been sighing one great big sigh of relief since the meeting this afternoon. Until tomorrow, thanks for reading this.

Love you,

Nancy

Give Wills a wink for me.

First Day of Spring, March 20, Wednesday

I find it refreshing to wake up in the morning to find that it is still light out and can hear the birds chirping. It is nice that spring has arrived. Trying to get to mass today took a little bit of tricky thought. I had to work at URMC to do Vital Signs at 9:00. I never know exactly how long it takes so I wouldn't be getting to school until at least the earliest by 1:00. If I was going to be getting there that late I did not want to interrupt my work to leave at 5:00 to go to 5:20 Mass all the way back home and if I were not going to get to RIT until 1:00, that meant I would miss Mass there. Ah, then it dawned on me--the Medical Center has mass at 12:30. I remembered hearing it announced once when I was in the mailroom. It worked out great. I was still working on Vital Signs when 12:30 rolled around, so I took a break and moseyed on into the Chapel and am I glad I did.

The sermon today was for the hopeless. The crux of what Father said was sometimes situations become so overwhelming; sometimes things look grim; sometimes things just do not go right; and etc. . . but don't despair. Somehow, sometime, somewhere, something will work out. He said it a lot more eloquently than I and perhaps not as simply. Isn't it strange



how sometimes right out of the blue, you hear something that really applies to yourself? What Father was saying I really understood because I have sometimes felt hopeless with this project. My eyebrows went up when he began his homily for he really hit home.

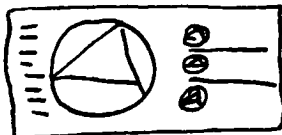
I will say I did make some progress today. I did a rough sketch of the panel for the symbol along with its construction, color, and signature. I was thinking earlier, while doing Vital Signs, I really do not have the time to screw around with doing tons of different ideas. I better get something done on paper and then work with that notion until it works or maybe try one or two others, but I have to make a choice--and fast, because it will take me a while to assemble it. I'm going to get to school early tomorrow so I can get something down on paper for the other panel and then show these ideas to Roger to see what he thinks.

One thing I've been beginning to wonder is whether or not I have to get The Big Three's approval of my sketches for the panels. Am I at my liberty to go with what I feel is best or do I need their thumbs up? I am definitely going to find out about this tomorrow when I see Roger. I should have settled this yesterday at our meeting. Actually, it had not dawned on me at that time. Tomorrow I am also going to do some typesetting that I didn't get to today. The applications panel I feel won't go as swiftly as the one I did today.

The layout I did today is by no means "there," but at least the concept is clear in my head. What I want is one great big super graphic of the symbol and then three smaller versions of the symbol illustrating signature, color, and construction. I want it to be simple, but I also

want it to be exciting and classy. It looks something like this:

The horizontal lines on the



far left represent type.

I would like to make a

statement regarding what

the symbol is about, but this isn't definite. I have not confirmed this yet (the statement part that is). I guess judging from this little sketch you can't see anything exciting and classy, but you can see simplicity. For a color choice, I am thinking about something in the green family. To me, green symbolizes growth and life. Obviously. I have to double check this with Barb. I am not certain as to whether or not I am to go with the UR colors, blue and gold, yuk. I really think, though, that I can choose my own color. I had a good chuckle today because the green prisma color I used was sort of the color of the green surgical scrub clothes that doctors and nurses wear. I have not decided on what color green yet. I just think green would be appropriate and nice. The rest of the panel will be black and white.

The other panel, the application panel, I'm a little leary of. The Big Three suggested that I might use brochures, posters or whatever that have already been done at URM and then just apply the symbol to it. I feel kind of funny doing that, applying the symbol to something I didn't design.

It is hard to believe that this time next week I will be able to sigh relief. I will either be finished or damn close to being finished.

The sandman is sprinkling sand in my eyes so I guess I have to go sleepies now. Thanks for being you.

With a warm hug,

Nancy

Give Will a courtsey for me.

Oh God, I must be tired; just listen to me, courtsey.

March 22, Friday

Yesterday's letter ended up in the trash, crumpled. It was ickie. I did not feel like writing to you and it showed.

What happened yesterday is pretty good. My design for the symbol panel got the thumbs up signal from Roger, but I have to make a few adjustments. Can the color green. The official color is going to be maroon, Pantone #201. You know how I was telling you that I didn't know how comfortable I'd feel plunking the symbol down on already printed pieces that I did not design? Well, I don't have any reservations about that anymore. Roger showed me how by doing this I'll be able to illustrate what kind of things the symbol will be applied to, what sort of things the symbol will be used for. I'll be able to create a feeling. I almost feel silly thinking I didn't feel right using them. I just was not looking at it in the manner Roger enlightened me with. After he showed me I could see the valuability in doing this. I think it will be good. I conversed with Bob about this and he agreed. Actually he more or less assured me that this indeed would be a good thing to do.

Something good has happened. I feel as though I have mastered the typesetter. Today I began the mechanical for the symbol panel. It is going to be 22.5 by 13. I don't know if this is good or bad, but I want it to be perfect. Now that I have said that it probably will be far from it. Tomorrow I would really love it if I could be finished with that mechanical. If I could be, I think I will be in pretty decent shape. That would give me all of Sunday to get panel number two squared away. But I am not going to get my heart set on anything. I'll just keep on plugging along the best way I know how.

I can't wait for this thing to be finished. I am so looking forward to not thinking about it. The past five weeks have been grueling.

On my symbol panel, I am going to have a blurb which talks about the symbol. After I finish this letter I am going to compose it. It has been swimming around in my head what I want to say for some time now. I am hoping that when I look at the blank sheet of legal paper, the words come to me. It had better not be one of those things where it is like drawing blood from a stone. I am in no mood for that nor do I have the time.

I know I said I can't wait for this thing to be finished, but in all honesty, I am enjoying it. I am feeling something.

I plan to be at the drawing board as early as possible tomorrow. Because it is Saturday, the studio won't be open until 9 bells. I'll go to Mass and then go directly to school. I would much rather be home grocery shopping with Mom or something.

Today was a beautiful spring day. I wore the lucky jean jacket and felt cool. I don't mean that I was cold because I wore it. I mean I felt stylish, hip.

Just think, one week from tonight you guys will be here. This really means a lot to me that you are making the long trek for this show. I hope you are not disappointed in how my project shaped up to be. Don't expect something beautiful. Keep your fingers crossed that tomorrow will be a productive day. I sorely need it to be. Thanks for lending me your ears. With a warm hug, I whisper I love you very much.

Nancy

Hi Dee Ho to Bill.

I read in the paper about the soaps. What the heck is happening between Frisco and Felicia? Are Rick and Ginny lovie dovie? I almost keeled over when I read it. Fill me in.

I tried calling you today at 4:00ish but ratz you were not home. Kath said you called last night. Sorry I missed you.

Oscar Night, March 25, Monday

I think I am going to make it. It has been a hectic last three days. When I came home, I was too pooped to write. Then yesterday when I called home, I got lucky because we got to chat. I did not feel much like writing.

This weekend I got my mechanical for the symbol panel completed. The design for the panel has a super big symbol. In order to draft it, I cut it out of amberlith. Amberlith is this film which is sort of like the film used to cut silk screen stencils but is slicker than the silk screen stencil stuff. It took me three tries before I got it perfect. At least I think it is perfect. I will know tomorrow when I pick up that stat of it.

When I was cutting the big stencil for the symbol, I held my breath. I felt like I was an ice skater. You know, when they have to skate around some line drawn on the ice without going off it. The first goof, rather, the first time I tried, I was anxious. For some kookie reason I like working with amberlith. I like the way it feels. I could not wait to get at it. I was too quick. I did not feel my way through it. The next two tries I got the knack, but there were just a few, actually one place, on each where the bars of the circle did not touch each other as they should. Then on the fourth try, bingo, I got it. But as I said, we will have to see how well tomorrow. I finished the mechanical late Saturday night. On Sunday I spent the day clarifying what the other panel was going to look like.

I started feeling sad because I was not sure. I did not feel what I was doing was going to be enough. I got to the studio at 9 bells on Sunday thinking that if I had to, I would stay until midnight. But 6:00ish is when the sadness wave whooped me. I decided the best thing to do would be to leave things alone for the night. I think that was a wise decision because this morning when I got there, I did not feel sad. I guess sometimes it is best not to do anything, even though you might have honorable intentions and enthusiastic ambitions. It is best sometimes just not to do anything.

You know how sometimes when you run or ride a bike, when you stop, your heart still beats fast? Similarly, when I am not physically at school working on this thing, my heart pounds just as fast. I am getting quite the workout. These past six weeks have been aerobic.

I am going to frame the symbol panel. This is something I will want for always. As a matter of fact, make sure that when I die, it comes to my grave with me. The other panel, the applications one, I don't feel any emotional attachment to, so that one is going to be under glass with one of those plastic clippie jobbies fastening it together.

This morning I felt as though I could see light glimmering at the end of the tunnel. We had to meet in the gallery to talk about when we had to have things ready and how things were going to be hung. Listening to the gallery man, Eric, talk, I was thinking, this is really coming to an end soon. That was the first time I saw the light glimmer and it was soothing.

After putzing around doing last-minute doo daa's, I went downtown to drop off the mechanical. It will be ready tomorrow. Then I went to Commercial Art Supply to pick up some last-minute things I would need for

the applications panel. I can't really do anything more until tomorrow when I pick up the stat. So here I am at home feeling guarded excitement. Guarded because I am not absolutely positive as to how things will look but excited because I am almost finished.

I went to Mass at 5:20 but that wasn't so great because all I did was think about Grandpa. I was thinking that today was his birthday, thinking about the wonderful family gatherings we used to have to celebrate his birthday, thinking about how much I miss him, thinking about how much Mom, Aunt Jean, Uncle Joe, and everyone must miss him, and that made me feel weepy. I did not just think of these things only at Mass but all day long. It seemed at Mass I felt them the strongest.

After I realized I was not going to go to school tonight, I bought myself a treat. I stopped in the Village Green and bought the book, Emma, by Jane Austen. I think it will be enjoyable reading. I am looking for a book that I like so much I can't put it down. I am hoping this book will be like that. Only about an hour to go until Oscar time. I am rooting for Amadeus. I did not get the chance to see The Killing Fields or A Soldier's Story, but I did see Amadeus, A Passage to India, and Places in the Heart. Out of those three, Amadeus gets my vote. It was very good. I love movies--as if you didn't know.

Only five more days until you come to "Ra cha cha." I think I have run out of things to tell you for today. Hopefully tomorrow's letter will start off with "I love the way the stat looks!" Au revoir moi cheri.

Much love,

Nancy

Hi to William F.

Hopefully Wednesday I'll get the chance to catch General Hospital.

March 27, Wednesday

I think I love it.

I just came from The Frame Shop. I framed the symbol panel because this is something I always want to have. Even if it is lousy to some people, I am proud of it.

I literally held my breath when I went to the place to pick the stat up. R. H. Ellis Corporation is the name of the place where I got it done. They did a thumbs-up job--flawless. My face must have been tomato red when I was double checking the job at the stat place, because I was extremely happy, and I still am.

However, there is one itsie bitsie flaw in my craftsmanship. It is nothing the stat shooter did. It is my own fault. As you know, the symbol panel design has a big symbol. Well, on that symbol, I made a slight goof with my amerlith cutting. A part of the circle has a minuscule imperfection. It has a little jaggy. I felt so bad when I noticed it. I thought I had the amberlith cut perfectly. I just did not notice this little error. Fortunately, it is not extremely noticeable. I feel bad because it is not perfect, but at this point there is nothing I can do about it, nothing. I feel like I am looking at a beautiful new car and it is wonderful except there is a little nick on the door which is really a shame and annoying.

My next problem was I had to do a rendition of the symbol in color. How am I to do that? At first I thought of using color film. I struck out with that idea because Pantone 201 does not come in that color. Ah, but it does in color paper. So I bought a sheet of that thinking I'd cut out the symbol and then adhere it to the stat. I struck out again. I did an okay job cutting it out, but it did not feel or look right. It did not



look slick. My next alternative was Chromatec. This is a process that would duplicate the symbol in the color needed. All one has to do is rub the desired image onto the place where it needs to go. It is like pressure sensitive letters. I think you know what they are. Don't you? The only problem with this solution is I have never done it before. I have seen it being done, but I have never done it myself. It reminds me of hand signing. You know, using your hands to talk to the deaf. I have been here two years and everyday I see people talking to each other using their hands. Hell, if I know how to do it.

Harold, the guy who helped me typesetting, was super. He helped me once again. This guy is a real crackerjack when it comes to printing stuff. He knows how to do everything. I hit a home run. I got lucky. After a couple of tries, I got a Chromatec that was suitable. So I plunked down the color symbol onto the stat and, ta da, my symbol panel was complete. Best of all, after scrutinizing over it, I decided I was pleased. For me, myself, it is what I had in mind, and I like it.

God only knows what The Big Three, as well as anyone else, will feel about it. Just for the record Nancy likes it. It is simple but I like it.

I, with a grin on my face, went to church. After church, I went to The Frame Shop to put my little gem under glass. What a panic I had there. This person who went to school at the Medical Center and used to work there was framing a picture next to me. Boy, was she a chatterbox. She took a keen interest in my symbol and was asking me all sorts of questions regarding it. It was fun talking to her about it.

I hope you like it. Right now I am 99.999999999% finished. All I have to do is put the finishing touches on the applications panel. That

should not take very long. Oops, I should not have said that. Now some goof-up is bound to happen. I can't believe I'm actually going to make it. I think right now I am sort of stunned by all of this. I'm just a pica away (that is a printer's measurement--a pica is about as big as a nickel is thick) from being done -- done with getting ready for the show, that is. Now I can breathe. I feel like I have, as the cliché goes, gotten rid of a ton of weight off my shoulders.

I have been trying not to bite my nails, but this past week I did a number on them. It was either bite my nails, start smoking, or drink coffee. Since I have never puffed on a cig nor sipped some java, I reckoned I would continue with my bad habit of gnawing at my fingernails. Actually, I have been pretty good with breaking this habit, up until this week, that is. Looking at them now, they really are not in such bad shape, not too embarrassing. It would be great if they looked decent Saturday night. I dislike the way bitten fingernails look; they don't look healthy. I think bitten fingernails are a sign of character. What that sign is, I am not sure, but they say something. How did I start talking about this?

I woke up this morning at 5:30 a.m. feeling exuberant. Today I thought would be the day thesis would get done. I found myself getting out of bed whistling. I was whistling at 5:45 a.m. After a few toots, I shook my head and laughed thinking Kathy and Julie are going to think I'm nuts if they hear me. I got to school at 6:30 a.m.

I think one of the things I have hated about the past two years is the lousy schedule I have been on. I have always been a morning person, but that has gone down the drain since I have been here. Late night hours working on projects kills my mornings. I love mornings when I get up

early before anyone when I can feel the day start, when I feel energetic. I love them--especially spring mornings, like today's. Do you know the thermometer reached 74 degrees today. It was a gorgeous day, and that is an understatement.

Three more days 'til you guys come see me. I am very anxious.

Lotsa love,

Nancy

Hey to Bill.

Thanks for listening.

March 28, Thursday

You are reading a letter from a person who has finished getting her thesis show presentation ready. Did you ever believe you'd be hearing, reading, me say that? When I started writing you, believe you me, I had some doubts. 2:15 p.m. today it was born. That is when it was all hung in the gallery, windexed, aligned and labeled and all. What I find astonishing is the fact that I am pleased. I seriously believe that a miracle has occurred.

The applications panel ended up getting framed after all. It dawned on me last night when I was framing the symbol panel that it would be nice to frame the applications panel as well. But that thought, I thought was not necessary because after all I was not crazy about that panel to begin with. Oohh, that would be nice, though, but is it being too extravagant? Do I really want to frame this thing? Put it under glass? Or should I shrink wrap it, which means protecting it with plastic? I had decided with the shrink wrap route, figuring it would be okay. This morning I

felt so good walking up the parking lot walkway with my framed symbol panel in presentational form, and then presto, I would be home free.

Michele was great. She was so enthusiastic for me as well as supportive and helpful. I wanted to show it to Roger, but I was hesitant because I did not want my bubble of happiness burst. I had been thinking Roger can hate this thing, tell me it's lousy, shake his head, but he can only do it after Saturday night. After that night he can pick it apart, and I will gladly listen. But from now until Saturday night I want to feel bliss about what I am displaying. Until Saturday night, in my mind, Roger loves my project. I was working at my desk when he trotted over my way to see how I was doing. Michele said, "Show him what you've got." Then she said something so touching, "I'm so excited for her." Those few words really pulled strings in my heart. I might have been wishfully imagining it, but I swear I think Roger seemed pleased, genuinely pleased with my framed symbol panel. When he was looking at the applications panel, he said to frame that one as well. At first I could not tell if he was razzing me, joking. Then I realized he was serious. He has been quite the joker lately. I could not tell. So I went out and splurged for another frame. Boy, oh boy, I sure am thrilled. I really like the applications panel. It is a happy surprise. I did not think I would like it as much as I do.

I cannot believe I am telling you that my thesis at this very minute is hanging in the gallery. It is quite a remarkable feeling. I don't know what state of mind I'm in--stunned maybe.

It has just occurred to me that probably by the time you receive this letter, you will have already been here. The opening will have come and

gone. I am going to remember March 28, the day thesis was finished, always. I just know I will.

I'm tired so I think I will sign off. I'm happy.

April 3, 1985

Four days have passed since the show opening.

On Sunday and Monday, I was literally exhausted. They were lost days I could feel some of my muscles twitch. I keep thinking in my head I have to write Betsy so that I can bring this thing to a conclusion if that is possible.

Remember in the Wizard of Oz when Glinda asks Dorothy what she has learned from her fantastic adventure and Dorothy replies something to the effect that she does not have to go further than her own backyard to find out what is important to her? Do you remember that? Well, I feel like I am at that point. What have I learned from my fantastic voyage?

What have I learned over the past six weeks? I've learned being nervous and scared is for the birds. Thinking, dreaming, trying, failing, then thinking, dreaming, trying and trying again and again until failure becomes success is what makes one grow. It makes one strong and creative. Never give up, no matter how hopeless something appears to be. Give it another shot. Look at it in another way. Never say never. These are things I have been aware of but never EXPERIENCED their lessons like I have by going through this project. Saturday night was euphoric.

I accomplished what I wanted to do, for Lent as well as for thesis. This year for me, not to sound sacrilegious, the two are synonymous. I think that if it were not Lent I would not have had the courage that I

had. What I am trying to say, is I am pleased with the look of my thesis and I do not think I would be pleased if . . . darn, I don't know what I am trying to say. I am finding it difficult to find the words which match my feelings. I have never felt so intense, prayerful, during Lent as I have during this one. Similarly, I have never felt so intense, prayerful, about something I have made before. I don't think I realized this until this very minute as I sit here trying to describe to you what I am feeling.

This letter must sound choppy. Maybe that's because that is how it is in my head. Maybe my symbol is not beautiful. Maybe it is not all that earthshaking or groundbreaking. Maybe it is not a yeah mark. Maybe people might think, "Is that it?" Maybe a hundred other maybe's . . . but for me it works. For me, it symbolizes a personal joy. This Lent most certainly has been a Passage to Joy--both religiously and educationally. I am serious about this.

I am not sure if I'll be writing you again in regard to thesis. That sounds like I'm going off to war or something. Thank you so much for listening to me. I am one lucky duck to have such a wonderful, fantastic (words do not describe my feelings) sister as you.

Love you so much,

Nancy

#### Laborem Execens Encyclical

It is not the size of the product or the efficiency of the operation which is man's primary concern, but the quality of the human effort put into it. On this plane, old and young, rich and poor, strong and disabled, clever and stupid, are all on the same footing.<sup>17</sup>

Pope John Paul II

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<sup>17</sup> Lord Longford, Pope John Paul II, An Authorized Biography (New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1982), p. 46.

Marketing/Communications Analysis  
Medical Center Symbol

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1) List below 10 words that best describe the nature or function of the University of Rochester Medical Center.

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

2) From the words listed above, extract the five most important terms and place them in priority below.

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_

3) What difference does it make that the University of Rochester Medical Center exists?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

4) As you understand it, what is the mission of the University of Rochester Medical Center?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Figure 1: Questionnaire

5) On a day to day basis, what specific ways do you see this mission becoming operationalized?

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6) Looking into your personal crystal ball, list five words that you might characterize as being the personality of the University of Rochester Medical Center in 10 years.

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7) From your own perspective, please list the key audiences for the University of Rochester Medical Center's public messages.

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8) From the list above, please extract the most important and place them below in a priority listing.

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_



9) In terms of your personal point-of-view, how do you feel that your audience should perceive the Medical Center.

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10) Additional comments

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- 1     /TO: Barbara L. Laughton/  
Assistant Director/  
Strong Memorial Hospital Public Affairs//
- 2     /TO: Dr. Paul F. Griner/  
General Director/  
Strong Memorial Hospital//
- 3     /TO: Leo Brideau/  
Director/  
SMH Hospital Operations//
- 4     /TO: Dr. Loretta C. Ford/  
Dean, School of Nursing/  
Director, SMH Nursing Practice//
- 5     /TO: Linda Weissiger/  
Director/  
Medical School Alumni Affairs//
- 6     /TO: Dr. Bernard B. Keele, Jr./  
Director/  
Medical Center Public Affairs//
- 7     /TO: Mary Consler/  
Assistant Director/  
Medical Center Development//
- 8     /TO: Dr. Robert Joynt/  
Dean/  
School of Medicine and Dentistry//
- 9     /TO: Dr. Jules Cohen/  
Senior Associate Dean/  
School of Medicine and Dentistry//
- 10    /TO: Dr. Margaret Sovie/  
Associate Director/  
SMH Nursing Practice//
- 11    /TO: Dr. Carole Anderson/  
Associate Dean/  
School of Nursing//
- 12    /TO: Carol Henretta/  
Assistant Dean/  
School of Nursing//
- 13    /TO: Dr. Clifford Reifler/  
Medical Director/  
Strong Memorial Hospital//

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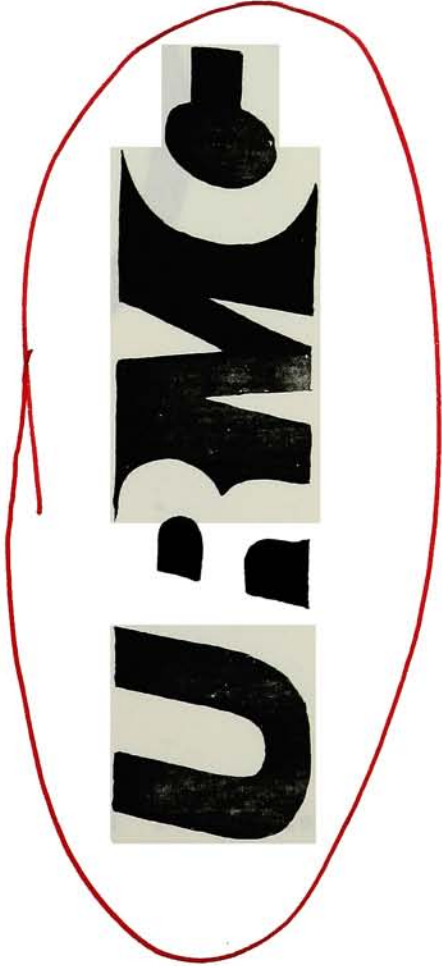
URMC URMC urmc SMC URMC  $\frac{R}{C}$   $\frac{R}{C}$

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Figure 2: URMC Logo Thumbnails Sketch

URMC

URMC



URMC

URMC

URMC

URMC

Figure 3: URMC Logo 6 Versions Refined

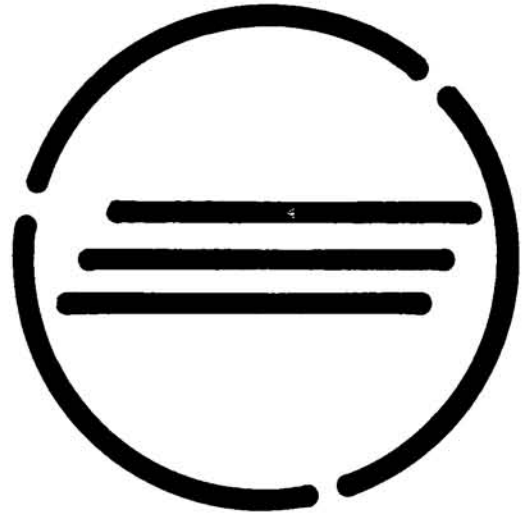
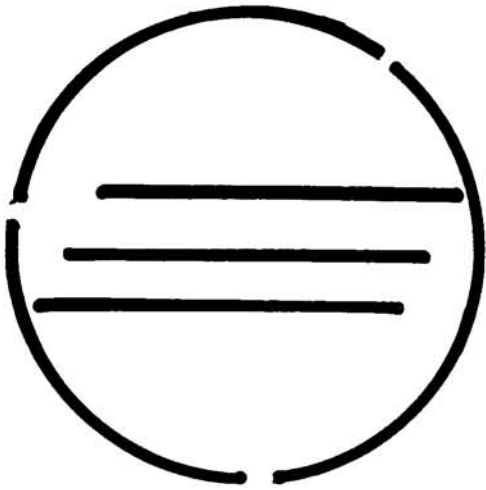


Figure 4: Four Different Weights Sketch

Helvetica

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz&  
1234567890\$

Baskerville

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
WXYZ&  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890\$

Figure 5: Helvetica and Baskerville Typefaces

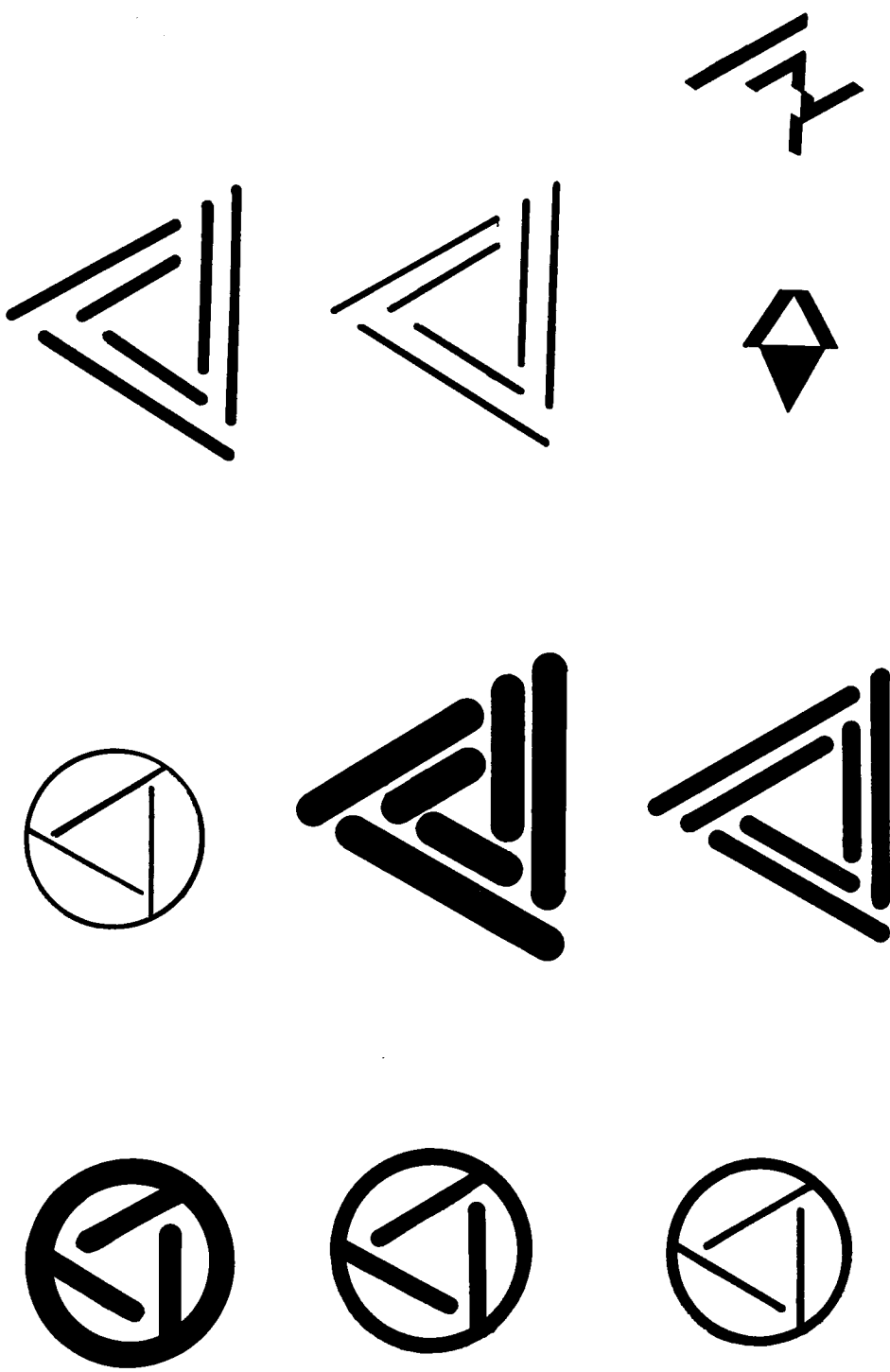


Figure 6: Cream of the Crop 1

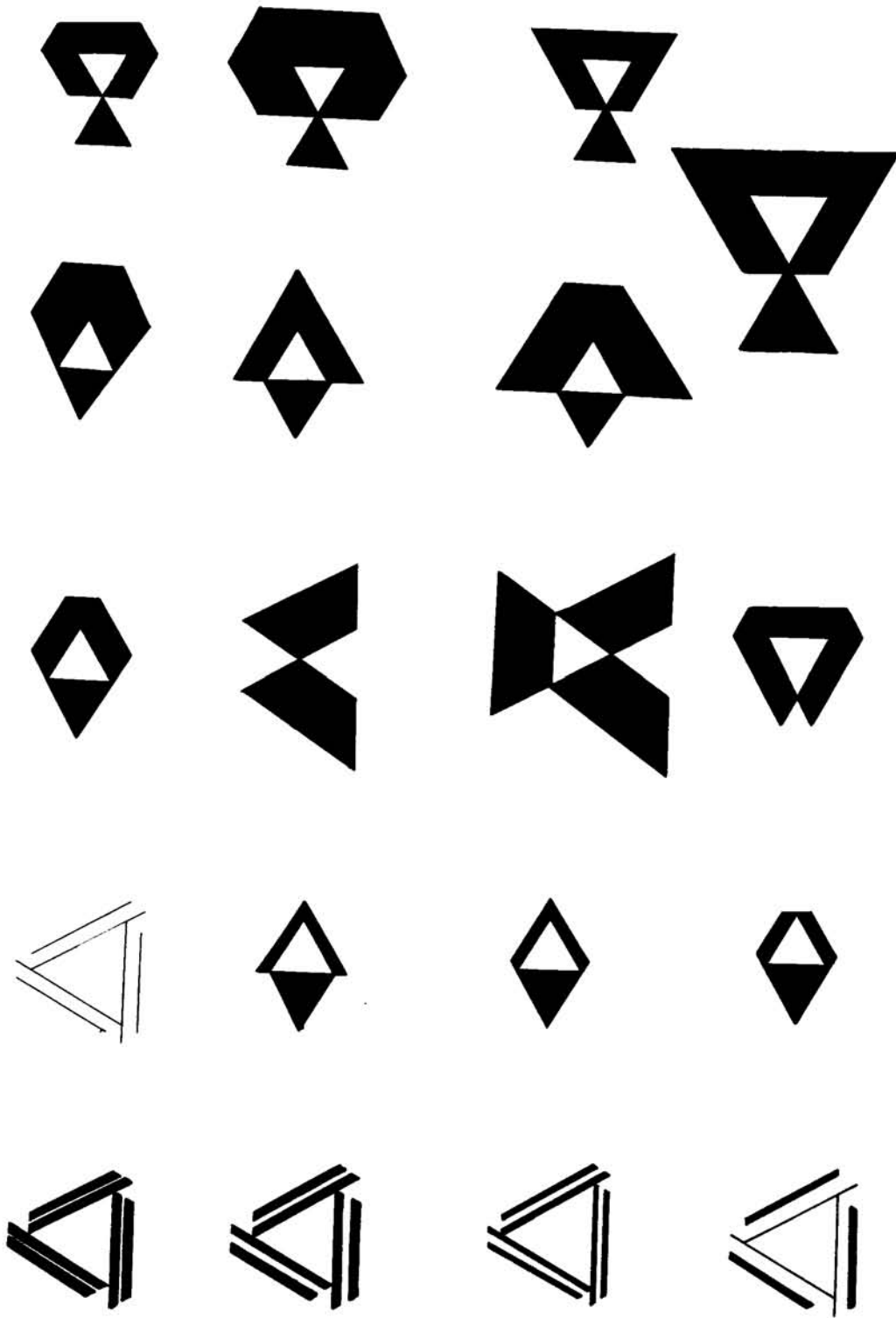


Figure 7: Cream of the Crop 2



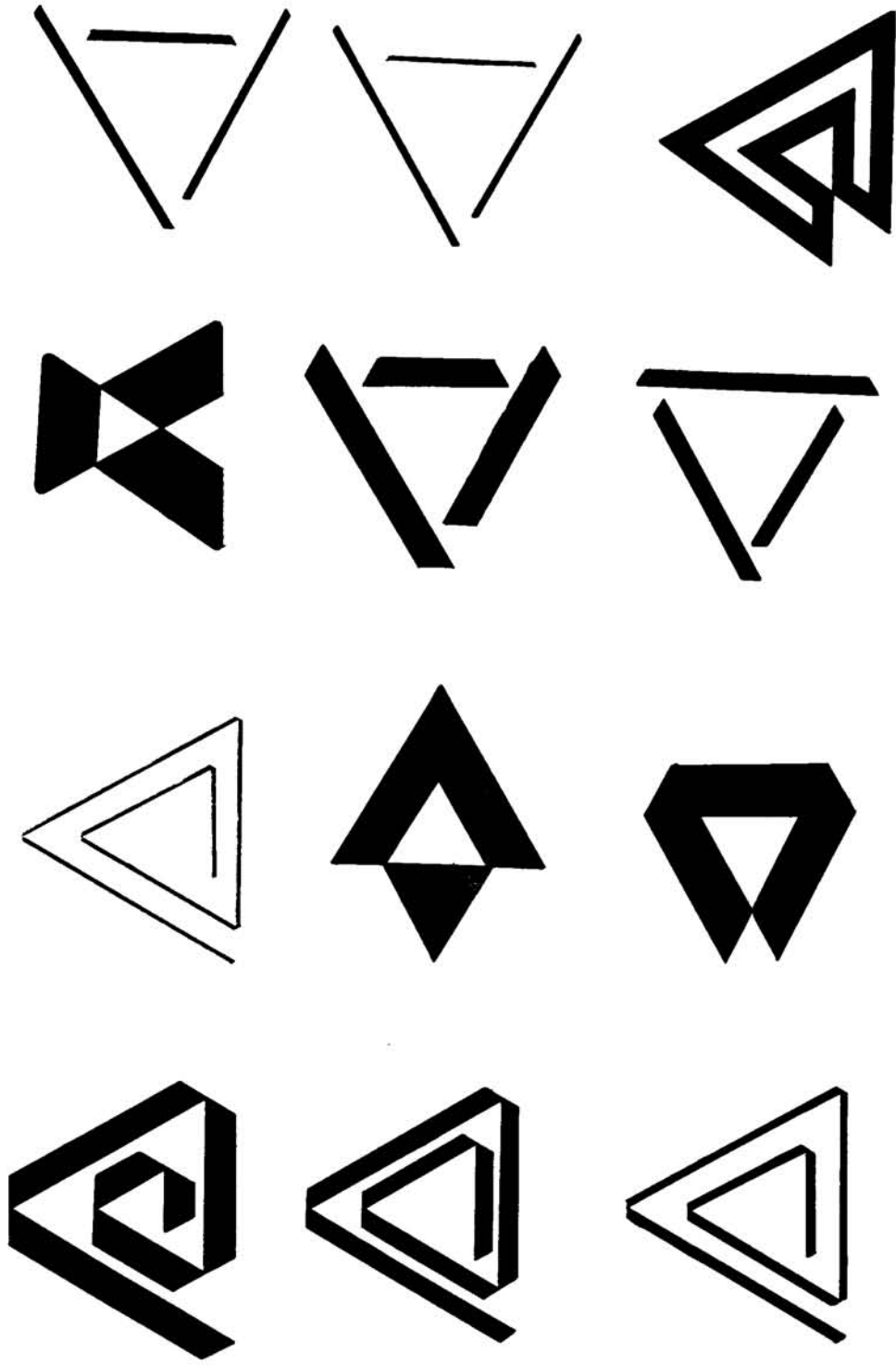


Figure 8: Cream of the Crop 3



Figure 9: Best Symbol

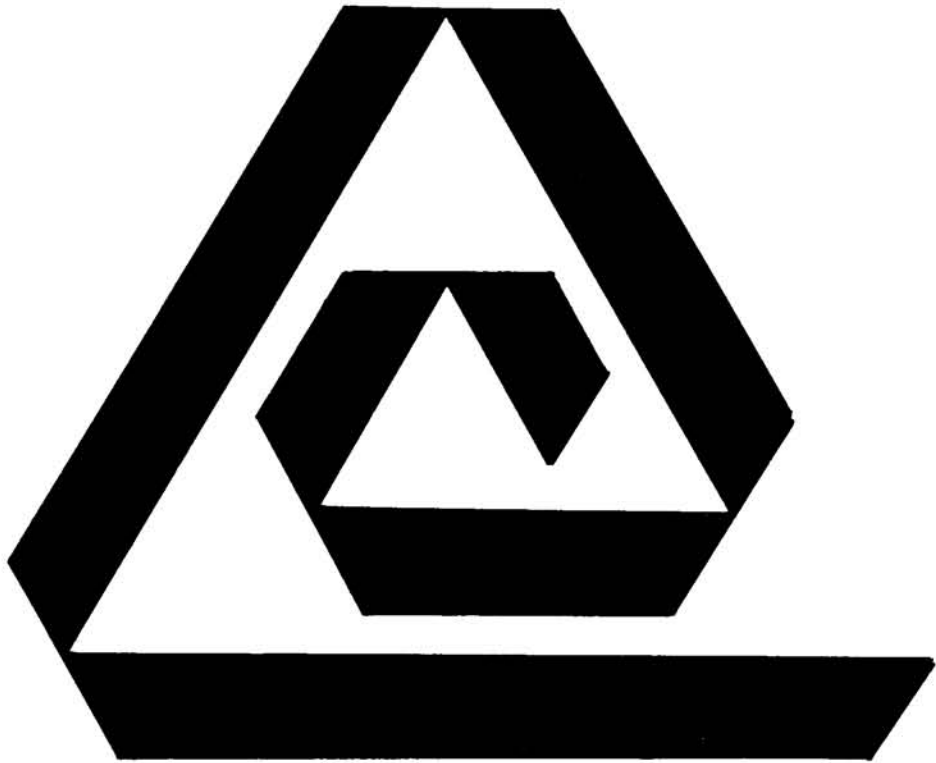


Figure 10: The One I was Partial To



Figure 11: Runner Up

Times Roman

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ&  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuv  
wxyz  
1234567890\$

Figure 12: Times Roman Typeface

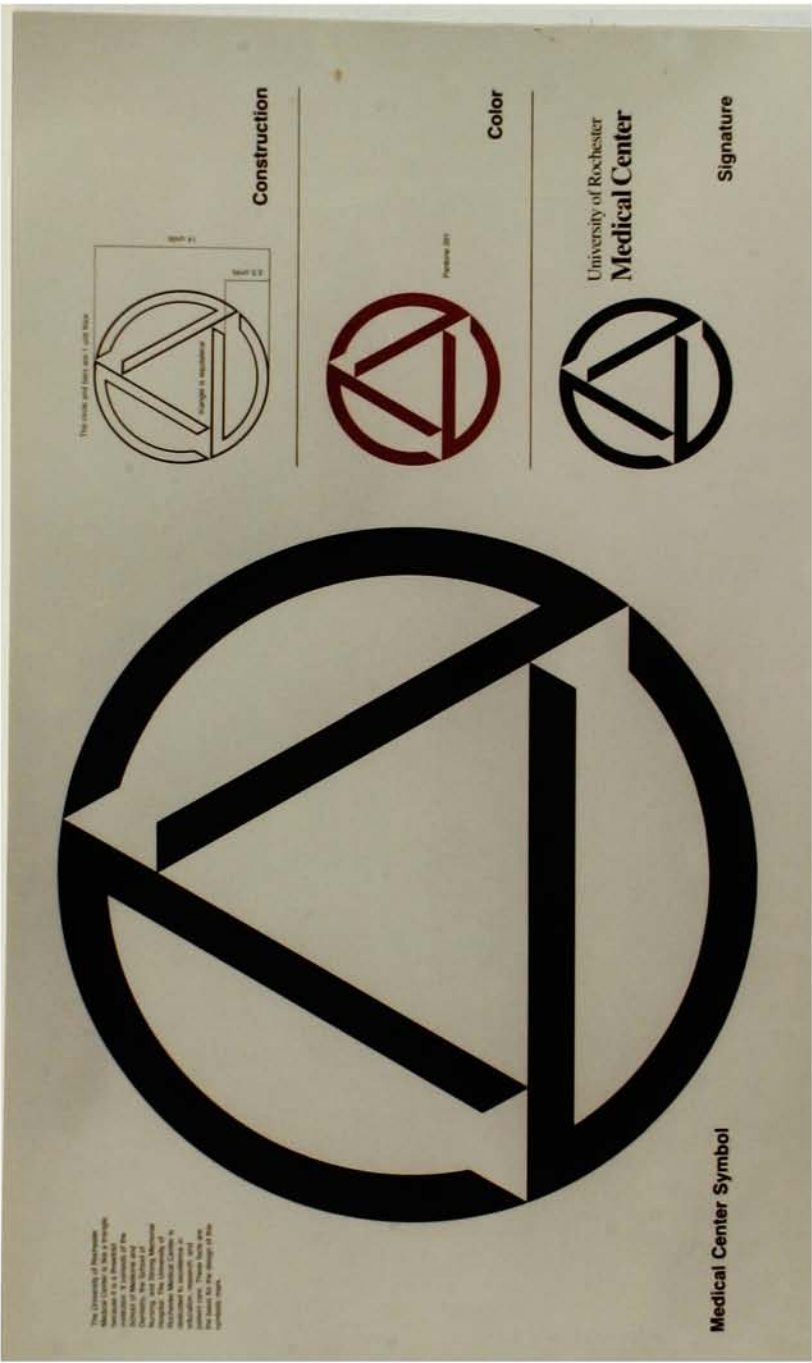


Figure 13: Symbol Panel



Figure 14: Applications Panel

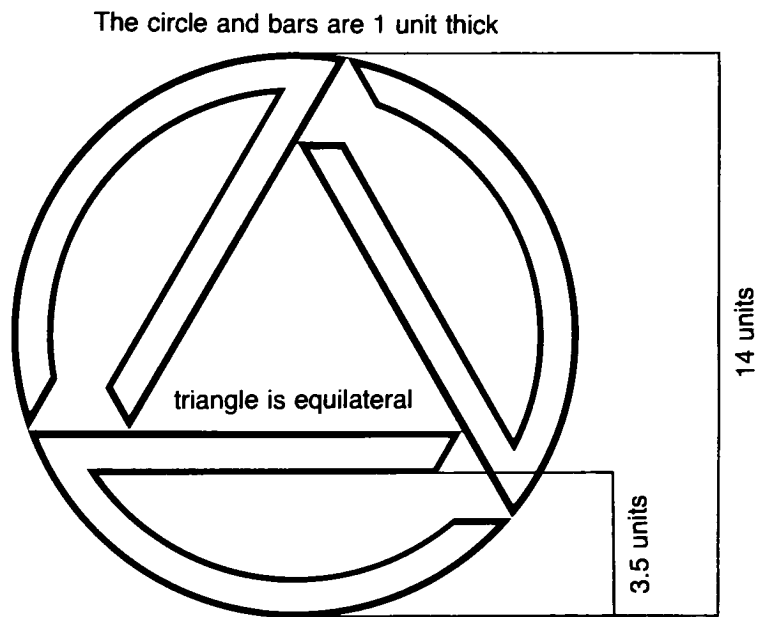


Figure 15: Construction of Symbol





University of Rochester  
**Medical Center**

Figure 16: Signature

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