

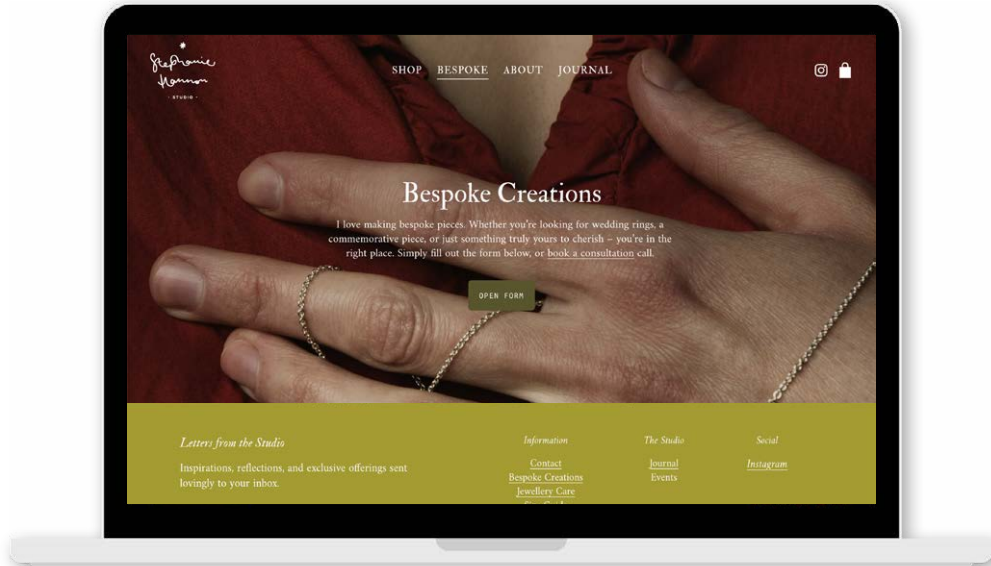
Stephanie Hannon



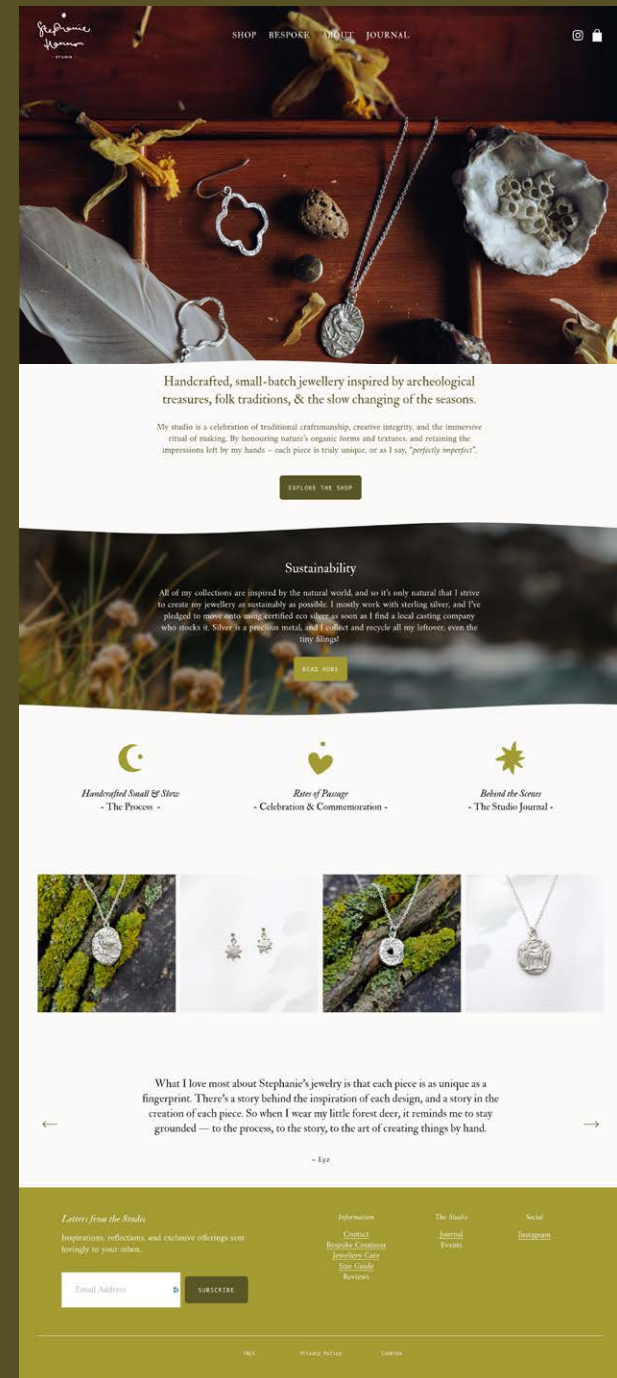
Hello there,
welcome to my portfolio.

stephaniehannonstudio@gmail.com

Stephanie Hannon Studio



Website Design & Development





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A digital taster of this issue can be found [here](#).

CONTENTS

<p>11 Poems from <i>Nothing Happened</i> Inger Wold Lund</p> <p>16 Brussels, Beckett, Partnership Esther Yi</p> <p>22 Sonnet 13: Blood, the Blood, Not Blood, Then the Gates Ron Riekk</p> <p>23 The Constellation of James Mitchell Gauvin</p> <p>36 Boy Patrick Kindig</p> <p>38 Nonverbal Drawing No. 2 / Nonverbal Drawing No. 3 Melissa Henderson</p>	<p>41 [21801-21900] Peter J. Grieco</p> <p>42 Triangle Larry Brown</p> <p>44 Worms Lizzie Roberts</p> <p>54 Poems from <i>Nothing Happened</i> Inger Wold Lund</p> <p>61 Julia Uršula Kovalyk / Translated by Julia & Peter Sherwood</p> <p>65 Holy Bronx Michael Brown Jr.</p> <p>66 Superstar II / Human! Corporis Fabrica IV Tiphonie Chetara</p>	<p>69 a parade Nhã Thylin / Translated by Kaitlin Bees</p> <p>77 Notes on a parade Kaitlin Bees</p> <p>80 Patterns of Migration Jody Azzouni</p> <p>82 Eating Our Young Jonathan May</p> <p>83 Wolves Hugh Behm-Steinberg</p> <p>87 Untitled / Untitled Claudia Hausfeld</p>	<p>90 The Day Trip J.M. Parker</p> <p>98 Gedicht aus études Frederike Mayröcker</p> <p>100 Poem from études Frederike Mayröcker / Translated by Donna Stonecipher</p> <p>102 Poems from <i>Nothing Happened</i> Inger Wold Lund</p> <p>106 Inclusion Lucy Jones</p> <p>117 This Broken-Waisted Waltz Alexander Booth</p> <p>118 Contributors</p>
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Lyz Pfister

EDITOR'S NOTE

Pfister

Though mirrors promise an accurate outline of who we are, anyone who's ever caught a glimpse of their own hollow eyes in the subway car's glass knows the dangerous tales a reflection can tell. "She never recognizes any of the sounds when they say it back to her," thinks the woman in "Patterns of Migration" (Azzouni) about Americans parroting her native Ukrainian. When her phone is stolen, she's forced to question the meaning of home and how compelling a reason would have to be to make her move on. Similar questions arise in Hugh Behm-Steinberg's "Wolves," when the narrator meets another loner living with a wolf pack. Like an absurd mirage, the man is both reflection and foil for the narrator, whose ten years of paying dues to the WWP has secured his holiday of howling and hunting. "You're just another tourist," says one to the other. But aren't we all just passing through?

As much as SAND Issue 14 is about displacement and distortion, it's also about trying to own those emotions by giving them shape. Sometimes, "the wild / feelings find no words" (Mayröcker, tr. Stonecipher, "Poem from études"), like we see in Melissa Henderson's "nonverbal drawings," which explore how we communicate when we do not have the words to do so. Nhã Thylin's persistent, weaving poem "a parade" takes just the opposite approach, using a cascade of words to wonder whether language can explain anything at all. She plays with slippery, connotation-laden Vietnamese pronouns, and translator Kaitlin Bees's fascinating dive into their distinctions leaves us feeling disconcertingly unanchored.

Something is wrong, but we can't quite put our fingers on it – an idea captured beautifully by Claudia Hausfeld, whose tight collages integrate uncanon juxtapositions so seamlessly that the glitch is not immediately apparent. The same compactness appears in "[21810-21900]" (Grieco), where a kind of semi-transparent meaning emerges from a thick slough of language, whereas the collages' uncanoniness is echoed in "Eating Our Young" (May). As a group of branching adults discuss today's oversexualized children, provocative breakfast imagery throws our ideas of what childhood should be and what it has become into relief.

There's a discrepancy between what should be and what is, between who we are and how we present ourselves. In Mitchell Gauvin's "The Constellation of James,"

5

1801-21900]

Marduk amuck & the manlike buttercup
blurt ungrammatical drivel scot-free.
Their binoculars are irked. Luxe,
Congruity & Obduracy: Dad's
sketchy empiricism disallowed
grumpy whomever. He misread
Vercingetorix but not the countermand
Amazonian orgasm abutting
ambient alignment & whetstone tubing.
Cambridgeshire-hyphen-Zimbabwe &
Kosovo-hyphen-Bedfordshire intermarry
anyway. They capsize aeons
while cantata embalm & overreach.
Swill pops resuscitate the parquet
& nab a trilogy of pernickety ukelele.



Inger Wold Lund

Poems from *Nothing Happened*

Ingenting skjedde, Flamme Forlag, 2015

Some years ago. In the largest theater at the movies.

I had watched the trailer at home and decided to go to the theater to watch the movie. It has happened before, but it is not often someone I know has a part in a Hollywood movie. While watching R. run along the roof of a train, speeding across a bridge in a landscape with deep valleys, I thought about the time I took him into a room during a dinner and took off all his clothes before changing my mind and going into the kitchen where I sat down alone, on a chair, petting the house cat. Towards the end of the movie, R. was killed by James Bond.

Poems from *Nothing Happened*

Many years ago. When I was a child.

We were sitting on the top bunk of my bed. The bed went all the way from one side of the room to the other, and we could each lean on one wall.

—Are you in love with R. or E.?

Asked H.

I did not know that there were only these two options, and gave the wrong answer.

Jeg visste ikke at det bare fantes to alternativer, og svarte feil.
Spurte H.

—Er du forelsket i R eller E?

vegg.

den øverste koya i sengen på

den øverste koya i sengen på

Mitchell Gauvin

The Constellation of James

My buddy Russ calls me up on the telephone and says, "James, there be some mofo on your turf."

I clutch the cordless and cradle it to my bedroom, shut the door. "What the fuck Russ, why you be calling?" I say.

I hear a huff. "Man, you listenin', bro? This mofo not respecting the map. He strollin' around Warren like he owns the place."

I grab a lighter and stick it in my pocket, feel the sweat on my lower legs. My jeans are loose and pool hot air around my ankles. I stuff a baggie of marijuana buds into my pocket. "This is in Warren, you say?"

"We all know that your turf," Russ says.

"I don't think I can get a ride."

"Man."

...ed to lay the law down," he

"I ain't draggin' you out for petty shit," Russ says. "Time to boss it."
I wipe my mouth with my sleeve. "Meet me at the playground. I'll be there soon."

I say.

"See ya in bits." Russ hangs up.
I beep off the cordless and feel around in my pockets. I realize I haven't masturbated since this morning and could do with another wank. I really need to get to Warren, though. It's up the road, maybe ten minutes by car. A good hour on foot. Grandma isn't going to drive me on a Friday evening. I'll think I'm up to something.

I leave my room, stall in the hallway. This house is a regular house. It's a house in the dimensions one imagines when they hear the word house. Hallways, drywall, paint. I stop in the hallway and listen. I'm listening for Grandma. Without moving, I attempt to see around walls. I let in visions of what she could be doing and where.

Perhaps she's over in the other hallway.
Or the kitchen.
Downstairs, anchored to a wet towel stuck in the washing machine.

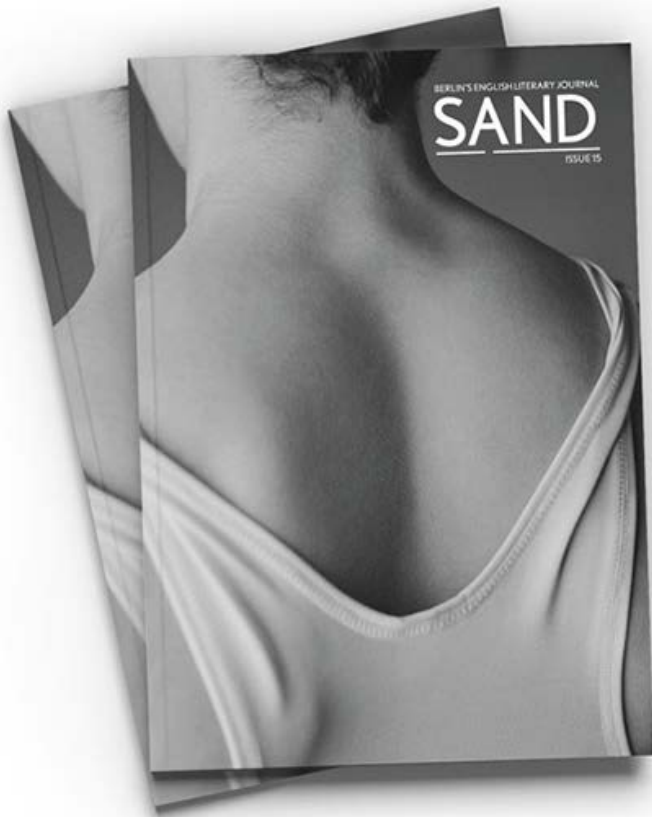
In the living room, watching NASCAR reruns.
Outside gardening, tipping water onto mature herbs.
Upstairs setting an alarm clock.

I hear the fridge close.

She is in the kitchen.
I scamper around the hallway and stop near the fridge. She's staring out the window above the sink, a bright sun sending streams of light through. The narrow dirt road this house sits on lets Grandma look out her window and see everything that happens this far north. What's just piqued her interest is Mary's police cruiser, which has turned into Alfred's place down the road. The road bends like a hook, snagging the town of Warren at its end. It gives Grandma the perfect sight line to Alfred's property and his two horses, Secretary and Boss. I fed them carrots as a kid - always open palm.

I was told, so that they wouldn't bite my fingers off - until I lost interest.
"Two people that can't tell the difference between pants and panties," she says, referring to Mary and Alfred.

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Jake Schneider	
<i>Editor's Note</i>	
<p>"Your destination must // precede your map," writes Zsó Hitzig in "The Anamorphic Skull," but so many of us left our maps at home years ago. It used to be that when we got lost, we would stop for directions and try to recreate the steps as we receded from whoever had directed us, turn by turn. These days we've invited little dictator-dicties along for the ride to navigate, to give us perfectly timed commands and track our whereabouts. After a car accident in the Ellen Iain Harris story that follows Hitzig's poem, Emily still has her old driving instructor's voice in her head, and as a result she is now in the passenger's seat of a stranger's car, watching the streetlights flicker past at an ever-growing distance from plans with her boyfriend. This issue is full of people on reluctant journeys, people delegating control over their destinations and then regretting the results.</p> <p>The protagonist of "Polynya," for instance, enlists and is posted – at the armed forces' mercy – to a lonely Arctic island. Now he obsesses over the all-powerful supply plane that drops his food like biweekly manna. He writes increasingly frantic letters to a woman he met on a ship, letters imagining an alternative itinerary. But does the plane ever pick them up? When letters finally do reach their recipient, in Charlotte Wuher's essay, they are like a summons, compelling a married mother to drop everything and fly across the ocean. This time, we are left behind just like her family. Once again, the journey is out of our hands.</p> <p>Some code control less readily, even after admitting their own wrong turns. In Nate Lippens's story, a recovering addict finally finds a support group, but is wary of</p>	<p>heeding its advice to "let go and let God." Still others obey, despite disagreeing. In the story by Tracy Pitts, a little boy knows his ailing grandfather sends him off on pointless chores, but he complies anyway.</p> <p>For all its misbegotten journeys, this issue has an equally unsteady sense of home. Alta Bonnyan's portrait of the globe has been flattened into a shady grid, bereft of continents or clouds. Home is a changeable, abstracted place. The vicar in Rajendra Shepherd's story must take a train north for a chance to embody his alter ego, or perhaps his truer self. In her essay "Lasper, Blight, and Daisies," Molly Anderson stays put while her neighbors move away, leaving behind their houses as markers of blight. The rock formation across the street, the town's main attraction, endures like the pyramid holding up the globe in Bonnyan's drawing. In his poem, Donald Berger writes: "Before you rip open the rock, / And your direction's this, buzz me. / I'm not promising any odysseys." Still, we get one.</p> <p>No matter who sent us here, the destination is only as dark as we make it. Maja Lukk's poem "All the World is Green" travels to a place of eternal spring, where the speaker finds the "torse" river water almost enlivening. In the poem by Matthew Kilbane, an American in Britain eventually abandons his reservations about the country's patriotism on Bonfire Night and joins in the blaze. That's a step too far for the doomed speaker of one of Montaza Mehri's poems, who points out the rhetorical violence of national anthems yet pretends that real destruction wouldn't matter: "Who cares if they burn our houses?"</p> <p>Everyone, obviously. Staying home can be disatisfying – a natural disaster waiting to happen, if you ask the father in "Veusvius" – but often it's a safer bet than striking out and facing the unknown. In "We Do Not Want to Give the Coffee Pot Wings," the narrators decide that this domestic item is better off right where it is, on the breakfast table.</p> <p>The authors and artists of SAND Issue 15 hail from or live in Argentina, Armenia, Austria, Brazil, Canada, Eritrea, Israel, Norway, Russia, Switzerland, Somalia, Trinidad and Tobago, Ukraine, the United Kingdom, the United States, and, of course, Germany. Many of them have traveled quite a distance before reaching these pages. I'll leave the onward navigation to you.</p>
4	5

to ask if you felt like Frankenstein.
The scar deemed you passionate and mistaken
and misunderstood. I wanted to plug into people because the wires
my brain and heart have been disconnected. I watched you slice the cheese;
I wanted to touch the back of your hand and for it to feel cold.

After the ferry, Artem transferred to a smaller boat for the trip to the smaller island. The captain dropping him off assured him that he would be relieved by another communications officer in six months. Supplies and mail would be dropped off at regular intervals. Ice and a powdery dusting of snow coated the narrow hunk of land. A square cabin hewn from dark wood sat at one end, a black military post box jutted from a hilly crux spotted with gray scrub and knuckles of frozen snow on the other side, about a ten-minute walk from the cabin. That was everything.

Dear Johanna,
In the small Ontario town I'm from, one of the "exciting" winter festivities was an ice-carving contest. It gets cold there - really fucking cold. Gnaw-your-face-off cold. Did you know frostbite burns? That's strange, isn't it? Anyway, every year at the Ellic farm, families gather for an ice-carving contest. They serve hot apple cider for the kids and hot toddies for the parents. Most households keep a set of ice-sculpting chisels just for this stupid neighbourhood contest. But it is kind of magical, standing knee-deep in snow with the sun glancing off the white landscape like a blade. The carvers genuflect before their virgin blocks of ice - I remember clutching my apple cider in both hands, watching my father study the ice with light washing through, translucent. My mother stood off to the side, away from me and away from my father, her boots clinging to the edge of the beaten-down snow. Each chip of the icpick wrung her nerves, waiting

you
Artem pushed the chair back from the desk and ground the words into the paper with anxious balpops. He felt like a freak. He couldn't find the middle ground between intimacy and someone hated him. Small pointed mouths gnawed at the back of his skull. You probably said something weird. Why the fuck did you say that? What did she mean by that? What did he think? He yearned for approval. Nothing sealed up the wound inside of him like the long pulse of his body connected to another.

He tapped the sides of the letter with his long fingers, read it over once, read it over again. Hopefully she was a freak, too. He folded the letter into thirds and shucked it into a plain white envelope. For reasons of government security, his address was a series of numbers: 3346 985643. It seemed alienating, isolating, so much colder than his old place on Birch Street, Toronto. He thought of himself in his army-issue black pea coat, a dark speck on the empty, snowy island.

He left the letter laying on the desk and crossed the room to sit on the edge of the planked single bed and stare out the window. He should brew some coffee. He should stay awake.

"No Russians yet," he muttered to himself. Outside, the water shifted at the edge of the island like a blanket tossed by restless sleepers. A big, craggy hunk of ice drifted across the window. Artem watched it, thought of the peaked ice pushing down into the velvet contour of the water, thought of the long joint of the iceberg enveloped by the dark. He unzipped his jeans and masturbated.



Tracy Pitts

Halloween, 1985

My granddad shows me how to make the dots on my Halloween costume with his bingo marker. I'm going as half a pair of dice. He's going as a clown again, but he's just going to wear the red nose this year.

He lets me help him use the bathroom sometimes. Together, we unzip his pants and tuck a towel inside. We'll stick a long rubber tube into his stomach until his pee comes out. I told my friends that my granddad keeps a bag of urine in his pocket, but they don't believe me.

I am happy Granddad is living with us this Halloween. There is an older boy who dresses like a skeleton every year. The skeleton always follows me. It is a quiet skeleton that knows my name. The costume is the same, all black-and-white bones. The skeleton getting bigger. Last year, it had to cut off its hand and foot bones to fit inside the costume. The skull, too, was now a mask all by itself, cut off at the neck.

Mom snaps her fingers then puts one over her mouth. She is still standing in the kitchen. The baby she is rocking to sleep in her arms is not my sister. The woman who pays Mom to watch her child is short and fat and never remembers how to stop. Mom once says to Granddad that she hopes the little girl gets a yellow Mustang isn't in the garage.

Maja Lukic

All the World is Green

After Tom Waits

I

Parhelion. Hard-polymer heat. Sundog rings around the sun.
Midsummer's brick walls drip marmalade & fumes.

All the left turns have left – we turn right
in circles for days. The city telescopes into

patches of green burns, industrial favelas. I hear
the glaciers are melting & Vonnegut was wrong.

I step over a crushed cockroach or the remains of a soft date.
Balancing a diamond on a blade of grass,

sluicing sweat in city bathrooms – I'm a chess composer,
endgame strategist, navigating the Morse code of traffic signals
& smog, collations of convex & concave mirrors.

The longer I walk, the less it all means, the heavier my bones.

II

Autumn. Moondog haloes a shine.
I'm muddled –

or drinking Sazeracs & gin with my friend the juggler,
carved down, skinny as a blade of grass.

November moves to its direction & dust –
like a man walking on railroad tracks at sunrise.

The waterfront is metal ice & foam.
Prelude to winter, prelude to bare, no objects in the sky.

I go home & juggle three lemons to see something moving up.
They collapse in yellow torpedoes.

III

Tender winter, white ripe. We hang lights, worn
cosmos blinking into a January birthday.

the last of money we don't have burned away.
We look at spring, its pale distant; we stop looking at it.

Nothing fits; nothing breathes correctly. The transplants,
all my friends, fall silent for the season. I think

I'll migrate west, go *where it's always spring*,
grow my own eggs, sorrel & hyacinth,

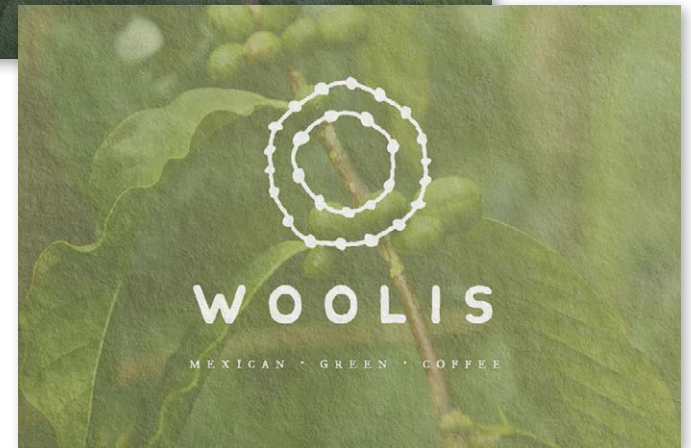
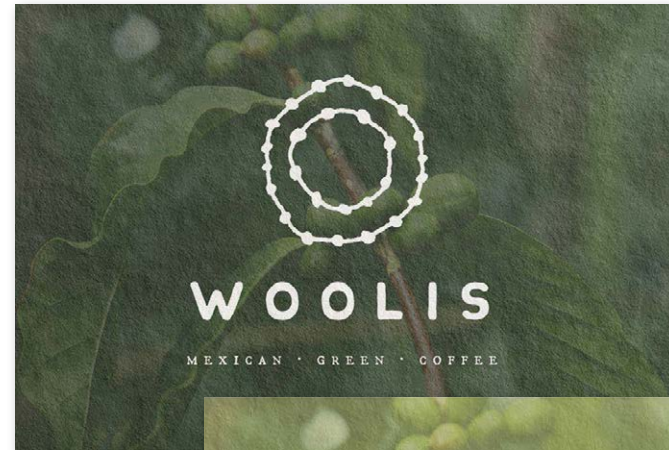
drink the toxic river water, run through empty
American towns, all the abandoned gassed-out cities,

at a twilight sick with stomachaches & chemical giddiness –
all the world a green theater.

Woolis Brand Identity



Logo Design



Company Business Cards

Woolis Brand Identity



MEXICAN · GREEN · COFFEE

OUR VALUES



TRANSPARENT TRADE

We've formed close partnerships with our coffee producers, and offer them nothing less than a fair price. We've formed close partnerships with our coffee producers, and offer them nothing less than a fair price.



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Croí Mór Booking Logo Design



Logo Design

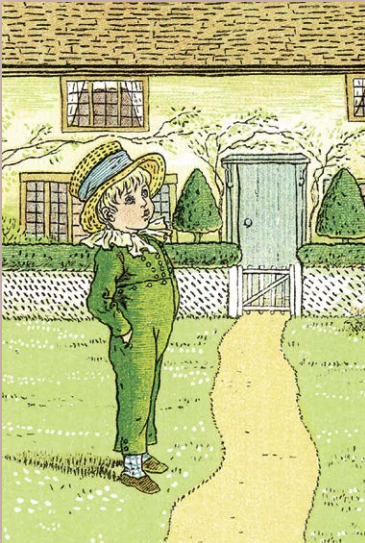
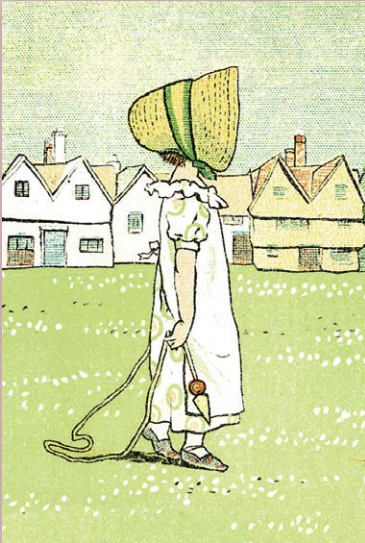


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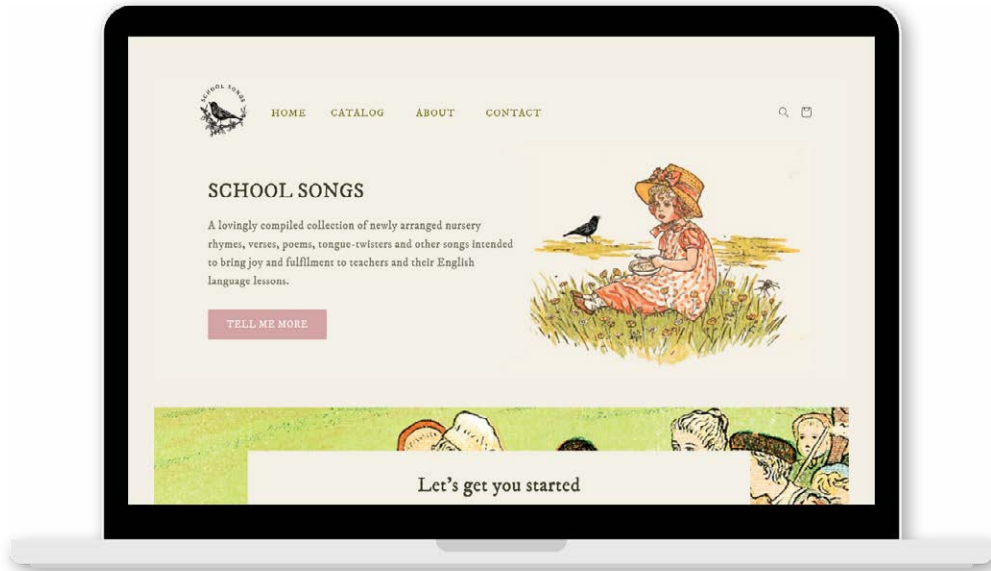


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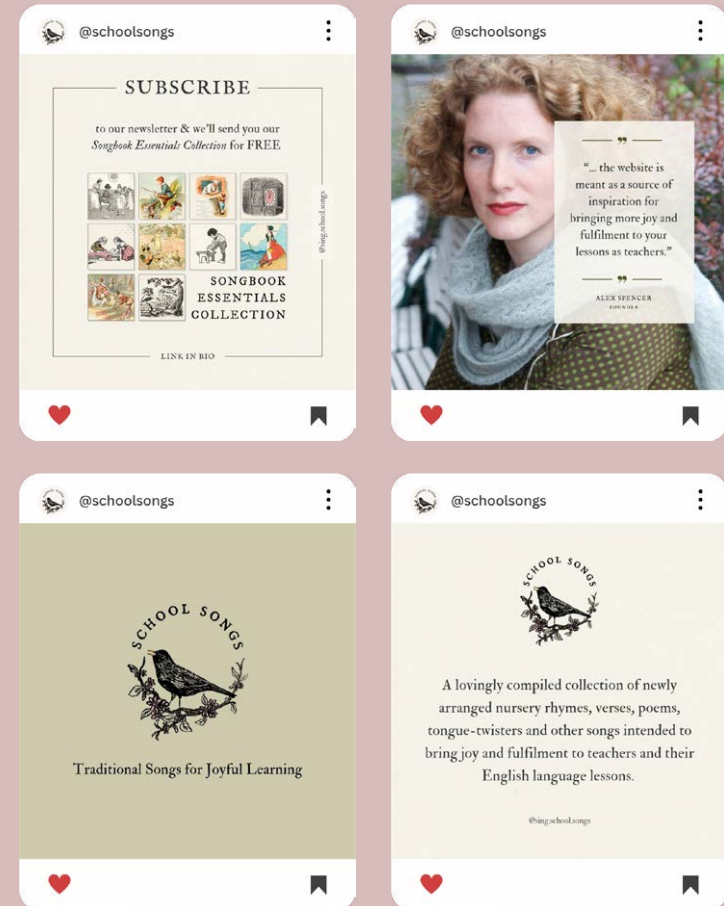
Business Cards

School Songs Brand Identity + Project Management

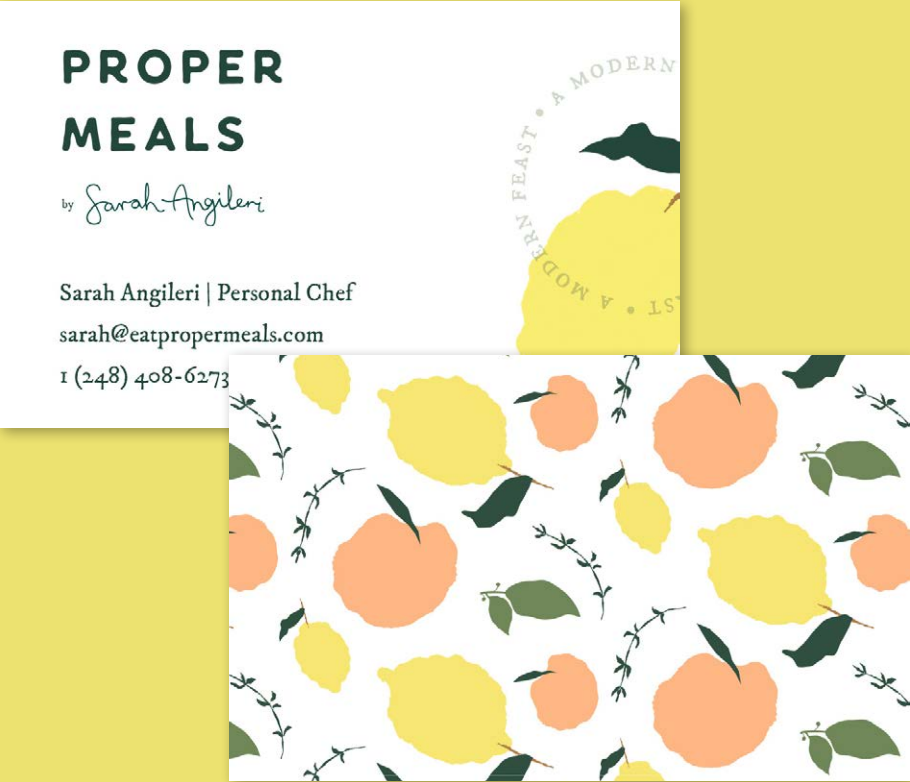


A lovingly compiled collection of newly arranged nursery rhymes, verses, poems, tongue-twisters and other songs intended to bring joy and fulfillment to teachers and their English language lessons.

Website Design & Original Copy



Social Media Graphics



Company Business Cards

PROPER MEALS

by Sarah Angileri

Logo

Proper Meals Brand Identity



Paper Stickers



Branded Cotton Napkins

Market Tech Rebrand

Logo

Standard Variation

Minimum distance around the logo is the height of the divider between the words "market" and "tech".



Version 0.1 | Last update 20/02/2020

Colours

Logo



Pantone	7738 C	Pantone	Pantone	Pantone	Neutral Black C
C	65	0	0	71	73
M	0	78	37	30	67
Y	78	64	30	0	66
K	0	0	0	0	83
R	57	241	268	4	17
G	181	90	172	171	17
B	74	36	22	226	17
#	39B54A	F5A24	F8AC16	2948E2	111111

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Logo

Monogram

Minimum distance around the monogram is the height of two of the coloured "building blocks".



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Typography

Styles

36 pt

H1 Title

24 pt

H2 Sub Header

18 pt

H3 Sub Sub 3 Header

14 pt

P Body Copy

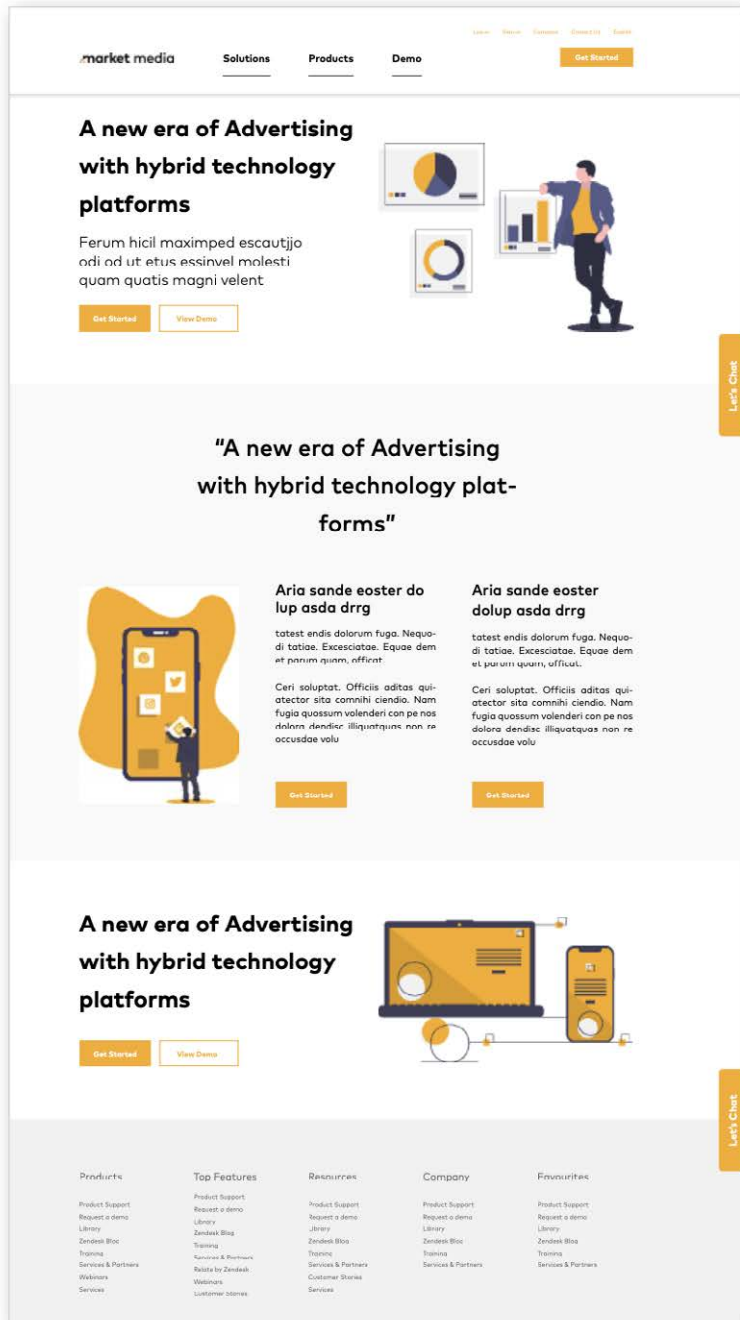
Body

Pienimus, seditem harum de rem quunt etur?
Quiae as sum volesci tatur, sum aut ut reped et
verrum incia quat vellati occab int qui id quae
dellore volorro. Pienimus, seditem harum de rem
quunt etur? Quiae as sum volesci tatur, sum aut
ut reped et verrum incia **quat vellati** occab int qui
id quae dellore volorro.

- Line height is always 1.4
- Only 'Mark Regular'
- Paragraphs should always be left align
- **Bold** styles emphasize key words

- ⊗ No italics
- ⊗ Do not 'Hyphenate'
- ⊗ Do not capatalize

Version 0.1 | Last update 20/02/2020



Market Tech Rebrand

Sam Hoffnagle

Director of Demand

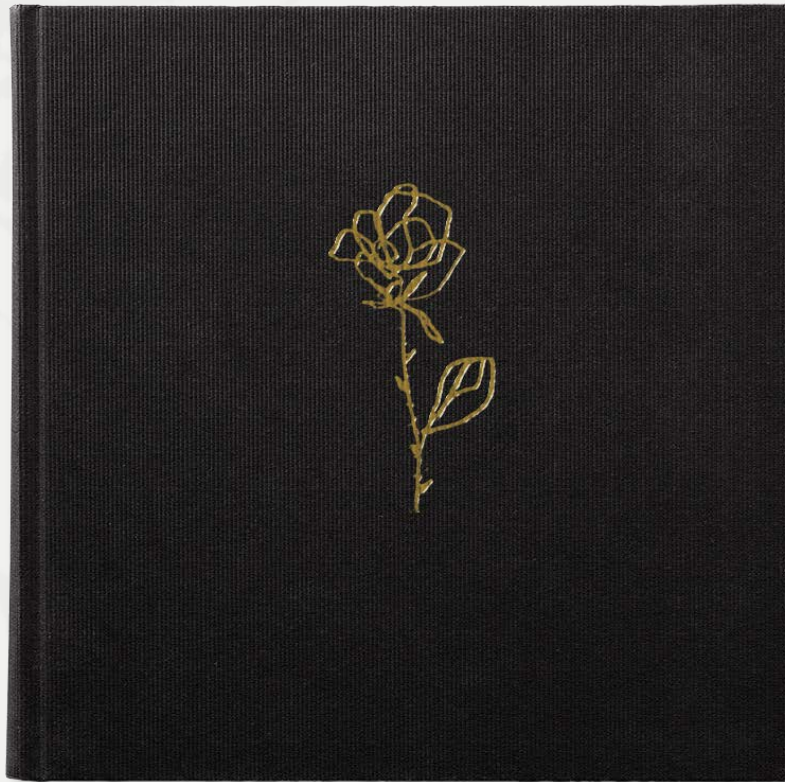
Sam.hoffnagle@market.com

+1 914.703.8262

Skype: asjhdgajshgd

Left: Homepage Mock up Right: Company Business Cards

Kilkelly, The Prick & The Petal



A square format fabric covered hardback, with gold embossing.

Kilkelly, The Prick & The Petal

CONFESSION

There was a cold wind blowing that night,
I had nowhere to go, and no one to see,
I found her in the bushes,
waiting on being realised,
A trick of the mind,
cruelly flooded in her eyes

She was no longer there, no longer anywhere,
- now that the angels took her to do as they
please

Down there in the bushes,
I held my handkerchief and I blew
The blow disturbed the birds,
but the beauty still lay cold
There was no need to check her,
she had gone long before
Still, I did my civil bidding,
if only for a show,
if only for the angels who scream and gloat
above

As she lay in my rising arms
a cold hand groped my throat,
My limbs lapsed as the dead one rose
and tightened her hold
Rolling her eyes until they were fixed on mine,
she puppeteered me,
My tongue acquiesced, and these words fled free

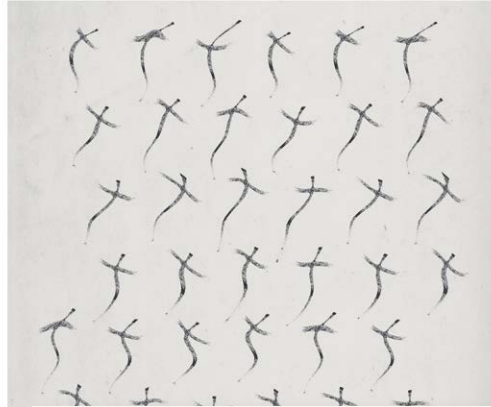
*"Run, run, run, dear Mary,
Run into the dead of the night*

*Run, run, run, dear Mary,
From your troubles, your struggles, your strife*

*Run, run, run, dear Mary,
Run into the dead of the night*

*Run, run, run, dear Mary,
Their crosses, just trinkets, their word, just trite"*

And I'm a God fearing man,
But I still feel her hand



MARRIED TOO YOUNG

I got married far too young,
followed the bullet
right down the barrel of the gun
Said, *'sooner we get it over,
the sooner that see 're gone'*
And so I got married far too young

Tuesday was the wedding,
Wednesday was a waste
Following our troubles,
our relatives in wait
She could never be happy
just for her own sake,
And so she kept me waiting,
but she was never late

The bottles came down
like the pouring rain,
The jobs dried up
and my nerves grew thin

The look in her eyes was as far from true,
as love can be when there's no good news
There was nothing for doing
Nowhere to go
She stole my heart,
I only sold my soul

The years came and went,
We stayed at home
Though that look in her eyes
was far past gone
She stayed mostly to herself
I stayed surrounded alone
singing in the bars
and drinking jars with vagabonds

The bottles came down
like the pouring rain,
The jobs dried up and my nerves grew thin,
And when the nerves dried up,
I tried my vein

Now I tread along disaster,
like there's an answer
waiting for me
Now I tread along disaster
like that answer's not plain as day to see

Like the look in her eyes that's as far from true,
as love can be when there's no good news
When there's nothing for doing
Nowhere to go
She stole my heart,
I only sold my soul
She stole my heart,
so I sold my soul



Weighted Wing, 2017
Mixed Media

Amazonia Brand Identity



**Berlin Musicians for
Amazon Protection**

**15.09.19
Mauersegler**

Bernauer Str. 63-64
13355 Berlin

Karlie Apriori
Michael Brinkworth
Tommy Brownson
Cam Casey
Electric Ghost
Kilkelly
Leelo
Orian
Rasha Nahas
Sissos

Event Poster



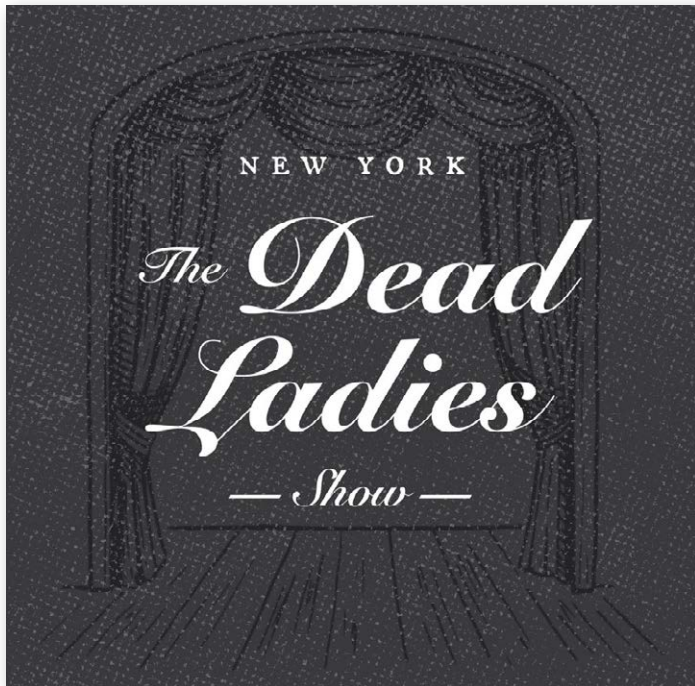
Berlin Musicians for
Amazon Protection

Berlin Musicians for
Amazon Protection

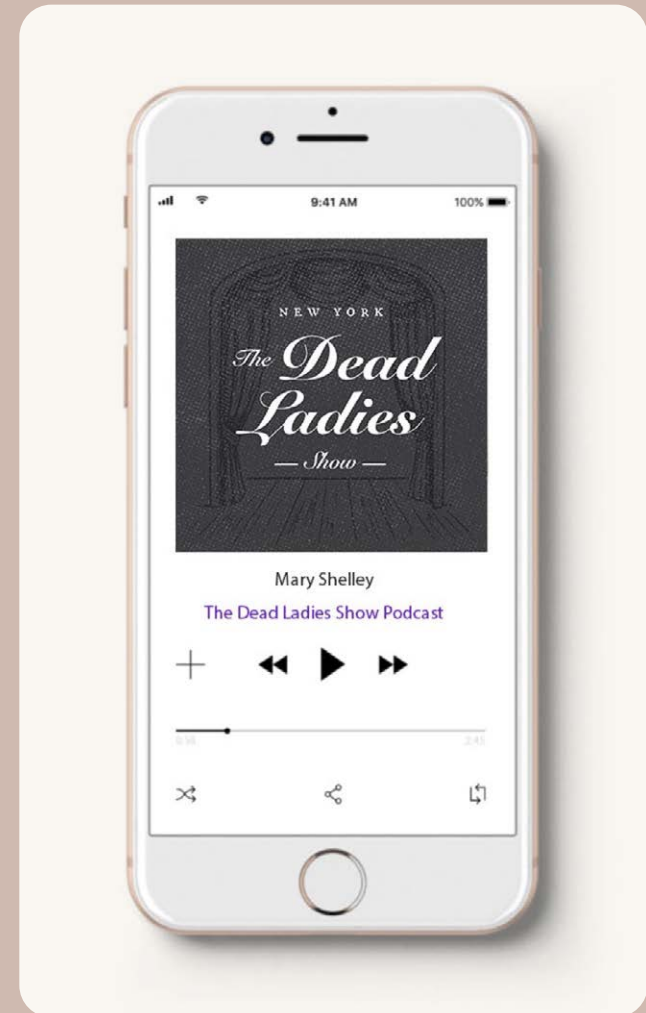


Social Media Graphics

The Dead Ladies Show Brand Identity



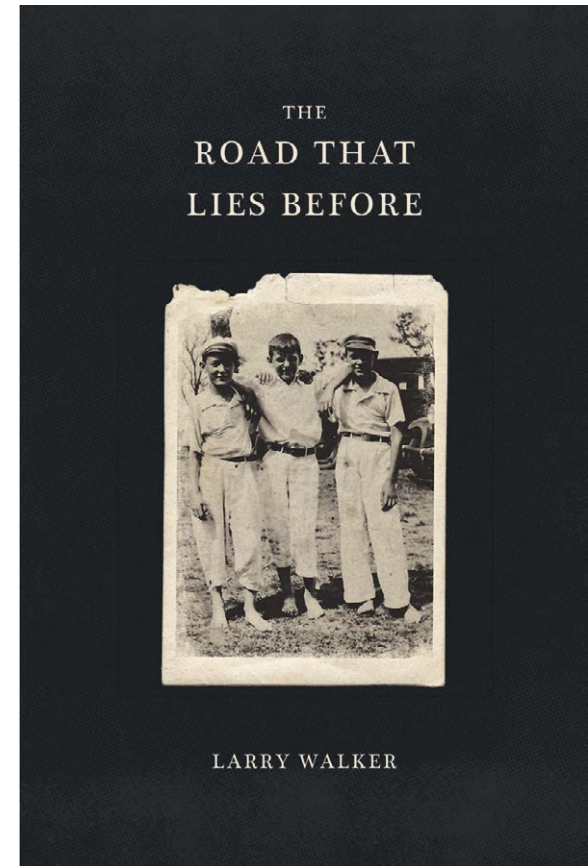
Logo Re-vamp



Larry Walker Book Cover Design



Book Cover Design



Book Cover Design

Economy

New growth plan targets macroeconomic stabilisation
Increased focus on private sector-led diversification
Continued efforts to tackle corruption and bribery
Taking measures to stabilise naira exchange rate



2

ECONOMY OVERVIEW



The government is targeting GDP growth of 2.2% for 2017

5

ECONOMY OVERVIEW



The government is targeting GDP growth of 2.2% for 2017

Onw

Growth h

The oil segment provides nearly **50%** of government revenues

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Private capital, public good

Akinwunmi Ambode, Governor of Lagos State, on developments in the economy, state policy and infrastructure

How is the government working with the private sector to help finance infrastructure projects?
AMBODE: The infrastructure deficit in Lagos State has been estimated to be at least \$50bn. Due to its limited resources and wide-ranging priorities, the Lagos State Government (LASG) cannot resolve this deficit alone. Thus, we created the Office of Overseas Affairs and Investment as a one-stop shop to attract foreign direct investments, stimulate the economy and improve the ease of doing business in Lagos State. This administration is also looking to enter into more public-private partnerships (PPPs) as a strategy to deliver key state government projects. We already have the Public-Private Partnership Law of 2011 to facilitate the use of PPPs in the procurement of projects.

What is the LASG's main economic goal?
AMBODE: We are working to increase the monthly internally generated revenue from the current level of N23bn (\$81.3m) to a more sustainable level of about N50bn (\$176.7m) by 2018. The LASG will continue enhancing existing revenue streams with the help of technology and we will explore new avenues to drive and sustain revenue growth in the medium to long term.

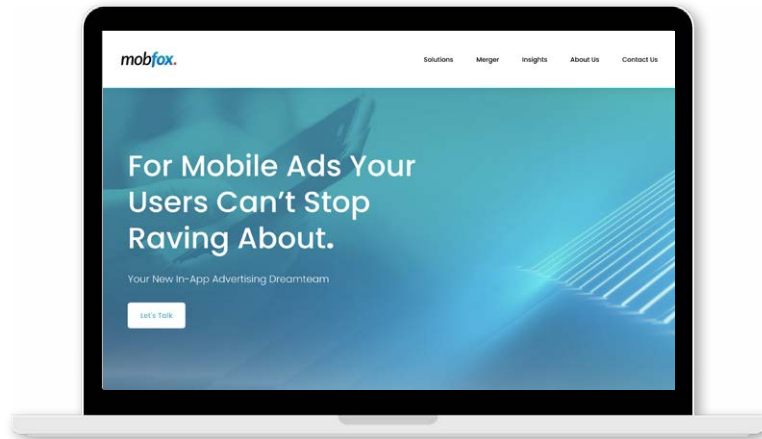
How will the administration increase tax revenue?
AMBODE: Efforts to increase the tax base of Lagos State focus mainly on simplifying and updating taxpaying processes. However, we lack information on the number of unskilled and undocumented low-income earners, which makes monitoring extremely difficult. We have also observed that some taxpayers keep different financial records for different tax authorities and that there is a low-compliance culture among citizens. Thus, the Lagos State Internal Revenue Service is employing a number of initiatives, including using multi-modal payment portals to encourage voluntary tax payment, updating paperwork requirements to facilitate filing processes, overhauling the process of calculating

the number of taxable persons in the informal sector; campaigning to educate taxpayers on their civic obligations; and opening new tax stations while relocating existing ones to increase their accessibility.

What major projects are currently under way, and how will they benefit the citizens of Lagos?
AMBODE: We are improving the bus rapid transit system with new terminals, while also developing light rail and water transport terminals. These networks, along with the construction of lay-bys, slip roads and flyover bridges – as well as improvements in signalisation and junctions – are expected to result in significant reductions in traffic congestion and travel time for commuters. Notably, new and ongoing transport reform will also entail the systematic phasing out of the yellow minibuses from our major highways, to be replaced with modern medium-to-mass transit buses. This administration recently raised N87bn (\$307.5m) through a bond issuance and part of the proceeds are expected to be utilised for these projects. We take security very seriously, as such, we established the Lagos State Security Trust Fund. Through this fund, the LASG has made significant investments into maintaining and improving public safety through the acquisition of security equipment and instruments, such as motor vehicles, helicopters, speed boats, and arms and ammunition, among others. We also plan to install CCTV cameras at strategic locations across the state; set up control and command centres; and construct a forensics laboratory. The "Light Up" Lagos project is also improving security throughout the state by ensuring adequate visibility at night. In response to the current housing shortage, this administration has rolled out a number of housing projects. Through the rent-to-own initiative, more low-income Lagosians are able to become homeowners. The LASG is also interested in using PPP arrangements in this area to deliver additional affordable housing units.

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Other websites I've made



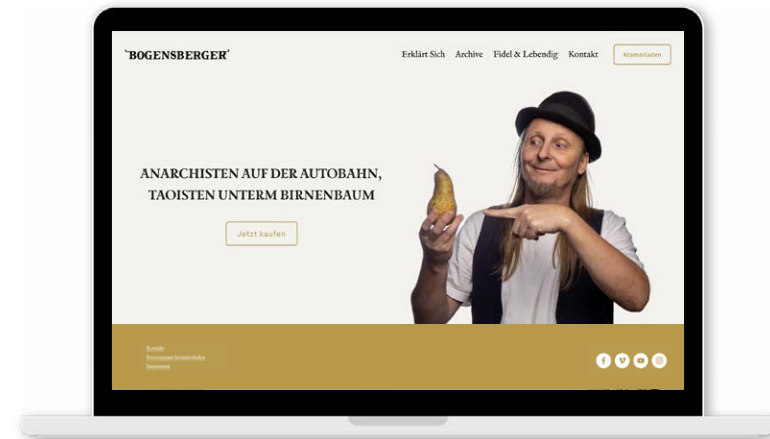
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Thanks for taking a look around!

Like what you see?

Let's talk

stephaniehannonstudio@gmail.com