



**We're as real as a doughnut,**

**motherfucker.**

It's another sleepless night. Already for a couple of months I've been grappling with insomnia. I am a woken zombie next to my partner who can lay his body on this certain fixture we learned to call a bed and rest his head on a soft stuffed rectangular of foam for two seconds, at which point he suddenly shifts into sleep mode. It feels weird how the two opposite states of our bodies co-exist in a 140cm width space with the same purpose. I get anxious as soon as my awake time hits longer than an hour. I then often open Instagram (IG) looking for some form of entertainment.

I secretly have five active IG accounts. Actually, I used to have one more, but adding more than five is not allowed, so I abandoned one. I no longer remember what it was... Imagine! What if that thrown account wanted to lie glued, to sleep and wake up with the other five bedmates.

IG... what is it! All you want is to fall into sleep, but your thumb ritually taps the app to open. Going online is such an intrinsically solitary act and yet, ironically, it involves a social engagement at large. Can it work as a lullaby? Am I already dreaming? Or do I need a reality check in my pre-sleep state? Actually, it kicks me out of sleep mode. Bountiful posts and content personalised according to my growing interests, age, gender, and location might not sound so bad until you realise that you need to flush out all the Kardashians first. I am in a bubble. We all do the same things, like the same things, turn our backs on the same things. We advertise our day, promote what we do, show off what we own. Are we humans or advertisements?

I was never a cat person, but since we got our cat Noodle—a gremlin-like investigator with wide impish eyes and huge batwing ears—I am learning about cats. Noodle, just like all other cats, likes to eat indoor palm plants. Cats eat grass as a natural laxative to ease stomach pain. When I think of myself wanting to chug a couple more beers when I am already drunk enough, it seems like a pretty smart move. The other day I found my cat's faeces interesting. It was the shape of a doughnut! Its beginning and end were literally connected by a thin palm leaf.

Here, I have a question for you: What's the simplest geometric shape of the human body?

It's a doughnut! I recall being shocked when I came across an article ten years ago talking about human topology. Basically, the human body is a lump with a hole running all the way through the middle, like a doughnut. This means that the inside of your gastrointestinal tract is *outside* your body. Again, anything *inside* the gut is *outside* the body. Undigested food has never been *inside* the body. Your colonic bacteria live *outside* your body. How uncannily convoluted! Since then, none of these formulae—"inside-outside", "yes-no" or "right-wrong"—have worked for me. I believe that there is always an inter-related connection between these two opposing sides.

Nothing! Nothing shows me its honest self! Even mirrors give me illusional reflections. Why does it make me slimmer? A completely flat mirror should

show an image of exactly the same shape and size as the actual object. So why do a lot of mirrors offer something a little way from the truth? IG's handful of face filters are warping the way we see our faces, as well. The huge and prevalent trend of us obsessively augmenting our realities is visual proof that we are collectively in denial. I know I sound quite dramatic. These are the thoughts running through my mind while fighting insomnia.

A couple of days before Noodle's doughnut poop, I had a dream that I was playing with doughnuts like a little kid. Spinning a doughnut on my index finger, smashing a stack of them, connecting two with a straw to make glasses. It was all fun. Strawberry caramel glaze was slowly dripping and covered the inner rings... all of a sudden I was looking at the world through rose-coloured glasses. Wait! Offering us rose-coloured glasses covered in glossy glaze... that might be it. IG's initial intention!

Finally, I am sending you a description of "Real-Time Realist No.2" and my contribution to it:

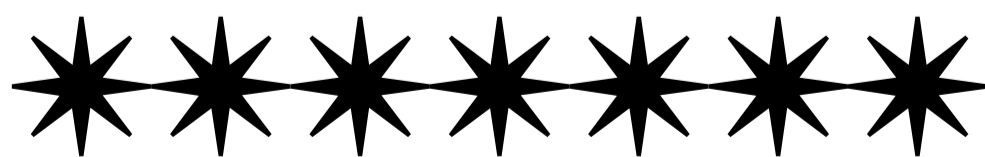
**Published by J-LTF Press, "Real-Time Realist" is an experimental journal on the wide range of human affect (emotions) through typography, art, and contemporary writing, based on psychologist Robert Plutchik's *Wheel of Emotions*. This issue—with guest editor Lieven Lahaye—explores Ecstasy, Joy, Serenity, and Love, *The Yellow Wheel*, with contributions from the invited artists distilling the aforesaid emotions.**

**"Real-Time Realist" is a container for experiments with typographic research and the intimate relations between writing, typography, and visual art. It is as a unique type specimen, not only showcasing typefaces produced by Jung-Lee Type Foundry (J-LTF), but also exploring the role of typography in linguistic materials. J-LTF manifests that typefaces reach readers through their own emotions and sentiments. In that sense, each typeface acknowledges the role of itself as well as the other typefaces and how they interact with texts.**

**My typographic research for this issue is from a feminist perspective and traces back to the printing press period in the 18th century: woodcut letters, female engraving labourers working freelance out of their homes, the emotions that were locked in letters on the surfaces of woodblocks, and an analogy between handwriting and engraving letters, which ultimately resulted in a typeface now known as Birch.**

Maybe the third issue of "Real-Time Realist" could be about either the Red (anger) or Pink (disgust) or Purple (sadness) sector—darker emotions than in the previous issues. Which doughnut colour would you choose?

P.S. If a book is identical to a doughnut, what do you think is its digestive tract?



ALL MY BEST,  
JUNGMYUNG