kfann

Writer

Fine art presents a problem.
Commercial art, a solution.

Commercial art tells you to buy something.
Fine art asks you to find something.

Like the other day:
I needed 40 bucks,
and I found two $20s
in my pocket.

That was fine art.

The Queen's Blues

At the confluence of two hillsides in a gently sloping hickory dell of green sat a thick walled castle made of stone. In that castle lived a Queen who had found the blues. The Queen didn't know when she first found the blues, but by now she assumed they were with her to stay.

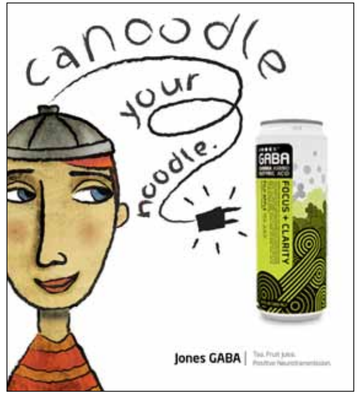
She had much in her life to satisfy. She had all the money and comfort a person could hope for. As for material possessions, she had plenty of those, too. She had stables of horses, feral cats and caged birds to entertain her. She had land and space to roam. Her castle burst at the seams with fine furnishings. She draped the windows with fine velvet and silk, and she draped herself in similar fashion. She woke whenever the mood struck her, ate plenty and had all the time in the world.

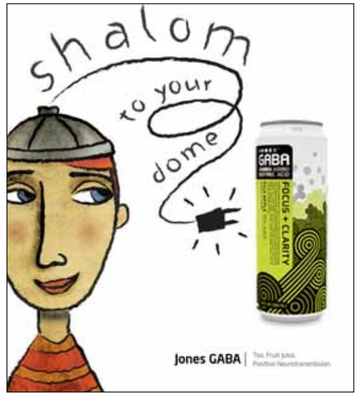
"Time for what?" she sighed, the light of day barely penetrating the drawn sash in the great hall. So she wandered about in search of something real. Her mild dissatisfaction grew into a persistent nagging and depression. "Time for what?" The question plagued her.

One day, in a small hall in the east wing of her castle, the Queen paused before a large grandfather clock. She had never noticed the clock before, but she stood beneath its towering mahogany and brass fixtures watching the clock's pendulum swing in what seemed like eternal, perpetual motion. "How long has this clock been here?" the Queen wondered. "In this forgotten hallway — alone and unnoticed — what makes this clock carry on?"

Poster for NYC Duane Reade Stores
Client: Jones Soda
Agency: Ricochet Partners, 2009
Concept & Copy: kfann

Print Ads/Poster Campaign
Client: Jones Soda
Agency: Ricochet Partners, 2009
Concept & Copy: kfann





"Meditation"

ANNCR: A meditation to Jones GABA.

SFX: *A crowd chattering*
BOY: Dear Jones GABA, deliver me from energy overload and distraction. Give me focus. Give me clarity. Introduce your all-natural, tasty goodness to my taste buds, and let's make buddies.

SFX: *Skateboard wheels passing on the street, a horn*
BOY: Keep my shoelace from the fixie, keep gravel from beneath my trucks, and, dear Jones GABA, help me see past the snowcakes that occasionally find their way inside my goggles.

SFX: *Classroom sounds, sneezing, clearing throat, tapping, etc.*
BOY: Help me pass all tests, no matter how much my classmates may sniffle, sneeze, hawk loogies, show cleavage, or openly pass gas.

SFX: *Birds and a distant harp*
BOY: Allow me to enter that Zen-like zone, overcoming the magpies that land upon my shoulders and caw negative confusion into my overloaded brain. With Lemon Honey, Fuji Apple, Nectarine and Grapefruit as my witness...

ANNCR: Jones GABA. Tea, fruit juice...

SFX: *Can opening*
BOY: Ohhhhhhhhh, that's the stuff.

ANNCR: ...and positive neurotransmission. Canoodle your noodle.

Radio (:60)
Client: Jones Soda
Agency: Ricochet Partners, 2009
Copy: kfann

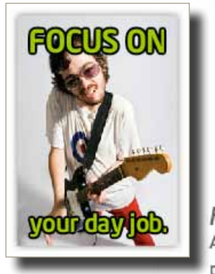
Company Website
Client: Jones Soda
Agency: Ricochet Partners, 2009
Copy: kfann

JONES GABA GAMMA AMINO BUTYRIC ACID

About Jones GABA | What Is GABA? | Jones GABA Fun | Shop Jones GABA

FOCUS + CLARITY

Introducing Jones GABA.

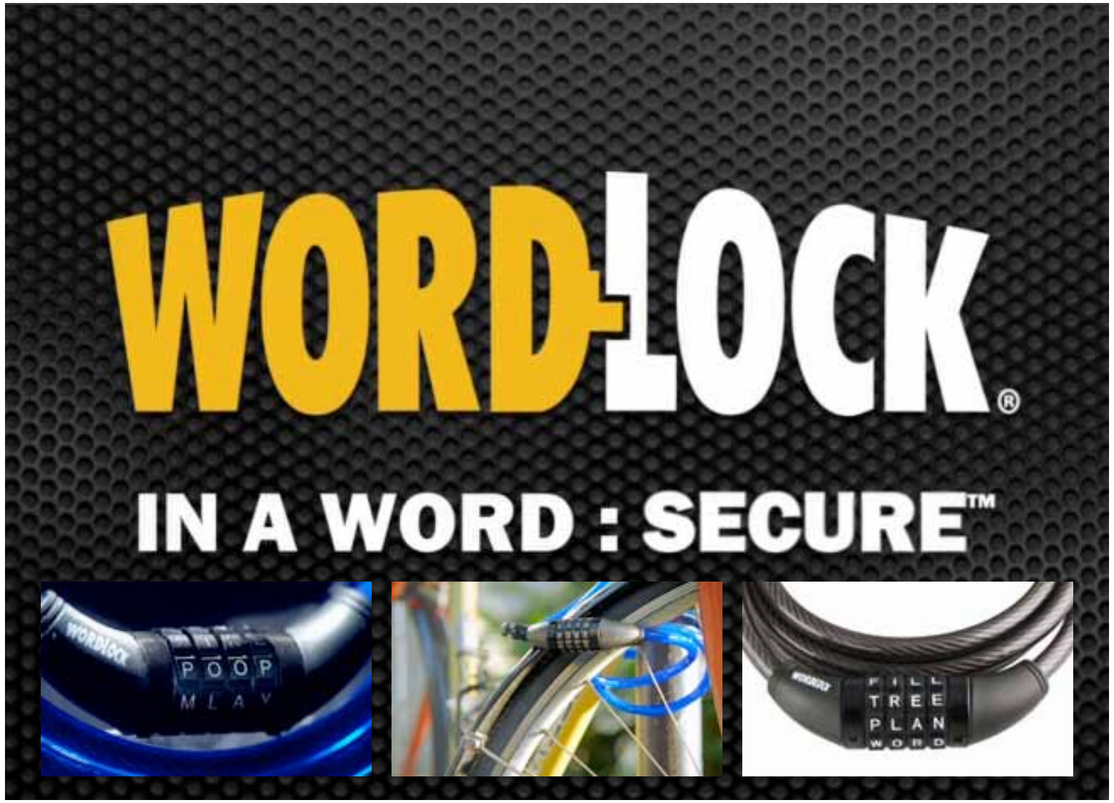


How Jones GABA Works

At Jones, we can relate. Things get a little crazy sometimes, trying to accomplish a million tasks with perfection. What we've learned is that being amped up on energy is not the answer.

Fortunately, we found the solution in an all-natural, delicious GABA supplement. GABA (or gamma-aminobutyric acid, for you scientific types) enhances mental focus, balance and clarity. It helps increase production of calming alpha brain waves and decrease beta brain waves, which are linked to nervousness and scattered thoughts.

Translation? Higher scores, bigger and better tricks, and an overall Zen state of mind.



Sounds like a tough-guy truck commercial.

ANNOUNCER V.O.
With over 3900 pounds of cut strength,
Wordlock is a serious security device.

But when you found out you could set your own word combination, “poop” was the first thing that popped into your head…

Wasn’t it?

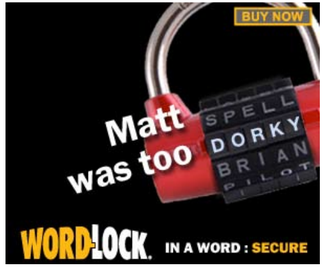
Sure, you could have chosen “poet” or “luck” or “bully”…any of ten thousand different options…
But no, you went right to “poop”…

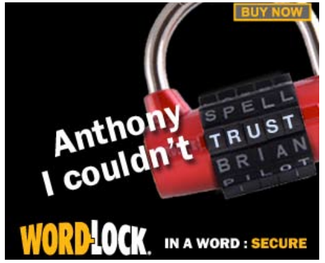
Didn’t you?

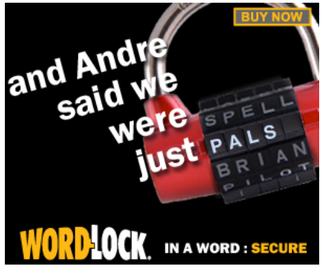
Wordlock.
In a word: secure.

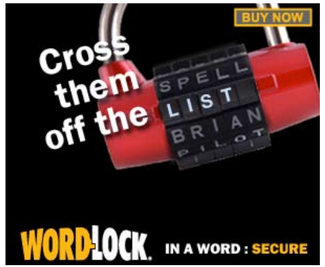
TV (:30)
“Poop”
Client: Wordlock, Inc.
Agency: Ricochet Partners, 2009
Concept & Copy: kfann

Flash Web Banner
Client: Wordlock, Inc.
Agency: Ricochet Partners, 2009
Concept & Copy: kfann









Flash Web Banner
Client: Wordlock, Inc.
Agency: Ricochet Partners, 2009
Concept & Copy: kfann

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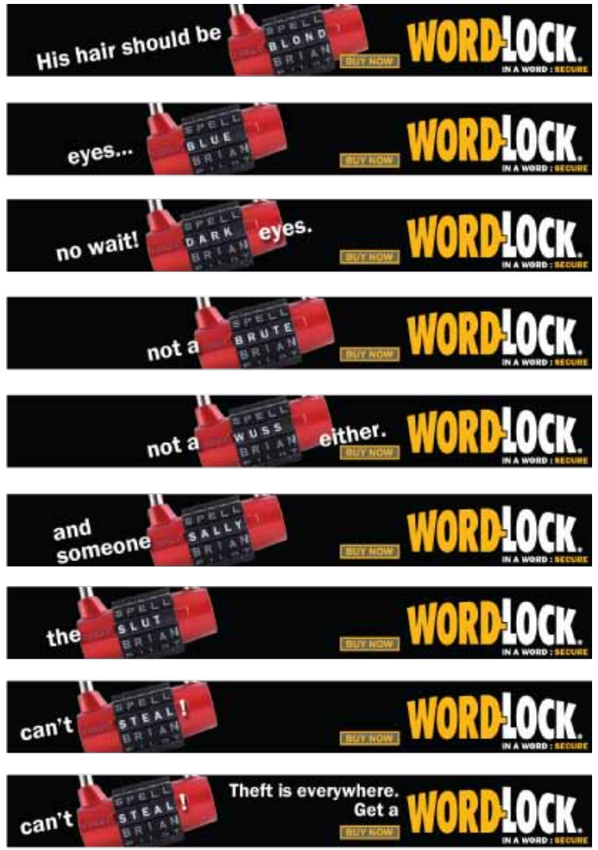
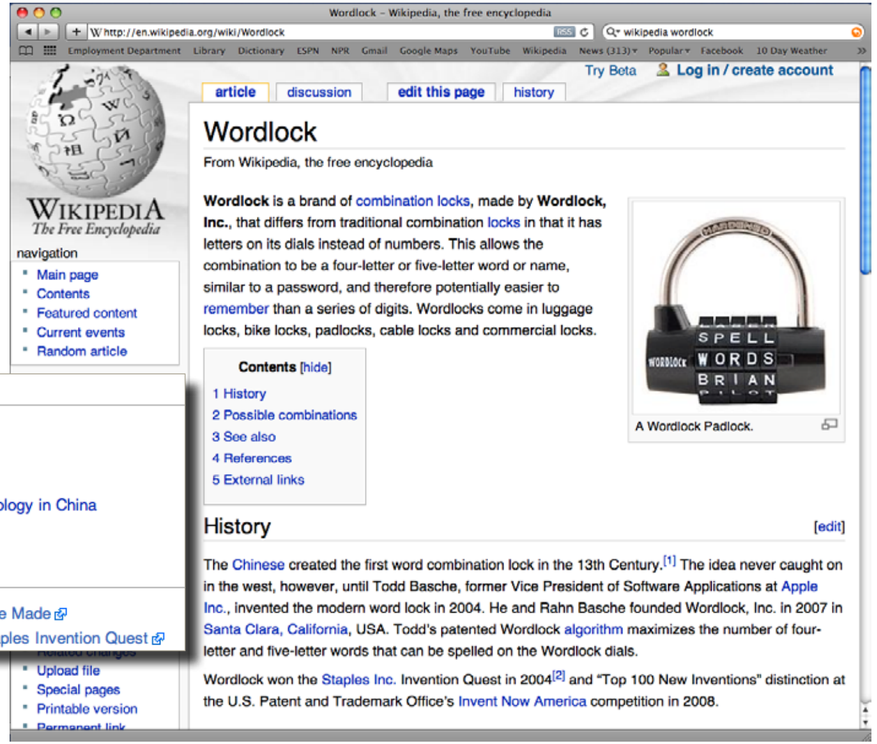




Social Media
Client: Wordlock, Inc.
Agency: Ricochet Partners, 2009
Copy: kfann

Promotional Campaign
Client: Portland State University
2011
Concept and Copy: kfann

SUSTAINABLE SOLUTIONS SEMINAR SERIES

Social + Economic + Environmental

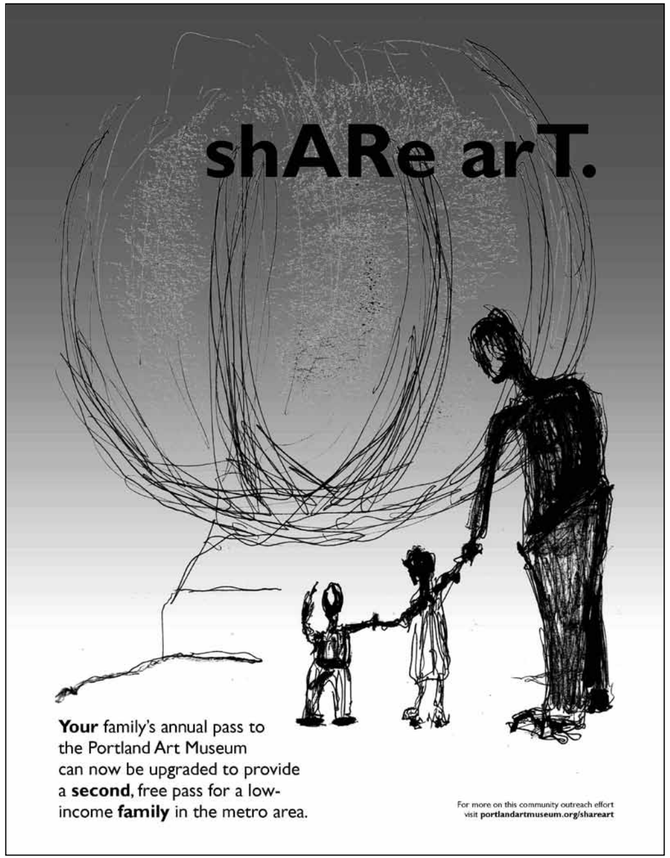
You know everything is connected.

The tree we harvest to make the chair holds high the judge who rules in favor of protecting the rights that bring prosperity and teach our children to believe in holding dear every single tree we harvest.

Now connect with the solutions.

Yes, the word "sustainability" brings up big problems, but our seminar series puts emphasis on those important solutions that connect us all. Add it up and see for yourself.

Social + Economic + Environmental
A visionary series of free seminars from the PSU Institute for Sustainable Solutions



Print Ad
Concept & Copy: kfann

Easter Print Ad
Client: Hollywood Entertainment
Agency: 52 LTD, 2009
Copy: kfann

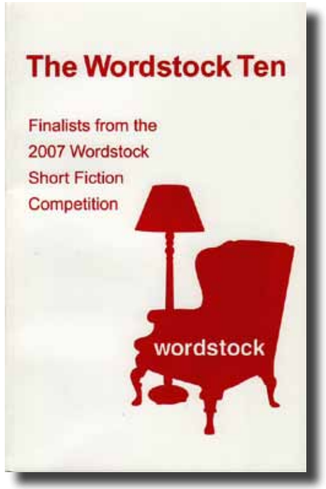
Little Herons

K.Fann

MY SISTER AND I grew up near the Little Heron State Park in Markle. Our father ran a fishing operation in the summer for tourists. He also took people out on his boat for evening pleasure cruises. The first time I remember the boat engine breaking down was in the center of Lake Huntington on a really hot day. My father yanked on the motor's pull-start cord amidst the nervous mumblings of a few tourists. My father did not joke about it or ease their worries at all. He got serious. He turned red and sweated through his thin cotton snap-up shirt. His comb-over fell out from under his baseball cap. His Air Force sunglasses slipped down on his nose and cigarettes fell from his shirt pocket. It embarrassed him, and embarrassment was one thing he could never stomach. Watching him struggle, with no other recourse but to paddle back to the shore, I laughed. I laughed as quietly as I could—a peep of a chuckle—but he heard me, gritted his teeth, and drew an angry hand into the sun. But he immediately composed himself and stopped short of hitting me. The tourists on the boat had strong looks on their faces: indignant looks. Accusatory looks. One woman gasped as though she was going to lose her bed & breakfast omelet over the side of the boat. That was the last boat trip for me and my sister. We were both off my dad's crew for a few wonderful weeks.

To entertain ourselves, my sister and I spent time walking around the perimeter of the lake, exploring. Little Heron Park, as the name suggests, has plenty of herons around it, or at least it did back in those days. The birds would jump out of the brush after we had passed them—always after, not before. They would squawk, terrified it seemed, but only after danger had passed them by. Barefooted through the briars and brush, our feet quickly grew as tough as those herons' claws: thick-skinned and sharp-nailed.

One dewy sundown, we walked up on a rustling and popping sound. A boy and girl, both older than us, curled around each other in



Fiction
2007 Wordstock Fiction Competition Finalist
"Little Herons"

This is a story I wrote about three kids who find a fruit that tastes sweet only after it's rubbed against their skin.

To paraphrase my favorite CD,

Don’t pet a cat if your hand is wet.
And never pet a wet dog.

That’s good advice.

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