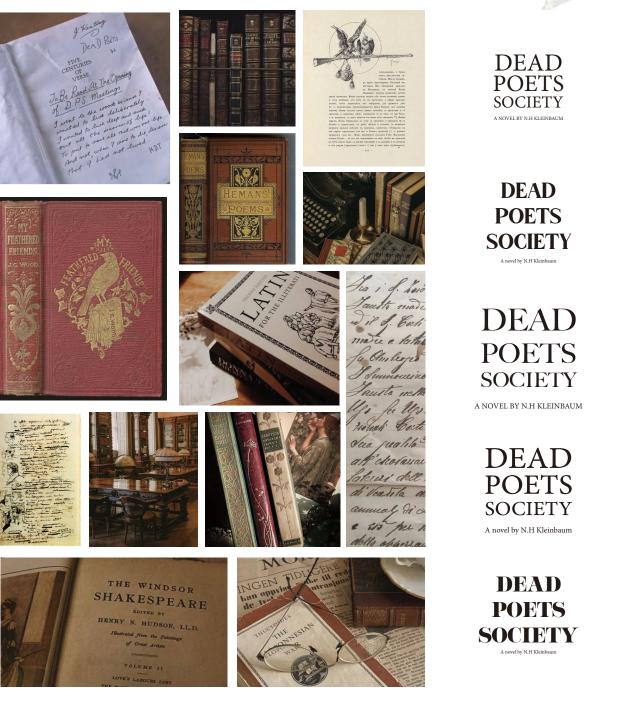


FILM-TO-BOOK DESIGN

Barbie Y. Cayanan I Bachelor of Design I cayananb2@mymacewan.ca

Dead Poets Society is a movie directed by Peter Weir, written by Tom Schulman and a novel adaptation by N.H Kleinbaum. DPS follows the lives of the students of Welton Academy, balancing stressful classes and extracurriculars for a successful future. The rare opportunity of discovering their passions and identities arrives; a new English teacher has been hired and changed their teenage lives forever.





DEAD POETS SOCIETY



The book's cover is reminiscent of the poetry book (Five Centuries of Verse) that the students read in their DPS meetings, from the textured font, the golden wreath and the wear and tear that's complimented with references, quotes, key items and visuals on the inside. Each chapter's beginning, midway or end has important details, evidence of teenagers messing with the book or overall time wearing down the quality after every use. DPS was set in 1959, and the novel uses serif typefaces (Miller Text), type with texture (the title and typewriter notes) and handwritten poems, quotes and doodles to put the reader in the mindset of a teenager in an old boarding school. All dark academia elements, visuals of wear and tear on the cover and each page, handwritten details, limited colour scheme and textured type create a cohesive message that separates the novel from the film. The redesign proves the book did not lazily copy scene by scene and line by line. It provides a different experience and different perspective of the story.

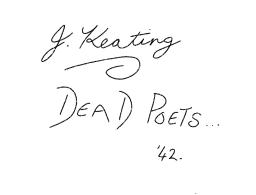
DEAD POETS SOCIETY

Dead Poets Society A NOVEL BY N.H KLEINBAUM

Dead Poets

Society

Dead Poets Society



Jo Be Read At The Opening of D. P.S. Meetings.

I went to the woods because I wanted to live deliberately ... I wanted to live deep and suck out all the mannow of life! To put to rant all that was not life ... And not, when I came to die discove that I had not lived ... H.D.T.



Inspired by Keating, the boys resureect the Dead Poets Society a sccret club where, free from the constraints and expectations of school and parents, they let their passions run wild. As Keating turns the boys on to the great words of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, they discover not only the beauty of language, but the importance of making each moment count.

M Trig chapter 1-3

& Latin homework

a staly group 7pm

DEAD

POETS

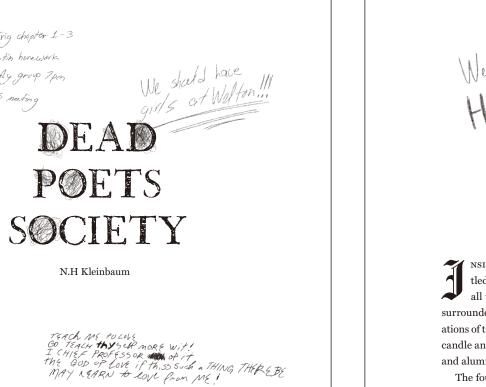
N.H Kleinbaum

I DPS meeting

But the Dead Poets Pledges soon realize that their newfound freedom can have tragic consequences. Can the club and the individuality it inspires survive the pressure from authorities determined to destroy their dreams?

DEAD POETS SOCIET

N.H Kleinbaum 917814011308773 HYPERION Based on the motion picture written by Tom Schulmar



NSIDE THE STONE chapel of welton academy, a private school nestled in the remote hills of Vermont, more than three hundred boys, all wearing the academy blazer, sat on either side of the long aisle, surrounded by proud-faced parents, and waited. They heard the reverberations of the bagpipes as a short, elderly man swathed in flowing robes lit a candle and led a procession of students carrying banners, robed teachers, and alumnae down a long slate hallway into the venerable chapel. The four boys who carried banners marched solemnly to the dais, followed slowly by the elderly men, the last of whom proudly carried the lighted candle. Headmaster Gale Nolan, a husky man in his early sixties, stood at the podium watching expectantly as the procession concluded. "Ladies and gentlemen ... boys "he said dramatically, pointing toward the man with the candle. "The light of knowledge." The audience applauded politely as the older gentleman stepped slowly forward with the candle. The bagpiper marched in place at the corner of the dais, and the four banner carriers, lowering their flags that read, "Tradition," 'Honor," "Discipline," and "Excellence," quietly took seats with the audience. The gentleman with the candle walked to the front of the audience where the youngest students sat holding unlit candles. Slowly, he bent forward,

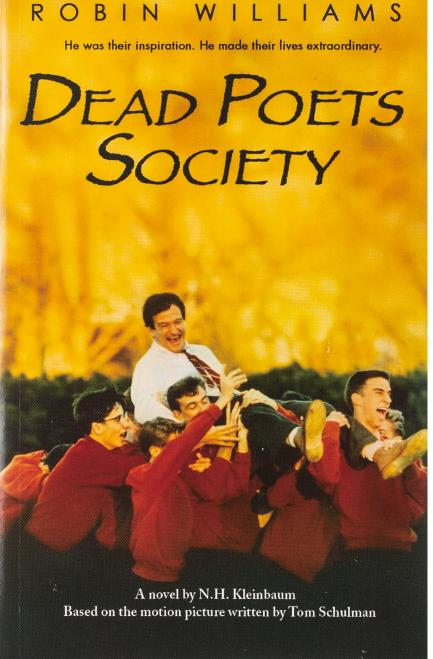
CHAPTER I

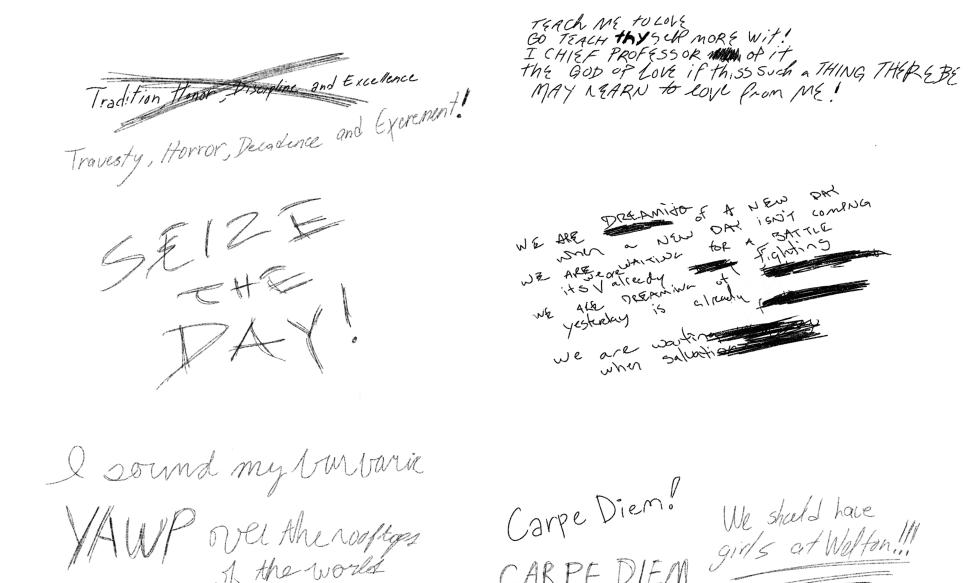
Todd Anderson and his friends at Welton Academy can hardly believe how different life is since their new English professor, the flamboyant John Keating, has challenged them to "make your lives extraordinary!" Inspired by Keating, the boys resureect the Dead Poets Society—a sccret club where, free from the constraints and expectations of school and parents, they let their passions run wild. As Keating turns the boys on to the great words of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, they discover not only the beauty of language, but the importance of

making each moment count. But the Dead Poets Pledges soon realize that their newfound freedom can have tragic consequences. Can the club and the individuality it inspires survive the pressure from authorities determined to destroy their dreams?

Touchstone Pictures presents in association with Silver Screen Partners IV A Steven Haft Production in association with Witt-Thomas Productions A Peter Weir Film Robin Williams Dead Poets Society Written by Tom Schulman Produced by Steven Haft, Paul Junger Witt, Tony Thomas Directed by Peter Weir Distributed by Buena Vista Pictures Distribution, Inc. © 1989 Touchstone Pictures

ISBN: 978-1-4013-0877-3 HYPERION





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N.H KLEINBAUM

The boys "oohhed and aahhed" at Charlie's alleged prowess. "Come on guys, we gotta be serious," Neil said. Cameron took the book. "This is serious," he said and began to read:

"We are the music makers" And we are the dreamers of dreams, Wandering by lonely sea-breakers, And sitting by desolate streams; Canal Contraction World losers and world forsakers, On whom the pale moon gleams. Yet we are the movers and shakers Of the world, forever, it seems. With wonderful deathless ditties We build up with world's great cities, And out of a fabulous story We fashion an empire's glory: Then I had religion One man with a dream, at pleasure Then I had a vision Shall go forth and conquer a crown; I could not turn from their revol in thisic And three with a new song's measure Then I saw the congo Can trample an empire down. We in the ages lying, creeping through the CUTTING THROUGH In the buried past of the earth, THE FOREST WITH Built Nineveh with our sighing, And Babel itself with our mirth."

"Amen," several boys uttered. "Sshh!" hissed the others. Cameron continued:

"And overthrew them with prophesying To the old of the new world s worth; For each age is a dream that is dying, Or one that is coming to birth."

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Mr. Perry pushed Keating's hands away. "You! Keep away from him!" Mr. Perry shouted. A stunned silence followed his harsh words. He led Neil outside to his car and pushed him in. Charlie started to follow them outside, but Keating held him back. "Don't make it any worse than it is," he said sadly. Mr. Perry started the car and pulled off. Through the car window, Neil looked like a prisoner being taken to his execution. "Neil!" Todd screamed as the car drove away. Stunned, the members of the Dead Poets Society stood silently in the lobby. Charlie walked over to Mr. Keating. "Is it okay if we walk back?" he asked. "Sure," Keating said, chilled with sympathy, as he watched the "Dead Poets," along with Chris and Ginny, leave the lobby and walk out into the

cold, dark night.

DEAD POETS SOCIETY

