

Losing Beauty

The trouble with eBooks

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a few of my favorite things

Prologus.

Valerij Maximi Romane urbis iurisperitissimi in libri
factorum et dictorum memorabilium ad Tiberium cesarem

Urbis Rome ex te Prefatio incipit.
rarumque gentium facta simul ac dicta
memoratu digna/que apud alios la-
tius diffusa sunt/ut quam breuiter co-
gnosci possint/ab illustribus electa
auctoribus/diligere ostendi. ut docu-
menta sume uolentibus/longe in quicquid labor absit.
Nec mihi cuncta complectendi cupido incessit. Quis eni
omnis eui gesta modico voluminum numero oprehend-
erit? Aut quis compos mentis! domesticæ peregrinæque
historie seriem felici superiori stilo conditam! vel acti-
ore cura! vel prestancio facundia! traditur se spera-
uerit? Te igitur huic cepto penes quæ hominum deorumque
consensus/maris ac terre regimen esse uoluit certissima
salus patrie cesar! inuoco. cuius celesti prudentia! vir-
tutes de quibus dicturus sum benignissime fouentur. vi-
cia seuerissime vindicantur. Nam si prisca oratores ab ioue
optimo maximo/bene orsi sunt! si excellensissimi vates a
numine aliquo principia traxerunt! mea paruitas/eo in-
stius ad fauorem tuum decurrit. quo cetera diuinitas opi-
nionem colligitur tua. pium fide paterno auitoque sideri par-
videtur. Quorum eximio fulgore! multum cernomnis nostris
melite alacritatis accessit. Reliquos enim deos accepimus!
cesares dedimus. Et quoniam incipiam a cultu deorum petere
in animo est! de conditione eius humanam disseram.

Desinit prefatio.

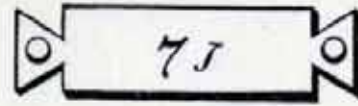
Tituli primi libri.

De religione. Ca. primu. De neglecta religione. ca. ii.
De simulata religione. c. iii. De auspicijs. c. iiii. De

Facta et dicta
memorabilia

Valerius
Maximus

1471



Trieste, ai tempi di
Augusto fece parte
con la Venezia e
l'Istria della X^a
regione dell'Impe-
ro. Nell'anno 1719
Carlo VI dichiarò
questa nostra bella
ed antica città ita-
liana Porto Franco.

*Manuale
Tipografico*

Giambattista
Bodoni

1818

The White Lady

I CANNOT rest, I cannot rest
In strait and shiny wood,
My woven hands upon my breast—
The dead are all so good!

The earth is cool across their eyes;
They lie there quietly.
But I am neither old nor wise,
They do not welcome me.

Where never I walked alone before
I wander in the weeds;
And people scream and bar the door,
And rattle at their beads.

We cannot rest, we never rest
Within a narrow bed
Who still must love the living best—
Who hate the drowsy dead!

*Enough
Rope*

Dorothy
Parker

1924

Chapter 2.

AND

through shady dells, over sunlit hill-tops out of sight of watchers, out of hearing of eavesdroppers, the twain wandered, the knight in deep thought, Peronnik leading the horse half-forgetful of the Grey Castle and his approaching knighthood, happy in the enchantment of the forest, and at home in it even as the birds and animals.

At noon the knight dismounted, and whilst the horse grazed at tether he talked to Peronnik of the honour of knighthood and its duties, the chime of his words, of which Peronnik understood nothing, bringing sleep into Peronnik's eyes. But remembering, as he always did, that courtesy should be lacking in nobody, he struggled against the weariness that the warmth of the sunlight and the monotonous murmur of the forest imposed upon his eyelids, till the

*Roderigo
of Bivar*

T. Sturge
Moore

1925

A VERY GRAND THING 131

"That's right. You'll like Owl. He flew past a day or two ago and noticed me. He didn't actually say anything, mind you, but he knew it was me. Very friendly of him, I thought. Encouraging."

Pooh and Piglet shuffled about a little and said, "Well, good-bye, Eeyore" as lingeringly as they could, but they had a long way to go, and wanted to be getting on.

"Good-bye," said Eeyore. "Mind you don't get blown away, little Piglet. You'd be missed. People would say 'Where's little Piglet been blown to?'—really wanting to know. Well, good-bye. And thank you for happening to pass me."

"Good-bye," said Pooh and Piglet for the last time, and they pushed on to Owl's house.

The wind was against them now, and Piglet's ears



streamed behind him



like banners



*The House at
Pooh Corner*

A.A. Milne

1928



INSCRIPTIONS

☾ ONE'S-SELF I SING

ONE'S-SELF I sing, a simple separate person, yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.

Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the Muse,
I say the Form complete is worthier far, the Female equally with the Male
I sing.

Leaves of Grass

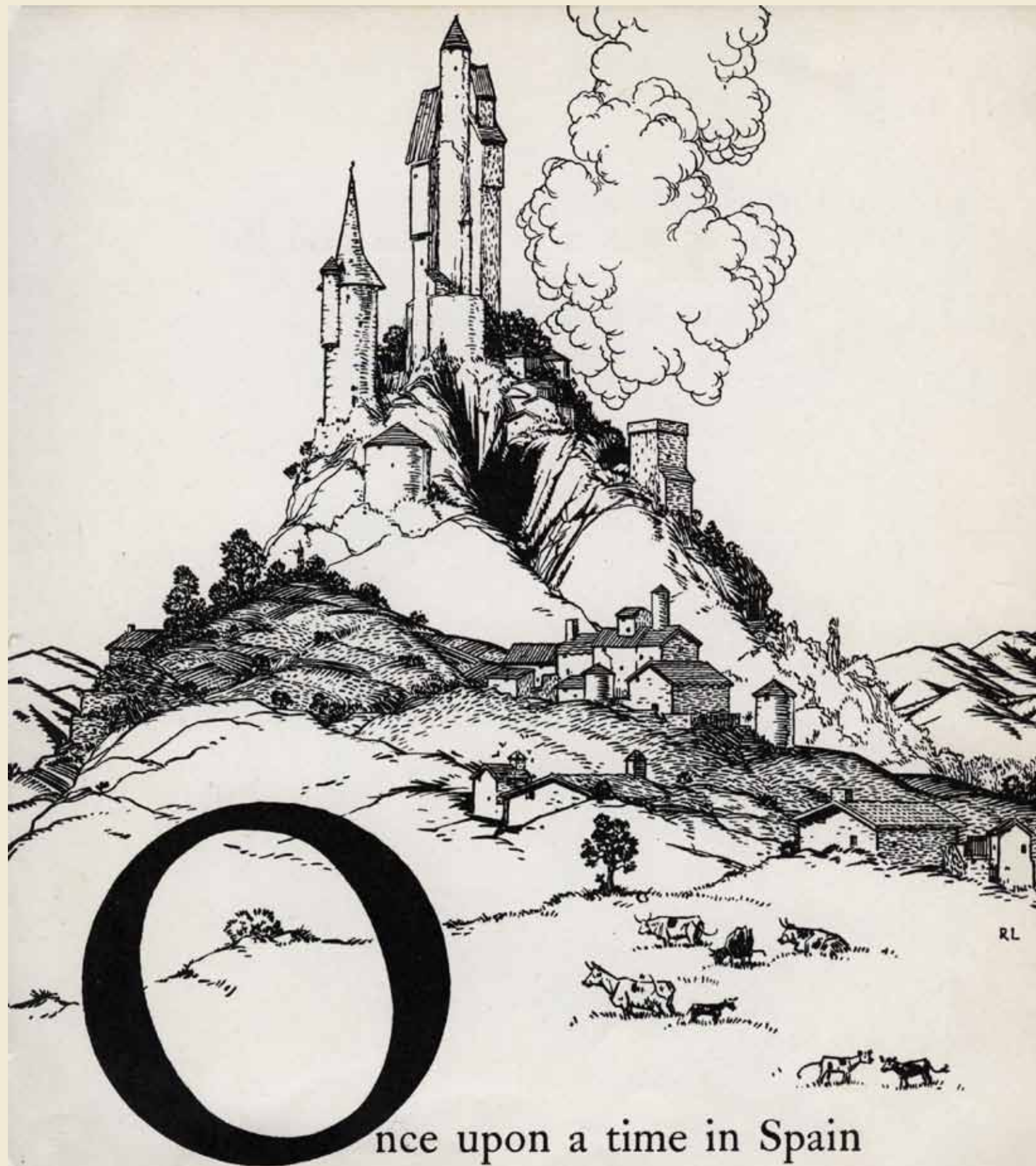
Walt
Whitman

ca. 1935

*The
Story of
Ferdinand*

Munro
Leaf
& Robert
Lawson

1936



nce upon a time in Spain



TYPOLOGIA

I: By Way of Explanation

MY STUDY of type design and type founding was begun almost forty years ago. At that time, little instructive, constructive, or accurate information was easily available with regard to the various steps involved in the making of a face of type; and this dearth of precise information, it seems, has persisted from Gutenberg's time to the present. That section of Moxon's *Mechanick Exercises* [1683] which relates to the subject of type cutting and founding is somewhat out of date; at best, it is not of any great value to the beginner seeking information on present-day methods. Until a few years ago, Fournier's *Manuel Typographique*, a much more interesting treatise, was obtainable only in French. Other works on type making are too general in their scope, or provide too little material in concrete form, to be of much use.

Within the past few years, articles on the cutting of punches for driving matrices have appeared here and there, in articles which in themselves are admirable enough but which are likely

Typologia

Frederic
W. Goudy

1940



In the past few years the epigram or aphorism which is the inspiration for this little story has been widely used. It was, in part, the title and the theme of a poem written years ago by Robert Service. It was used again, in part, as the title of a book on the perils of democracy written by Max Lerner and published in 1937. I have seen it used in numerous advertisements. If Robert Service coined the expression, if others saw it and read it in a Chinese garden, or if like other strange

In a Chinese Garden

Frederic Loomis

1942

THE COVER FOR
TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA

The cover for Trout Fishing in America is a photograph taken late in the afternoon, a photograph of the Benjamin Franklin statue in San Francisco's Washington Square.

Born 1706—Died 1790, Benjamin Franklin stands on a pedestal that looks like a house containing stone furniture. He holds some papers in one hand and his hat in the other.

Then the statue speaks, saying in marble:

PRESENTED BY

H. D. COGSWELL

TO OUR

BOYS AND GIRLS

WHO WILL SOON

TAKE OUR PLACES

AND PASS ON.

Around the base of the statue are four words facing the directions of this world, to the east WELCOME, to the west WELCOME, to the north WELCOME, to the south WELCOME. Just behind the statue are three poplar trees, almost leafless except for the top branches. The statue stands in front of the middle tree. All around the grass is wet from the rains of early February.

*Trout Fishing
in America*

Richard
Brautigan

1967

Punctuation marks must be designed for each new typeface. Just as in the case of figures they must match the letterforms in their shapes, in their 'weight' & in their overall typographic colour.

(:;,!?_—_ /§«»)*

Note the hyphen & the dashes of two alternative lengths. Also the inverted commas (to be used singly or in pairs) & the continental quotation marks in which German usage (» «) is the opposite of French usage (« »).

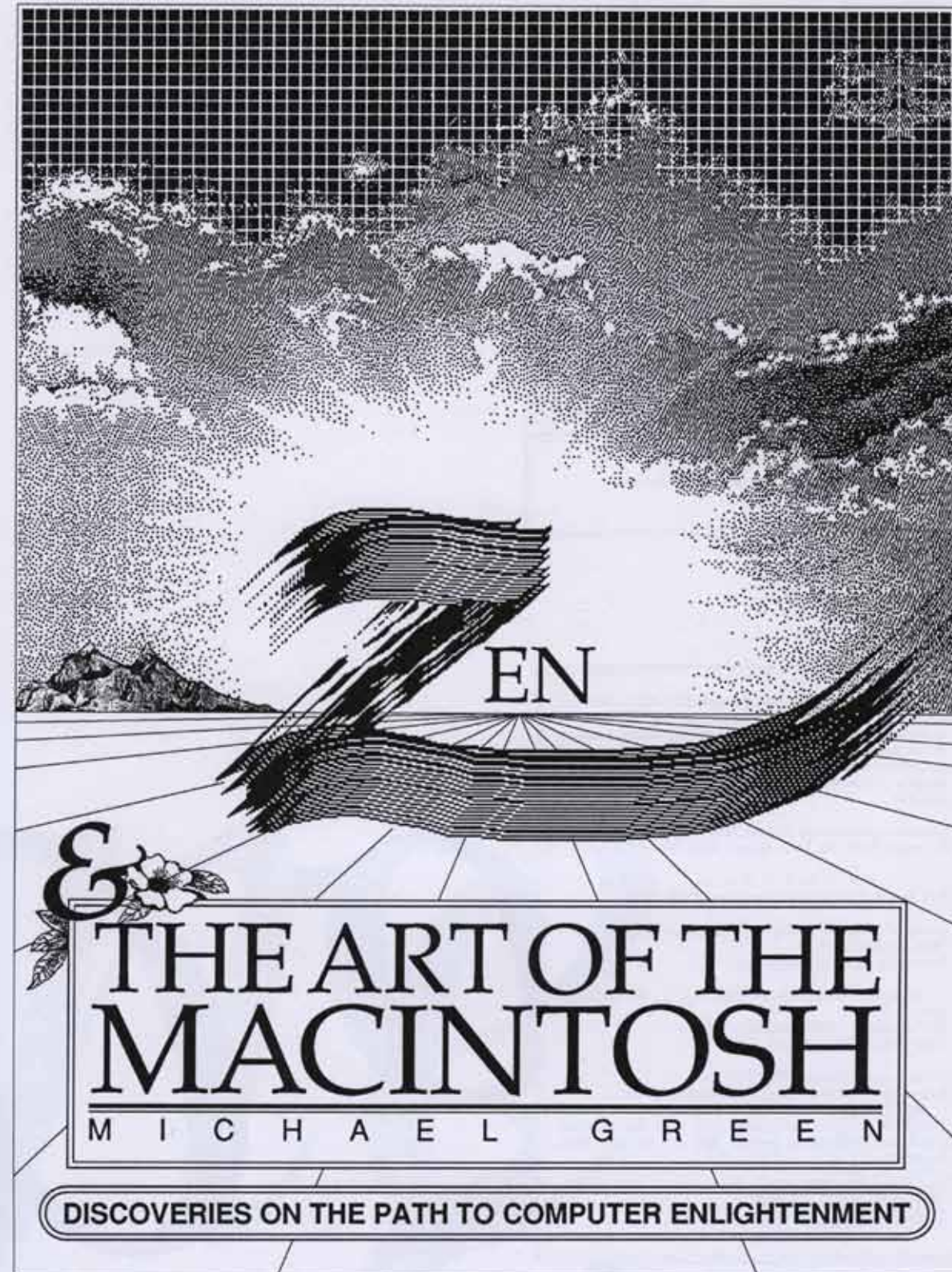
\$ £ %

These are the three more familiar symbols. They too are drawn anew for each new type. Less familiar symbols are standardised.

How
Typography
Works

Fernand
Baudin

1984



*Zen & the
Art of the
Macintosh*

Michael
Green

1986

TRAVELS IN THE DRIFTING DAWN

*Mind travelled in the north, towards the dark
waters*

Chuang Tzu

1

Morning of December 23rd, I'm up at five, pack my rucksack with a loaf, some apples, a change of socks, a towel, and make for Queen Street station—along Great Western Road, quiet, quiet, only from the far end of Bank Street, the noise of milk-crates, the streets frost-sparkling, Kelvinbridge humped in whiteness (smell of warm bread in the air), and board the 5.55 for Tarbet.

2

Dawn's beginning to break. A dark-blue drift in the night sky. I walk down to Arrochar, and continue round the loch. Daylight comes. Ice everywhere—hanging tusks, moulded jellyfish. A satin lustre on the rocks. Dawn wind chill—a newspaper blows by in the still semi-darkness. I go up into a wood, lie down under a fir tree, and eat my breakfast (an apple, a slice of bread).

When I come back onto the road, there's a lorry parked.

'Where are ye goin'?' says the driver.

'Inveraray.'

'Come on, a'll take ye part of th' way.' I climb up into the cabin with him.

We chug and rattle up the *Rest and Be Thankful*. I'm sitting on a hot tank that almost burns my backside off. Man starts talking:

*Travels in the
Drifting Dawn*

Kenneth
White

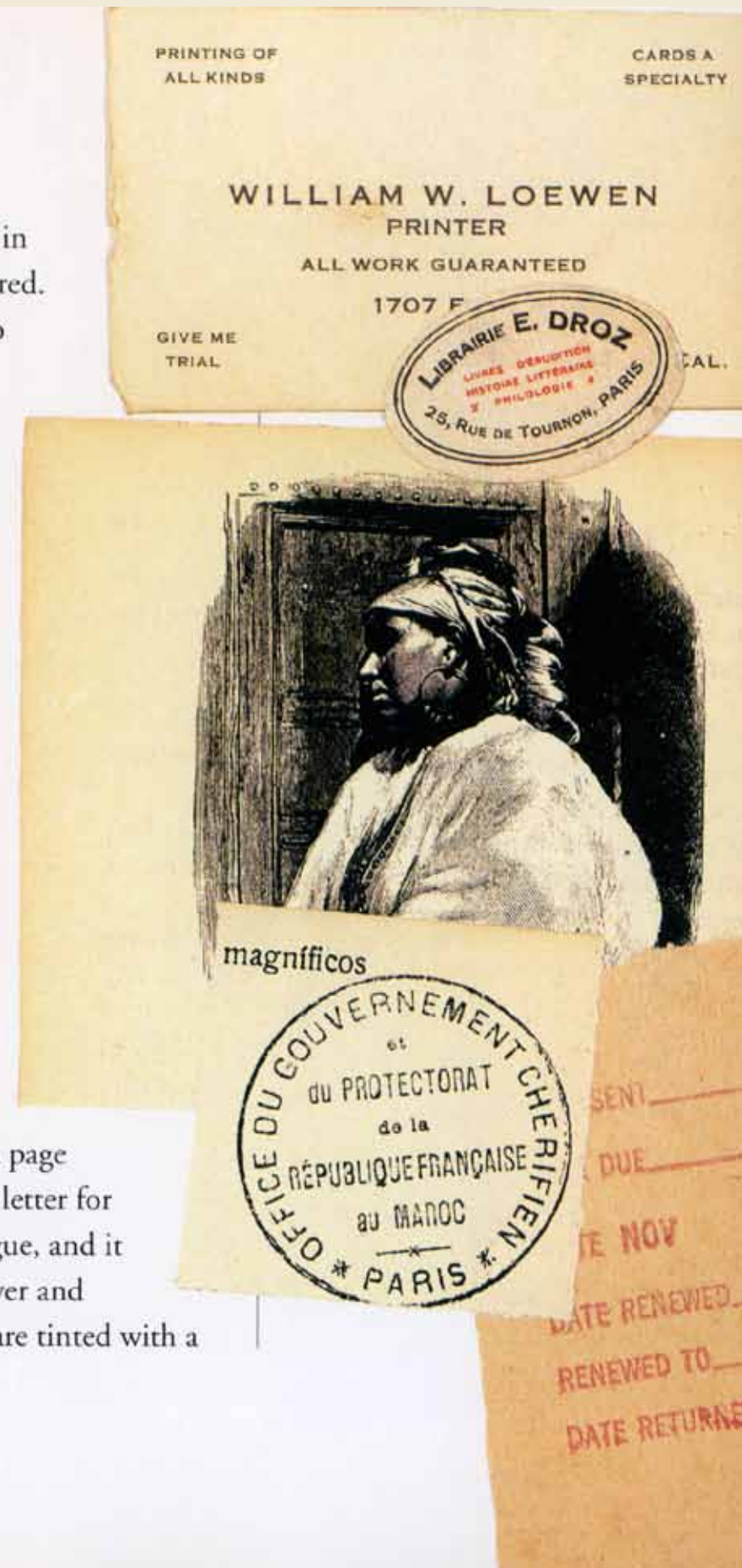
1990

later:

Hauled an armload of books back home. I'm back in my own apartment—the bad nights have disappeared. The books weren't all from one section; I had to go from history to literature, from geography to linguistics, and on and on. I've tried starting with the books that were withdrawn around March, hoping that these are the ones she read. But they seem to have lost some of their magic in my apartment. I find I don't have the same compulsion to read them here. Perhaps there are too many other distractions. I'll take these back tomorrow and try working there again.

June 21:

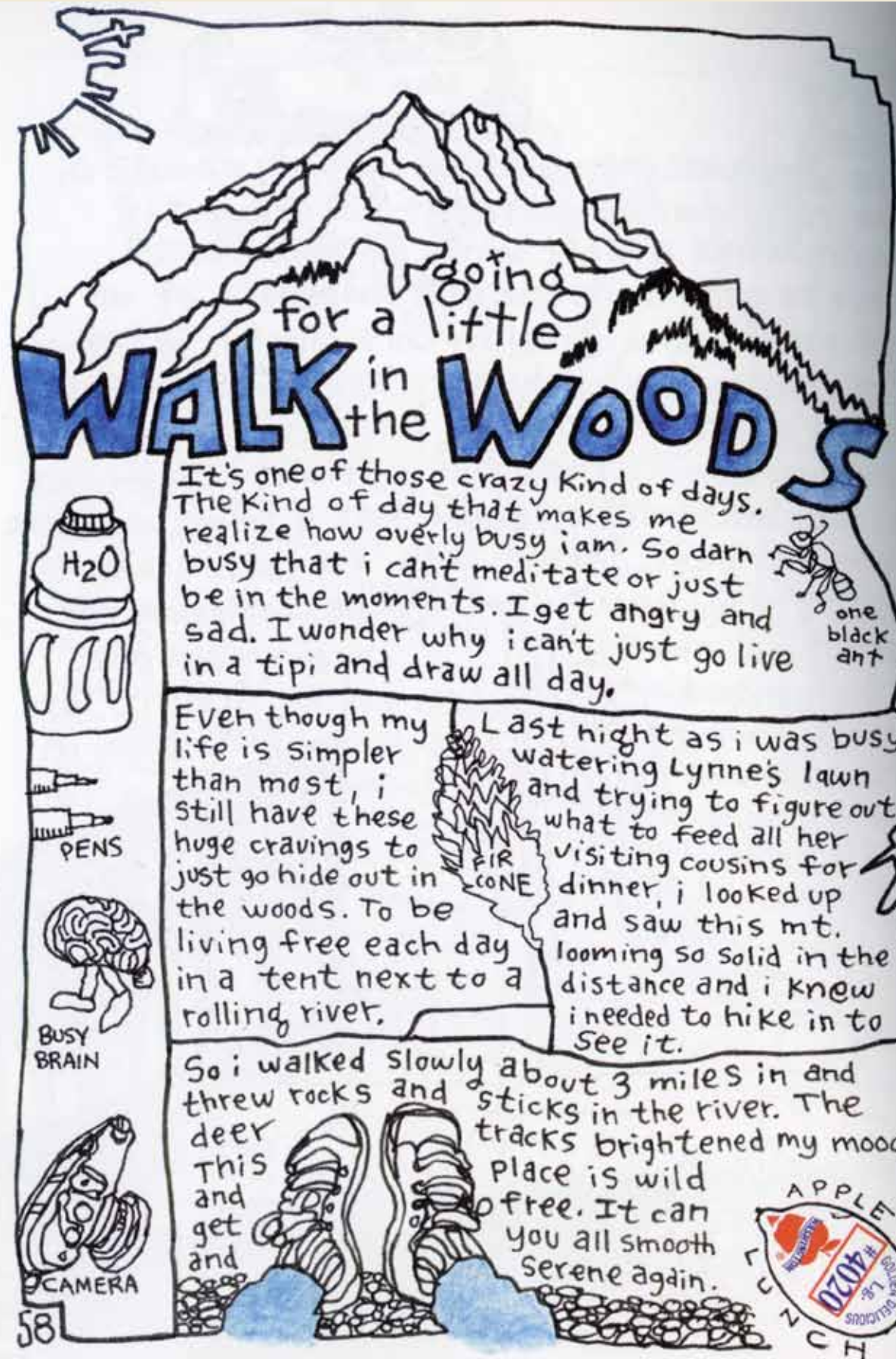
Have spent the day so far in languages and found an Arabic/English dictionary published in 1918, with a page torn out of it. I know for a fact that Lydia had taken this book out. She had to pay a \$2 fine on it at the end of March. I doubt very much that she tore the page out of it—she accumulates but is not destructive. It was a page starting out with words beginning with the Arabic letter for h. This is the only copy listed in the library catalogue, and it looks like a pretty rare book to me. Soft leather cover and coming apart at the spine. The edges of the pages are tinted with a



The Tattooed Map

Barbara
Hodgson

1995

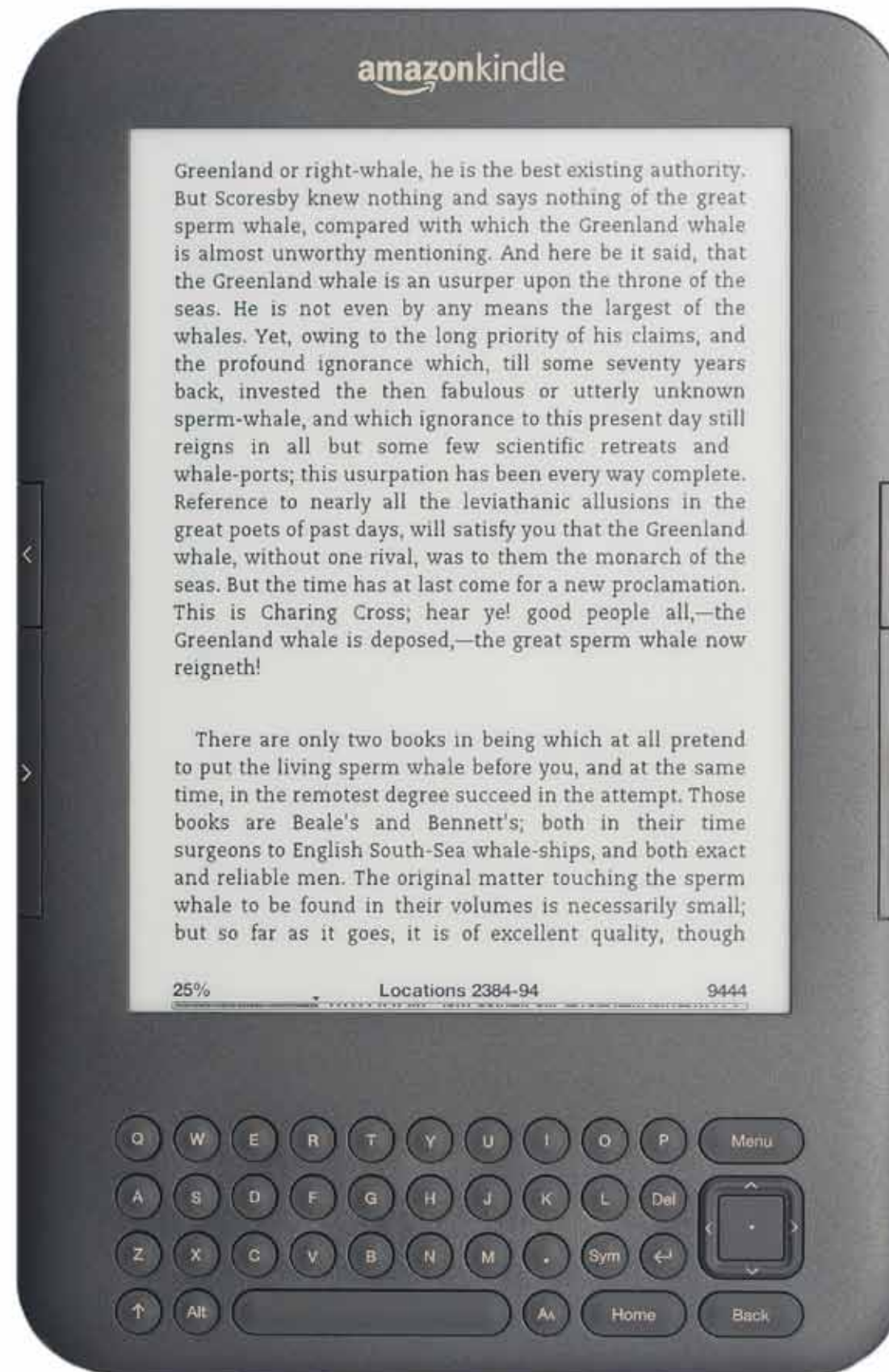


The Moonlight Chronicles

Dan Price

2000

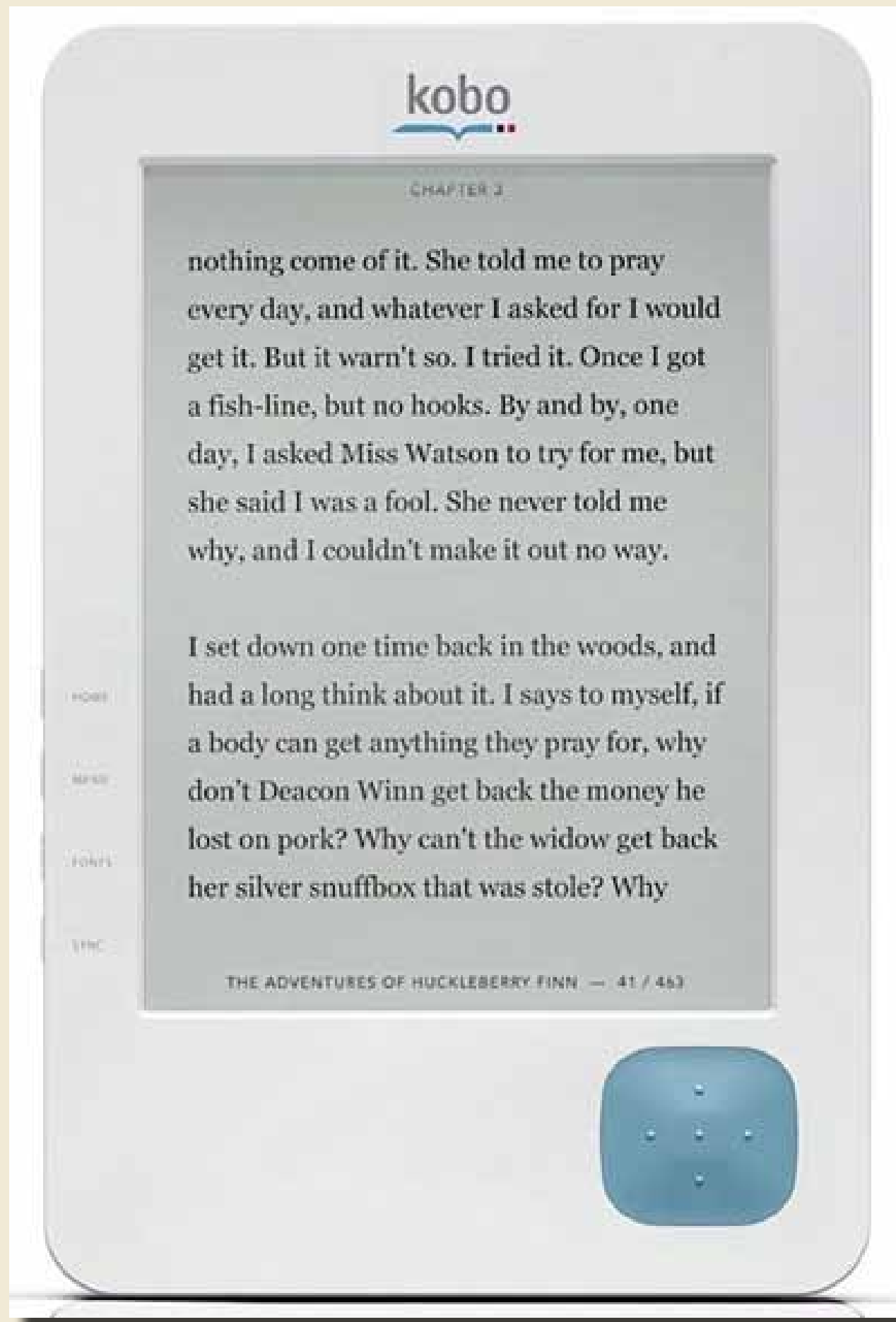
and then...



Moby Dick

Herman
Melville

1851 / 2010



The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn

Mark Twain

1885 / 2010

Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance

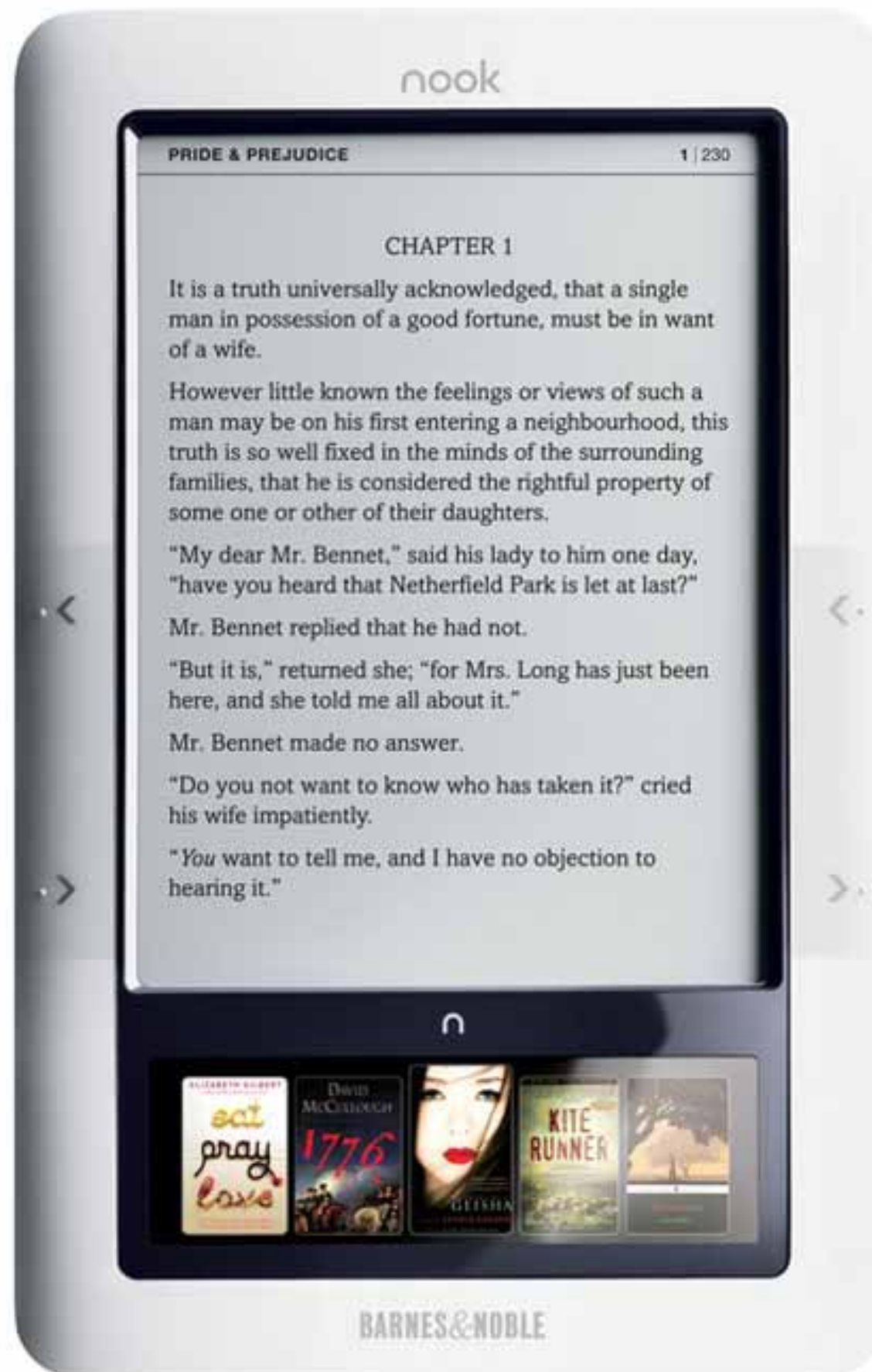
The second error is much more serious because it has obscured the fundamental meaning of the book. Many people have noticed that the ending somehow does not clear things up, that something is missing. Some have called it a "Hollywood ending" that undermines the artistic integrity of the book. They are right, but this is not because a Hollywood ending was intended. It is because a much different ending was intended that was not sufficiently clear. In the intended ending it is not the narrator who triumphs over a villainous Phaedrus. I have found a Phaedrus who triumphs over the narrator that has been maligning him all the time. This is now made clearer in this edition by using a sans-serif type for Phaedrus's voice.

To expand on this, let me go back to a creative writing seminar held on winter afternoons in the early 1950s at the University of Minnesota. The teacher was Allen Tate, a distinguished poet and literary critic. Our subject for many sessions was Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*, in which a governess tries to shield her two protégés from a ghostly presence but in the end fails, and they are

Zen & the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance

Robert M.
Pirsig

1974 / 2009



Pride & Prejudice

Jane Austen

1813 / 2010

whoa!

what happened?

the balance has shifted

CONTENT

DESIGN

CONTAINER

CONTENT

DESIGN

TECHNOLOGY

CONTENT

DESIGN

TECHNOLOGY

CONTENT

DESIGN

TECHNOLOGY

CONTENT

DESIGN

TECHNOLOGY

CONTENT

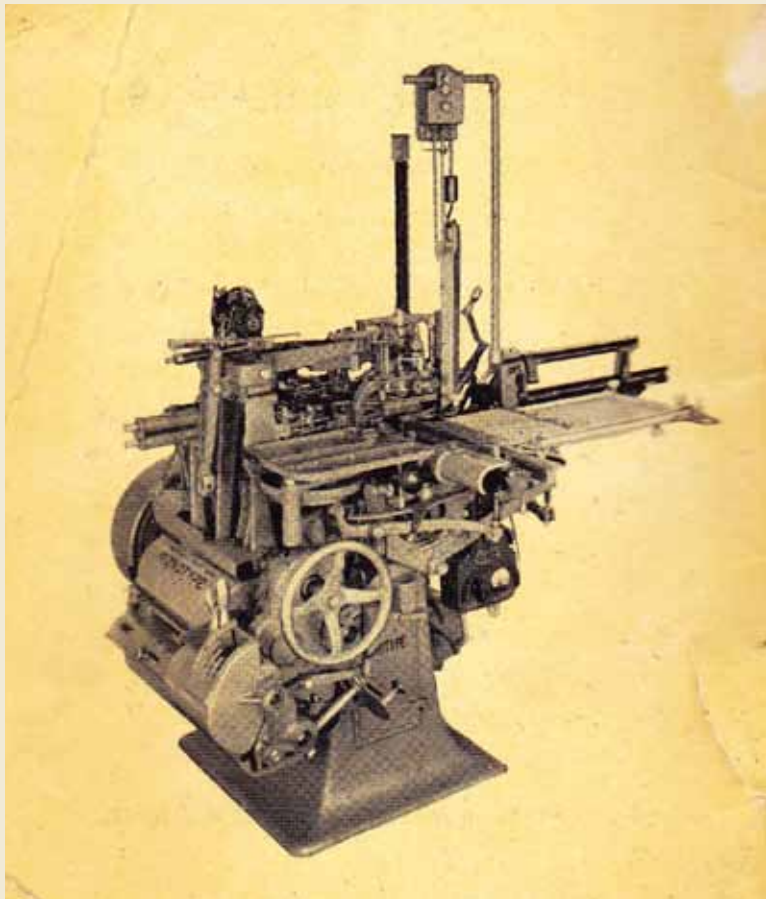
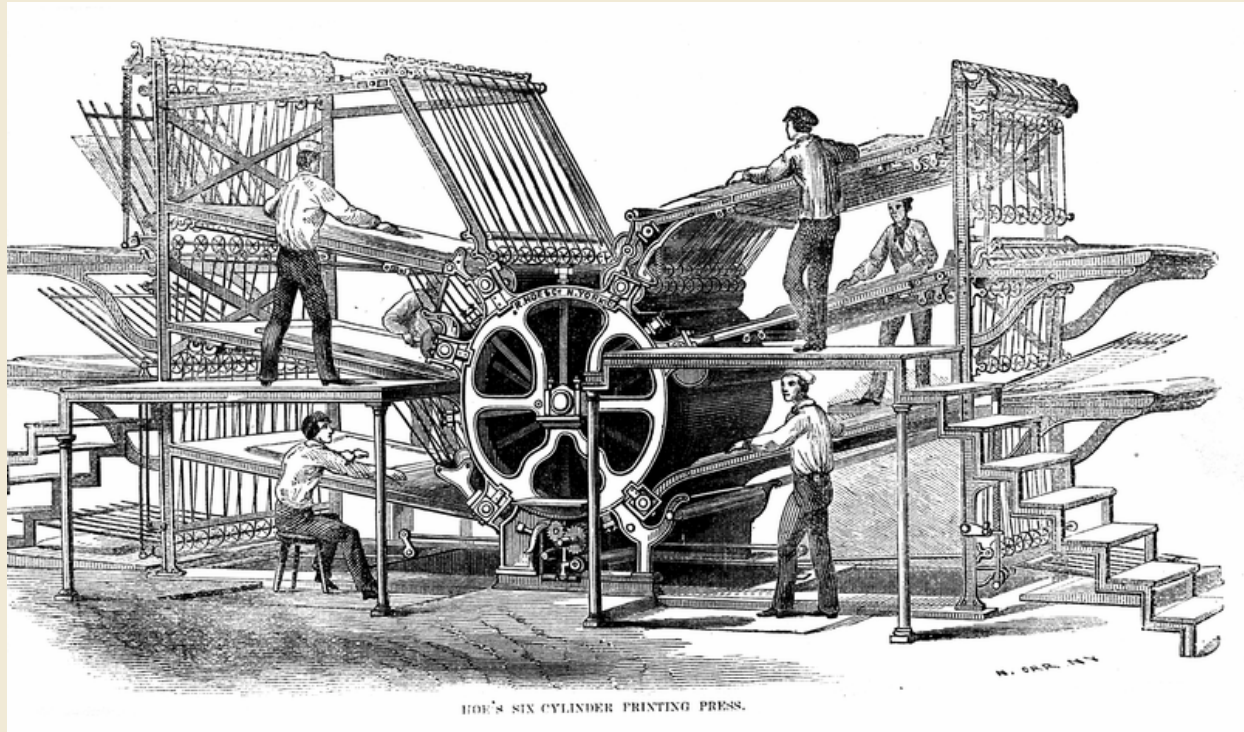
TECHNOLOGY

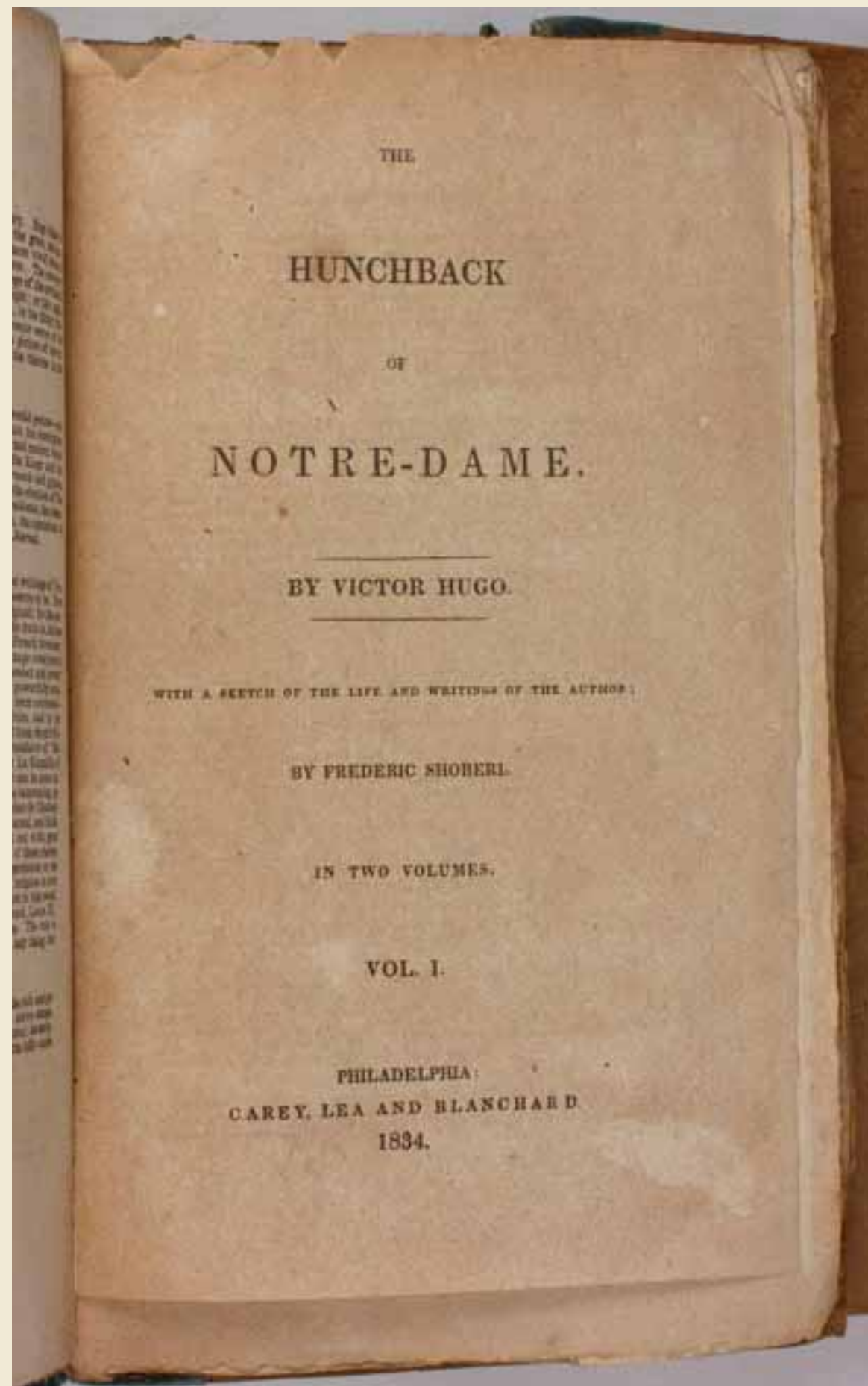
DESIGN

Book design is the art of incorporating the content, style, format, design, and sequence of the various components of a book into a coherent whole.

WIKIPEDIA

this has happened before





*The Hunchback
of Notre-Dame*

Victor Hugo

1834

ON
THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES
BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION,
OR THE
PRESERVATION OF FAVOURED RACES IN THE STRUGGLE
FOR LIFE.

By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A.,
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL, GEOLOGICAL, LINNEAN, ETC., SOCIETIES;
AUTHOR OF 'JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES DURING H. M. S. BEAGLE'S VOYAGE
ROUND THE WORLD.'

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1859.

The right of Translation is reserved.

*On the Origin
of Species*

Charles Darwin

1859

wake up!



William
Morris

ARTIST
DESIGNER
PRINTER
TYPO-
GRAPHER
BOOKBINDER
CRAFTSMAN
POET
WRITER
SOCIALIST

THE NATURE OF GOTHIC.



WE are now about to enter upon the examination of that school of Venetian architecture which forms an intermediate step between the Byzantine and Gothic forms; but which I find may be conveniently considered in its connexion with the latter style. ¶ In order that we may discern the tendency of each step of this change, it will be wise in the outset to endeavour to form some general idea of its final result. We know already what the Byzantine architecture is from which the transition was made, but we ought to know something of the Gothic architecture into which it led. ¶ I shall endeavour therefore to give the reader in this chapter an idea, at once broad and definite, of the true nature of Gothic architecture, properly so called; not of that of Venice only, but of universal Gothic: for it will be one of the most interesting parts of our subsequent inquiry, to find out how far Venetian architecture reached the universal

*The Nature of
Gothic*

John Ruskin

1892

DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE

W. A. DWIGGINS ♦ FREDERIC GOUDY

BRUCE ROGERS ♦ JAN TSCHICHOLD

ERIC GILL ♦ STANLEY MORISON

J. VAN KRIMPEN

*There is no excuse for
doing anything which is not
strikingly beautiful.*

WILLIAM MORRIS

who will be our
William Morris?

