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**Typefaces for Books**



*James Sutton & Alan Bartram*

# **Typefaces for Books**

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The copy fitting tables on pages 284-6 are reproduced by kind permission of Linotype Ltd.

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# Introduction

So with a great musician . . . one is no longer aware that the performer is a pianist at all because . . . his playing has become so transparent . . . that one no longer sees the performer himself – he is simply a window opening upon a great work of art.

MARCEL PROUST *The Guermantes Way*

A window was Proust's image for the great interpretive artist and gives a clue to the qualities we look for in book typography. While display faces can be extrovert, colourful and rich in character, book faces must be transparent, allowing the reader to hear the author's voice without distortion or interference.

It is in answering this little question of the author's voice that the book typographer's task lies. He must invent an accent, a tone, and decide on the volume: should he whisper or shout or sing? Whatever he decides he must keep in mind that he is making a window through which the reader can see the view as clearly as possible and be quite unconscious of the proportions of the glazing bars.

However, one cannot quite avoid the subconscious effect of those glazing bars and the view looks rather different when seen through sans serif plate glass, a white sash window of Baskerville or the leaded casements of William Morris.

In between these extremes there are hundreds of typefaces with far less obvious differences, but these differences are serious enough to require a bulky book to examine even the most important of them.

Why are these minute variations important? Again the clearest analogy is with the tone of the voice. How different the same words sound when spoken by a shepherd or a stockbroker, an archbishop or a schoolboy. But can we locate and identify these nuances in book faces?

This book tries to help by providing over one hundred types in a variety of settings so that realistic visual comparisons can be made.

We also show examples of book faces in use, drawn from a very wide range of sources and over a long period. Although these are largely from the age of metal, many typefaces in use today are based, some very closely, on old designs, and to understand a typeface thoroughly it is essential to make the acquaintance of its ancestors. And *our* ancestors, the type-cutters and book designers of the past, tackled most of the tasks we face and show us their more or less happy solutions for our instruction and delight. This is the way traditions are handed down and typography is a tradition craft which has accepted change slowly.

Such changes are largely the result of the taste of the time interacting with technical advances in paper, ink, presses or type manufacture. The recent developments of filmsetting and offset printing have created opportunities to extend the range of faces. The changes are so dramatic that the highly-respected type

designer Hermann Zapf argues – with considerable logic – that historical revivals and types designed for metal are unsuitable models for types printed by today's techniques. Our view is more relaxed. If the type succeeds in being readable and attractive, its origins (or lack of them) are of no consequence. Equally, there is no intrinsic reason why filmsetting types derived from hot-metal designs, while necessarily *different* from their models, need necessarily be *worse*. Many who lament design changes made to classics such as Bembo, Ehrhardt or Baskerville in their adaptation to digital forms overlook the fact that the original hot-metal versions were merely based on the types created by (or for) those illustrious names, and were in no real sense copies of the original. That they were so successful indicates that, first and foremost, they were well-tailored to the machine-setting systems; just as, today, our types are being tailored to the requirements of the astounding advances in current technology.

This is a book for typographic designers and those professionally interested in type design rather than for the general reader. We hope it will be a useful tool to make choice easier and more discriminating, and even that it might result in books which *are* for the general reader being more attractive and more readable. So many titles are published each year that critics (and others) have said there are too many. But no one has complained that books are too carefully designed.

Until the twentieth century the latest design was generally the only text type in use. Our century's chattering repertoire is unprecedented. This babel has been created mainly for commercial reasons, in the hope that the new and distinctive voices are beguiling enough to sell the typesetting systems that produce them. Many speak in the foreign languages of display types, but, even among the book types, not all the voices speak in desirable or attractive accents. Our selection ultimately can only be a personal one. We have further limited our specimens to those available on the Monotype Lasercomp and Linotron/Linotronic systems because these are perhaps the systems most generally used for serious bookwork. Many of the fifty or so other systems on the market produce typefaces of excellent quality; but our book would be an unsafe and possibly disastrous guide to use for them.

There are four basic categories of film typesetters.

### **1. Photo/Optic**

Font is kept on film. Characters are projected optically for exposure on film or paper. The entire character is exposed as a unit. Characters are enlarged, reduced, exposed and positioned on film or paper. Some machines offer a large number of sizes from one master image; others reproduce only a few sizes, or even one size, from the master. Photo/Optic systems give high quality resolution at lower speeds than other categories, but are now largely obsolete.

### **2. Photo/Scan**

As with Photo/Optic systems, storage is photographic, but characters are scanned and generated piecemeal. The completed character is built up from dots or lines, exposed by a digitized light source onto a cathode ray tube, where they are lined up and exposed onto the film, paper, or printing plate.

It is much faster than Photo/Optic. Characters can be modified (condensed, slanted, emboldened etc).

### **3. Digital/CRT/Scan**

Master characters are stored digitally (that is, each character is a specific combination of on-and-off electrical digits, which are arranged in grid form). These digitized masters are achieved by scanning photographic masters – but the machine itself holds no photographic images. The digitized characters are generated onto film or paper via a cathode ray tube (CRT), in much the same way as in Photo/Scan devices. The system is capable of extremely high speeds. Fewer moving parts result in greater reliability. It can accommodate large fonts (allowing small caps, non-lining figures, alternative, swash and more pi characters). It can modify type (condense, slant, make bolder etc). Characters can be

positioned above or below a base line (and sized to become superior or inferior, although such figures are too light). It requires a minimum of operator attention. However, originating digitized fonts is costly.

The Linotron 202, used for the Linotype settings in this book, is a Digital/CRT/Scan system.

### **4. Laser/Scan**

Fonts are stored digitally and projected by a laser directly onto the output film or paper, without any intermediate cathode ray tube. Hyphenation and justification information, and other composition programmes, are also stored digitally.

It can operate at extremely high speeds. Few moving parts ensure good reliability. It can accommodate large fonts, and characters can be positioned above or below a base line. It achieves good quality up to very large sizes, and requires a minimum of operator attention. The original manufacture of digitized fonts is costly.

The Lasercomp, used for the Monotype settings in this book, is a Laser/Scan system. The earlier Lasercomp models stored a separate font for each size of each typeface, but later models can produce sizes 5-96 pt from a single master. The Linotronic 300, also a Laser/Scan system, produces sizes up to 186 pt.

### **The new technology and type design**

Most typesetting machines today have fonts stored as a grid in digital form, either on magnetic tape or floppy disks. This has important implications in the design and appearance of the typefaces. Inherently, characters produced from digital fonts reflect the pattern of the grid from which the designs are built up, and have a saw-tooth or stepped appearance to the profile of curved or angled characters. The generation of characters via a CRT softens the edges a little, making the effect less apparent; but direct laser projection produces a sharper image which reveals these imperfections. Vector fonts were developed to minimise the problem. The profile of a character is produced from specific recorded points on the character outline; these points are examined as a group by the typesetting system, and the shape averaged out. This method considerably reduces the amount of digital data required for each font, and enables only one font to be used for all sizes.

Although the character image is improved, the specific recorded points are joined by straight lines, resulting in a faceted profile. For display sizes, therefore, the number of recorded points is doubled, the number of facets thereby increased, and the curve profiles considerably improved.

A further improvement has been achieved by recording the specific points around the perimeter as before, but joining the points by fitting together 'fluid'

segments. The formation is achieved by complex algorithms, and produces the exact shape of the original character drawing. This improvement becomes particularly noticeable above 12 pt sizes.

Despite such refinements, the use of one master font for all sizes has major drawbacks. It dictates a compromise design. If the type has been designed for filmsetting and/or digitising, this factor will be a major consideration right from the initial conception, and the problem will be less apparent. But for types derived from hot-metal designs, small sizes will usually be too light, and large display sizes rather coarse. For this reason, some type styles have fonts which are designed for limited ranges of sizes; but few firms would buy two or three fonts if they can get away with one. It is a shortcoming which more advanced technology may eventually solve.

Current systems allow flexibility of letterspacing. This can be ill-used, and result in ugly and illegible spacing which is too tight, or too loose, and which defeats the careful considerations of the type designer, but the facility is of great benefit in display sizes above about 18pt, where some tightening of the letterspacing is usually an advantage, especially in italic.

Some of the effects made possible by this new technology are undesirable. Instead of buying in a font of small caps (if these are available), some firms economise by reducing full-sized capitals. Our examples show how these electronically-generated substitutes are too light in relation to the caps and lower case. Slanted roman is similarly produced, to save buying true italic. Fractions are sometimes cobbled up by reducing full-sized figures; like similarly-produced superior figures, they are too light.

On the other hand, slanted small caps, slanted non-lining figures and slanted bold can be produced (at any angle in one degree increments from 1 to 45 degrees on the Linotronic 300 and later models of the Lasercomp; at only 14½ degrees on early Lasercomps and 12 degrees on the Linotron 202). These, although sometimes awkward-looking, can be useful if the type family does not include the genuine article.

Any electronic condensing or expanding of types should be done with caution.

### **Desktop publishing (DTP)**

At the moment, DTP covers a number of processes which are used mostly in the production of reports, catalogues and brochures rather than books. However, it is a rapidly developing area and before long there could be significant applications in the field of bookwork proper.

Because developments are so rapid, any attempt at covering DTP typefaces in a book of this nature runs the serious risk of being almost immediately misleading or out of date. But some points can be made.

Where the author merely creates on his word-processor the floppy disk which is used to drive a conventional typesetter, the types shown in this book – assuming the author's processor produces work compatible with his typesetter's Linotron or Lasercomp – are exactly what he will get. However, if the author uses a more sophisticated system – even the comparatively high-quality PostScript – which produces final camera-ready copy by means of a laser printer, then our samples will be misleading, due to the lower degree of resolution of current DTP setting systems. Most of today's typesetting machines or image setters produce type in digital form. (Image setters are also capable of handling graphic images using the same laser technology.) Each character is made up of very fine dots or 'pixels' which are stored in the computer memory. Conventional typesetting machines may have a resolution of between 1000 and 2400 lines to the inch (high resolution). Most laser printers which produce the output from desktop publishing systems work on a much lower resolution of 200, 300 or 600 lines to the inch. This lower resolution results in a coarser image, which may be perfectly satisfactory for many purposes but which may have the effect of distorting the shapes of the letter forms in subtle ways. The development of higher resolution systems is being intensively researched.

Most typefaces offered for DTP are currently derived from designs already developed for high resolution systems, and virtually all the types shown in this book are available in PostScript form. The production of entirely new designs in a lengthy process. Such adaptation of existing forms to new techniques has been a feature throughout the history of printing: Gutenberg followed the black letter manuscript forms, the early printers in Italy adapted the Carolingian hand, the early filmsetting systems used designs adapted from hot-metal types. In the same way, desktop publishing systems are drawing on designs from conventional typesetting systems; but typefaces specially devised for PostScript and other computer systems are already making their appearance.

### 1440, Mainz. The invention of printing

The series of technical inventions and developments traditionally accredited to Gutenberg at Mainz around 1440 were of colossal importance in shaping the modern world. Prints had been taken from woodblocks many years earlier, but printing by movable, interchangeable, re-usable type was the foundation of the modern printing industry, and Gutenberg's methods were only superseded in the early nineteenth century. By training possibly a goldsmith, his work was of the highest technical standard and his ingenuity made his printed books the equal of the manuscripts they rivalled.

His type forms scarcely reflect the importance of his innovative techniques, for they differed little from those used in the manuscripts his inventions were eventually almost entirely to supersede. The script he took as his model for the 42-line Bible of 1455 was Textura, the most sombre and majestic script then current in northern Europe (fig. 1). It gives the page a noble authority, but its close-packed, heavy, vertical strokes and easily confused letterforms make words static and rigid and therefore hard to read. Five years later, for the

ad meliora semper proficere facias. ut summi  
regumius solum. gratie superne largitate  
gaudens suscipiat. et misericordie tue mu-  
no ab hostium aduersitate undiq; munus.  
plebem sibi commissam cum pace propicia  
onis. et uirtute uictorie regere mereatur per

inducit. Aristoteles magister omnium idem  
plane & aperte asserere & confirmare non du-  
bitauit quem porfirius in eandem sententia  
secutus est sed & quosdam antiquiores & ce-  
leberrimos uiros. hoc idem sensisse constat. na  
& commemoratus hermes ex duabus diuer

1. Textura. From a French manuscript of 1365

2. Renaissance script. From a Florentine manuscript of 1455

Catholicon, he used a far less impressive type with weak characterless letterforms, but it was small like a modern book and the shapes of the letters were round, open and legible.

Textura was one of the last monuments of the Middle Ages. In Italy the Renaissance awakened a new demand for the writings of classical authors. Before the invention of printing these had been transcribed from manuscripts of the twelfth century and earlier, written in late Carolingian minuscule. The fifteenth-century scribes mistook this for the bookhand of Rome and enthusiastically modelled their own script upon Carolingian. In their writing we at once recognize the model on which the first roman types were based. The letters are round, open, clear, sane and secular, and are known as Humanistic Book Script (fig. 2). In contrast to the awesome blackness of Textura, with its close-packed vertical strokes of similar shape, the Italian manuscript books are light and graceful, with plenty of white space between the words and lines. Even more important, the letters themselves are perfectly distinct shapes, well formed and regular, with the minuscule serifs carefully shaped to correspond with those of the capital letters. These serifs are not easily made by the pen, and owe their shape to the imitation of serifs on carved roman capitals.

### 1460, Subiaco and Rome

Printing was brought to Italy, the artistic and commercial centre of the Renaissance, by Germans, and Gutenberg's typography is reflected in the early Roman types of the 1460s. By 1465, Sweynheim and Pannartz at Subiaco were using Roman shapes expressed in gothic terms, with pen-made forms dominating strokes and serifs of capitals and lower case. The letters are rather condensed in shape and set close, giving the page a dark appearance.

On moving to Rome in 1467 the German printers cut a new type which had no gothic characteristics. It became known soon afterwards simply as roman type and was thus differentiated from gothic. It was imitated elsewhere in Italy and abroad. Though imperfect in design and roughly made it was recognized as a type of the new age.

### 1470, Venice and Nicholas Jenson (fig. 3)

Among the Venetian printers, however, the great merits of the new letter were not at once victorious: although roman was thought appropriate for classical texts, gothic was used for liturgical, legal and vernacular works. The finest early Venetian version of the roman letter was cut by the Frenchman Nicholas Jenson. Even Jenson returned to gothic typography, though the two styles seem to us totally different in appearance and association: one, the dark, constricted, highly formalized expression of the Middle Ages: the other, an open, freely-drawn product of the Renaissance.

3. **Venetian.** Cicero *Epistolae*. da Spira, Venice 1469
4. **Italian Old Face.** Francesco Colonna *Hyperotomachia Poliphili*. Aldus Manutius, Venice 1499
5. **French Old Face.** Francesco Colonna *Hyperotomachia Poliphili*. Jacques Kerver, Paris 1546
6. **Dutch Old Face.** Salmasius *Pliny*. Utrecht 1689

3 dictuꝝ. Prēdimus eum non modo non fecit: sed cum et posset rem impedire: si ut numeraret postularer tac assensus est qui & locutus honorifice nō decreuerat si ad hos Fauonius accessit. Quare pro cuiusq; natura & agendꝝ: his q̄ tantū uolūtātē ostēderunt pro sententia nō pugnarūt. Curioni uero q̄ de suay actionū cursu Furuius & Lentulus ut debuerūt quasi eoy res esset: et laborarūt. Balbi quoq; Cornelii operam & sedulitat cum Curione uehementer locutus est: & eum si aliter

4 arato di ornamenti, & di pompe, & sumptuosi uestimē & culto, piu che regio, cum exquisitissimo exornato p̄ nēte uenerante, di tenera, & florentissima ætatula q̄ iu- he, cum uirginei allectabuli, & cœlesti, & illustri aspe- & cum decentissimo famulatio obsequio se tute se dapati nte tute le thereutice pastophore, pyrgophore, & le anti- deuano, cum trophæi di militare decoramenti in hasta positi, cum la thoraca dil furiale Pyroente, cum laltre

5 pelle melle en troupe, ainsy que chacun se trouuoit. des personages, & le son des instrumens, haultzbois, & chalemies, estoient si grans, qu'il sembloit que l'air de felicité uiuoient les bienheureux en tout soulas & p & suyuant les triumphes, parmy les beaux champs, fleurs de toutes les couleurs, odeurs, & saueurs qu'il el aromatisantes que toutes les sortes d'espices que natu (certes) plus belles que nulle peinture: & sans iamais

6 cipere possent, provincia abieris. Nihil itac aut antiquius esse duximus *vir Nobilissime & sime*, quam sedulo curare, ut tamen opus communibus typis nostris descriptum, & si nomine, materiæque gravitate Te dignum i fronte Tuum referret nomen. Hoc uero, c bi sistimus, esse quis negabit? Tibi strenuioi fii laudes explicare si aggredieremur, de no

#### 1495, Venice. The classic typeface takes shape (fig. 4)

Fourteen years after Jenson's death a new roman appeared, also in Venice, which attracted little notice after the sixteenth century until quite recently, in the 1920s, when Stanley Morison supervised the revival and recutting of historic types at the Monotype Corporation. In 1495 the great Renaissance publisher Aldus Manutius brought out a book with a new design of capitals. Though roughly cut, they blended a good deal better with the lower case than the obtrusive capitals of Jenson's roman. Later the same year Aldus published Bembo's *De Aetna*, using the same capitals but with a new lower case cut by his great punch-cutter Francesco Griffo of Bologna.

The Aldine roman is the archetype of the forms which during the sixteenth century established their ascendancy over gothic throughout Europe. The quality of Aldine roman was due to the imagination and judgement of Francesco Griffo; and Aldus as an accurate scholar and highly successful publisher became valued and imitated internationally. It was this success which made his stylistic innovations so influential.

*N*ulla mora, ad nutus diuæ tremefactus Apollo  
*C*onstitit, atque oculis late agmina circumscepit,  
*E*t subito insidias sensit, peditemque retraxit,  
*Q*uem contra impulerat dextra impiger. atque periclo  
*R*eginam eripuit. tum Maia Atlantide cretus  
*L*ittoreum caueæ confessum uocibus implet,  
*R*eginam captam ingeminans. fremit undique turba

7. **Italic.** *Vida de Arte Poetica*. Arrighi, Rome 1527

A further achievement of Aldus was the invention of italic, derived from the cursive script developed during the fifteenth century in Florence and in the Papal Chancery at Rome. Pocket classics with their whole text printed in compressed, sloping lower case and upright capitals appeared soon after 1500. They were an immediate success, chiefly because of their scholarly accuracy, and their low cost; the latter was partly due to economies in paper which the new type form made possible. But the Aldine italic (several versions of which were cut by Francesco Griffo) for all its technical mastery has not been followed by later designers. It is rather cramped, and a whole book in it must have been almost painful to read. Few books were printed with italic texts after 1550.

Modern italics are carefully designed for use as an auxiliary alphabet, closely associated with their romans. They are mainly based on type derived from scribes such as Arrighi (himself also a type designer: see fig. 7) and Tagliente, or upon the italics cut by Robert Granjon in the late sixteenth century.

#### **1540, France** (fig. 5)

During the second quarter of the sixteenth century the leadership in typographic design moved to France. Books produced by the Estiennes, Geoffrey Tory, Simon de Colines, Jean de Tournes and Jacques Kerver were of such magnificence and distinction that their epoch became known as the Golden Age of French typography. The page became lighter and more brilliant and the illustrations and borders of printer's flowers had a new delicacy and sophistication.

The new roman type established during these years was primarily the work of the great type-cutter and founder Claude Garamond. In his early years he based his designs on Griffo's roman and Arrighi's italic. About 1530 he set up as an independent type founder and during the 1540s cut several roman fonts of type which set a style for European printers for a century. The letter was still Aldine but with a new grace and civilized assurance.

#### **1680, The Netherlands and England** (fig. 6)

The success of Garamond's types in his own day (and now) can be attributed to their technical excellence, as much as to their noble design. They were used throughout Europe, as Garamond and his follower Granjon were pioneer exporters of punches and matrices to printers who could not afford to employ their own type-cutters. The great seventeenth-century publishers of the Netherlands used French types before they developed their own robust workaday versions. Christopher van Dijck and Bartholomaeus and Dirk Voskens, working as freelance punch-cutters during the middle of the seventeenth century, cut some of the finest types of this kind. By the end of the century, the Dutch style was universally accepted.

William Caslon, the first British type-founder to satisfy the growing demand from British printers, followed the Dutch model in his splendid roman started in 1725. This type met with immediate and enduring success not only because of its inherent merits, but because it supplied British printers with type where formerly they had to import it. Caslon met their needs so satisfactorily for most of the eighteenth century that changes in style were slow to make any impact. In spite of the typographical innovations of Baskerville and F A Didot, Caslon remained 'the' roman for most British printers until well into the nineteenth century.

Caslon marks the end of the first stage of type development, during which the roman alphabet of caps, lower case and italic gradually established itself as the

standard means of expression for the printed word in Europe. The changes of form in these letters show how designers for more than two hundred years and in different countries made the alphabet respond to their wishes, and the needs of their times.

Insofar as it throws light on a changing world, one might suggest that Aldus supplied Renaissance intellectuals, Garamond, French noblemen, and the Dutch printers, the rising mercantile classes. But the variations are changes in emphasis only, and the line of development from Griffo to Caslon is unbroken.

#### **1700, France. A new approach to old forms** (fig. 8)

A radical change in emphasis was made in France at the end of the seventeenth century. An exclusive Royal roman was cut by Philippe Grandjean for Louis XIV. It was based on the Academy's model roman, a cold mathematically-drawn alphabet. The result on the printed page was a haughty brilliance appropriate to its purpose.

#### **1750, England** (fig. 9)

Although intended to be exclusive to the Imprimerie Royale, the new roman was copied, and its character influenced designers of the eighteenth century, including the first original contributor to type design in England, John Baskerville. He had little commercial success in his lifetime though versions of his types are among the most popular book faces today. He was a Birmingham jannener, a letter-cutter and a writing master, and in his roman of 1754 these disciplines were reflected in magnificently controlled, generously proportioned letterforms. It is an original design of great distinction, which echoes the architecture of the Augustan Age in its serenity and masculinity.

Baskerville made a number of important innovations in ink and papermaking and printing. Passing wove paper through hot copper cylinders produced a smooth white surface that showed off the black type magnificently. He also developed a new open typographic style with wide margins and leading between lines. This gave the page an austere brilliance. Instead of illustration, the letters decorate the pages.

#### **1790, Britain** (fig. 10)

The trends in letter design developed by Baskerville were taken a stage further by William Martin and Richard Austin at the end of the century. Fry's Baskerville, Bell and Scotch Roman are designs which accentuate the sharpness of Baskerville's roman. Whereas Baskerville's type shows his background as a writing master and letter-cutter, his followers' work is very much the product of the engraving tool and matches the woodcuts and copper plates of the illustrators of the time.

8. **Early Transitional.** Académie des inscriptions et belles lettres *Les Médailles des principaux événements du règne de Louis XIV.* Imprimerie Royale, Paris 1702
9. **Transitional.** John Baskerville *Preface to Milton.* Birmingham 1758
10. **Late Transitional.** Goldsmith *Poems.* William Bulmer, London 1795
11. **Modern.** Horace *Works.* G Bodoni, Parma 1791

8 année, étant reparti de Brest mieux accompagné de l'Isle de Tabago, au commencement de D s'approcha de la Place, & la fit attaquer. Il y considérable, & on ne doutoit point que le Sié fement le second jour du siège, la troisième ba sur le magasin à poudres, y mit le feu, & fit Vice-Amiral Hollandois, quinze Officiers, &

9 *man* and *Italic* are all I have hitherto ed; if in these he has left room for i ment, it is probably more owing to tha which divided his attention, than to a cause. I honor his merit, and only derive some small share of Reputatio

10 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor Against the houseless stranger shuts the door Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies, A weary waste, expanding to the skies; Where-e'er I roam, whatever realms to see,

11 Tentaris numeros. Vt melius, quidquid erit, pat Seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam Quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare Tyrrhenum; sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit in Aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula post

#### 1800. France, Italy, Germany (fig. 11)

European admiration for Baskerville's typography resulted in a design at the turn of the century which heralded a new age. The types of Didot, Bodoni and, later, Walbaum concentrated on brilliant contrast and striking effect. They were types designed to impress the eye. The fine hairlines and the abrupt and exaggerated changes from thick to thin demanded careful handling, a sophisticated printing technique and smoother paper of the highest quality; given these the new style was certainly astonishing.

The letters themselves are beautifully designed shapes drawn with sophisticated and rather aristocratic taste. They were, however, the expression of the French revolution as much as of fine neo-classical printing and the Napoleonic empire. But letters which have no reference to written forms tend to lack the subtle rhythms of a good text face. The brilliance and novelty of the new design led to its wide use for general printing throughout the nineteenth century, but its inherent weaknesses and the declining standards of the printing industry resulted eventually in a miserable grey mediocrity.

#### 1820, Britain and the Industrial Revolution

The first truly original design of advertising type appeared in 1817 when Vincent Figgins brought out a form with slab serifs and sledgehammer even weight. It has been described as a typical expression of an age which saw *The Times* being produced on a steam press (in 1814). Letters were no longer mere symbols for sounds but abstract shapes of compelling power which could not be ignored. This new typography, which relied on a single word to get the attention of the passer-by, demanded impact rather than legibility from the typeface.

Clearly, such forceful, even brutal, shapes have little to do with bookwork, certainly not as text types (though they have their uses for chapter headings or title pages). But from 1930 onwards, lighter versions of these slab-serifed forms have been developed which are sympathetic for books on certain subjects, such as architecture. The trend in the design of these text weights has been from the almost pure geometry of Rockwell, to more subtle shapes which hold together better in lines of text. Usually, several weights of bold are also provided, sometimes also condensed versions.

#### 1840, Britain

In the 1840s the harshness of the slab-serifed forms was softened. Capitals and lower case were better proportioned, the serifs bracketed and the exaggeration toned down. These types, known as clarendons or ionics, had a very great success and still have, but their greatest importance today lies in the use they are put to in their smaller sizes. Their 'normal' looking yet solid and open shapes make them excellent for rough printing on poor quality paper, and most faces

for printing the text of newspapers (as well as faces for 'old generation' type-writers) are of this form. Their original usage included punchy display work, but they were also employed for an entirely new concept: the bold text type. Providing more emphasis than italic, this was used to pick out important words and phrases within text, as well as for subheadings.

Except as headings, the bolder clarendons have little place in bookwork today, and are unlikely to be used where great refinement or elegance is required. But the lighter forms, being clearly and strongly drawn, are popular for children's books.

### 1820 onwards. Britain, Germany, USA

By far the most significant of these nineteenth-century types made a modest first appearance in 1816 when the first sans-serif specimen was put out by the Caslon foundry. The new design looks timid and rather ungainly and was probably intended for sub-headings and short lines of text under the shadow of punchier types. For some time it was used in this way and was available in caps only. By the 1830s lower case forms were in use in Germany, and soon afterwards in the USA, but not widely in Britain until the 1870s. By the end of the century every founder had a full range of grotesques (as sans-serif type had come to be known) ranging from light to ultra bold, condensed to expanded. This weight range was the greatest strength of the design.

Grotesques were devised for display and jobbing work. The idea of using them in bookwork would have appalled publishers and readers. It sometimes still does. But, unlike romans, grotesques could be designed in every imaginable way, capable of use in the most varied circumstances. The brash and bullying letterforms have now been tamed, particularly during the second half of the twentieth century, and many eminently readable and subtle designs have been introduced. Particular care has been taken to create letterforms which hold together well as text.

Mild inconsistencies between letters of the same alphabet frequently gave the Victorian forms a characteristic vigour. There was no desire for the methodical and rational approaches so prevalent in the twentieth century. Today's designers strain to create ever greater regularity and conformity between the letters of any one alphabet, and also to achieve greater family likeness between the different weights of a type style. Even Helvetica, widely considered the ultimate classic grotesque when introduced in 1951, has undergone refinement.

12 & 13. Two advertisements from the Museum of English Rural Life, University of Reading, show the kind of work for which the new display types were designed. Here, egyptians and fat faces (grossly emboldened moderns) rule supreme. Both 1826.

14. Playbill of c.1880. Some of the vigour has given way to fussy and inventive decoration, but clarendons, egyptians and grotesques still command attention, in usage far removed from bookwork.

12

**ON SALE**  
AT  
**Woodburn & Jackson's,**  
**IRISH**  
**BUTTER,**  
**TAR, &**  
**Sheep Salve.**

Ulverston, October 4th, 1826.

[J. Soulbey, Printer, Market-place, Ulverston.]

13

**FOR 12 DAYS ONLY.**  
**SYKES'S HYDROMETER.**  
**J. DAVIS,**  
**WORKING OPTICIAN,**  
*From Glasgow, Late of London,*  
Respectfully solicits the patronage of the Inhabitants of **ULVERSTON** and its Vicinity,  
and begs to inform them that he has taken the  
**SHOP lately occupied by Mr. George Parker,**  
**(OPPOSITE THE SUN INN, MARKET STREET)**  
WHERE HE HAS ON HAND A  
**Large & very Valuable Assortment**  
of  
Telescopes, Microscopes, Opera, Reading, Hand, Claude Lorraine, and Eye Glasses;  
Mariners' Compasses, Sextants, Quadrants, Camera Obscuras, and Lucifers, Diagram  
& Landscape Mirrors, Thermometers, Barometers, Storm Glasses, Spirit Levels, Magnets,  
new improved Folding Eye Glasses, Patent Kaleidoscopes, Instrument Cases, Measuring  
Tapes, Ivory and Box Rules, Sun Dials, Globes, Pantographs, Prisms, Air Pumps, Theodolites,  
Electrifying Machines, new improved Phantasmagoria, Magic Lantern with  
Copper-plate Sliders &c. &c.  
**HIS IMPROVED SPECTACLES,**  
*In Gold, Silver, and Tortoise Shell Mountings.*  
**A Large Assortment of Birds' Eyes**  
ULVERSTON, JUNE 2nd, 1826.  
J. SOULBEY, PRINTER, MARKET-PLACE, ULVERSTON.

At No Place in the World can so many Sights be Seen

# SIX WEEKS' EASTER Carnival.

At No Place in the World can so many Sights be Seen

Everything ON THIS Programme

IS

FREE with ADMISSION

1s. Children 6d.

ROYAL

# AQUARIUM.

The following Programme is subject to Alteration.

- DOORS OPEN 9 a.m.**
- 9 a.m. **The Fisheries** Free
- 10 a.m. On the Great Central Stage  
TO 11 **ONE HOUR'S VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT** Free  
Comical Conjuring, &c, including the FLORADOR  
Eccentric Legmania Knockabouts, & De Costa, Conjuror.
- 11 a.m. On the Great Central Stage  
to 12 noon **1 Hour's Entertainment** Free  
VENTRILOQUIAL & VARIETIES.
- 12 noon On the Great Central Stage **Free**  
12 noon **The Celebrated Bertinis** Free  
Musical Knife Grinders and Eccentrics.
- 12.10 **MONS. T. FOSTER & DOGS,** Free  
In Celebrated Contortionist Act, and
- 12.30 **Card Playing and Performing Dogs.** Free  
THE SISTERS COUSINS,  
Serio-Duettists and Quick Change Dancers.
- 12.35 **WILLIAM DOWNES,** Free  
Original Automatic Dwarf Comedian
- 12.45 **ORVILLE PITCHER** Free  
Original Black Stump Orator  
Serio-Comic and Instrumentalist.
- 12.55 **Mons. & Mdlle. TREWAR,** Free  
Celebrated Continental Jugglers & Hat Spinners.
- 1.50 to 1.50 **Grand ORGAN RECITAL** Free  
Organist—Mr. J. Mortimer Dudman.
- 1.30 **BEAR WRESTLING,** Free  
By Prof. Linderman.  
Australian Light Weight Champion.
- 1.40 **Prof. CROSS, Laughable Phrenological Lecture** Free  
Great
- 2 to 5 **CENTRAL STAGE PERFORMANCES** FREE
- 2.0 **The Royal Aquarium Full Orchestra,** Free  
Conductor—CAVRE. DEL BONO.
- 2.5 **THE THREE OTTOS** Free  
FUN AND MISCHIEF.
- 2.15 **CLIVETTE** Free  
Premier Juggler will conclude his Extraordinary Per-

## 1916, England. 1927, Germany. A return to fundamentals

In their quest for the rainbow gold of ultimate perfection, twentieth century designers tried new approaches to serif-less letters. One, characteristically German, relied on geometry. Another, characteristically English, relied on tradition. In both cases, letterforms were pared down to their basic skeleton: a 'return to fundamentals' characteristic of the period.

These new versions were designed to avoid the exuberance of nineteenth-century forms, but none made very satisfactory text types. Of the German geometric school, Paul Renner's Futura of 1927 was one of the first, and the best. Its strict geometry and intellectual basis, while avoiding Victorian waywardness, was subtly modified by sensitivity and feeling.

Of the English humanistic sans, Johnston's Railway Type of 1916, designed for London Underground, was the first. Important but somewhat clumsy, it was never intended for text setting. Its originality lies in its proportions, which were based on classical letterforms, not Victorian grotesques. Gill's sans-serif of 1928 was a far subtler and more refined development. Both designs were basically serifed letters, stripped of their serifs, and made more or less monoline.

Both Futura and Gill Sans were very successful, eventually fathering enormous families of weights and variations. Futura (but not Gill Sans) was widely travestied by inferior and insensitive adaptations.

## 1890 onwards. England and the private presses

The deterioration of bookwork in the nineteenth century provoked William Morris to found the Kelmscott Press in 1891. Dedicated to reviving the highest standards of printing, it led Morris to experiment with paper, ink and binding as well as commissioning illustrations from Burne-Jones and engraving rich borders. Morris also drew two original typefaces: Golden, inspired by Jenson's roman, and Chaucer (also named Troy in a larger size), based on fourteenth-century German manuscript forms. Neither type nor typography bears much relationship to modern practice, but Morris's achievements earned him devoted disciples whose own private press work at length forced the printing trade to improve standards.

These private presses also commissioned new type designs. Some of the best were later acquired by Monotype or Linotype, and developed for machine setting. The quality of these text types influenced entirely new designs commissioned by the two firms themselves, introduced in parallel with the re-worked classic faces produced by Monotype under Stanley Morison. Unlike those revivals, the new designs show no direct influence of any particular historical example. This less 'revivalist' approach has been even more prevalent since the advent of filmsetting. However, national characteristics – for instance, the living calligraphic tradition in Germany – are sometimes evident in the designs.

The abundance of systems devised to force type styles into meaningful groups indicates that none is totally satisfactory. We have chosen the traditional historical approach as being more useful to designers attempting to match typeface to period or atmosphere.

Type names without brackets indicate modern designs directly reflecting historical forms.

Type names within brackets indicate those partially influenced by historical forms.

1470	<b>Venetian</b> Gradual change from thick to thin strokes; oblique stress; serifs strong and steeply sloped (those on caps having almost no brackets, those on lower case almost only brackets). M has serifs on the inside, e has small eye with oblique bar.	Italian Old Style Kennerley	(Guardi)
1495	<b>Italian Old Face</b> Calligraphic stress; thicks and the triangular bracketed serifs at an oblique angle. Letter width narrower than Venetian, with round forms generally oval. Close fitting. Open counters, fairly long ascenders and descenders. Cap height slightly less than ascenders. Crossbar of e high and horizontal.	Bembo Poliphilus	(Albertina) (Palatino) (Aldus) (Spectrum) (Berling) (Goudy Old Style)
1540	<b>French Old Face</b> Based on the Italian types. Balance of capitals, lower case and italic more fully harmonised. Gradual smooth transition from stem to serif. More rounded triangular serifs.	Garamond Granjon	(Galliard) (Sabon)
1680	<b>Dutch Old Face</b> Somewhat weightier than French old face, with bigger body to lower case letters. Stress and serifs basically as previous old faces. Sprightly and sometimes irregular italic.	Ehrhardt Janson Janson Text	Plantin Van Dijck (Caslon 540) (Imprint) (Times)
1700	<b>Early Transitional</b> Strong vertical emphasis, fairly abrupt change from thick to thin. Flat unbracketed serifs. Caps and ascenders of equal height.	Fournier	
1750	<b>Transitional</b> Generously proportioned. Round letters approaching circular. Softer forms than early transitional, but more contrast between thicks and thins than in old face designs. Generally vertical stress. Rounded serifs slightly angled, slightly bracketed.	Baskerville	
1790	<b>Late Transitional</b> Sharper, more contrasting forms than classic transitional. Vertical stress, giving letters generally a condensed appearance. Horizontal bracketed serifs, tapered and pointed.	Bell Caledonia Modern Extended	Modern Wide Scotch Roman Scotch 2

1800	<b>Modern</b> Strong contrast between thicks and hairline thins, giving extreme vertical stress. Horizontal unbracketted serifs. Caps same height as ascenders. Round letters circular in their outer shapes.		<b>Bodoni</b>	Walbaum	(Basilia Haas)		
1820	<b>Egyptian</b> Often little or no weight difference between strokes normally thick or thin, although bolder weights force greater variations. Slab, rectangular serifs, no bracketting. Letter widths more regular than in classic text types. Weight ranges from ultra bold to thin.		<b>Calvert</b> Egyptian 505	<b>Glypha</b> Rockwell	<b>Serifa</b>		
1820	<b>Grotesque</b> An egyptian without serifs. Letter widths more regular than in classic text types. Originally monoline in construction, but extreme weights force more contrast. Often rich somewhat irregular forms. Weight ranges from ultra bold to thin.		<b>Akzidenz-Grotesk</b> <b>Franklin Gothic</b> <b>Grotesque 215</b> <b>Helvetica</b>		<b>Univers</b> <b>Video</b>		
1840	<b>Clarendon</b> Originally bold in weight. Strong bracketted serifs with rounded or square-cut tips. Often very rich forms in their bolder versions, with distinct contrast between thicks and thins, though can be almost monoline.		<b>Century Expanded</b> <b>Century Schoolbook</b>		<b>Clarion</b> <b>Ionic</b>		
1916	<b>Sans Serif</b> Serif-less letter of classical proportions. Often geometric or semi-geometric in construction, and virtually monoline.		<b>Futura</b>	<b>Gill Sans</b>	<b>Optima</b>		
<b>Twentieth-century romans</b> not conforming to any particular grouping							
1925	Horley Old Style	1952	Melior	1969	Concorde	1981	Berkeley Old Style
				1969	Lectura	1981	Breughel
1929	Perpetua	1956	Trump Medieval	1971	Photina	1982	Old Style S
				1971	Rotation	1984	Versailles
1930/58	Joanna	1957	Meridien	1972	Iridium	1988	Calisto
1934/53	Pilgrim	1963/75	Octavian	1974	Orion	1990	Ellington
1937	Pegasus	1964	Apollo	1977	Zapf International		
1937	Stempel Schadow	1967	Cartier				

RIGHT  
*The Holy Bible*  
Cambridge 1763  
printed by John Baskerville  
(title page)  
reduced from approx 500 mm deep

OPPOSITE  
Benjamin Kennedy  
*Public School Latin Grammar*  
London 1900  
actual size

Baskerville's title page is so grand and commanding that criticism of any kind seems impertinent. However, appearance has ridden roughshod over utility in that the design hardly reflects the sense of the words. Do we need twelve punctuation marks? The only necessary one is in MAJESTY'S. We certainly do not need so many sizes of roman, and the use of caps, small caps and italic is somewhat willful. But what splendour!

Kennedy's Latin Grammar is shown not just to contrast the ugly with the beautiful but to introduce the subject of the following pages. Here can be seen a host of typographic problems unsuccessfully tackled. The result is clumsy and repellent with mean line spacing and type size, bad word spacing, and letter spacing used in an unhappy attempt at emphasis. But the problem was daunting and the quantity of information packed in is horribly impressive.

THE  
*Holy Bible*  
CONTAINING THE  
OLD TESTAMENT  
AND

*THE NEW:*

Translated out of the

*Original Tongues,*

AND

With the former TRANSLATIONS  
Diligently Compared and Revifed,

*By His MAJESTY'S Special Commiand.*

APPOINTED TO BE READ IN CHURCHES.

C A M B R I D G E,

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE, Printer to the UNIVERSITY.

M DCC LXIII.

CUM PRIVILEGIO

'The history of printing', said Stanley Morison 'is in large measure the history of the title page'. The title page is generally regarded as *the* major challenge, where book designers display their higher skills. Accordingly, accounts of book design invariably focus on them and other decorative material such as jackets, bindings and illustrations, while the far more important and demanding problems of textual presentation so woefully mismanaged in the Latin grammar shown here are largely or entirely ignored. The following pages are a brief attempt at addressing this subject.

This is not a treatise on book design and certainly not a history. We deal here only with a few basic principles of textual articulation. By illustrating some successful (and a few unsuccessful) solutions, we hope the reader will wish to extrapolate the results as guidance in solving *his* or her problems.

The pages chosen (which incidentally show a large range of types in use) are from a wide variety of books covering over five hundred years of printing; from private presses or limited editions to 'trade' books and paperbacks. Some of the solutions, created within a scheme of things no longer entirely valid, may be of little direct help, but outmoded styles and conventions can sometimes clarify our own viewpoint.

Until the mid-nineteenth century, book printers had little choice in the type they used – although much could be achieved with ingenuity, as Baskerville's title page shows. Today, overwhelmed by choice, we can play all kinds of tunes with our types, sing in innumerable voices. Modern equipment also allows us to mix (economically) styles and sizes in text setting as never before. The books we illustrate on the following pages play many tunes, in many voices, and will, we hope, suggest ways of exploiting the unprecedented riches of filmsetting; although our choice is largely governed by a belief that good book design, acting as a conduit between author and reader, should exhibit an engineering-style elegance, with neat, clean and economical solutions to problems, and elimination of unnecessary fuss.

We begin with the handling of straightforward text, and various special editorial requirements. The particular problems of poetry and plays are examined, then information typography, including the use of symbols. Following this we look at type in relation to illustrations and diagrams. Finally we show developments in this century: the Bauhaus (and other) rethinking, and progress towards the integrated spread.

Today, many people are involved in the creation of a successful book. Author, publisher, publisher's editor, typesetter, originator and printer, possibly an illustrator or photographer or picture researcher, possibly a cartographer: all must play their part. It is often left to the designer, however, to provide what John Lewis has called 'a guiding intelligence'. And without this, no book can be respected as a piece of book making.

A. α) ὄ β) ἴ γ) ἔ δ) ἰ ε) ἄ, ὠ, ἰν, τί, ὠ, ῥι.

## II. C.

**C** is a stable suffix, denoting Individuality in Substantives: Permanent Condition or Relation in Adjectives. Often, however, the individuality or condition denoted is of a disparaging kind: as in senex, senec-io, cimex, culex, pulex; caecus, flaccus, luscus, mancus, truncus, &c. So in **c-ulo** **c** is diminutive, but in **c-undo** it denotes permanent activity.

S. α) οἶ ἰο β) οῦ οἶο ἰοῦ τίοῦ γ) ἄc οc δ) ἰc ἰcō  
ε) ἄcō.

A. α) οῦ ἰcō τίcō ἰcō β) ἄc ἰc ἰcō γ) ἄcō ἄcō

## Adjectives:

- α) **ὄ**: *V.* fid-us, *faithful*; viv-us, *alive* . . . with Cpp. naufrāg-us, *shipwrecked*; profug-us, *fugitive* . . . *D.* re-us, *accused*; nov-us, *new*; me-us, tu-us, su-us . . .  
β) **ἴ**: is; qui-s; qui; iug-is . . . Cpp. bimar-is . . .  
γ) **ἔ**: *D.* implying 'Formed of': aur-eus, *golden*; argent-eus, *of silver*; 'Exhibiting': lūt-eus, *muddy*; lūt-eus, *of deep yellow*; 'Belonging to': virgin-eus, *maiden*, *maidentlike*, &c.  
*Note.*—**ἔ** represents Gr. εἶος, Pythagor-ēus, El-ēus, *of Elis*.  
δ) **ἰ**: *D.* imply generally 'Having the quality' of, or 'Belonging to': mart-ius, patr-ius, reg-ius, pluv-ius, &c. &c.; some Cpp. egreg-ius, exim-ius. Aer-ius, aether-ius are Greek, having the sense of L. ēūs. Alius, Gr. ἄλλος=al-yus; medius, Gr. μέσος=med-yus; **ἰ** being **l**-consonans. Add plebe-ius=plebe-yus.  
ε) **ἄ**: *V.* with some in **ῥο**, **ἰν**, chiefly *V.*, may imply 'Active quality': contig-uus, *adjoining*; contin-uus, &c.; gna-vus, *knowing*; proter-vus, *frolicsome*; sae-vus, *raging*, &c.; noc-uus or noc-ivus, *hurtful*, &c.; or may have Passive use; divid-uus, *parted*; ingen-uus, *freeborn*; mut-uus, *exchanged* (between two persons or parties), *mutual*; relic-uus, *left*; rig-uus, irrig-uus, *watered*; vid-uus, *widowed*; ca-vus, *hollow*; sal-vus *safe*; adopt-ivus, *chosen*, *adoptive*; especially those in **l-ἰν**, having the Supine or participial suffix **t**: captivus, *captured*; festivus, *festive*; fugi-tivus, na-tivus, praeroga-tivus, vo-tivus, &c. &c. Aes-tivus, *of summer*, supposes a verb aedēre (Gr. αἰθ-), *to heat*; tempe-s-tivus, *seasonable*, is abnormal; mor-tuus (=mor-tivus), *dead*; aun-uus is a rare Denom.; mens-truus seems to be for mens-trius from mensis, *month*. **ῥι**: brevis, Gr. βραχύς; gravis, Sk. *gurus*, Gr. βαρύς; lē-vis, Sk. *laghus*, Gr. ελαχύς, *light*; lē-vis, Gr. λειψός, *smooth*; sua-vis, Sk. *svādus*, Gr. ἡδύς.

## II. C.

## Substantives.

- α) **οἶ**: lanx, merx (faeci-fauci . . .): **ἰc** (ix) *V.* appendix; **ἰc** (ex), *V.* vert-ex, vort-ex, *D.* ram-ex. See pp. 95-6 (most unc.).  
β) **οῦ**: *V.* fū-cus, *hearth*; fū-cus, *drone*; es-ca, *food*, *D.* iuven-cus -ca; **οἶο**, *V.* sola-cium; *D.* un-cia (from unus); **ἰcō**: *D.* vil-īcus, *steward*; vil-īca, *steward's wife*; man-īca, *handcuff*; ped-īca, *fetter*, *springe*, &c.; **ἰcō**, *V.* can-ticum; *D.* viaticum, *provision for journey*.  
γ) *D.* forn-ax, *furnace*; lim-ax, *snail*; cel-ox, *yacht*.  
δ) **ἰc**, p. 96 (most unc. rad-ix, &c.); but *V.* in **tric**, **trix**, Fem. as mere-trix, vic-trix, &c. (see **R**); **ἰcō**: *V.* *D.* mend-īcus, -īcā, *beggar*; lect-īca, *litter*, and others.  
ε) lact-ūca, *lettuce* (some unc.).

## Adjectives.

- α) **οῦ**: *V.* *D.* par-cus, pau-cus, pris-cus, rau-cus, sic-cus, &c. (some unc.): **ἰcō**: most *D.* imply 'Pertaining to': bell-īcus, publ-īcus, &c.; some *V.* med-īcus, *of healing* (as Subst. *physician*). Many Gentilia; Scyth-īcus, &c. **ἰcō**: *D.* rus-ticus, aqua-ticus, &c. *V.* vena-ticus; **ἰcō**: *D.* fame-īcus.  
β) **ἄc**: *V.* imply 'Inclined to', 'Capable of': aud-ax, *daring*; ἔd-ax, *devouring*; fēr-ax, *fruitful*, &c. &c.; **οc**: *V.* 'Inclined to': fēr-ox, *haughty*; vcl-ox, *swift*.  
γ) **ἄcō**: mer-ācus, *pure* (op-ācus, *shady*, unc.); Subst. clo-āca, *sewer* (clu=lu). **ἄcōō**: *D.* 'Consisting of': farr-ācus, *of flour*, and some others.

Baskerville's opening page of Genesis shows careful relationships between the summary (in italic), the main text, and the footnotes, with keys to references, verse numbers and sub-paragraphs discreetly but clearly signalled. Symbols, not numbers, are used to flag the footnotes because these contain so many figures already. But the heading, loose and clumsily-arranged, is further weakened by distracting side notes, including Archbishop Ussher's chronology from the Creation repeated three times. Even taking into account the stylistic conventions of the day, the whole heading area is really rather a mess.

The Nonesuch *Herodotus* consists of main text and a large number of notes and commentary arranged to be read in parallel with it. A double spread displays the main narrative framed on three sides by the notes that decorate the page as well as serving their function. The use of italic for the notes not only creates a different 'colour' but also – because of its condensation – allows an acceptable number of characters within the somewhat narrow columns.

The types Francis Meynell chose were Plantin Light (with specially-cut long ascenders) for the text, and, surprisingly, Perpetua with Felicity italic for the notes.

## THE FIRST

## BOOK OF MOSES,

## CALLED

## GENESIS.

Year before the }  
common Year } 4004  
of CHRIST }  
Julian Period - - 710  
Cycle of the Sun } 10

Cycle of the Moon - 7  
Indiction - - - - 5  
Creat. from Tifii - - 1  
Dominical Letter - B

Before  
CHRIST  
4004.

## CHAP. I.

*1* The creation of heaven and earth, *3* of the light, *6* of the firmament, *9* of the earth separated from the waters, *11* and made fruitful, *14* of the sun, moon, and stars, *20* of fish and fowl, *24* of beasts and cattle, *26* of man in the image of God. *29* Also the appointment of food.

**I**n the <sup>a</sup>beginning <sup>b</sup>God created the heaven and the earth.

<sup>2</sup> And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness *was* upon the face of the deep: <sup>c</sup>and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

<sup>3</sup> ¶ And God said, <sup>d</sup>Let there be light: and there was light.

<sup>4</sup> And God saw the light, that it *was* good: and God divided <sup>e</sup>the light from the darkness.

<sup>5</sup> And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night: <sup>f</sup>and the evening and the morning were the first day.

<sup>6</sup> ¶ And God said, <sup>g</sup>Let there be a <sup>h</sup>firmament in the midst of the waters; and let it divide the waters from the waters.

<sup>7</sup> And God made the firmament; and divided the waters which *were* under the firmament, from the waters which *were* <sup>i</sup>above the firmament: and it was so.

<sup>8</sup> And God called the firmament Heaven: and the evening and the morning were the second day.

<sup>9</sup> ¶ And God said, <sup>j</sup>Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry-land appear: and it was so.

<sup>10</sup> And God called the dry-land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that *it was* good.

<sup>11</sup> ¶ And God said, Let the earth bring forth <sup>k</sup>grass, the herb yielding seed, *and* the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed *is* in it *self*, upon the earth: and it was so.

<sup>12</sup> And the earth brought forth grass, *and* herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed *was* in it *self*, after his kind: and God saw that *it was* good.

<sup>13</sup> And the evening and the morning were the third day.

<sup>14</sup> ¶ And God said, Let there be <sup>l</sup>lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide <sup>m</sup>the day from the night: and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years.

<sup>15</sup> And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth: and it was so.

<sup>16</sup> And God made two great lights; the greater light <sup>n</sup>to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: *he made* <sup>o</sup>the stars also.

<sup>17</sup> And God set them in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth;

<sup>18</sup> And to <sup>p</sup>rule over the day, and over the night, and to divide the light from the darkness: and God saw that *it was* good.

<sup>19</sup> And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

<sup>20</sup> ¶ And God said, <sup>q</sup>Let the waters bring forth abundantly the <sup>r</sup>moving creature that hath <sup>s</sup>life, and <sup>t</sup>¶ fowl *that* may fly above the earth in the <sup>u</sup>open firmament of heaven.

<sup>21</sup> And <sup>v</sup>God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that *it was* good.

<sup>22</sup> And God blessed them, saying, <sup>w</sup>Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth.

<sup>23</sup> And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

<sup>24</sup> ¶ And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so.

<sup>25</sup> And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that *it was* good.

<sup>26</sup> ¶ And God said, <sup>x</sup>Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and <sup>y</sup>let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

<sup>27</sup> So God created man in his *own* image, <sup>z</sup>in the image of God created he him: <sup>aa</sup>male and female created he them.

<sup>28</sup> And God blessed them, and God said unto them, <sup>ab</sup>Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that <sup>ac</sup>moveth upon the earth.

<sup>29</sup> ¶ And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb <sup>ad</sup>bearing seed, which *is* upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which *is* the fruit of a tree yielding seed: <sup>ae</sup>to you it shall be for meat.

<sup>a</sup> John 1. 1. <sup>b</sup> Psal. 33. 6. & 89. 11, 12. & 102. 25. & 136. 5. & 146. 6. Isa. 44. 24. Jer. 10. 12. & 51. 15. Zech. 12. 1. Ads 14. 15. & 17. 24. Heb. 11. 3. <sup>c</sup> Psal. 33. 6. Isa. 40. 13, 14. <sup>d</sup> 2 Cor. 4. 6. <sup>e</sup> Heb. between the light and between the darkness. <sup>f</sup> Heb. and the evening was, and the morning was, &c. <sup>g</sup> Psal. 136. 5. Jer. 10. 12. & 54. 15. <sup>h</sup> Heb. expansion. <sup>i</sup> Psal. 148. 4. <sup>j</sup> Job 26. 10. & 38. 8. Psal. 33. 7. & 104. 9. & 136. 6. Prov. 8. 29. Jer. 5. 22. <sup>k</sup> Heb. tender grass. <sup>l</sup> Deut. 4. 19. Psal. 136. 7. <sup>m</sup> Heb. between

the day and between the night. <sup>n</sup> Heb. for the rule of the day, &c. <sup>o</sup> Job 38. 7. <sup>p</sup> Jer. 31. 35. <sup>q</sup> 2 Esdr. 6. 47. <sup>r</sup> Or, creeping. <sup>s</sup> Heb. soul. <sup>t</sup> Heb. let fowl fly. <sup>u</sup> Heb. face of the firmament of heaven. <sup>v</sup> Psal. 104. 26. <sup>w</sup> ch. 8. 17. & 9. 1. <sup>x</sup> ch. 5. 1. & 9. 6. Wisd. 2. 23. <sup>y</sup> 1 Cor. 11. 7. Ephes. 4. 24. Col. 3. 10. <sup>z</sup> Psal. 8. 6. <sup>aa</sup> 1 Cor. 11. 7. <sup>ab</sup> ch. 5. 2. Mal. 2. 15. Marth. 19. 4. Mark 10. 6. <sup>ac</sup> ch. 9. 1. <sup>ad</sup> Heb. creepeth. <sup>ae</sup> Heb. feeding seed. <sup>af</sup> ch. 9. 3. Psal. 104. 14. 15.

2 \* 1 ANTIQUITY OF EGYPT  
The priority of Egypt is accepted by Aristotle and Diodorus and most other Greeks, although some upheld the claims of the Ethiopians, the Scythians or the Chaldaeans. Modern scholarship has usually supported Egypt or Sumer (which corresponds to the Greek Chaldaea), but Elam and the Indus valley are other possible sites for the first civilisation, and the few prehistoric remains of Chinese culture indicate a relationship to the Indian.

2 \* 2 BECOS  
The Phrygians spoke an Indo-European language. The word becos, which is authenticated from other Greek sources, should therefore come from the same root as the English «bake». It first appears in Greek in a fragment of Hipponax, who alludes to eating «the becos of the Cypriotes and the pyron of the Amathustians», as though becos were a Cypriote word; but he may be using it as Greek slang, if indeed the text is not corrupt (Strabo, viii. 340; ed. Knox, fr. 81, p. 57 in Edmonds' Loeb edn. of Theophrastus' Characters).

2 \* 3 Hephæstus represents the god whom the Egyptians called Ptah; he was the patron of craftsmen, especially of masons and smiths, because of his creative activities, and thus could be associated with the divine artisan of the Greeks.

3 \* 1 LEARNING OF HELIOPOLIS  
Heliopolis, «City of the Sun», was the Greek name for the city called On or Onu in Egyptian (it is written Ywnw, but the pronunciation is known from transliterations into cuneiform, Hebrew and Greek). It had no importance except as a religious centre, the focus of the principal sun-cult of this period. A hall attached to the temple served as a theological university, somewhat like the mosque of El Azhar at Cairo, and from here came, it was said, the teachers of Pythagoras, Solon, Plato and Eudoxus (Strabo, xvii. 806). The resurrection of ancient religious ideas shows that the priests of the Saite period conducted a certain amount of historical research, but in an uncritical spirit, to judge by confusions and contradictions in their religious texts; their knowledge of the early dynastic religion of Egypt was vague and uncertain. The tone of Egyptian religion had changed; the cult of Isis and Osiris was now supreme and was rapidly absorbing all others, mythology was interpreted symbolically by the philosophic, while the populace relied for salvation upon spells, incantations, magical figures and amulets. The

of discovery: he took two children of the common sort, and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered hut, and from time to time introduce goats to their apartment, see that they got their fill of milk, and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of their room and going in, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distinctly said «Becos». When this first happened the herdsman took no notice; but afterwards when he observed, on coming often to see after them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his lord, and by his command brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he proceeded to make inquiry what people there was who called anything «becos», and hereupon he learnt that «becos» was the Phrygian name for bread.<sup>2</sup> In consideration of this circumstance the Egyptians yielded their claims, and admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians.

That these were the real facts I learnt from the priests of Hephæstus<sup>3</sup> at Memphis. The Greeks, among other foolish tales, relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said their bringing up was such as I have stated above.

decay of mystical religion was balanced in the usual way by a rise of ethical thought; «wisdom literature» developed the moral ideas of the nation to a height previously unparalleled (Peet, Comparative Study of the Literature of Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia, p. 99).

3 \* 2 GODS UNKNOWNABLE  
Literally translated, the sentence runs: «all men know equally about these». It has been argued that Herodotus means that they all have the same beliefs, but if so his con-

struction is very slipshod and his book contains many passages which prove he did not think so. Xenophanes had already expressed the opinion: «Nor is there anyone who knows about the gods». To the Greeks, who had no revealed religion, certainty was both unattainable and unimportant on such matters; the way to please the gods, said the oracle of Delphi, was to follow «the custom of the state».

4 \* 1 CALENDAR  
The Greek calendar was based on lunar months, alternately of twenty-

3 \* 3. I got much other information also from conversation with these priests while I was at Memphis, and I even went to Heliopolis and to Thebes, expressly to try whether the priests of those places would agree in their accounts with the priests at Memphis. The Heliopolitans have the reputation of being the most learned of all the Egyptians.<sup>1</sup> What they told me concerning their religion it is not my intention to repeat, except the names of their deities, for I believe all men know as little about the gods.<sup>2</sup> If I relate anything else concerning them, it will only be when compelled to do so by the course of my narrative.

3 \* 4. Now with regard to mere human matters, the accounts which they gave, and in which all agreed, were the following. The Egyptians, they said, were the first to discover the solar year, and to portion out its course into twelve parts. They obtained this knowledge from the stars. (To my mind they contrive their year much more cleverly than the Greeks, for these last every other year intercalate a whole month, to preserve the seasons, but the Egyptians, dividing the year into twelve months of thirty days each, add every year a space of five days besides, whereby the circuit of the seasons is made to return with uniformity.)<sup>1</sup> The Egyptians, they went on to affirm, first brought into use the names of the twelve gods,<sup>2</sup> which the Greeks adopted from them; and first erected altars, images, and temples to the gods; and also first engraved upon stone the figures of living creatures.<sup>3</sup> In most of these cases they proved to me that what they said was true. And they told me that the first man who ruled over Egypt was Min,<sup>4</sup> and that in his

nine and of thirty days, but as the true length of a lunar month amounts to forty-four minutes and three seconds in excess of twenty-nine and a half days, they were obliged to add an intercalary month at intervals of eight years or so to bring their year into closer conformity with the solar seasons. The Egyptians took a solar calendar which had twelve months of thirty days each, with five extra days, which were added very early in the dynastic period. They thus approximated so closely to the true calendar as to have two complete

extra years in every 1459; they never considered any nearer approximation, even when Ptolemy Euergetes pressed them to accept a system of 365½ days. The Egyptian year began (in theory always, in practice only at these intervals of 1460 years), when Sirius rose immediately before sunrise on the Egyptian horizon (n. on 142). This solar calendar probably came into use in the year 2781 or 2776, at the beginning of a cycle in the Old Kingdom, but the Egyptian temple services, even under the

Middle Kingdom, were ordered on a lunar basis, and the state religious festivals continued so. The people therefore used them as the basis of a second calendar, to get the seasons correct (L. Borchardt, Altägypt. Zeitmessung, 1920; Scharff, Grundzüge der äg. Vorgeschichte, 1927, p. 55, in Morgenland, 12).

4 \* 2 Each religious centre in Egypt had its own theology but they agreed in grouping gods in nines on the basis of the trinity comprised by mother, father and son. Perhaps Herodotus added a fourth trinity to complete his total of twelve, but the gods he enumerates do not fit into any Egyptian grouping.

4 \* 3 PRIORITY OF EGYPTIAN ART  
Some close connection must have existed between the Sumerian part of Mesopotamia and Egypt, from shortly before the unification of the kingdom to the Third Dynasty, to judge by the similarities of their art. Perhaps development proceeded equally in the two countries, under mutual influence, for neither appears plainly as the originator; their early chronology cannot yet be correlated without a possible error of several centuries, but it seems likely that the Third Dynasty may have coincided with the «Royal Tombs» at Ur at approximately 2700, while the earliest Sumerian works of art may date shortly before 3000. Nor has Sumerian art been traced to its primitive essays with the same wealth of examples as remains from predynastic Egypt (Scharff, Grundzüge der äg. Vorgeschichte, 1927; Childe, New Light on the Most Ancient East, 1934; Ill. London News, May 19 and June 9, 1934, pp. 761, 776, 910, 919).

4 \* 4 MIN  
Mena, the Menes of most Greek authors, is usually taken for a legendary figure compounded of two or three different kings, founders of the first dynasty of united Egypt. The name perhaps occurs on a tablet from Naqada (Newberry, in Brunton, Great Ones of Anc. Egypt, 1929, p. 47); it might mean «Firm», and so may have been used by one or more of them as a subsidiary title (for their tombs see Borchardt, Ä.Z. 36, 1898, p. 87; R.L.V. iv, 2, p. 463, pl. 218). The late Egyptian tradition is preserved by Manetho: «The First Dynasty, after the dead demigods, consisted of eight kings, of whom the first was Menes the Thinite; he reigned 62 years and died from a wound received from a hippopotamus».

Plantin's Polyglot Bible shows four related texts and two subsidiary texts clearly and with grave elegance. The woodcut initials decorate the page which is otherwise fairly austere, although the different 'colours' of the text types result in an unusual richness. Verses are flagged within the texts by a pleasantly decorative little device. The column widths are varied in order to accommodate differing lengths of text in the same depth. The vertical rules are designed to marshal the reference numbers and are also reminiscent of the ruled lines in a medieval manuscript bible. The initial capital in the lower text appears high, and there are strange gaps in the Hebrew main text, where verses are indicated, as if to make up the measure. The spaces in the lower texts, however, allow one to find each item easily.

It is interesting to compare this spread with the preceding example – Meynell's Herodotus. Both are virtuoso examples of copyfitting and typesetting of parallel texts; the Polyglot Bible has the additional problem of different languages – and their varied lengths.

ראשית ברא אלהים את השמים ואת הארץ : והארץ היתה תהו ובהו והחשך על פני תהום ורוח אלהים מרחפת על פני המים : ויאמר אלהים יהי אור ויהי אור : וירא אלהים את האור כי טוב ויבדל אלהים בין האור ובין החשך : ויקרא אלהים לאור יום ולחשך קרא לילה ויהי ערב ויהי בקר יום אחד : ויאמר אלהים יהי רקיע בתוך המים ויהי מבדיל בין מים למים : וועש אלהים את הרקיע ויבדל בין המים אשר מתחת לרקיע ובין המים אשר מעל לרקיע ויהי כן : ויקרא אלהים לרקיע שמים ויהי ערב ויהי בקר יום שני : ויאמר אלהים יקוו המים מתחת השמים אל מקום אחד ותראה היבשה ויהי כן : ויקרא אלהים ליבשה ארץ ולמקוה המים קרא ימים וירא אלהים כי טוב : ויאמר אלהים תדשא הארץ דשא עשב מזרע זרע עץ פרי עשה פרי למינו אשר זרעו בועל הארץ ויהי כן : ותוצא הארץ דשא עשב מזרע זרע למיכהו ועץ עשה פרי אשר זרעו בו למינהו וירא אלהים כי טוב : ויהי ערב ויהי בקר יום שלישי : ויאמר אלהים יהי מארת ברקיע השמים להבדיל בין היום ובין הלילה והיו לארת ולמועדים ולמים ושנים : והיו למאורות ברקיע השמים להאיר על הארץ ויהי כן : וועש אלהים את שני המארות הגדלים את המאור הגדל לממשלת היום ואת המאור הקטן לממשלת הלילה ואת הכוכבים : ויתן אתם אלהים ברקיע השמים להאיר על הארץ : ולמשל ביום ובלילה ולהבדיל בין האור ובין החשך וירא אלהים כי טוב : ויהי ערב ויהי בקר יום רביעי : ויאמר אלהים ישרצו המים שרץ נפש חיה ועוף יעופף על הארץ על פני רקיע השמים :



**A**N principio creauit Deus caelum & terra. <sup>2</sup> Terra autem erat inanis & vacua : & tenebrae erant super facie abyssi : & spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquas. <sup>3</sup> Dixitq; Deus, Fiat lux. Et facta est lux. <sup>4</sup> Et vidit Deus lucem quod esset bona : & diuisit lucem à tenebris. <sup>5</sup> Appellauitq; lucem diem, & tenebras nocte. Factumq; est vespere & mane dies vnus. <sup>6</sup> Dixit quoque Deus, Fiat firmamentum in medio aquarum ; & diuidat aquas ab aquis. <sup>7</sup> Et fecit Deus firmamentum, & diuisitq; aquas quae erant sub firmamento, ab his quae erant super firmamentum. Et factum est ita. <sup>8</sup> Vocauitq; Deus firmamentum, caelum : & factum est vespere, & mane dies secundus. <sup>9</sup> Dixit verò Deus, Congregentur aquae quae sub caelo sunt, in locum vnum : & appareat arida. Et factum est ita. <sup>10</sup> Et vocauit Deus arida, terram : congregationeq; aquarum appellauit maria. Et vidit Deus quod esset bonum. <sup>11</sup> Et ait, Germinet terra herbam virentem & facientem semen, & lignum pomiferum faciens fructum iuxta genus suum, cuius semen in semetipso sit super terram. Et factum est ita. <sup>12</sup> Et protulit terra herbam virentem, & facientem semen iuxta genus suum, lignumq; faciens fructum, & habens vnumquodq; sementem secundum speciem suam. Et vidit Deus quod esset bonum. <sup>13</sup> Et factum est vespere & mane dies tertius. <sup>14</sup> Dixit autem Deus, Fiant luminaria in firmamento caeli ; & diuidant diem ac noctem ; & sint in signa & tempora & dies & annos : <sup>15</sup> Vt luceat in firmamento caeli, & illuminent terram. Et factum est ita. <sup>16</sup> Fecitq; Deus duo luminaria magna : luminare maius, vt praesset diei : & luminare minus, vt praesset nocti : & stellas. <sup>17</sup> Et posuit eas Deus in firmamento caeli, vt luceret super terram. <sup>18</sup> Et praesent diei ac nocti, & diuiderent lucem ac tenebras. Et vidit Deus quod esset bonum. <sup>19</sup> Et factum est vespere, & mane dies quartus. <sup>20</sup> Dixit etiam Deus, Producant aquae reptile animae viuientis, & volatile super terram sub firmamento caeli.

הרגום אונקלוס

ברא יי ירת שמים ויה ארצה : <sup>2</sup> וארעה הנה צדא ורקניא וחשיכא על אפי הדומא וירחא דיי מנשכא על אפי מים : <sup>3</sup> ואמר יי יהא נהורא ויהו נהורא : <sup>4</sup> ותוא יי נה נהורא ארי טב ואפרש יי בין נהורא ובין חשוכא : <sup>5</sup> ויקרא יי לנהורא יומא ולחשוכא קרא ליליא והוה רמש ותוה צפר וימא חד : <sup>6</sup> ואמר יי יהא רקיעא במאעוה מים ויהא מפרש בין מים למים : <sup>7</sup> ועבד יי ותקיעא ואפרש בין מים דמלרע לרקיעא ובין מים דמלעל לרקיעא ותוה כן : <sup>8</sup> וקרא יי לרקיעא שמיא ותוה רמש ותוה צפר יום חנון : <sup>9</sup> ואמר יי ותכנסון מים מתחתון שמיא לאתר חד ותחתון ובשחא ותוה כן : <sup>10</sup> וקרא יי לישחא ארעה חבית כנישורת מים קרא ימי ותוא יי ארי טב : <sup>11</sup> ואמר יי תראי ארעה ותחא עשאא דבר ורעה מודרע אילן פרוץ עבד פרוץ לזנוהי דבר ורעה בה על ארעה ותוה כן : <sup>12</sup> ואפקת ארעה ותחא עשאא דבר ורעה מודרע לזנוהי ואילן עבד פרוץ דבר ורעה מילזנוהי ותוא יי ארי טב : <sup>13</sup> והוה רמש ותוה צפר יום תליהא : <sup>14</sup> ואמר יי יהון נהרון ברקיעא דשמיא לאתרעה על ארעה ותוה כן : <sup>15</sup> ויהון נהרון ברקיעא דשמיא לאתרעה על ארעה ותוה כן : <sup>16</sup> ועבד יי יד פרוץ נהרון דברבין ית נהורא רבא למשלט ביממא וירא נהורא זעירא למשלט בליליא וירא כוכבא : <sup>17</sup> ויהב יהוה יי ברקיעא דשמיא לאתרעה על ארעה : <sup>18</sup> ולמשלט ביממא ובליליא לאתרעה בין נהורא ובין חשוכא ותוא יי ארי טב : <sup>19</sup> ותוה רמש ותוה צפר יום רביעי : <sup>20</sup> ואמר יי וירחשון מים רחשא נפשא חיה ועופף דפרח על ארעה על אפי אויר רקיע שמיא :

בראשית

חשוכא : <sup>5</sup> ויקרא יי לנהורא יומא ולחשוכא קרא ליליא והוה רמש ותוה צפר וימא חד : <sup>6</sup> ואמר יי יהא רקיעא במאעוה מים ויהא מפרש בין מים למים : <sup>7</sup> ועבד יי ותקיעא ואפרש בין מים דמלרע לרקיעא ובין מים דמלעל לרקיעא ותוה כן : <sup>8</sup> וקרא יי לרקיעא שמיא ותוה רמש ותוה צפר יום חנון : <sup>9</sup> ואמר יי ותכנסון מים מתחתון שמיא לאתר חד ותחתון ובשחא ותוה כן : <sup>10</sup> וקרא יי לישחא ארעה חבית כנישורת מים קרא ימי ותוא יי ארי טב : <sup>11</sup> ואמר יי תראי ארעה ותחא עשאא דבר ורעה מודרע אילן פרוץ עבד פרוץ לזנוהי דבר ורעה בה על ארעה ותוה כן : <sup>12</sup> ואפקת ארעה ותחא עשאא דבר ורעה מודרע לזנוהי ואילן עבד פרוץ דבר ורעה מילזנוהי ותוא יי ארי טב : <sup>13</sup> והוה רמש ותוה צפר יום תליהא : <sup>14</sup> ואמר יי יהון נהרון ברקיעא דשמיא לאתרעה על ארעה ותוה כן : <sup>15</sup> ויהון נהרון ברקיעא דשמיא לאתרעה על ארעה ותוה כן : <sup>16</sup> ועבד יי יד פרוץ נהרון דברבין ית נהורא רבא למשלט ביממא וירא נהורא זעירא למשלט בליליא וירא כוכבא : <sup>17</sup> ויהב יהוה יי ברקיעא דשמיא לאתרעה על ארעה : <sup>18</sup> ולמשלט ביממא ובליליא לאתרעה בין נהורא ובין חשוכא ותוא יי ארי טב : <sup>19</sup> ותוה רמש ותוה צפר יום רביעי : <sup>20</sup> ואמר יי וירחשון מים רחשא נפשא חיה ועופף דפרח על ארעה על אפי אויר רקיע שמיא :



CAPVT PRIMVM.

N principio fecit Deus calum & terrā. At terra erat inuisibilis et incōposita, et tenebræ super abyssum: & spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquam. Et dixit Deus, Fiat lux, & factus est lux. Et vidit Deus lucē, quod bona: & diuisit Deus inter lucem, & inter tenebras. Et vocauit Deus lucē diē: & tenebras vocauit noctē: & factū est vespere, & factū est mane, dies vnus. Et dixit Deus, Fiat firmamentū in medio aqua: & sit diuidēs inter aquā, & aquā. Et fecit Deus firmamentū, & diuisit Deus inter aquā, quæ erat sub firmamento: & inter aquā, quæ super firmamentū. Et vocauit Deus firmamentū calū: & vidit Deus, quod bonū. Et factū est vespere, & factū est mane, dies secundus. Et dixit Deus, Cōgregetur aqua quæ sub calo, in cōgregationē vnā, & appareat arida. Et factū est ita, & cōgregata est aqua quæ sub calo, in cōgregationes suas: et apparuit arida. Et vocauit Deus ariditē, terrā: et cōgregationes aquarū, vocauit maria. Et vidit Deus quod bonū. Et dixit Deus, Germinet terra herbā sarni seminantē semē secundū genus et secundū similitudinē: & lignū pomiferū faciens fructū, cuius semen ipsius in ipso secundū genus super terrā. Et factum est ita. Et protulit terra herbā sarni seminantē semen secundū genus & secundū similitudinē: & lignū pomiferū faciens fructū, cuius semē eius in ipso, secundū genus super terrā. Et vidit Deus quod bonū. Et factū est vespere, & factū est mane, dies tertius. Et dixit Deus: Fiant luminaria in firmamento cali, vt luceant super terrā, ad diuidendum inter diē, & inter noctē, & sint in signa, & in tēpora, & in dies, & in annos. Et sint in illuminationē in firmamento cali, vt luceant super terram. Et factū est ita. Et fecit Deus duo luminaria magna: luminare magnum in principatus diei: & luminare minus in principatus noctis: et stellas. Et posuit eas Deus in firmamento cali: vt lucerēt super terrā. Et præcessent diei, & nocti, & diuiderēt inter lucē et inter tenebras: et vidit Deus quod bonū. Et factū est vespere, & factū est mane, dies quartus. Et dixit Deus, Producant aqua reptilia animarū viuētū, & volatilia volātia super terrā: secundū firmamentū cali: & factū est ita.



Ν δερχη̄ ἐποίησεν ὁ θεὸς τὸν ἔρανον ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν. ἢ ἡ γῆ ἦν ἀόρατος καὶ ἀκατασκεύαστος. Ἐσκοτεινῶσεν ἄνω τὰ ἀέια. Ἐπνεύματι δὲ ἐπέφερετο ἑπάνω ἡ ὕδατος. Ἐἔπειν ὁ θεὸς, κρηθῆτω φῶς. Ἐγένετο φῶς. Ἐεἶδεν ὁ θεὸς ὅτι καλόν. καὶ διεχώρισεν ὁ θεὸς ἀναμέθων τὸ φῶς, Ἐ ἀναμέθων τὸ σκοτεινόν. Ἐ ἐκάλεσεν ὁ θεὸς τὸ φῶς ἡμέραν, καὶ τὸ σκοτεινόν ἐκάλεσε νύκτα. Ἐ ἐγένετο ἑσπέρα, Ἐ ἐγένετο πρωί, ἡμέρα μία. Ἐ εἶπεν ὁ θεὸς, κρηθῆτω σερέωμα ἐν μέσῳ τῆς ὕδατος. Ἐ ἐξωδιαχωρίζον ἀναμέθων ὕδατος καὶ ὕδατος. Ἐ ἐποίησεν ὁ θεὸς τὸ σερέωμα. καὶ διεχώρισεν ὁ θεὸς ἀναμέθων τῆς ὕδατος, ὅ ἦν ὑποκάτω τῆς σερέωματος, καὶ ἀναμέθων τοῦ ὕδατος, Ἐ ἑπάνω τῆς σερέωματος. Ἐ ἐκάλεσεν ὁ θεὸς τὸ σερέωμα ἔρανον. Ἐ εἶδεν ὁ θεὸς, ὅτι καλόν. καὶ ἐγένετο ἑσπέρα, Ἐ ἐγένετο πρωί, ἡμέρα δευτέρα. Ἐ εἶπεν ὁ θεὸς, κρηθῆτω τὸ ὕδωρ τὸ ὑποκάτω τῆς ἔρανός εἰς συναγωγὴν μίαν, καὶ ὀφθῆτω ἡ ξηρα. καὶ ἐγένετο ἔτος. καὶ συνήχθη τὸ ὕδωρ τὸ ὑποκάτω τῆς ἔρανός εἰς τὰς συναγωγὰς αὐτῆς, καὶ ὀφθῆτη ἡ ξηρα. Ἐ ἐκάλεσεν ὁ θεὸς τὴν ξηραν, γῆν. καὶ τὰς σήματα τῶν ὕδατων ἐκάλεσε θαλάσσας. Ἐ εἶδεν ὁ θεὸς, ὅτι καλόν. καὶ εἶπεν ὁ θεὸς, ἐλασπισάτω ἡ γῆ ἐλιάντων χόρτον ἑσπέρα καὶ γένεθ. καὶ καθ' ὁμοιότητά, καὶ ξύλον καρπιμον ποιῆν καρπὸν ἕ τὸ σπέρμα αὐτῆς ἐν αὐτῇ καὶ γένεθ. Ἐπὶ τῆ γῆς. Ἐ ἐγένετο ἔτος. καὶ ἐξήνεγκεν ἡ γῆ βοτάνην χόρτου ἑσπέρα καὶ γένεθ. Ἐ καθ' ὁμοιότητά, Ἐ ξύλον καρπιμον ποιῆν καρπὸν ἕ τὸ σπέρμα αὐτῆς ἐν αὐτῇ καὶ γένεθ. Ἐπὶ τῆ γῆς. Ἐ εἶδεν ὁ θεὸς ὅτι καλόν. καὶ ἐγένετο ἑσπέρα καὶ ἐγένετο πρωί, ἡμέρα τρίτη. Ἐ εἶπεν ὁ θεὸς, κρηθῆτωσιν φωστῆρες ἐν τῷ σερέωματι τῆς ἔρανός. ὡς ἵε φαίνεν ἔπὶ τῆ γῆς, Ἐ διαχωρίσιν ἀναμέθων τῆς ἡμέρας Ἐ ἀναμέθων τῆς νυκτός. καὶ ἐσῶσιν εἰς σημεῖα, καὶ εἰς καιρὸς, καὶ εἰς ἡμέρας, καὶ εἰς ἐνιαυτούς. καὶ ἐσῶσιν εἰς φαύσιν ἐν τῷ σερέωματι τῆς ἔρανός, ὡς ἵε φαίνεν ἔπὶ τῆ γῆς. Ἐ ἐγένετο ἔτος. Ἐ ἐποίησεν ὁ θεὸς ἵε δύο φωστῆρας ἵες μεγάλας, τὸν φωστῆρα τὸν μέγαν εἰς δρχαὸς τῆς ἡμέρας. καὶ τὸν φωστῆρα τὸν ἐλάσσον εἰς δρχαὸς τῆς νυκτός. Ἐ τοὺς ἀστῆρας. καὶ εἶθε αὐτοὺς ὁ θεὸς ἐν τῷ σερέωματι τοῦ ἔρανος. ὡς ἵε φαίνεν ἔπὶ τῆς γῆς, Ἐ ἀρχῆν τῆς ἡμέρας καὶ τῆς νυκτός. καὶ διαχωρίσιν ἀναμέθων τοῦ φωτός καὶ ἀναμέθων τοῦ σκοτεινοῦ. καὶ εἶδεν ὁ θεὸς ὅτι καλόν. καὶ ἐγένετο ἑσπέρα καὶ ἐγένετο πρωί, ἡμέρα τετάρτη. καὶ εἶπεν ὁ θεὸς, ἐξέλθτω ἵα ὕδατος ἐρπετὰ ψυχῶν ζωσῶν, Ἐ πετενὰ πετόμυρα ἔπὶ τῆς γῆς, καὶ τὸ σερέωμα τοῦ ἔρανος. καὶ ἐγένετο οὕτως.

CHALDAICAE PARAPHRASIS TRANSLATIO.

CAPVT PRIMVM.

IN principio creauit Deus calum & terram. Terra autem erat deserta & vacua; & tenebrae super faciem abyssi: & spiritus Dei insufflabat super faciem aquarum. Et dixit Deus, Sit lux: & fuit lux. Et vidit Deus lucem quod esset bona. Et diuisit Deus inter lucem & inter tenebras. Appellauitque Deus lucem diem, & tenebras vocauit noctem. Et fuit vespere & fuit mane dies vnus. Et dixit Deus, Sit firmamentum in medio aquarum: & diuidat inter aquas & aquas. Et fecit Deus firmamentum: & diuisit inter aquas quæ erant sub firmamento: & inter aquas quæ erant super firmamentum: & fuit ita. Et vocauit Deus firmamentum calum. Et fuit vespere & fuit mane, dies secundus. Et dixit Deus, Congregentur aqua quæ sub calo sunt, in locum vnum: & appareat arida. Et fuit ita. Et vocauit Deus aridam terram: & locum congregationis aquarum appellauit maria. Et dixit Deus, Germinet terra germen herbae, cuius filius seminis seminatur: arboremque fructiferam facientem fructus secundum genus suum; & arborem facientem fructus, cuius filius seminis in ipso secundum genus suum. Et vidit Deus quod esset bonum. Et fuit vespere & fuit mane, dies tertius. Et dixit Deus, Sint luminaria in firmamento cali, vt diuidant inter diem & noctem: & sint in signa & in tempora: & vt numerentur per ea dies & anni. Et sint in luminaria in firmamento cali ad illuminandum super terram: & fuit ita. Et fecit Deus duo luminaria magna: luminare maius, vt dominaretur in die: & luminare minus, vt dominaretur in nocte: & stellas. Et posuit eas Deus in firmamento cali ad illuminandum super terram: Et vt dominarentur in die & in nocte: & vt diuiderent inter lucē & tenebras: & vidit Deus quod esset bonum. Et fuit vespere & fuit mane, dies quartus. Et dixit Deus, Serpent aqua reptile animarū viuētis: & aem quæ volat super terrā super faciē aëris firmamenti caloum.

RIGHT  
*Polyglot Bible*  
Antwerp 1572  
printed by Christopher Plantin  
(dedication)  
reduced from approx 400 mm deep

OPPOSITE  
Lord Clarendon  
*History of the Great Rebellion*  
Oxford University Press  
1702-4  
reduced from approx 420 mm deep

Plantin's dedication is an early example of Roman inscriptional typography but with two upper and lower case paragraphs introduced: one in semi-bold and both justified. The two styles sit oddly together on the page but there is no lack of confidence and dignity.

Monumental too is Lord Clarendon's great history of Cromwell's rebellion. The text types were cut by the Dutchman Peter Walpergen, at Oxford, for the University Press, and though many of the characters are odd and irregular the whole page suggests an authority entirely suited to the author's words.

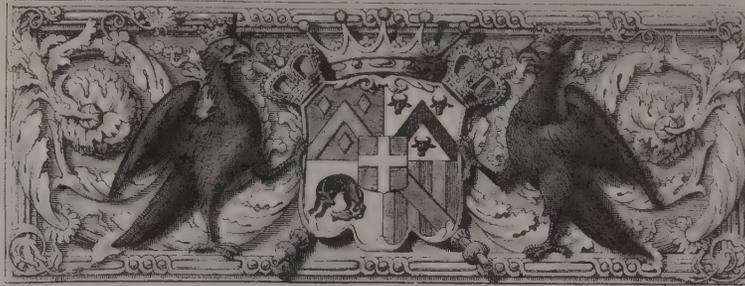
While Plantin achieves a variation of 'colour' on the page by different weights and sizes of roman, and lines of caps, variation is here achieved not only by the engravings, but also by the italic – whose lighter texture forms a bridge between the delicacy of the engraving and the weightier roman text.

SERENISS. PRINCIPI  
D. M A T T H I A E  
ARCHIDVCI AVSTRIÆ,  
DVCI BVRGVNDIAE, &c.  
IMPERATOR. F. FR.Q.  
BELGICÆ PROREGI.

Hoc sacrum quinquelingue  
Bibliorũ opus, quod ad stabilien-  
dum Ecclesię statum, controuer-  
sias in religione tollendas, Rex  
Catholicus pietati suę testandę  
diuulgari iussit, iuuítque;

Quódque Dei in primis, & claris. Theolo-  
gorum ope, immenso sumptu & labore suo,  
Christophorus Plantinus feliciter typis suis  
vulgauit; ita vt Sanctis. D. N. Pontificis, Re-  
gum, Principumque, & penè vniuersi orbis  
iudicio, tanti operis comprobata dignitas sit:

IDEM CHRISTOPH. PLANTINVS  
ARCHITYPOGRAPHVS REGIVS  
Celsit. suæ perpetuus cliens  
D. D.



THE  
 History of the Rebellion, &c.  
 BOOK I.

Deut. iv. 7, 8, 9.

*For what Nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for?*

*And what Nation is there so great that hath Statutes, and Judgments so righteous as all this Law, which I set before you this day?*

*Only take heed to thy self, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen.*



THAT Posterity may not be Deceived by the prosperous Wickedness of those times of which I write, into an Opinion, that nothing less than a general Combination, and univerfal Apostacy in the whole Nation from their Religion, and Allegiance, could, in so short a time, have produced such a total and prodigious Alteration, and Confusion over the whole Kingdom; And that the Memory of those, who, out of Duty and Conscience, have opposed that Torrent,

10 which did overwhelm them, may not loose the recompence due to their Virtue, but having undergone the injuries and reproaches of this, may find a vindication in a better age: It will not be unuseful for the information of the Judgement and Conscience of men, to present to the world a full and clear Narration of the Grounds, Circumstances, and Artifices of this Rebellion; not only from the time since the flame hath been visible in a Civil war, but, looking farther back, from those former passages and accidents, by which the Seed-plots were made and framed, from whence those mischeifs have successively grown to the height,  
 20 they have since arrived at.

AND in this ensuing History, though the hand and judgement of God will be very visible, in infatuating a People (as ripe and prepared for Destruction) into all the perverse actions of Folly and Madncfs, making

Address from the Papal Legate  
Leonello Chierigato  
to King Henry VII  
Rome 1490  
printed by Eucharius Silber  
actual size

Eric Gill  
*An Essay on Typography*  
London 1931, re-set 1954  
actual size

Special problems apart, the basic task of the book typographer is to present a text in its clearest and most appropriate form. This 1490 page uses a rich dark type in justified lines with little leading and no indication of paragraphs.

Eric Gill's essay is well leaded and evenly word-spaced (allowed by ranging left), with paragraphs and sub-paragraphs clearly marked. The small number of words in a line make easy reading.

Because the running heads are in Joanna's remarkably narrow italic, they are visually considerably less emphatic than the same-sized roman of the text; but the folios are rather too noticeable and would perhaps be better placed at the foot of the page.

Although the two examples are so different in appearance (and characteristic of their times), both follow ancient practices in using frequent word breaks, contractions and ampersands to avoid undue variation in word spacing or line length.

instructisq; classibus Gallico Tyrenoq; pelago  
Messanam simul delati:uariaq; deinde fortuna  
usi: licet diuerso tpe: Ptolæmaidem puenientes  
christianorū illā obsidentiū exercitū: & aīes au-  
xerūt: atq; urbi capiundæ maximo adiumento  
fuerē. Cōuenit Hedoardus quoq; Henrici Re-  
gis Angliæ filius cū Ludouico Francorū Rege:  
& uno eodēq; tpe ille ex Massiliensi portu ī afri-  
cā. hic ex Angliā ī Asiā maximis paratissimisq;  
classibus nauigant cōiuncturi se una Ptolæmai  
de sicut condixerāt. Exemplo quidē sunt explo-  
ratissimo hæ duæ regales domus uestre: q̄tum  
christianorū principū concordia res christiana  
floruerit: q̄tumue discordia fuerit afflicta. Con-  
cordibus nāq; Anglis & Frācis recepta est Pto-  
læmais. Victus maximo prælio strenuissimus  
ille Saladinus Sarracenorū tyrannus: A scalō: &  
Gaza urbes insignes a Saladino deletæ instau-  
rata sūt: pluraq; alia p̄spere gesta. Ex eorū uero  
discordia interrupta est Hierosolymæ obsidio:  
recessū ex Asia: ita labefactata Resp. ut nō sine  
lachrymis asserere aūsim itestia Frācorū Anglo-  
rūq; bella totā Asiā de manibus nr̄is eripuisse:  
In Europāq; īmanissimis christi hostibus trāsī-  
tū: secundosq; successus præbuisse. Nec posthac  
uel torpentibus uel dissidentibus inuicem reli-  
quis etiā christianis principibus de repellendo

spite of our preoccupation with merely physical convenience, we have inherited an alphabet of such pre-eminent rationality and dignity as the Roman. A good example is the inscription on Trajan's Column at Rome, of which a plaster cast is in the Victoria & Albert Museum, London. ¶ Lettering is for us the Roman alphabet and the Roman alphabet is lettering. Whatever the Greeks or the Germans or the Russians or the Czecho-slovaks or other people may do, the English language is done in Roman letters, and these letters may be said to have reached a permanent type about the first century A.D. ¶ Though in the course of the centuries innumerable variations in detail have been made, Roman letters have not changed essentially. Fourteen hundred years after the cutting of the Trajan inscription the tablet in Henry VII's chapel was inscribed, and no Roman would have found any difficulty in reading the letters. Eighteen hundred years after the time of Trajan & four hundred years after Henry VII, Roman letters are still made, and in almost the same way (e.g. the Artillery Monument, Hyde Park Corner).

¶ But, although the Roman alphabet has remained essentially unchanged through the centuries, customs & habits of work have changed a great deal. In the time of the Romans, say A.D. 100, when a man said the word 'letters' it is probable that he

immediately thought of the kind of letters he was accustomed to seeing on public inscriptions. Altho' all sorts of other kinds of lettering existed (on wax tablets, on papyrus, &c.) the most common kind of formal lettering was the inscription on stone. The consequence was that when he made letters 'as well as he could' it was the stone inscription letter that he took as his model. He did not say: Such & such a tool or material naturally makes or lends itself to the making of such and such forms. On the contrary, he said: Letters are such and such forms; therefore, whatever tools & materials we have to use, we must make these forms as well as the tools and material will allow. This order of procedure has always been the one followed. The mind is the arbiter in letter forms, not the tool or the material. This is not to deny that tools and materials have had a very great influence on letter forms. But that influence has been secondary, and for the most part it has been exerted without the craftsman's conscious intention.

¶ If we admit, as it seems we must admit, that in Roman times the public inscription in stone was the chief model for all forms of letters, we shall expect to find that when they began to make lettering with a pen, on paper or on skin, the forms of letters would be imitations of inscription forms: and this is precisely what we do find. A good

Gill's typography was the rational craftsman's reaction to industrially-produced work of mid and late Victorian England. This spread from *Alice in Wonderland*, famous for the playful 'mouse's tale', shows most of the faults which Gill and, of course, Morris before him, found so unbearable. The splendid

modern roman of Bodoni has here degenerated into a weak and characterless derivation. The justified lines result in very open word spacing and the lines are over-led. The skill and care shown in the typographic interpretation of Carroll's original manuscript 'tail' is in remarkable contrast to this jolly

Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looked so grave that she did not dare to laugh; and as she could not think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took the thimble, looking as solemn as she could.

The next thing was to eat the comfits: this caused some noise and confusion, as the large birds complained that they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked and had to be patted on the back. However, it was over at last, and they sat down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to tell them something more.

"You promised to tell me your history, you know," said Alice, "and why it is you hate—C and D," she added in a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended again.

"Mine is a long and a sad tale!" said the Mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.

"It *is* a long tail, certainly," said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse's tail; "But why do you call it sad?" And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking,

so that her idea of the tale was something like this:—"Fury said to

a mouse, 'That  
he met  
in the  
house,  
' Let us  
both go  
to law :  
I will  
prosecute  
you.—  
Come, I'll  
take no  
denial ;  
We must  
have a  
trial :  
For  
really  
this  
morning  
I've  
nothing  
to do.'  
Said the  
mouse to  
the cat,  
' Such a  
trial,  
dear sir,  
With no  
jury or  
judge,  
would be  
wasting  
our breath.'  
' I'll be  
judge,  
I'll be  
jury,'  
said  
cunning  
old Fury ;  
' I'll try  
the whole  
cause,  
and  
condemn  
you  
to  
death."

uninviting page, which is so absurdly inappropriate for the subject that it is almost as if it were deliberate.

Whistler's elegant arrangement shows a painter raising book typography to the rather precious heights of aestheticism, even when using everyday and unre-

markable type and paper. What made Whistler's page distinctive and influential was its simplicity, the careful arrangement of text on the page and the huge margins. The quirky and often provocatively-placed margin notes in minute type are demonstrations of Whistler's ego rather than of his concern for the

reader; they also demonstrate some of the same skills in typesetting seen in Carroll's 'tail'.

The Civil Tribunal of the Seine condemned Mr. Whistler to pay 1000 francs damages with interest. You will form your own conclusions, gentlemen; but I am of opinion that the Court had some difficulty in justifying this award. Our opponent pleaded the trouble Lady Eden had been put to, the fatigue and inconvenience involved in sitting to an artist so fastidious, careful, and exacting as Mr. Whistler. The Court, however, disregarded this plea, and justified its award by saying, "Mr. Whistler failed to supply what he agreed to supply; Sir William Eden has a right to damages since he is not to have Lady Eden's portrait."

He is not to have it, I am quite sure; but he has compensation—he has the money he ventured for the portrait. And before assessing damages, the Court must remember the respective proceedings of patron and client in this matter.

I need not go into the details which Mr. Whistler has several times given you of the relations between himself and his client. But here again the Court might be influenced by certain scruples. Here, they might say, was the father of a family who wished to bequeath to his children a portrait of their mother, desiring it to be preserved as an heirloom. Would this be true in the case of Sir William Eden? I regret to have to say no. You know, gentlemen,

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"Je ne veux pas revenir sur le récit qui a été fait plusieurs fois par M. Whistler lui-même des rapports qui ont eu lieu entre l'artiste et l'amateur. Ici encore, il y a un scrupule que pourrait avoir la Cour. Elle pourrait se dire: Voilà un père de famille qui voulait léguer à ses enfants le portrait de leur mère, qui voulait que ce fut conservé comme un héritage de famille et que ce soit un dépôt sacré se transmettant de génération en génération. Il y a

là une satisfaction morale qui peut dans une certaine mesure se traduire par des dommages et intérêts. Mais est-ce le cas de Sir William Eden? J'ai le regret d'être obligé de répondre: Non. Vous savez, Messieurs, que je n'aime pas à mettre en cause directement la personne des adversaires, je trouve que souvent cela est inutile, que c'est parfois dangereux,

mais là je suis dans la nécessité de vous dire ce qu'est Sir William dans le rapport que cela a avec la question que vous avez à résoudre, c'est à dire la question des dommages et intérêts.

Sir William Eden qui se donne comme un amateur est en réalité un amateur spéculateur de tableaux. Vous allez voir que ce n'est pas du tout pour sa famille qu'il fait faire le portrait de sa femme pour le transmettre à ses enfants, et cela pour une raison bien simple c'est que le portrait de sa femme et même le portrait de ses enfants, il les met en vente, il en tire argent, il en fait des spéculations. J'ai communiqué à cet égard à mon adversaire des pièces qui sont accablantes au point de vue moral."

that, as a rule, I avoid personalities in dealing with my adversaries. They are often irrelevant, and sometimes dangerous. But it is my duty to tell you what Sir William is, as this has a direct bearing on the question of damages you will have to decide. Sir William Eden, who poses as a patron of art, is, in fact, an amateur picture dealer. I shall show you that he does not have his wife's portrait painted for his family, or with any idea of handing it down to his children. His commissions are speculations. He offers the portraits of his wife and children for sale and makes a profit on them. I have communicated certain documents to my adversary which, from a moral point of view, are overwhelming in this connection. The first of these is a letter from Messrs. Boussod Valadon. It is written from the London house of the firm to Mr. Webb, Mr. Whistler's solicitor, and is as follows:

October 3, 1897.

DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter I beg to state that shortly after the lawsuit in Paris, Sir William Eden, who has been in the habit of paying us occasional visits for some years past, came into our gallery to see some pictures we were exhibiting. He spoke of the lawsuit, and I mentioned that I had seen Lady Eden's portrait at the Salon. From what I had heard, I knew that Sir William did not care for the picture, but, knowing its commercial value, I told him I was ready to make him an offer of £200 for it on behalf of my firm. He declined it, on the grounds that the picture was worth a great deal more. I then said: Well, we will give you £250. He replied that

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James McNeill Whistler  
*The Baronet and the Butterfly*  
New York 1899

reduced from approx 200 mm deep

*The Diary of Virginia Woolf*  
Vol V 1936-1941  
ed Anne Olivier Bell  
Hogarth Press  
London 1984  
reduced from approx 235 mm deep

Letters and diaries give designers the same problems as setting straight narrative, but with various additional complications such as editors' (and sometimes authors') footnotes, subject and running heads, dates, places and folios. There is also the overriding need to make read-

able and orderly a mass of chaotic material not usually intended by the author for publication.

In this example the various elements are elegantly orchestrated, from the running heads to the neat footnotes; later marginal notes of the author are inset

into the text. Editorial explanations are in square brackets and linkages in italics. The styling throughout the book reflects the writer's helter-skelter prose.

Unobtrusive editing and sensitive design are equally responsible for this admirable achievement.

MAY 1939

repeat the fact that my head is a tight wound ball of string. To unwind it, I lie on my Heal chair bed & doze of an evening. But the noise worries me. The 2 houses next door are down; we are shored up. There are patches of wall paper where there used to be hotel bedrooms. Thus the Southampton Row traffic gets at me; & I long for 37 Mecklenburgh Sq; but doubt if we shall get it. Pritchard is negotiating with the Bedfords.<sup>1</sup> A talk about the future with John. He is harassed by the lean year. Cant live in London on £500 minus his mothers interest &c. 37 is a large seeming & oh so quiet house, where I could sleep anywhere. But it dont do to dwell on it. & there would be the horror of the move in August.

Day Lewis came one day; thrust in on the wake of Elizabeth. A stocky sturdy man. truculent. a little like Muggins 40 yrs ago, as I think George called Malcolm Macnaghten. "Priestley lolling on the beach" was discussed.<sup>2</sup> I made him laugh by repeating that word. I wish I could repeat more words. Boswell did it. Could I turn B. at my age?<sup>3</sup> "I'm doing films for the gas people . . . I live a purely country life. A rather too arty home. Devonshire." I infer some rupture with the Bugger Boys.

Boswell at Sissinghurst. Gwen walking through the Bluebell woods, speaking of her youth—a little to justify herself. Had been advertiser to a scent shop. had done welfare work. Her daughter Jiccy meets a prostitute outside the Berkeley whom she has deliv[er]ed. "Must just speak to Bessy" she says to the youth who's treating her—"Its her beat." G. a little shocked.<sup>3</sup> And I liked the soft cream & yellow flowers on the sunny grass & the bend stooping like a picture. And the thread of bright blue bells: & Vita in her breeches.

We are going to Brittany by the way after Whitsun. A whole 2 weeks rambling. Now that'll fill my dry cistern of a head. But this is nothing

1. Although the Woolfs' lease of 52 Tavistock Square ran until 1941, the din and disturbance caused by the adjacent demolitions compelled them to move. On 9 May they saw over and resolved upon 37 Mecklenburgh Square, and their solicitor-tenant Mr Pritchard—who agreed to move with them—attempted (unsuccessfully in the event) to persuade their landlords, the Duke of Bedford Estates, to accept the early surrender of their current lease.
2. Elizabeth Bowen came to tea with VW on 3 May; they were joined by the poet Cecil Day Lewis (1904-72), who was currently writing the script for a projected documentary film on colliers for the British Commercial Gas Association. The High Court judge Sir Malcolm MacNaghten (1869-1955) had been at Eton and Cambridge with George Duckworth. The Woolfs saw J. B. Priestley's play *Johnson Over Jordan* at the Saville Theatre on 4 May.
3. The Woolfs had gone to Sissinghurst on 8 May en route from Rodmell to London. Gwen St Aubyn's daughter Jessica (b. 1918) is (1983) mystified by this story.

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JUNE 1939

like so bad as The Years. A nun writes to invite me to stage a meeting of Outsiders in Hyde Park. I stop to answer her. Gertler tonight.<sup>4</sup>

Thursday 25 May

A queer little note to run off in a hurry: L. is bargaining for 37 M. Sq upstairs: I'm packing. We're off: & very likely I shant write much more in this now so tidy studio. Tidied for Ben to work in. I must pack upstairs. Brittany & Rodmell for 3 weeks.

Party last night. G. Keyneses: Eth Wn & her underworld friend. Ben Nicolson.<sup>5</sup>

Interrupted by parties come to see the house. The first day its in the agents hands. Shall we end our lives looking in that great peaceful garden; in the sun? I hope so.

*On the afternoon of 25 May the Woolfs drove to Rodmell for Whitsuntide, and on 5 June crossed the Channel to Dieppe for a motor tour of Normandy and Brittany. They visited Les Rochers, Mme de Sévigné's château near Vitré, and continued to Vannes and round the Brittany peninsula to Dinan and Bayeux. (Their itinerary is briefly recorded by LW (Diary, LWP, Sussex); the notebook to which VW refers does not survive). They returned to Monks House on 19 June and to Tavistock Square on Thursday 22 June.*

Friday 23 June

Back to London again after 4 weeks. Two spent driving about Brittany. I kept notes in a little square ruled pocketbook in my bag; a good method perhaps, if carried out in London; but I doubt if its worth sticking them here. Perhaps a few, for like pressed leaves they somehow bring back the whole forgotten hedge. So soon forgotten in bulk. The London uproar at once rushes in. Okampo today; John; then I must go to Penman. We have 37 M[ecklenburgh] S[quare]: & this is still unlet.<sup>6</sup>

4. For the nun's letter, see MHP, Sussex, LVP (Books). VW had asked Gertler to dine as she 'was anxious to get your account of the way [Roger Fry] struck younger painters.' (*VI VW Letters*, no. 3501.) See also *Moments of Being*, p. 85: 'May 15th 1939. . . . Last night Mark Gertler dined here and denounced the vulgarity, the inferiority of what he called "literature"; compared with the integrity of painting.'
5. The Woolfs' dinner guests were Maynard Keynes's younger brother the surgeon and bibliophile Geoffrey Langdon Keynes (1887-1982) and his wife Margaret, née Darwin. Elizabeth Williamson, her friend Leonie Leontineff (?), and Benedict Nicolson—to whom VW was to lend her 'studio' while she was away—came in afterwards.
6. Victoria Ocampo (1880-1979), the wealthy Argentine founder and publisher of the literary review *Sur*, was an extravagant admirer of VW, whom she met in 1934 (see

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Kenneth Clark  
*Ruskin Today*  
Penguin 1982 (Peregrine Books 1967)  
actual size

The Ruskin anthology seems a simpler problem. That it appears so is largely a measure of the skilled and restrained design. Hans Schmoller's well-judged sensitive typography, to be seen in hundreds of Penguins in the 1960s and 1970s, is demonstrated here, with Bembo used in a pleasant and readable line. The

paragraph marks, numerals and section titles discreetly link and at the same time separate the extracts, while the source note is a model of reticence. Editorial requirements which could have created visual problems have, by subtle design, been made correctly subservient to the main text.

## SECTION ONE

tempered evidently, hating humbug of all sorts, shrewd, perhaps a little selfish, highly intellectual, the powers of the mind not brought out with any delight in their manifestation, or intention of display, but flashing out occasionally in a word or a look.<sup>1</sup>

From *Praeterita*, II, § 66

¶ 13

### FIRST LOVE

The entirely inscrutable thing to me, looking back on myself, is my total want of all reason, will, or design in the business: I had neither the resolution to win Adèle,<sup>2</sup> the courage to do without her, the sense to consider what was at last to come of it all, or the grace to think how disagreeable I was making myself at the time to everybody about me. There was really no more capacity nor intelligence in me than in a just fledged owlet, or just open-eyed puppy, disconsolate at the existence of the moon.

From *Praeterita*, I, § 210

¶ 14

### TRAVEL BY COACH

The poor modern slaves and simpletons who let themselves be dragged like cattle, or felled timber, through the countries they imagine themselves visiting, can have no conception whatever of the complex joys, and ingenious hopes, connected with the choice and arrangement of the travelling carriage in old times. The mechanical questions first, of strength – easy rolling – steady and safe poise of persons and luggage; the general stateliness of effect to be obtained for the abashing of plebeian beholders; the cunning

1. The actual words of Ruskin's Journal written on 22 June 1840.

2. Adèle was the eldest of the four daughters of Mr Domecq, old Mr Ruskin's partner, who came to stay at Herne Hill, and as Ruskin said 'reduced me to a mere heap of white ashes in four days'. Ruskin fell passionately in love with her, but could not propose to her, partly from timidity, partly because she was a Catholic. His passion brought on a mild attack of tuberculosis, on account of which he was removed from Oxford and taken on the journey to Italy mentioned in the next seven extracts. His poem entitled 'To Adèle' was published in *Friendship's Offering* for 1840.

## SELF-PORTRAIT

design and distribution of store-cellars under the seats, secret drawers under front windows, invisible pockets under padded lining, safe from dust, and accessible only by insidious slits, or necromantic valves like Aladdin's trapdoor; the fitting of cushions where they would not slip, the rounding of corners for more delicate repose; the prudent attachments and springs of blinds; the perfect fitting of windows, on which one-half the comfort of a travelling carriage really depends; and the adaptation of all these concentrated luxuries to the probabilities of who would sit where, in the little apartment which was to be virtually one's home for five or six months; – all this was an imaginary journey in itself, with every pleasure, and none of the discomfort, of practical travelling. . . .

For a family carriage of this solid construction, with its luggage, and load of six or more persons, four horses were of course necessary to get any sufficient way on it; and half-a-dozen such teams were kept at every post-house. . . .

The French horses, and more or less those on all the great lines of European travelling, were properly stout trotting cart-horses, well up to their work and over it; untrimmed, long-tailed, good-humouredly licentious, whinneying and frolicking with each other when they had a chance; sagaciously steady to their work; obedient to the voice mostly, to the rein only for more explicitness; never touched by the whip, which was used merely to express the driver's exultation in himself and them, – signal obstructive vehicles in front out of the way, and advise all the inhabitants of the villages and towns traversed on the day's journey, that persons of distinction were honouring them by their transitory presence.

From *Praeterita*, I, §§ 123 and 125

¶ 15

### SCHAFFHAUSEN

And then, with Salvador was held council in the inn-parlour of Strasburg, whether – it was then the Friday afternoon – we should push on to-morrow for our Sunday's rest to Basle, or to Schaffhausen.

David Hockney: Paintings, Prints  
and Drawings  
Whitechapel Art Gallery  
London 1970  
reduced from approx 280 mm deep

Two examples show unusual solutions to  
the articulation of text. Richard Hollis  
uses overlapping columns in this conver-  
sation, set in Egyptian and grotesque to  
suggest different voices. The design

mirrors the informality and simplicity of  
the text, and even suggests the physical  
presence of two people seated opposite  
each other.

## David Hockney: an interview

Questions put by Mark Glazebrook

**M.G.** At art schools in the early sixties I seem to remember that the word literary was a sort of dirty word. Despite the connections between surrealism and abstract expressionism, literary painting was a heresy, in the temple of orthodox modern art. Did you feel any qualms about your blatantly literary sources... Blake, Whitman, Cavafy, the Brothers Grimm, and your early tendency to do narrative painting?

**D.H.** Well not really, I mean I didn't worry about it then. I never ever worried about it in my etchings, simply because in my etchings I use line and I think a line can somehow tell a story. So the etchings are still literary in that they actually tell stories, whereas the paintings stopped being literary about when I went to California in 1964. From then on I don't think I painted from literary sources, whereas before then I'd painted a number of pictures from poems, Whitman, Auden, Blake... Cavafy.

What chiefly attracted you about Cavafy's poems? Was it their references to art; or their candidness about love or sensuality, or...

Well, I'll tell you who introduced the poems to me—there's one of them in the back of a Lawrence Durrell novel *Justine*, I think it's called 'The City'. The person who told me about them and read them to me was Adrian Berg. He found some in a magazine, and read them to me one night years ago and I thought they were terrific, absolutely terrific. One of the poems he read was called 'Waiting for the Barbarians', which is marvellous, absolutely marvellous, and made me want to read some more. Then I went to Bradford on a holiday from the Royal College—I found in the library there a complete volume of his poems, translated by John Mavrogordato, and I read it from cover to cover. Later on when illustrating the poems I finally chose only the ones about love, whereas I had intended to do 'Waiting for the Barbarians' really. One day I will. He wrote poems about the politics of the Ptolemys in ancient Alexandria and they're rather interesting.

Of course they do refer to art a good deal  
— the art of poetry and visual art.

Yes. The last line of the last poem in the book is about a man who looks at a picture of a beautiful youth. The writer, remember, is tired of writing and he cannot concentrate, so he breaks off and looks at the picture. The line is 'From Art's toil we rest again in art' and I felt that that was a fantastic line to end the book on. Stephen Spender as a matter of fact thought the poem was a little naughty. But I liked it and I wanted to put it in.

The style of the poems is very  
distinctive...

What strikes you straight away is they're so clear and precise and that's what I liked about Whitman in a sense. I thought they were rather similar. They seemed to me very clear and I liked that clarity.

Could we come back to the question of how your recent paintings became more visual—how the change came about? At a sort of intermediary point they were very much related to stylistic devices. Then they became more purely visual as though you were reacting more to naturalistic beauty in landscape or still life.

They became more and more visual. I'll tell you what happened. In 1965 or 1966 in California I began to paint California as it really appeared to me. In 1965 for instance, I had been in Colorado when I did that picture of the Rocky Mountains. But I invented it. It wasn't how they appeared. It was how I thought they might appear, in a geography book or something. The ideas were really still artistic in that way and I think I just felt at times they should become more... instead of being inward I just wanted them to come outward a bit, and become more about life as it was. That's when I started doing the portraits and the paintings began to get more realistic, I began to be interested in light and things like that. Since then in many ways they have got more ordinary, I mean more conventional. As a matter of fact, ironically, I was thinking, when I've finished the pictures I'm working on now, of doing one or two of what I call my technical pictures.

I was just wondering about that, about how much this purely visual thing was the shape of things to come, and of course the painting you're working on now with two figures seated in a chair looking at a landscape as though it was a cinema is almost a return to the idea of the painting within a painting.

Yes it is. And certainly that was the starting-off point. It was me being amused by this constructed landscape and people looking at it. But then on the other hand it's rather a straightforward picture of Vichy, the town and people sat in it. But it's more of a technical picture than the portraits, like the portrait of Henry Geldzahler or the Isherwood portrait.

Could we now move to the question of inspiration from other artists of the past or present? You seem to me to have had from very early on a strong capacity to digest a number of influences and make your own thing out of them. I mean in the early sixties you absorbed something from abstract expressionism, Dubuffet and Francis Bacon as well as from anonymous graffiti. Is there any one artist who has influenced you more strongly than any other?

The artist who influenced me most strongly I think not just as an artist but as a person, is Ron Kitaj. It's partly because I've always admired his art enormously; I think he's one of the great artists; and also because he opened my eyes a great deal and I always think of things beginning from particular moments when I discussed things with him. I think of my painting beginning properly then. So that in that sense the influence was big and very important. Stylistically of course his influence has

But... reverent  
 à nos montons!



1910 1920

SARAJEVO  
 THE  
 FIRST  
 WORLD  
 WAR

Five years before Sarajevo (Mussolini was then only 26), a bio-seismograph called MARINETTI felt the vibration going on in the walls of the simmering kettle, and burst out with his Angry-Young-Man's FUTURIST MANIFESTO:

**We are out to glorify war:**  
**the only health-giver of the world!**  
**Militarism! Patriotism!**  
**The Destructive Arm of the Anarchist!**  
**Ideas that kill!**  
**Contempt for women!**

Seven years later, in 1916, the same sensitivity of some other artists' nervous systems made them move in the opposite direction. Their art too had to be young, it had to be new, it had to integrate all the experimental tendencies of the Futurists and Cubists.

Above everything, however, their art had to be international. For they believed in an International of the Spirit and not in different national concepts. No Italian Pride for them! They hated the senseless, systematic massacre of modern warfare. The bankruptcy of ideas having destroyed the concept of Humanity to its very innermost depth, the instincts and hereditary backgrounds are now emerging pathologically.

(Richard Huelsenbeck, 'Dada Lives', Transition 25)

(I am quoting from Transition)

(I am quoting from Hugo Ball's Dada Diary, 12 June 1916)



Since no art, politics, or religious faith, seems adequate to dam this torrent, there remains only the blague & the bleeding pose!

What we are celebrating is at once a buffoonery & a Requiem Mass.

(idem: 3 March 1916)

Kurt Schwitters' sympathies were with them, not with Marinetti. At least not with Marinetti's conclusions. As to Marinetti's premises, emotional and theoretical, it would be unwise to dismiss them off-handedly. He inspired the editor of a socialist daily *Avanti* and the author of a flamboyant novel *Claudia Particella* (English title: *Cardinal's Mistress*) - Benito Mussolini, (It is Marinetti who instilled in me the feeling of the ocean and the power of the machine) and he equally inspired a number of poets (Mayakovsky in Russia; T. Peiper, B. Jasioński, A. Wat, A. Stern, in Poland) none of whom was 'fascist'. Some of those who knew him say that Marinetti was a jolly good fellow and the fact that he was admired by Il Duce, who was admired by Ezra Pound, should not be taken too seriously. Well... I don't know. Anyway some of his theorizing seem to be right up to date, something pretty near the province of what is today called 'linguistic philosophy': it is all about the functioning of words, about handling grammar, syntax and style.

(a number of inches to the left of this time-chart) It is rather amusing that what Milton wrote about RHYME -

Rhyme being no necessary adjunct  
 or true ornament  
 of poem  
 or good verse,  
 but the invention of a barbarous age,  
 to set off wretched matter  
 & lame metre.

'The Verse'  
 Preface to  
 'Paradise Lost'

- Marinetti, 250 years later, and in a not less boisterous mood, wrote about ADJECTIVES, and all forms of the verb OTHER THAN THE INFINITIVE:

by stripping it of all adjectives  
 & by isolating it,  
 the noun,  
 worn out by the multiple contrasts  
 & by the weight of classical  
 & decadent adjectives,  
 can be brought back to its absolute values.  
 Adjectives (isolated) in brackets will give the atmosphere of the story.  
 The different forms of the verb should be eliminated.  
 The infinitive is the very movement of the new lyricism.  
 Synoptic tables of lyrical values will permit us to follow simultaneously several currents.

The Doves Bible spread shows the Magnificat and the Benedictus displayed within the text and set one phrase per line. The paragraph marks so dear to the private presses are emphatic and decorative, but do not unduly interrupt the

flow of the narrative. There are no verse numbers, but book and chapter are indicated in the margins.

There is pattern-making going on here, but not solely for its own sake, and the spread is very carefully considered.

Luke 1 as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord. ¶ And Mary said,

My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.  
For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden:  
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.  
For he that is mighty hath done to me great things;  
And holy is his name.  
And his mercy is on them that fear him  
From generation to generation.  
He hath shewed strength with his arm;  
He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.  
He hath put down the mighty from their seats,  
And exalted them of low degree.  
He hath filled the hungry with good things;  
And the rich he hath sent empty away.  
He hath holpen his servant Israel,  
In remembrance of his mercy;  
(As he spake to our fathers),  
To Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

And Mary abode with her about three months, & returned to her own house. ¶ Now Elisabeth's full time came that she should be delivered; & she brought forth a son. And her neighbours and her cousins heard how the Lord had shewed great mercy upon her; & they rejoiced with her. And it came to pass, that on the eighth day they came to circumcise the child; and they called him Zacharias, after the name of his father. And his mother answered and said, Not so; but he shall be called John. And they said unto her, There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name. And they made signs to his father, how he would have him called. And he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, His name is John. And they marvelled all. And his mouth was opened immediately, & his tongue loosed, and he spake, and praised God. And fear came on all that dwelt round about them: and all these sayings were noised abroad throughout all the hill country of Judea. And all they that heard them laid them up in their hearts, saying, What manner of child shall this be! And the hand of the Lord was with him. And his father Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying,

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel;  
For he hath visited and redeemed his people,  
And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us

In the house of his servant David;  
(As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets,  
Which have been since the world began:)  
That we should be saved from our enemies,  
And from the hand of all that hate us;  
To perform the mercy promised to our fathers,  
And to remember his holy covenant;  
The oath which he sware to our father Abraham,  
That he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies,  
Might serve him without fear,  
In holiness and righteousness before him,  
All the days of our life.  
And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest:  
For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord  
To prepare his ways;  
To give knowledge of salvation unto his people  
By the remission of their sins,  
Through the tender mercy of our God;  
Whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us,  
To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death,  
To guide our feet into the way of peace.

Luke 1

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, & was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel. ¶ And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house & lineage of David;) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: & they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Poetry in this sixteenth-century book has been set in italic, perhaps consciously following Aldus's example (compare it with the illustration on page 36); but the decoration at the head and the ornate initial give the page richness, and the lines of prose in a grave roman increase the almost flowery effect of the italic. The 'reverse indenting' of the new sentence in the poem is odd, and looks like a clumsy afterthought involving a second pass through the press. But the whole design is grand and intimate at the same time.

Both these books have generous margins, creating a feeling of opulence. The French example exploits its right-hand margin to incorporate a potentially awkward, but here well-handled, side note.



LE TOMBEAU DE MARGVERI-  
TE DE FRANCE, DVCHESSE  
DE SAVOYE.

Ensemble celuy de tresauguste & tressaincte  
memoire, FRANÇOIS premier de ce nom,  
& de Messieurs ses enfans.



*H! que ie suis marry que la Muse  
Françoise  
Ne peut dire ces mots comme faiēt la  
Gregeoise,*

*\* Ocymore, dyſſotme, oligochronien:  
Certes ie les dirois du sang Valesien,*

*Qui de beauté de grace & de lustre ressemble  
Au liz qui naist fleurist & se meurt tout ensemble.*

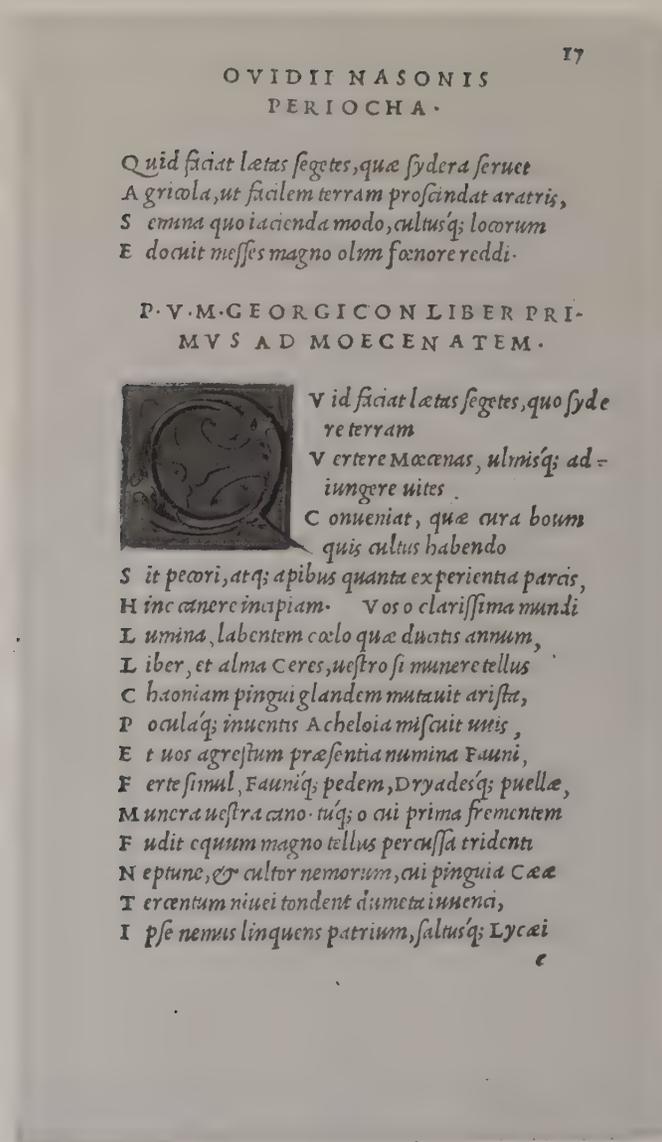
*Ce Monarche François, François premier du nom,  
Nourrisson de Phœbus, des Muses le mignon,  
Qui dessous sa royale & auguste figure  
Cachoit avec Pithon les Graces & Mercure,  
Qui ſçauoit les secrets de la terre & des cieux,  
Veit, ainsi que Priam, deuant ses propres yeux  
(Hé qui pourroit du ciel corrompre l'influence!)  
Enterrer ses enfans en leur premiere enfance.*

*A ij*

*\* Ces motz Grecs  
seront trouuez  
fort nouveaux:  
mais d'autāt que  
nostre lāgage ne  
pouoit exprimer  
ma conception,  
j'ay estē forcē  
d'en vser, qui  
signifiēt ne  
vie de peire du-  
rec. Philosophie &  
Mathematique  
ont estē aussi e-  
stranges au com-  
mencemēt: mais  
l' sage les a par  
tract de temps  
adoucis, & ren-  
dus nostres.*

The opening page of Virgil's *Georgics* in this edition of Aldus shows the first great publisher's solution to the problem of setting a classic text in a convenient economical pocket-sized format. He uses a beautiful springy italic, based on Renaissance script, partly no doubt to save space. Italic caps had not yet been deemed necessary, and the fit of the roman caps is loose, although a feature is made of this at the beginning of every line. The initial and the letter-spaced caps are carry-overs from manuscript books.

Baskerville's *Virgil* is a de luxe edition and demonstrates the sober prosperity of the mid-eighteenth century. Splendid press work, fine smooth paper and a classic type make the page memorable, and the expansive margins herald a new era in presentation of text which is actually enhanced by the absence of decorations or illustration. The dropped initial is an even more vestigial reminder of manuscript books than the example opposite. How much more satisfactory is the opening here, compared with the same printer's bible on page 18. By any standards, this is a fine piece of design.



ABOVE  
Virgil  
*Georgics*  
Aldus Manutius  
Venice 1501  
actual size

OPPOSITE  
Virgil  
*Aeneid*  
John Baskerville  
Birmingham 1757  
reduced from approx 290 mm deep

P. VIRGILII MARONIS

# ÆNEIDOS

## LIBER PRIMUS.

*ILLE ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena  
Carmen; et egressus silvis, vicina coegi  
Ut quamvis avido parerent arva colono:  
Gratum opus agricolis: at nunc horrentia Martis*

5 **A**RMA, virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris  
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit  
Litora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,  
Vi superum, sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram:  
Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem,  
10 Inferretque Deos Latio: genus unde Latinum,  
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.  
Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine læso,  
Quidve dolens Regina Deum, tot volvere casus  
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores  
15 Impulerit. tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?  
Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni,  
Carthago, Italiam contra, Tiberinaque longe  
Ostia, dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli:  
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam  
20 Posthabita coluisse Samo. hic illius arma,  
Hic currus fuit: hoc regnum Dea gentibus esse,

O

Si

Molière  
*Le Cocu Imaginaire*  
with engravings by Oppenor,  
Boucher and Blondel  
Paris 1784  
reduced from approx 280 mm deep

Molière's verse, the lines shared among  
the characters in the play, forces an  
openness on the typography, an open-  
ness augmented by the short scenes. The  
strong caps and rules, and the italic stage

directions, further disguise the static  
quality of formal iambic hexameters, and  
the page reflects the light bounce of the  
dialogue.

320 LE COCU IMAGINAIRE,

SCENE II.

CELIE, LA SUIVANTE *de Célie.*

CELIE.  
LA SUIVANTE.  
C E changement m'étonne.

CELIE.

Et lorsque tu sçauras

Par quel motif j'agis, tu m'en estimeras.

LA SUIVANTE.

Cela pourroit bien être.

CELIE.

Apprend donc que Lélie

A pû blesser mon cœur par une perfidie,

Qu'il étoit en ces lieux sans . . . .

LA SUIVANTE.

Mais il vient à nous.

SCENE III.

LELIE, CELIE, LA SUIVANTE *de Célie.*

LELIE.

A vant que pour jamais je m'éloigne de vous,  
Je veux vous reprocher au moins en cette place . . . .

CELIE.

Quoi! me parler encore? avez-vous cette audace?

LELIE.

Il est vray qu'elle est grande, & votre choix est tel,

Qu'à vous rien reprocher je serois criminel.

COMEDIE.

321

Vivez, vivez contente, & bravez ma memoire  
Avec le digne époux qui vous comble de gloire.

CELIE.

Oui, traître, j'y veux vivre; & mon plus grand désir,  
Ce seroit que ton cœur en eût du déplaisir.

LELIE.

Qui rend donc contre moi ce courroux légitime?

CELIE.

Quoi tu fais le surpris & demandes ton crime?

SCENE IV.

CELIE, LELIE, SGANARELLE

*armé de pied en cap, LA SUIVANTE de Célie.*

SGANARELLE.

G Uerre, guerre mortelle à ce larron d'honneur  
Qui sans miséricorde a fouillé notre honneur.

CELIE à Lélie, lui montrant Sganarelle.

Tourne, tourne les yeux, sans me faire répondre.

LELIE.

Ah! je vois . . . .

CELIE.

Cet objet suffit pour te confondre.

LELIE.

Mais pour vous obliger bien plutôt à rougir.

SGANARELLE à part.

Ma colére à présent est en état d'agir,

Dessus les grands chevaux est monté mon courage;

Et, si je le rencontre, on verra du carnage.

Jan Tschichold's design for a projected German edition of *Romeo and Juliet* achieves maximum effect with apparently little effort. Less is more. The result is a quiet mastery which is never dull.

These two designs make an interesting comparison. Both use initial caps, which

sit awkwardly in the Molière, whereas they enrich Tschichold's design. Both set the characters' names in caps, although those in the Molière are too large. (Tschichold's text has erratic capitalisation, following neither normal German usage nor the First Folio of 1623.) Long

s's are used in both; they were current in 1784, in 1964 deliberately archaic. Stage directions are in italic in both; but in Tschichold's design the placing and size of the act and scene numbers is typically elegant and economical.

## II.1

*Ein offener platz, der an Capulets garten stößt.*

*Romeo tritt auf.*

ROMEO.

**K**ann ich von hinnen, da mein herz hier bleibt?  
Geh, frostge erde, fuche deine sonne!

*Er ersteigt die mauer und springt hinunter.*

*Benvolio und Mercutio treten auf.*

BENVOLIO. He, Romeo! he, vetter!

MERCUTIO. Er ist klug

Und hat, mein feel, sich heim ins bett gestohlen.

BENVOLIO. Er lief hieher und sprang die gartenmauer  
Hinüber. Ruf ihn, freund Mercutio.

MERCUTIO. Ja, auch beschwören will ich. Romeo!  
Was? Grillen! Toller! Leidenschaft! Verliebter!

Erscheine du, gefaltet wie ein seufzer;

Sprich nur ein reimchen, so genügt mirs schon;

Ein ach nur jammre, paare lieb und triebe;

Gib der gevatrin Venus Ein gut wort,

Schimpf eins auf ihren blinden sohn und erben,

Held Amor, der so flink gezielt, als könig

Kophetua das bettlermädchen liebte.

Er höret nicht, er regt sich nicht, er rührt sich nicht.

Der aff ist tot; ich muß ihn wohl beschwören.

Nun wohl: Bei Rosalindens hellem auge,

Bei ihrer purpurlipp und hohen stirn,

Bei ihrem zarten fuß, dem schlanken bein,

Den üppgen hüften und der region,

Die ihnen nahe liegt, beschwör ich dich,

Daß du in eigner bildung uns erscheinst.

BENVOLIO. Wenn er dich hört, so wird er zornig werden.

28

MERCUTIO. Hierüber kann ers nicht; er hätte grund,

Bannt ich hinauf in feiner dame kreis

Ihm einen geist von seltsam eigner art

Und ließe den da stehn, bis sie den trotz

Gezähmt und nieder ihn beschworen hätte.

Das wär beschimpfung! Meine anrufung

Ist gut und ehrlich; mit der liebsten namen

Beschwör ich ihn, bloß um ihn herzubannen.

BENVOLIO. Komm! Er verbarg sich unter jenen bäumen

Und pflegt' des umgangs mit der feuchten nacht.

Die lieb ist blind, das dunkel ist ihr recht.

MERCUTIO. Ist liebe blind, so zielt sie freilich schlecht.

Nun sitzt er wohl an einen baum gelehnt

Und wünscht, sein liebchen wär die reife frucht

Und fiel ihm in den schoß. Doch, gute nacht,

Freund Romeo! Ich will ins federbett;

Das feldbett ist zum schlafen mir zu kalt.

Kommt, gehn wir!

BENVOLIO. Ja, es ist vergeblich, ihn

Zu suchen, der nicht will gefunden sein. *Ab.*

## II.2

*Capulets garten.*

*Romeo kommt.*

ROMEO.

**D**er narben lacht, wer wunden nie gefühlt.  
*Julia erscheint oben an einem fenster.*

Doch still, was schimmert durch das fenster dort?

Es ist der oft, und Julia die sonne! —

Geh auf, du holde sonn! ertöte Lunen,

29

To win the Moore againe.

For 'tis most easie

The inclining

Th'inclining *Desdemona* to subdue

In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull

As the free Elements. And then for her

were't to

To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,

All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:

His Soule is so enfetters'd to her Love,

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,

Even as her Appetite shall play the God,

With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,

To Counsell *Cassio* to this paralell course,

hell

Directly to his good? Divinitie of hell,

will their blackest

When divels will the blackest sinnes put on,

They do suggest at first with heavenly shewes,

while

As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole

fortunes,

Plies *Desdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,

And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,

Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:

lust;

That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust'

And by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her Credite with the Moore.

So will I turne her vertue into pitch,

And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,

comesh em all:

That shall en-mash them all.

How now *Rodorigo*?

*Enter Rodorigo.*

¶ *RODORIGO.* I do follow heere in the Chace, not like

a Hound that hunts, but one that filles up the Crie.

I ha bin

My Money is almost spent; I have bin to night exceed-

[And]

ingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue will bee,

paines, as that comes to, and no money at all, and with that wit returne to Venice.

I shall have so much experience for my paines; And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re-

turne againe to Venice.

that ha not

¶ *IAGO.* How poore are they that have not Patience?

What wound did ever heale but by degrees?

knowest

Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witch-

craft

And Wit depends on dilatory time:

Dos't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,

has beaten

And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd *Cassio*:

hast casheird

Though other things grow faire against the Sun,

Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:

But fruities

Content thy selfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;

awhile; bi'the masse tis morning;

Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.

Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:

Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:

Nay get thee gone.

*Exit Rodorigo.*

[Exit Rodorigo.]

Two things are to be done:

Some things

My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistris:

Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor

on. My selfe awhile, the while

apart,

And bring him jumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde

Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:

Dull not Device, by coldnesse, and delay.

*Exit.*

(Exeunt.)

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Cassio, Musitians, and Clowne.*

(Before the castle.)

¶ *CASSIO.* Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,

Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow

General.

¶ *CLO.* Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they speake i'th' Nose thus?

ha your .bin at

¶ *MUS.* How Sir? how?

★(Boy.) How

¶ *CLO.* Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

pray, cald wind

¶ *MUS.* I marry are they sir.

¶ *CLO.* Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

¶ *MUS.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

¶ *CLOW.* Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Generall so likes your Musicke, that he desires you for loves sake to make no more noise with it.

you of all loves, to make

¶ *MUS.* Well Sir, we will not.

¶ *CLO.* If you have any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

¶ *MUS.* We have none such, sir.

ha none

Shakespeare  
Everyman Library  
London 1906 (1966 reprint)  
actual size

The Nonesuch is an edition for scholars and bibliophiles. The Everyman Library Shakespeare is for – Everyman. Apparently typographically undistinguished, it is in fact a very easy read – far easier than the Nonesuch. Running heads giving acts and scenes are more easily picked out. Characters' names and stage

directions are clear, easily noted and undistracting. Space-saving measures – this is an economically-produced edition for the mass market – are easily accepted. Here, a set of standards had to be devised which worked throughout, with little scope for fine-tuning. And they work very well: tidily, clearly and

legibly, though a little tight for the prose speeches. Neither so elegant nor so space-consuming as Tschichold's solution (see page 39), it yet demonstrates again that *less* is lucid; *more* can be counter-productive.

Act III, Sc. i]

### Much Ado About Nothing

doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beat.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have

*Bene.* You take pleasure, then, in the message? [*come.*

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Bene.* Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

#### ACT III—SCENE I

*Leonato's orchard.*

*Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.*

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her, To listen our propose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick.

300

### Much Ado About Nothing

[Act III, Sc. i

When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay.

*Enter Beatrice, behind.*

Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture.

Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[*Approaching the bower.*

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

*Urs.* But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

*Hero.* So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

*Hero.* O god of love! I know he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man: But Nature never framed a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her All matter else seems weak: she cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endear'd.

*Urs.* Sure, I think so; And therefore certainly it were not good

301

in the Plaza del Mercado; a clean and comfortable inn. Pop. 22,000. Jaen (*Jayján*) was a little independent kingdom under the Moors, consisting of 268 square leagues. *Gien*, in Arabic, is said to signify fertility. Its position is most picturesque; the castle standing like a sentinel commands the gorge of the mountain approach from Granada. The surrounding jumble of mountains is called *del Viento, La Pandera*, and *Jabalruz*. The two latter are the local barometers. Thus says the proverb—

*Cuando Jabalruz tiene capuz  
Y La Pandera nantera,  
Lloverá aunque Dios no quiera.*

Jaen is a bishopric conjointly with Baeza. The cathedral is built after the style of its metropolitan at Granada and Malaga. It was originally a mosque, which was pulled down in 1492, the present edifice having been commenced in 1532 by Pedro de Valdelvira. The plan (in the Græco-Roman style) is noble and regular, the W. façade standing between two fine towers. The sacristy and *Sagrario* are elegant. Notice the silver custodia by Juan Ruiz, and the statue of San Eufrasio. The grand relic of Jaen is *El Santo Rostro*, or the Santa Faz, a Holy Face of our Saviour, impressed on the handkerchief of *la Verónica*, which is said to have been lent to the suffering Saviour on the road to Calvary. It was borne by St. Ferdinand at the head of his army. It is shown to the public on Good Friday, and on the day of the Ascension of the Virgin: to great personages it is privately shown on other occasions.

Visit the old Gothic Church of *San Julian*, also the Church of *San Miguel*, where obs. the fine portal by Valdelvira.

The charming Alameda commands splendid views over the surrounding Alps. The *Fuente de la Magdalena* can also be visited; it bursts from the rock as if struck by the wand of Moses. The walk to the mineral springs near the *Jabalruz* (1½ m.) is delightful. Jaen surrendered itself to St. Ferdinand in 1246. Here it was that Ferdinand IV. suddenly died (aged 25),

on the 7th Sept., 1312, having been summoned to appear before the judgment-seat of God upon that day, by two brothers, Juan and Pedro Carvajal, who were executed thirty days before by order of the King, without sufficient evidence of guilt having been brought home to them. Ferdinand having thus died as predicted, is called *El Emplazado*, "the cited one."

The road to Granada was opened in 1828. The first portion runs through a well-watered valley full of figs, pomegranates, apricot-trees, and vineyards. The gorge then becomes wilder and narrower, and is carried through the *Puerta de Arenas*, the sandy gate of Granada, by a tunnel 35 yards long. 22½ m. *Campillo de Arenas*. Pop. 1200.

The road continues through wild mountain scenery, with here and there a farm-house surrounded by its luxuriant *huerta*, to beautiful Granada, which it enters by the Plaza del Triunfo.

### GRANADA.

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#### § 1. HOTELS, CAFÉS, CASINO, CONSULS, THEATRES, POST AND TELEGRAPH, BATHS, CARRIAGES, GUIDES, SHOPS.

31 m. GRANADA. The station is half-an-hour's drive to the Alhambra. *Hotels*: Fonda de los Siete Suelos; beautifully situated upon the Alhambra Hill. Fonda de Washington Irving, on the Alhambra Hill, immediately facing the Siete Suelos Hotel; charges at both these hotels, 40 reals per day. Engage rooms beforehand at the hotels on the hill. Fonda de la Victoria, on the Puerta Real, in the centre of the

though not completed until the 17th century. — A little to the N. is *San Francesco* (Pl. B, 3; adm. 10-4 by the side-entrance to the left of the choir), with Gothic façade; 3rd chapel on the right, *Morello*, \*SS. Margaret, Francis, and Jerome (signed 1530); over the high-altar, *Romanino*, \*\*Madonna and saints, a masterpiece of brilliant colouring (about 1511; in an older frame, 1502).

The *Casa Fortunato*, an elegant little palazzo in the Venetian high-Renaissance style (16th cent.), should be noticed in the Via Dolzani (Pl. B, 3; No. 3, on the right). — Not far off, 38 Via del Palazzo Vecchio, is the *Palazzo Fanti* (now *Ragnoli*), with a fine Renaissance portal.

Beside the Porta Milano (Pl. A, 2) is a bronze equestrian statue of *Garibaldi*. About ½ M. beyond the gate lies the pretty *Campo Santo*, to which an avenue of cypresses leads from the highroad. Monument to the patriots of 1849. Fine view from the tower.

A picturesque walk may be taken in the gardens beneath the Castello (Pl. C, D, 2). The view (best towards evening) extends in clear weather to Monte Rosa on the W. The ascent to the castle begins at the Piazza Tito Speri (p. 221).

STREAM TRAMWAYS run from Brescia viâ *Lograto* to (20½ M.) *Soncino* (p. 217); viâ (21½ M.; 2 hrs.) *Medole*, in the church of which is a fine late work by Titian (Christ appearing to the Virgin), and (25½ M.) *Guidizzolo*, on the battlefield of Solferino (p. 218; 2¼ hrs.), to (13½ M.) *Mantua* (p. 257; 4 hrs.); to the *Alpine Valleys* described in the next route; and to *Toscolano* on the Lago di Garda (comp. p. 234).

### 39. The Brescian Alps.

#### 1. Lago d'Iseo and Val Camonica.

RAILWAYS from Brescia. 1. To *Iseo*, 15 M., in 1 hr. (fares 1st cl. 1 fr., 3rd cl. 60 c.; continuation to *Edolo* under construction). 2. To *Paratico* on the Lago d'Iseo, 23½ M., in 1¾-2 hrs. (fares 4 fr. 45, 3 fr. 10 c., 2 fr.; carriages changed at *Palazzolo*). — STREAM TRAMWAYS. 1. From *Chiari* and *Rovato* (p. 218) to *Iseo*, 12 M., in 1¼-1½ hr. (the shortest route from Milan; fares 1 fr. 40, 95 c.). 2. From *Bergamo* to *Sarnico* (comp. p. 216). 3. From *Lovere* to *Cividate*, 13½ M., in 1¾-2 hrs. (fares 1 fr. 35, 90 c.). — STEAMER on Lago d'Iseo between *Sarnico* and *Lovere* thrice daily in 2¾-3 hrs. and between *Iseo* and *Lovere* 4 times in 1¾-2 hrs.; Sunday tickets (p. xvii) are issued between April and Nov. and cheap return tickets on market days (Tues., Frid., Sat.). *Marone* is the only intermediate station touched at by all the boats. — POST OMNIBUS from *Pisogne* to *Edolo*, 34 M., daily in 7 hrs. and from *Cividate* *Orzinovo* to *Edolo*, 21½ M., twice daily in 4¼-4½ hrs.

FROM BRESCIA TO ISEO. — Brescia, see p. 219. 7¼ M. *Paderno Franciacorta*; 12½ M. *Provaglio d'Iseo*; 15 M. *Iseo* (p. 226).

FROM BRESCIA TO PARATICO. — From Brescia to (18 M.) *Palazzolo*, see p. 217. Our line here diverges to the N.E. 24 M. *Paratico*, with the ruined *Castello dei Lantieri*, lies on the left bank of the *Oglio*, which here issues from Lago d'Iseo. Immediately opposite lies *Sarnico* (*Cappello*, plain but good), a prettily situated place, connected with *Paratico* by a bridge.

The \**Lago d'Isèo* (*Lacus Sebimus*; 610 ft. above the sea; 15½ M. long, 1¼-3 M. broad, and about 820 ft. deep in the centre) has an area of 24 square miles. Its banks are green with luxuriant

ABOVE  
Richard Ford  
*A Handbook for Travellers in Spain*  
John Murray  
London 1878  
actual size

ABOVE RIGHT  
Karl Baedeker  
*Northern Italy, Handbook for Travellers*  
Leipzig 1906  
actual size

OPPOSITE  
*Italy*  
Michelin Green Guide  
Left: 1959; right: 1983  
actual size

These four examples show how information typography has developed over the last hundred years. Murray in two columns set solid is adjective-rich but mean on space and margins. A grey page, but the labour of extracting information from it is as much the fault of the author as of the designer.

Baedeker is more succinct. The minimum of description and the maximum of facts are carefully and clearly organised, using a medley of simple typographic devices.

Both Murray and Baedeker were for the leisured traveller with ample time to stroll through their calm pages. Michelin is for the car-bound tourist in a hurry, reading on the move. Emphasis is on sightseeing rather than transport. Simple typographic devices again make for clarity and rapid use. But the effect of the unlead text in the earlier edition is a

little heavy. The later version has been lightened visually (and often Americanised editorially), and reads more easily though the type size is no bigger. Here, the related variants of one typeface, Univers, have been exploited but, strangely, the town heading is messier and takes up two lines rather than one, with an unnecessary rule.

The distinctive Michelin format (about the same as a folded Michelin map) is well-thought out, both for its single-column setting and for ease of handling.

## \*AREZZO (concluded)

### CHIEF THINGS TO SEE (tour: 2 hours)

**Church of S. Francesco (St. Francis).**—This church is large, being designed for preaching; it was built for the Franciscans in the 14th century, in the Gothic style. These monks, as guardians of the Holy Places, particularly venerated the Holy Cross. They asked Piero della Francesca to decorate the chancel of their church.

**Frescoes of Piero della Francesca\*\*\*.**—These frescoes of the Legend of the Holy Cross, executed from 1452 to 1466, form an admirable whole. It is a noble and powerful masterpiece of well-balanced composition, with soft tones (pale greys and blues and reddish-browns) and gentle lights.

**South Wall:** on the tympanum, the death and burial of Adam; his son Seth plants a branch of the Tree of Paradise on his grave. The Queen of Sheba prostrates herself before a beam of the bridge made from this tree; she has a vision of Christ crucified on this wood; she explains her vision to Solomon, who has the beam buried. Below, the victory of Constantine over Maxentius under the sign of the Cross (A.D. 312).

**Central Wall:** the Jews make the Cross with wood from the beam which they have unearthed. Below, the dream of Constantine: "By this sign you shall be victorious."

**North Wall:** The Empress Helen finds the three crosses of Calvary; that of Christ is identified by the resurrection of a dead man. Below, the victorious Heraclius kills Chosroes, who had stolen the Cross.

On leaving the church you will notice inside the façade an oculus fitted with a splendid stained-glass window bearing the arms of Berry with *fleurs-de-lys*; Guillaume de Marcellat, a native of the Berry, has depicted St. Francis offering roses to the Pope in mid-January.

**Piazza Grande\*.**—This is surrounded by mediaeval houses with battlemented towers, the galleried Romanesque apse of S. Maria della Pieve, the court house (end of 18th century), the palace of the Lay Brotherhood, half-Gothic and half-Renaissance, and the 16th century galleries, which used to be closed to the common people.

The "Saracen's Tournament" takes place in this square on the first Sundays in June and September. The best horsemen of Arezzo attack a dummy figure with lances before a great crowd of "extras" in 14th century costumes.

**Church of S. Maria della Pieve\*.**—A tall campanile, known as that "of the hundred holes" because of its many windows, stands over this fine Romanesque church. The **façade\*\***, inspired by the Pisan Romanesque style (p. 28), is highly decorative with its three tiers of small columns, adorned with various patterns and standing more closely together as the height increases; there is a small statue-column in the centre of the uppermost tier. The Virgin, flanked by two angels, appears in the tympanum of the central doorway. Symbols of the twelve months of the year, treated in a lively style, adorn the upper arch.

On the high altar is a remarkable 14th century polyptych by the Siennese Pietro Lorenzetti.

The **Via dei Pileati**, with its palaces, Gothic towers and old houses, is curious. At the corner of a cross street the Palazzo Pretorio (14th-15th century) is adorned with the coats of arms of Podestàs or Florentine Governors.

### OTHER THINGS TO SEE

**Archaeological Museum\* (M).**—Open to visitors from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Its collection of Aretian vases made in the Roman period is remarkable. It also contains coins and an exceptional collection of Etruscan bronze statuettes (6th-5th century B.C.). Alongside the museum are the remains of the Roman amphitheatre.

**Duomo (Cathedral) (D).**—This large building has a pretty Renaissance doorway in its south front. Inside are some fine **works of art\***: stained-glass windows by Marcellat and the "arch" (or tomb) of St. Donat (14th century) at the high altar.

**Church of S. Domenico (St. Dominic) (B).**—This 13th century Gothic church has an asymmetrical façade. On it you will notice frescoes by Spinello Aretino and, at the high altar, an admirable **Crucifix\*\*** by Cimabue.

**Casa del Vasari (Vasari Mansion) (A).** Apply to the porter. The house was gorgeously decorated in 1540 by Vasari, a painter, sculptor, architect and writer and a symbol of the Renaissance with his versatile talent. He was the author of *Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors and Writers*, a basic work on the history of Italian Primitive art and of the Renaissance.

**Church of S. Maria delle Grazie (St. Mary of the Graces).**—1/4 miles by car southwards along the *Via Mecenate*. In front of the church is a light, graceful **portico\*** by the Florentine Benedetto di Maiano (15th century). Inside the church a retable by Andrea della Robbia frames a picture by Spinello Aretino, "St. Mary of the Graces".

### ASCOLI PICENO\*\* Marches—Michelin map no. 988 16.

Ascoli, an austere but picturesque town, lies in a narrow valley at the confluence of the Castellano and the Tronto, which themselves flow in deep valleys. It is rich in Romanesque and mediaeval buildings. A great part of it is still enclosed in finely proportioned ramparts.

Ascoli has two specialities: paper-making and the preparation of stuffed olives.

### CHIEF THINGS TO SEE (tour: 1 hour)

**Piazza del Popolo\*\*.**—The "Square of the People", elongated and well-proportioned and paved with large flagstones, is surrounded by Gothic buildings and Renaissance arcades. It is usually quiet but becomes lively on market days. On summer evenings the square is filled with strollers enjoying the cool air or sitting on the café terraces and looking at the illuminated façades.

**Palazzo del Popolo\* (People's Palace).**—The People's Palace is an austere 13th century building dominated by a tower. The façade was modified at the Renaissance by the addition, by Cola dell' Amatrice, of an imposing doorway (1548) surmounted by a statue of Pope Paul III. The palace, which has a Renaissance inner courtyard, contains a museum.

**Church of S. Francesco\* (St. Francis).**—This interesting church was begun in 1263 and consecrated in 1371. The apse is particularly curious with its seven Lombard apsidals, two hexagonal towers and a dome over the transept crossing. A Gothic doorway on one side, though it has a semicircular arch, is completed by a Renaissance niche holding the statue of Pope Julius II.

**Loggia dei Mercanti\* (Loggia of the Merchants).**—The Loggia of the Merchants abuts on the south front of the church of St. Francis. It is light and graceful and was built at the beginning of the 16th century under Tuscan influence, revealed by the shape of the capitals.

**Quartiere Vecchio\* (Old Quarter).**—This lies between the Corso Mazzini and the Tronto river. The main street is the *Via delle Torri*, prolonged by the *Via Solesta*; these two streets are lined with old houses and shops. At the entrance to the *Via delle Torri* is the Renaissance façade of S. Agostino (B), a church which contains a Christ bearing the Cross in a moving fresco by Cola dell' Amatrice (beyond the second altar on the left). Two proud towers stand opposite the church. The *Via delle Torri* ends at the church of S. Pietro Martiri (14th century).



### ■ ADDITIONAL SIGHTS

**Archaeological Museum\* (Museo Archeologico) (AZ M<sup>1</sup>).** — Open 9 am to 2 pm (1 pm Sundays and holidays); closed Mondays. The collections of Aretian vases made in the Roman period and of Etruscan bronze statuettes, dating from the 6-5C BC, are outstanding.

**Cathedral (Duomo) (BY D).** — This cathedral was built between 1286 and 1510 but has a modern façade. There is a Romanesque-Gothic doorway (1319-1337) in its south front.

Inside are fine **works of art\***: stained glass windows by Marcellat (Expulsion of the Money Changers from the Temple), a fresco by Piero della Francesca of Mary Magdalen in the north aisle, the 14C tomb (*arca*) of St. Donatus at the high altar and 16C marble pulpits.

**St. Dominic's Church (San Domenico) (BY B).** — This 13C Gothic church has an asymmetrical façade. Inside, you will notice frescoes by the Duccio school and by Spinello Aretino and his followers and, at the high altar, an admirable **Crucifix\*\***, an early work (1260-65) by Cimabue.

**Vasari's Mansion (Casa del Vasari) (AY A).** — Open 8 am to 2 pm weekdays; 9 am to 1 pm Sundays and holidays; closed Mondays. The house was gorgeously decorated in 1540 by Vasari, a painter, sculptor, architect and writer and a symbol of the Renaissance with his versatile talent. Also exhibited are works by Tuscan mannerists.

**Church of St. Mary of Grace (Santa Maria delle Grazie).** — 1 km · 3/4 mile — southwards along the *Viale Mecenate* (AZ). In front of the church is a light, graceful **portico\*** by the Florentine, Benedetto da Maiano (15C). Inside the church a marble altarpiece by Andrea della Robbia frames a picture by Parri di Spinello, St. Mary of Grace.

**Museum of Mediaeval and Modern Art (AY M<sup>2</sup>).** — Open 9 am to 2 pm (1 pm Sundays and holidays); closed Mondays. The gallery and the museum are both in the 15C Bruni Palace. Works by Margarito d'Arezzo, Guido da Siena, Parri di Spinello, Bartolomeo della Gatta, Luca Signorelli, Cigoli, Vasari, Salvator Rosa and Gaspard Dughet may be seen. The 19C is represented by some of the most famous painters of the Macchiaioli school: Fattori, Signorini... There are also coins, bronzes, glass, arms and ceramics (remarkable collection of the Renaissance period and of the 17 and 18C).

### ASCOLI PICENO\*\* Marches

Michelin map 988 16 — Pop 56 200

Ascoli, an austere but picturesque town lies in a narrow valley at the confluence of the Castellano and the Tronto. The town is rich in Roman and mediaeval buildings.

### ■ MAIN SIGHTS time: 1 hour

**Piazza del Popolo\*\*.** — The People's Square, elongated and well proportioned and paved with large flagstones, is surrounded by Gothic buildings and Renaissance arcades. The square is the favourite meeting-place of the people and it provides the scene for the Carnival and the parade leading up to the Quintana festival on the first Sunday in August.

**People's Palace\* (Palazzo del Popolo).** — The People's Palace is an austere 13C building dominated by a tower. An imposing doorway (1549) surmounted by a statue of Pope Paul III was added by Cola dell' Amatrice at the Renaissance. The palace has a Renaissance inner court.

**St. Francis' Church\* (San Francesco).** — This interesting church was begun in 1262 and consecrated in 1371. The apse is particularly curious with its seven Lombard apsidals, two hexagonal towers and a dome over the transept crossing. A statue of Pope Julius II surmounts a Romanesque doorway on the right. The cloisters are on the north side of the church.

BELOW  
John Bourke  
*The Baroque Churches of Central Europe*  
Faber and Faber  
2nd edition, London 1962  
actual size

OPPOSITE  
Nikolaus Pevsner  
*The Buildings of England: Cumberland and Westmorland*  
Penguin Books  
Harmondsworth 1967 reprinted 1973  
actual size

Narrative guides should read comfortably as continuous text but at the same time contain a good deal of information, which must be lightly signalled without interrupting the flow. Both these examples succeed. Bourke's page is airy and graceful with an entirely appropriate use of Walbaum. In extended descriptions, noteworthy features are numbered (within the paragraph), facilitating on-the-spot use. In the text size and weight, but within brackets, these numbers are surprisingly easy to pick out, but they do not disrupt the page.

## THE CHURCHES

the result that the dome is felt as slightly oppressive and some of the other parts (e.g. the diagonal corner chapels) as somewhat dwarfed.

*Altomünster*, 1763–6 (15 m. E. of Augsburg, 12 m. N.W. of Dachau; from both, as also from Munich, rail and bus connections). Abbey church (Benedictine foundation eighth century for monks and nuns: since 1485 Brigittine). The last of Fischer's churches, he died before its completion. A type of wall-pillar church of complicated design; to a large octagonal nave are added three eastward sections—a 2-storey section quadrilateral on plan, an apsidal choir and (above and behind) a second choir. The Brigittines being a double Order of monks and nuns, the problem was to construct a church in which three groups (monks, nuns, and lay brothers) could take part in the services unseen, and so undisturbed, by one another; to which had to be added and accommodated the lay folk. Fischer's solution produced, not an oddity as might be thought, but an interior which combines certain well-known features of his churches with other surprising and beautiful vistas.

*Noteworthy features. Exterior:* The tower and its helm are very shapely. The greatly extended E. limb should be noted. *Interior:* (1) The arrangement to meet the accommodation needs can be clearly made out. We enter the main octagon (with two tiers of galleries), immediately E. of which is the 2-storey section with lay-brothers' choir below and nuns' choir above, then the apsidal sanctuary, then (above and behind the high altar, now used as the parish altar) the monks' choir with stalls and altar. The whole lay-out of the greatest interest as an attempt to meet unusual monastic requirements in a way satisfactory both practically and aesthetically. (2) The decoration is of varying quality. The delicate and restrained stucco work by *Jakob Rauch* (1773), the frescoes by *Josef Mages* (1768), especially fine in the drawing and colouring, that in the nave saucer dome depicting scenes, actual and legendary, from the history of the Order; the two chief altars by *J. B. Straub*, late and fanciful but good.

## SOUTHERN GERMANY

### *Other churches of J. M. Fischer*

*Altomünster* was Fischer's last great work; he died, as we have seen, while it was being completed. Of his other, lesser but always interesting and beautiful churches, attention is directed to the following. The first four all show variations of the central octagon theme of which we have spoken and which found its perfect expression at *Rott-am-Inn*.

*Rinchnach*, 1727–9 (12 m. N.E. Deggendorf, on the Regen-Passau road). The nave is a new construction; choir and tower were taken over from the fifteenth-century church and baroquized. Finestucco work (artist unknown) and frescoes by *Andreas Heindl*.

*Unering*, 1731 (4 m. N.W. Starnberg on isolated hill) with interior of great charm; good harmonious contemporary furnishings and nave fresco.

*Aufhausen*, 1736–51 (12 m. S.E. Regensburg, 16 m. S.W. Straubing). One of Fischer's strongest interiors, its appeal predominantly architectural. Here (as at the contemporary *Ingolstadt Franziskanerkirche* before its total destruction by bombs) the narrow sides of the octagon are pierced by arches at ground and at gallery level so that the diagonal axes thrust through to the outer walls, as later at *Rott*.

*Bichl*, 1751–3 (just N. *Benediktbeuern*) with frescoes by *J. J. Zeiller*, and high altar with a notable group of St George and the Dragon by *J. B. Straub*. Side altars 1709. No stucco.

## Dominikus Zimmermann

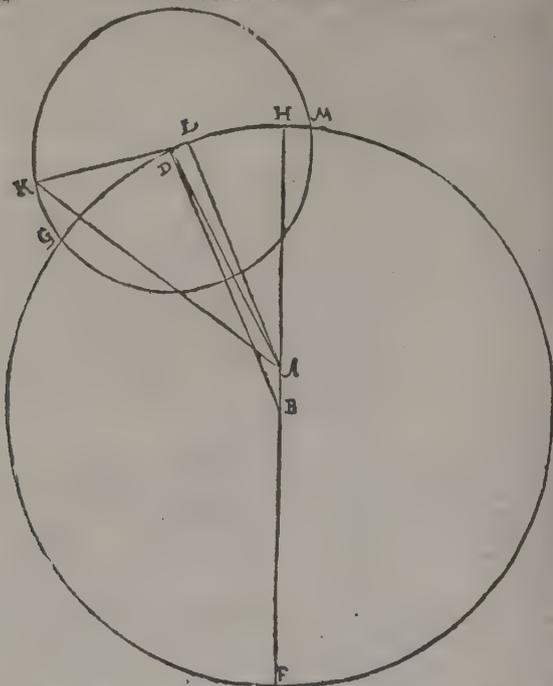
In *Dominikus Zimmermann* we have a figure who differs in certain important ways from *J. M. Fischer*. Fischer was an architect pure and simple and his churches were decorated by a variety of artists. Zimmermann, having been trained and achieved distinction as stucco artist and designer of altars as well as architect, united in his own person the practice of several arts. Again, he worked in frequent co-operation with his brother, the painter *Johann Baptist Zimmermann*, who contributed the frescoes to all



Tycho Brahe  
*De Mundi Aetherei recentioribus  
 phaenominis*  
 Uraniburg 1577  
 reduced from approx 240 mm deep

Technical books have a long history and were particularly in demand during the Renaissance. This astronomical treatise uses a simple diagram keyed to the long footnote in italics, while the main text is

set in a handsome roman. The arabesque initial gives the page grace, as well as marking a new chapter, and the style is perfectly appropriate for a science book for connoisseurs.



*Quare cum in ea prius posita minore Figura, GM (ut modo dixi) sit part. 38. min. 50. & AG in eadem supra in 11. uerit P. 47. M. 32, si in uide addatur hi duo Arcus, componitur totus AM, qui maximus Comete in suo proprio tramite ab Interfectione cum Ecliptica exhibet, P. 86. u. 23. Huic de Ecliptica respiciet Arcus AQ, P. 85. M. 52, qui si addatur ad A locum Interfectionis in part. 20. min. 55. A, patefacit Longitudinem Cometæ quod ad Eclipticam Q in part. 16. min. 47. X, & per Arcum MQ datur Latitudo eiusdem part. 23. min. 16. que duo inuestiganda erant. Licet uero Longitudo per Hypothesin reperere 9 scrupulis minor sit ea quam Ephemeris in fine Capituli Quinti ex Observationibus ducta, exhibuit: tamen hæc minutula discrepancia non reputanda uenit. Neq; enim circa minutum etiam uarij ad eam exactam Observationem in Cometa, ob nimiam eius tenuitatem, Lunæq; præsentiam, obuenire licuit. Quam in sexta parte unius gradus deuiatio non admodum sensibilis obrepere poterit. Latitudo autem utrobique apprimè consentit, differentia scilicet unius minuti incidente.*

Exposui

Exposuim⁹ hætenus trib⁹ exemplis ad tria diuersa tempora, uidelicet prope initium, medium, & finem Apparitionis Cometæ ordinatis, correspondentiã Hypothesis nostræ cum locis cœlitis Obseruatis. Atq; hac Methodo ad singulos dies per totam eius durationem, à ix Nouembris usq; in xxvi Ianuarij, calculum Theorice præscriptæ innixum subduxim⁹, ut constare possit, quo modo is cum eo motu, quem ex Obseruationibus in Ephemeride Capituli Quinto subiunximus, consentiat. Omniaq; huc facientia in Tabulam debito ordine congelesimus, quam ad finem eius, quod iam sequetur, Capituli, apponemus.

CAPVT NONVM.

*De Capitis & Caudæ huius Cometæ ueræ magnitudine, quanta in ipso Cælo circa principia sua Apparitionis extiterit.*



Superest, ut inter ea quæ ex nostris Obseruationibus deriuare, & in hoc Cometa Mathematicè Demonstrare proposuimus, Magnitudinis etiam ueræ dimensionem asequamur, ut innotescat, quantus in ipso Cælo fuerit hic Cometæ, idq; per uisibilem & apparentem quantitatem, habita eius intercapedinis, qua à Terra distabat, ratione, in hunc modum breuibus, absoluemus.

Utiq; primùm Capitis ipsius Cometæ ueræ magnitudo constat, assumatur apprensus eius diameter minorum 7, quantam die XIII Nouembris, quo primùm à nobis conspicuus est, diligenti animaduersione adueni; cumq; in antecedentibus ad hunc ipsum diem Demonstrata sit Capitis à centro Terræ distantia semidiametrorum 211, iuxta Hypothesin nostræ exigentiam, idèd à superficie Terræ absint una semidiametro minus, ita ut existerit uera à nobis eo die Capitis Cometæ remotio semidiametrorum 210. Præsupposita itaq; hæc ipsius Capitis à Terræ superficie distantia, eaq; quam dixi apparentis magnitudinis mensura, per subsecquentem delineationem id quod intendimus manifestabitur.

Sic igitur in proxima figura DEC capitis Cometæ circumferentia, centro B & Quantitate B C orbiculariter descripta. Erat enim ipsum Caput exactè rotundum instar reliquarum Stellarum. Oculus Obseruatoris sit in A superficie Terræ, unde ad ipsum Cometæ caput ducantur tres lineæ, A B ad ipsius medietatem, A D & A C ad circumferentia contactum. His præstructis, cum in Triangulo D C A, Latera D A & C A æqualia sint, & eleuationem capitis Cometæ à Terra representent, quam dixi semidiametrorum fuisse 210, quæ in milia-

C C

ria com-

In contrast to the decoratively elegant book on mathematics for a leisured gentleman of cultivated tastes, this spread from *The Shell Encyclopedia of Sailing* presents serious instruction for the reading sailor. The tools by which this is achieved include clear diagrams

set against disciplined typography, grids, alignments across the page, and minimum 'business' in the treatment of type. This is book engineering. Any elegance is incidental, and of the engineering mode: neat, economical of means, functional.

## Performance and yacht design

means of compass and protractor; or mathematically, with the help of a hand-held calculator, solving the three following, relatively simple, equations:

$$1. V_T = \sqrt{V_1^2 + V_2^2 + 2V_1 V_2 \cos \beta}$$

$$2. \sin \gamma = \frac{\sin \beta V_1}{V_T}$$

and lastly the already known equation:

$$3. V_{mg} = V_T \cos \gamma$$

The result of the calculation can be plotted in terms of  $V_{mg}$  versus  $V_T$ . The large number of circular dots in fig. 15 illustrate such results obtained in close-hauled conditions, while sailing a full-scale 5.5-Metre boat. The measurements were taken in a variety of wind and sea conditions, on two different waters, as indicated.

The object of these particular full-scale trials was to establish the degree of correlation between the theoretically derived performance curve (the thick continuous line based on model tests, and the performance actually achieved by helmsmen attempting to reach the best performance in given conditions.

It is evident from the scattered points of performance measurements that a yacht can rarely be sailed at optimum except momentarily and by chance. In fact on a few occasions only the actually measured performance figures coincide with the theoretical curve, which, it should not be forgotten, applies to smooth-water conditions. This thick continuous line curve, enveloping the measured points that lie within or to the left of the curve, can be regarded as an ultimate yardstick - very difficult to match in practice.

In fact, it is not easy to establish the optimum performance curve from full-scale trials. It takes a long time, and a large number of test runs must be recorded, to gather enough data to plot such a curve with a reasonable degree of accuracy. The whole idea of full-scale measurements which appears to be simple in principle, is difficult in realization. It requires a great deal of skill, on the part of experimenters, to execute the tests and interpret the results correctly. There are many reasons for the difficulties usually encountered, which are clearly reflected in the scattered test data of 5.5-Metre boats in fig. 15. Continual variations of wind and water flow greatly affect the air and water sensors and this in turn complicates the measurements (see photograph). Because of these changes in apparent wind speed  $V_T$  and its direction, the helmsman is not able to distinguish immediately and exactly enough what changes have occurred in the true wind. Recorded variations of wind speed  $V_T$  alone, in the order of 10 ft/sec - 50%, of the mean speed of about 20 ft/sec - are fairly common

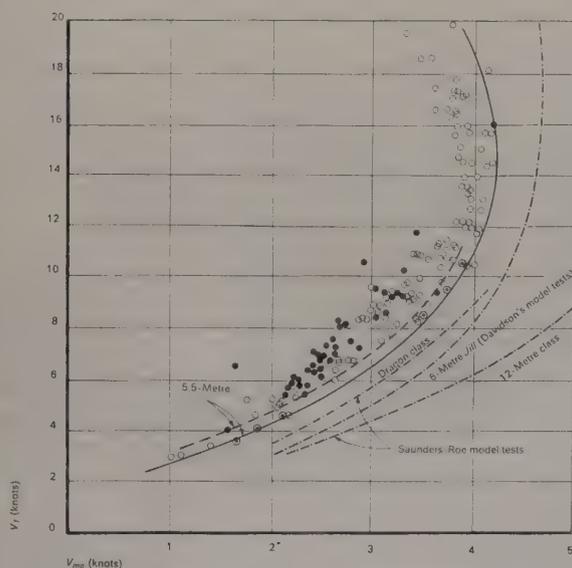


Fig. 15 Close-hauled results for some racing keelboats. (The open circles and the solid curve are the results of full-scale trials in Southampton Water; the solid circles and dashed curve are the

results of full-scale trials in the King George VI Reservoir; the crosses are results based on model tests in the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington, Middlesex.)

Because sails develop lift, the airflow in their proximity is distorted and thus to avoid unreliable readings, wind sensors must be positioned with some care. To reduce the effect of the distorted airflow the sensors are placed at a distance from the sails, although some desirable positions are precluded

because of their interference with boat handling (as in the photograph - below), where a Dragon is being tested by Southampton University). Similar problems arise when testing the hull with water-speed sensors that are operating close to it or its appendages



## Performance and yacht design

over intervals of 2 minutes. This being so, the sail forces must also be subject to large fluctuations, and sheeting angles may not be matched correctly to the best performance requirements. The hull speed responds more or less slowly to these varying wind forces transmitted through the rig, depending on the weight (mass) of the hull. The time response of the measuring instruments, together with the helmsman's response to their pointers or merit indicators, is also an important factor. It is therefore highly unlikely that a yacht can be kept moving consistently well 'on target', in such a variable environment. Some degree of departure from the optimum is inevitable.

### ways of presenting boat performance

The question of the sensitivity of performance to departures from, say, optimum sheeting angle  $\delta$ , defined in fig. 16, now becomes relevant. To show its significance, the simple example of the Finn-type dinghy, driven by a single sail, has been chosen. (Obviously, the more sails there are to be considered, the more difficult the tuning problem becomes.)

Fig. 16 shows that over the lower wind-speed range, up to 2-3 on the Beaufort scale, the optimum sheeting angle  $\delta$  remains fairly constant and at a relatively low value; but as the wind speed  $V_T$  increases so does the sheeting angle, quite sharply. The two thin, broken-line curves in fig. 14 may help to answer another practical question: how much boat performance deteriorates when the helmsman does not pay enough attention to the variation in wind strength and maintains the sheeting angle constant, regardless. These two curves, which just touch the optimum

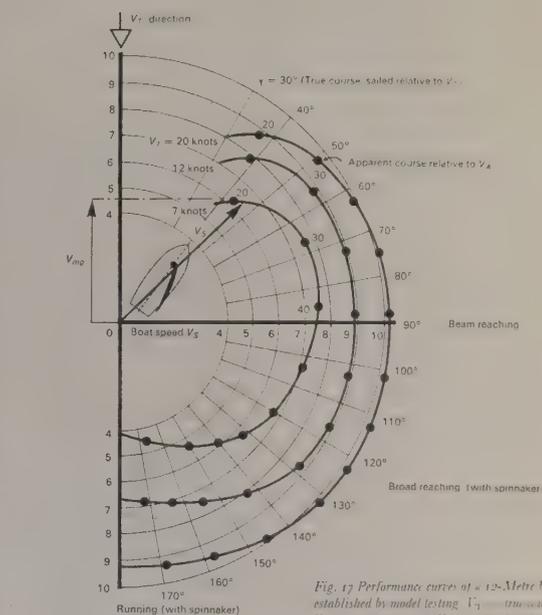
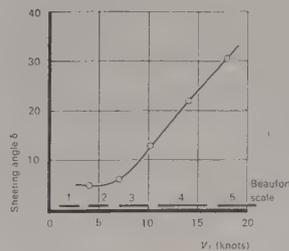


Fig. 17 Performance curves of a 12-Metre boat established by model testing.  $V_T$  - true wind,  $V_A$  - apparent wind,  $V_{mg}$  - speed made good,  $V_B$  - boat speed

Fig. 16 Finn-type dinghy (left). Optimum course sailed  $\beta$  and optimum sheeting angle  $\delta$  for one particular kicking strap (boom vang) tension (Marchaj, *Aerohydrodynamics of Sailing*). Note: the sheeting angle  $\delta$  is measured between the boom and the centreline of the hull.

$V_{mg}$  thick continuous-line) curve twice along its length, give the attainable  $V_{mg}$ , assuming in one case the sheeting angle  $\delta = 10^\circ$  constant, and in the other  $\delta = 18^\circ$  constant. It can now be appreciated that in both cases the potential sail efficiency is fully exploited in only a small range of wind speed  $V_T$ . Below and above that particular wind strength, at which the thin curves coincide with the optimum curve, the  $V_{mg}$  speed increasingly deteriorates. Correct sail adjustment to suit the variety of wind conditions appears, therefore, to offer a dramatic degree of performance improvement.

Performance calculations, whether the data originates from model tests or full-scale trials,

can be presented in a variety of ways, depending on their intended use. For the yacht designer, racing crew, or a yacht-research establishment Fig. 17, for instance, gives an overall picture of the performance of a half-toned racing yacht of 12-Metres, assuming the boat sailing in calm water on courses ranging from close-hauled to running, and in true wind speeds  $V_T = 7, 12$  and 20 knots. The three performance curves plotted were built up by averaging the boat speed versus  $V_T$  from the optimum, at each relevant  $\beta$  angle and wind speed  $V_T$ , for which the calculations were made. As an example, only one such  $V_T$  curve is shown in fig. 17. It indicates that the wind velocity of 7 knots, the optimum boat speed of about 7

**Pristella** Characidae

– *riddlei* PRISTELLA, X-RAY FISH, WATER GOLDFINCH  
4cm. (1½ in.)

This fish comes from the north east of South America. Not the most colourful of fishes, undoubtedly its attraction lies in the shape, posture and contrasting black and white markings of its dorsal and anal fins. The fins are large and held well from the body which is darkish green above and, in the latter half of the body, with a light, almost transparent belly. There is a dark line running horizontally which is picked out above in the posterior half of the body by a parallel yellow line. The tail fin is a delicate reddish pink. It is a good member of the community tank where it helps to accentuate the colours of brighter fish. It requires a high proportion of live food in its diet and temperatures between 24–26°C. Sexing is relatively simple. Viewed against a bright light, the body cavity can be seen within the living body and is pointed in males, more rounded in females. Matched pairs breed but only with difficulty.

Plenty of weed with not too deep water, about 10–15cm., and a high temperature of 26°C. Parents tend to eat young so must be removed. 134

**Prochilodus** Curimatidae (+)

– *insignis* SERGEANT CHARACIN, FLAG-TAILED  
PROCHILODUS 15cm. (6in.)

A native of the Amazon, this fish reaches some 15cm. in captivity. The body is a silver grey. It is noticeable because of its striped tail and anal fins. The dark horizontal stripes in the tail are separated by white, the base colour.

It has a sucking mouth similar in appearance to that of the Kissing Gourami, *Helostoma temminckii*, with which it feeds in the mud of the river bottom. It consumes algae and, in captivity, boiled spinach. Not aggressive but jumps high, so keep the tank covered.

– *taeniurus* SILVER PROCHILODUS 15cm. (6in.)

This native Amazonian has a dark green body shading to a yellow undercarriage. The posterior half of the fish is divided by a horizontal line which commences below the dorsal fin and extends as far as the tail. The dorsal fin has a large dark spot. The tail fin has horizontal bands of black with dark tips to the lobes and the pelvic fins are blood red.

**Promicrops** Serranidae ψ

– *lanceolatus* TIGER OF QUEENSLAND GROUPER  
3m. (9ft 10in.)

Although it grows very large indeed, young ones can be kept in captivity in normal-sized tanks, but outgrow them quickly. The black body is decorated with yellow patches in the juveniles. Comes from the Indo-Pacific region. At full size, they are the terror of divers, so beware. Requires live food. This fish does not breed in captivity.

**Protein Skimmers or Protein Foam Removers**

Basically these work by frothing the water with a stream of fine bubbles. The dissolved impurities, resulting from protein breakdown of waste products, respond by making a stable foam which rises to the surface from where it can be periodically removed. Rarely necessary except in very large aquaria. Water changes are simpler, easier to manage, and far less expensive. See *Management of the Marine Aquarium*.

## Protopteridae AFRICAN LUNGFISH

This family, together with Ceratodontidae and Lepidosirenidae, makes up the lungfishes. They have a pair of lungs lying below but communicating with the oesophagus. Like other lungfish they bury themselves in burrows in the mud during the dry season. The male guards the eggs which are laid in burrows. The young have external gills which later disappear. See *Protopterus*.

**Protopterus** Protopteridae ⊕

– *annectens* AFRICAN LUNGFISH 91cm. (3ft)

Rarely kept by aquarists because of its size, it is nevertheless an interesting fish with an elongated brown body and an almost white belly, peppered with dark dots. The pectoral and pelvic fins have been modified to form thin worm-like extensions which are moved in a circular motion. Not only can it survive dry conditions by using air, but it must get air even when in water and will drown if not able to surface.

A hardy aquarium inmate, providing it is kept in clean water anywhere between 20–31°C. It is carnivorous, normally eating small fish but will take raw meat in captivity.

PSETTUS DIAMONDFISH see *Monodactylus argenteus*

**Pseudobalistes** Balistidae ψ

– *fuscus* JIGSAW OR BLUE-LINED TRIGGERFISH  
50cm. (20in.)

This fish from the Pacific Ocean grows to 50cm. in length. Its orange body is patterned with blue lines. A dark patch separates the eyes, marks the base of the dorsal fin and the tail. It can vary this colour, actually becoming black with anger. It naturally feeds on crustacea and shelled echinoderms, and likes temperatures around 24°C.

## Pseudochromidae DWARF GROUPERS, DOTTYBACKS

A small family of marine fish closely related to *Serranidae*. They are active little fish with small anal and dorsal fins each with only three spines. They, like *Serranidae*, tend to lie in wait for their prey, hiding in small holes in rocks or coral. See *Pseudochromis*.

## LEFT

David J Coffey

*The Encyclopedia of Aquarium Fish*

Pelham Books

(produced by Rainbird Publishing)

London 1977

reduced from 240 mm deep

This specialist encyclopedia for the popular market uses only one text type, in roman, italic, bold, bold italic and small caps; but with a disciplined use of space, the signalling of different kinds of information (scientific names, generic names, English names, English words, families and cross-references) is entirely adequate for the purpose. Symbols indicate characteristics such as fresh-water, marine, aggressive and so on.

## OPPOSITE

Christopher Wright

*Dutch Painting in the Seventeenth Century*

Lund Humphries

London 1989

reduced from 265 mm deep

The scholar's catalogue of Dutch painters is a massive reference list presented as succinctly as possible. The three most important grades of information (artist, location, title) are differentiated. Preceding each title is a bullet which signals both it and its group of information. Small triangles indicate further references in other literature.

The presentation of such information requires close co-operation between author, editor and designer (and a sympathetic typesetter). As with the encyclopedia, using the full range of fonts (and, additionally here, changing the type size for the main headings) would have been a costly operation without the facilities of current filmsetting machines. Changes of type family could equally easily have been achieved, had this been thought desirable. The increased capacity and flexibility of filmsetting offer temptation to indulge in the wildest excesses; but restraint is usually more effective.

**Manchester** CITY ART GALLERY

- *A party of falconers outside the gates of a castle*  
Signed: J Lingelbach  
Assheton Bennett Cat. 1965 no.33; Concise  
Cat. 1980 no.1979.471, ill.  
> Burger-Wegener no.169

**Nottingham** CASTLE MUSEUM

- *Village festival with peasants merry making*  
Signed: L Lingelbach  
Inv.no.04-92  
Cat. 1904 no.27  
> Burger-Wegener no.113  
Exh. Hull 1961 no.64; London, RA 1962  
no.116; Newcastle 1983 no.64, ill.;  
Philadelphia/Berlin/London, RA 1984 no.63  
pl.45

**Royal Collection**

- *A mountebank and other figures before a locande and a Capriccio view of the Piazza del Popolo, Rome*  
False monogram: KDJ  
Cat. 1982 no.97 pl.86  
· Burger-Wegener no.12
- *Embarkation of Charles II at Scheveningen, 1660*  
Cat. 1982 no.98 pl.87  
· Burger-Wegener no.208

**National Trust**

- AUDLEY END
- *Street scene*  
Cat. 1973, Great Drawing Room no.10, as  
attributed
- WADDESdon MANOR
- *Riding scene*  
Signed: J Lingelbach  
Cat. 1967 no.63, ill.  
· Burger-Wegener no.192

**Linsen, Jan (Hermafrodito)**

b. Hoorn 1602/3; w. Rome 1624; d. at sea  
?1635

**Lisse, Dirck van der**

b. ? Breda; w. The Hague from 1639; d. The  
Hague 1669

**Cambridge** FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

- *Landscape with Diana and Actaeon*  
Monogram: DVL  
Cat. 1960 no.407 pl.35

**Glasgow** ART GALLERY

- *Landscape with Mercury, Argus and Io*  
Cat. 1961 no.595; Plates 1961 p.60

**Leeds** TEMPLE NEWSAM HOUSE

- *Diana and Callisto*  
Concise Cat. 1976 no.7/36

**London** VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

- *Landscape with a rustic bridge and cattle*  
Monogram: DVL  
Cat. 1973 no.212; pl.p.172

**Royal Collection**

- *A woman*  
Monogram: DVL  
Cat. 1982 no.99 pl.84

**Loef, Jacob Gerritsz. van**

b. Enkhuizen ? c. 1607; d. Enkhuizen ? after  
1648

**London** GREENWICH

- *De Witte in action against Dunkerkers off the coast of Nieuwpoort in 1641*  
Inv.no.1962-69  
Cat. 1988 no.BHCO271, ill.  
Preston 1974 p.25
- *De Witte in action against Dunkerkers off the coast of Nieuwpoort in 1641*  
Signed and dated 1643  
Inv.no.1962-70  
Cat. 1988 no.BHCO272, ill.  
Preston 1974 p.25 pl.38

**Loening, Allaert van**

w. Middelburg ? 1639; d. ? 1649/50

**Lois, Jacob**

b. Rotterdam c. 1620; d. Rotterdam 1676

**Loncke, Jacob Lambrechts**

b. Zierikzee c. 1580; d. ? after 1646

**Loo, Jacob van**

b. Sluis 1614; d. Paris 1670

**Glasgow** ART GALLERY

- *Susanna and the Elders*  
Signed: J van Loo fecit  
Cat. 1962 no.623; Plates 1961 p.60

**Loo, Lambert Joukes van**

w. Friesland c. 1660

**Looten, Jan**

b. Amsterdam 1618; d. London or York  
c. 1680

**Cheltenham** ART GALLERY

- *Wooded landscape with a bridge*  
Falsely signed and dated: Hobbema pinx  
1686  
Cat. 1988 no.1943.28, ill.

**Leeds** TEMPLE NEWSAM HOUSE

- *Wooded landscape*  
Concise Cat. 1976 no.22.76/48

**London** NATIONAL GALLERY

- *River landscape*  
Cat. 1960 no.901; Plates 1958 p.184; Illus-  
trated Cat. 1986 p.329

**Royal Collection**

- *Landscape with a bridge*  
Cat. 1963 no.413 pl.62, as attributed
- *Landscape with figures by a bridge*  
Cat. 1963 no.414

● *Landscape with an estuary*

Cat. 1963 no.415  
● *Wooded landscape*  
Cat. 1963 no.416

**Lorme, Anthonie de**

b. Tournai c. 1610; d. Rotterdam 1673

**Dublin** NATIONAL GALLERY

- *Church interior*  
Signed and dated: A de Lorme 1650  
Cat. 1986 no.516 pl.99
- *Interior of St Laurenskerk, Rotterdam*  
Cat. 1986 no.558 pl.98

**National Trust**

- BRODIE CASTLE
- *Church interior*  
Signed and dated 1654  
Guide 1986 p.22

**Ludeking, David**

w. Amsterdam 1650s

**Ludick, Lodewijk van**

b. Amsterdam 1629; d. Amsterdam before  
1697

**Luessinck, Johan**

b. Zutphen 1644; d. c. 1711

**Lundens, Gerrit**

b. Amsterdam 1622; d. Amsterdam 1683

**London** NATIONAL GALLERY

- *The militia company of Captain Banning Coey*  
(reduced copy of Rembrandt's *Night Watch*)  
Cat. 1960 Inv.no.289, as after Rembrandt;  
Plates 1958 p.281; Illustrated Cat. 1986  
p.339  
On long-term loan to Amsterdam,  
Rijksmuseum

**Lust, A. de**

w. 17th century

**Cambridge** FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM

- *Flower piece*  
False signature: J de Heem  
Cat. 1960 no.313, as attributed
- (BROUGHTON COLLECTION)
- *Glass vase of flowers*  
Inv.no.PD.35-1966

**Oxford** ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM

- *A vase of flowers*  
Falsely signed: R Ruysch 166.  
Ward Cat. 1950 no.50 pl.p.115; Cat. 1961  
no.W50; Cat. 1980 no.A574  
Exh. London, RA 1952/3 no.557
- *Still-life with peaches and grapes*  
Signed: a d lust  
Ward Cat. 1950 no.51, pl.p.116; Cat. 1961  
no.W51; Cat. 1980 no.A575

## The vertues of the reede.

**T**he roote of the common hedge reede, called in latin *Canna*: by it selfe, or layde to wyth hys knoppes: drabweth out thyueres, and pyckes. Or also twagerh the payne of the loyntes, and members owte of loynte, layde to wyth bynegre. The greene leues by ooled, and layd to, helcth cholerike inflammaciones, and other inflammaciones also. The asshes of the barke layd to wyth bynegre, helcth the fallynge of the heyre. the downe, that is in the toppe of the reede like flour: if it come into a mannes eare, maketh hym dese.

## Of ffolfoote / or Asarabacca.



Asara Bacca.

*Sarum* is called in greke, asaron: in english ffolfoote (because it hath a round leafe, lyke a folis fote) and asarabacca in duche, hasell wurt: because it groweth abowte hasell tree rootes: in frenche, cabaret. ffolfoote groweth only in gardynes in Englande: but it groweth wyde in certayne places of Germanye. ffolfoote is a well sauoringe herbe, and bled to be put in garlandes. It hath leues lyke unto pyp, but lesse, and rounder by a great deale: with purple floures, lyke h floures of henbane: and they growe but a litle from the root, a haue a good sauour, out of the which cometh sede, like grapes. It hath many rootes ful of knottes, smal, one lieng ouer an other, not vnlike unto grasse rootes, but much smaler, well sauoringe, hote, and bytynge vehemently the tonge.



## The vertue

of ffolfoot.

**T**he nature of this herbe is hote, and it prouoketh water: it heleth h dropsy, and the olde sciatica. the rootes prouoke downe a womans sikenes, take in the quantyte of vi. drammes with mede: and they purge, as nesling powder called whyte Helleboz doth. Galene sayth: that ffolfoote is lyke unto *Acozus* in strenght: but that thys is moze stronge, and vehement.

Galeno

## Of great saint Iohnes wurte.

Acyron.



*Alene*, and *Paule* conteyne acyron vnder and *olemo*: but *Diocorides* describeth thes herbes seuerally, & so maketh them sondry herbes. *Acyron* called also *ascaroides* is a kynde of hyperici, called in englishe saint Iohns grasse, or saynt Iohns wurte: But it differeth in greatnes, for it hath greater leues, stalkes, and no braunches, then saynt Iohns grasse hath. I haue marked also thys difference: that acyron hath a four squared stalke, and leues wyth very fewe holes in them: whiche I haue not sene in *Hyperico*. the herbe may be called in englishe great saynt Iohns grasse. I haue sene it by other tymes in spon parke.

## The vertues.

**T**he sede of thys herbe is good for the sciatica. If it be dronken with water, and honye, about the quantyte of. xx. unces: it purgeth largely cholerike humores. But it must be taken continually, tyll the paciente be hole. This herbe is also good against burnynge.

C. iij.

Alepias

initials – themselves like exotic plant forms – appear to serve no useful purpose at all.

The illustrations in *The Englishman's Flora* have been gathered from about the same period, but their size and relationship to the light, self-effacing page strike

a proper balance. This calm and satisfying appearance conceals a great deal of careful detail, and much information of different kinds is arranged and visually ordered by the subtle changes of type size, select punctuation, use of small caps and italics, and spacing.

If ever you have to cut a Lime – not for logs, since Lime wood smells rather unpleasant in the fire – it ought to be worth experimenting with the fibre of the inner bark, which is 'white, moist, and tough, serving very well for ropes, trases, and halters' (Gerard). Ropes of lime bark used to be woven in Devon and Cornwall and in Lincolnshire (125).

A small plant may have a hundred local names. Since trees give timber, and timber is sold and is an essential of life, the names of one species do not vary a great deal. Turner, in the second part of his *Herbal* (1562), wrote of the 'Lind tre'. Lyte called it Linden or Linden tree. 'Line' was common in the sixteenth century. 'Lin' survived in Yorkshire, 'Line' in Lincolnshire, 'Lind' in Scotland. 'Whitewood' has been recorded in Worcestershire and 'Pry' was an old Essex name. Linnaeus – Carl Linné – owed his family name, very aptly for a botanist, to the tall Lime, or Linden, which guarded the family home.

## XXII. Malvaceae

### 1. Musk Mallow. *Malva moschata* L. 92, H 34

Thrusting its pink flowers (sometimes they are white) and its delicately cut leaves out of the grass along a road, the Musk Mallow is among the prettiest of all English plants – pretty as *Sidalcea* – and it does well, and looks well, in gardens. Musky it is. You do not notice the smell out of doors, but take the flowers into a warm room, and the musk soon becomes obvious.

### 2. Common Mallow. *Malva sylvestris* L. 102, H 40 3. Dwarf Mallow. *Malva neglecta* Waler. 90, H 25

*Local names.* BILLY BUTTONS, Som; BREAD AND CHEESE, Dor, Som; BREAD AND CHEESE AND CIDER, Som; BUTTER AND CHEESE, Dev, Som; CHEESE-CAKE FLOWERS, Yks; CHEESE FLOWER, Som, Wilts, Suss; CHUCKY CHEESE, Som; CUSTARD CHEESES, Lincs; FAIRY CHEESES, Som, Yks; FLIBBERTY GIBBET, Som; FRENCH MALLOW, Corn; GOOD NIGHT AT NOON, Som; HORSE BUTTON, Donegal; LADY'S CHEESE, Dor; LOAVES OF BREAD, Dor, Som.

MALLACE, Dev, Som, Hants, I o W, Bucks; MALLOW-HOCK, Som; MARSH-MALLICE (by confusion with the name of *Althaea officinalis*), Dev, Som, Shrop, Lakes, N'thum; MAWS, Notts, N'thum, Scot; OLD MAN'S BREAD AND CHEESE, Som; PANCAKE PLANT, Som, Lincs; RAGS AND TATTERS, Dor, Som; ROUND DOCK, Som; TRUCKLES OF CHEESE, Som.

108

These two Mallows are very much a species of waste and wayside; but rather than the gay flowers, it was the disk of nutlets which caught the fancy, the 'knap or round button, like unto a flat cake' (Gerard), and like a cheese. Children still eat these disks or 'cheeses', as they are known from Cornwall to the Border (cf. the name *fromages* in France). Crisp and slimy, they taste not unlike monkey-nuts.

Like the Marsh Mallow and the Tree Mallow, the Common Mallow is



15 Dwarf Mallow *Malva sylvestris*

109

Since the days of manuscript books, words and pictures have been happily combined, but to succeed fully the type needs to be very carefully related to the character of the illustration, whether it be woodcut, fine engraving, line drawing or photograph. These three examples

show woodcuts ranging from fairly coarse to delicately detailed; but whether robust children's book or fine edition of *The Chase*, with Bewick's masterly engravings, the accompanying type has been well chosen in relation to the text and the pictures.

14 Het eerste Schock

XIV.

*Sit oneri, erit usui.*

**A**Ls een Schip in de Zee gaet, soo set men het Boot in het groote Schip, het welck aldaer een groote ruymte neemt, ende de Bootsgesellen seer in de wech is; dan moet nochtans mee varen, niet tegenstaende alle ongerijf ende ongemack datmer af lijdt, om dat men daer mede noodigh moet aen het landt gaen, als men in de Haven komt: daerom dat men met reden zeydt:

**Die wat spaert / die wat heeft.**

van de Sinne-poppen. 14

Sit oneri, erit usui.



*Verdraeght geduldelyck, wat last en ongerief,  
Van dat u in de noodt, kan dienstigh zijn en lief.*

XV. Reve

BRITISH PRIMER.

17



I think this is the sly old goat  
That ran at James and tore his coat.

GOATS are bred in Wales: their milk is sweet, and ve-ry good food.  
Hold your spoon in the right hand.

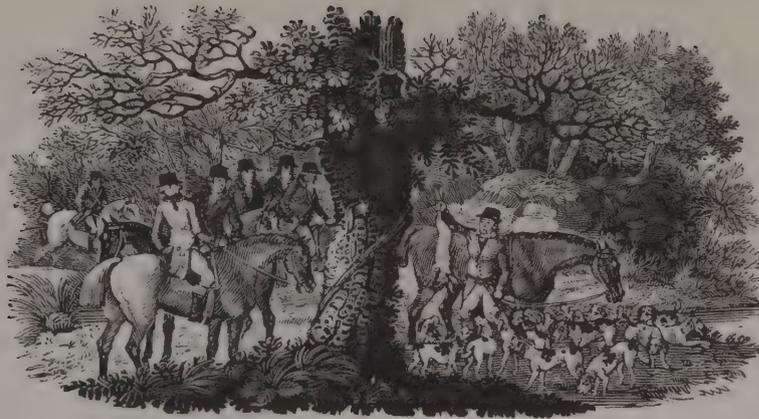
Do not throw your bread up-on the ground.

Corn grows in the fields.  
Grass grows in the fields; and when it is cut down with a scythe, and spread on the ground till it is dry, it is call-ed hay.

Roemer Visscher  
*Sinne-poppen*  
Amsterdam 1614  
woodcuts by Claes Visscher  
actual size

*Richardson's British Primer; or,  
the Young Child's First Book*  
Derby 1846  
reduced from approx 140 mm deep

OPPOSITE  
William Somerville  
*The Chase*  
William Bulmer  
London 1796  
wood engravings by Thomas Bewick  
reduced from approx 290 mm deep



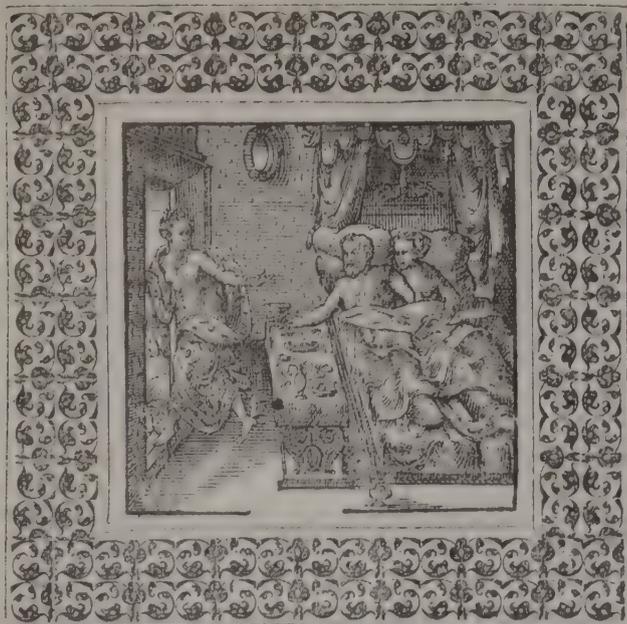
Nor will it less delight the attentive sage,  
To observe that instinct, which, unerring, guides  
The brutal race, which mimicks reason's lore,  
And oft transcends. Heaven-taught, the roebuck swift  
Loiters, at ease, before the driving pack,  
And mocks their vain pursuit; nor far he flies,  
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent,  
That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.  
Urged to their speed, his weak deluded foes  
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to excess each nerve,  
Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they foam:  
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills

Geffrey Whitney  
*A Choice of Emblems*  
 Christopher Plantin  
 Leyden 1586  
 reduced from approx 210 mm deep

Plantin's design for Geffrey Whitney's *Book of Emblems* combines the various elements into an agreeable harmonious page. The woodcuts are grandly framed with printer's flowers. The main text, quotations and references are set in a fine roman and related italic, and placing

indentation and line spacing are models of professionalism; although today's tastes might prefer a happier relationship across the spread.

There is an odd inconsistency in setting names sometimes in spaced caps and sometimes in upper and lower case.



**W**HY fliest thou hence? and turn'st'c awaie this face?  
 Thow glorie brighte, that men with fame doest crowne:  
**GLO.** Bycause, I haue noe likinge of that place,  
 Where slothfull men, doe sleepe in beddes of downe:  
 And fleshlie luste, doth dwell with fowle excesse,  
 This is no howse, for glorie to possesse.

But, if thou wilt my presence neuer lacke,  
**SARDANAPAL**, and all his pleasures hate,  
 Driue **VENUS** hence, let **BACCHVS** further packe,  
 If not, behoulde I flie out of thie gate:  
 Yet, if from theise, thou turne thie face awaie,  
 I will returne, and dwell with thee for aie.

*Magnum iter ascendo, sed dat mihi gloria vires:  
 Non iuuat ex facili lecta corona iugo.*

*Cernis vt ignauum corrumpant otia corpus?  
 Vt capiant vitium, ni moueantur aqua?*

*Mens*

To Sir ROBERT IERMYN Knight.



**B**y vertue hidde, behoulde, the Iron harde,  
 The loadestone drawes, to poynte vnto the starre:  
 Whereby, wee knowe the Scaman keepe his carde,  
 And rightlie shapes, his course to countries farre:  
 And on the pole, dothe euer keepe his cie,  
 And withe the same, his compasse makes agree.

Which shewes to vs, our inward vertues shoulde,  
 Still drawe our hartes, althoughe the iron wear:  
 The haucnelic starre, at all times to behoulde,  
 To shape our course, so right while wee bee heare:  
 That Scylla, and Charybdis, wee maie misse,  
 And winne at lengthe, the porte of endlesse blisse.

*Conscia mens recti fame mendacia ridet.*

*Sufficit & longum probitas perdurat in aenum,  
 Perq, suos annos hinc bene pendet amor.*

F 2

*Deside-*

*Psalm. 41.  
 Quemadmodum desiderat Ceruus  
 ad fontes aquarum:  
 Ita desiderat anima  
 mea ad te  
 Deus, &c.*

*Virg. in Aena.  
 Est merito pius ho-  
 mini tutissima virtus.*

*Ouid. 4. Fast.*

*Ouid. de medic.  
 facit.*

Jean Second  
*Les Baisers*  
The Hague 1770  
engravings by Charles Eisen  
reduced from approx 220 mm deep

*Les Baisers* shows a simpler task executed with great assurance and refinement. The delicate copper engravings are well-matched by both heading and text type. The line spacing and the placing on the

page, with generous margins, are all speaking with the same voice: and here the spread is co-ordinated. As so often, one wonders at the intrusive full points in the headings.



*Ch Eisen inv. delin. 1770. C. Baquet Sculp.*

## XX. BAISER.

### LA COURONNE

#### DE FLEURS.

**R**ENVERSÉ doucement dans les bras de Thaïs,  
Le front ceint d'un léger nuage,  
Je lui disois : lorsque tu me souris,  
Peut-être sur ma tête il s'élève un orage.  
Que pense-t-on de mes écrits ?  
Je dois aimer mes vers, puisqu'ils sont ton ouvrage.  
Occuperaï-je les cent voix  
De la vagabonde Déesse ?

## LES BAISSERS. 119

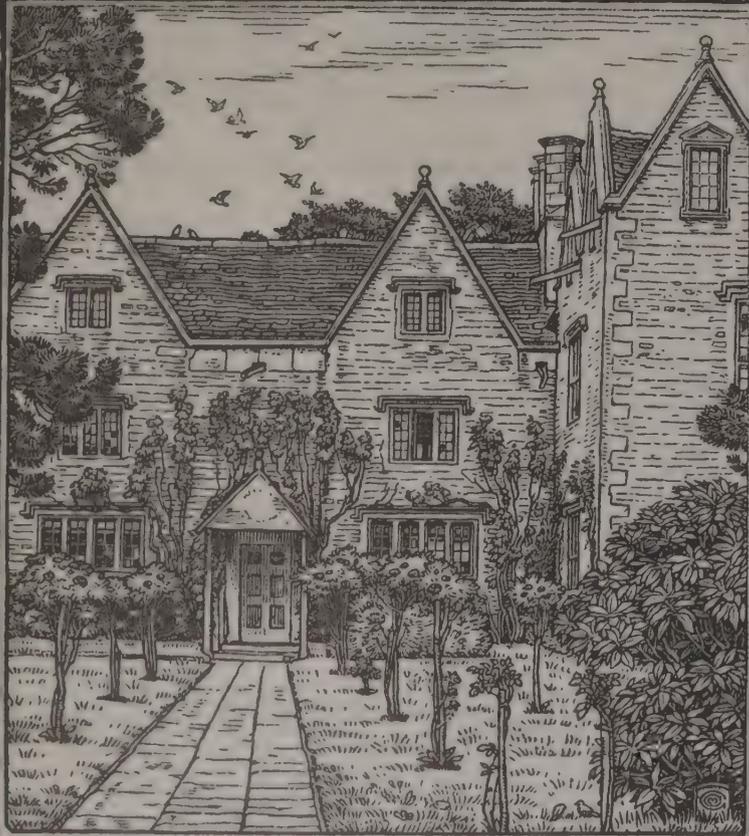
A ses faveurs pour obtenir des droits,  
Suffit-il, ô Thaïs, de sentir la tendresse ?  
Thaïs alors sur de récents gazons  
Cueille des fleurs, en tresse une couronne.  
Tiens, c'est ainsi que je répons ;  
Voilà le prix de tes chansons,  
Et c'est ma main qui te le donne :  
Renonce, me dit-elle, à l'orgueil des lauriers ;  
Laisse ces froids honneurs qu'ici tu te proposes ;  
Il faut des couronnes de roses  
A qui peignit l'Amour et chanta les baisers.



William Morris  
*News from Nowhere*  
Kelmscott Press  
London 1892  
reduced from approx 200 mm deep

'Well, I lay it down that a book quite unornamented can look actually and positively beautiful, if it be so to say, architecturally good.' Morris may not have had these pages in mind when he made that pronouncement, but their richness and vigour, and his enthusiasm

for the medieval dream, are infectious. The woodcut borders, initials and illustration are well matched by the heavy Venetian type, and the design is executed with such conviction that Morris's unbelievable world is almost credible.



THIS IS THE PICTURE OF THE OLD HOUSE BY THE THAMES TO WHICH THE PEOPLE OF THIS STORY WENT. HEREAFTER FOLLOWS THE BOOK ITSELF WHICH IS CALLED NEWS FROM NOWHERE OR AN EPOCH OF REST & IS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE OR  
AN EPOCH OF REST.  
CHAPTER I. DISCUSSION AND  
BED.



P at the League, says a friend, there had been one night a brisk conversational discussion, as to what would happen on the Morrow of the Revolution, finally shading off into a vigorous statement by various friends, of their views on the future of the fully-developed new society.



AYS our friend: Considering the subject, the discussion was good-tempered; for those present, being used to public meetings & after-lecture debates, if they did not listen to each other's opinions, which could scarcely be expected of them, at all events did not always attempt to speak all together, as is the custom of people in ordinary polite society when conversing



22

THE Mouse watches Miss  
Moppet from the top of  
the cupboard.

23

The apparent simplicity of Beatrix Potter's books conceals perfect judgement, and is all the more impressive for its minimal design. Any imperfection would jar; but the straightforward, ordinary, matter-of-fact text, and the jewel-like pictures, all placed dead-pan in (almost) the centre of the page, are totally convincing. In that 'almost' lies the secret.

William Morris is famous as an artist-craftsman involved in every aspect of book production. Beatrix Potter wrote and illustrated and was deeply involved with the design of hers, being extremely particular about the balance of picture, text and space. The dropped initial, which seems to link picture and text, besides making each spread a separate 'incident' as in a slide show, was her

idea. The style was established in the privately-printed edition of her first book, *Peter Rabbit*, in 1901.

RIGHT  
G Heym  
*Umbra Vitae*  
Leipzig 1924  
woodcuts by Ludwig Kirchner  
actual size

OPPOSITE  
J Bobrowski  
*Mäusefest*  
Raamin Press  
Hamburg 1974  
illustrations by Roswitha Quadflieg  
reduced from approx 285 mm deep

A close relationship between woodcut and typeface produces a powerful effect in the first example. Nothing would better suit these dark, expressive and almost archaic woodcuts than the heavy grotesque, forming strong, free blocks of type. The vertical stress of this condensed form echoes the format of the page.

By contrast, the fine textures of the neatly-framed *Mäusefest* engravings are unified with a closely-related justified block of light grotesque, all placed within generous margins.

Although these two examples are from limited edition 'art' books, their lessons for us, working at a humbler level, could not be clearer.

## MIT DEN FAHRENDEN SCHIFFEN



**Mit den fahrenden Schiffen  
Sind wir vorübergeschweift,  
Die wir ewig herunter  
Durch glänzende Winter gestreift.  
Ferner kamen wir immer  
Und tanzten im insligen Meer,  
Weit ging die Flut uns vorbei,  
Und Himmel war schallend und leer.**

**Sage die Stadt,  
Wo ich nicht saß im Tor,  
Ging dein Fuß da hindurch,  
Der die Locke ich schor?  
Unter dem sterbenden Abend  
Das suchende Licht  
Hielt ich, wer kam da hinab,  
Ach, ewig in fremdes Gesicht.**



2



dasselbe, und das, denk ich, ist gerade so sehr verwunderlich. Es wird schon eher so sein, daß du jeden Tag anders bist, obwohl du doch immer durch die gleiche Tür kommst und es immer dunkel ist, bevor du hier Platz genommen hast. Aber nun sei mal still und paß gut auf. Siehst du, es ist immer dasselbe.

Moise hat eine Brotrinde vor seine Füße fallen lassen, da huschen die Mäuschen näher, ein Streckchen um das andere, einige richten sich sogar auf und schnuppern ein bisschen in die Luft. Siehst du, so ist es. Immer dasselbe.

3

Walter de la Mare  
*Love*  
Faber and Faber  
London 1943  
reduced from approx 220 mm deep

Trade books cannot afford the luxury of few words on a page, but these two examples show that high standards can be achieved even within the constraints of normal publishing. Barnett Freedman's lithograph sits very well against the page

of *Perpetua*, which is a little small for continuous reading but acceptable in an anthology; while the nicely-placed rubbing, powerful though it is, does not overwhelm the strong setting in *Plantin*. In the anthology, square brackets neatly

differentiate the folios from the (slightly larger) section numbers.

Both these excellent examples are typical of the best productions of this period in British book making.



203

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. . . . And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and came into four heads. . . .

And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. . . .

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed. . . .

Now the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden? And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent saith unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

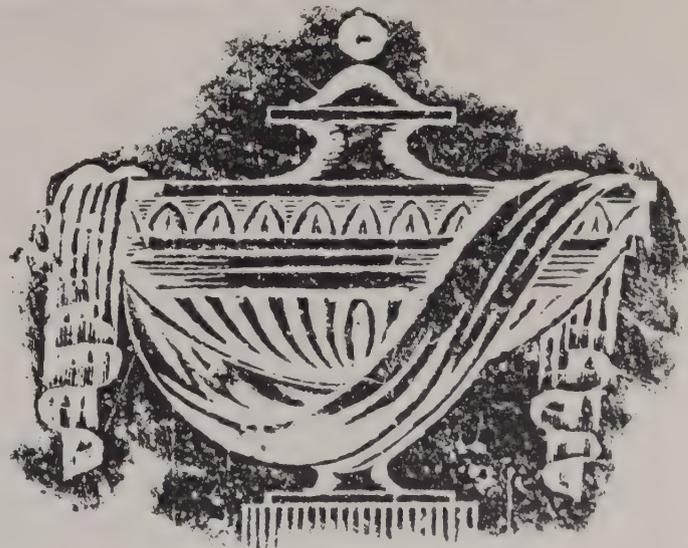
And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. And the eyes of them both were opened,

[ 173 ]

The hand, and less frequently eye, of God appear on numerous tombstones, the hand usually reaching out of the clouds to receive a soul into the upper regions. At Llanddewy, Monmouthshire, a realistic hand, complete with sleeve in the tradition of the typographic 'fist', points a finger out of a painted cloud which bears a distinct resemblance to an anatomical model of the human brain. Unfortunately the rest of the composition has flaked off, but the gothic motifs which surround the panel are typical of the date, 1846. An original version of the hand of God appears on a headstone of 1852 at Twyning, Gloucestershire. This is designed and cut with a fine sense of style, and a simplicity which is more reminiscent of the best work of the present century than the then prevailing fashion for elaboration. The clouds are shown as a collection of spirals, like the volutes on an Ionic capital, and flat strips are cut at slightly varying angles to represent rays of light. The beautifully cut, but broken, hand points to a scroll bearing the words 'The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised'. The eye of God appears as the central feature on a headstone set against the boundary wall at Bury St Edmunds. The cloud in which it appears is upheld on either side, and below it as well as down each side of the stone are realistic floral garlands.

Another 'eye of God' worth mentioning is at Withington, Gloucestershire. In this instance the eye appears on a band of light emerging from clouds which are drawn up like a curtain. A cherub is sliding down the beams towards a band of floral decoration. This symbol continues in use until at least the middle of the nineteenth century. An example dated 1837 can be seen at St Mark's, Swindon, where it accompanies a bow, quiver and oak branch on a well-preserved stone. The pronouncements upon the subject of religious images by Victorian clergymen led to the increasing use of symbols of grief and affection many of which are familiar through their continued use. Weeping willows (whole or in twig form) have had a long run of popularity but, numerically, clasped hands have priority. The slightly ludicrous appearance of a welcoming handshake into Heaven does not seem to have worried anyone, and there are plenty of examples to be seen in municipal cemeteries as well as churchyards. Although they are by no means peculiar to tombstones, birds and more especially plants have been used for so long and in such profusion for the decoration of monuments that they must be given special mention in this context. As has already been noted the bird,

symbolising the Holy Spirit, occurs on many stones and it is frequently given such a naturalistic rendering as to take its place without any incongruity among the common plants with which it is surrounded. In late Victorian times pairs of birds, with or without nests, were used as emblems of affection, the symbolism being taken still further on occasion to include entwined beaks. As with many other motifs, birds occasionally occur on a number of stones in one locality where they were the work of a particular mason. One such group exists in a part of Berkshire, with a good specimen at Buckland, near Faringdon.



*Woodgate Baptist, Loughborough, Leicestershire, 1818*

The growth of stone flowers has been so rampant for several centuries as to defy classification. Plants were things which the village mason understood. Many eighteenth-century examples are cut with an astonishing realism which has much in common with such medieval masterpieces as the Southwell Chapter House capitals, and yet they are passed unnoticed in hundreds of village churchyards. The Cotswolds

Elizabeth David  
*A Book of Mediterranean Food*  
Penguin Books  
Harmondsworth 1955  
actual size

This Penguin paperback was also designed and illustrated to the highest standards. John Minton's evocative line drawing is the perfect complement to Schmoller's carefully-considered typography. The confidence of a master is

shown in the quite justified toleration of what, in lesser hands, would be the awkward two lines (one of them a heading) at the bottom of the left-hand page. Throughout the book, full-page Minton drawings create section dividers.



### *Lamb and Mutton*

\*\*\*\*\*

#### *The Ideal Cuisine*

“You are quite right,” the Count was saying to Mr Heard. “The ideal cuisine should display an individual character; it should offer a menu judiciously chosen from the kitchen-workshops of the most diverse lands and peoples – a menu reflecting the master’s alert and fastidious taste. Is there anything better, for instance, than a genuine Turkish pilaff? The Poles and Spaniards, too, have some notable culinary creations. And if I were able to carry out my ideas on this point I would certainly add to my list a few of those strange Oriental confections which Mr Keith has successfully taught his Italian chef. There is suggestion about them; they conjure up visions of that rich and glowing East which I would give many years of my remaining life to see.”

*South Wind*  
by Norman Douglas

#### GIGOT À LA PROVENÇALE

A recipe from an old French cookery book which I have left

78

#### MEAT

in its original French; as the author rather severely remarks, this dish is supportable only to those who are accustomed to the cooking of the *Midi*.

‘On insère symétriquement dans la partie charnue d’un gigot de moyenne grosseur douze gousses d’ail, et deux fois autant de filets d’anchois bien lavés et employés en guise de lardons. Le gigot ainsi préparé est graissé d’huile et cuit à la broche. Tandis que le gigot est à la broche on épluche d’autre part plein un litre de gousses d’ail qu’on fait blanchir dans l’eau bouillante.

‘Elles doivent y être plongées à trois reprises différentes, en changeant l’eau à chaque fois, après quoi, on les laisse refroidir dans l’eau froide, et l’on achève leur cuisson dans une tasse de bouillon. Le gigot étant rôti à point, on dégraisse avec soin le jus qu’il a rendu, on en assaisonne les gousses d’ail, et l’on sert le gigot sur cette garniture.

‘Ce mets n’est supportable que pour ceux qui sont habitués à la cuisine du Midi, dans laquelle l’ail fait partie obligée de presque tous les mets.’

#### ARNÍ SOUVLÁKIA (lamb on skewers)

Cut a piece of lamb from the leg into inch cubes. Season with salt, pepper, lemon juice, and marjoram.\* Thread the meat on to skewers and grill them. Serve them on a thick bed of parsley, on the skewers, with quarters of lemon.

Eaten on the terrace of a primitive Cretan taverna, flavoured with wood smoke and the mountain herbs, accompanied by the strong red wine of Crete, these kebabs can be the most poetic of foods. Exquisitely simple, they are in fact of Turkish origin, like many Greek dishes, although the Greeks do not always care to admit it.

\* In Greece wild marjoram is used; it is called *rigani* and has a much stronger perfume than our marjoram. *Origanum* means in Greek ‘the joy of the mountains’.

79

Dessau  
Brochure for  
the Dessau Travel Bureau  
designed by Joost Schmidt  
1931  
reduced from  
approx 230 mm deep

Photographs set different problems. In this layout by Joost Schmidt, the photograph divides the page horizontally, creating two areas for type. The Baroque script is interrupted by a bold modern which echoes the verticals of the arcade, and which is centred on the x-height of the script rather than sitting on the base

line. A grotesque (badly-set with disturbingly wide word spacing) is used in the area below the photograph, headed by the picture caption in a smaller size. The folio matches this text type, and the black circle with numeral reversed out takes its weight from the heavy shadow on the left of the illustration.

The mixture of freedom, the daring combination of unexpected types, the tensions between margins and type, and (above all) the powerful use of space, all announce a radical departure in book design.

*die alte Residenzstadt der Herzöge von Anhalt besitzt zahlreiche Bau- und Kunstwerke vergangener Epochen,  
die schöne und eigentümliche Stadtbilder schaffen'*



1

Großer Markt  
Seit der Gründung Dessaus am Ende des XII. Jahrhunderts bildet der Große Markt den Kern der Stadt. An den Langseiten stehen im Norden die „Buden“, im Süden die Hofkammer — um 1700 von holländischen Baumeistern errichtet in den Formen des Barockklassizismus. Rechts ragt der Turm und das Dach der Schloß- und Marienkirche herüber. Rückwärts schließen die Bürgerhäuser der Zerbster Straße mit Renaissancegiebeln den Markt ab. Das Bronzedenkmal des „Alten Dessauers“ ist eine Wiederholung des Schadowschen Originals in Berlin.

1

This Second World War handbook demonstrates that Tschichold and the Bauhaus designers before him had only partial success in their efforts to bring a rational and orderly approach to book design. Grey unlead text, cramped and awkwardly-placed illustrations, poor

quality photographs and mediocre press work result in a muddled and incoherent book, which seems to have happened rather than been designed, and could have appeared in the 1880s. For a technical handbook, this approach seems particularly lamentable.

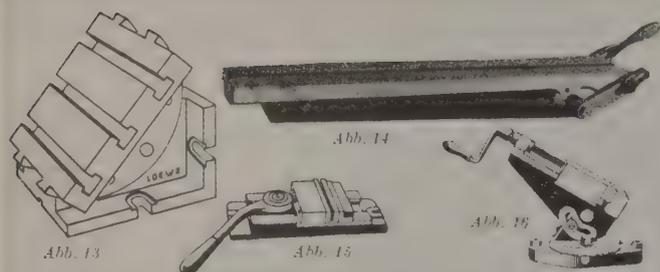


Abb. 13

Abb. 14

Abb. 15

Abb. 16

Zu den gebräuchlichsten allgemein verwendbaren Spannmitteln gehören die Maschinenschraubstöcke. Bei leichten Schnittkräften können die Schraubstöcke durch einen Exzenter wie in Abb. 15 gespannt werden. Durch Anbau von drehbaren Untersätzen nach Abb. 16 sind die Schraubstöcke für schräge Bearbeitungen benutzbar. Wellen, Bolzen und Achsen werden zum Einarbeiten von Nuten und Schlitten zweckmäßig in genau mittig spannende Schraubstöcke aufgenommen.

Die Anwendung eines solchen zum Fräsen einer Wellennut auf einer Drehbank zeigt Abb. 17. Der Schraubstock wird an Stelle des Stahlhalters auf dem Oberschlitten befestigt und erhält durch die Planspindel seine hin- und hergehende Bewegung. Der Nutenfräser ist in einem in der Drehspindel sitzenden Futter befestigt.

Zur schnellen Betätigung von Schraubstöcken kann auch Preßluft verwendet werden. Die Preßluft drückt innerhalb eines Zylinders auf einen Kolben, dessen Bewegung auf die Spannbacken übertragen wird.

Bei geringen Schnittkräften, wie sie besonders auf Schleifmaschinen auftreten, finden die magnetischen Spannplatten Verwendung. Sie sind allerdings nur für Werkstücke aus Stahl oder Gußeisen geeignet. In die Magnetspannplatten sind Elektromagnete oder Dauermagnete eingebaut. Führt die Spannplatte schnelle hin- und hergehende oder umlaufende Bewegungen aus, so muß das Anschlusskabel für die Elektromagnete sorgfältig befestigt sein, da bei einem Lockern desselben sofort die Spannkraft nachläßt. Diese Nachteile vermeiden Dauermagnete, die keine Stromzuführung erfordern. Die Spannplatten enthalten mehrere Dauermagnete, die durch unmagnetische Metalle wie Messing oder Blei voneinander getrennt sind. Wie Abb. 18 zeigt, sitzt über den Magneten eine Kopfplatte ebenfalls mit Einsätzen aus unmagnetischen Metallen, deren Form den Dauermagneten entspricht. Die Kopfplatte läßt sich durch einen Hebel seitlich verschieben. In der Spannstellung liegen die Einsätze der Kopfplatte genau über den Dauermagneten. Es



Abb. 17

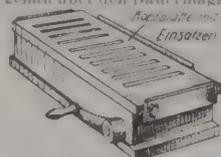


Abb. 18

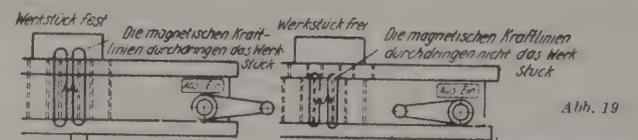


Abb. 19

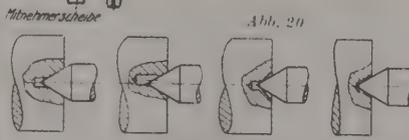
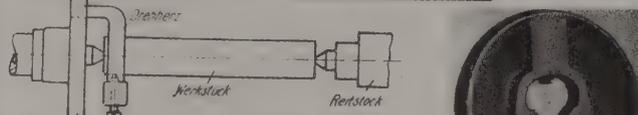


Abb. 20

Falsch!

Abb. 22



Abb. 21

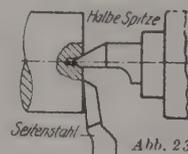


Abb. 23

gehen dann die magnetischen Kraftlinien, wie in Abb. 19 links erläutert, durch die Kopfplatte in das Werkstück und halten es fest. Zum Entspannen wird die Kopfplatte, wie in der Abbildung rechts gezeigt, seitlich verschoben, so daß die Kraftlinien das Werkstück nicht mehr durchdringen.

Beim Drehen wird grundsätzlich zwischen Spitzenarbeit und Futterarbeit unterschieden. Für die Spitzenarbeit wird das Werkstück wie in Abb. 20 zwischen Spitzen gespannt und durch ein Drehherz mitgenommen. Das recht gefährliche gewöhnliche Drehherz sollte durch ein Sicherheitsdrehherz nach Abb. 21 ersetzt werden. Beim Spannen zwischen Spitzen sind Hauptfehler falsche Körnerlöcher im Werkstück, wie Abb. 22 zeigt. Um beim Planchieren Platz für den Seitenstahl zu schaffen, wird eine halbe Spitze nach Abb. 23 verwendet. Bei schweren Werkstücken wird die Reibung an der Spitze sehr groß; um ein Fressen zu vermeiden, kann dann die Spitze im Reitstock in Wälzlager nach Abb. 24 gelagert sein. Die Lagerung muß sehr sorgfältig erfolgen, da sonst Zittermarken am Werkstück auftreten.

Durchbohrte Werkstücke werden bei der Spitzenarbeit durch Drehdorne aufgenommen. Die einfachen Drehdorne sind schwach koglig, gehärtet und geschliffen und werden durch Schlagen oder mittels einer Dorupresse in die Bohrung gedrückt und wieder entfernt. Keglige Drehdorne können sich bei längeren Werkstücken, wie Abb. 25 zeigt, leicht schiefe stellen, da die Dorne nicht überall anliegen. Eine Anlage in der ganzen Bohrung und auch eine Aufnahme von Werkstücken mit geringen

Abb. 24

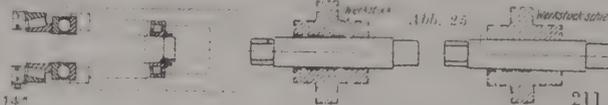


Abb. 25

14\*

211

OPPOSITE  
Bauhaus Books No 1  
1926  
reduced from approx 415 mm deep

The sort of solution the Bauhaus had offered can be seen here. Text and photographs are clearly organised in a dynamic and painterly design. However, doctrine forbade capital letters, and clarity and readability were thus sacrificed. The overweight unlead text is even less legible than in the handbook.



taube mit fotoapparat (1908) foto und klischee: dr. neubronner



taubenaufnahmen 1908 foto und klischees: dr. neubronner



## 2 junkers-luftbilder

(das untere ist aus vielen einzelfotos zusammengestellt)



## moholy-nagy: geradlinigkeit des geistes - umwege der technik

absehbare und unergründliche beziehungen entstehen gleicherweise unter kosmischer determination, die chemisch-physisch-transzendenten einflüsse der wechselwirkenden beziehungen verdichten sich verschieden, je nach gesetzlichem ablauf, einmal zur blauen farbe, ein anderes mal zu einem aggregatzustand und ein drittes mal zur sublimation des geistes, das denken - als funktionelles ergebnis von körper und weltallbeziehungen - ist in seinen erscheinungen ein stetiges, ein immer von neuem entstehendes fänomen, geist ist immanente emanation menschlichen daseins.

unter dieser determination der kosmisch entstehenden beziehungen darf es nicht verwirrend scheinen, über eine identität menschlichen denkens aller zeiten zu reden, selbst die formalen variationen des denkens, die sogenannte „geistige haltung“, sind in verschiedenen epochen zwangsläufig wiederkehrend, innerhalb dieser zwangsläufigkeit ist jede leistungssreihe von der zeitbedingten umwegigkeit technischer eroberungen abhängig, d. h. das gehirn arbeitet rascher als die ausführende hand, man kann diesen zustand schlagwortartig fassen: geradlinigkeit des geistes - umwege der technik.

die „geradlinigkeit“ ist nicht ein eindimensionales gerichtesein auf das spannungsvolle, ökonomische, sublimierte allein, sondern vielmehr eine kosmische expansion, die nach jedem punkt hin den kürzesten weg nimmt. „umwege der technik“ bedeutet, daß praktisch alle wege, die man zur erreichung eines zieleinschlägt, länger und komplizierter sind, als sie - vom geiste aus gesehen - sein müßten, d. h. alles könnte besser als bisher gemacht werden, denn: die inspiration als anfang jeder tat - die geniale einbeugung als zentrumbildende expansion - ist nur von zeit und umständen (auch technik) bedingte form des urgedankens.

ein beispiel: man wünscht immer mehr zu sehen als die augen fassen können, das fernrohr reicht bis zum nächsten dorf; das mikroskop in die spalten der zelle; der fernseher bis zum kap der guten hoffnung; die nächste station wird der mond sein.

umwegigkeit der technik hier (heute erkennbar): das problem des fernsehens nach anderen planeten mit linsensystemen schaffen zu wollen, statt es z. b. durch elektrisch-magnetisch-fotografische reagenzien zu lösen, die konsequenz: alle kommenden observatorien werden unzulänglich sein, wenn sie auf traditionelle weise ausgerüstet werden.

um solche umwegigkeit auf ein minimum zu reduzieren, versucht man die eigene arbeit vom urgedanken her zu kontrollieren.

so kommt es, daß man manchmal von einer these besessen ist, sie gibt anlaß zur arbeit, mit ihr begründet man weitläufige konstellationen bis zu einer die ganze arbeit beherrschenden fixen idee.

man kann gegen diese herrschaft der idee gar nicht opponieren, denn: möge die basis noch so „launenhaft“ scheinen, alles ist schließlich zur erhöhung der aktivität

da, ein arbeitsehernder wahn, der mit logisch-kausalen konsequenzen operiert, das ist oft die genesis einer fruchtbringenden theorie, sie ist anregung und gleichzeitig kontrolle.

ich war einige jahre von der wichtigkeit der „produktion-reproduktion“-these erfüllt, ich habe fast das ganze leben damit zu meistern gesucht, sie führte mich im einzelnen zu der analyse der reproduzierenden, „instrumente“, zu verständnis und vorschlägen mechanischer musik; andererseits brachte sie mir grundlegende erkenntnisse auf fotografischem gebiet.

eine ergänzungsidee (vielleicht mehr als das, weil weniger mechanistisch, weil breit auslegbar) führt mich wieder zu optischen dingen: geradlinigkeit des geistes - umwege der technik.

seitdem für mich das problem: malerei - foto - film in die fase des optisch gesetzmäßigen trat, erhellte sich mir die umwegigkeitssformen des uralten wunsches: farbige gestaltung als bannen von licht, der immanente geist sucht licht, licht!

der umweg der technik findet: pigment (ein zwischenstadium, das erst durch das licht leben gewinnt) es ist ein verhängnis der menschheitsgeschichte, daß die geistigen emanationen zu falscher auswirkung verleitet werden, nämlich entgegen individueller elastizität und immer vorwärtsschreitender neigung des einzelnen richtet sich die menschliche gemeinschaft - als summe von individuen - nach der überlieferung angeblich unfehlbarer erfahrungen, angebliche unfehlbarkeiten verdichten sich zu fester existenz und die heiligste existenz treibt zur eigenen rechtfertigung, das ist traditionsgebundenheit, geistige massenlähmung, zeitbedingte umwegigkeit.

das war auch das schicksal der pigmententdeckung, die erste verwendung heiligte den zufall, der im pigment eine art lichtlagerungsstätte, wenn auch in grobmateriell absehbaren komplexen, gefunden hat, alle lichtgestaltung umwegig bis heute auf diesen spuren abendländischer malerei, obwohl seit der ersten laterna magica, seit der ersten camera obscura sich direkte wege des lichtbannens ergaben: projektorisch-reflektorische spiele mit farbig flutendem licht, flüssiges, immaterielles schweben, durchsichtiger farbenfall von leuchtenden garben, vibrieren des raumes mit schillender lichtemulsion.

umwege der technik: von der manuellen darstellung zum grafischen stehbild, vom stehbild zur kinematografie, vom flächigen zum plastischen, vom stimmigen zum sprechenden, vom undurchdringlichen zum durchscheinenden, vom kontinuierlichen zum simultanen, vom pigment zum licht.

mit fieber erarbeiten geist und auge die neuen dimensionen des sehens, die heute schon foto und film, plan und wirklichkeit bieten, die details für morgen heute die übung des sehens.

geradlinigkeit des geistes - umwege der technik: auf der fotografischen ausstellung in frankfurt a. m. 1926 waren fotografien zu sehen, die durch brieftauben ausgeführt worden sind, für diesen zweck wurde um 1907 herum kleine fotografische apparate mit automatischer auslösung konstruiert, und das über hundert jahre nach montgolfiers erfindung! nach den versuchen mit lenkbaren ballons, nach den versuchen lilliputis und der brüder wright, die kleinen wunderbaren fotografien: stadtaufnahmen, stark divergierende häuser, schiennarränge, plätze mit winzigen menschenfigürchen, eisbahn mit wimmelnden eisläufern, machen - als vorahnung wichtiger verwendungsmöglichkeiten dieser art sichten - dem erfinder dr. neubronner (eroburg im taunus) ehre, und doch: was ist der lilliputapparat und sein automatischer auslöser mit seiner zufallsicherheit gegenüber den apparaten, die - in den boden eines flugzeugs eingebaut - sicherheit selbst für kartografische institute bieten.

## georg muche: bildende kunst und industrieform

die enge verbindung moderner bildender kunst - insbesondere der malerei - mit der technischen entwicklung im 20. jahrhundert scheint nach einer außerordentlich bedeutungsvollen zeit schöpferischen austauschs auf geistig durchaus polar gelagerten gebieten mit überraschender konsequenz zur gegenseitigen abstoßung führen zu müssen, die illusion, daß die bildende kunst in der schöpferischen art technischer formgestaltung aufzugehen hätte, zerschellt in dem augenblick, in dem sie die grenze der konkreten wirklichkeit erreicht, die mit imposant eindeutig geste aus der künstlerischen utopie in das verheißene gebiet der technischen gestaltung herausgeführte abstrakte malerei scheint ganz plötzlich ihre vorausgesagte bedeutung als formbestimmendes element zu verlieren, weil die formgestaltung, des mit technischen mitteln erzeugten industrieproduktes sich nach einer gesetzmäßigkeit vollzieht, die nicht von den bildenden künsten abgeleitet werden kann, es zeigt sich, daß die technisch-industrielle entwicklungsfolge auch in bezug auf die formgestaltung absolut eigenartig ist.

der versuch, die technische produktion mit den bildnerischen gesetzen im sinne der abstrakten gestaltung zu durchdringen, hat zu einem neuen stil geführt, in dem das ornament als unzeitgemäße ausdrucksform vergangener handwerk-kulturen keine anwendung findet, der aber trotzdem dekorativ bleibt einen nur dekorativen stil glaubte man aber gerade vermeiden zu können, weil die besondere art der schöpferischen erschaffung elementarer formgesetze durch die ab-

Early Bauhaus doctrine distorted some good ideas. This came to be recognised, and the theories were laced with some more pragmatic solutions, particularly in the treatment of text.

Moholy-Nagy, one-time Bauhaus teacher, was fully aware of the problems of book typography, and in particular the need to develop a modern integrated page using the freedom won by the early Bauhaus experiments. In the Foreword to *Vision in Motion*, he commented:

'Through the publisher's generosity, I was able to make some progress toward a new book form on which I have been experimenting for twenty-five years. I have always held that – for a better visual communication – text and illustration should be welded together. Illustrations should accompany the copy and not be searched for. In this book I use a layout which seems better adapted to the present printing technique of machine typesetting and letterpress than the conventional book form of previous periods. Here, all the illustrations are placed where mentioned in the text, either small-sized on the large margin, or larger-sized within the main text or on the opposite page. The result is (at least this was intended) a functional fluidity and greater legibility, that is, a better communication. In the first chapter, where no pictures have been used, the illustrations become verbal, in the form of quotations or remarks. These are set in italics in order to separate them from the captions and text.

'This book is integrated in its text and illustrations, but it also considers the impatient reader, who, at first unwilling to plow through the written arguments, may enjoy the pictorial material. Stirred by this, he may then proceed to read brief captions, glossaries, and footnotes until his appetite is whetted to explore the main text.'

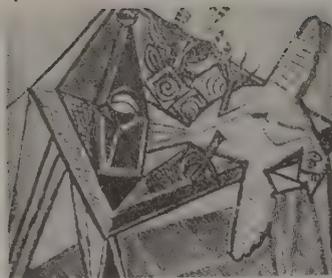


Fig. 145. Pablo Picasso, 1943

Still life

Though a late work of Picasso, it demonstrates clearly the pre-cubist principle of "distortion", signifying a composite view of the objects

*From Giotto to Cézanne every painter has assured the spectator that his rendering of nature is without "distortion". But this was only a pious wish since a draftsman always has to simplify his subject when he translates it into linear form. And the painter has to interpret the objects in colors; has to leave out details; has to set a dark object into a light surrounding and a light object into a dark one if he wishes to emphasize them. By these subtle manipulations the painter "distorts".*

*If the painter feels that in a still life a changed relationship of objects would improve his composition, he—of course—changes the position of those objects and no one would complain. But the common belief is that such a rearrangement should not be allowed in the case of that sacrosanct—the human body. But after all, face lifting and beauty surgery are commonly practiced today and one should not wonder that the painter may desire—for a more expressive purpose—those privileges of the surgeon. There is only a shade of difference between "distortion" of a color scheme and of actual parts of the human face, or other such "immutables".*

The recognition of these problems is still difficult for very few have as yet the proper attitude for it. But because the idea of vision in motion and the subconscious relationships have far-reaching implications, every creative worker in his field willy-nilly tries to find the means for their exposition.

### cubism

Cubism, without being entirely conscious of its role, became a potent instrument in this process of indoctrination. Like Einstein in physics, Freud in psychoanalysis, the cubist painters had a tremendous impact. Their work introduced a whole new outlook.

Cubism is "vision in motion," a new essay at two-dimensional rendering of rotated objects.

An analysis of cubism can best start with the paintings of Cézanne. By leaving out of his pictures the nonessentials, a device which characterizes his aquarelles and especially his so-called "unfinished" canvases, he demonstrated a kind of scientific inquiry into painting—the precise observation of visual elements like "isolated cultures" in a biological test tube. Cézanne tried to say with less more than his predecessors had said previously with much.

The effort to show only the essentials was carried further by the early cubists in stereometrizing of the objects. (Yet Cézanne had prepared even for this development by stating that the painter who can paint a sphere, cylinder and cone, can paint everything.) The bizarre name "cubism" originated with some Braque and Picasso landscapes which did not show too much deviation from nature, except that windows and doors were left out of buildings. The resulting shapes were rather cube-like, hence the name. The attitude in these landscapes toward light was more remarkable than the prismatic simplification of the shapes. Contrary to what had been done in the past, these pictures did not follow the natural conditions of lighting but deliberately used light and shadow effects, a kind of shading, in order to define the objects in a geometric clarity. The "cubist" painter was more interested in rendering the objects in the most economical way than in the light and shadow relationships as determined by the casual position of the sun. With that he became independent of the servile type of observation to which, for example, the documentary photographer was subordinated. Photographic emulsion rendered shadow and light exactly at the spots where they appeared at the time of the exposure, but the cubist carried through the task of rendering without any consideration of such accidental circumstances. He rendered the object in its *true* nature, in its totality. With this, he unbound himself from the dictates of naturalistic renderings; from the pressure of conventional, repetitive, and imitative demands to a growing consciousness of the autonomous interpreting power of the artist. •

• *As a young boy Alexander Kostellow, a Persian artist, now Professor at Pratt Institute, went to Paris in order to learn to draw and paint. When he returned to Persia his teacher there asked him to draw a bird. He did it as he had learned in Europe. The teacher reprimanded him: "Do you know that, to draw something as it is, is very vulgar?"*



Fig. 146. A. E. Brinkman, 1930  
The south cross nave of the monastery church in Ottobeuren  
This is a composite view produced by assembled perspectives in depth and height. The photograph re-creates the movement of the eyes as they wander from the benches upward to the ceiling



Fig. 147. Paul Cézanne, 1903  
Still life  
Observe the peculiar distortion of the jug, which bulges more on the right side than on the left. The same is true of the bottle

The next step in the development of cubism was the bird's-eye view, giving a more inclusive vista. To see an object frontally means to see it in elevation. From above not only the elevation can be seen, but also the plan and some of the sides. Also from above, the original shapes are seen with greater clarity than in the central-perspective-views and vanishing point renderings which distort the real proportions. One sees "truer". Instead of an egg shape one sees the undistorted sphere; instead of an oval, the circle. •

This attempt at better and more perfect rendering was only a preliminary step. Suddenly, the view from above changed into a view from everywhere.

The classical rendering on the static plane, on the painted surface, showed only one aspect, one view. But in reality objects can be seen from the front, profile, three-quarter profile, and from the back. A person is really defined in his three-dimensionality when he is seen from every angle. This definition can be accomplished either by turning the person or moving around him. Cézanne already indicated this problem. He painted objects in the very same painting from different viewpoints: the one from above, the other frontally, the third from the side. He painted also a bottle, for example, in a peculiar distortion which can be explained as a composite view, that is, seen simultaneously from the front and side. ••

• Photography, which had indirectly given impetus to early cubism, later learned from it. In the twenties it started to favor bird's, frog's, and fish's-eye views. It even tried to give up the traditional horizon line because it cut the object in undesirable ways. Casual horizon lines caused confusion. They rarely contribute to a better explanation of the object. Today, photographs often are taken from above on an inclined surface or against a curved background, eliminating the horizon line. This allows a concentration on the object itself which no longer is cut haphazardly. Also, the contemporary photographer uses any number of light sources at various angles if they help him define his object better. Interesting enough the old-timers—"the sun-worshippers"—violently oppose such a step.

•• For a long time this treatment was only interpreted as a kind of expressionistic distortion. At the writing of "the new vision" (1925-1928) I was not yet able to comment on this aspect of "distortion."

Fig. 148. In front of the Depot, St. Anton, 1935  
This picture (a fish-eye view) was taken with a Robin Hill camera, which has a wide angle lens of 180 degrees. In the second World War, the fish-eye view became especially important in the cartography of large territories



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Fig. 149. O. Milton Halbe, 1947  
Head, multiviewed



To achieve his aims, Moholy-Nagy found it necessary to use three distinct typefaces: Bodoni Book and italic for the text (sub-headings in Bodoni bold), an Egyptian (Memphis) for captions, and Century italic for footnotes. The result is an interesting example of intellectual 'systems design' rather than visually-balanced pages.

## Vergnügungspavillon

Schweizerische Landesausstellung, Zürich, 1939

Architekt Hans Fischli  
Zürich

- 1 Theater / Théâtre / Theatre
- 2 Spielsaal / Salle de jeux / Casino
- 3 Bureau / Office
- 4 Galerie / Galerie / Gallery
- 5 Direktion / Direction / Management
- 6 Lager / Dépôt / Stores
- 7 Kanzlei / Chancellerie / Secretary
- 8 Garderobe / Vestiaire / Cloakroom
- 9 Eingang / Entrée / Entrance
- 10 Kasse / Caisse / Ticket Office
- 11 Festwiese / Champ de fêtes / Green
- 12 Buden / Baraques foraines / Shooting galleries
- 13 Bar
- 14 Tanzpodium / Podium réservé à la danse / Dance floor

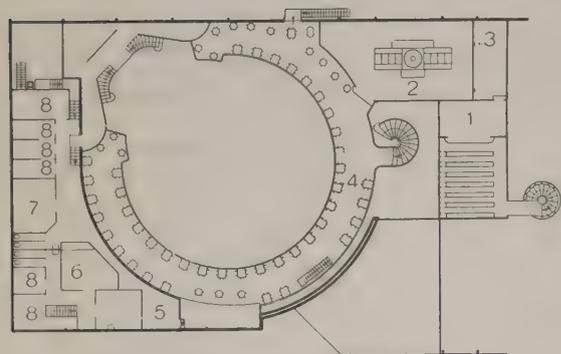
- 15 Buffet / Counter
- 16 Küche / Cuisine / Kitchen
- 17 Bühneneingang / Entrée en scène / Stage door
- 18 Schiebedach / Toit coulissant / Sliding roof

Rechts / A droite / Right:

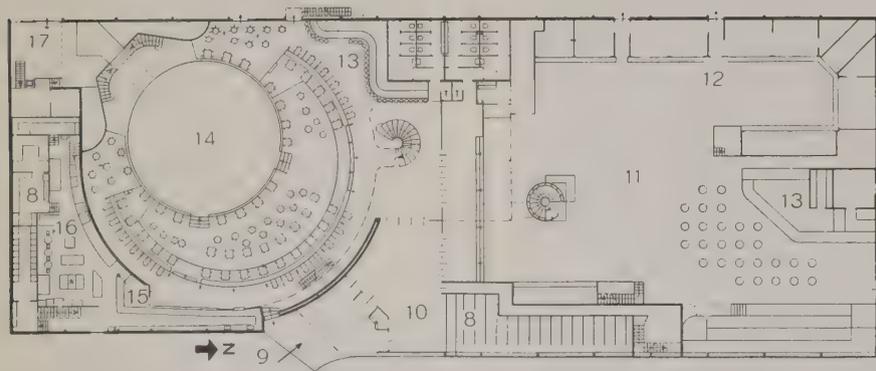
Die Dachöffnung bot vielfältige Attraktionsmöglichkeiten

L'ouverture du toit offrait de multiples possibilités d'attraction

The opening in the roof offered a wealth of possibilities for attractions

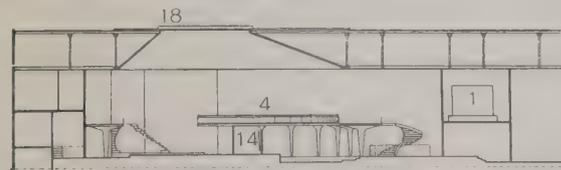


Grundriß 1. Stock / Plan du 1er étage / First-floor plan 1:550



Grundriß Erdgeschoß / Plan du rez-de-chaussée / Ground-floor plan 1:550

Schnitt / Coupe / Section 1:550



Thema

Die Aufgabe bestand in der Schaffung eines Vergnügungszentrums, in welchem der Gesellschaftstanz, Variété und andere Attraktionen zur Darbietung kommen konnten. Der Pavillon wurde von der Ausstellungsleitung so situiert, daß er als Baukörper mit anderen Bauten in Verbindung gebracht wurde und dadurch nicht dominierte.

Form

Den als eigentliches Dancing eingerichteten zentralen Teil des Pavillons bildete die im südlichen Flügel angelegte große Tanzfläche für Gesellschaftstanz, Variété und tänzerische Attraktionen. Um die Tanzfläche in Kreisringen angeordnete Sitzplätze, die von Ring zu Ring treppenartig anstiegen, boten dem Besucher volle Sicht auf die Attraktionen. Die über den Sitzplätzen ebenfalls kreisförmig angelegte Galerie erreichte man vom Parterre aus über eine Wendeltreppe. Auf der Galerie lagen die Büroräume, Garderobe sowie der Spielsaal und ein Kleintheater. Tanzfläche und Sitzplätze im Parterre waren durch halbkreisförmige, halbhohe Wände von den Wirtschaftsräumen abgeschirmt. Im Rücken des westlichen Teils der Zuschauerringe befand sich mit Sicht auf die Tanzfläche die Weinbar. Durch eine Glaswand vom Dancing getrennt, jedoch durch einen direkten Zugang mit diesem in Verbindung stehend, war der für populäre Attraktionen bestimmte Teil des Pavillons mit Festwiese, Budenstadt und Bierbar. Architektonisch wurde der Gegensatz der beiden Vergnügungsteile durch verschiedene Raumhöhen ausgedrückt. Ein wesentliches attraktives Moment bildete im Dancing-Teil die große, trichterförmige Öffnung in der Decke, welche mit der Kreisbewegung der Sitzplatzanordnung, der Tanzfläche und der Galerie ein architektonisches Zusammenspiel ergab. Die Öffnung konnte bei ungünstigem Wetter durch ein Schiebedach geschlossen werden.

Die Eingangspartie wurde betont und sichtbar gemacht durch einen markanten Einschnitt, der die Idee der Kreisform nach außen trug. Im Raum dieses kubischen Einschnittes trug eine vertikale Rohrkonstruktion dekorative Ausstellungs-elemente sowie die Leuchtschrift.

Die äußere Form des Pavillons, der gleichzeitig einer der größten Holzbauten der Ausstellung war, bildete einen auf dem Rechteck aufgebauten Kubus, der – gegen außen völlig abgeschlossen – eine künstliche Belichtung im Inneren notwendig machte. Da die benachbarten Anbauten keine selbständige architektonische Form des Pavillons zuließen, mußte der Eingangsseite besondere gestalterische Aufmerksamkeit gegeben werden. Die Fassade des Tanzteils, die durch verschieden farbige, schräg geschnittene Blechzylinder und große, exzentrische, flächige Kreisformen ein attraktives Element bildete, stellte als Gestaltung ein künstlerisch bemerkenswertes Beispiel dar. Tages- und künstliche Belichtung ergaben durch wechselnde Schattenformen phantastische optische Veränderungen der plastischen Trichter. Durch die konsequente Anwendung der Kreisform verbanden sich Innen- und Außenraum zu einer architektonischen Einheit.

Ebenso bemerkenswert war die Durchgestaltung der Fassade des Teils für populäre Attraktionen. Eine hoch liegende durchgehende Verglasung gab eine straffe Führung und bildete zusammen mit den darunter liegenden Kipptoren, die völlig geöffnet, Einblick in die Halle boten, das Schau-fenster dieses Pavillonteils.

Konstruktion

Verschraubte Fassadenstützen in Holz auf Pfahlfundation. Außen vertikale Holzschalung. 3 m hohe Holzfachwerkbinder mit einer Spannweite von 28 m bildeten die Dachträger des 72 m langen Pavillons. Durchmesser der trichterförmigen Deckenöffnung unten 18,60 m, oben 7 m. Perronstützen aus verleimten Brettern als Galerie-träger. Decke und Wände Stoffbespannung.

Vergnügungspavillon

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Richard P Lhose  
*Neue Ausstellungsgestaltung*  
Verlag für Architektur  
Erlenbach-Zürich 1953  
reduced from approx 230 mm deep

Gesamtansicht der Fassade des Tanzteils. Wand weiß, Trichter weiß, gelb, dunkelblau, Kanten der Trichter weiß, rot, dunkelblau, gelb. Flächenformen sepiabraun.

Vue générale de la façade du dancing. Paroi blanche, entonnoirs blancs, jaunes et bleu foncé, bords des entonnoirs blancs, rouges, bleu foncé et jaunes. Formes circulaires brun sépia.

View of dance hall façade. Wall white, funnels white, yellow, dark blue, edges of funnels white, red, dark blue, yellow. Flat surfaces sepia.

#### Thème

L'architecte était chargé de la création d'un centre d'amusement, comprenant des locaux de danse, de présentation de variétés et autres attractions. Le pavillon fut situé de manière à faire corps avec d'autres bâtiments de l'exposition.

#### Présentation

Le dancing même constituait la partie prédominante du pavillon. Installé dans l'aide sud de ce dernier, il se composait de pistes pour danse, variétés et attractions. Des rangées de sièges les encerclaient et formaient une série de cercles concentriques progressivement surélevés. Un escalier en colimaçon menait à la galerie, également circulaire, qui dominait les sièges. On y trouvait les bureaux, des garderober, une salle de jeux et un petit théâtre. Au rez-de-chaussée, des parois semi-circulaires n'allant que jusqu'à mi-hauteur du local, séparaient la piste de danse et les sièges des locaux réservés à la restauration. Un bar, avec vue sur la piste de danse, se trouvait dans le fond de la partie occidentale. Une paroi vitrée avec portes mettait le dancing en communication directe avec la partie du pavillon réservée aux attractions populaires. Celle-ci comprenait une pelouse de fêtes, des stands forains, une brasserie. La différence de hauteur des plafonds des deux parties du bâtiment soulignait la diversité de caractère de ces dernières. Une ouverture en entonnoir avait été faite dans le plafond du dancing; placée dans l'axe de la piste de danse, des cercles de sièges et de la galerie, elle faisait partie du mouvement architectural de l'ensemble et donnait à celui-ci une note attrayante. Par mauvais temps, un toit coulissant fermait cette ouverture.

L'entrée était soulignée par une embrasure bien marquée; cette dernière prolongeait au dehors l'idée du cercle, laquelle avait servi de base à la division et à l'aménagement intérieurs. Dans cette embrasure se trouvait une construction tubulaire porteuse d'éléments décoratifs et d'enseignes lumineuses.

Le pavillon, l'un des plus grands bâtiments en bois de l'exposition, avait la forme d'un parallépipède rectangle; ses parois pleines impli-



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Vergnügungspavillon

Following the revolutionary experiments of the 1920s and 1930s, when so many of the traditions of book design were challenged and the problems re-defined, a new set of standards emerged, commonly known as Swiss Typography. Similar ideas were developed in design schools at

Ulm, Chicago and elsewhere. The style consists of careful analysis of the text, rigorous discipline in arranging the material to a grid, and extreme simplicity of typographic means. Great reliance is placed on the printer, not least in demanding hyper-accurate guillotining.

Characteristically, only one type, often in only one size, is used, with its related bold. In this example, even the three languages are undifferentiated except by position and order, and here, perhaps, less is less.

However, the spread demonstrates

very clearly the powerful logic and high professionalism of the Swiss style at its best. In its cool way, it is subtle and sensitive. Would that more books today exhibit some of the intellectual rigour deployed here.

**SEREBRIAKOVA**, Zinaida Yevgenyevna / 1884-1967

*Painter and graphic artist.* Studied at studio of Tenisheva, St Petersburg (1901) under Repin and workshop of Braz (1903-5). From 1910 participated in exhibitions including World of Art. Member of World of Art. Visited Italy (1902-3), Paris (1905), Switzerland (1914) and Morocco (1928, 1932). Lived in St Petersburg, and in Kharkov (1981-20). In 1924 moved to Paris. Exhibited abroad.

**184** *Sleeping Peasant Woman* 1917, *Ill. in col. p.125*

Oil on canvas, 77.5×138cm  
Collection O.I.Rybakova

**185** *Self Portrait with Children* 1917-18

Watercolour on board, 57×47cm  
Collection Ye.B. and A.F.Chudnovsky

**186** *Portrait of Sergei Ernst* 1922, *Ill. below*

Tempera on paper, 55×44cm  
Collection I.A. and Ya.A.Rzhevsky



Zinaida Serebriakova: *Portrait of Sergei Ernst* 1922  
Cat.186

**SEROV**, Valentin Aleksandrovich / 1865-1911

*Painter, graphic artist, sculptor and theatre designer.* Studied in Paris (1873-4, 1878-80) under Repin, at Academy of Arts, St Petersburg (1880-5) under Chistyakov, and in Munich and Paris (until 1875). From 1890 participated in exhibitions including ТРКХВ, МТКХ, World of Art, SRKH. Visited The Netherlands, Belgium, Germany, Italy, France, Greece and Spain. Member of ТРКХВ (1894-9) and World of Art (from 1899). Designed sets for Mamontov's opera company, and worked for Marinsky Theatre (1908) and Diaghilev. Taught at МУЗХВЗ (1897-1909). One-man show in 1914.

**187** *The Rape of Europa* 1910, *Ill. below*

Ceramic, white, cast 1915, 24×29×22cm  
Collection V.A. Dudakov and M.K.Kashuro



Valentin Serov: *The Rape of Europa* 1910  
Cat.187

**188** *Diana and Actaeon*, sketch for a wall painting in the house of V.V.Nosov in Moscow 1911, *Ill. p.26*

Watercolour, pencil and charcoal on paper mounted on board, 62×49cm

Collection A.V.Smolyannikov

**SHCHEKOTIKHINA-POTOTSKAYA**

Aleksandra Vasilyevna / 1892-1967

*Theatre designer, ceramics painter and sculptor.* Studied at Drawing School of ОРКХ (1908-15), St Petersburg under Roerich, Bilibin, whom she married, Tsioglinsky and Shchuko. Visited Greece, Italy and France (1913). In Paris worked at studios of Denis, Vallotton and Sérusier (1913). Designed sets and costumes for theatre (1912-20) including costumes for Diaghilev's production of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* (1913). From 1913 participated in exhibitions including World of Art, Community of Artists, House of Arts, State Ceramics Factory. Worked at State Ceramics Factory as painter and produced agitational ceramics (1918-23). Lived in Paris (1925-36). Worked at Leningrad Ceramics Factory (1936-53). Was one of the most outstanding ceramic artists in USSR. Produced several models for sculptures including *Snow Maiden*. One-woman shows in Paris (1926) and Leningrad (1955).

**189** *Plate 'The Pupil'* 1923

'ГРЗ 1923'. On base inscription 'To a design by Shchekotikhina' and signature of factory artist N.Sverchkov. Painted over glaze. Diameter 22cm  
Collection T.Rubinshteyn

**Ingrid Brandt**, geb. 1959, studiert seit 1979 europäische und ostasiatische Kunstgeschichte sowie mittlere und neuere Geschichte. 1982 absolvierte sie ein Praktikum in der Abteilung Asiatische Kunst des Rijksmuseums Amsterdam. Im folgenden Beitrag erläutert sie die Bedeutung des Baumes in den Mythen Chinas und Indiens. Neben der Beseelung des Baumes spielt dort vor allem das Motiv des kosmischen Weltenbaumes eine Rolle, in der hinduistischen Vorstellung auch als „umgekehrter Baum“, dessen Wurzeln im Himmel verankert sind. Im Buddhismus bekommt der schon früher als Fruchtbarkeits-Symbol verehrte Baum eine besondere Bedeutung durch das Ereignis der Erleuchtung, das sich unter ihm vollzog. Die Autorin fügt einen Ausblick auf die Kultur Japans an und schließt mit Überlegungen zum Wandel allgemeinverbindlicher mythologischer Vorstellungen zu subjektiven, lyrisch-expressiven Gestaltungsweisen, einer häufig anzutreffenden Entwicklung, wie sie sich in der chinesischen Kunst am Beispiel des Baum-Motivs besonders gut verdeutlichen läßt.

## Bild des Kosmos und des Menschen

Der Baum  
in Kultur und Mythos Chinas  
und Indiens

In China wurde 1978 mit einem der größten Aufforstungsprojekte der Welt begonnen: ein „Schutzwaldgürtel“, für den 1983 auf einer Fläche von mehr als einer Million Hektar Bäume angepflanzt wurden, soll sich vom Nordosten des Landes über eine Länge von 7 000 Kilometern bis nach Nordwestchina erstrecken, um die gefürchteten Stürme aus Sibirien und der Gobi-Wüste abzumildern. Eine weitere Maßnahme zur Aufforstung wurde im Dezember 1982 vom Nationalen Chinesischen Volkskongress erlassen: Jeder arbeitsfähige Chinese wurde verpflichtet, pro Jahr mindestens drei Bäume zu pflanzen. Diese staatlichen Anordnungen sollen wiedergutmachen, was durch den jahrhundertelangen Raubbau an Bäumen und Wäldern Chinas angerichtet wurde. Doch trotz dieses Raubbaus und der damit verursachten fast völligen Wald- und Baumlosigkeit des Landes, vor allem auch derjenigen Provinzen, die als Zentren der chinesischen Kultur bezeichnet werden (Süd-Shansi, Honan, Hopei und Shantung), hat der Baum in der Geistesgeschichte des chinesischen Volkes eine bedeutende Rolle gespielt.

### Baummythen im alten China

Die Mythen des alten China, in deren Mittelpunkt der Baum steht, gründen auf der Überzeugung, daß Pflanzen, die leben, wachsen und sterben wie der Mensch, ebenso beseelt sind wie dieser, daß ihre Seele aus der einen universalen Seele entspringt, die den ganzen Kosmos durchdringt, und zu ihr wieder zurückkehrt.

Die Mehrzahl der Baumlegenden berichten von Geistern, die in den Bäumen wohnen. Diese *Baumgeister* nehmen nie die Gestalt des Baumes selbst an, sondern sind entweder anthropomorph oder zoomorph, treten also als Mensch oder Tier in Erscheinung, oder aber sie sind amorph, d. h. gestaltlos. In diese beiden Gruppen lassen sich die Pflanzenlegenden, im besonderen die Baumlegenden, einteilen.

Eine Vielzahl der Legenden schreibt den Bäumen *menschliche* Eigenschaften zu. So wird von blutenden Bäumen berichtet, die, über tausend Jahre alt, bei dem Versuch, sie zu fällen oder niederzubrennen, Angst- und Schmerzensschreie ausstießen. Neben diesen finden sich



Abb. 1  
Dachziegel mit Maulbeerbaum  
Han-Dynastie  
Nelson Gallery, Kansas  
(Aus: Sullivan, Abb. 146)

Hans Gercke  
*Der Baum in Mythologie  
Kunstgeschichte und  
Gegenwartskunst*  
Braus

Heidelberg 1985  
reduced from approx 300 mm deep

Both these examples react against the extreme purity of the 'Swiss' method, aiming for a less austere and more varied appearance. The grid is still employed, but modified by the use of indents; typographic discipline is maintained but there is now a mix of serifed and grotesque types, and rules are used for,

effectively, decorative reasons. The Russian Art catalogue marries slightly letterspaced headline bold caps with Ehrhardt – not an obvious combination but unexpectedly successful here. The German book summons back Bauhaus-weight rules, but uses them in a most disciplined way. It is printed on recycled

paper of indifferent quality. Accepting this, its strong design and the choice of Times for text have been well judged.

In both examples, the lessons of the typographic 'revolution' have not at all been forgotten, nor has the extreme purity of the Swiss school; the lessons have been digested, developed, built on.



## Notes

- 1 The different treatment of the series numbers reflects the greater importance Monotype put on them. Our descriptions follow the manufacturers'; typesetters frequently use different terms, for example 'roman' may become 'regular', and the range of bold weights can be most confusing. Series numbers clarify requirements.
- 2 Original designers (in brackets) and dates are given, the dates being for the 'basic core' weights; extreme weights and variations are often added over a period of years or decades. Even a single weight can take years to develop; hence our dates may differ slightly from those elsewhere. Our Linotype dates come from Linotype sources; Monotype from various sources.
- 3 Copyfitting codes and factors are for normal (manufacturer's recommended) letterspacing. If spacing is tightened or opened out, copyfitting will be affected accordingly. Copyfitting systems and tables are on pages 284-285.
- 4 The range shown under any type style is complete at the time of writing, but new weights and variations are being continually introduced.
- 5 Some typefaces include characters for children learning to read (agylll49). These are variously known as open, educational or infant characters. We indicate where these are available.
- 6 Unless otherwise stated, all setting uses manufacturer's recommended spacing.
- 7 Pica point sizes are used.
- 8 Captions are in 7pt of the type illustrated.
- 9 Letterspacing of Monotype specimens is expressed in Monotype's 96 units to the em. Letterspacing of Linotype specimens is expressed in Linotype's 54 units to the em. NOTE: for *word* spacing, Linotype use an 18 unit per em system.
- 10 Where the first line of the text setting is in small caps, these are letterspaced 3 units Mono, 1 unit Lino.
- 11 For unjustified setting, word spacing is 24 units Mono and 4 units Lino. This is the spacing most typesetting firms work to for unjustified setting, but the optimum Mono spacing is 21 units.
- 12 We have not attempted to show kerning – the overlapping of awkward pairs of characters such as To, Ty, Ya (To, Ty, Ya). Some typesetting firms have a very sophisticated kerning programme, others are able to create a limited programme for specific purposes. This facility is particularly useful in large or display sizes.
- 13 The Monotype setting has been done on a Lasercomp (digital storage, laser scan). The Linotype setting has been done on a Linotron 202 (digital storage, electronic CRT scan). The more recent Linotronic 300 has laser scan, but typeface designs, sizes and fit are effectively the same.
- 14 Apparently similar designs from other manufacturers may differ significantly in design detail, or size. Our examples are not, therefore, to be taken as a guide for type set by any system other than Lasercomp or Linotron/Linotronic.
- 15 We show the output one may expect from good quality typesetting firms, without introducing exceptional micro adjustments. While small programmes can be created to correct recurring spacing problems, to achieve optically perfect spacing of caps or small caps, for example, would require individual attention to every instance.
- 16 It should be noted that typesetting firms will sometimes adjust the fit of numerals or punctuation to suit their own preferences. In our settings, for instance, the Monotype question and exclamation marks, and some punctuation, are tighter to their preceding letter than some setters prefer.
- 17 Our examples of sloped roman are achieved with normal width letters, but their appearance can often be improved by simultaneously condensing the forms. Moreover, if the equipment is able to vary the angle of slope, this, too, could be beneficially exploited.
- 18 The colour or apparent darkness of text on the printed page varies according to the paper chosen. This book is printed on a smooth coated cartridge. A gloss coated stock or a soft cartridge would have given different results.

# Linotype Akzidenz-Grotesk

roman (05003), italic (13003)

black (09003)

Berthold: roman 1898, italic 1967, black 1909

Copyfitting code 121/117/142

Range also includes light, bold, condensed,

bold condensed, black condensed

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$.,;:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ *abcdefg*

*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

1234567890

*fifl ()[]&£\$.,;:-!?"*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP**

**QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg**

**hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**

**1234567890**

**fifl ()[]&£\$.,;:-!?"**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a POLICEMAN TO ASK HIM. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching!

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem**

B on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what**

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar**

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised**

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the

9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change!

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype ALBERTINA

## 664 roman and italic

Monotype 1966 (Chris Brand)

Copyfitting factor 39.0/35.8

The second Monotype face designed for phototypesetting

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-FEATURED men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the psyche of our nation, what can we expect but the natural automatic

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all,

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype ALDUS

roman (05004), *italic* (13004)

Stempel 1954 (Hermann Zapf)

Copyfitting code 122/123

A lighter version of Palatino, with additional modifications. (There is also now a light variant of Palatino itself, designed by Zapf in 1985.)

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' " "

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' " "

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO A THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass,

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition. I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.)

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Apollo

645 roman and italic

665 semi-bold

Monotype 1964 (Adrian Frutiger)

Copyfitting factor 41.4/39.2/44.6

The first Monotype type designed for  
phototypesetting

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating mor-

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Basilia Haas

roman (05446), italic (13446)

bold (07446)

Haas 1978 (André Gürtler)

Copyfitting code 134/134/138

Range also includes medium, medium italic,

bold italic, black, black italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$.,;:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$.,;:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$.,;:-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a POLICEMAN TO ASK HIM. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dis-**

9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem**

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us,

9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition,

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumi-

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype **Baskerville**

169 roman and italic

312 bold

Monotype 1923

Copyfitting factor 41.6/36.2/46.8

Range also includes semi-bold, semi-bold italic, bold italic

Linotype Baskerville No.2 is similar, but uses the slightly lighter and narrower bold of Linotype Baskerville. Copyfitting code 125/106/137. Range also includes medium, medium italic, bold italic, black, black italic

A regularised version of John Baskerville's 1757 Virgil Great Primer fount. It is difficult to realise today that Baskerville's types were never generally popular until Monotype's 1923 cutting

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fffl fffm ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?'“

ABCDEFGHIJKL MNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fffl fffm ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?'“

ABCDEFGHIJKL MNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fffl fffm ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?'“

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK- featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Baskerville

roman (05456), italic (13456)

bold (07456)

Linotype 1930 (G W Jones)

(bold: 1939, C H Griffith)

Copyfitting code 132/114/137

Range also includes bold italic

The original hot metal design was a fairly true recutting of the Deberney & Peignot version cast from matrices made from Baskerville's punches

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as**

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didac-

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Bell

341 roman and italic

1235 bold

Monotype 1931 (bold: 1988)

Copyfitting factor 41.0/38.0/43.9

Range also includes semi-bold

The hot metal design was a facsimile from punches cut in 1788 by Richard Austin for John Bell

Alternative characters:

JkKQR  
AÆhJKN  
QRTV

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ff ()[] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ff ()[] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ff ()[] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Bembo

270 roman and italic

428 bold

Monotype 1929 (bold: 1932)

Copyfitting factor 40.9/37.0/45.0

Range also includes semi-bold, semi-bold italic, bold italic, extra bold, extra bold italic

Derived from Aldus Manutius's *De Actina* roman of 1495, with capitals lightened and regularised. The italic is from revised chancery types used and probably designed by Giovantonio Tagliente

Educational characters available

Also shown here is the long-tailed R. This is actually the standard form; the alternative short-tailed R is shown in the alphabet

R R R

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffiAfffiff ()[]&£\$..,;:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffiAfffiff ()[]&£\$..,;:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffiAfffiff ()[]&£\$..,;:-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-  
featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop,

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square,

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Bembo

roman (05023), italic (13023)

bold (07023)

Monotype 1929 (bold: 1932)

Copyfitting code 130/115/145

Range also includes medium, medium italic,

bold italic, black, black italic

Educational characters available

See Monotype Bembo

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK- featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass,

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition. I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men** were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition. I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Berkeley Old Style

1114 medium and medium italic

1115 bold

ITC 1981 (Tony Stan)

Copyfitting factor 41.0/38.7/41.3

Range also includes book, book italic, bold italic, black, black italic

The Linotype version is similar (copyfitting code 123/115/126)

Based upon Goudy's Californian, designed for The University of California in 1939

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijkl

hijklmnopqrst  
vwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ( ) [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijkl

hijklmnopqrst  
vwxyz

hijklmnopqrst  
vwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ( ) [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijkl

hijklmnopqrst  
vwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ( ) [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'THEY ARE PUBLISHERS' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop,

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has

9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its

10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Berling

roman (05589), italic (13589)

bold (07589)

Berlings Grafiska 1951 (Karl-Erik Forsberg)

Copyfitting code 128/118/128

Range also includes bold italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl O [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl O [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl O [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the CITY WITH HEAVY BINOCULARS. WHAT WERE they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a POLICEMAN TO ASK HIM. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Bodoni

135 roman and italic

260 bold

Monotype 1921

Copyfitting factor 42.3/40.0/41.4

Related to Monotype Bodoni book 504, 529  
bold condensed, 120 ultra bold

Linotype Bodoni is similar, but to a different design by Morris F Benton, 1909. The roman (copyfitting code 125) is slightly lighter, while the italic (code 126) is considerably wider and less tightly fitted

Based on M F Benton's 1907 design for ATF, itself derived from a type in Bodoni's *Manuale Tipografico* of 1818

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop

qrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnop

qrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnop

qrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million**

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I**

9 on 12pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we**

10 on 13.5pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository**

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Bodoni Book

504 book and book italic

135 roman

Monotype 1932 (135 roman: 1921)

Copyfitting factor 41.0/41.7/42.3

Related to Monotype Bodoni 260 bold, 529 bold condensed, 120 ultra bold

Linotype Bodoni book roman and italic (copyfitting code 113/109), although a different design by Morris F Benton, 1912, are very similar. The roman is slightly lighter, the italic slightly tighter

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefgh  
hijklmnopq  
rstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$..,;:-!?'

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefgh  
hijklmnopq  
rstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$..,;:-!?'*

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefgh  
hijklmnopq  
rstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$..,;:-!?'

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating mor-

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Bauer Bodoni

roman (05033), italic (13033)

bold (07033)

Bauer 1926 (Heinrich Jost)

Copyfitting code 126/125/137

Range also includes bold italic, bold condensed, black, black italic, black condensed

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men we*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-  
featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy  
binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and  
steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said  
mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’  
Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman  
lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting  
for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our  
suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we  
had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of**

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-  
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binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed  
and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are  
publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are  
on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and  
watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in  
hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born.’  
Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How  
our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Breughel

roman 55 (05349), italic 56 (13349)

bold 65 (07349)

Stempel 1981 (Adrian Frutiger)

Copyfitting code 130/123/134

Range also includes bold italic, black, black italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud**

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Caledonia

**roman** (05041), **italic** (13041)

**bold** (07041)

Linotype 1938-40 (William A Dwiggin)

Copyfitting code 124/125/126

Range also includes bold italic

Linotype New Caledonia roman and italic are almost identical (copyfitting code 119/120), but its wider range of weights is not comparable

Monotype Caledonia is very similar (copyfitting factor 43.3/43.3/43.3)

Influenced by Scottish types of the early 19th century, also by a type cut by William Martin about 1790 and used by Bulmer

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

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Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamt of – a nagging

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square,

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Calisto

1160 roman and italic

1161 bold

Monotype 1988 (Ron Carpenter)

Copyfitting factor 42.4/38.4/43.8

Range also includes bold italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop

qrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN*

*OPQRSTUVWXYZ*  
*abcdefghijklmnop*

*qrstuvwxyz*

*1234567890 1234567890*

*fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN**

**OPQRSTUVWXYZ**  
**abcdefghijklmnop**

**qrstuvwxyz**

**1234567890**

**fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which**

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass,

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Calvert

806 light

808 bold

Monotype 1980 (Margaret Calvert)

Copyfitting factor 46.8/48.4

Range also includes medium

Derived from lettering designed for the sign system on Tyne and Wear Metro

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning THE CITY WITH HEAVY BINOCULARS. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'THEY ARE PUBLISHERS' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching!

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been**

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious

9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype CARTIER

roman (05043), italic (13043)

Designed by Carl Dair 1967

Copyfitting code 113/88

There are no italic capitals

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Plus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Plus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass!

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13,5pt

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11 on 14,5pt

# Linotype CASLON 540

roman (05047), italic (13047)  
ATF 1902  
Copyfitting code 125/110

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvw xyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OP*  
*QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*  
*hijklmnopqrstuvw xyz*  
*1234567890*  
*fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”*

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass,

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Century Expanded

roman (05051), italic (13051)

bold (07050)

ATF 1894 (L B Benton)

(bold: 1905)

Copyfitting code 131/131

The Monotype version is rather different

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP*  
*QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*  
*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*  
*1234567890*  
*fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP**  
**QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg**  
**hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**  
**1234567890**  
**fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Century Schoolbook

227 roman and italic

477 bold

Monotype 1934

Copyfitting factor 46.2/45.0/50.4

Range also includes bold italic

Designed by M F Benton 1924 for ATF (based on the original design of 1896 by L B Benton for *Century* magazine)

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'”

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype New Century Schoolbook

roman (05497), italic (13497)

bold (07497)

Mergenthaler 1982

Copyfitting code 135/133/154

Range also includes semi-bold, semi-bold italic, bold italic, black, black italic

Linotype Century Schoolbook roman and italic are very similar but the roman is slightly heavier (copyfitting code 134/133). There is only one bold, with no bold italic

Derived from M F Benton's design of 1924 for ATF (itself based on L B Benton's design of 1896 for *Century* magazine)

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Clarion

917 roman and italic

918 bold

Monotype 1983 (Robin Nicholas and Ron Carpenter)

Copyfitting factor 48.0/46.6/51.9

Designed as a newspaper type

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ *abcdefghijklmnop*

*ghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

1234567890

*fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"*

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ **abcdefghijklmnop**

**ghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**

1234567890

**fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was

10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Concorde

roman (05319), italic (13319)

bold (07319)

Berthold 1969 (Günter Gerhard Lange)

Copyfitting code 133/138/137

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Egyptian 505

roman (05081), bold (07081)

VGC 1965-66 (André Gürtler)

Copyfitting code 127/130

Range also includes light, medium. There is no italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' ”

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' ”**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'THEY ARE PUBLISHERS' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching!

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging**

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was

11 on 13pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Ehrhardt

453 roman and italic

573 semi-bold

Monotype 1938 (semi-bold: 1956)

Copyfitting factor 40.3/38.2/44.7

Range also includes semi-bold italic

A regularised version of a type of 1672 by

Nicholas Kis, Hungarian punch-cutter active in

Amsterdam

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP*

*QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*

*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

*1234567890 1234567890*

*fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"*

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for**

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition,

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Ehrhardt

roman (05371), italic (13371)  
semi-bold (07371)  
Monotype 1938 (semi-bold: 1956)  
Copyfitting code 118/107/133  
See Monotype Ehrhardt

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”**

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but**

8 on 9pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of**

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Ellington

1215 light and italic

1217 bold

Monotype 1990 (Michael Harvey)

Copyfitting factor 39.2/37.5/44.0

Range also includes roman, roman italic, bold italic, extra bold, extra bold italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Plus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Plus two unit spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the psyche of our nation, what can we expect but the natural

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed

11 on 14.5pt

28, roman and italic

Monotype 1925

Copyfitting factor 37.6/35.7

This is the version with shortened capitals

The original hot metal design was a facsimile of one of Fournier's medium text types

(St Augustin Ordinaire) in his *Mannet*

*Typographique* of 1764

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN O P  
 QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN O P  
 QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
 hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

*1234567890 1234567890*

*fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' ”*

24 000 27/01

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
 WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
 WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
 WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
 WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
 WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-FEATURED men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us,

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype FOURNIER

roman (05452), italic (13452)

Monotype 1925

Copyfitting code 119/102

This version has the full-height capitals of

Monotype's original design

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ' ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ' ”*

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-FEATURED men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist

10 on 13,5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not

11 on 14,5pt

# Monotype Franklin Gothic

## 1001 book and book italic

### 1003 demi-bold

ITC 1979 (Victor Caruso). Based on M F Benton's design for ATF, 1904  
Copyfitting factor 43.8/44.1/44.5

Range also includes medium, medium italic, demi-bold italic, heavy, heavy italic, extra condensed, extra condensed italic

The Linotype version is similar, although slightly bolder, and the figures are slightly tighter spaced. Copyfitting code 127/127/128

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –**tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for

9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Futura

912 medium and medium italic

913 demi-bold

Bauer 1928-30 (Paul Renner)

Copyfitting factor 39.8/38.9/42.2

Range also includes light, book, quarter-bold, demi-bold italic, bold, bold italic, extra bold, black

Monotype's version differs considerably from the Bauer original. Round letters such as a b c d e are more geometric in construction, lacking the subtlety of Renner's design. Display sizes become rather uncouth

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi fm ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?'

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi fm ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?'

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi fm ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?'

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' HE SAID MILDLY. PUBLISHERS! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men** perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature's bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the psyche of our nation,

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature's bashful little aphorist?

9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean,

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Futura

**medium** (07105), **medium italic** (14105)

**bold** (09105)

Bauer 1928-30 (Paul Renner)

Copyfitting code 125/122/166

There is a very extensive range of weights and variations

The Linotype version closely follows the Bauer original in its subtly ungeometric round letters, although letterspacing is tighter

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqr  
stuvwxyz

1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqr  
stuvwxyz

1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ**

**abcdefghijklmnopqr  
stuvwxyz**

**1234567890**

**fifl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words *in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words *in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words *in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' HE SAID MILDLY. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching!

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men** were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men** were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men** were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Galliard

1105 roman and italic

1106 bold

ITC 1978 (Matthew Carter)

(Originally designed for Mergenthaler Linotype)

Copyfitting factor 38.5/37.3/40.6

Range also includes bold italic, black, black italic, ultra, ultra italic

A free interpretation of Granjon's types.

Designed at the height of the fashion in some quarters for extra tight spacing, this type is greatly improved by increasing the letterspacing by one or even two units

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN*

*OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*

*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

*1234567890*

*fffi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN**

**OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg**

**hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**

**1234567890**

**fffi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Plus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Plus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ HE SAID MILDLY. PUBLISHERS! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

■ on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the psyche of our nation, what can we expect but the natural automatic**

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you**

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we**

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Galliard

roman (05520), italic (13520)

bold (07520)

ITC 1978 (Matthew Carter)

(Originally designed for Mergenthaler

Linotype)

Copyfitting code 124/112/132

Range also includes bold italic, black, black

italic, ultra, ultra italic

A free interpretation of Granjon's types.

Designed at the height of the fashion in some

quarters for extra tight spacing, this type is

greatly improved by increasing the letter

spacing by one unit

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964 within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964 within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Plus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *increased* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964 within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Plus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Garamond

156 roman and italic

201 bold

Monotype 1922

Copyfitting factor 40.8/35.8/43.9

Range also includes bold italic

Stanley Morison's first revival for Monotype.

Based on punches from the Imprimerie Royale, then attributed to Garamond but now known to be cut by Jannon about 1620. The italic is from a fount of Granjon, c.1550

Display sizes are about the same weight as the original hot metal version (although the letters are wider and the serifs lighter) but when reduced to text sizes the design is too light.

This once-popular type deserves a strengthened version for text sizes to make up for the ink squash missing from today's printing techniques. The actual letterforms have been faithfully recreated, although serifs seem slightly under-emphasised

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hijklmnopqrstuvwxy z

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fffi fl ffi ff () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

## Monotype Garamond (Simoncini)

1224 roman and italic

1226 bold

Neufville 1958-61 (Francesco Simoncini and W Bilz)

Copyfitting factor 38.4/35.9/38.9

Range also includes demi-bold

The Linotype version is effectively similar in design and fit, and includes small caps and non-lining figures. Sizes are visually approximately one size larger (copyfitting code 121/116/122). Our settings of *Linotype Garamond (Stempel)* give a good indication of these sizes

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24 on 27pt

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Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ HE SAID MILDLY. PUBLISHERS! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men** perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean,

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Garamond (Stempel)

roman (05108), italic (13108)

bold (07108)

Stempel 1925-27

Copyfitting code 127/126/133

The range also includes light, light italic, bold italic, black, black italic, and condensed versions of all weights. There is an extensive range of swash letters

The Monotype version is effectively similar in design and fit, but has no small caps or non-lining figures, and is available only in roman, italic and bold. Sizes are visually approximately one size smaller (copyfitting factor 38.1/37.2/38.9). Our settings of *Monotype Garamond (Simoncini)* give a good indication of these sizes

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

## Monotype Gill Sans

262 roman and italic

275 bold

Monotype 1928 onwards (Eric Gill)  
Copyfitting factor 43.9/41.1/48.8

Range also includes light, light italic, bold italic, extra bold, ultra bold, condensed, bold condensed, ultra bold condensed, shadow

The Linotype design (copyfitting code 115/108/135), although basically identical is more tightly fitted (too tight?). The normal Monotype setting, however, is perhaps slightly loose. It is also slightly bolder than the original

In both Lino and Mono, c and o are not now purely geometrical, and the construction of d, p and q differs from that of display sizes of the original

Gill modelled his design on Edward Johnston's London Transport Railway type, much improving it and emphasizing its classical proportions

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffi ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffi ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffi ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' ”

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt



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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Goudy Old Style

291 roman and italic

441 bold

Monotype 1929. Adapted from the design by

F W Goudy, 1915, for ATF

Copyfitting factor 43.1/39.7/44.6

Range also includes extra bold

The Linotype version (copyfitting code

117/107/121) is substantially similar but slightly

lighter; some characters vary a little. Serifs are

less sculptured, letter stems straight and more

mechanical. The bold is considerably narrower

The capitals were based on Renaissance

lettering and an Aldine letter was the basis for

the italic

Alternative figures:

4 7

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass,

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Granjon

roman (05493), italic (13493)

bold (07493)

Linotype 1928 (G W Jones)

(bold: 1930, C H Griffith)

Copyfitting code 117/107/117

Based on a 16th-century Paris book perhaps printed by Garamond. It has been called the best reproduction of a Garamond type today

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected*

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-FEATURED men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong

11 on 13pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has

9 on 12pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its

10 on 13,5pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition,

11 on 14,5pt

# Monotype Grottesque

215 roman and italic

216 bold

Monotype 1926

Copyfitting factor 45.9/43.8/50.3

Range also includes light, light italic

The Linotype version is apparently very similar, although it is slightly tighter set.

Copyfitting code 130/127/144

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop

qrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop

qrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop

qrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us*

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking**  
8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach**

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us**

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or**

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Guardi

roman 55 (05551), italic 56 (13551)

bold 75 (07551)

Linotype 1986 (Reinhard Haus)

Copyfitting code 130/114/141

Range also includes bold italic, black, black italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.)** Now

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist**

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but**

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Helvetica

765 roman and italic

766 medium

Haas 1957 (Max Meidinger)

Copyfitting factor 44.4/44.4/44.4

There is a very extensive range of weights and variations

Linotype Helvetica (copyfitting code 127/131/140) more closely resembles Neue Helvetica in size, fit and design. It also includes small caps

Strongly influenced by early twentieth-century German grotesques such as Akzidenz-Grotesk. It is more monoline than Univers

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*

*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

*1234567890*

*1234567890*

*()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg**

**hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**

**hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**

**1234567890**

**()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk- featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop,

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk- featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Neue Helvetica

roman 55 (05472), italic 45 (13472)

bold 75 (07472)

Stempel 1983

Copyfitting code 130/128/139

There is an enormous range of weights and variations

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'THEY ARE PUBLISHERS' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.)** Now

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as**

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but**

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Horley Old Style

199 roman and italic

261 bold

Monotype 1925

Copyfitting factor 41.6/39.3/45.2

Range also includes light, light italic, semi-bold, semi-bold italic, bold italic

Linotype's adaptation varies considerably

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? “ ”

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘THEY ARE PUBLISHERS’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching!

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has

9 on 12pt

‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Imprint

## 101 roman and italic

### 410 bold

Monotype 1912 (with assistance from Edward Johnston and J H Mason)

Copyfitting factor 43.8/41.6/48.7

Range also includes bold italic

Derived from late 18th-century types, including Caslon's. The first original book type designed for machine composition, it was cut for Gerard Meynell and his magazine *The Imprint*

Slightly thinner and less rich, especially in text sizes, than the original hot-metal designs.

Looser fit. Italic opened out. General effect more spidery

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 I 234567890

fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ' " ' "

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*

*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

*1234567890 I 234567890*

*fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ' " ' "*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg**

**hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**

**1234567890 I 234567890**

**fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ' " ' "**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Imprint

roman (05135), italic (13135)

bold (07135)

Monotype 1912

Copyfitting code 125/123/142

Educational characters available

see Monotype Imprint

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Ionic

342 roman and italic

1137 bold

Monotype 1932 (bold: 1985)

Copyfitting factor 51.8/48.4/48.5

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?'“

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?'“

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?'“

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? TIMIDLY WE STOPPED A POLICEMAN to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Iridium

roman (05137), italic (13137)

bold (07137)

Stempel 1972 (Adrian Frutiger)

Copyfitting code 135/132/137

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘THEY ARE PUBLISHERS’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dis-

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass,

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Italian Old Style

108 roman and italic

149 bold

Monotype 1911

Copyfitting factor 41.5/37.9/45.4

Range also includes bold italic

The design reflects types of Nicholas Jenson  
and his Venetian contemporaries of the 1470s

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ff () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ff () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ff () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a

9 on 12pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we

10 on 13.5pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Janson

1173 roman and italic

1174 bold

Monotype 1986

Copyfitting factor 40.2/35.4/42.4

Range also includes bold italic

Derived from designs of 1720

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN*  
*OPQRSTUVWXYZ*  
*abcdefghijklmnop*  
*qrstuvwxyz*  
*1234567890 1234567890*  
*fffi fl ffi ffl ()[] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN**  
**OPQRSTUVWXYZ**  
**abcdefghijklmnop**  
**qrstuvwxyz**  
**1234567890 1234567890**  
**fffi fl ffi ffl ()[] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘THEY ARE PUBLISHERS’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL* we wondered who all those men were  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL* we wondered who all those men were

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the psyche of our

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of

10 on 13,5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in

11 on 14,5pt

# Linotype JANSON

roman (05139), italic (13139)  
Linotype 1930 (C H Griffith)  
Copyfitting code 126/110

Based on an original of 1670-90, cut by  
Nicholas Kis of Amsterdam

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OP*  
*QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*  
*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*  
*1234567890 1234567890*  
*fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Janson Text

roman 55 (05563), italic 56 (13563)

bold 75 (07563)

Linotype 1985

Copyfitting code 122/112/132

Range also includes bold italic, black, black italic

Derived from types of 1690 by Nicholas Kis

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “**

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not**

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men** were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a ration-

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.)

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change!

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Joanna

478 roman and italic

541 bold

Designed by Eric Gill 1930, recut by  
Monotype 1937 for J M Dent; made generally  
available 1958

Copyfitting factor 40.0/31.9/42.2

Range also includes semi-bold, semi-bold  
italic, bold italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi ffffi () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi ffffi () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi ffffi () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

These examples show normal letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in italic: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show normal letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in italic: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show normal letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in italic: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

· WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which infected – was

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the psyche of our nation, what can we

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change!

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist?

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Joanna

**roman** (05465), **italic** (13465)

**bold** (07465)

Designed by Eric Gill 1930, recut by  
Monotype 1937 for J M Dent; made generally  
available 1958

Copyfitting code 133/105/146

Range also includes extra bold

This Linotype version must be leaded at least  
1½ pts in 8 pt, to at least 2½ pts in 12 pt, to avoid  
descenders and ascenders clashing

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in italic: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in italic: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in italic: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK- featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which infected – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck**

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or**

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which infected – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which infected – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Kennerley

**roman** (05408), **italic** (13408)

**bold** (07408)

Stempel 1982, based on types by Frederic W

Goudy of 1911-24

Copyfitting code 123/119/135

Range also includes bold italic

Goudy's design was possibly based upon

Jenson's *Eusebius* type of 1470

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass,

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised

11 on 13pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.)

9 on 12pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change!

10 on 13.5pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE** were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Lectura

roman (05610), italic (13610)

bold (07610)

Tetterode 1969 (Dick Dooijes)

Copyfitting code 123/119/124

Range also includes black condensed

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'THEY ARE PUBLISHERS' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching!

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype **Melior**

720 roman and italic

730 semi-bold

Stempel 1952 (Hermann Zapf)

Copyfitting factor 43.1/43.1/43.1

See Linotype Melior

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl O[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl O[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl O[]&£\$.,:-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging**

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Melior

**roman** (05170), **italic** (13170)

**bold** (07170)

Stempel 1952 (Hermann Zapf)

Copyfitting code 135/136/138

Range also includes medium, medium italic,

bold italic, black, black italic

Designed as a newspaper face and first used

by *Hannoversche Presse*

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dis-

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us,

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype **Meridien**

930 roman and italic

932 bold

Deberney & Peignot 1957 (Adrian Frutiger)

Copyfitting factor 49.4/45.1/44.7

Range also includes bold italic

The Linotype version is similar (copyfitting code 131/116/149)

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl () [] € £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi ffl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ HE SAID MILDLY. PUBLISHERS! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key?**

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in**

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was**

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Modern Extended

7 roman and italic

570 bold

Monotype 1902 (bold 1954)

Copyfitting factor 43.9/41.4/43.0

Range also includes bold italic. Monotype

Clarendon 12 is a useful alternative bold

From a Miller & Richard face (possibly cut by

Richard Austin) which was used by *The Times*.

One of the first types made for mechanical composition

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP*

*QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*

*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

*1234567890*

*ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP**

**QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg**

**hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**

**1234567890**

**ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of**

8 on 9pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?**

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself

9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype MODERN WIDE

## 16 roman and italic

Monotype 1903

Copyfitting factor 50.0/47.1

Based on a Miller & Richard typeface

A B C D E F G H I J K  
L M N O P Q R S T U V W  
X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n

o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

*A B C D E F G H I J K  
L M N O P Q R S T U V W  
X Y Z*

*a b c d e f g h i j k l m n*

*o p q r s t u v w x y z*

*1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0*

*ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”*

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ HE SAID MILDLY. PUBLISHERS! our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype OCTAVIAN

## 603 roman and italic

Monotype 1963 (Will Carter and David Kindersley)

Modified for phototypesetting 1975  
Copyfitting factor 37.0/36.7

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
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fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in italic: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in italic: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Old Style

## 2 roman and italic

### 53 bold

Monotype 1901 (bold: 1911)

Copyfitting factor 43.9/41.4/48.4

Range also includes bold italic

A derivation of Miller & Richards' Old Style of 1852, cut by Alexander Phemister

Slightly stronger than hot metal original – to its advantage

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

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1234567890

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ff fi fl ffi ffl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

24 on 27pt

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Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Old Style S

roman (05522), italic (13522)

bold (07522)

Stempel 1982

Copyfitting code 130/121/133

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OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
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fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
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qrstuvwxyz  
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**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’**

24 on 27pt

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Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud**

8 on 9pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?**

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men** were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected*

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Optima

722 roman and italic

732 semi-bold

Stempel 1958 (Hermann Zapf)

Copyfitting factor 40.5/39.5/40.8

Range also includes semi-bold italic

The Linotype version is fractionally bolder, appears rather larger (9, 10 and 11 pt Lino approximate to 10, 11 and 12 pt Mono), and includes small caps and non-lining figures.

Roman and italic copyfitting code 126/125. The wider range of weights is not comparable

A serif-less roman influenced by Italian inscriptional lettering of the quattrocento

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting as well as on words in *italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' HE SAID MILDLY. PUBLISHERS! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the psyche of our nation,

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean,

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype ORION

roman (05204), italic (13204)  
Linotype 1974 (Hermann Zapf)  
Copyfitting code 128/128

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘THEY ARE PUBLISHERS’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a

9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Palatino

## 853 roman and italic

### 854 bold

Stempel 1950 (Herman Zapf)

Copyfitting factor 38.7/35.5/41.7

Range also includes bold italic

The design of the Monotype digitised version, supervised by Zapf, more closely follows the original design for Stempel (with its smaller x-height) than later Linotype versions. Bembo figures are used for non-lining bold

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-FEATURED MEN perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the psyche of our nation, what can we expect but the natural automatic rejection from a public which resents**

9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Palatino

roman (05206), **italic** (13206)

**bold** (07206)

Stempel 1950 (Hermann Zapf)

Copyfitting code 134/118/138

Range also includes light, light italic, medium, medium italic, bold italic, black, black italic

This version differs considerably from the original Stempel design. Linotype Palatino 1950, based on this, has a smaller x-height and somewhat resembles the Monotype version.  
Copyfitting code 134/117/132

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' " "

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' " "

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' " "

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination**

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass,

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Pegasus

roman (05530), *italic* (13530)  
**bold** (07530)  
Monotype 1937 (Berthold Wolpe)  
Copyfitting code 115/99/118

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz

1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz*

*1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz**

**1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘THEY ARE PUBLISHERS’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected*

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square,

10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Perpetua

239 roman and italic

461 bold

Monotype 1929 (Eric Gill)

Copyfitting factor 38.1/34.1/43.6

Range also includes bold italic

The Linotype version is similar, but does not include small caps. Copyfitting code 104/88/124

Gill's design was originally cut by Charles Malin of Paris; the final drawings were done from pulls of the resulting type, considerably modified and regularised. The italic was originally named Felicity

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fffi fffiffi ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fffi fffiffi ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890

fffi fffiffi ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'

24 on 17pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean,

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after all, simply poor co-workers in the psyche of our nation, what can we expect but the natural automatic rejection from a public which resents

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Photina

747 roman and italic

748 semi-bold

Monotype 1971 (José Mendoza)

Copyfitting factor 42.6/39.5/42.7

Range also includes semi-bold italic, bold, bold italic, ultra bold, ultra bold italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype PILGRIM

**roman** (05214), **italic** (13214)  
Designed by Eric Gill 1934 for Limited  
Editions Club of New York (and called  
Bunyan), recut by Linotype 1953  
Copyfitting code 136/137

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP*  
*QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*  
*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*  
*1234567890*  
*fi fl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’*

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘THEY ARE PUBLISHERS’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Plantin

110 roman and italic

194 bold

Monotype 1913 (Frank Pierpont)

Copyfitting factor 43.8/41.6/49.0

Range also includes light, light italic, semi-bold, semi-bold italic, bold italic, bold condensed

Derived from a Granjon face used by successors of the Antwerp printer Christopher Plantin, working during the 16th century. It was also used in Frankfurt and Basle about 1570

The first type designed for art paper

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Plantin Light

113 light and light italic

663 semi-bold

Monotype 1914

Copyfitting factor 43.8/41.6/49.0

Range also includes roman, italic, semi-bold

italic, bold, bold italic, bold condensed

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN*  
*OPQRSTUVWXYZ*  
*abcdefghijklmnop*  
*qrstuvwxyz*  
*1234567890 1234567890*  
*fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"*

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

24 on 27pt

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Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Plantin

roman (05215), italic (13215)

bold (07215)

Monotype 1913 (Frank Pierpont)

Copyfitting code 125/115/127

Range also includes light, light italic, bold italic, bold condensed

Educational characters available

See Monotype Plantin

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem**

8 on 9pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass**

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what

9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype PLANTIN LIGHT

light (02215), light italic (11215)

Monotype 1914

Copyfitting code 125/114

Range also includes roman, italic, bold, bold italic, bold condensed

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I  
234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I  
234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype POLIPHILUS / BLADO

170 roman, 119 Blado italic

Monotype 1923

Copyfitting factor 36.4/32.1

Derived from Aldus's roman of 1499. The original 1923 cutting was a facsimile revival, retaining all irregularities

Blado italic is based on letters designed by Arrighi in 1526, and used by Antonio Blado, printer to the Vatican

Slightly bolder than hot metal version. The italic appears (in display sizes) to have been roughened up somewhat, to match the irregularities of the roman

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffiAffiA ()[]&£\$.,:;!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffiAffiA ()[]&£\$.,:;!?"

24 on 27pt

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Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Rockwell

390 light and italic

371 roman

Monotype 1933

Copyfitting factor 46.6/46.4/46.4

Range also includes roman italic, bold, bold italic, extra bold, condensed, bold condensed

The Linotype design is slightly narrower; combined with slightly narrower serifs, this allows a tighter fit. These differences are particularly noticeable in the bold. Letters are a little larger on the body. Copyfitting code 128/129/129

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? " ' " "

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? " ' " "*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? " ' " "**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Bro-

9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Rotation

roman (05229), *italic* (13229)  
**bold** (07229)  
Stempel 1971 (Arthur Ritzel)  
Copyfitting code 130/130/130

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP*  
*QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg*  
*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*  
*1234567890*  
*fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP**  
**QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg**  
**hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz**  
**1234567890**  
**fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?"**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘THEY ARE PUBLISHERS’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Sabon

669 roman and italic

673 semi-bold

Designed by Jan Tschichold 1967 for Stempel.

Linotype and Monotype

Copyfitting code 41.8/41.8/41.8

Derived from Garamond's types, the original design was a considerable technical achievement, combining the requirements (and restrictions) of two machine setting systems with those of the founder's type to produce interchangeable results. The present letterforms of Lino and Mono are similar, but sizes differ. Both forms differ slightly from the original Stempel founder's type

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into nature’s bashful little aphorist? We who are, after

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Sabon

**roman** (05232), **italic** (13232)

**bold** (07232)

Designed by Jan Tschichold 1967 for Stempel,

Linotype and Monotype

Copyfitting code 127/127/127

Range also includes bold italic

The letterform is similar to Monotype Sabon,

but sizes are very different

See Monotype Sabon

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ *abcdefghijklmnop*  
*qrstuvwxyz*  
1234567890 I 234567890  
*fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ **abcdefghijklmnop**  
**qrstuvwxyz**  
1234567890 I 234567890  
**fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype SCOTCH ROMAN

## 46 roman and italic

Monotype 1907

Copyfitting factor 44.3/41.8

Was originally produced for the printers

R & R Clark as an accurate recutting of Miller

& Richard types of 1810

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklm  
nopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ‘ ’*

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a

9 on 11pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in

10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those me were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype SCOTCH 2

roman (05233), italic (13233)

Linotype c.1910

Copyfitting code 127/117

Derived from types cut by Richard Austin for  
William Miller, about 1813

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN O P

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'“

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN O P

QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fifl ()[]&£\$. ,;:-!?'“

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother

8 on 10.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh

9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop,

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype **Serifa**

roman 55 (05235), **italic 56** (13235)

**bold 65** (07235)

Bauer 1968 (Adrian Frutiger)

Copyfitting code 140/138/146

Range also includes thin, thin italic, light, light italic, black, bold condensed

Monotype's version appears to be slightly

bolder (copyfitting factor 49.4/50.0; no italic)

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefgh  
hijklmnopqrst  
vwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' " "

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefgh  
hijklmnopqrst  
vwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' " "*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefgh  
hijklmnopqrst  
vwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? " ' " "**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK- featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’** Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Spectrum

556 roman and italic

756 semi-bold

Designed by Jan van Krimpen 1952 for  
Enschede; brought out by Monotype 1955  
Copyfitting factor 38.8/31.1/42.2

Originally designed for a range of bibles  
1941-43, but not used. In the Aldine tradition,  
with an italic based on the calligraphy of  
Arrighi

The disturbingly small figures are part of Van  
Krimpen's design. Janson non-lining figures  
might provide a useful alternative

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

24 on 27pt

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt



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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Times

327 roman and italic

334 bold

Designed by Stanley Morison and Victor  
Lardent 1932 for Monotype and *The Times*  
Copyfitting factor 42.9/41.5/41.4

Range also includes semi-bold, semi-bold  
italic, bold italic, condensed, condensed italic,  
bold condensed, extra bold

Plantin was taken as a basis, refined and  
sharpened up

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging**

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what has turned me into

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured** men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Times

**roman** (05249), **italic** (13249)

**bold** (07249)

Designed by Stanley Morison and Victor  
Lardent 1932 for Monotype and *The Times*  
Copyfitting code 127/126/127

Range also includes semi-bold, semi-bold  
italic, bold italic, extra bold, black, black  
outline

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of –

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged?

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Trump Medieval

1147 roman and italic

1148 bold

Weber 1956 (Georg Trump)

Copyfitting factor 43.1/43.1/44.0

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ' "

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ffi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] @ £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ' "*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
ff fi fl ffi ffl ( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ' "**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging**

8 on 9pt

**WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother**

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do you ask yourself what

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-**featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils

10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the

9 on 12pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong

10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Trump Medieval

roman (05257), italic (13257)

bold (07257)

Weber 1956 (Georg Trump)

Copyfitting code 136/139/137

Range also includes bold italic, black

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fifl (][&£\$. ,; :-!?'"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fifl (][@£\$. ,; :-!?'"

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I 234567890  
fifl (][&£\$. ,; :-!?'"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-** featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which**

11 on 13pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us,

9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype **Univers**

689 medium and italic

696 extra bold

Deberney & Peignot and Monotype 1957

(Adrian Frutiger)

Copyfitting factor 44.7/44.7/51.3

There is an extensive range of weights and variations

Originally designed to be suitable for founder's type, hot metal and filmsetting. It is not entirely monoline, and has a slight vertical stress – characteristics which help to make it particularly useful as a text face

Educational characters available

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ”*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg  
hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
( ) [ ] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? ”**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall** hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *curette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men** were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those** men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem

11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype **Univers**

**roman** 55 (05258), **italic** 56 (13258)

**black** 75 (09258)

Deberney & Peignot and Monotype 1957  
(Adrian Frutiger)

Copyfitting code 138/138/157

There is an extensive range of weights and variations

Educational characters available

See Monotype Univers

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? ”*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. , ; : - ! ? ”**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘THEY ARE PUBLISHERS’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass!

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a

11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of

11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype VAN DIJCK

## 203 roman and italic

Monotype 1937 (with the assistance of Jan van Krimpen)

Copyfitting factor 37.5/32.8

Derived from a roman (not definitely by Van Dijck) appearing in an Amsterdam edition of Ovid, printed 1670

Normally supplied with Bembo figures, but here shown with a set designed for Van Dijck by Matthew Carter

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

ABCDEFGHIJKL MNOP  
QRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fffi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?"

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Versailles

roman 55 (05311), italic 56 (13311)

black 95 (09311)

Stempel 1984 (Adrian Frutiger)

Copyfitting code 142/139/161

Range also includes light, light italic, bold, bold italic, black italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I  
234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I  
234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 I  
234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
True small caps/reduced capitals

WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were  
True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype **Video**

**medium** (06261), **medium oblique** (75261)

**black** (09261)

Mergenthaler 1974 (Matthew Carter)

Copyfitting code 128/127/160

Range also includes light, light oblique, bold, bold oblique, black oblique

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fifl ()[]&£\$. ,; :-!?"**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

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Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'THEY ARE PUBLISHERS' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting

Text with reduced caps normal letterspacing/plus 3 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL* we wondered who all those men were  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL* we wondered who all those men were

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: 'They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of**

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were –** tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling round us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach

9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Walbaum

374 roman and italic

375 medium

Monotype 1934

Copyfitting factor 39.2/37.9/41.2

Range also includes medium italic

The original hot metal design was virtually a facsimile of Justus Erich Walbaum's type of c.1800. Although bracketting to the serifs is visible in display sizes, text sizes of the digitised version are still very close to the original, in both roman and italic. It is to be hoped that the alternative non-lining figures provided in the hot metal version will eventually be made available in the digitised designs

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?'

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ*

*abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

*hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz*

*1234567890*

*ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?'*

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

ff fi fl ffi ffl ()[]&£\$.,:;-!?'

24 on 27pt

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Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 6 units/plus 12 units

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men** perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a

8 on 9pt

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE – TALL HAWK-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. 'They are publishers' he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. 'They are on the look out for new talent.' Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: '*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*' Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype Walbaum

**roman** (05263), **italic** (13263)

**bold** (07263)

Berthold 1919 (bold: 1933)

Copyfitting code 140/138/149

Range also includes bold italic

The original 1919 fount was cast from J E Walbaum's matrices of c.1800, but the digitised version is very different, especially in text sizes. Bolder, more condensed, with a vertical stress, more mechanical in feeling. The italic is effectively a new design

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “*

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “**

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men were*  
True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully  
8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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9 on 12pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Linotype LINOTYPE WALBAUM

roman (05478), italic (13478)

Linotype 1960

Copyfitting code 129/126

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890 1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMN  
OPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnop  
qrstuvwxyz  
1234567890  
fi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”*

24 on 27pt

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Minus one unit spacing

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Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 4 units/plus 9 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE

Small caps: normal letterspacing/plus 3 units/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE MEN WERE

True small caps/reduced capitals

*WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL we wondered who all those men*

True italic/sloped roman

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud

8 on 9pt

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8 on 10.5pt

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9 on 11pt

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10 on 12pt

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11 on 13pt

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10 on 13.5pt

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11 on 14.5pt

# Monotype Zapf International

1055 medium and italic

1056 demi

ITC 1977 (Hermann Zapf)

Copyfitting factor 44.0/42.6/47.6

The Linotype version is slightly smaller on the body (copyfitting code 124/124/137), and the range also includes light, light italic, demi-italic, heavy, heavy italic

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN

OPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefg

hijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890

fffi fl ffi fl () [] & £ \$ . , ; : - ! ? “ ”

24 on 27pt

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Normal letterspacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus one unit spacing

These examples show *normal* letterspacing and the effect of *reduced* letterspacing on roman setting *as well as on words in italic*: they also show the appearance of figures, for example 28 May 1964, within text. These & the ampersand are not included in the setting opposite.

Minus two units spacing

WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL THOSE  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO ALL  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL WE WONDERED WHO

Capitals: normal letterspacing/plus 9 units/plus 18 units

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. WHAT WERE THEY SEEKING SO EARNESTLY? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! OUR HEARTS STOPPED BEATING. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting

Text with reduced capitals normal letterspacing/plus 6 units

WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*  
WALKING ALONG THE MALL *we wondered who all those men were*

True italic/sloped roman

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as**

8 on 9pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for us they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: *They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!* Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass,

8 on 10.5pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for the *urette*.) Now do you wonder if I laugh a little off-key? Do

9 on 11pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar

10 on 12pt

**Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were** – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a

11 on 13pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the wrong change! A chill struck us as we saw the mist falling in Trafalgar Square, coiling around us its tendrils of ectoplasm! A million muffin-eating moralists were waiting, not for us, Brother Ass, but for the plucky and tedious Trollope! (If you are dissatisfied with your form, reach for

9 on 12pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic or expository but which *infected* – was not simply a rationalised intuition, I mean, clothed in isinglass! We had come to the wrong shop, with the

10 on 13.5pt

Walking along the Mall we wondered who all those men were – tall hawk-featured men perched on balconies and high places, scanning the city with heavy binoculars. What were they seeking so earnestly? Who were they – so composed and steely-eyed? Timidly we stopped a policeman to ask him. ‘They are publishers’ he said mildly. Publishers! Our hearts stopped beating. ‘They are on the look out for new talent.’ Great God! It was for *us* they were waiting and watching! Then the kindly policeman lowered his voice confidentially and said in hollow and reverent tones: ‘*They are waiting for the new Trollope to be born!*’ Do you remember, at these words, how heavy our suitcases suddenly felt? How our blood slowed, our footsteps lagged? Brother Ass, we had been bashfully thinking of a kind of illumination such as Rimbaud dreamed of – a nagging poem which was not didactic

11 on 14.5pt

Our suggestions for the detailing of text setting are to be taken as a general guide requiring possible adjustment to particular problems or typefaces. They are based on the criterion of minimum complication and maximum clarity. For example, if an abbreviation is unambiguous without a full point, why use one? Our aims are to achieve a clean, even texture without unnecessary punctuation – Morison's 'maximum repose'.

In text setting of lower case letters, the normal letterspacing as recommended by the manufacturers, and for which the type has been designed, should generally be followed. It should never be increased (with the possible exceptions of Cartier and Galliard, the latter designed during the height of the fashion, in some quarters, for minimum letterspacing). Occasionally, some slight closing-up is possible. Spacing should never be varied from line to line.

In *display* sizes of lower case letters (18 pt and over), some reduction of letterspacing is usually desirable.

For text and display, word spacing should be even and close: the optimum is between 18 and 24 units Mono, 4 units Lino, in justified setting; and a constant 24 (or preferably 21) units Mono, 4 units Lino, in unjustified setting.

In justified setting, and in unjustified setting of continuous text, word breaks at the ends of lines are preferable to erratic setting and ragged lines. Short captions, and certain kinds of setting with many short lines and, maybe, many names (such as catalogue entries) are best set without word breaks, unjustified.

The optimum measure for continuous text in bookwork is one accommodating 60-70 characters per line. Longer lines can be made more acceptable by more generous leading (or line feed), but anything above 90 characters is undesirable. Forty-five characters is about the minimum acceptable, although brief captions might be set with as few as 25.

Short lines ending a paragraph at the top of a page should be avoided, particularly in justified setting. If neither editing nor resetting can solve the problem, it is often better to allow the page (and perhaps its fellow opposite) to carry an extra line.

All setting is made more readable by leading.

### Word breaks

The computer commanding the typesetter will have a programme for word breaks, but many awkward or bizarre breaks will need later correction if the keyboard operator has not over-ridden the basic instructions. Some dictionaries, such as *Collins English Dictionary*, show where word breaks may (and must not) occur for every word.

### The full point

The full point should be used sparingly. Its chief purpose is to denote the end of a sentence. Unnecessary use is disturbing and confusing. It should be used only if its absence creates ambiguity. Commonly, it is not used after contractions (Mr, Mrs, Dr, St, Ltd, and so on), but *is* used after abbreviations (Esq., Co., Inc.). However, most abbreviations are quite unambiguous without it, and the following rules are suggested.

Omit after all contractions.

Omit after all common abbreviations: Esq, Rev, Co, Inc, etc, mm, cm, km, kg, ms, *ibid*, per cent; and after *any* abbreviation so long as clarity is maintained.

Omit after ft, yd, yds, cwt, lb, oz.

The word *inch* is best spelt out if it occurs within a sentence. If used repeatedly as in a catalogue (especially if preceded or followed by metric equivalents) it should be abbreviated to 'in' (never 'ins') with no full point.

Omit from mph, kph.

Omit from all groups of initials: BL, BM, BBC, USA, UNESCO.

Omit from awards and honours: MA, PhD, FRIBA, MIEFE, DSO, CH.

Omit from all postal codes.

Omit in BC, AD.

*Eg* and *ie* should either be set in italic without full points or space or, preferably, translated (for instance, that is).

Use *either*: p 63, pp 80-95, vol 89, fig 204, pl 43, no 6 (no full point but half word space after). *No* without a full point can sometimes be ambiguous.

*Or*: p.63, pp.80-95, vol.89, fig.204, pl.43, no.6 (with full point but no space after).

Use *either*: c1900, fl1800, d1643 (in italic with no full point and no space after).

*Or*: c.1900, fl.1800, d.1643 (in italic with full point and no space after).

Print 6 am, 11.30 pm with half word space after figures, no full points within or following am, pm.

Initials before a name are best without full points, with normal word space: A R Brown, Alfred R Brown. But if full points are used, they should be followed by a half word space: A. R. Brown, Alfred R. Brown. Initials should never be closed up: never A.R.Brown *nor* A.R. Brown.

Spell out Professor (not Prof.).

Lt Col, Maj Gen, Capt: either omit full points or, preferably, spell out.

Rt Hon without full points, MP without full points.

### **The comma**

Omit after street numbers and between name of city/town and postal code.

Omit between a name and the honour/award, and between awards:

A R BROWN FSA FRSL FBA.

### **The dash**

Use en dash (not a hyphen) with word space either side.

### **Marks of omission**

Should consist of three full points (never more), half word spaced, preceded and followed by one word space . . . It has become common practice to add a fourth full point if the omission is at the end of a sentence, but it is doubtful if the general reader recognises this refinement, and it is best forgotten.

### **Quotations**

Use single quotes; double quotes for quotations within quotations. Extended quotations should normally be set in a smaller type size, without quote marks, with a half line space above and below, and not indented.

If a smaller type size is undesirable (for instance, there is a large amount of quoted matter throughout the book, or the main text size is already rather small), use the text size, with quote marks, half line space above and below, and not indented. It is sometimes a good idea, if the main text is justified, to unjustify the quotation, ranging left and not indenting.

### **Capitals, small capitals and non-lining figures**

If the typeface is available with non-lining figures, they should always be used in preference to lining figures, except sometimes for tabular matter.

If the typeface includes small capitals, they should be used for groups of initials, postal codes (in combination with non-lining figures), complete words or phrases in capitals within the text, and so on. The practice of using reduced full capitals should be avoided, particularly within continuous text, as they will appear too light in relation to the lower case letters.

Within text, capitals and small caps are usually better *slightly* letterspaced: not more than 12 units Mono, 6 units Lino for capitals; and 6 units Mono, 3 units Lino for small caps. Anything more is likely to weaken the line.

For headings, running heads and display, the letterspacing might be increased up to 18 units Mono, 9 units Lino for capitals; and 12 units Mono, 6 units Lino for small caps.

The Linotron unit spacing is unfortunately confusing, there being 18 units to the em for word spacing and 54 units to the em for letter spacing. In the above paragraphs, the 54 unit system is used. Monotype uses a consistent 96 units to the em.

Groups of initials consisting of more than three letters should be set in small caps if possible (possibly slightly letterspaced), although names of countries should perhaps always be in full capitals: UK, USA, USSR.

If a group of initials is followed by a word commencing with a capital, this group is best in capitals: ICI Chemicals, not ICI Chemicals.

Roman figures can be a problem. Charles I looks diminutive, Henry VIII is rather strong. In this situation it is perhaps best to use full caps throughout; but otherwise, roman numerals are usually best in small caps. A possible compromise is to use caps up to V, small caps thereafter: vol IV, vols xviii-xxii. Thereby the confusion of vol II (two or eleven?) is avoided – at least if non-lining figures are used elsewhere.

MS, MSS should always be in small caps, if available, with no full points.

BSc, PhD, FInFsc, FIBiol are problems. Nevertheless, if many names with honours and awards are shown, the lesser evil is probably to use small caps, with lower case where necessary, rather than spattering the page with capitals and overwhelming the name.

### **Figures and dimensions**

Print: from 500 to 600 *or* 500-600, *not* from 500-600. Use a hyphen with a thin space (1 unit) either side.

Dates: 1808-9, 1809-12, 1820-21. Use a hyphen with a thin space (1 unit) either side. Strictly speaking, no extra space is needed before or after a 1. Do not repeat the century: 1780-1820, 1820-30, but not 1820-1830.

Print 18 May 1962, in that order, no commas, no *th*.

Print 500 BC, but AD 500.

Print 18 ft, 21 mm with half word space.

Print 180 × 220 mm, 23 × 16 × 6 in; 'mm' or 'in' to appear only after final dimension, and should be preceded by half word space. The × should be of x-height, align on base line, and have half word spaces either side (not more). Some Monotype multiplication signs have spaces incorporated. If the typesetter does not hold a multiplication sign aligning on the base line, use a lower case x (preferably from a sans serif or grotesque type).

Monotype and Linotype employ different systems of copyfitting. Their factors or codes are shown on our specimen pages in the order in which the types are described. For example, the Linotype codes 125/123/142 refer respectively to the roman, its italic, and the bold.

The **Monotype** system employs the following formula:

For pica measurements

$$\frac{\text{measure (in picas)} \times 1152}{\text{copyfitting factor} \times \text{type size}} = \text{the average number of characters per line}$$

If the point size and measure are both in mm, or both in cicero, the equation remains the same.

If the point size is in pica, measure in mm, multiply the top line by 2.82.

If the point size is in mm, measure in pica, multiply the bottom line by 2.82.

If the point size is in pica, measure in cicero, multiply the top line by 1.07.

If the point size is in cicero, measure in pica, multiply the top line by 1.07.

The **Linotype** system employs the following tables.

1. Note the code given on our specimen pages.
2. Find this code in the first column of Table 1, and move horizontally across until you meet the column with the required type size; note this alphabet length number.
3. Turn to the table for the system of measurement you are using (Table 2 for pica, Table 3 for mm). In the first column find your determined alphabet length number. Move horizontally across until you meet the column for the required line length. The figure found is the average number of characters for that line length.

**Linotype Table 1. Alphabet lengths for different sizes**

pt	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	14	16	18	20	24	30	36	42	48
mm	2,25	2,63	3,00	3,38	3,75	4,13	4,50	5,25	6,00	6,75	7,50	9,00	11,25	13,50	15,75	18,00
85	51	59	68	76	85	93	102	119	136	153	170	204	255	306	357	408
87	52	60	69	78	87	95	104	121	139	156	174	208	261	313	365	417
88	52	61	70	79	88	96	105	123	140	158	176	211	264	316	369	422
90	54	63	72	81	90	99	108	126	144	162	180	216	270	324	378	432
92	55	64	73	82	92	101	110	128	147	165	184	220	276	331	386	441
93	55	65	74	83	93	102	111	130	148	167	186	223	279	334	390	446
95	57	66	76	85	95	104	114	133	152	171	190	228	285	342	399	456
97	58	67	77	87	97	106	116	135	155	174	194	232	291	349	407	465
98	58	68	78	88	98	107	117	137	156	176	196	235	294	352	411	470
100	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	140	160	180	200	240	300	360	420	480
102	61	71	81	91	102	112	122	142	163	183	204	244	306	367	428	489
103	61	72	82	92	103	113	123	144	164	185	206	247	309	370	432	494
105	63	73	84	94	105	115	126	147	168	189	210	252	315	378	441	504
107	64	74	85	96	107	117	128	149	171	192	214	256	321	385	449	513
108	64	75	86	97	108	118	129	151	172	194	216	259	324	388	453	518
110	66	77	88	99	110	121	132	154	176	198	220	264	330	396	462	528
112	67	78	89	100	112	123	134	156	179	201	224	268	336	403	470	537
113	67	79	90	101	113	124	135	158	180	203	226	271	339	406	474	542
115	69	80	92	103	115	126	138	161	184	207	230	276	345	414	483	552
117	70	81	93	105	117	128	140	163	187	210	234	280	351	421	491	561
118	70	82	94	106	118	129	141	165	188	212	236	283	354	424	495	566
120	72	84	96	108	120	132	144	168	192	216	240	288	360	432	504	576
122	73	85	97	109	122	134	146	170	195	219	244	292	366	439	512	585
123	73	86	98	110	123	135	147	172	196	221	246	295	369	442	516	590
125	75	87	100	112	125	137	150	175	200	225	250	300	375	450	525	600
127	76	88	101	114	127	139	152	177	203	228	254	304	381	457	533	609
128	76	89	102	115	128	140	153	179	204	230	256	307	384	460	537	614
130	78	91	104	117	130	143	156	182	208	234	260	312	390	468	546	624
132	79	92	105	118	132	145	158	184	211	237	264	316	396	475	554	633
133	79	93	106	119	133	146	159	186	212	239	266	319	399	478	558	638
135	81	94	108	121	135	148	162	189	216	243	270	324	405	486	567	648
137	82	95	109	123	137	150	164	191	219	246	274	328	411	493	575	657
138	82	96	110	124	138	151	165	193	220	248	276	331	414	496	579	662
140	84	98	112	126	140	154	168	196	224	252	280	336	420	504	588	672
142	85	99	113	127	142	156	170	198	227	255	284	340	426	511	596	681
143	85	100	114	128	143	157	171	200	228	257	286	343	429	514	600	686
145	87	101	116	130	145	159	174	203	232	261	290	348	435	522	609	696
147	88	102	117	132	147	161	176	205	235	264	294	352	441	529	617	705
148	88	103	118	133	148	162	177	207	236	266	296	355	444	532	621	710
150	90	105	120	135	150	165	180	210	240	270	300	360	450	540	630	720
152	91	106	121	136	152	167	182	212	243	273	304	364	456	547	638	729
153	91	107	122	137	153	168	183	214	244	275	306	367	459	550	642	734
155	93	108	124	139	155	170	186	217	248	279	310	372	465	558	651	744
157	94	109	125	141	157	172	188	219	251	282	314	376	471	565	659	753
158	94	110	126	142	158	173	189	221	252	284	316	379	474	568	663	758
160	96	112	128	144	160	176	192	224	256	288	320	384	480	576	672	768
162	97	113	129	145	162	178	194	226	259	291	324	388	486	583	680	777
163	97	114	130	146	163	179	195	228	260	293	326	391	489	586	684	782
165	99	115	132	148	165	181	198	231	264	297	330	396	495	594	693	792
167	100	116	133	150	167	183	200	233	267	300	334	400	501	601	701	801
168	100	117	134	151	168	184	201	235	268	302	336	403	504	604	705	806
170	102	119	136	153	170	187	204	238	272	306	340	408	510	612	714	816
172	103	120	137	154	172	189	206	240	275	309	344	412	516	619	722	825
173	103	121	138	155	173	190	207	242	276	311	346	415	519	622	726	830
175	105	122	140	157	175	192	210	245	280	315	350	420	525	630	735	840
177	106	123	141	159	177	194	212	247	283	318	354	424	531	637	743	849
178	106	124	142	160	178	195	213	249	284	320	356	427	534	640	747	854
180	108	126	144	162	180	198	216	252	288	324	360	432	540	648	756	864
182	109	127	145	163	182	200	218	254	291	327	364	436	546	655	764	873
183	109	128	146	164	183	201	219	256	292	329	366	439	549	658	768	878

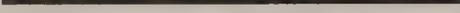
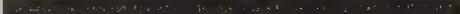
**Linotype Table 2. Characters per line (pica)**

	Pica	1.00	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24	26	28	30	32	36	40	45
50	6.74	67	81	94	108	121	135	148	162	175	189	202	216	243	270	303	
52	6.48	65	78	91	104	117	130	143	156	168	181	194	207	233	259	292	
54	6.24	62	75	87	100	112	125	137	150	162	175	187	200	225	250	281	
56	6.02	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144	156	168	181	193	217	241	271	
58	5.81	58	70	81	93	105	116	128	139	151	163	174	186	209	232	261	
60	5.62	56	67	79	90	101	112	124	135	146	157	168	180	202	225	253	
62	5.43	54	65	76	87	98	109	120	130	141	152	163	174	196	217	245	
64	5.27	53	63	74	84	95	105	116	126	137	147	158	168	190	211	237	
66	5.11	51	61	71	82	92	102	112	123	133	143	153	163	184	204	230	
68	4.96	50	59	69	79	89	99	109	119	129	139	149	159	178	198	223	
70	4.81	48	58	67	77	87	96	106	116	125	135	144	154	173	193	217	
72	4.68	47	56	66	75	84	94	103	112	122	131	140	150	168	187	211	
74	4.55	46	55	64	73	82	91	100	109	118	127	137	146	164	182	205	
76	4.43	44	53	62	71	80	89	98	106	115	124	133	142	160	177	200	
78	4.32	43	52	60	69	78	86	95	104	112	121	130	138	156	173	194	
80	4.21	42	51	59	67	76	84	93	101	110	118	126	135	152	168	190	
82	4.11	41	49	58	66	74	82	90	99	107	115	123	131	148	164	185	
84	4.01	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96	104	112	120	128	144	160	181	
86	3.92	39	47	55	63	71	78	86	94	102	110	118	125	141	157	176	
88	3.83	38	46	54	61	69	77	84	92	100	107	115	123	138	153	172	
90	3.74	37	45	52	60	67	75	82	90	97	105	112	120	135	150	168	
92	3.66	37	44	51	59	66	73	81	88	95	103	110	117	132	147	165	
94	3.58	36	43	50	57	65	72	79	86	93	100	108	115	129	143	161	
96	3.51	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84	91	98	105	112	126	140	158	
98	3.44	34	41	48	55	62	69	76	83	89	96	103	110	124	138	155	
100	3.37	34	40	47	54	61	67	74	81	88	94	101	108	121	135	152	
102	3.30	33	40	46	53	59	66	73	79	86	92	99	106	119	132	149	
104	3.24	32	39	45	52	58	65	71	78	84	91	97	104	117	130	146	
106	3.18	32	38	45	51	57	64	70	76	83	89	95	102	114	127	143	
108	3.12	31	37	44	50	56	62	69	75	81	87	94	100	112	125	140	
110	3.06	31	37	43	49	55	61	67	74	80	86	92	98	110	123	138	
112	3.01	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72	78	84	90	96	108	120	135	
114	2.96	30	35	41	47	53	59	65	71	77	83	89	95	106	118	133	
116	2.90	29	35	41	46	52	58	64	70	76	81	87	93	105	116	131	
118	2.86	29	34	40	46	51	57	63	69	74	80	86	91	103	114	129	
120	2.81	28	34	39	45	51	56	62	67	73	79	84	90	101	112	126	
122	2.76	28	33	39	44	50	55	61	66	72	77	83	88	99	110	124	
124	2.72	27	33	38	43	49	54	60	65	71	76	82	87	98	109	122	
126	2.67	27	32	37	43	48	53	59	64	70	75	80	86	96	107	120	
128	2.63	26	32	37	42	47	53	58	63	68	74	79	84	95	105	118	
130	2.59	26	31	36	41	47	52	57	62	67	73	78	83	93	104	117	
132	2.55	26	31	36	41	46	51	56	61	66	71	77	82	92	102	115	
134	2.51	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60	65	70	75	80	91	101	113	
136	2.48	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	59	64	69	74	79	89	99	111	
138	2.44	24	29	34	39	44	49	54	59	63	68	73	78	88	98	110	
140	2.41	24	29	34	39	43	48	53	58	63	67	72	77	87	96	108	
145	2.32	23	28	33	37	42	46	51	56	60	65	70	74	84	93	105	
150	2.25	22	27	31	36	40	45	49	54	58	63	67	72	81	90	101	
155	2.17	22	26	30	35	39	43	48	52	57	61	65	70	78	87	98	
160	2.11	21	25	29	34	38	42	46	51	55	59	63	67	76	84	95	
165	2.04	20	25	29	33	37	41	45	49	53	57	61	65	74	82	92	
170	1.98	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48	52	55	59	63	71	79	89	
175	1.93	19	23	27	31	35	39	42	46	50	54	58	62	69	77	87	
180	1.87	19	22	26	30	34	37	41	45	49	52	56	60	67	75	84	
185	1.82	18	22	25	29	33	36	40	44	47	51	55	58	66	73	82	
190	1.77	18	21	25	28	32	35	39	43	46	50	53	57	64	71	80	
195	1.73	17	21	24	28	31	35	38	41	45	48	52	55	62	69	78	
200	1.68	17	20	24	27	30	34	37	40	44	47	51	54	61	67	76	
220	1.53	15	18	21	25	28	31	34	37	40	43	46	49	55	61	69	
240	1.40	14	17	20	22	25	28	31	34	37	39	42	45	51	56	63	

**Linotype Table 3. Characters per line (mm)**

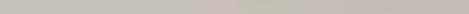
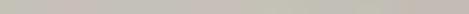
	mm	1.00	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150	160	170	190
50	1.60	64	80	96	112	128	144	160	176	192	208	224	240	256	272	304	
52	1.54	62	77	92	108	123	138	154	169	185	200	215	231	246	262	292	
54	1.48	59	74	89	104	119	133	148	163	178	193	207	222	237	252	281	
56	1.43	57	71	86	100	114	129	143	157	171	186	200	214	229	243	271	
58	1.38	55	69	83	97	110	124	138	152	166	179	193	207	221	234	262	
60	1.33	53	67	80	93	107	120	133	147	160	173	187	200	213	227	253	
62	1.29	52	65	77	90	103	116	129	142	155	168	181	194	206	219	245	
64	1.25	50	63	75	88	100	113	125	138	150	163	175	188	200	213	238	
66	1.21	48	61	73	85	97	109	121	133	145	158	170	182	194	206	230	
68	1.18	47	59	71	82	94	106	118	129	141	153	165	176	188	200	224	
70	1.14	46	57	69	80	91	103	114	126	137	149	160	171	183	194	217	
72	1.11	44	56	67	78	89	100	111	122	133	144	156	167	178	189	211	
74	1.08	43	54	65	76	86	97	108	119	130	141	151	162	173	184	205	
76	1.05	42	53	63	74	84	95	105	116	126	137	147	158	168	179	200	
78	1.03	41	51	62	72	82	92	103	113	123	133	144	154	164	174	195	
80	1.00	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150	160	170	190	
82	0.98	39	49	59	68	78	88	98	107	117	127	137	146	156	166	185	
84	0.95	38	48	57	67	76	86	95	105	114	124	133	143	152	162	181	
86	0.93	37	47	56	65	74	84	93	102	112	121	130	140	149	158	177	
88	0.91	36	45	55	64	73	82	91	100	109	118	127	136	145	155	173	
90	0.89	36	44	53	62	71	80	89	98	107	116	124	133	142	151	169	
92	0.87	35	43	52	61	70	78	87	96	104	113	122	130	139	148	165	
94	0.85	34	43	51	60	68	77	85	94	102	111	119	128	136	145	162	
96	0.83	33	42	50	58	67	75	83	92	100	108	117	125	133	142	158	
98	0.82	33	41	49	57	65	73	82	90	98	106	114	122	131	139	155	
100	0.80	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96	104	112	120	128	136	152	
102	0.78	31	39	47	55	63	71	78	86	94	102	110	118	125	133	149	
104	0.77	31	38	46	54	62	69	77	85	92	100	108	115	123	131	146	
106	0.75	30	38	45	53	60	68	75	83	91	98	106	113	121	128	143	
108	0.74	30	37	44	52	59	67	74	81	89	96						

**Rules**

.25 pt	.09 mm	
.5 pt	.18 mm	
.75 pt	.27 mm	
1 pt	.35 mm	
2 pt	.70 mm	
3 pt	1.05 mm	
4 pt	1.41 mm	
5 pt	1.76 mm	
6 pt	2.11 mm	
9 pt	8.16 mm	
12 pt	4.22 mm	

**Dotted rules**

Filmsetting dotted rules are created from the full point of the type size used

8 pt close spaced	
8 pt 3-dot per em of set	
8 pt 2-dot per em of set	
9 pt close spaced	
9 pt 3-dot per em of set	
9 pt 2-dot per em of set	
10 pt close spaced	
10 pt 3-dot per em of set	
10 pt 2-dot per em of set	
12 pt close spaced	
12 pt 3-dot per em of set	
12 pt 2-dot per em of set	
14 pt close spaced	
14 pt 3-dot per em of set	
14 pt 2-dot per em of set	
18 pt close spaced	
18 pt 3-dot per em of set	
18 pt 2-dot per em of set	
24 pt close spaced	
24 pt 3-dot per em of set	
24 pt 2-dot per em of set	

**Typographic signs**

The design of these may vary with the typeface.

Stars and asterisks are shown here spaced one em of set.

8 pt	* * * * *	† † ¶ §
9 pt	* * * * *	† † ¶ §
10 pt	* * * * *	† † ¶ §
12 pt	* * * * *	† † ¶ §
14 pt	* * * *	† † ¶ §
18 pt	* * *	† † ¶ §

**Circles, squares and triangles**

4 pt	● ○ ■ □ ▶ ▷
6 pt	● ○ ■ □ ▶ ▷
8 pt	● ○ ■ □ ▶ ▷
10 pt	● ○ ■ □ ▶ ▷
12 pt	● ○ ■ □ ▶ ▷

**Equivalents to pica sizes**

The following table gives direct translations of pica point body sizes to mm and didot (cicero) measurements. Specification would normally be made to the nearest 0.25 mm or 0.5 ptD. However, the tendency is for the pica system to be used. If faced with mm specifications, many typesetters will convert them to pica points.

7 pt	2.46 mm	6.54 Didot pts
7.5	2.64	7.01
8	2.82	7.48
8.5	2.99	7.95
9	3.16	8.41
9.5	3.34	8.88
10	3.52	9.35
10.5	3.69	9.82
11	3.87	10.28
11.5	4.05	10.75
12	4.22	11.21
12.5	4.40	11.68
13	4.57	12.15
13.5	4.75	12.62

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