Colophon

✳ **Feature Font of This Issue's Colophon:** Blue Island, which took British typographer Jeremy Tankard three years to design. It's available through <www.adobe.com/type> and Adobe's website describes it this way: "Individually, Blue Island's letters can appear a bit dismembered; but when set together, they are clearly transformed into words, words that fall in waves down the page. Successfully balancing readability with intriguing decorative forms, Blue Island is especially effective for titling. As for its romantic name, Blue Island is the title of a poem, also by Tankard, which also evokes notions of freedom, escape, intrigue, and the undulating beauty of the sea." ✳ **Colophon Trivia:** Last issue, we learned that Fust & Schöffer devised the first colophons and that title pages, following in their wake, were latecomers to the book-printing party. But it was the Italian printer, Aldus Manutius (1449–1515) who put colophons on the map. Aldus, inventor of italic type and famous for his "dolphin and anchor" printer's insignia, devised his colophons as great urns or other shapes. Others wrote their colophons in verse or invented acrostics from the author's or printer's name. While we may yet try our hand at verse, this issue will honour the shaped spirit of Aldus. ✳ **Support Group Conversation We're Hearing in our Dreams:** "Hullo. My name is Ed." "Hi, Ed." "I've been using InDesign for about a year now and it's really wrecking my life. I've got to stop…" "We're here for you, Ed." "Alt-clicking isn't as much fun as it used to be." "Uh-huh. I hear you there." "And why can't we change yellow and pink to something else?" "Amen, brother." ✳ **And When We Wake Up, We Remember Our Worst Jobs Ever:** My first (and worst) full-time job, which I

held as a 17-year-old drop-out, was in a clothing factory where I operated a kind of press (shades of InDesign!) which printed out instructions for the pieceworkers. It was a non-unionized factory and we worked from 8:00 to 5:30 daily (half an hour for lunch) and Saturday mornings. It was an eye opener. ⸸ I worked as a labourer in a paper mill and one day we cleaned underneath the paper machines. A paper machine is about the size of a three-storey walkup apartment building. Underneath, it's hot as hell; we could only go in for about ten minutes at a stretch, dressed in paper suits, because hot stinky oil is dripping from above. The floor is slippery from the oil; the heat and smell seeped right into my skin. Luckily, this job lasted only for a day. It's a part of the bookmaking process that I'd rather leave to someone else. ⸸ My most frustrating job was cleaning coal-dust from the holds of a Great Lakes freighter that normally carried grain from Duluth or Port Arthur to Buffalo. The steamship line's office contracted us to carry a load of coal from Ashtabula, Ohio, to the steel mills in South Chicago, but had not given much thought to the time it would take to clean the holds. On the way up to Port Arthur, we worked constantly flushing out the thirty odd holds. First we hosed them, sweeping behind the water. Then we hauled buckets of coal, hand over hand, from the bottom of the holds to the deck. And then we repeated the process. By Lake Superior, we had reached the stage of brushing out crannies and angles. Three days after leaving South Chicago, we were still not finished, but we gave the holds a final flushing and left the hatches open to dry. I imagined thousands of people who must have wondered about the black specks in their bread. Sisyphus had watched attentively over our repetitive, unsatisfactory work.

Waves, undulating waves—
liquid, uneven, emulous waves

Colophon