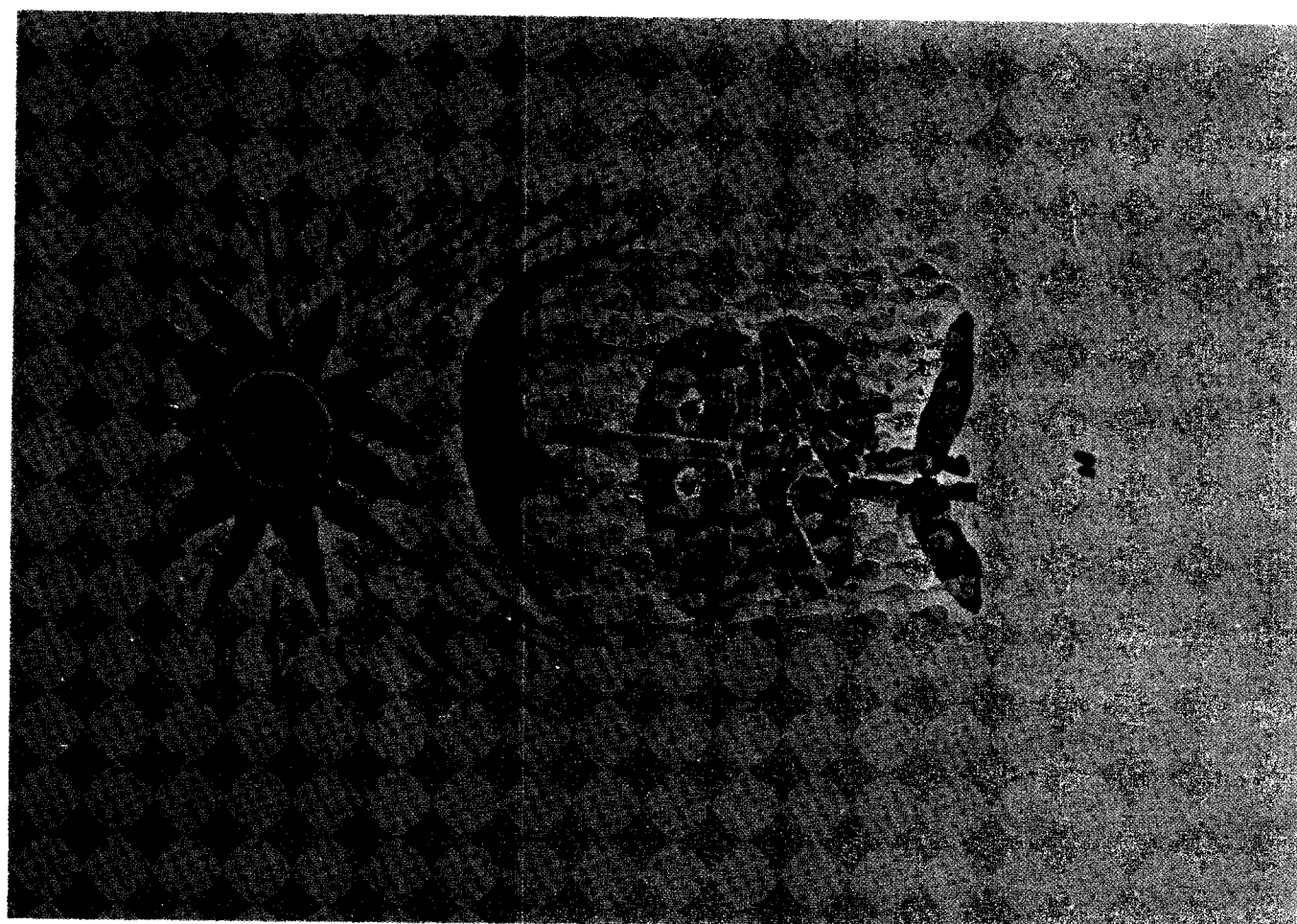
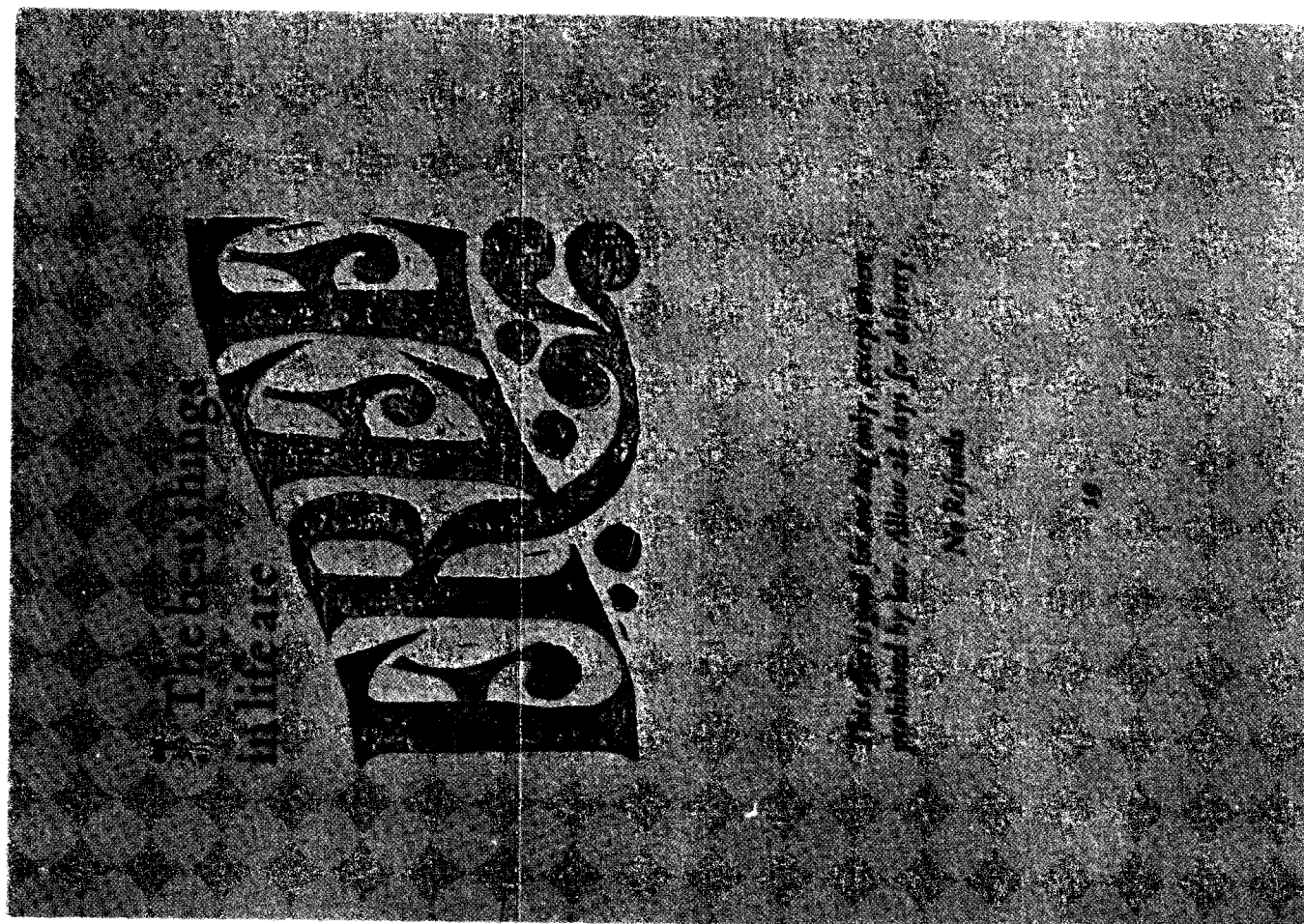


A Introduction: The Prop-
aganda is regularly underwritten
by the avalanche of a paath
which greeted the publica-
tion of the TypeBook, is
presenting this new fool-
ishness in the hopes that it
will be met with similar
disinterest. Providing the
press holds up there will
again be no copies. This is
a matter of common sense.

[OPEN]



On Justice

Some klansmen were
caught one dark night;
By mistake they strung up
a white.
The Judge, he was stern,
& said "When will you learn
To remember to bring
a flashlight?"

to

24 pt. Bembo

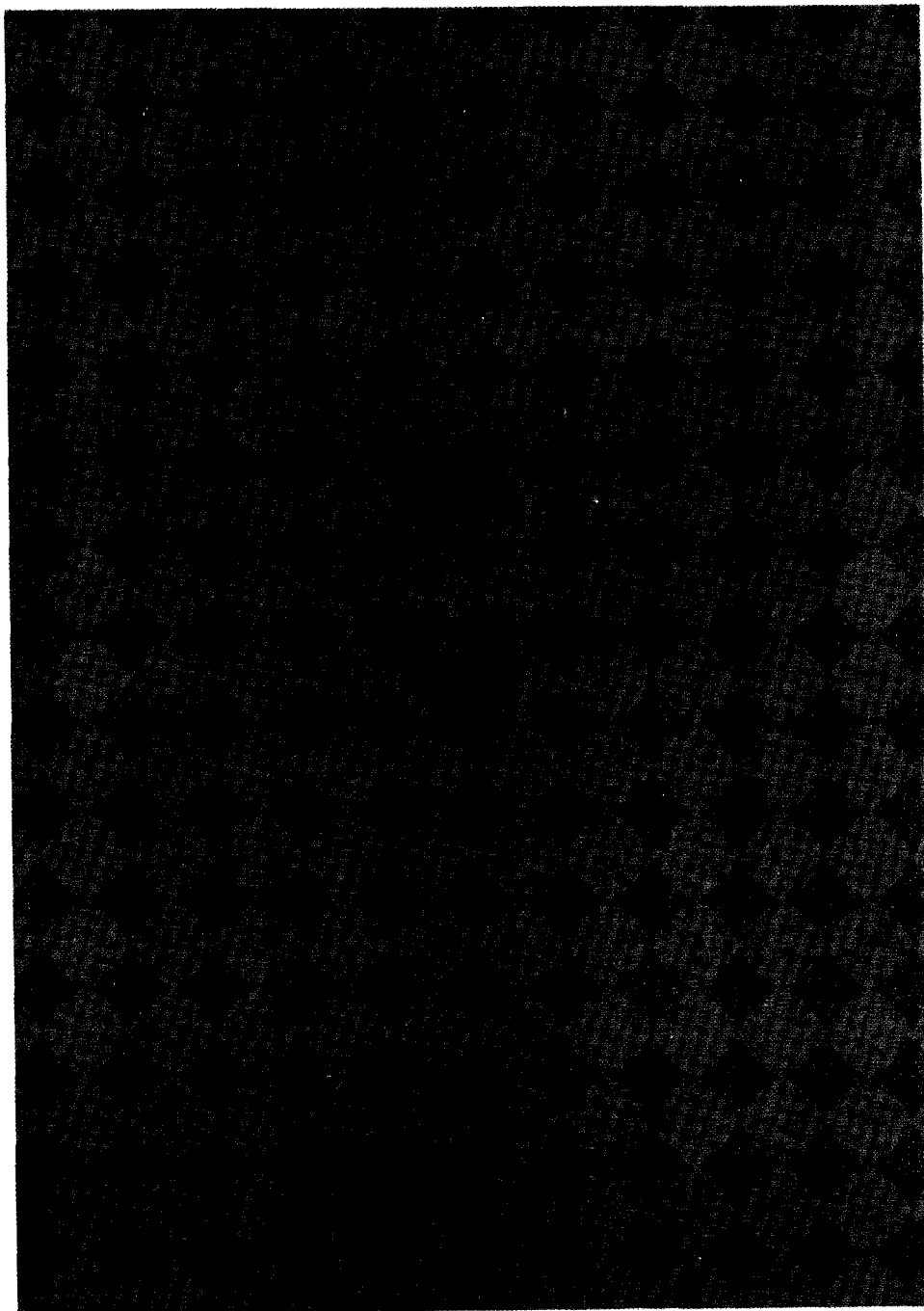
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Excerpts

by Dugald Stermer

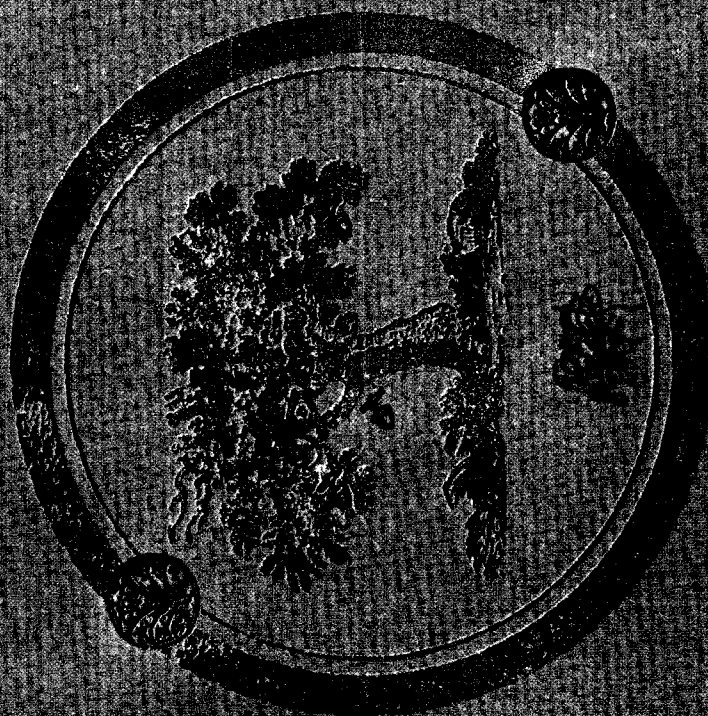
*An object lesson in what naturally follows when a man receives a small printing press and some assorted type faces as a Christmas gift from his wife.

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(.,',,:;-)


Flora



Flora

The Old Mooshaker

A little old shaker of moos

Was destroyed by a 
baving for crooze;

For you'll meldom seet

Any feople whose peet

Are both left,
and size tenty-twoos.

On Artists & Money

I went to the city today,
to put the \$125 I got

for the *Book of Nonsense* into the funds. It is
doubtless a very unusual thing for an artist to put

by money, for the whole way from the Temple

Bar to the Bank was simply *crowded* with carriages

& people, so immense a sensation did this occur-

rence make. And all the way back it was the

same, which was very gratifying.





On A Wing & A Prayer

A conservative pilot
tried flight

In a plane that was truly
a sight.

It had only one wing,
So he crashed the darn thing.
In his heart he still knows
he was right.

Scattered Shadows

*from the Autobiography
of John Howard Griffin*

In the summer of 1946 I returned to France to spend the remaining months of my sighted life. There, in the magnificent surroundings of the Palace of Fontainebleau, nourished by music, the act of seeing became its own drama—private, intimate and personal. And it became very nearly sublime.

I TOLD NO ONE. I felt that losing my sight was a thing I had to do alone. I led two lives — one as a conservatory student; the other as a man looking avidly on things with the peculiar light of knowing he sees them for the last time.

My attempts to hide my condition were not always successful. Toward the end of summer, the celebrated baritone, Pierre Bernac, came to Fontainebleau to give a recital with Gaby Casadesus. The Casadesus family were old and dear friends of mine. Gaby, Bernac and I were alone in the empty concert room of the palace early in the afternoon when they prepared to rehearse. Seeing my reluctance to leave them, Gaby asked Bernac if he minded my staying.

“Of course not,” he said. “He can turn the pages for you.”

Standing behind Gaby, I saw the music as a white page with blurred grey notes. She played the accompaniment and Bernac sang to rows of empty seats.

The first page ended with a descending scale, which I saw as a streak. I managed to turn it correctly, but on the second page I could make out nothing and I knew I should never be able to bluff my way through.

I kept my gaze fixed on Gaby’s head, thinking she might nod at the point where the page should be turned. They halted in mid-phrase. Bernac sighed with disgust — the disgust of a master musician who wondered how another musician could fail to follow such a simple score.

I apologized, muttering, “The light is so poor in here.”

They passed it off gently. Perhaps a glance was exchanged. I knew Gaby had long suspected. I wondered in view of the abrupt change in Bernac’s manner, if he did not suspect also. He offered me a chair on the empty stage and the two continued without my help.

I had no doubt Bernac had guessed the truth when he began to sing a berceuse, of Gounod, I think; for he turned directly to me. At the point where the mother tells the child to close its eyes, Bernac leaned over me and sang *ferme tes yeux* in a whisper, pleadingly, tenderly, infusing the words with direct meaning. The texture of my flesh changed and I lowered my head, unable to bear the evocation he created.

His voice moved away from me as he continued. Strange understanding was born in the empty hall, unspoken but sung on music and words from the past that communi-