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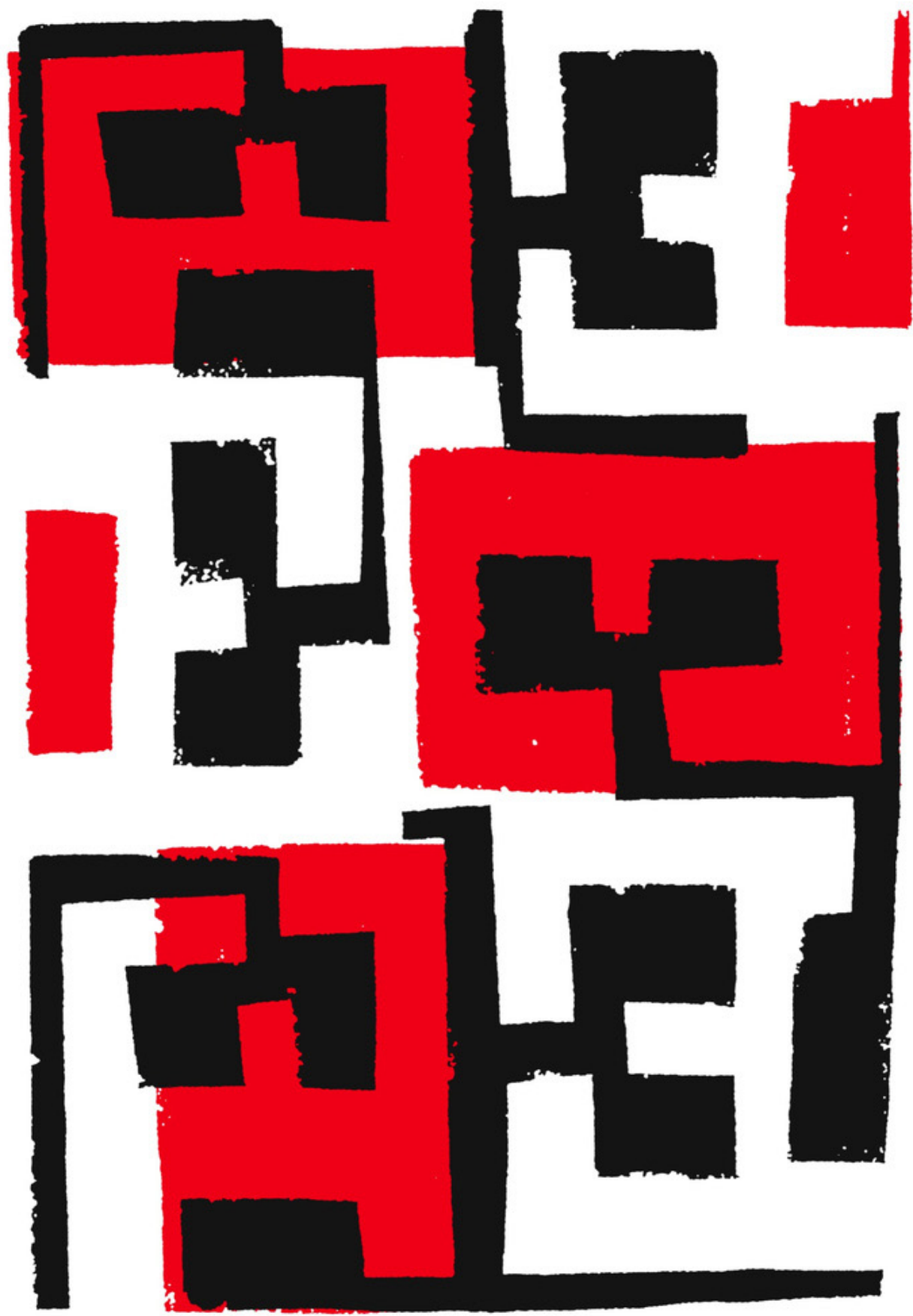
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YOKOHAMA MINATO MIRAI HALL

モールエレベーター
MALL ELEVATOR 赤 緑 紫

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QUEEN'S PARK

桜木町駅
SAKURAGICHŌ STN.
横浜美術館
YOKOHAMA MUSEUM OF ART

DISNEY STORE
Disney Store

6F

SECURITY



ENGINEERS

BUILDERS MERCHANTS

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Civilisations
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2008年8月31日



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LEAP
Library services







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Building 35 →

Parking →

Loading ↑



Microsoft

→ Building 33
Conference Center
16070 N.E. 36th Way

↑ Executive
Briefing Center

Dear Sir,

Confidential Business Prop

Having consulted with my
information gathered from

Affairs, I have the privilege

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BORAGINACEAE

"BLUE COMFREY"

Symphytum caucasicum

"The slimie substance of the root made in a posset
of ale, and given to drinke against the pain
of the backe, gotten by any violent motion,
wrestling, or overmuch use of women"

Gerard



Shuttle Connect

Microsoft

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NO STEP

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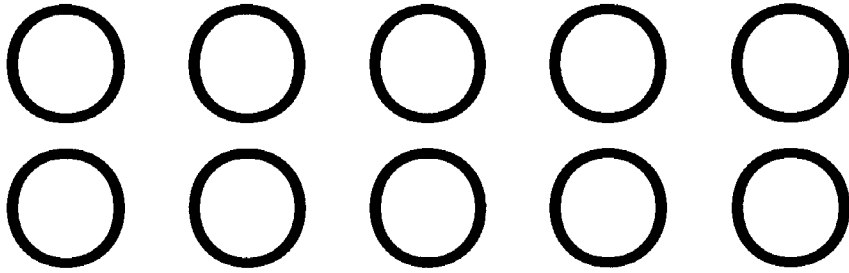
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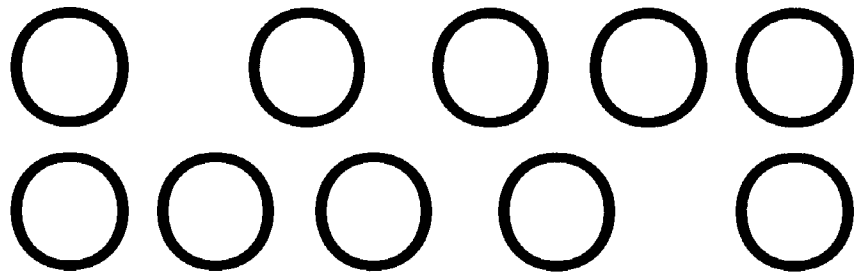
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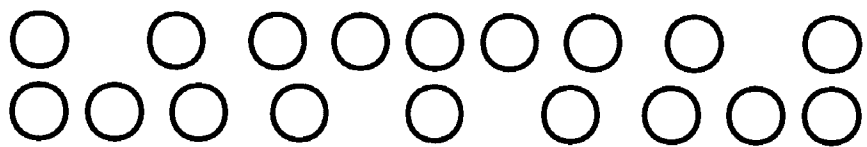


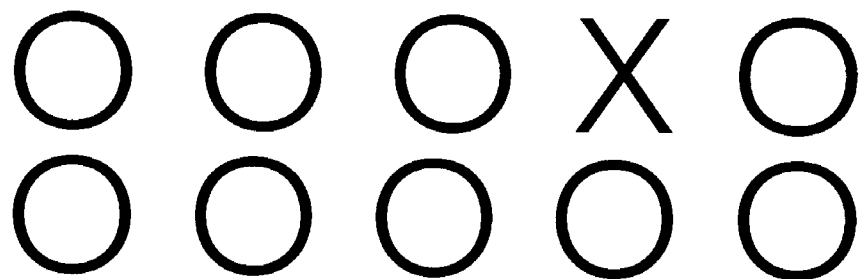
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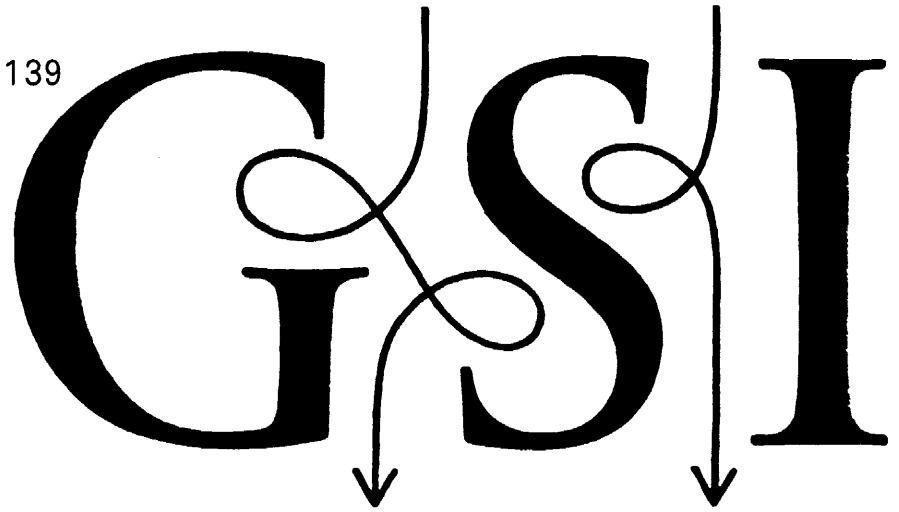
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139

G S I

The image shows three large, black, serif capital letters: G, S, and I. The letter G has a thin black line tracing its path, starting from the top right, curving around the top and left, and ending with a downward-pointing arrow at the bottom right. The letter S has a similar tracing line, starting from the top right, curving around the top and left, and ending with a downward-pointing arrow at the bottom right. The letter I has a thin black line tracing its path, starting from the top right and ending with a downward-pointing arrow at the bottom right.

140

CLASSIC

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WOMEN

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CHARTER

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Illuminate

Illuminate

Illumina

subjects at different levels. It is emphasised, however, that the outline of organisation in paragraph 10 is not meant to be uncritically copied: schools are urged to try to make better arrangements and many will undoubtedly succeed in doing so. The purpose of the study was not to provide a model but rather to see whether with present standards of staffing a school with as few as 300 pupils could be viable in the age range 11 + to 16 +. The conclusion was that it could be viable, but that time-tabling and organisation would be easier and options more closely related to pupil rather than to teacher election if the normal standards of staffing could be improved. Such an improvement would, of course, entail improvements in standards of accommodation.

Above: an example of 'plus-setting', i.e. extra space has been set round each letter so that the whole book has been apparently letterspaced – making it harder to read. This was not specified by the typographer, but it can happen in filmsetting. It is not acceptable.

This should be good news to the land management profession. The new awareness is in large part due to a disillusionment with planning in its widest sense. After World War II, we embarked upon the planning era. Planning departments of Government were set up in numerous countries. They were empowered to draw up land use plans and to plan for the entire economy of nations; a national plan was usually a five-years prognostication. The UNEP, for example,

Sir,

I refer to Iain Cuthbertson's article in the October issue, and having just been in the area planned to lunch at Tayvallich but on arrival the place was shut.

psychologists, educationalists and civil servants let him get away with it for so long? – for any reasonably careful inspection shows Burt's work to be careless, riddled with implausibilities, and inadequately documented. As late as 1977, after the *Sunday Times* had exposed Burt's famous work on identical twins as valueless or worse, Professor Cohen wrote in furious defence:

all I enjoyed the superb flashes of football from the Maori out-half Dunn, the strength of Osborne and Jaffray in the centre and the creative running of Wilson on the wing.
Cardiff, although they generated a strong forward

Right: examples of unacceptable poor typesetting in narrow measures, which is why unjustified 'ragged right' setting is usually preferable for narrow columns. The letterspacing of single words is absolutely unacceptable – unless it is used for emphasis, which is a common usage in Germany, but not elsewhere. In the top example, the actual image of the typeface is a parody of what Unifers ought to look like.

Humber Bridge Board, which is responsible for the project; British Bridge Builders; Freeman Fox and Partners, the consulting engineers, and the unions which have been in touch with the Minister. He will have to reconcile violently opposed viewpoints.

Of course, everybody knows that
typographic form always follows
typographic function, not
typographic whim!

BAD RAG:

This would be very bad,
metatypographically speaking. I
certainly wouldn't want
anything like this in *my*
publication!

III.

A large number of people are M H Zool, and they have all come together to create in *Bloomsbury Good Reading Guide to Science Fiction and Fantasy* (Bloomsbury, 1989) a feisty little conspectus of the field which might have been better, but could have been a lot worse. In 160 small pages – to which they were presumably restricted by their publishers, who were also almost certainly responsible for naming the book after themselves – the Zool crowd manages to cram a good number of alphabetical entries on a fairly wide range of sf and fantasy authors. Recent figures are more adequately represented than earlier ones. The system of cross-references veers to the Heath-Robinsonian, especially in view of the tininess of the book; and the reading “skeins” – columnar presentations of titles various members of Zool have free-associated to lemmas like Isaac Asimov’s *Foundation*, or John Crowley’s *Little, Big* – does not much reward the intense referencing use a book of this sort might seem to elicit. And it might have been better not to have dated any books at all, if the alternative was to date only some of them, and when doing so to ascribe dates according to criteria that seem to have varied pretty wildly. But the heart of the endeavour is the entries themselves, which are witty, succinct, original, batty, impertinent, innovative, fey, smug, canny, young. But there should have been much more. Not Zool’s fault, surely. The publisher’s fault, surely. It has to be said. This *Good Reading Guide* is not *Bloomsbury* at all. It’s *Twigshack*.

– *Interzone* 33, January/February 1990

A Sperm Called Trilogy

I AM reading Octavia E Butler and I see a sperm whose name is *Trilogy*. Its head is *Dawn* (1987), its midriff is *Adulthood Rites* (1988), and its tail is *Imago* (Warners, 1989). As a whole, it answers to the name of *Xenogenesis Trilogy*. As a general rule, trilogies start well and tail off, so *Xenogenesis Trilogy*’s resemblance to a giant sperm – for almost all of its substance has gone to its head, it is afflicted with a wasting palsy in its lower member, and it is all about breeding – may be paradigmatic. *Dawn* is big and muscular and packed with information; *Adulthood Rites* is smooth and transparent and slopes gracefully towards the diminishing musculature of the tail; and *Imago* is slight, vermiform and squiggly. But *Xenogenesis Trilogy*, it is also fair to say, rather fails to come to a climax. Perhaps it’s too bad I couldn’t say I was reading Octavia E Butler and I saw a dumbbell whose name was *Sextet*.

Perhaps someday I will.

John Clute

Because there’s something very odd indeed about *Xenogenesis*, whose first volume was originally described (by both its American and British publishers) as the beginning of a series, with no total number of instalments indicated, though by the time we saw volume three both publishers were hyping *Imago* as a “stunning climax to the trilogy” (Warner’s version). As it now stands, then, *Xenogenesis* slides remorselessly into the suicidal nadir of *Imago*’s final pages without hope of sequel, and in the absence of any privy knowledge to the contrary, we must “honour” what Butler’s publishers are telling us. If Butler had in fact conceived those final pages as a still centre, as an eye at the heart of the storm, then she should have insisted upon our not being told different in the hype; as it stands, her readers have been put into the slightly invidious position of attempting to make a kind of sense of *Imago* that its author may not have intended. On the other hand, perhaps Butler simply became fatigued, that the fault lines running through *Xenogenesis* have had a toxic effect upon her imagination, and that she has found herself abandoning sperm half-way through the passage.

For problems there certainly are; they boil down to one central difficulty. This difficulty, which is shared by many of the most ambitious writers of American sf, lies in a failure to mediate between the conceiving of structures of speculative thought (a process of central engendering importance for writers like Butler, Tip-tree, Bear, Benford) and the generic mix of plot and setting and character-creation through which they find themselves telling out those structures. Thoughts soar in the mind’s eye of the sf writer, but then they must be told. Plots must be crafted to expose the *donnée* without unduly obscuring the visibility of action that marks sf as a “popular literature” whose roots lie deep in the Romance mode. Visible action means visible landscape – exemplary terrains whose weathers are governed by metaphysical pathos. Visible action also means visible actors – protagonists we recognize across a crowded room of extras, and whose moral qualities we register (and take the side of) in the very heart of the tourney. Protagonists must not, therefore, seem ineradicably alien, or ambivalent, or passive; and if they have moments of introspection, these moments must generate some move that turns the tale. Every characteristic the protagonist shows must ultimately be seen as an empowerment. Like a mask – visible, but easy to see through – the protagonist must be all act. Because mere being is fathomless.

Dawn almost perfectly fuses thought-telling and the Romance mode. The premise may be familiar to any reader of Robert Ardrey or Konrad Lorenz – the human race is defined as a kind of portmanteau monstrosity, a fatal mix of unshackled intelligence and hierarchical/territorial imperatives – but it is laid down by Butler

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170

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171



Fragments of Autobiography: First Series

SOMEWHERE NEAR VILLENEUVE DE BERG in the Ardèche is a hill I visited a number of times when I lived briefly in that region ten years ago. Not a knoll or a cobble, but a good-sized hill, part of the system of foothills leading northwestward to the Massif Central. I don't remember its name.

At the base of the hill was a scattering of homes, the farthest fringe of the village, some of them old farmhouses, others more recently built. Gardens, cars, children's toys; the usual pleasant clutter. Farther up the slope were terraced orchards, mostly of polled mulberry trees, gnarled and ancient, with overgrown scrub oak, vines, and tall grasses; a grazing place for goats. A small broken-down *magnanerie* in a gully was evidence of the silk culture that had helped sustain the upland country of the Midi in the time before synthesized fabrics. The whole hill was strewn with jagged boulders of limestone, glacial detritus. Small hand-lettered wooden signs, the letters carved or charred, marked the boundaries of truffle-hunting grounds to which local people hold hereditary rights, not necessarily coinciding with other property lines, which causes, at least in my mind, a certain agreeable confusion.

At the top of the hill was a ruined village from the eighteenth century and earlier. Lines of sprawling, pale, angular stones marked the walls of buildings whose timbered parts had long since rotted away; longer lines marked a principal street and two or three secondary ones. There were larger rectangles too, which I took to be pens and corrals. It must have been a village inhabited by shepherds, perhaps only in summer.

Elsewhere indications of a still earlier culture remained. Toward its far end the village dispersed completely into rubble, reminding me of Old Oraibe and other ancient pueblos of the southwest. I found there fields of stone so dense that hardly any vegetation could grow, nothing but a few stunted junipers and oaks. At one place archaeologists had cleared the site of an Aurignacian dolmen, an impressive structure of huge flattish stones, three or four the walls and a fourth, still larger, laid over the top for a roof, what the French call *une table*. I believe the

PART THREE

Reality and Realism

Of course, the problem is as old as the shadows on Plato's cave. It is incessantly proposed anew because we are never at ease with any definition of reality and its derivated rules.

Carlos Fuentes, "Velasquez, Plato's Cave, and Bette Davis"

In the fall of 1786 Johann Wolfgang von Goethe took a leave from his administrative duties at the court in Weimar and traveled to Italy, seeking inspiration in the great works of antiquity. Although he knew the literary tradition, he had been unable to integrate it with firsthand experience. Andrea Palladio had journeyed through Italy and Provence two hundred and fifty years earlier for similar reasons. During his journey Palladio prepared the drawings for the *Quattro libri*. Goethe and Palladio believed that if they could see ancient architecture, they would understand the "power and moral force" of ancient Rome.¹

On arriving in Vicenza, Goethe sought out the buildings of Andrea Palladio, which he found without difficulty. He especially admired the Teatro Olimpico and the Villa Rotunda. Goethe obtained "a little book with copperplates [of Palladian drawings] produced by someone with an expert knowledge of art," which he studied carefully. "You have to see Palladio's buildings with your own eyes to

realize how good they are. No reproduction of Palladio's designs gives an adequate idea of the harmony of their dimensions: they must be seen in their actual perspective."² Still in Vicenza, Goethe purchased from a local architect named Scamozzi another book on Palladio that showed drawings of the house Palladio built for himself. Again Goethe commented on the difference between plan and reality: "There is far more to it than one would imagine from a picture."³ In Padua he found and purchased an English edition of Palladio's *Quattro libri*, with copperplate engravings. Eager to see Palladio's church, Il Redentore, Goethe traveled to Venice, equipped with guidebooks and drawings of Palladio's work.

After an extended visit, he went to Assisi, hoping to find the Temple of Minerva, a structure dating to the time of Augustus that Palladio had greatly prized. Reputedly well preserved, the structure had been used as the Church of the Madonna della Minerva since early Christian times. When he



Rich Gold

Reading into the future

XEROX PARC's forward-looking Rich Gold turned ideas about reading inside out. Before his early death in 2002, he talked about the future of reading — and about the task of authoring text in a digital world.

[August 10, 2001]

RICH GOLD LIKES to turn expectations on their heads. And he gets paid to do it. In fact, he gets to run an entire department devoted to what he calls, alternately, “speculative engineering” and “speculative design.”

At the recent Book Tech West conference in San Francisco, Gold was one of two keynote speakers. Since Book Tech chose, oddly, to schedule the two separate keynote speeches against each other, I can't tell you anything about the other (by Adobe's e-book guy Kevin Nathan-son), but of all the talks and presentations I heard, Gold's was hands-down the most energetic and fascinating. Clearly, Gold takes delight in tossing out ideas; his lively patter was full of them.

The Reading Wall



The future of reading

Rich Gold is the head of a multidisciplinary laboratory, called RED, or “Research in Experimental Documents,” at XEROX PARC. The subject of his talk was “The Future of Reading,” and RED has addressed this question in a number of unusual ways. The most highly visible is its exhibit last year at the Tech Museum in San Jose, “Experiments in the Future of Reading,” which is currently on tour around the country. The San Jose exhibit featured such

叙情 (隻栢)

隻栢愜術分湓潭
舳泫教嘖餒冷汀
稜觥情義樣涑湖
舩艣風波墮汲澎
櫓縷默埃咻杜瀆
帆繚尸几啞吹崇
意埃啾板甘悉丕
嘖餒摑彈仍溜浜

Tự tình (Chiếc bách)

Chiếc bách buồn về phận nổi nênh,
Giữa dòng ngao ngán nổi lênh đênh.
Lung khoang tình nghĩa dờng lai láng,
Nửa mạn phong ba luống bập bênh.
Chèo lái mặc ai lăm đổ bến,
Giọng lèo thây kẻ rắp xuôi ghênh.
Ấy ai thăm ván cam lòng vậ,
Ngán nổi ôm đàn những tấp tênh.

Confession (III)

Her lonely boat fated to float aimlessly
midstream, weary with sadness, drifting.

Her hold overflowing with duty and feeling,
bow rocked by storms, adrift and wandering.

She rows on, not caring who tries to dock,
sails on, not caring who tries the rapids.

Whoever comes on board is pleased
as she plucks her guitar, sad and drifting.

Section heading

Paragraph of text, introducing the section and explaining the basic ideas you'll find in it. This is a paragraph of text. This is a paragraph of text. This is a paragraph of text.

More text on the main subject. The following format looks a lot like the format for procedure steps, but it's a bulleted list. It's useful when you really have to emphasize the list items, but you don't want to use subheads to do it.

- **This is a very important list item**

It's bound to have subordinate text that goes along with it, but in this case you're not expected to read the fine print unless it really concerns you.

- **Easy items for a reader to scan quickly**

If the information can be presented in ordinary text, then it should be.

- **Truly essential information**

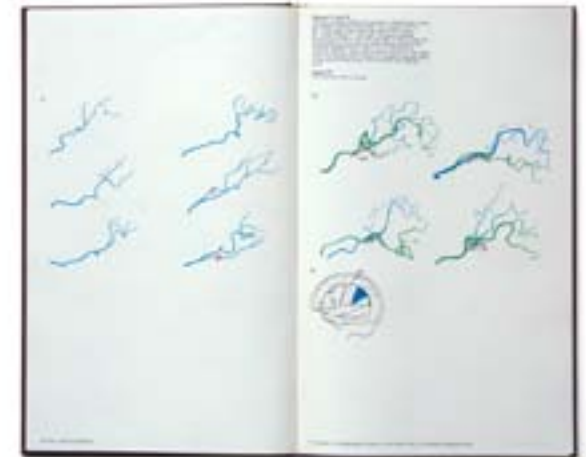
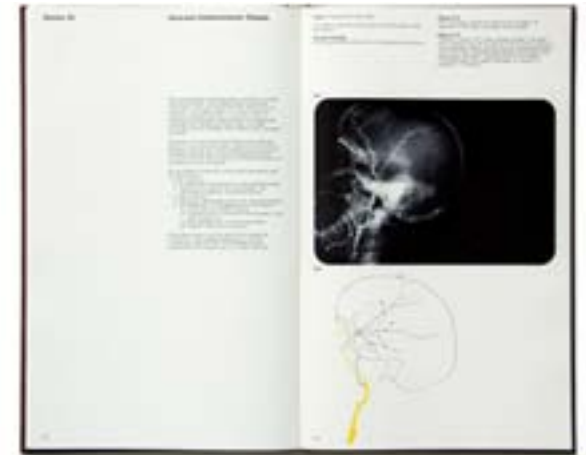
This is very subordinate information, details about the list item that the user may or may not actually need to read.

Back to normal text, putting the items in the list into perspective or summing up. This is a paragraph of normal text.

Closing a trouble ticket

White Space

I often say that in typography the white space is more important than the black of the type. The white space on the printed page is the correspondent of space in architecture. In both situations space is what qualifies the context. Naturally, the organization of information needs a structure to hold together, but one should not underestimate the importance of white space to better define the hierarchy of every component. White space, non only separates the different parts of the message but helps to position the message in the context of the page. Tight margins establish a tension between text, images and the edges of the page. Wider margins deflate the tension and bring about a certain level of serenity to the page. Tight type setting transforms words into lines just as loose type settings transform words in to dots. Decreasing or increasing the letter spacing (kerning) confers very distinctive character and expression to the words. All this is space manipulation and it is this device that is used in layouts to achieve a desired expression. The relationship between the size of type and the space around it is one of the most delicate and precious elements of a composition. I must say that the masterful handling of white space on a printed page is perhaps the most peculiar attribute of American graphic design. Just like space is the protagonist in Frank Lloyd Wright's architecture. Somehow, it relates to the epic grandeur of the American landscapes. For many artists white space is the essential element of the composition. It is the fundamental qualifier and protagonist of the image. Almost all the great American graphic designers have used white space as the significant silence to better hear their message loud and clear. Such is indeed the power of the white space.





Salvador Dalí
Lobster Telephone, 1936

Tate Modern shows the Tate collection of international modern art from 1900 onwards. The displays are divided into four themed groups, in a way that breaks completely with all previous presentations of the history of modern art. Radical as this scheme is, it is also very simple, and rooted in tradition. Each theme occupies one suite of galleries and focuses on one of the major traditional categories of art, tracing some of the ways it has both continued and been transformed through the twentieth century.

The
displays

One

Auto da Fé

“They say that when your head
gets chopped off, it can still see and hear
for a few seconds, so
I’ll have to go with beheading,”
said Spyder Lee to Lulu Garou.

Spyder Lee was drinking shots of Patron Añejo tequila with Lulu, his business partner, at the Bardo Lounge just off Market Street in San Francisco.

Lulu looked into her empty glass and thought for some time, took a drag of her Marlboro Light and winked at the woman tending bar. “Being beaten to death,” said Lulu. “Badly. I don’t mean like with a baseball bat or rebar so you’re out cold, but something small.” She crushed out her Marlboro in the ashtray the bartender slid in front of her. “An eight ball in a sweat sock. That’d give your killer a good workout.”

“Not if the guy hit you in the head right off,” said Spyder.

“My mama was pretty free with her hands. I’m a faster ducker,” Lulu replied. She grinned. Spyder could tell she was unimpressed with his argument.

“Burning at the stake,” he said.

“Drawn and quartered,” Lulu countered.

Rubi, the bartender, took their empty glasses away. “Exactly what are you two rattling about?”

“Worst ways to die,” said Spyder. “Being covered in honey and staked out on a red ant hill.”

“Dying of thirst. Like right now,” said Lulu.

Rubi slid her hand across the bar and took hold of Lulu’s left pinkie. “You parched, baby?”

“I’m drier than Candy Darling’s cunt.”

“Candy Darling was a man,” said Spyder.

“Exactly.”

Rubi leaned forward and kissed Lulu’s pinkie. “I’ll get you both another round. On me.” As she left to make their drinks, Lulu called after her, “That ain’t all that’s gonna be on you tonight.” Rubi stuck her tongue out at Lulu.

“Being crucified. That’s supposed to be horrible,” said Spyder.

“You’re only saying that ’cause that’s how they talk about it in movies. You ever known anyone who was crucified? Or even heard of one? Hell no. Maybe being crucified is great. Maybe it’s a fucking hoot. Maybe it’s a blow job and ice cream on your birthday.” Lulu took out another Marlboro Light and lit it with a pink fur Zippo. “Know what would really suck? Being force fed a bucket full of black widows.”

Spyder made a face, half frown and half smile. “Jesus, girl,” he said.

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Marlins complete comeback to prevail 9-6 for berth

By Chuck Johnson
USA TODAY

CHICAGO — Less than 24 hours after staging a dramatic rally to stay alive, the Florida Marlins dealt a deathblow to the Chicago Cubs' hopes of ending a 58-year drought without a World Series.

With Wednesday night's 9-6 victory in Game 7, the Marlins came all the way back from a 3-1 deficit to win the best-of-seven National League Championship Series.

The Marlins are headed to the World Series after beating Cubs co-ace Kerry Wood in the clincher, a night after they erupted for eight runs in the eighth to beat Mark Pri-

hit 4-0 shutout Sunday in Game 5 and start the Marlins' climb back in the series, vying to stand again, coming back for two days' rest in relief of O'Leary's pinch-hit homer in the seventh was Beckett's only out in four innings of relief.

"There's no question (O'Leary) turned this series around," Marlins manager Jack McKeon said. "The Cubs had a great deal of momentum going for them when we beat them down Sunday. He was terminated, he wanted to come back again."

In losing their third in a row, the Cubs sent a Wrigley Field crowd of 39,574 home to ponder the

Die endlose Mission des Börsenvereins

Immer wieder gibt es Ärger mit der Buchpreisbindung

Seit gut einem Jahr ist die deutsche Buchpreisbindung gesetzlich verankert, vieles ist dadurch besser geworden. Trotzdem muss der gebundene Ladenpreis immer wieder gegen Angriffe verteidigt werden. Auch ein Streit mit den Bertelsmann-Clubs geht jetzt wohl vor Gericht.

Von Bettina Langer, Frankfurt

aber auch einige Neuerungen, die beim Rest der Branche Unmut erzeugen. Erstens werden in den Filialen des Clubs jetzt auch Titel wie Madonnas Kinderbuch „Die Englischen Rosen“ oder die neue Grönemeyer-Biografie zeitgleich mit der Auslieferung in normalen Buchhandlungen liegen – und nicht, wie bei solchen Titeln sonst üblich, erst nach sechs Monaten. Zweitens hat das Unternehmen angekündigt, dass seine rund vier Millionen Mitglieder in Deutschland ab November

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PROLE · DISERTA
VERGINI · VERECONDE
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MARIA · LVIGIA
CONSOLATRICE · PIISS·
INVOCARONO
COMMISERANTE · VIDERO
MVNIFICA · ABBIANO

PARMA
CO' TIPI BODONIANI
MDCCLXXI.

delle lettere; a dimostrar il quale se possono i doviziosi cercare sfoggiati volumi superbamente impressi, sarà ufficio dell'arte tipografica il somministrarne. Converralle adunque perciò trovar il bello nel grande, come abbiám veduto che per lo comodo ella dee trovarlo nel piccolo.

Ma il bello in che direm noi che consista? Forse più che in altro in due cose; nella convenienza, che la mente appaga, soddisfatta quando riflettendo ella scorge le parti tutte d'un'opera conspirare a uno stesso intento, e nella proporzione, che contenta gli sguardi, o più veramente la fantasia, la qual serba in sè certe immagini e figure, alle quali ciò che più conformasi più le piace. E la

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R E A D

T H I S ?

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