**About the Typefaces Not Used in This Edition**

ELENA, 10 POINT: This typeface — conceived of by independent typographer Leopold Shunt, as the moon set on the final night of his wife’s life — disintegrates over time. The more a word is used, the more it crumbles and fades — the harder it becomes to see. By the end of this book, utilitarian words like the, a and was would have been lost on the white page. Henry’s recurrent joys and tortures — bathwater, collarbone, vulnerability, pillowcase and bridge. And when the life of the book dwindled to a single page, as it now does, when you held your palm against the inside of the back cover, as if it were her damp forehead, as if you could will it to persevere past its end, God would have been nearly illegible, and I completely invisible. Had Elena been used, Henry’s last words would have read:

TACTIL, VARIABLE POINT: “A text should reveal the heart’s emotional condition, as an EKG readout reveals its physical one.” This idea was the inspiration for Basque typographer Clara Sevillo to create Tactil, a good example of the early interface types. The size of a letter corresponds to how hard the key is pressed. Air-conditioning blows its story over the keys, as does the breath of a bird on the silt, as does the moonlight whose infinitesimally small excretion also tells a tale. Even when there is nothing applying pressure to the keys, a text is still being generated—an invisible transcript of the world without witnesses. And if one were to hammer the keyboard with infinite force, an infinitely large nonsense word would be produced.

If this book had been typeset in Tactil, Henry’s various I love you could have been distinguished between narcissistic love (“I love you”), love of love rather than love of another (“I love you”), and traditional, romantic love (“I love you”). We could have learned where Henry’s heart leaned when on the unsafe wooden bridge he confessed himself to Sophy. And we could have learned if it is true that one can love only one thing at a time, making I love you definitionally impossible.

Tactil was not used because preliminary calculations suggested that the author was striving — intentionally or not — to recreate the physical world. That is, tree was typed with the force to make the word as large as a tree. Pear, cumulus and Band-Aid typed to make the words to the scale of a pear, a cloud and a Band-Aid. To print the book in this way would have required bringing another world into existence, a twin world composed entirely of words. We finally would have known the sizes of those abstract ideas whose immeasurability makes us, time and time again, lose our bearings. How does existentialism compare to a tree? Orgasm to a pear? A good conversation to a cumulus cloud? The mending of a gnarled heart to a Band-Aid?

But even if logistics had permitted, this typeface still would have been rejected, because as a quantitative, rather than qualitative, measure, it could have been quite misleading. That is, Henry’s love for Sophy may have been the size that it was because of hate, sympathy, jealousy, neediness or, however unlikely, love. We would never have known, only that there was much of it, which is to know very little.

**TRANS-1, 10 POINT:** This typeface frequently freezes in place, fixed on words that cannot be refreshed. What, after all, is the opposite of God? The meaning is liberated from the existence, which instantly disappears to make room for forever and ever persists, which dies so that talent alight. Transit-1, words are replaced by their antonyms. Now autumn begins exists only for long enough to bring later spring ceases into existence, which instantly disappears to make room for presently dry riverbed persists, which dies so that never flowing water perishes can live. It was Bely’s intention, with Transit-2, to illuminate the poverty of language, its inadequate approximations, how a web is made of holes. But instead, we see the string connecting those holes, and caught in the net is the shadow of meaning. This typeface freezes in place, fixed on words that cannot be refreshed. What, after all, is the opposite of God? The meaning is liberated from the words by the typeface’s inability to translate them. These nonexistent antonyms are the reflections of the words we are looking.
for, the non-approximations, like watching a solar eclipse in a puddle. The antonym of God's non-existent antonym is closer to God than God will ever be. Which, then, brings us closer to what we want to communicate: saying what we intend, or trying to say the opposite?

TRANS-3, 10 POINT: This typeface also refreshes continuously, but unlike Trans-1 and -2, words are replaced by themselves. *Now autumn begins* exists for only long enough to bring *now autumn begins* into existence, which instantly disappears to mean what it does, but what it did. The world changes, but like chasing the long pace with language, to change as the girl in Wales. This typeface tries to keep thousand years before, or at the same moment in time. After that moment, only the letters — cells — are shared. What *autumn* meant when uttered by Stephen Wren in Cincinnati at 10:32:34 on April 14, 2000, was quite different from what it meant one second later when he said it again, and was entirely unlike what it meant one hundred years before, or one thousand years before, or at the same moment, when cried by a palsied schoolgirl in Wales. This typeface tries to keep pace with language, to change as the world changes, but like chasing the long black cape of a fleeting dream, it will never catch up. *Now autumn begins* will never mean what it does, but what it did.

AVIARY, VARIABLE POINT: One of the more unorthodox typefaces of the end of the twentieth century, Aviary relies on the migration of birds. The typesetter, who is preferably an ornithologist, tattoos each word onto the underside of a different bird’s wing, according to its place in the flock. (The first word of this book, *Elena*, would have been tattooed onto the wing of the natural leader. The last word, *free*, onto the wing of the bird who carries the rear.) Alexander Dubovich, Aviary’s creator, said his inspiration was a copy of *Anna Karenina* that fell from the shelf and landed spread, text-down, on the floor.

Among many other reasons, this typeface was not used because the order of birds in a flock shifts regularly. The natural leader never remains the leader, and the bird in the rear always moves forward. Also, Aviary is only coherent when the birds are in flight. When perched in trees, or collecting the thrown scraps from some kind park goer, or sleeping on the sills of high apartment windows, the birds are in disarray, and so would be the book. It could exist only in flight, only between places, only as a way to get from here to there. Or there to here.

ICELAND, 22:13:36, APRIL 11, 2006, VARIABLE POINT: There are 237, 983 words in this book. The same number of people were alive in Iceland at 22:13:36, April 11, 2006. The designer of this typeface, Björn Jåagan, devised to give each person a word to memorise, according to age. (The youngest citizen would be given *Elena*, the oldest *free*. In an annual festival, the people of Iceland would line up, youngest to oldest, and recite the story of Henry’s tragic love and loss, from beginning to end. As citizens died, their roles in the recitation would be given to the youngest Icelander without a word, although the reading would still proceed from youngest to oldest. It was the hope of the citizens of Iceland that the book would cycle smoothly: from order to disorder, and back to order again. That is, *Let our fathers and mothers die before their children, the old before the young.*

Iceland, 22:13:36, April 11, 2006, was not used because life is full of early death, and fathers and mothers sometimes outlive their children. The editor’s concern was not that the book would become a salad of meaning, but that hearing it once a year would be too painful a reminder that we are twigs aligned on a fence, that each of us is capable of experiencing not only Henry’s great love, but also his loss. Should a child recite a word from the middle — from the scene in which Henry’s brother stuffs up the cracks with wet towels, and loses his lashes in the oven — we would know that he or she replaced someone who died in middle-age, too soon, before making it to the end of the story.

REAL TIME. REAL WORLD. TO SCALE: This typeface began organically, with the popularisation of e-mail. Such symbols as :) came to stand for things that words couldn’t quite get at. Over time, every idea had a corresponding symbol, not unlike the drawings from the dark caves of early man. These symbols approximated what a word described better than a word ever could. (A picture of a flower is closer to the flower it describes than *flower* is.)

Here, for example, is how the final conversational between Henry and his brother would have read in such symbols:

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实体店

白马

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And here is the scene on the unsafe wooden bridge, when Henry confesses himself to Sophie:

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实体店

白马

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The evolution continued. The typographical symbol for flower (₀) became a sketch of a flower, then an oil painting of a flower, then a sculpted flower, then a video of a flower, and is, now, a real-time real-world flower. Henry exists: he blinks, he inhales, he tells his older brother, *I love you more now than I did before*, he stammers, he sways, he begs, *Sophy, believe in me, always.*

This typeface was not used because of the fear that it would be popularised, that all books would be printed in real-time real-world, making it impossible to know whether we were living as autonomous beings, or characters in a story. When you read these words, for example, you would have to wonder whether you were the real-time real-world incarnation of someone in a story who was reading these words. You would wonder if you were not the you that you thought you were, if you were about to finish this book only because you were written to do so, because you had to.

Or perhaps, you think, it’s otherwise. You approach this final sentence because you are you, your own you, living a life of your own creation. If you are a character, then you are the author. If you are a slave to a real-time real-world incarnation of someone who is reading these words, you are a character, who was reading these words. Or perhaps, you think, it’s otherwise. You approach this final sentence because you are you, your own you, living a life of your own creation. If you are a character, then you are the author. If you are a slave to a real-time real-world incarnation of someone who is reading these words, you are a character, who was reading these words. Or perhaps, you think, it’s otherwise.

Everything Is Illuminated, by Hamish Hamilton, price £14.99. To order a copy complete free.
Apple had three favorite typefaces: Myriad, Lucida Grande and Helvetica Neue. Now there's a new favorite: Avenir. It has appeared simultaneously OS X Mountain Lion and iOS 6, which means you will see it featured in the next iPhone. Despite its prominence in Apple's corporate image, Myriad is not the typeface of choice for its iDevice or desktop operating systems. For the latter, Lucida Grande gets the nod, a sans serif that became the system font for OS X. It was designed by Charles Bigelow and Kris Holmes to replace Charcoal, the sans-serif system font for Mac OS 8 and Mac OS 9 that took over another old timer: Chicago. Apple is not using it in any OS X application (or at least I can't find it anywhere). Advertisement. Would Avenir take an special role in OS X too? Maybe. In "The Visual History of Type" designer Paul McNeil charts how typefaces have reflected social and ideological evolution. However, Baskerville's type was not regarded as readable, let alone trustworthy, when it was first used in 1757, one of his British competitors accusing its designer of "blinding all the readers in the nation; for the strokes of your letters, being too thin and narrow, hurt the eye." Johnston (1916). Courtesy St Bride. The idea of using additional typefaces to accomplish this differentiation would be frowned upon. Well not in this house! Power BI: Less poopy since 2015. So, through all this analysis and reflection about the virtues of multi-typeface design, I felt I needed a good opportunity to put my money where my mouth was. I had the perfect playground to do this: the Eephus League website. The Eephus League is a small business I started in 2010 that sells baseball-related items. I won't bore any of you by talking about what they are (scorebooks) because you're designers and for some reason despise sports almost as much as you love single-speed bicycles and coffee.