

Hermann Zapf · Philip Metzger

ORBIS TYPOGRAPHICUS

A complete digital facsimile

A PROJECT BY JOSHUA LANGMAN

www.orbistypographicus.com

Orbis Typographicus Transcribed

[1r] Title page*Impressions:* black, blue*Typefaces:* Smaragd (title), Diotima*Paper:* Renker, Germany

ORBIS TYPOGRAPHICUS

Thoughts, words and phrases on the Arts and Sciences

Experimental typography designed by Hermann Zapf
Composed and printed by hand by Philip MetzgerTHE CRABGRASS PRESS
MCMLXXX**[1v] Title verso (dedication)***Impression:* black*Typeface:* Diotima Italic*Paper:* Renker, GermanyDedicated to
Paul Standard, New York
as a token of friendship**[2] Fra Angelico***Impressions:* black, blue*Typefaces:* Palatino, Palatino Italic*Paper:* Fabriano Capuleti, Italy

From a Christmas letter written to a friend

There is nothing I can give you which you have not already, but there is much which though I cannot give you, you can take. No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take heaven. No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this precious little instance. Take peace. The gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it, yet without our reach is joy. There is radiance & courage in the darkness could we but see, & to see we have only to look.

Life is so generous a giver, but we, judging its gifts by their covering, cast them away as ugly, or heavy or hard. Remove the coverings & you find beneath it a living splendor, woven of love, and wisdom, & power. Welcome it, greet it, and you touch the angel's hand that brings it. Our joys, too, be not content with them as joys. They, too, conceal diviner gifts. Life is so full of meaning and purpose, so full of beauty beneath its covering that you will find earth but cloaking your heaven.

Courage then to claim it, that is all, but courage you have; & the knowledge that we are pilgrims wending through unknown country on our way home.

Fra Angelico

[3] Ludwig van Beethoven*Impressions:* black, red, blue*Typefaces:* Diotima (red and blue), Diotima Italic (black)*Paper:* Renker, Germany

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

1770–1827

Blessed is he who has conquered all passions and then with his full power turns to deeds in his life work, unconcerned as to the result! Let the motives lie in the deed and not in the result. Do not be one of those whose motive force is in doing with the hope of reward. Do not let your life pass by in idleness. Be active and fulfill your duty, ban all ideas as to whether consequences and results are good or bad, for such concern is giving attention to the immaterial. Seek then refuge alone in wisdom, for the miserable and unhappy are only that through the result of things. The truly wise do not trouble about good and evil in this world. Be zealous therefore in fulfilling this habit of intelligence, for such a habit in life is a precious art.

Art, the persecuted, finds everywhere a place of refuge; Dædalus, when he was enclosed in the labyrinth still discovered the wings which raised him into the sky — O, I also shall find these wings.

Go straight forward, do not only exercise yourself in Art, but press forward right through to her being; she deserves it, for Art and Science alone raise man to a divinity.

[4] Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*Impressions:* black, red*Typefaces:* Romaneé (quotation), Cancelleresca (credit)*Paper:* Basingwerk, England

Y que no sólo tiene las cuatro ese [o sea sabio, solo, solícito y secreto] que dicen que han de tener los buenos enamorados, sino todo un abecé entero: si no, escúchame, y verás como te le digo de coro. El es, según, yo ove y a mí me, parece, agradecido, beuno, caballero, dadivoso, enamorado, firme, gallardo, honrado, ilustre, leal, mozo, noble, onesto, principal, quantioso, rico y las eses que dicen, y luego, tacito, verdadero, la X no le cuadro, porque es letra áspera; la Y ya está dicha; la Z, zelador de tu honra. —

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra : Don Quijote de la Mancha, Primera Parte, Capítulo xxxiv —

If you have fallen into the amorous net, if it is one of worth and valor who has caught you in it, one who not only has the four S's [As we should say, sightly, sprightly, sincere and secret] that they say all true lovers ought to have, but a whole alphabet ... I will repeat it for you ... it goes like this: Amiable, Bountiful, Courteous, Devoted, Enamored, Faithful, Gallant,

Honorable, Illustrious, Loyal, Manly, Noble, Open, Princely, Qualified, Rich, and the S's that I have mentioned. And then Trusty, Veracious — the X does not suit him being too harsh a letter. The Y has already been given, and Z is for Zealous of your honor.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

[5] **Walter Crane / Hippocrates**

Impressions: black, blue

Typeface: Delphin

Calligraphy by Hermann Zapf

Paper: Specially made by James Yarnell, Wichita, Kansas

VITA — BREVIS
ARS — LONGA

Life is short, art is long (Hippocrates)

If we accept the truth that art is unity, and that what the unit is the mass may become, should we not strive, each of us in his sphere, whatever our main work may be, to do it worthily and well? Remembering that it is better to do a small thing well than a big thing badly, and that it is the spirit in which our work is done, not the place it may accidentally occupy, or the class to which it may belong, or the reward it may receive in the ordinary estimation, that makes it great or little.

Walter Crane

[6] **Thomas Alva Edison**

Impressions: black, red

Typeface: Palatino

Paper: Worthy Hand & Arrows, USA

Thomas Alva Edison
1847–1931

Thomas Alva Edison: Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration.

There is no expedient to which a man will not go to avoid the real labor of thinking.

I never did anything worth doing by accident, nor did any of my inventions come by accident; they came by work.

Restlessness is discontent — and discontent is the first necessity of progress.

Show me a thoroughly satisfied man and I will show you a failure.

We don't know one millionth of one percent about anything.

I am long on ideas but short on time.

I expect to live to be only about a hundred.

There is no substitute for hard work.

[7] **Albert Einstein**

Impressions: black, orange

Typefaces: Optima (frame), Diotima Italic (letter and side note)

Paper: Fabriano Capuleti, Italy

5.IV.33

Sehr geehrter Herr!

Ich bin der Mann, dem Sie über die belgische Akademie geschrieben haben. Wie gerne würde ich für Sie etwas tun. Aber die Arbeitslosigkeit der Musiker überall ist erschreckend, am meisten nicht in den verarmten Ländern sondern in solchen geringer musikalischer Kultur, wo die Kinder keine Instrumente mehr spielen lernen.

Ich weiss Ihnen aber etwas anderes. Lesen Sie keine Zeitung, suchen Sie ein paar Gesinnungsgenossen und lesen Sie die wunderbaren Schriftsteller früherer Zeiten, Kant, Goethe, Lessing und die Klassiker des Auslands und erfreuen Sie sich an der wundervollen Natur der Münchener Gegend. Denken Sie unablässig, dass Sie gewissermassen unter fremden Geschöpfen auf dem Mars leben und tilgen Sie jede tiefere Anteilnahme an dem Treiben dieser Geschöpfe. Schliessen Sie Freundschaft mit ein paar Tieren. Dann werden Sie wieder ein froher Mensch werden und nichts kann Sie anfechten. Bedenken Sie, dass die feineren und edleren Menschen stets allein sind und sein müssen und dass sie dafür die Reinheit ihrer eignen Atmosphäre geniessen dürfen.

Es grüsst Sie kameradschaftlich und drückt Ihnen bewegt die Hand Ihr

E.

[Frame:]

Nur das Verständnis für unseren Nächsten, die Gerechtigkeit unseres Tuns und die Hilfsbereitschaft gegen unsere Mitmenschen kann der menschlichen Gesellschaft.

Dauer verleihen & dem Einzelnen Sicherheit verschaffen. Weder Intelligenz noch Erfindungen und sozial Einrichtungen können diese wichtigsten Tugenden ersetzen.

Albert Einstein

[Side note:]

Albert Einstein schrieb diesen Brief in Le Coq sur Mer bei Ostende an den Musiker Moehr München im Jahre 1933.

[8] **Einstein in translation***Impression:* black*Typefaces:* Diotima, Diotima Italic*Paper:* Fabriano Capuleti, Italy

English translation of a letter by Professor Albert Einstein in the Collection of Autographs of Hermann Zapf, Darmstadt

Dear Sir:

I am the man you wrote to about the Belgian Academy. I would very much like to do something for you, but unemployment among musicians is frightful everywhere, not primarily in impoverished countries, but rather in those of musically inferior cultures where children no longer learn to play instruments.

But let me offer to you another idea. Don't read the newspapers; instead seek out a few like-minded companions and read the splendid writers of an earlier era: Kant, Goethe, Lessing, and the classic writers of other countries, and enjoy the wonderful surroundings of Munich. Bear in mind that all the time that you are, in a manner, living with strange creatures on Mars, and efface every deeper sympathy for the doings of these creatures. Make friends with a few animals. Then you will become a happy person again, and nothing can trouble you. Remember that such finer and nobler persons are and must be constantly alone, thus to enjoy the purity of their own surroundings.

With comradely greetings and a hearty handshake.

E.

Frame:

Only understanding for our neighbors, justice in our actions and helpfulness towards our fellow-beings can bestow permanence on human society and provide security for the individual. Neither intelligence nor inventions and social institutions can replace these most important virtues.

Side note:

Albert Einstein wrote this letter from Le Coq sur Mer near Ostende to musician A. Moehr in Munich in the year 1933.

[9] **Ralph Waldo Emerson***Impressions:* black, red, blue, blind*Typefaces:* Bulmer (left), Optima (right)*Paper:* Worthy Hand & Arrows, USA

Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through

their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship.

Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far, as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life, before he apprehends it as truth. In like manner, nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. Let us interrogate the apparition that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire, to what end is nature? All science has one aim, namely, to find a theory of nature. We have theories of races and of functions, but scarcely yet a remote approximation of an idea of creation.

Ralph Waldo Emerson > Nature <

[10] **Benjamin Franklin***Impressions:* black, red, blue*Typefaces:* Codex (quotation); alphabets clockwise from upper right corner: Open Kapitalen, Fry's Ornamented, Smaragd, Romaneé Titling, Hadriano Stone Cut*Paper:* Fabriano Capuleti, Italy

I consider the variety of humors among men, and despair of pleasing everybody; yet I shall not therefore leave off printing. I shall continue my business. I shall not burn my press and melt my letters.

Benjamin Franklin

"An Apology for Printers"

[11] **Jefferson / Milton / Goudy***Impressions:* black, blue*Typefaces:* Codex (blue), Palatino (black)*Paper:* Renker, Germany

Books constitute capital. A LIBRARY OF BOOKS lasts as long as a house, for hundreds of years. It is not, then, an article of consumption but fairly is capital.

Thomas Jefferson

For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth, and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. — John Milton

The practice of typography, if it be followed faithfully, is hard work ... but in the light of history, and of art, and of knowledge and of man's achievement, it is as interesting a work as exists ... a broad and humanizing employment which can indeed followed merely as a trade, but which if perfected into an art, or even broadened into a profession, will perpetually open new horizons to our eyes and new opportunities to our hands.
— Frederic W. Goudy

[12] Kakuzo Okakura

Impressions: black, red

Typeface: Codex

Calligraphy by Kazuo Hashimoto, Tokyo

Paper: Hosho-washi, Japan

The Book of Tea

by Kakuzo Okakura 1862–1913

茶の本 [“The Book of Tea”]

The claims of contemporary art cannot be ignored in any vital scheme of life. The art of today is that which really belongs to us: it is our own reflection. In condemning it we but condemn ourselves. We say that the present age possesses no art: — who is responsible for this? It is indeed a shame that despite all our rhapsodies about the ancients we pay so little attention to our own possibilities. Struggling artists, weary souls lingering in the shadow of cold disdain! In our self-centered century, what inspiration do we offer them? The past may well look with pity at the poverty of our civilization; the future will laugh at the barrenness of our art. We are destroying art in destroying the beautiful in life.

[13] Omar Khayyam

Impressions: black, red

Typefaces: Palatino Italic (quotation), Legend (credit)

Paper: Ingres Antique, Germany

XII

A Book of verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XXIV

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, & — sans End!

LXIII

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain — This life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

XXI

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
Today of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow! — Why, Tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

LXXIV

Yesterday This Day's Madness did prepare;
Tomorrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

XLII

And if the Wine you drink the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in — Yes;
Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were — To-morrow you shall not be less.

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flows again, who knows!

Rubaiyat by Omar Khayyam translated by Edward Fitzgerald

[14] Abraham Lincoln

Impressions: black, red

Typefaces: Trump Mediaeval (quotation), Legend (title)

Paper: Rives, France

Thoughts by Abraham Lincoln

When one starts poor, as most do in the race of life, free society is such that he knows he can better his condition; he knows that there is no fixed condition of labor for his whole life. I want every man to have a chance in which he can better his condition.

Can you there, anymore than here, raise corn and wheat and oats without work? Will anybody there any more than here, do your work for you? If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.

It is the eternal struggle between these two principles — right and wrong — throughout the world, they are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity and the other is the divine right of kings.

It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, "You toil and work and earn bread, and I'll eat it." No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle.

[15] **William Morris**

Impressions: black, red, blue

Typefaces: Palatino, Palatino Bold

Paper: Rives, France

Is money to be gathered? Cut down the pleasant trees among the houses, pull down ancient and venerable buildings for the money that a few square yards of London dirt will fetch; blacken rivers, hide the sun and poison the air with smoke and worse, and it's nobody's business to see it or mend it: that is all that modern commerce, the counting-house forgetful of the workshop, will do for us herein. And Science — we have loved her well, and followed her diligently, what will she do? I fear she is so much in the pay of the counting-house, the counting-house and the drill-sergeant, that she is too busy, and will for the present do nothing. Yet there are matters which I should have thought easy for her; say, for example, teaching Manchester how to consume its own smoke, or Leeds how to get rid of its superfluous black dye without turning it into the river, which would be as much worth her attention as the production of the heaviest of heavy black silk, or the biggest of useless guns ... I know it will cost much both of time and money to better these things even a little; but I do not see how these can be better spent than in making life cheerful and honorable for others and for ourselves; and the gain of good life to the country at large that would result from men seriously setting about the bettering the decency of our big towns would be priceless.

William Morris »The Lesser Arts«

1893

Geht es immer nur um Geld? Man fälle die schönen Bäume zwischen den Häusern, reisse alte, ehrwürdige Gebäude nieder um des Geldes willen, das einige Quadratmeter Londerer Schmutz einbringen; man mache die Flüsse schwarz, verdüstere die Sonne und vergifte die Luft mit Rauch und Schlimmerem, und niemandem betrifft es, sich um solche Zustände zu kümmern oder sie zu beiseitigen: das ist alles, was der heutige Handel und die Geschäftswelt für uns tun wird, wobei das Handwerk vergessen ist. Und die Wissenschaft, die wir so geliebt haben und der wir so geliebt haben und der wir eifrig folgten, wird sie uns helfen? Ich fürchte, sie ist so sehr abhängig von der Geschäftswelt, der Geschäftswelt und der Routine, und zu beschäftigt, als dass sie im Augenblick irgend etwas tun wird. Aber es gibt Dinge, die ihr nach meiner Meinung leichtfallen würden, zum Beispiel Manchester zu lehren, seinen Rauch zu beseitigen, oder Leeds, wie es sich seiner überflüssigen schwarzen Farbe entledigen kann, ohne sie in den Fluss zu leiten. Das sollte für sie ebenso wichtig sein, wie die Herstellung der schwersten aller schweren schwarzen Seidenstoffe oder der grössten aller nutzlosen Kanonen... Ich weiss, es wird viel Zeit und Geld kosten, diese Dinge auch nur ein wenig zu ändern, aber ich weiss nicht, wie beides besser verwendet werden könnte, als dass man damit für andere und für uns das Leben angenehmer und schöner macht. Und der Gewinn an würdigen Lebensformen wäre für das ganze Land unschätzbar, wenn die Menschen ernsthaft mit der Verbesserung der Lebensbedingungen in unseren grossen Städten beginnen würden.

[16] **Robert Oppenheimer**

Impressions: black, red, blind

Typeface: Optima

Illustration by: Hermann Zapf

Paper: Hosho-washi, Japan

Robert Oppenheimer: We know too much for one man to know much, we live too variously to live as one. Our histories and traditions — the very means of interpreting life — are both bonds and barriers among us. Our knowledge separates as well as it unites; our orders disintegrate as well as bind, our art brings us together, and sets us apart. The artist's loneliness, the scholar despairing because no one will any longer trouble to learn what he can teach, the narrowness of the scientist — these are not unnatural insignia in this great time of change.

This cannot be an easy life. We shall have a rugged time of it to keep our minds open and to keep them deep, to keep our sense of beauty and our ability to make it, and our occasional ability to see it, in places remote and strange and unfamiliar; we shall have a rugged time of it, all of us, in keeping these

gardens in our villages, in keeping open the manifold, intricate, casual paths, to keep these flourishing in a great open windy world; but this is, as I see it, the condition of man; and in this condition we can help, because we can love one another.

From: Prospects in the Arts and Sciences, 1955

[17] Franz Pahnem (anagram)

Impressions: black, red

Typeface: Pericles

Illustration by Hermann Zapf

Paper: Rives, France

DON'T ALWAYS THINK AHEAD
THE VERY MOMENT ONLY IS IMPORTANT
FOR THIS IS OUR REAL LIFE

BY FRANZ PAHNEM

LIFE IS TOO SHORT
TO LOSE ONE DAY NONSENSICALLY
IT MAY BE YOUR LAST DAY ANYWAY

BY FRANZ PAHNEM

[18] Palindrome

Impressions: black, red

Typefaces: Hadriano Stone Cut (palindrome), Trump Mediæval, Trump Mediæval Italic

Paper: Alverstoke, England

S A T O R
A R E P O
T E N E T
O P E R A
R O T A S

This PALINDROME, the most remarkable from early Christian times, was found in Pompeii, Italy, the city which was destroyed by Vesuvius, A.D. 73.

The first letter of each of the words unites to spell the first word, the second letter spells the second word, and so on throughout. The same will be found exactly true in reverse.

Interpretation: The Saviour (SALVATOR) holds together (TENET) the works (OPERA) of the world (ROTAS = circle, sphere, globe).

Arranged in a Latin cross all the letters in the square except the two A's and O's build the Paternoster, the beginning of the Latin prayer. The remaining letters are Alpha and Omega of the Greek alphabet: for beginning and end.

	P	
A	A	O
	T	
	E	
	R	
P	A	T
E	R	N
O	S	T
	E	R
	R	
O	E	A
	R	

[19] Christophe Plantin

Impressions: black, red

Typefaces: Diotima, Diotima Italic

Paper: Rives BFK, France

LE BONHEUR DE CE MONDE

Avoir une maison commode, propre et belle,
un jardin tapissé d'espaliers odorans,
des fruits, d'excellent vin, peu de train, peu d'enfants,
posséder seul, sans bruit, un femme fidèle.

N'avoir dettes, amour, ni procès, ni querrelle,
ni de partage à faire avecque ses parens,
se contenter de peu, n'espérer rien des Grands,
régler tous ses desseins sur un juste modèle.

Vivre avecque franchise et sans ambition,
s'adonner sans scrupule à la dévotion,
dompter ses passions, les rendre obéissantes.

Conserver l'esprit libre, et le jugement fort,
dire son Chapelet en cultivant ses entes,
C'est attendre chez soi bien
doucement la mort.

Christophe Plantin 1560

THE HAPPINESS OF THIS WORLD

To have a comfortable house, tidy and handsome,
a garden graced with fragrant espaliers,
some fruit, excellent wine, small retinue, few children,
to possess in quiet the love of a loyal wife;

To have no debts, nor other loves, lawsuits, or quarrels,
nor have sharing to do with relatives,
to be content with little, and hope for nothing great,
to shape all plans on a just model;

To live in candor and without ambition,
giving oneself without qualm in all devotion,
and taming passion to be obedient;

To keep the spirit free, the judgment firm,
to tell one's beads while cultivating scions –
all this is to wait death peacefully at home.

Translated by Paul Standard

DAS GLÜCK DIESER WELT

Ein Haus besitzen, schön und sauberlich gericht,
ein Gärtlein, tapeziert mit duftenden Spalieren,
Wein, Früchte – viel Gesind und viele Kinder nicht,
ein Weib, das seine Treu dich lässt im Stillen spüren.

Nicht Schulden, Buhlschaft nicht und kein Prozesseführen,
kein Vetter und kein Ohm, der dir Erb anficht,
mit wenig sein vergnügt, den Grossen nicht hofieren,
in jeder Tätigkeit ihr richtiges Gewicht.

Freimütig sein und nicht dem Ehrgeiz Nahrung geben,
Herr seiner Leidenschaft und nicht ihr Diener leben,
und ohne Skrupel sich am Gottesdienst erbaun.

Den Geist sich halten frei und den Verstand ohn Scharren,
und unterm Rosenkranz nach seinen Beeten schau:
Das heiss ich sänftiglich daheim den Tod erwarten.

Übertragung von Rudolf Alexander Schröder

[20] Psalm XLVI

Impressions: black, red

Typefaces: Bulmer (black), ATF Civilité with Bulmer caps (red)

Paper: Fabriano Duca di Modena, Italy

PSALM XLVI

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.
Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and
though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the
mountains SHAKE with the swelling thereof. Selah. There is
a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God,
the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High. God is in
the midst of her; she shall not be moved. God shall help her,
and that right early. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were
moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted. The Lord of hosts
is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah. Come behold
the works of the Lord, what a desolation he hath made in the
earth. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he
breaketh the bow, and cutteth the SPEAR in sunder; he burneth
the chariot in the fire. Be still, and know that I am God: I will be
exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The
Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

The name SHAKSPEARE, * divided into SHAK and
SPEARE gives 4 and 6 letters or 46. In the XLVI Psalm

counting from the first word the 46th is SHAKE and from the
last word the 46th is SPEAR.

*As used in certain early collections of Shakespeare's works. He
was 46 years old when the Authorized Version of the English
Bible using this cryptogram was printed. (Published 1611)

[21] William Shakespeare: Hamlet

Impressions: black, red

Typefaces: Trump Mediæval (English), Delphin (German),
Trump Mediæval Italic (credit)

Paper: Fabriano Duca di Modena, Italy

William Shakespeare
Hamlet, Act I, Scene III
Polonius to Laertes:

THERE, MY BLESSING WITH THEE!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

HIER MEIN SEGEN MIT DIR –
Und diese Regeln präg in dein Gedächtnis:
Gib den Gedanken, die du hegst, nicht Zunge
Noch einem ungebührlichen die Tat.
Leutselig sei, doch keineswegs gemein.
Den Freund, der dein und dessen Wahl erprobt,
Mit eh'rnen Reifen klammr' ihn an dein Herz.
Doch härte deine Hand nicht durch Begrüßung
Von jedem neugeheckten Bruder. Hüte dich,
In Händel zu geraten; bist du drin,

Führ sie, daß sich dein Feind vor dir mag hüten.
 Dein Ohr leih jedem, wen'gen deine Stimme.
 Nimm Rat von allen, aber spar dein Urteil.
 Die Kleidung kostbar, wie's dein Beutel kann,
 Doch nicht ins Grillenhafte: reich, nicht bunt;
 Denn es verkündigt oft die Tracht den Mann,
 Und die vom ersten Rang und Stand in Frankreich
 Sind darin augesucht und edler Sitte.
 Kein Borger sei und auch Verleiher nicht;
 Sich und den Freund verliert das Darlehn oft,
 Und Borgen stumpft der Wirtschaft Spitze ab.
 Dies über alles: sei dir selber treu,
 Und daraus folgt, so wie die Nacht dem Tage,
 Du kannst nicht falsch sein gegen irgendwen.
 Leb wohl! Mein Segen fördre dies an dir!

[22] **William Shakespeare: Sonnet 77**

Impressions: black, red, with tipped-in silver mylar
Typefaces: Palatino, Palatino Italic
Paper: Ingres Antique, Germany

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 thy dial how thy precious minutes waste,
 the vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 and of this book, this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 of mouthed graves will give thee memory,
 thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know,
 time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look what thy memory cannot contain,
 commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 to take a new acquaintance of thy mind
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 shall profit three, and much enrich thy book.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE · SONNET 77

Dein Spiegel lehrt, wie äussrer Schmuck zerschleisst,
 dein Zifferblatt, wie edle Stunden fliehn,
 prägst in dies leere Buch du deinen Geist,
 wirst du aus ihm einst Nutz und Lehre ziehn.
 Die Runzeln, die dein Spiegel zeigt getreu,
 erinnern dich an Gräber, gähnend weit,
 und an des Zeigers Gang erkennst du scheu
 den diebischen Schritt der Zeit zur Ewigkeit.
 Sieh, was dein Denken hält nicht fest umschlossen,
 gib diesem Buch, und du wirst sicherlich
 in jenen Kindern, deinem Hirn entsprossen,
 einst neu erkennen deinen Sinn und dich.
 Machst du zu diesem Werk oft den Versuch,
 wird Nutzen dir und Reichtum diesem Buch.

Deutsche Übertragung von Schlegel-Tieck

[23] **George Bernard Shaw**

Impressions: black, red, blue, green
Typefaces: Bulmer, Bulmer Italic
Paper: Basingwerk, England

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrapheap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.

G. B. Shaw

There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it.

If there is nothing wrong in the world there wouldn't be anything for us to do. George B. Shaw

A lifetime of happiness! No man alive could bear it: it would be hell on earth.

George Bernard Shaw

[24] **Henry D. Thoreau**

Impressions: black, blue
Typeface: Trump Mediæval
Paper: Basingwerk, England

THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP

No word is oftener on the lips of men than Friendship, & indeed no thought is more familiar to their aspirations. All men are dreaming of it, and its drama, which is always a tragedy, enacted daily. It is the secret of the universe. You may thread the town, you may wander the country, & none shall ever speak of it, yet thought is everywhere busy about it, & the idea of what is possible in this respect affects our behavior toward all new men & women, and a great many old ones.

We are dreaming that our Friends are our Friends, and that we are our Friends' Friends. Our actual Friends are but distant relations of those to whom we are pledged. We never exchange more than three words with a Friend in our lives on that level to which our thoughts and feelings almost habitually arise.

Of what use the friendliest disposition even, if there are no hours given to friendship, if it is forever postponed to unimportant duties and relations? Friendship is first, Friendship last. But it is equally impossible to forget our Friends and to make them answer to our ideal. When they say farewell, then indeed we begin to keep them company. How often we find ourselves turning our backs on our actual Friends, that we may go & meet their ideal cousins. I would that I were worthy to be any man's Friend.

Think of the importance of Friendship in the education of men. It will make a man honest; it will make him a hero; it will make him a saint. It is the state of the just dealing with the just, the magnanimous with the magnanimous, the sincere with the sincere, man with man.

A Friend is one who incessantly pays us the compliment of expecting from us all the virtues, and who can appreciate them in us. It takes two to speak the truth — one to speak, and another to hear. How can one treat with magnanimity mere wood and stone? If we dealt only with the false and dishonest, we should at last forget how to speak truth.

Friendship is never established as an understood relation. Do you demand that I be less your Friend that you may know it? Yet what right have I to think that another cherishes so rare a sentiment for me? It is a miracle which requires constant proofs. It is an exercise of the purest imagination & the rarest faith.

Friendship is not so kind as is imagined; it has not much human blood in it, but consists with a certain disregard for men & their erections, the Christian duties and humanities, while it purifies the air like electricity.

The Friend is a necessarius, and meets his Friend on homely ground; not on carpets and cushions, but on the ground and on the rocks they will sit, obeying the natural and primitive laws. They will meet without any outcry, and depart without loud sorrow. Their relation implies such qualities as the warrior prizes; for it takes a valor to open the hearts of men as well as the gates of cities.

Where my Friend lives there are all riches & every attraction, & no slight obstacle can keep me from him. Let me never have to tell thee what I have not to tell. Let our intercourse be wholly above ourselves, & draw us up to it. The language of Friendship is not words but meanings. It is an intelligence above language.

Henry D. Thoreau

[25] UNESCO

Impressions: black, red, blue

Typeface: Optima

Paper: Rives, France

Everyone has the right to read. Society has an obligation to ensure that everyone has an opportunity to enjoy the benefit of reading. Since vast portions of the world's population are deprived of access to books by inability to read, governments have the responsibility of helping to obliterate the scourge of illiteracy. They should encourage provision of the printed materials needed to build and maintain the skill of reading. Bilateral and multilateral assistance should be made available,

as required, to the book professions. The producers and distributors of books, for their part, have the obligation to ensure that the ideas and information thus conveyed continue to meet the changing needs of the reader and of society as a whole.

Society has a special obligation to establish the conditions in which authors can exercise their creative rôle. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights states that »everyone has the right to the protection of the moral and material interests resulting from any scientific, literary or artistic production of which he is the author«. This protection should be also extended to translators, whose work opens the horizon of a book beyond linguistic frontiers, thus providing an essential link between authors and a wider public. All countries have the right to express their cultural individuality and in so doing preserve the identity essential to civilization. Accordingly they should encourage authors in their creative role and should through translation, provide wider access to the riches contained in the literature of other languages, including those of limited diffusion.

Books serve international understanding and peaceful co-operation. »Since wars begin in the minds of men«, the UNESCO Constitution states, »it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed«. Books constitute one of the major defences of peace because of their enormous influence in creating an intellectual climate of friendship and mutual understanding. All those concerned have an obligation to ensure that the content of books promotes individual fulfillment, social and economic progress, international understanding and peace.

Article I, III, and X of the Charter of the Book proclaimed by the UNESCO 1972

[26] Leonardo da Vinci

Impressions: black, dark red, light red, dark blue, light blue, dark green, light green

Typefaces: Trump Gravure (title), Optima, Trump Mediæval, Trump Mediæval Italic

Paper: Rives, France

RELECTIONS ON ART BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

Painting includes in its range the surface, colour and shape of anything created by nature; and philosophy penetrates into the same bodies and takes note of their essential virtue, but it is not satisfied with that truth, as is the painter, who seizes hold of the primary truth of such bodies because the eye is less prone to deception.

The first picture was a single line, drawn round the shadow of a man cast by the sun on the wall.

The fruits of painting can be apprehended by all the populations of the universe because its results are subject to the power of sight, and it does not pass by the ear to the brain, but by the same channel by which sight passes. Therefore it needs no interpreters of diverse tongues, as letters do, and it has instantly satisfied the human race in the same manner as the works of nature have done.

How many pictures have preserved the semblance of divine beauty of which time or death had in a brief space destroyed the finest example; and the work of the master has become more honored than that of nature, his master!

Painting is mute poetry, and poetry is blind painting. Therefore these two forms of poetry, or rather these two forms of painting, have exchanged the senses through which they should reach the intellect.

The eye, which is called the window of the soul, is the principal means by which the brain can most abundantly and splendidly contemplate the infinite works of nature; and the ear is the next in order, which is ennobled by hearing the recital of the things seen by the eye. Though the poet is as free as the painter in his creations and compositions, they are not so satisfactory to men as paintings, because if poetry is able to describe forms, actions and places in words, the painter deals with the very semblance of forms in order to represent them. Now consider which is nearer to man, the name of man or the image of man? The name of man varies in divers countries, but death alone changes his form.

[27] **Walt Whitman**

Impressions: black, blind (horizontal rule above credit line)
Typeface: Optima
Paper: Hosho-washi, Japan

GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN with all
 his beams full-dazzling
 give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard
 give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows
 give me an arbor
 give me the trellis'd grape
 give me fresh corn and wheat
 give me serene-moving animals teaching content
 give me nights perfectly quiet on high plateaus west of the
 Mississippi and I looking up at stars
 give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where
 I can walk undisturb'd
 give me for marriage a sweet-breathed woman of whom I
 should never tire
 give me a perfect child
 give me away aside from the noise of the world a rural
 domestic life

give me to warble spontaneous songs recuse to myself
 for my own ears only
 give me solitude
 give me Nature
 give me again
 O Nature
 your primal sanities

WALT WHITMAN (1865)

[28] **Typefaces and Papers Used in *Orbis Typographicus***

Impression: black
Typeface: Diotima, Diotima Italic
Paper: Hurlbut, USA

[The text of this page has been incorporated throughout in this transcript and in the main section of scanned images.]

[29r] **Colophon**

Impressions: black, red, blue
Typeface: Diotima
Paper: Renker, Germany

This portfolio shows the result of a happy collaboration of more than ten years motivated by a mutual interest in how hand-set type looks in an experimental way. Typefaces used are from the collection of the Crabgrass Press. A variety of American, English, French, German, Italian, and Japanese hand-made and mould-made papers were used. The printing was done by hand, with in many instances the possibilities of a number of impressions per sheet. From a limited edition of 99 sets this is No. [15].

[Reading only the blue words gives "This shows how typefaces are used in many possibilities."]

[Signed] Hermann Zapf
 Darmstadt (West Germany)

[Signed] Philip Metzger
 Prairie Village (Kansas / USA)

[29v] **Colophon verso**

Impression: black
Typeface: Diotima
Paper: Renker, Germany

The Crabgrass Press
 4900 Tomahawk Road, Prairie Village
 Kansas, USA 66208

[30] Prospectus

Impressions: black, blue

Typefaces: Smaragd (title), Diotima, Diotima Italic

Paper: Renker, Germany

Hermann Zapf

ORBIS TYPOGRAPHICUS

Crabgrass Press · Philip Metzger

Over the past ten years, Hermann Zapf as designer and Philip Metzger as printer have worked together on the production of this portfolio of twenty-five quotations. It has been a happy collaboration motivated by a mutual interest in how hand-set type looks as printed on a hand press, and for sheer pleasure, as each of them has found the time to work on it. The quotations are from the writings of Thomas Alva Edison, Albert Einstein, Robert Oppenheimer, William Shakespeare, George Bernard Shaw, and such whose comments on the Arts and Sciences seem especially apt. The type faces used more or less in experimental typography come from the cases of the Crabgrass Press. All but a few are printed on mould-made and hand-made papers from

England, France, Germany, Italy and Japan and, in three cases, from the United States: two on Worthy Hand & Arrow paper, which has not been made for years, and one on a sheet by James Yarnell of Wichita, Kansas specially for this undertaking. Most are printed in two or more colors.

The twenty-five 9 × 12 inch sheets and those for the title and colophon, and another giving details of production, are enclosed in a specially made Plexiglas frame allowing one to be displayed and the rest to be stored behind. The frame may be hung on a wall, or placed on edge or laid flat on a table. In addition, the inner mailing case is designed as a solander with an identifying label on one edge so the portfolio may be stored on a book shelf.

Ninety-nine sets were printed of which seventy are for sale at \$200 each plus shipping and insurance charges of \$3.50. This price is the same for all. Please include check with your order. Libraries and institutions will be billed.

THE CRABGRASS PRESS

4900 Tomahawk Road, Prairie Village, Kansas 66208