



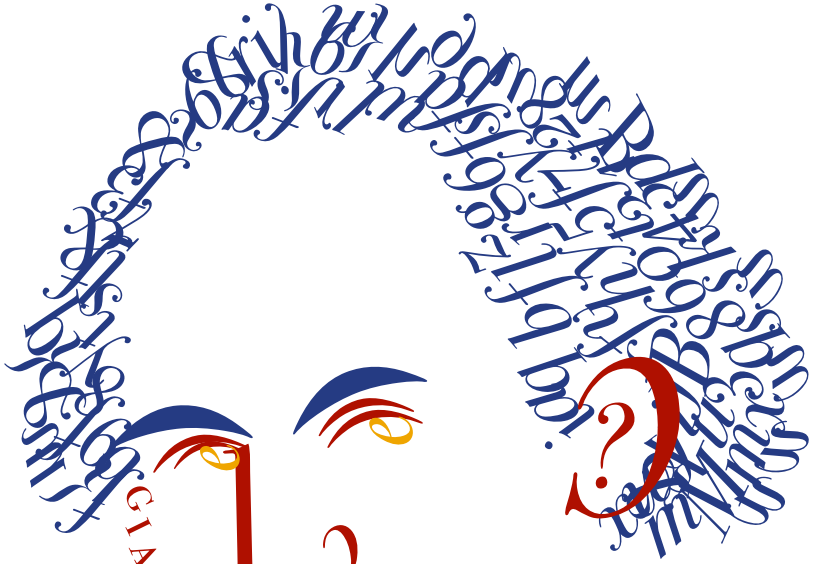
**Bodoni
& Quixote**
A TYPE SPECIMEN

CREATED BY
AVIVA CURRAN DAS

The letters
don't get their true delight,
when done in haste and discomfort,
nor merely done with diligence and pain,
but first when they are created with love and

PASSION,

GIAMBATTISTA
BODONI



GIAMBATTISTA

BODONI

Bodoni is the name of serif typefaces created by
Giambattista Bodoni

I 798

classical

typeface, but has
since been redubbed

modern

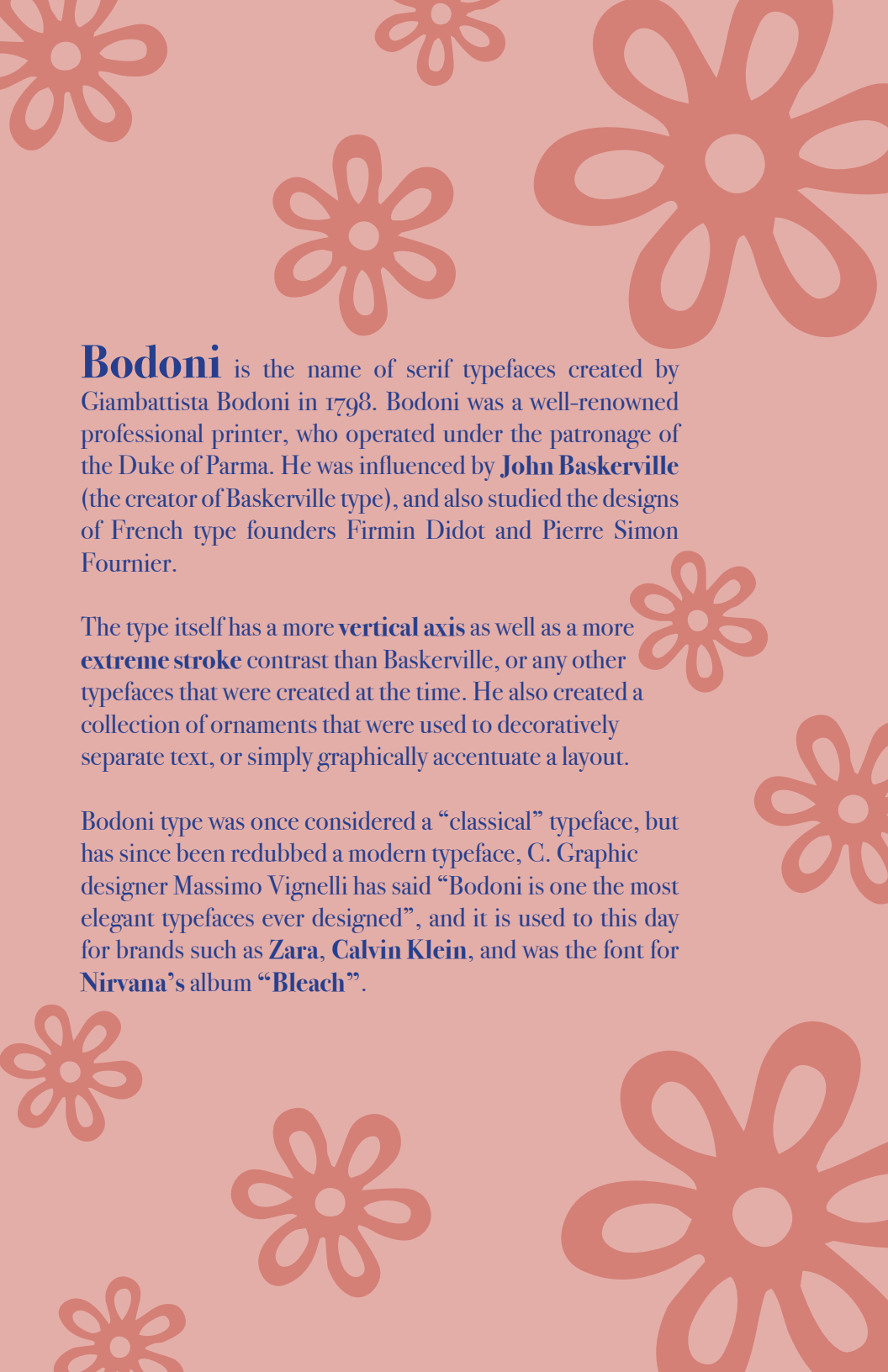
*“Bodoni is one the most elegant
typefaces ever designed”*

Massimo Vignelli

used for brands
Zara

Calvin Klein

& NIRVANA



Bodoni is the name of serif typefaces created by Giambattista Bodoni in 1798. Bodoni was a well-renowned professional printer, who operated under the patronage of the Duke of Parma. He was influenced by **John Baskerville** (the creator of Baskerville type), and also studied the designs of French type founders Firmin Didot and Pierre Simon Fournier.

The type itself has a more **vertical axis** as well as a more **extreme stroke** contrast than Baskerville, or any other typefaces that were created at the time. He also created a collection of ornaments that were used to decoratively separate text, or simply graphically accentuate a layout.

Bodoni type was once considered a “classical” typeface, but has since been redubbed a modern typeface. C. Graphic designer Massimo Vignelli has said “Bodoni is one the most elegant typefaces ever designed”, and it is used to this day for brands such as **Zara**, **Calvin Klein**, and was the font for **Nirvana**’s album “**Bleach**”.

Q^Uiixote

DON

by **de la Mancha**
Miguel de Cervantes

*the classic
adventures of
Alonso Quijado
of La Mancha*

the first
**modern
novel**
*written
in*

1605

**epic
& timeless**

*While we are
reading,
we are all
Don Quixote*
Mason Cooley

*who
becomes a*

a dreamer KNIGHT



Don Quixote de la Mancha

is considered to be the first modern novel, written in **1605** by **Miguel de Cervantes**. It is one of the most translated books in the world, and follows the adventures of Alonso Quijano of La Mancha, a dreamer who decides to become a knight. The novel has majorly influenced literature, from the works of **Alexander Dumas** to **Mark Twain**.

Cervantes was born in 1547 in Alcalá de Henares, Spain. During his childhood, he moved frequently due to poverty, and the family settled in Seville in 1564. He had many adventures in his life, and wrote over 20 plays, taking a 20 year hiatus until he published Don Quixote in 1605. **The novel was unlike any other at the time**, it portrayed the real day to life of average people, and used everyday speech, making the book accessible to readers of all different backgrounds.

The novel was a complete success, and readers begged for a sequel, resulting in the second part of Don Quixote published in 1615. Cervantes died in 1616 in Madrid, and his legacy has been compared to **Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Defoe, Dickens, Balzac, and Joyce**.

Aa

Bb

Nn

Oo

Pp

Cc

Dd

Ee

Qq

Rr

Ss

Ff

Gg

Hh

Tt

Uu

Ii

Vv

Ll

Ww

Xx

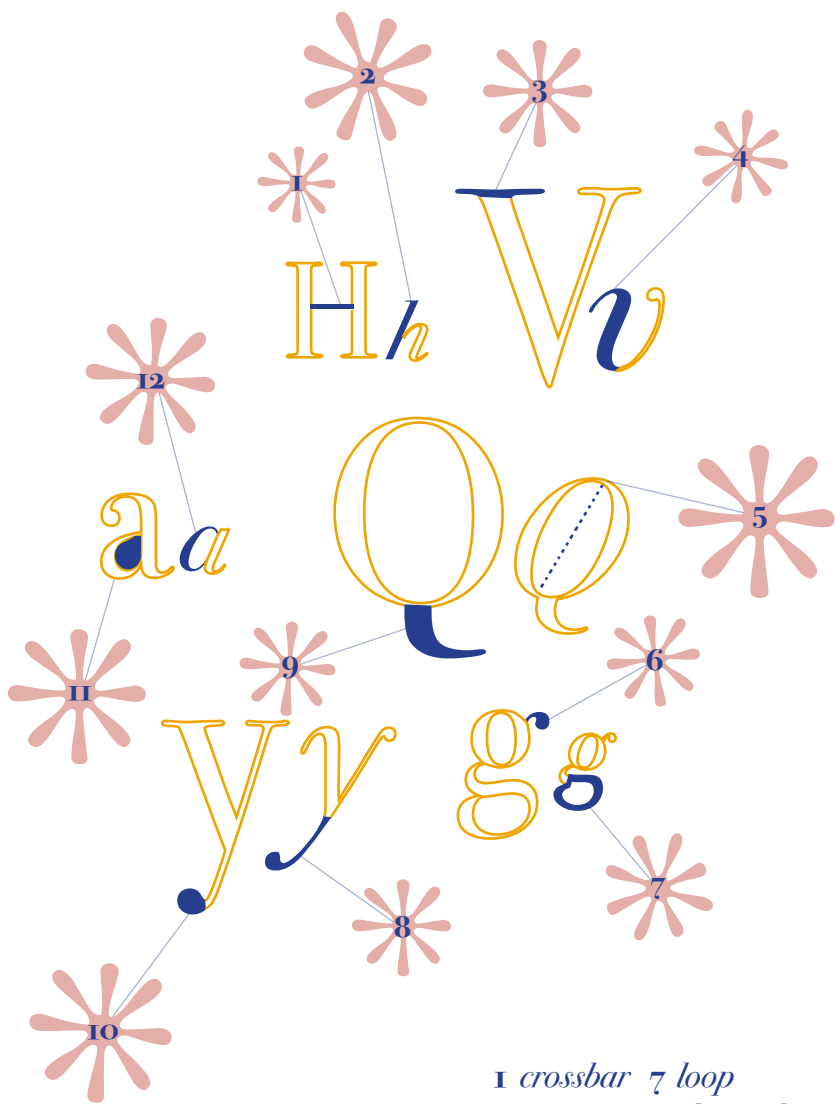
Jj

Kk

Mm

Yy

Zz



- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 <i>crossbar</i> | 7 <i>loop</i> |
| 2 <i>stem</i> | 8 <i>descender</i> |
| 3 <i>serif</i> | 9 <i>tail</i> |
| 4 <i>arm</i> | 10 <i>ball terminal</i> |
| 5 <i>axis</i> | 11 <i>counter</i> |
| 6 <i>ear</i> | 12 <i>bowl</i> |

Don Quixote

This name comes from Miguel de Cervantes' book *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, meaning someone who is determined to change what is wrong in the world, but when tries to be a "knight in shining armor", makes many silly mistakes.

alacrity

noun

cheerful, brisk readiness

quixotic

from the archetype of Quixote, used to mean the practical pursuit of idealistic goals

verisimilitude

noun

the appearance of being true or real

AN EXCERPT FROM

Don Quixote

By Miguel de Cervantes



In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call to mind, there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound for coursing. An olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, made away with three-quarters of his income. The rest of it went in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet breeches and shoes to match for holidays, while on week-days he made a brave figure in his best homespun. He had in his house a housekeeper past forty, a niece under twenty, and a lad for the field and market-place, who used to saddle the hack as well as handle the bill-hook. The age of this gentleman of ours was bordering on fifty; he was of a hardy habit, spare, gaunt-featured, a very early riser and a great sportsman. They will have it his surname was Quixada or Quesada (for here



there is some difference of authors who write on the subject), although from reasonable conjectures it seems plain that he was called Quexana. This, however, is of but little importance to our tale; it will be enough not to stray a hair's breadth from the truth in the telling of it.

Quixada Quesada *Quexana*

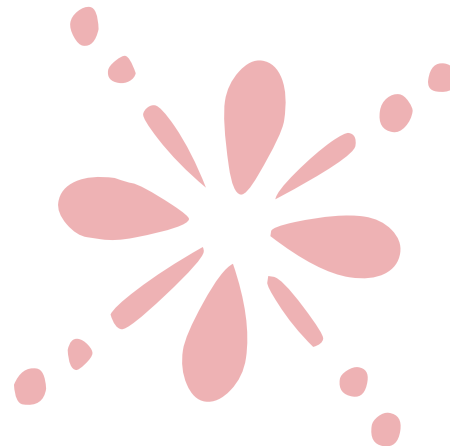
You must know, then, that the above-named gentleman whenever he was at leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to reading books of chivalry with such ardour and avidity that he almost entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the management of his property; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillageland to buy books of chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get. But of all there were none he liked so well as those of the famous Feliciano de Silva's composition, for their lucidity of style and complicated conceits were as pearls in his sight, particularly when in his




reading he came upon courtships and cartels, where he often found passages like “the reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty;” or again, “the high heavens, that of your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, render you deserving of the desert your greatness deserves.” Over conceits of this sort the poor gentleman lost his wits, and used to lie awake striving to understand them and worm the meaning out of them; what Aristotle himself could not have made out or extracted had he come to life again for that special purpose.

H

He was not at all easy about the wounds which Don Belianis gave and took, because it seemed to him that, great as were the surgeons who had cured him, he must have had his face and body covered all over with seams and scars. He commended, however, the author's way of ending his book with the promise of that interminable adventure, and many a time was he tempted to take up his pen and finish it properly as is there proposed, which no doubt he would have done, and made a successful piece of work of it too, had not greater and more absorbing thoughts prevented him.



Many an argument did he have with the curate of his village (a learned man, and a graduate of Siguenza) as to which had been the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. Master Nicholas, the village barber, however, used to say that neither of them came up to the Knight of Phœbus, and that if there was any that could compare with him it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis of Gaul, because he had a spirit that was equal to every occasion, and was no finikin knight, nor lachrymose like his brother, while in the matter of valour he was not a whit behind him. In short, he became so absorbed in his books that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn to dark, poring over them; and what with little sleep and much reading his brains got so dry that he lost his wits.

His fancy grew full of what he used to read about in his books, enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of impossible nonsense; 

*“his brains got so dry that
he lost his wits”*

