

# Critical Publishing

## 04 — Pad-to-Print

Why be interested in web technologies for printing?

**Editorial Direction:**

Definition of the editorial line  
Nature of the work  
Domain  
Authors  
Guests, etc.

**Rights Management:**

Writing of publishing contracts  
Co-publishing contracts  
Distribution contracts  
Rights transfer, etc.

**Production:**

Ordering  
Calibration  
Content direction and writing  
Author relations, etc.

**Editorial Secretariat:**

Proofreading of texts  
Ortho-typographic correction, etc.

**Iconography:**

Production of image content  
Searching in image banks  
Digitization, etc.

**Coordination:**

Centralization of information  
Relations with contributors  
Organization of meetings  
Supervision of the graphic workflow  
Budget management, etc.

**Diffusion/Distribution:**

Bookstore distribution strategy,  
Stock management,  
Handling,  
Consignment sales, etc.

**Cataloging/Referencing of the work:**

Legal deposit obligation,  
ISBN application,  
Advertising, etc.

**Events:**

Participation in fairs/exhibitions  
Launch parties  
Public readings, etc.

**Reading:**

Not forgetting the readers  
Reading notes  
Sharing online or in real life  
Word of mouth  
Recommendations  
Press coverage, etc.

**Graphic workflow****Creation:**

Art direction  
Layout concept

**Prepress:**

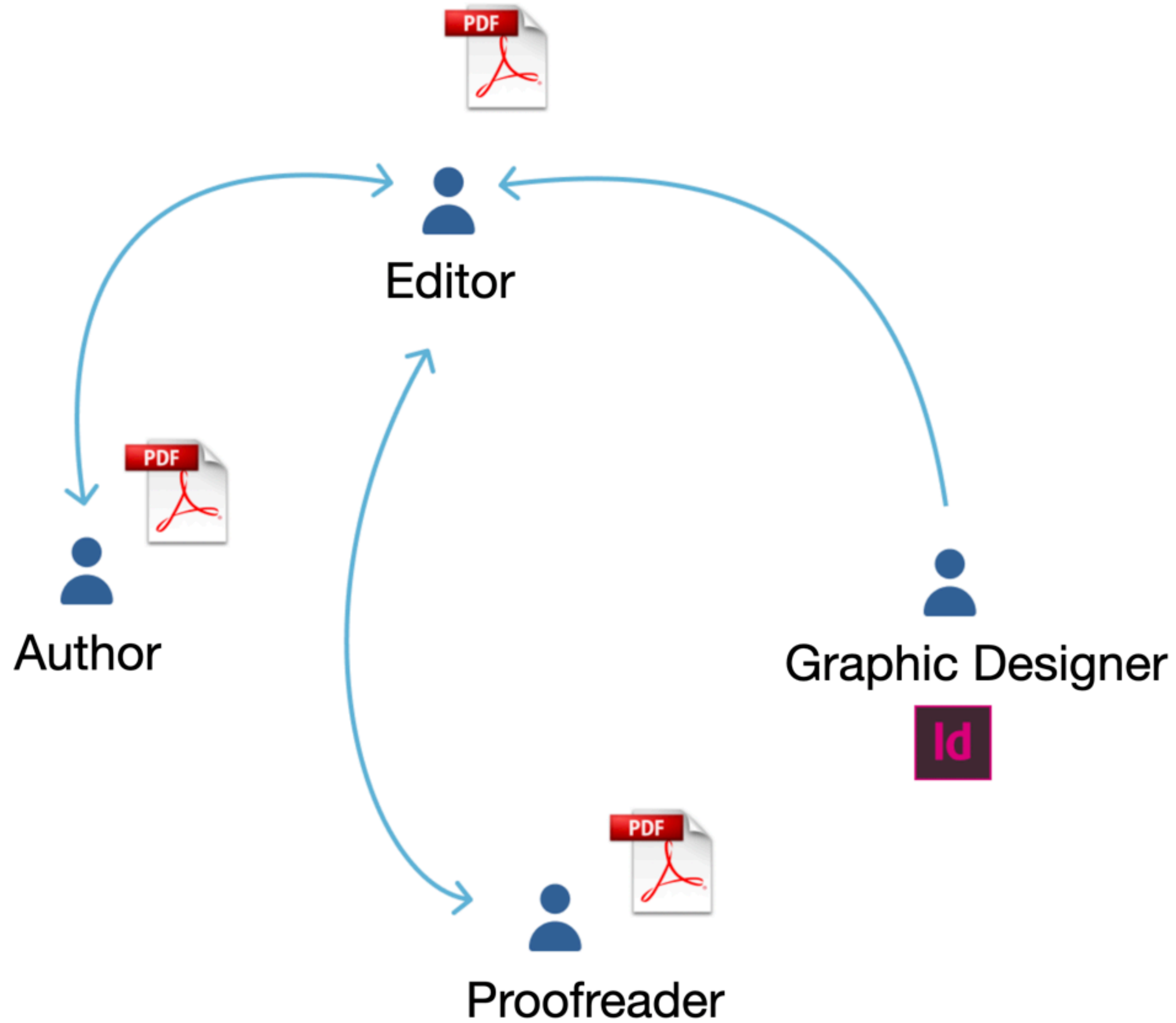
Data entry  
Image processing  
Editing  
Proofing  
Approval to print (Bon à tirer or BAT)  
Plate output

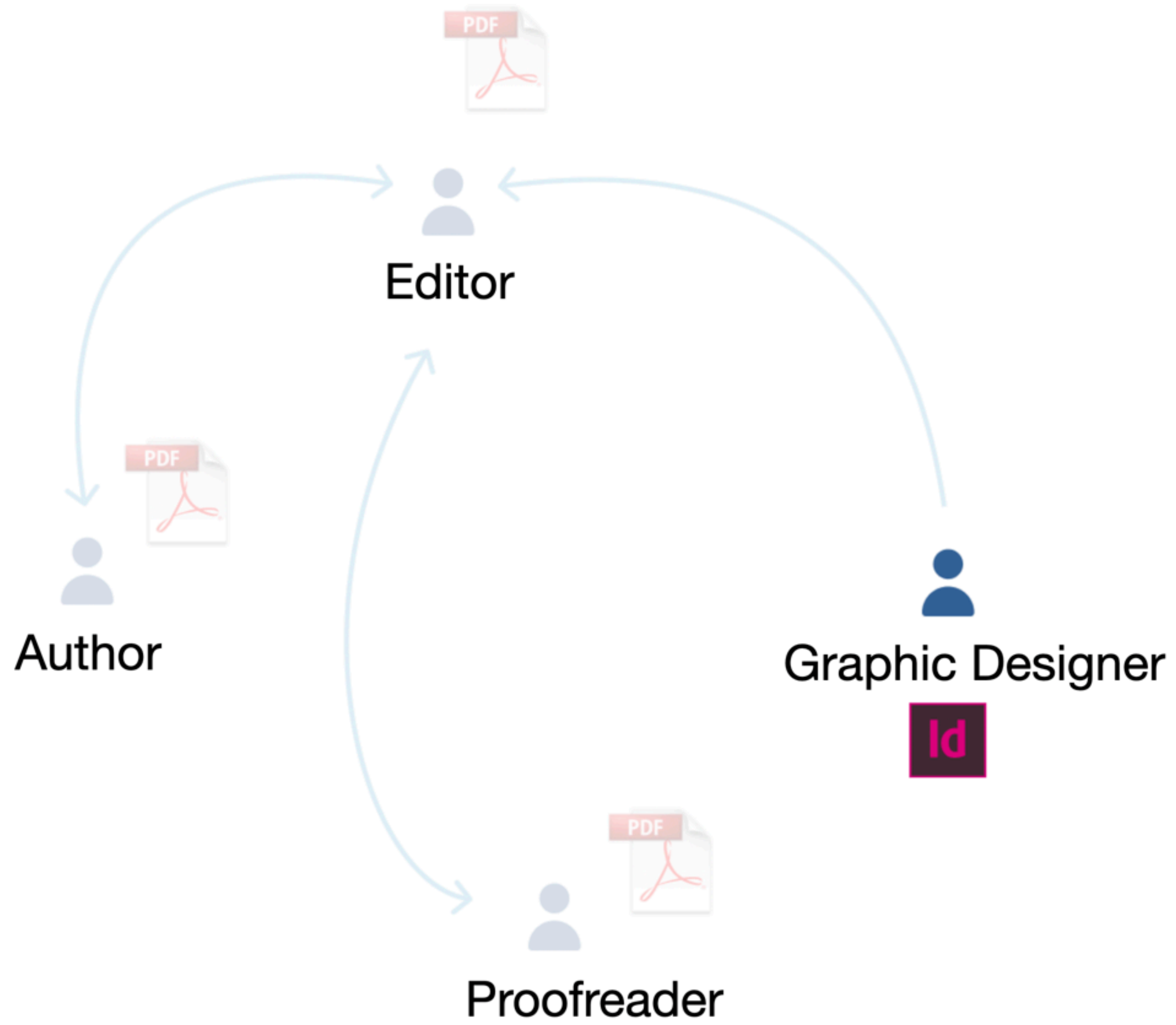
**Printing:**

Color calibration  
Printing production

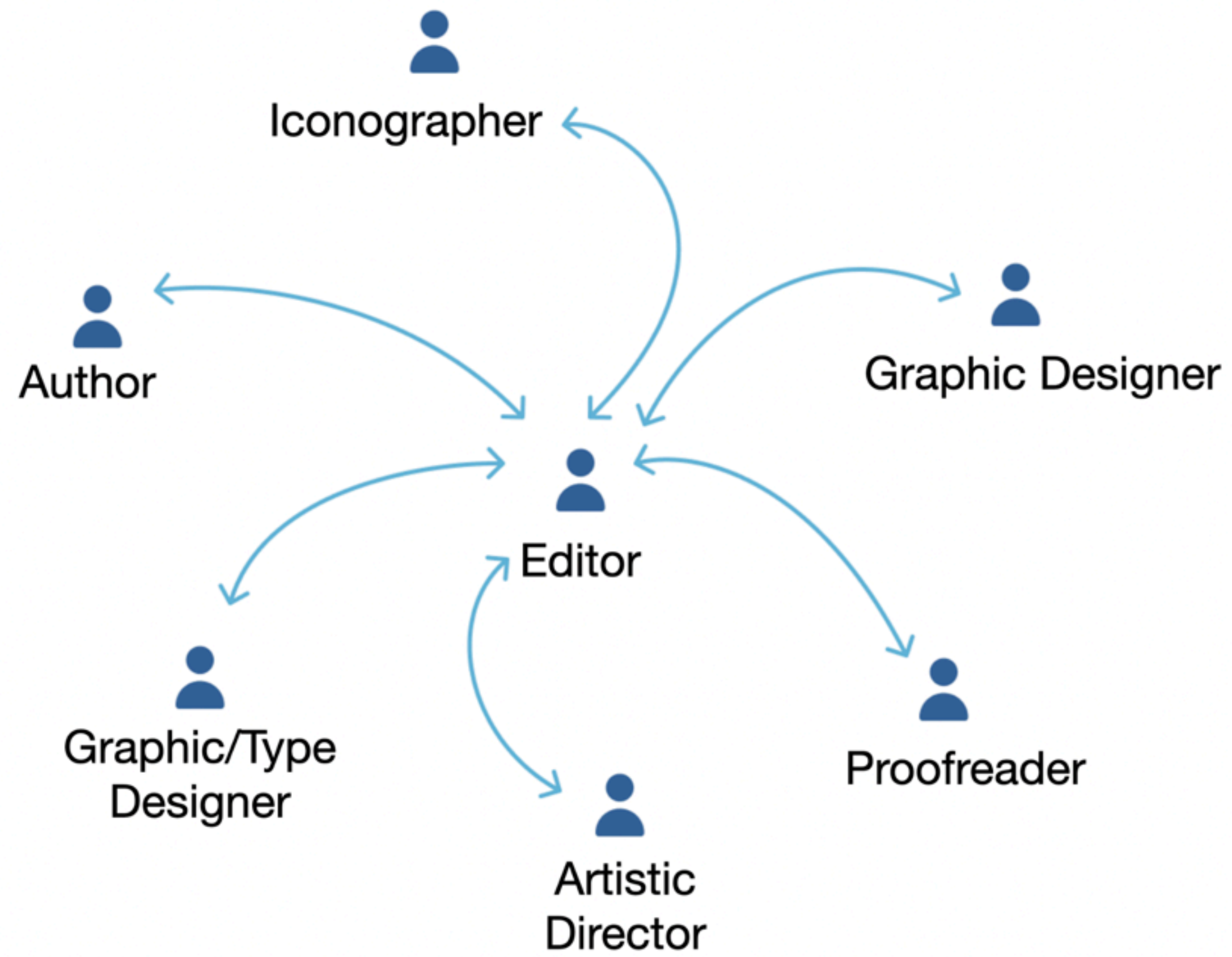
**Finishing:**

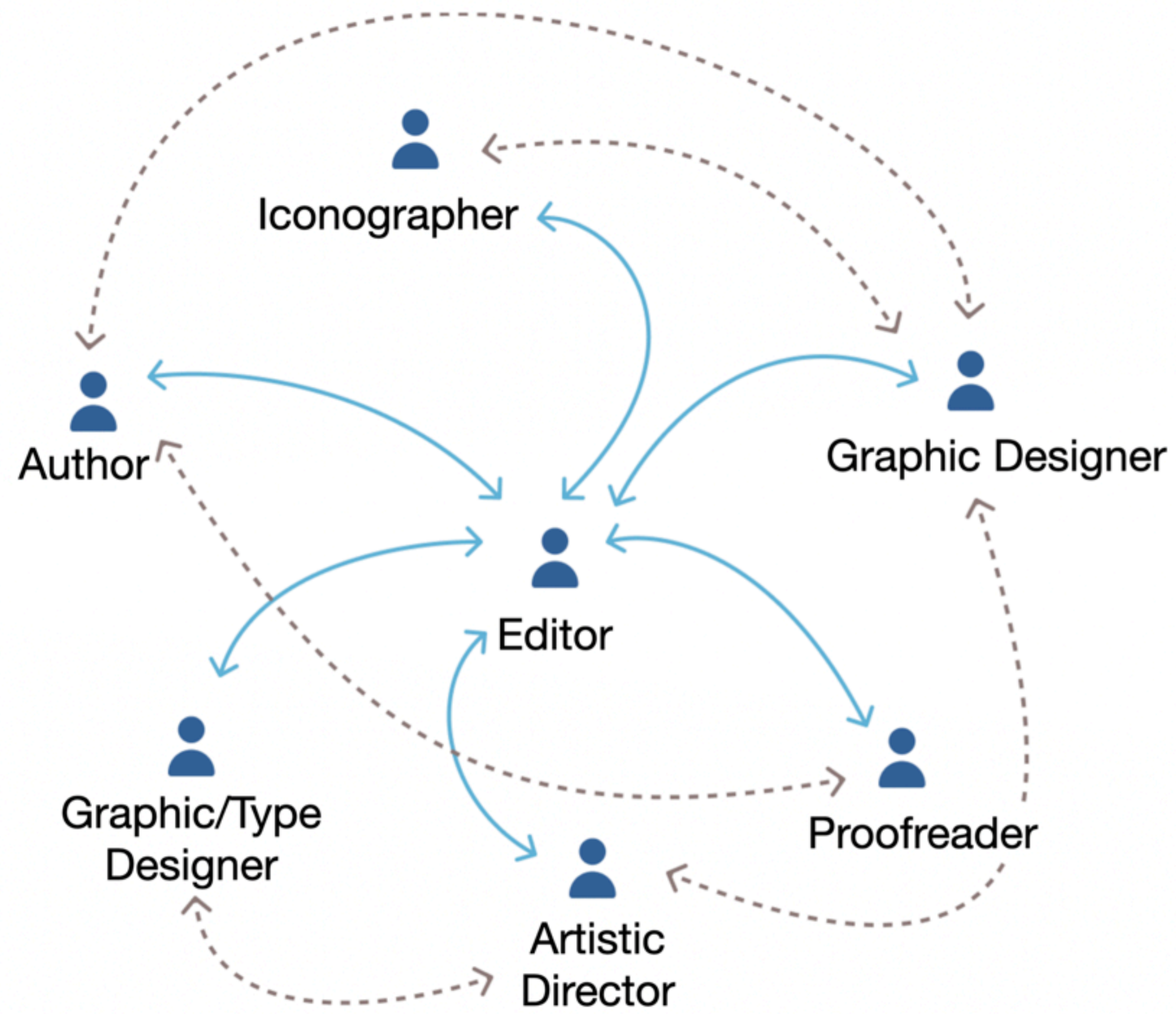
Post-print finishing (binding, trimming, etc.)



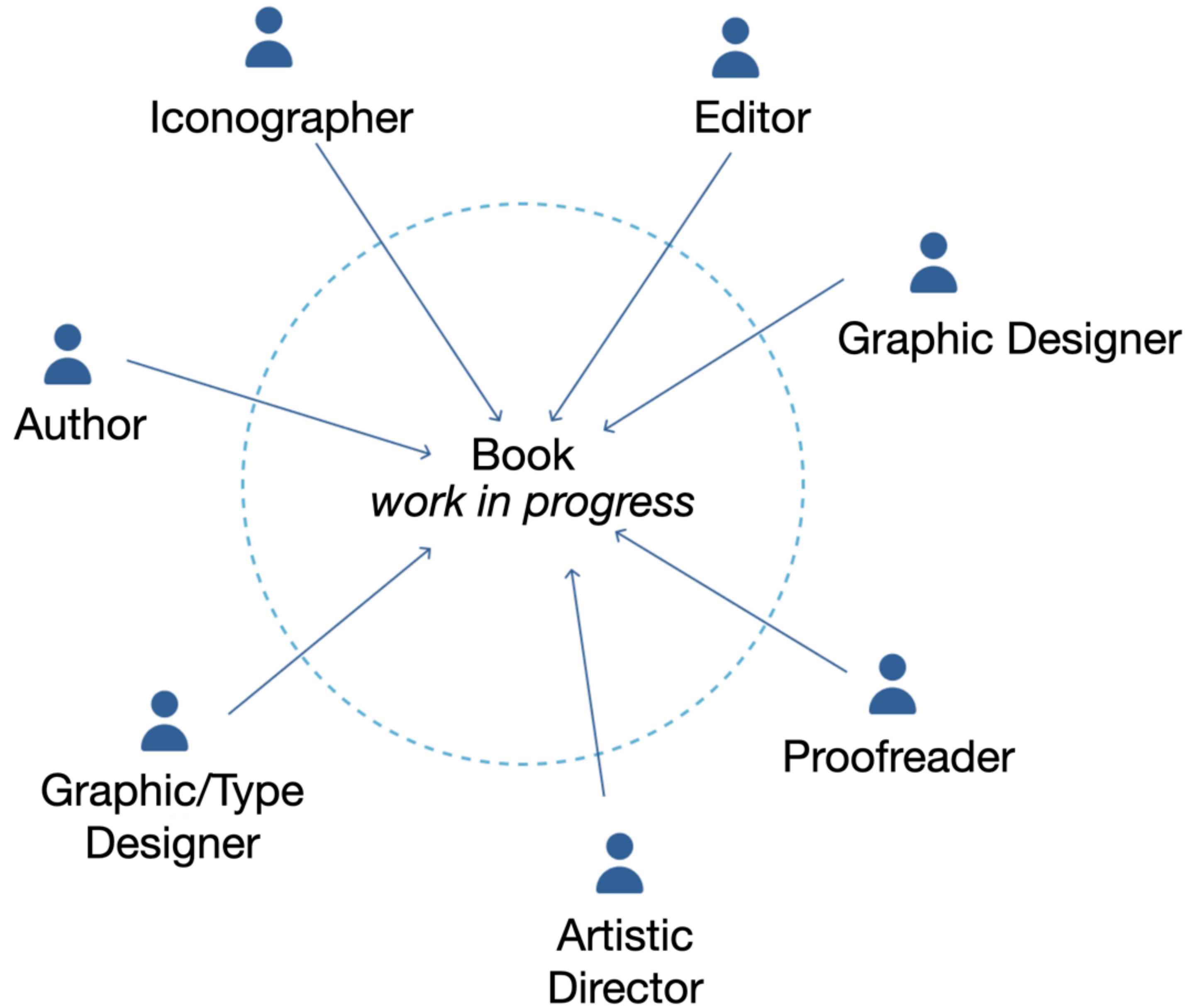


final-version-ok-really-final-ok-verified.indd











## Graphic workflow

### **Creation:**

Art direction  
Layout concept

### **Prepress:**

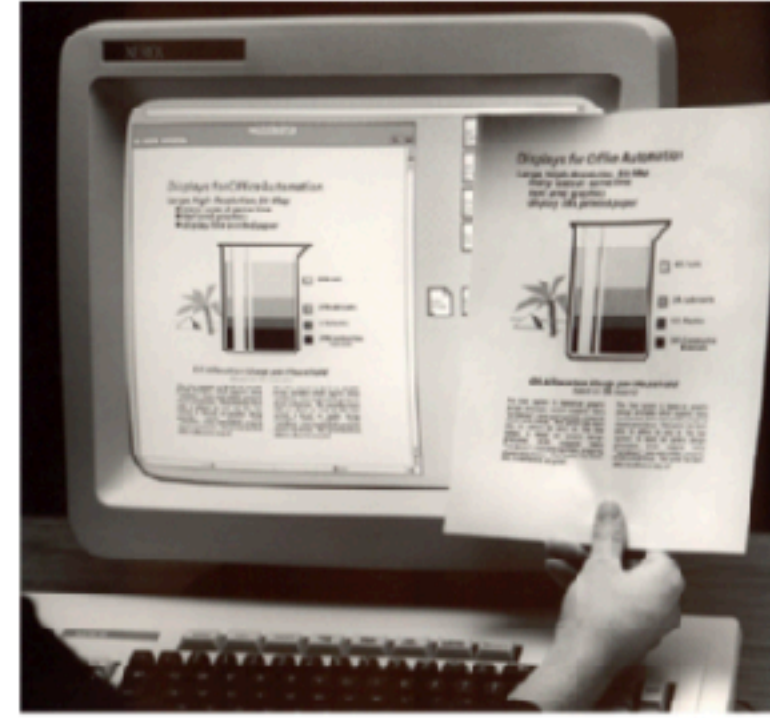
Data entry  
Image processing  
Editing  
Proofing  
Approval to print (Bon à tirer or BAT)  
Plate output

### **Printing:**

Color calibration  
Printing production

### **Finishing:**

Post-print finishing (binding, trimming, etc.)



Type metal

Mechanized  
Type metal

Phototypesetting

Desktop Publishing

?



# Graphical User Interfaces (GUI) and UX Design (1970s)

Graphical User Interfaces (GUI) and UX Design (1970s)

Computer Aided Design, Publishing software (CAD+DTP, 1980s)

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Social Media (2000s)

Graphical User Interfaces (GUI) and UX Design (1970s)

Computer Aided Design, Publishing software (CAD+DTP, 1980s)

Social Media (2000s)

Image banks and portfolios (Flickr, 2004, Behance, 2005)

Graphical User Interfaces (GUI) and UX Design (1970s)

Computer Aided Design, Publishing software (CAD+DTP, 1980s)

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Web prototyping software (2010s)

Graphical User Interfaces (GUI) and UX Design (1970s)

Computer Aided Design, Publishing software (CAD+DTP, 1980s)

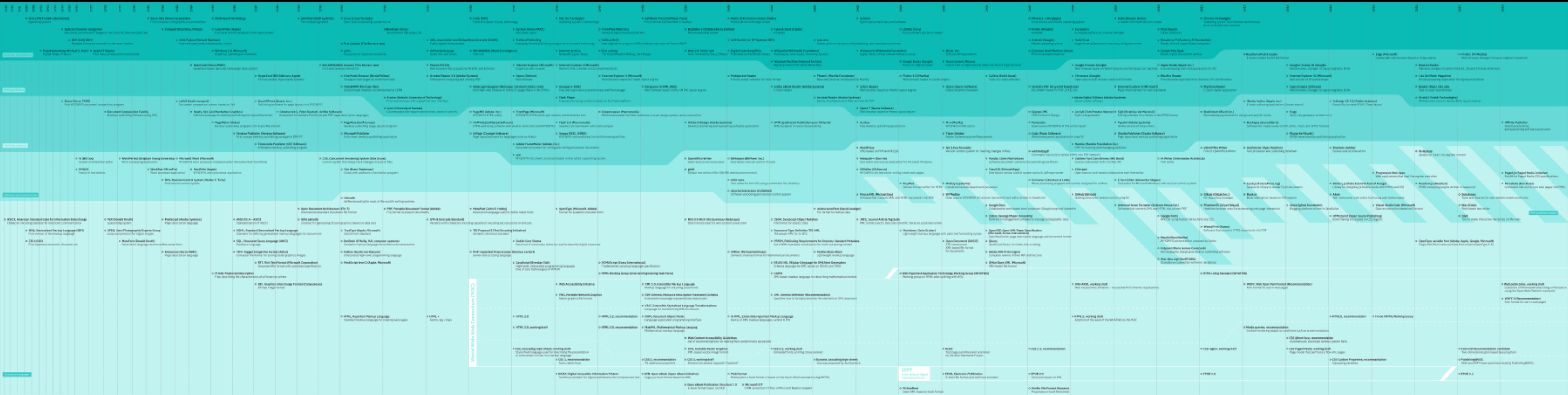
Social Media (2000s)

Image banks and portfolios (Flickr, 2004, Behance, 2005)

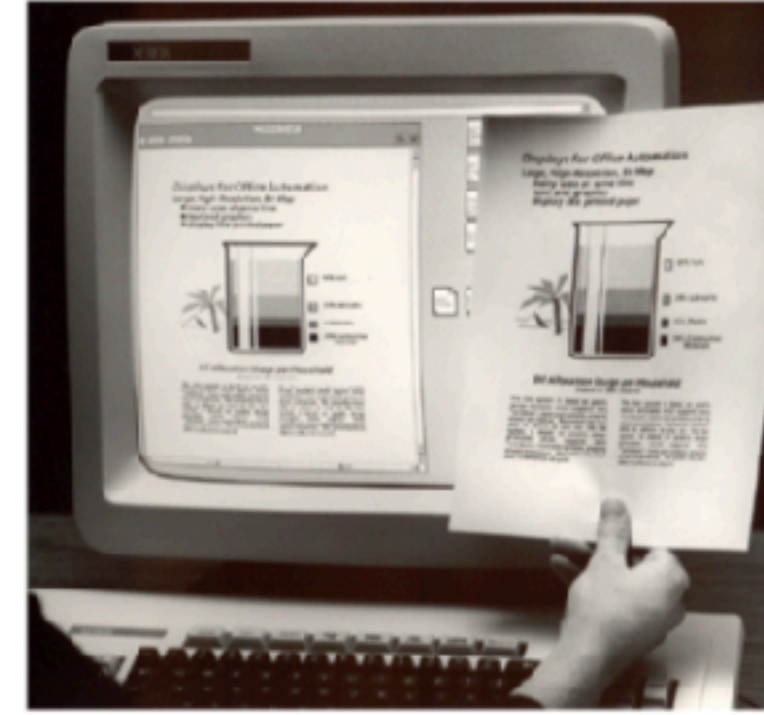
Web prototyping software (2010s)

Machine Learning (Adobe Sensei, 2016; Runway ML, 2019)

# <http://recherche.julie-blanc.fr/timeline-publishing/>



Timeline of technologies for publishing (1962-2018)



```
1 @page {
2   size: 148mm 210mm;
3   margin-top: 54mm;
4   margin-bottom: 80mm;
5   margin-left: 20mm;
6   margin-right: 20mm;
7 }
8
9 @page:right {
10  @bottom-right {
11    content: counter(page);
12    vertical-align: center;
13  }
14 }
15
16 .img-container {
17   display: grid;
18   grid-template-columns: repeat(12, 1fr);
19   grid-template-rows: repeat(10, 1fr);
20   grid-gap: 10px;
21 }
```

Type metal

Mechanized  
Type metal

Phototypesetting

Desktop Publishing

Web technologies



Desktop publishing (DTP) software does not allow for much or any collaboration. Different collaborators work with separate files and software.

# 2001

## Corrections and Clarifications Manifesto

### Anita Di Bianco



#### Biography

Anita Di Bianco (1970, New York) is a film and video maker based in New York. She did a Master of Fine Arts, Rutgers University, New Jersey. She also was an artist-in-residence at the Künstlerhaus Bethanien in Berlin from 2006 - 2007. With her work, which consists of corrections and retractions in the international press in the period between May and August 2011, Anita Di Bianco condenses information into the mistakes it contains and lends these mistakes a visibility that they often lack.

#### Abstract

Artist Anita Di Bianco has compiled daily revisions, retractions and re-words found in international newspapers from September 2001 to the present. New edition — Corrections and Clarifications, volume 13. 2011, since 2001 ongoing. Anita Di Bianco condenses information into the mistakes it contains and lends these mistakes a visibility that they often lack. It is offering a parallel if not reverse view of wh

# 2001

#Corrections and Clarifications  
Manifesto  
#Anita Di Bianco  
<br></br>



#### ###Biography

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#### ###Abstract

CLAVARDAGE



Mona a'la Mace ballpoint "PENting" by LENNIE MACE (1993)

A PAINT BY NUMBERS version of Mona Lisa accompanied artist SUZANNE LACY during her 1977 TRAVELOGUETravels with Mona, documenting the painting process at LANDMARK locations throughout EUROPE and CENTRAL AMERICA.<sup>[21]</sup> From the 1980s through the end of the 20th Century, Mona Lisa continued to be the subject of re-interpretation among a new generation of emerging artists. STREET ARTISTS such as JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT and KEITH HARING, who came into prominence in the 1980s, created "Federal Reserve Note" and "Apocalypse 7", respectively, juxtaposing Mona Lisa within compositions suiting their styles. BALLPOINT ART pioneer LENNIE MACE created his "Mona a'la Mace" replica in 1993, a ballpoint "PENting" commissioned by PILOT pen company and featured on CBS NEWS.<sup>[26]</sup> <sup>[27]</sup> Artist SOPHIE MATISSE, great-granddaughter of artist HENRI MATISSE, in her 1997 "Monna Lisa (Be Back in Five Minutes)" faithfully replicated the setting of the original painting, but omitted Mona Lisa from the scene; a concept she would repeat using other iconic artworks.<sup>[28]</sup>

## 21ST CENTURY

British street artist BANKSY in the first decade of the 21st century STENCILED a "Mona Lisa" MUJAHEDDIN holding a rocket launcher, and another MOONING the viewer.

## CONTEMPORARY COMMERCIALIZATION

Mona Lisa's iconic face has been available for years in all forms, reproduced on everything from birthday cards to refrigerator magnets,<sup>[29]</sup> appearing in advertisements for fashion and travel industries, and on the cover of magazines.<sup>[2]</sup> Leonardo da Vinci's own status as GENIUS has been suggested as a factor contributing to the mystique of his creation.<sup>[30]</sup> The eyes of Leonardo's original Mona Lisa appear within cover-graphics for DAN BROWN's fictional novel THE DA VINCI CODE.<sup>[2]</sup> The Mona Lisa portrait also appeared in the TEASER TRAILER for the 2006 FILM of the same name, although a replica was used for filming, appears only briefly in the film, and plays a very small part in the story. Along with VERMEER's GIRL WITH A PEARL EARRING, Mona Lisa is among the most replicated works of art.<sup>[CITATION NEEDED]</sup> The sheer number and variety of replicas and reproductions since its creation in the early 16th century illustrates a so-called SELF-REINFORCING DYNAMIC; utilized in advertising because of its familiarity, thereby re-enforcing its fame.<sup>[2]</sup>

Painting KNOCK-OFFS of Mona Lisa and other Western masterpieces has become a COTTAGE INDUSTRY of sorts. Struggling artists in CHINA paint them by the hundreds to supply the demand of American and European markets, and Mona Lisa is among the most popular requests. Working in cramped studios, or at home with children running around, these artists can earn a few hundred dollars (US) for a weeks worth of work on paintings which are then sold retail through mail-order catalogues.<sup>[1]</sup> Reproducing the works of OLD MASTERS by hand not only provides a way to earn a living but also a way of furthering their art education by perfecting painting techniques.<sup>[1]</sup>

Among the most common motifs for satirization, Mona Lisa's face is embellished upon; adding a red Santa cap for Christmas,<sup>[31]</sup> or, as Duchamp had done, simply adding a mustache. Replacing Mona Lisa's face or head altogether is another common motif; substituting the head of an animated character such as BETTY BOOP, for example.<sup>[29]</sup> British artist CAROLINE SHOTTON in 2007 produced a series of

In a film called ELE, Buddy uses an EICH-A-SKETCH to draw the Mona Lisa in process to build Santa Land by the North Pole in GIMBELS. In HORTON HEARS A WHO, the Mayor Ned McDodd shows his only son Jojo a family gallery where in one part his great grandmother is parodied as the Mona Lisa. And in MY LITTLE PONY: EQUESTRIA GIRLS - FRIENDSHIP GAMES, there is a cake that Pinkie Pie and Fluttershy have baked with a picture of the Mona Lisa inside.

## UNCONVENTIONAL INTERPRETATIONS

Mona Lisa replicas are sometimes directly or indirectly embellished as commentary of contemporary events. Exhibitions or events with ties to Leonardo da Vinci or Renaissance art also provide an opportunity for local artists to exploit Mona Lisa's image toward promoting the events.<sup>[38]</sup> The resulting artworks represent a broad spectrum of artists using CREATIVE LICENSE.

In 2009, a replica of Mona Lisa was pieced-together using precious gemstones by a jewelry collector in China. Using approximately 100,000 carats of multi-colored jewels amassed over 30 years, the replica required five years to complete. The resulting artwork was publicly displayed at a SHENYANG CITY shopping center.<sup>[33]</sup> In a similar vein, artist Kristen Cumings in 2010 created her own "Jelly Bean Mona" replica using over 10,000 jelly beans. The one initial creation led to a full series of eight masterpiece replicas commissioned by a California jelly bean company as a PUBLICITY STUNT and addition to the company's collection. OHIO's CENTER OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY (COSI) in COLUMBUS thought the series noteworthy enough to be featured in an exhibition, held at the end of 2012.<sup>[34]</sup>

A replica of Mona Lisa publicized as the "world's smallest" was painted by Andrew Nichols of NEW HAMPSHIRE (USA) in 2011, intending "to break the record." Recreated at a 70:1 ratio, the miniature Mona Lisa measures approximately 1/4 by 7/16 inches (7 by 11 mm). Although his rendition drew media attention, it was never officially reported whether he had, in fact, broken any existing record.<sup>[CITATION NEEDED]</sup> In 2013, a far smaller version of the painting, entitled the MINI LISA, was created by a GEORGIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY student named Keith Carroll. The replica was created to demonstrate a new scientific technique called THERMOCHEMICAL NANOLITHOGRAPHY (TCNL). The Mini Lisa was just 30 micrometres (0.0012 in) wide, about 1/25,000th the size of the original.<sup>[35]</sup>

High school students attracted media attention in 2011 by recreating Mona Lisa on DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA (USA), using seaweed which had accumulated on shore. Claiming to have "too much time on their hands," it took two people approximately one hour to "turn the ugly seaweed into a work of art." Aside from photos appearing in the press, presumably their efforts were washed away with the tide.<sup>[36]</sup>

In 2012 the Portuguese designer Luis Silva created a poster for a campaign against violence on women representing Mona Lisa with a sore eye and a sombre expression, with the slogan "Could you live without her smile?".<sup>[37]</sup>

### ///// Mosaics

The computer age introduced digitally-produced or -inspired incarnations of Mona Lisa. Aside from versions constructed of actual computer MOTHERBOARDS,<sup>[38]</sup> MOSAIC-making techniques are another common motif used in such re-creations.<sup>[34]</sup>

A PHOTO MOSAIC of Mona Lisa was digitally produced in 2012 from randomly compiled photos using adaptive rendering software,<sup>[39]</sup> to promote the potential of Simultaneous Multi-compare Adaptive Rendering Technology (SMART), which automatically analyzes and matches the shapes and colors of source-photos to a desired image.<sup>[40]</sup>

Mimicking the heavy PIXELATION of a highly magnified computer file, CANADIAN artist Robert McKinnon assembled 315 RUBIK'S CUBES into a 36 by 48 inch Mona Lisa mosaic, an effect dubbed "Rubik's Cubism" by FRENCH artist INVADER.<sup>[41]</sup> Similarly,

```
B I U S [list icons] Titres [dropdown] [icons]
1
2 <div class="thumb tright">
3 <div class="thumbinner">
4 <a class="image"
href="/wiki/File:Mona_a%27la_Mace_in_ballpoint_pen_by_Lennie_Mace_1993_(shown_crope
d).jpg"></a>
5
6 <div class="thumbcaption">
7 <em>Mona a'la Mace</em> ballpoint "PENting" by <a
href="/wiki/Lennie_Mace" title="Lennie Mace">Lennie Mace</a> (1993)
8 </div>
9 </div>
10 </div>
11
12 Chat 0
B I U S [list icons] Titres [dropdown] [icons]
1 /* Write some css here */
2 body{
3 color:red;
4 font-family:monospace;
5 padding: 1cm 0;
6 border-left: 10px solid blue;
7 }
8 h2{
9 font-family:sans-serif;
10 font-size:2em;
11 text-transform: uppercase;
12 border-bottom: 4px dashed red;
13 padding: 0.5cm;
14 }
15
16 h3{
17 font-size:1.5em;
18 font-family:sans-serif;
19 text-transform: uppercase;
20 border: 2px solid blue;
21 display: inline-block;
22 padding: 0.5cm;
23 }
24
25 h4{
```

is:issue is:open Labels 11 Milestones 0 New issue

Table of 11 open issues with columns for title, author, label, projects, milestones, assignee, sort, and comment count. Issues include 'Version 0.5.0-beta-0 LandScape Orientations was removed', 'Blank pages before the table of contents', 'Preserve columns width when table is split', etc.

The dominance of Adobe InDesign is leading to the standardization of practices, as everyone uses the same software.

Designers don't have control over their working tools due to the commercial conditions of proprietary licenses, and therefore, they cannot contribute to their development.



**Gabriela Yanez**  
@faintenkiu



About [@Adobe](#)

I didn't find any solution. My account will be suspended. I will lose everything of my Behance account and other services.

We need to start again. For all the Venezuelans citizens, refugees and immigrants...This is just unfair.

[#Adobe](#) [#Venezuelans](#) [#Venezuela](#)

The screenshot shows a chat interface with Adobe support. On the left, a user asks: "Account information can not be merged to a different account." and "You can download the information to your computer and then import the data to the subscription under a different account." The user also says: "I've collections, my portfolio is published, I have followers, I follow other creatives too, my appreciations, likes. I will lose all that? I don't have any other option?". On the right, a support agent named Abhishek Sharma responds: "This information was sent today." and "Gabriela, The U.S. Government issued Executive Order 13884, the practical effect of which is to prohibit almost all transactions and services". A link is provided: <https://help.behance.net/hc/en-us>. The chat also shows a "not be changed." message and a "2:40 PM" timestamp.

9:52 PM · Oct 7, 2019



547 466 people are Tweeting about this

DTP software restricts the use of creative coding, which is increasingly prevalent in the field of graphic design.

# Open Source Publishing (OSP), Belgium



You're looking at the inside of our cupboards. In the OSP kitchen, source files = ingredients. These arrangements of blocks of text and images depict recent projects, their narratives, some selected visuals and how these all came to be. We welcome you to study these, improve them, to redistribute copies of them and release your improvements. Nous sommes embarqués. [Read more about the way we work](#) →

## Latest posts on the blog

['Artists and cultural workers in Belgium: Statement of Solidarity with Palestine'](#)

OSP responds to the [Call for action for artistic and cultural organisations and institutions](#)

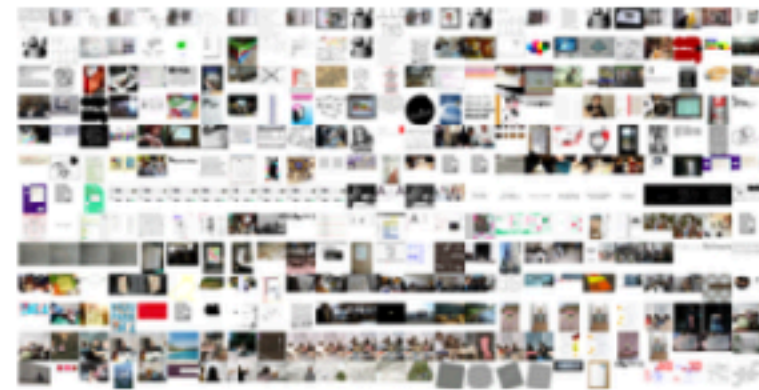
As cultural workers committed to opposing all forms of racism and colonial violence, we strongly and unambiguously support the Palestinian population in their struggle for freedom.

STOP THE GENOCIDE



TOOLS ↓

## OSP-BLOG.WWW



MB BABBLED OUT  
 — [changing the slug of medor blog post](#)

FRIDAY, 10TH NOVEMBER 2023 - 13:34

MB BROUGHT OUT  
 — [proof read of medor blog post](#)

FRIDAY, 10TH NOVEMBER 2023 - 13:33

SEE MORE

WORKSHOP ↓

## KARLSRUHE



DORIAN TALKED  
 — [iceberg thumbnail](#)

FRIDAY, 23RD JUNE 2023 - 20:54

DORIAN LET LOOSE  
 — [iceberg, cheatsheet and tutorial](#)

FRIDAY, 23RD JUNE 2023 - 20:48

FOUNDRY ↓

## PHILIBERT

PIERREH DISCOVERED  
 — [Add README.md](#)

FRIDAY, 27TH OCTOBER 2023 - 11:23

STÉPHANIE VILAY  
 SEE MORE

WORK ↓

## A-SEAT-FOR-THE-SEA



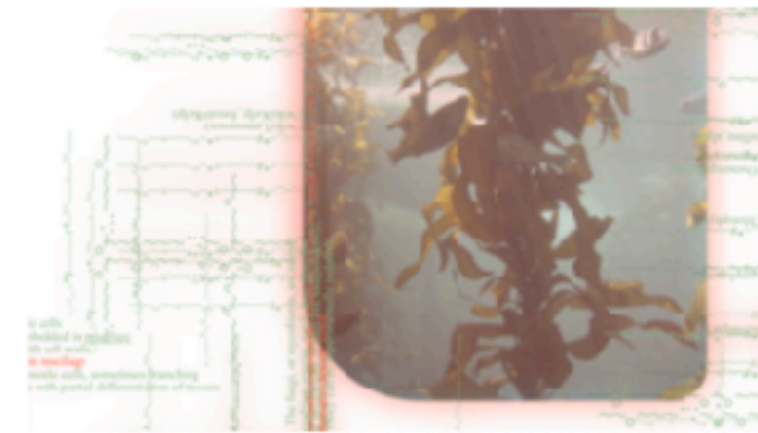
EINAR RENDERED  
 — [Added some screenshot to the iceberg](#)

FRIDAY, 23RD JUNE 2023 - 17:32

EINAR SPOKE  
 — [More some random things](#)

WORKSHOP ↓

## MAINZ



DORIAN BROUGHT OUT  
 — [adding an iceberg :\)](#)

FRIDAY, 30TH JUNE 2023 - 17:39

SEE MORE

WORK ↓

## MAJU.WWW



EINAR PUBLISHED  
 — [English screenshots in the iceberg](#)

FRIDAY, 23RD JUNE 2023 - 17:27

EINAR ARGUED  
 — [Some fixes to the stroke and colors](#)

WORK ↓

## THE-OCEANOGRAPHIES-INSTITUTE



SARAH ADMITTED  
 — [Upload New File](#)

FRIDAY, 30TH JUNE 2023 - 17:10

SARAH LET ON  
 — [Upload New File](#)

FRIDAY, 30TH JUNE 2023 - 17:09

SARAH DECLARED  
 — [Upload New File](#)

FRIDAY, 30TH JUNE 2023 - 17:09  
 SEE MORE

WORK ↓

## BALSAMINE.2021



DORIAN WHISTLED  
 — [does the iceberg thumbnail the homepage](#)

FRIDAY, 23RD JUNE 2023 - 17:09  
 SEE MORE

# Constant, Belgium



## About



Constant is a non-profit organisation based in Brussels since 1997 and active in the fields of art, media and technology.

Constant develops, investigates, supports and experiments.

Constant learns from/ engages with/ practices from within feminisms. Constant is inspired by the principles of copyleft, Free/Libre + Open Source Software while formulating its own critic towards it. Constant loves collective, digital, artistic and thoughtful practices. Constant organises transdisciplinary, open-ended worksessions. Constant creates installations, publications and exchanges. Constant collaborates with artists, activists, programmers, academics, designers and more, sometimes briefly and other times for many years. Constant is inhabited and activated by various people contaminating it with their practices, sensibilities and experiences, each in their own way.

Constant works with feminist servers, situated publishing, active archives, extitutional networks, (re)learning situations, hackable devices, performative protocols, solidary infrastructures and other spongy practices to stake out paths towards speculative, libre, intersectional technologies.

Unless otherwise noted, all content published on Constant site is available under [CC4r licence](#).

- To find out about **Constant's mission and programme**, you can read [More about Constant](#).
- You can discover here Constant's [funding institutions](#).
- For **general inquiries** don't hesitate to send a mail at [info@constantvzw.org](mailto:info@constantvzw.org).
- To be informed about **open calls, public events and current research projects**, you are welcome to subscribe to the monthly [newsletter](#).

**More about Constant**  
Mission and history of the association

**Contacts**  
How to reach and contact Constant

**Accessibility**  
Information on Constant's accessibility

**Subscribe to the newsletter**  
Receive monthly updates of Constant activities by e-mail

**Team**  
Current and previous team members

**Members**  
Constant board and members

**Network**  
Constant is member of...

**Documents**  
Statutes and catalogues of activities by Constant

**Internships**  
Constant is looking for interns (m/x/f) all year round

**Job offers**

## Documentation

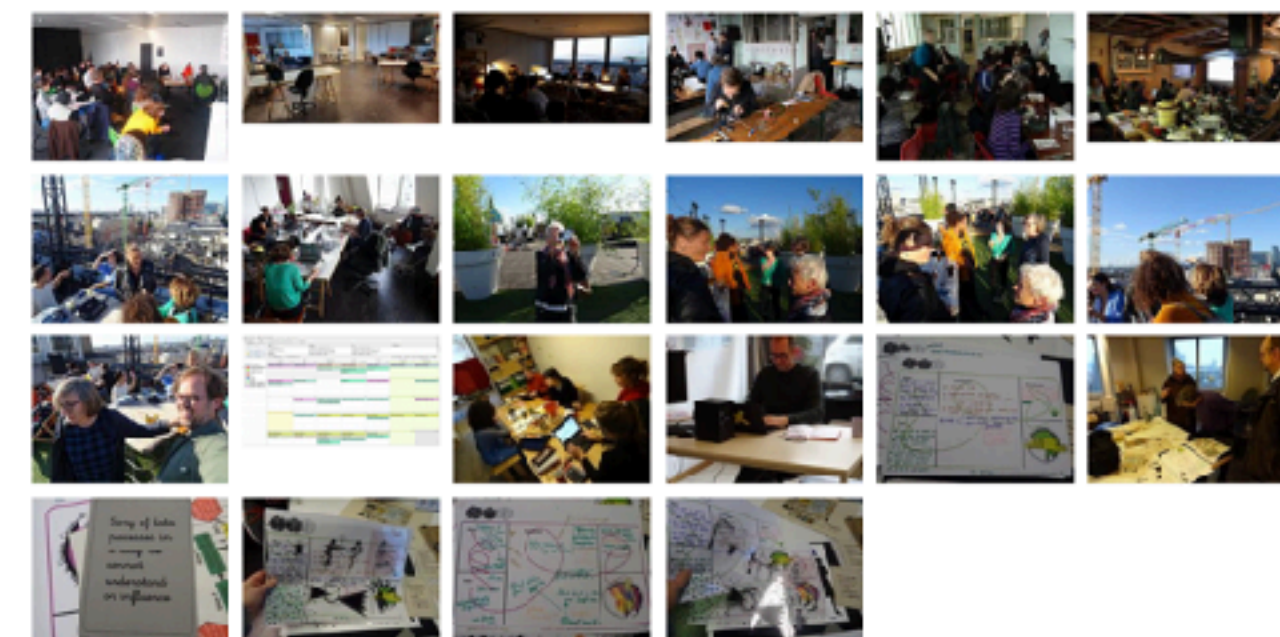


≡ **Warps and wefts ?**

- ≡ Constant Collaboration Guidelines
- ≡ Constant Collaboration Guidelines
- ≡ Constant Collaboration Guidelines v1
- ≡ Constant Collaboration Guidelines v2
- ≡ No Final cut
- ≡ Positions on Free Culture
- ≡ Reading Constant

**Related media**

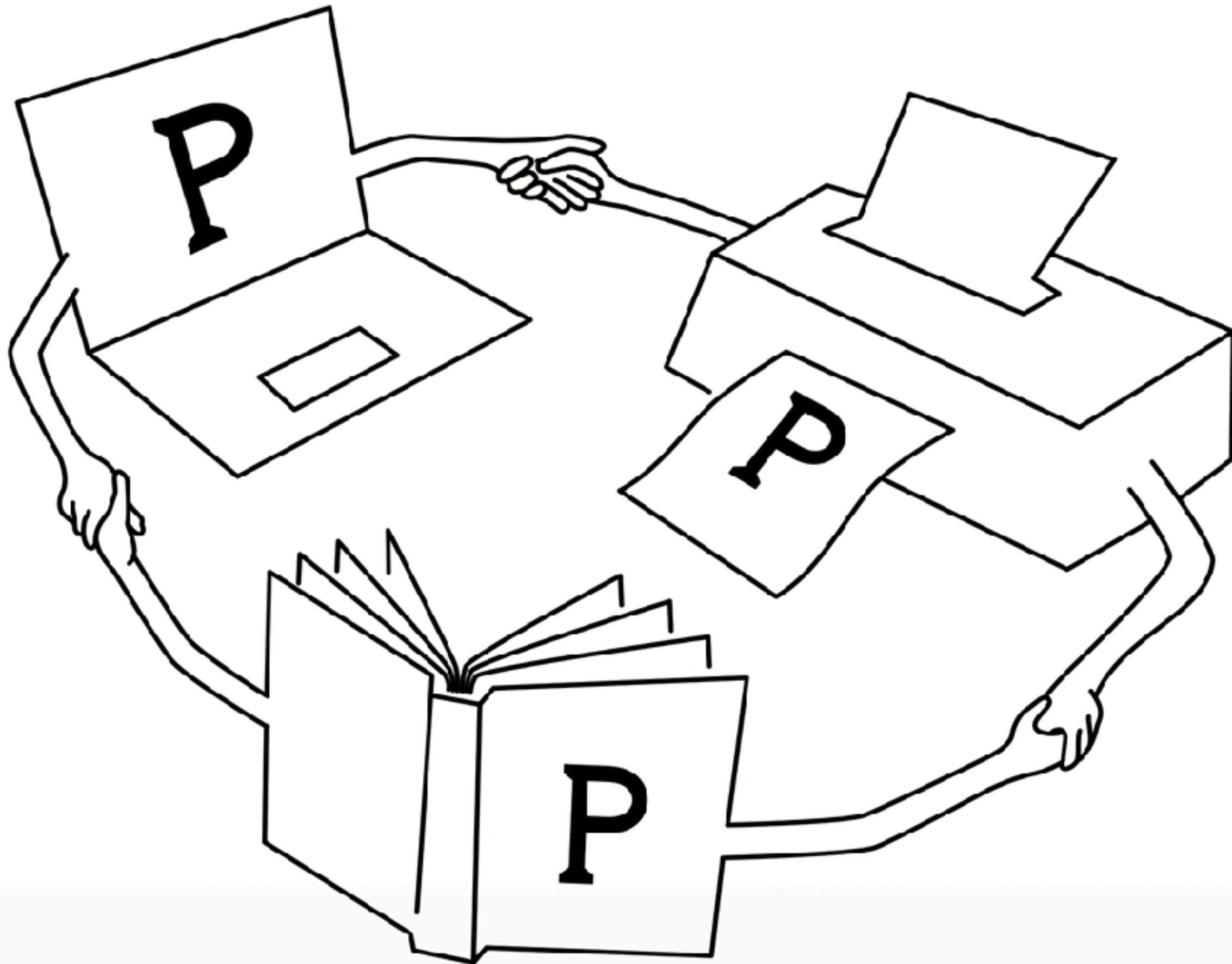
image [67](#)  
2016 [17](#) 2021 [2](#)



← 1/3 →

# PrePostPrint, France





# PrePostPrint highlights experimental publications made with free software.

## RESOURCES

Collaborative list of tools, event, code snippets and articles.

## ABOUT

What, why, who, how ? Learn more about PrePostPrint.

# Varia, Netherlands



**varia** (Gouwstraat 3, Rotterdam) is een ruimte voor het ontwikkelen van collectieve benaderingen rondom alledaagse technologie. **varia** leden onderhouden en faciliteren een **collectieve infrastructuur** om vragen, **meningen**, aanpassingen, hulp en actie te genereren. We gebruiken vrije software, organiseren evenementen en werken samen in verschillende constellaties. **varia** leert gaandeweg, maakt **notities**, is **meertalig**, heeft **inloopuren** en kan gecontacteerd worden via [info\[@\]varia.zone](mailto:info@varia.zone).

### Extratonaal Infrastructuur #10: Extratonaal Extravaganza - Viering van 1 jaar Extratonaaliteit

14 December 2023



Extratonaaliteit kent vele mijlpalen. Om ons eerste jaar aan extratonaaliteit bij Varia te vieren, organiseren we op 14 december een feestelijke revue. Tijdens dit evenement blikken we terug op de vele hoogtenpunten van ons programma dit jaar en zullen we onze plannen voor 2024 uiteenzetten. Er zal een extratonaal taart aanwezig zijn en er worden korte optredens verzorgd door verschillende leden uit de extratonaal gemeenschap. → [lees meer](#)

↓ [event gerelateerd aan concert music extratonaal infrastructuur extravaganza](#)

### Doing the Dishes and then Revolution

09 December 2023



Doing the Dishes and then Revolution is een evenement in twee delen over hoe kun je dingen het beste collectief aanpakken. → [lees meer](#)

↓ [event gerelateerd aan event collectives talk](#)

### LIBRARIAN SWARM (Fuzzy Mirror Solidarity Network for Palestine)

10 December 2023

**LIBRARIAN SWARM**  
\*\*\*\*\*  
**10 December 2023, 13-17 hrs**  
\*\*\*\*\*  
**IRL/Online REGISTRATION REQUIRED**  
\*\*\*\*\*  
**f u z z y m i r r o r**  
**solidarity network for**  
**P A L E S T I N E**

Cproep aan alle amateur-, professionele en aspirant-bibliothecarissen (of iedereen die wil helpen)! Librarian Swarm is een collectieve inspanning om een bibliografie-spreadsheet op Palestina te veranderen in een gratis digitale bibliotheek voor openbare zelfeducatie. Deze digitale oogst zal worden gehost met open source software op verschillende schaduwbibliotheken. → [lees meer](#)

↓ [ovont gorolatoord aan event](#)

### Biotoop Charlois: Winterwandeling

03 December 2023



Leer het Biotoop Charlois kennen, van de ratten in de maas tot de vleermuizen in jouw spouwmuren. Samen gaan we op onderzoek naar hoe de natuur handig gebruik maakt van Rotterdams stedenbouw en technologische infrastructuur om van de stad hun thuis te maken. Ecoloog André de Baerdemaeker wandelt met ons door Charlois en omgeving, van de braakliggende Wielewaal tot de insteekhavens van de Waalhaven, om te zien wat hier zoal (over)leeft tussen het asfalt en beton. → [lees meer](#)

↓ [event gerelateerd aan walk ecology biotoop biotope charlois baerdemaeker](#)

### Extratonaal Infrastructuur #9: Rebetiko Against The Machine, athinx, Illusory Essay of Noise, Riviera Taylor, The Salty Sebastians en dj broodje

18 November 2023



'Extravagant', 'extragalactisch', 'extralogisch' of 'extratonaal'; door het toevoegen van het voorvoegeel 'extra' geven we iets 'niet-alledaags' aan. Bereid je voor op weer een uitzonderlijke avond in Rotterdam Charlois met optredens die ons gewone verstand te boven gaan! → [lees meer](#)

↓ [event gerelateerd aan concert music extratonaal infrastructuur Rebetiko athinx Illusory Riviera Salty broodje](#)



# Collaborative Knowledge Foundation







**Paged**  
Media

# About Paged.js?

Paged.js is a free and open source JavaScript library that paginates content in the browser to create PDF output from any HTML content. This means you can design works for print (eg. books) using HTML and CSS!

Paged.js follows the Paged Media standards published by the W3C (ie the Paged Media Module, and the Generated Content for Paged Media Module). In effect Paged.js acts as a *polyfill* for the CSS modules to print content using features that are not yet natively supported by browsers.

- Discussions and help: [Mattermost](#), [Discourse](#)
- Development: [Gitlab](#)

## Paged.js

After years of trying a lot of solutions to make books out of HTML, and frustrated by the issues we found with each one of them, we ended up by building one of our own, following some mandatory principles.

1. We'll follow the standards of the W3C. Standards are in the DNA of what we're doing. If we want to add some feature, we'll write down the specifications and discuss with all the members of the W3C to

## Making the Web work

The World Wide Web Consortium (W3C) develops [standards and guidelines](#) to help everyone build a web based on the principles of [accessibility](#), [internationalization](#), [privacy](#) and [security](#).

[Read more about W3C](#)



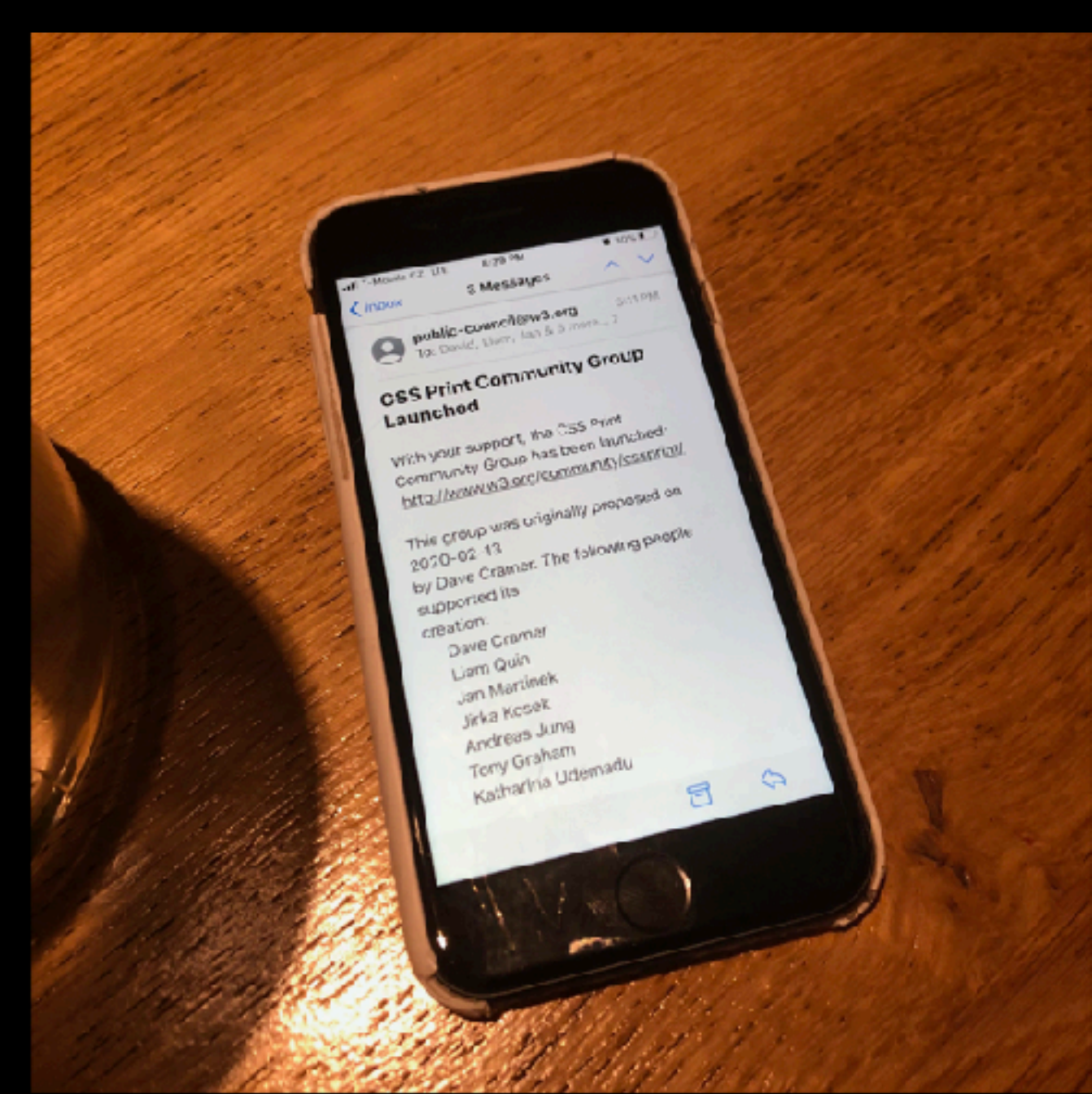
## Working with stakeholders of the Web

A range of organizations join the World Wide Web Consortium as Members to work with us to drive the direction of core web technologies and exchange ideas with industry and research leaders. We rotate randomly a few of our Member organizations' logos underneath.

The Web Consortium and its members, with help from the public and the web community, focus on a range of business ecosystems that the Web transforms, including [E-commerce](#), [Media & Entertainment](#), [Publishing](#) and several other areas.



[Discover how W3C supports these organizations](#)



 **paged.js**

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@page {
  size: 148mm 210mm;
  margin-top: 20mm;
  margin-bottom: 60mm;
}

@page:left {
  margin-left: 36mm;
  margin-right: 12mm;

  @bottom-left {
    content: counter(page);
    vertical-align: center;
  }

  @bottom-center {
    content: string(title);
    vertical-align: center;
  }
}

h1#title {
  string-set: title content(text);
}
```

## CSS before paged.js

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@page {
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  margin-top: 10mm;
  margin-right: 20mm;
  margin-bottom: 25mm;
  margin-left: 15mm;

  @bottom-left {
    content: counter(page);
  }

  @bottom-center {
    content: string(title);
    text-transform: uppercase;
  }
}

h1#title {
  <!-- "Moby Dick" -->
  string-set: title content(text);
}
```

## CSS after paged.js

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.pagedjs_page {
  --pagedjs-string-title: "Moby Dick";
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  margin-right: 20mm;
  margin-bottom: 25mm;
  margin-left: 15mm;
}

.pagedjs_page .pagedjs_margin-bottom-left::after {
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}

.pagedjs_page .pagedjs_margin-bottom-center::after {
  content: var(--pagedjs-string-title);
  text-transform: uppercase;
}
```

div

CHAPTER 1.

## Loomings.

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

div

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Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see?—Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all landsmen; of week days pent up in lath and plaster—tied to counters, nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand—miles of them—leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues—north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither? Once more. Say you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down

div class="page"

div

div

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@top-left-corner	@top-left	@top-center	@top-right	@top-right-corner
@left-top	page area			@right-top
@left-middle				@right-middle
@left-bottom				@right-bottom
@bottom-left-corner				@bottom-left

	<p>CHAPTER 1.</p> <h2>Loomings.</h2> <p>Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.</p> <p>There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs—commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward.</p>			
	2	MOBY DICK		

# Paged.js instructions

# Page size and margins

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  size: 148mm 210mm;  
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this. I had been cutting up some caper or other—I think it was trying to crawl up the chimney, as I had seen a little sweep do a few days previous; and my stepmother who, somehow or other, was all the time whipping me, or sending me to bed

supperless,—my mother dragged me by the legs out of the chimney and packed me off to bed, though it was only two o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st June, the longest day in the year in our hemisphere. I felt dreadfully. But there was no help for it, so up stairs I went to my little room in the third floor, undressed myself as slowly as possible so as to kill time, and with a bitter sigh got between the sheets.

I lay there dismally calculating that sixteen entire hours must elapse before I could hope for a resurrection. Sixteen hours in bed! the small of my back ached to think of it. And it was so light too; the sun shining in at the window, and a great rattling of coaches in the streets, and the sound of gay voices all over the house. I felt worse and worse—at last I got up, dressed, and softly going down in my stockinged feet, sought out my stepmother, and suddenly threw myself at her feet, beseeching her as a particular favour to give me a good slippering for my misbehaviour; anything indeed but condemning me to lie abed such an unendurable length of time. But she was the best and most conscientious of stepmothers, and back I had to go to my room. For several hours I lay there broad awake, feeling a great deal worse than I have ever done since, even from the greatest subsequent misfortunes. At last I must have fallen into a troubled nightmare of a doze; and slowly waking from it—half steeped in dreams—I opened my eyes, and the before sun-lit room was now wrapped in outer darkness. Instantly I felt a shock running through all my frame; nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be heard; but a supernatural hand seemed placed in mine. My arm hung over the counterpane, and the nameless, unimaginable, silent form or phantom, to which the hand belonged, seemed closely seated by my bed-side. For what seemed ages piled on ages, I lay there, frozen with the most awful fears, not daring to drag away my hand; yet ever thinking that if I could but stir it one single inch, the horrid spell would be broken. I knew not how this consciousness at last glided away from me; but waking in the morning, I

shudderingly remembered it all, and for days and weeks and months afterwards I lost myself in confounding attempts to explain the mystery. Nay, to this very hour, I often puzzle myself with it.

Now, take away the awful fear, and my sensations at feeling the supernatural hand in mine were very similar, in their strangeness, to those which I experienced on waking up and seeing Queequeg's pagan arm thrown round me. But at length all the past night's events soberly recurred, one by one, in fixed reality, and then I lay only alive to the comical predicament. For though I tried to move his arm—unlock his bridegroom clasp—yet, sleeping as he was, he still hugged me tightly, as though naught but death should part us twain. I now strove to rouse him—"Queequeg!"—but his only answer was a snore. I then rolled over, my neck feeling as if it were in a horse-collar; and suddenly felt a slight scratch. Throwing aside the counterpane, there lay the tomahawk sleeping by the savage's side, as if it were a hatchet-faced baby. A pretty pickle, truly, thought I; abed here in a strange house in the broad day, with a cannibal and a tomahawk! "Queequeg!—in the name of goodness, Queequeg, wake!" At length, by dint of much wriggling, and loud and incessant expostulations upon the unbecomingness of his hugging a fellow male in that matrimonial sort of style, I succeeded in extracting a grunt; and presently, he drew back his arm, shook himself all over like a Newfoundland dog just from the water, and sat up in bed, stiff as a pike-staff, looking at me, and rubbing his eyes as if he did not altogether remember how I came to be there, though a dim consciousness of knowing something about me seemed slowly dawning over him. Meanwhile, I lay quietly eyeing him, having no serious misgivings now, and bent upon narrowly observing so curious a creature. When, at last, his mind seemed made up touching the character of his bedfellow, and he became, as it were, reconciled to the fact; he jumped out upon the floor, and by certain signs and sounds gave me to understand that, if it pleased me, he would

dress first and then leave me to dress afterwards, leaving the whole apartment to myself. Thinks I, Queequeg, under the circumstances, this is a very civilized overture; but, the truth is, these savages have an innate sense of delicacy, say what you will; it is marvellous how essentially polite they are. I pay this particular compliment to Queequeg, because he treated me with so much civility and consideration, while I was guilty of great rudeness; staring at him from the bed, and watching all his toilette motions; for the time my curiosity getting the better of my breeding. Nevertheless, a man like Queequeg you don't see every day, he and his ways were well worth unusual regarding.

and that the street being very narrow, the house opposite commanded a plain view into the room, and observing more and more the indecorous figure that Queequeg made, staving about with little else but his hat and boots on; I begged him as well as I could, to accelerate his toilet somewhat, and particularly to get into his pantaloons as soon as possible. He complied, and then proceeded to wash himself. At that time in the morning any Christian would have washed his face; but Queequeg, to my amazement, contented himself with restricting his ablutions to his chest, arms, and hands. He then donned his waistcoat, and taking up a piece of hard soap on the wash-stand centre table, dipped it into water and

# Symmetric margins

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@page:right {  
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  margin-right: 18mm;  
}
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winds from astern (that is, if you never violate the Pythagorean maxim), so for the most part the Commodore on the quarter-deck gets his atmosphere at second hand from the sailors on the fore-castle. He thinks he breathes it first; but

seas where he rolled his island bulk; the undeliverable, nameless perils of the whale; these, with all the attending marvels of a thousand Patagonian sights and sounds, helped to sway me to my wish. With other men, perhaps, such things

would not have been inducements; but as for me, I am tormented with an everlasting itch for things remote. I love to sail forbidden seas, and land on barbarous coasts. Not ignoring what is good, I am quick to perceive a horror, and could still be social with it—would they let me—since it is but well to be on friendly terms with all the inmates of the place one lodges in.

By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

CHAPTER 2.

## The Carpet-Bag.

I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a Saturday night in December. Much was I disappointed upon learning that the little packet for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that place would offer, till the following Monday.

As most young candidates for the pains and penalties of whaling stop at this same New Bedford, thence to embark on their voyage, it may as well be related that I, for one, had no

idea of so doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected with that famous old island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides though New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolising the business of whaling, and though in this matter poor old Nantucket is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her great original—the Tyre of this Carthage;—the place where the first dead American whale was stranded. Where else but from Nantucket did those aboriginal whalers, the Red-Men, first sally out in canoes to give chase to the Leviathan? And where but from Nantucket, too, did that first adventurous little sloop put forth, partly laden with imported cobblestones—so goes the story—to throw at the whales, in order to discover when they were nigh enough to risk a harpoon from the bowsprit?

Now having a night, a day, and still another night following before me in New Bedford, ere I could embark for my destined port, it became a matter of concernment where I was to eat and sleep meanwhile. It was a very dubious-looking, nay, a very dark and dismal night, biting cold and cheerless. I knew no one in the place. With anxious grapnels I had sounded my pocket, and only brought up a few pieces of silver.—So, wherever you go, Ishmael, said I to myself, as I stood in the middle of a dreary street shouldering my bag, and comparing the gloom towards the north with the darkness towards the south—wherever in your wisdom you may conclude to lodge for the night, my dear Ishmael, be sure to inquire the price, and don't be too particular.

With halting steps I paced the streets, and passed the sign of "The Crossed Harpoons"—but it looked too expensive and jolly there. Further on, from the bright red windows of the "Sword-Fish Inn," there came such fervent rays, that it seemed to have melted the packed snow and ice from before the house, for everywhere else the congealed frost lay ten inches thick in a hard, asphaltic pavement,—rather weary for

me, when I struck my foot against the flinty projections, because from hard, remorseless service the soles of my boots were in a most miserable plight. Too expensive and jolly, again thought I, pausing one moment to watch the broad glare in the street, and hear the sounds of the tinkling glasses within. But go on, Ishmael, said I at last; don't you hear? get away from before the door; your patched boots are stopping the way. So on I went. I now by instinct followed the streets that took me waterward, for there, doubtless, were the cheapest, if not the cheeriest inns.

Such dreary streets! blocks of blackness, not houses, on either hand, and here and there a candle, like a candle moving about in a tomb. At this hour of the night, of the last

Inn:—Peter Coffin."

Coffin?—Spouter?—Rather ominous in that particular connexion, thought I. But it is a common name in Nantucket, they say, and I suppose this Peter here is an emigrant from there. As the light looked so dim, and the place, for the time, looked quiet enough, and the dilapidated little wooden house itself looked as if it might have been carted here from the ruins of some burnt district, and as the swinging sign had a poverty-stricken sort of creak to it, I thought that here was the very spot for cheap lodgings, and the best of pea coffee.

It was a queer sort of place—a gable-ended old house, one side palsied as it were, and leaning over sadly. It stood on a sharp bleak corner, where that tempestuous wind

# Page breaks

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section.chapter {  
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}
```

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day of the week, that quarter of the town proved all but deserted. But presently I came to a smoky light proceeding from a low, wide building, the door of which stood invitingly open. It had a careless look, as if it were meant for the uses of the public; so, entering, the first thing I did was to stumble over an ash-box in the porch. Ha! thought I, ha, as the flying particles almost choked me, are these ashes from that destroyed city, Gomorrah? But “The Crossed Harpoons,” and “The Sword-Fish?”—this, then must needs be the sign of “The Trap.” However, I picked myself up and hearing a loud voice within, pushed on and opened a second, interior door.

It seemed the great Black Parliament sitting in Tophet. A hundred black faces turned round in their rows to peer; and

# Page breaks

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break-before: left;
```

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break-after: page;  
break-after: right;  
break-after: left;
```

# Avoid page breaks

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}
```

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  break-after: avoid;  
}
```

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@left-top	page area			@right-top
@left-middle				@right-middle
@left-bottom				@right-bottom
@bottom-left-corner	@bottom-left	@bottom-center	@bottom-right	@bottom-right-corner

# Page numbers

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        content: counter(page);  
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        font-size: 12px;  
    }  
}
```

supperless,—my mother dragged me by the legs out of the chimney and packed me off to bed, though it was only two o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st June, the longest day in the year in our hemisphere. I felt dreadfully. But there was no help for it, so up stairs I went to my little room in the third floor, undressed myself as slowly as possible so as to kill time, and with a bitter sigh got between the sheets.

I lay there dismally calculating that sixteen entire hours must elapse before I could hope for a resurrection. Sixteen hours in bed! the small of my back ached to think of it. And it was so light too; the sun shining in at the window, and a great rattling of coaches in the streets, and the sound of gay voices all over the house. I felt worse and worse—at last I got up, dressed, and softly going down in my stockinged feet, sought out my stepmother, and suddenly threw myself at her feet, beseeching her as a particular favour to give me a good slippering for my misbehaviour; anything indeed but condemning me to lie abed such an unendurable length of time. But she was the best and most conscientious of stepmothers, and back I had to go to my room. For several hours I lay there broad awake, feeling a great deal worse than I have ever done since, even from the greatest subsequent misfortunes. At last I must have fallen into a troubled nightmare of a doze; and slowly waking from it—half steeped in dreams—I opened my eyes, and the before sun-lit room was now wrapped in outer darkness. Instantly I felt a shock running through all my frame; nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be heard; but a supernatural hand seemed placed in mine. My arm hung over the counterpane, and the nameless, unimaginable, silent form or phantom, to which the hand belonged, seemed closely seated by my bed-side. For what seemed ages piled on ages, I lay there, frozen with the most awful fears, not daring to drag away my hand; yet ever thinking that if I could but stir it one single inch, the horrid spell would be broken. I knew not how this consciousness at last glided away from me; but waking in the morning, I

dress first and then leave me to dress afterwards, leaving the whole apartment to myself. Thinks I, Queequeg, under the circumstances, this is a very civilized overture; but, the truth is, these savages have an innate sense of delicacy, say what you will; it is marvellous how essentially polite they are. I pay this particular compliment to Queequeg, because he treated me with so much civility and consideration, while I was guilty of great rudeness; staring at him from the bed, and watching all his toilette motions; for the time my curiosity getting the better of my breeding. Nevertheless, a man like Queequeg you don't see every day, he and his ways were well worth unusual regarding.

this. I had been cutting up some caper or other—I think it was trying to crawl up the chimney, as I had seen a little sweep do a few days previous; and my stepmother who, somehow or other, was all the time whipping me, or sending me to bed

shudderingly remembered it all, and for days and weeks and months afterwards I lost myself in confounding attempts to explain the mystery. Nay, to this very hour, I often puzzle myself with it.

Now, take away the awful fear, and my sensations at feeling the supernatural hand in mine were very similar, in their strangeness, to those which I experienced on waking up and seeing Queequeg's pagan arm thrown round me. But at length all the past night's events soberly recurred, one by one, in fixed reality, and then I lay only alive to the comical predicament. For though I tried to move his arm—unlock his bridegroom clasp—yet, sleeping as he was, he still hugged me tightly, as though naught but death should part us twain. I now strove to rouse him—"Queequeg!"—but his only answer was a snore. I then rolled over, my neck feeling as if it were in a horse-collar; and suddenly felt a slight scratch. Throwing aside the counterpane, there lay the tomahawk sleeping by the savage's side, as if it were a hatchet-faced baby. A pretty pickle, truly, thought I; abed here in a strange house in the broad day, with a cannibal and a tomahawk! "Queequeg!—in the name of goodness, Queequeg, wake!" At length, by dint of much wriggling, and loud and incessant expostulations upon the unbecomingness of his hugging a fellow male in that matrimonial sort of style, I succeeded in extracting a grunt; and presently, he drew back his arm, shook himself all over like a Newfoundland dog just from the water, and sat up in bed, stiff as a pike-staff, looking at me, and rubbing his eyes as if he did not altogether remember how I came to be there, though a dim consciousness of knowing something about me seemed slowly dawning over him. Meanwhile, I lay quietly eyeing him, having no serious misgivings now, and bent upon narrowly observing so curious a creature. When, at last, his mind seemed made up touching the character of his bedfellow, and he became, as it were, reconciled to the fact; he jumped out upon the floor, and by certain signs and sounds gave me to understand that, if it pleased me, he would

and that the street being very narrow, the house opposite commanded a plain view into the room, and observing more and more the indecorous figure that Queequeg made, staving about with little else but his hat and boots on; I begged him as well as I could, to accelerate his toilet somewhat, and particularly to get into his pantaloons as soon as possible. He complied, and then proceeded to wash himself. At that time in the morning any Christian would have washed his face; but Queequeg, to my amazement, contented himself with restricting his ablutions to his chest, arms, and hands. He then donned his waistcoat, and taking up a piece of hard soap on the wash-stand centre table, dipped it into water and

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}

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uncomfortableness, and seeing him now exhibiting strong symptoms of concluding his business operations, and jumping into bed with me, I thought it was high time, now or never, before the light was put out, to break the spell in which I had so long been bound.

But the interval I spent in deliberating what to say, was a fatal one. Taking up his tomahawk from the table, he examined the head of it for an instant, and then holding it to the light, with his mouth at the handle, he puffed out great clouds of tobacco smoke. The next moment the light was extinguished, and this wild cannibal, tomahawk between his teeth, sprang into bed with me. I sang out, I could not help it

Queequeg, look here—you sabbee me, I sabbee—you this man sleepe you—you sabbee?"

"Me sabbee plenty"—grunted Queequeg, puffing away at his pipe and sitting up in bed.

"You gettee in," he added, motioning to me with his tomahawk, and throwing the clothes to one side. He really did this in not only a civil but a really kind and charitable way. I stood looking at him a moment. For all his tattooings he was on the whole a clean, comely looking cannibal. What's all this fuss I have been making about, thought I to myself—the man's a human being just as I am: he has just as much reason to fear me, as I have to be afraid of him. Better sleep

<h2>  
(chap. 5)

with a sober cannibal than a drunken Christian.

"Landlord," said I, "tell him to stash his tomahawk there, or pipe, or whatever you call it; tell him to stop smoking, in short, and I will turn in with him. But I don't fancy having a man smoking in bed with me. It's dangerous. Besides, I ain't insured."

This being told to Queequeg, he at once complied, and again politely motioned me to get into bed—rolling over to one side as much as to say—"I won't touch a leg of ye."

"Good night, landlord," said I, "you may go."

I turned in, and never slept better in my life.

CHAPTER 4.

## The Counterpane.

Upon waking next morning about daylight, I found Queequeg's arm thrown over me in the most loving and affectionate manner. You had almost thought I had been his wife. The counterpane was of patchwork, full of odd little parti-coloured squares and triangles; and this arm of his tattooed all over with an interminable Cretan labyrinth of a figure, no two parts of which were of one precise shade—owing I suppose to his keeping his arm at sea unmethodically in sun and shade, his shirt sleeves irregularly rolled up at various times—this same arm of his, I say, looked for all the world like a strip of that same patchwork quilt. Indeed, partly lying on it as the arm did when I first awoke, I could hardly tell it from the quilt, they so blended their hues together; and it was only by the sense of weight and pressure that I could tell that Queequeg was hugging me.

My sensations were strange. Let me try to explain them. When I was a child, I well remember a somewhat similar circumstance that befell me; whether it was a reality or a dream, I never could entirely settle. The circumstance was this. I had been cutting up some caper or other—I think it was trying to crawl up the chimney, as I had seen a little sweep do a few days previous; and my stepmother who, somehow or other, was all the time whipping me, or sending me to bed

<h2>  
(chap. 4)

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shudderingly remembered it all, and for days and weeks and months afterwards I lost myself in confounding attempts to explain the mystery. Nay, to this very hour, I often puzzle myself with it.

Now take away the awful fear, and my sensations at

eyes, and began creaking and limping about the room, as if, not being much accustomed to boots, his pair of damp, wrinkled cowhide ones—probably not made to order either—rather pinched and tormented him at the first go off of a bitter cold morning.

Seeing, now, that there were no curtains to the window,

CHAPTER 5.

## Breakfast.

I quickly followed suit, and descending into the bar-room accosted the grinning landlord very pleasantly. I cherished no malice towards him, though he had been skylarking with me not a little in the matter of my bedfellow.

However, a good laugh is a mighty good thing, and rather too scarce a good thing; the more's the pity. So, if any one man, in his own proper person, afford stuff for a good joke to anybody, let him not be backward, but let him cheerfully allow himself to spend and be spent in that way. And the man that has anything bountifully laughable about him, be sure there is more in that man than you perhaps think for.

The bar-room was now full of the boarders who had been dropping in the night previous, and whom I had not as yet had a good look at. They were nearly all whalemens; chief mates, and second mates, and third mates, and sea carpenters, and sea coopers, and sea blacksmiths, and harpooners, and ship keepers; a brown and brawny company, with bosky beards; an unshorn, shaggy set, all wearing monkey jackets for morning gowns.

You could pretty plainly tell how long each one had been ashore. This young fellow's healthy cheek is like a sun-toasted pear in hue, and would seem to smell almost as musky; he cannot have been three days landed from his

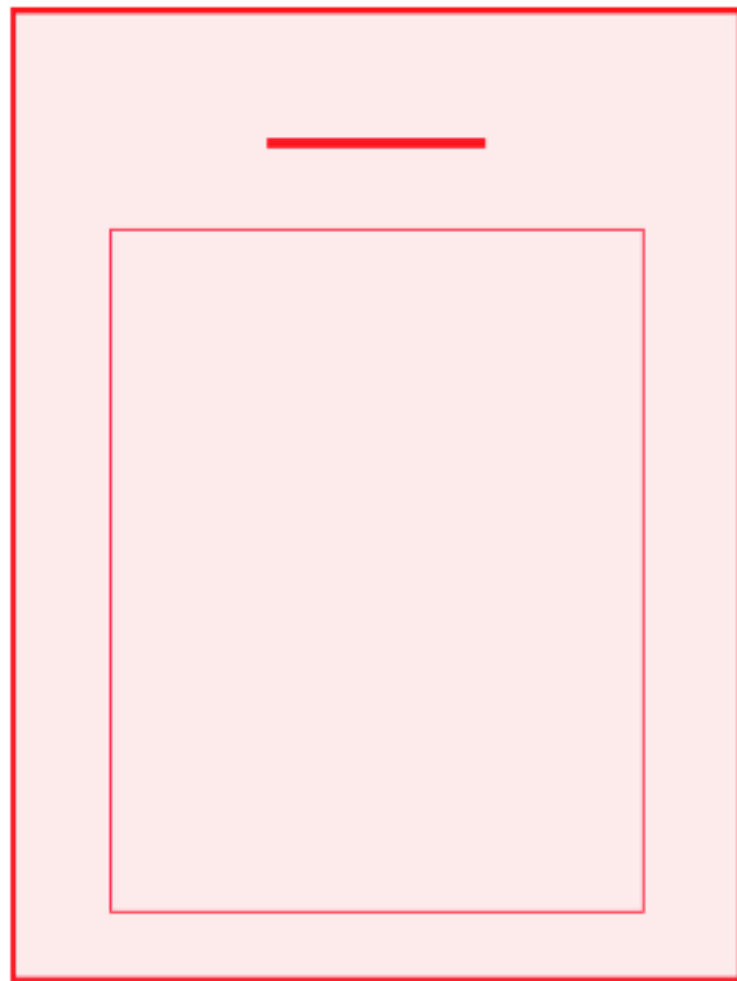
Indian voyage. That man next him looks a few shades lighter; you might say a touch of satin wood is in him. In the complexion of a third still lingers a tropic tawn, but slightly bleached withal; he doubtless has tarried whole weeks ashore. But who could show a cheek like Queequeg? which, barred with various tints, seemed like the Andes' western slope, to show forth in one array, contrasting climates, zone by zone.

"Grub, ho!" now cried the landlord, flinging open a door, and in we went to breakfast.

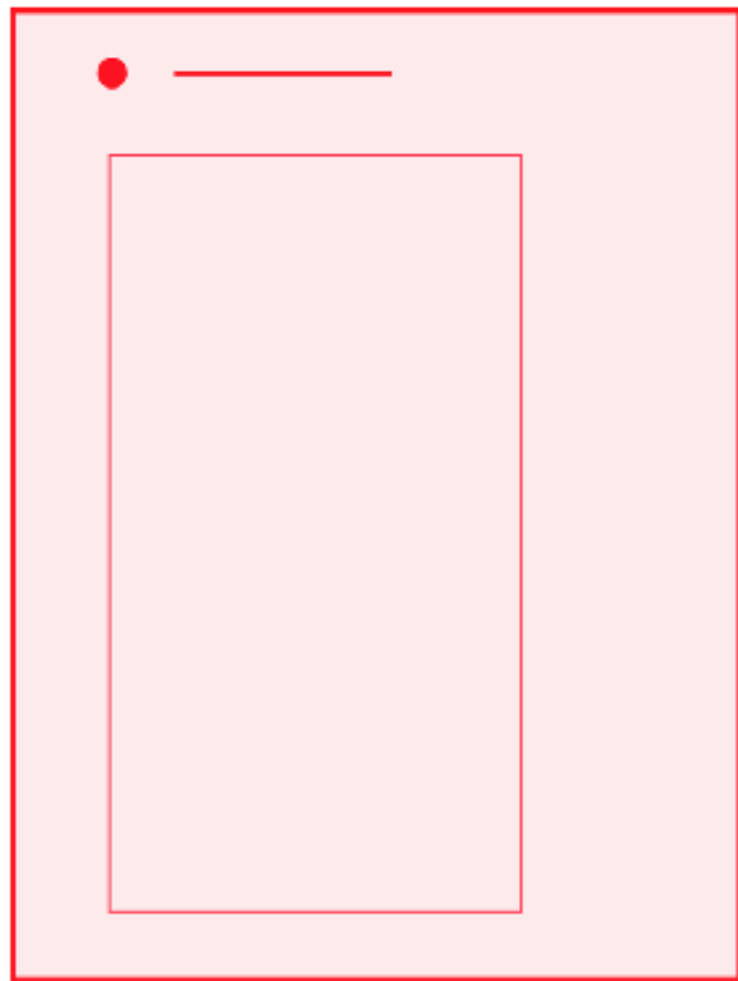
They say that men who have seen the world, thereby

them—at the head of the table, too, it so chanced; as cool as an icicle. To be sure I cannot say much for his breeding. His greatest admirer could not have cordially justified his bringing his harpoon into breakfast with him, and using it there without ceremony; reaching over the table with it, to the imminent jeopardy of many heads, and grappling the beefsteaks towards him. But *that* was certainly very coolly done by him, and every one knows that in most people's estimation, to do anything coolly is to do it genteelly.

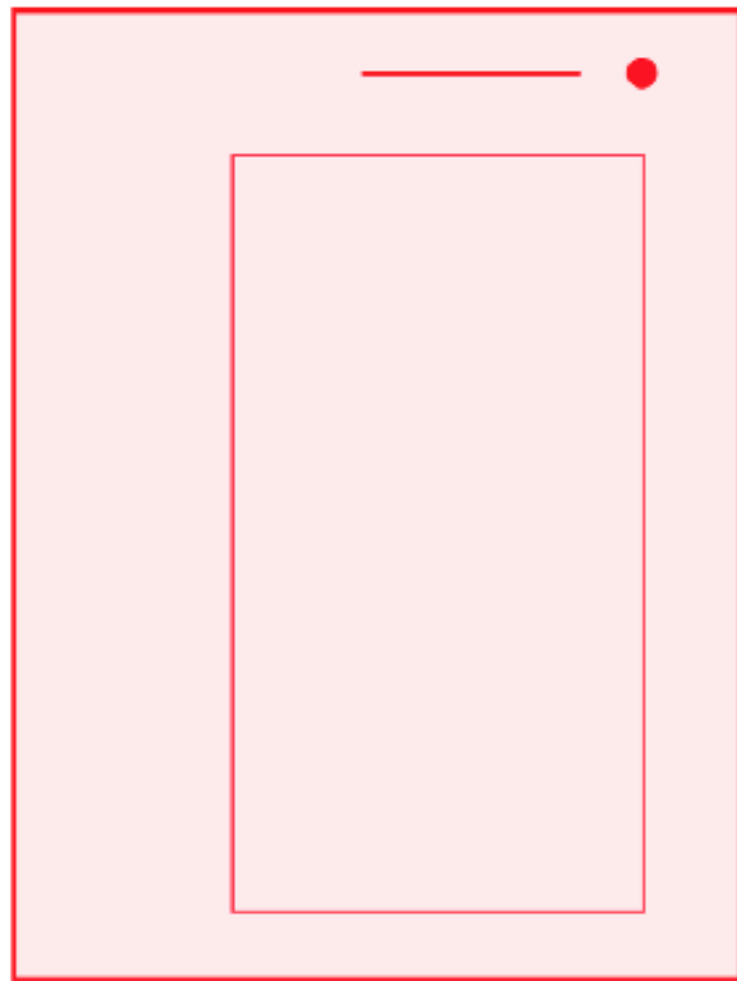
We will not speak of all Queequeg's peculiarities here; how



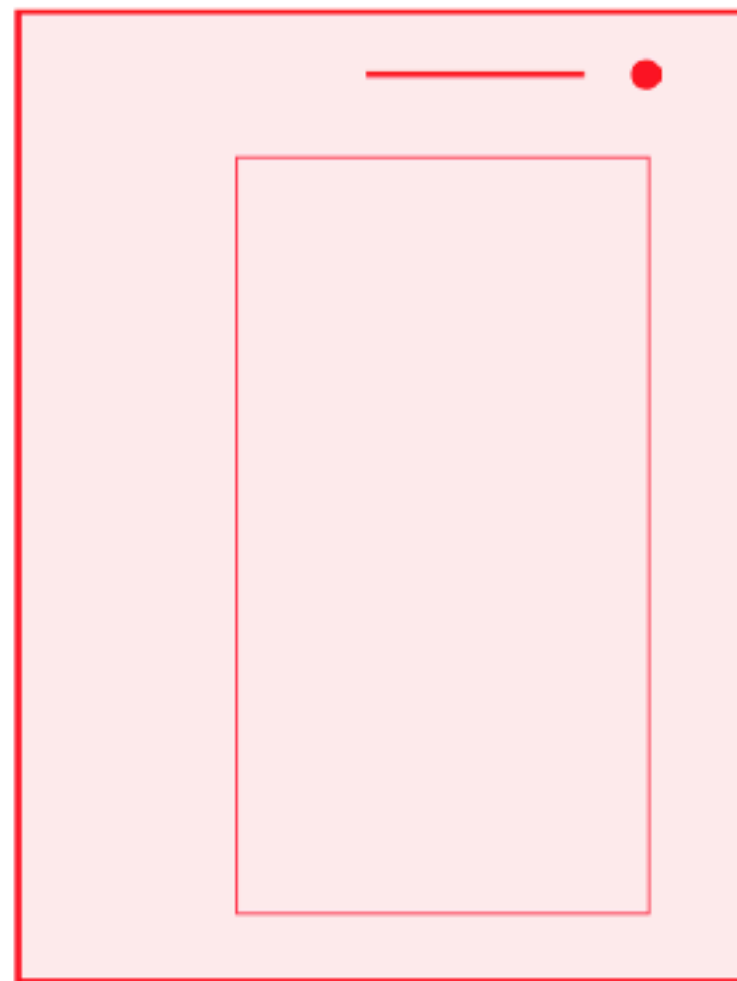
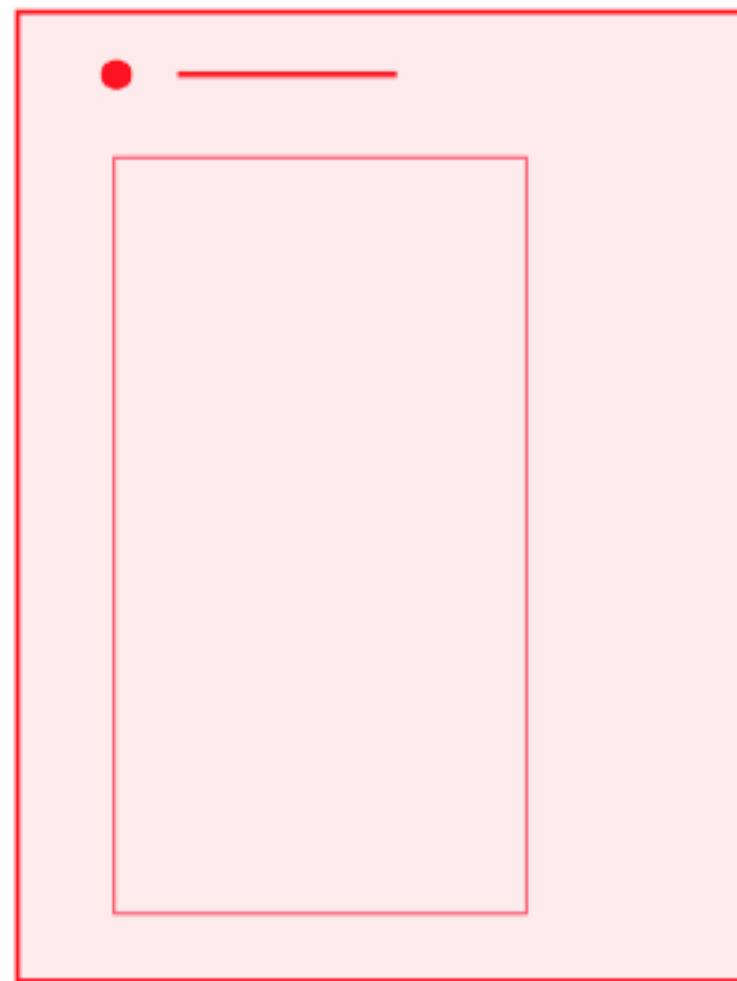
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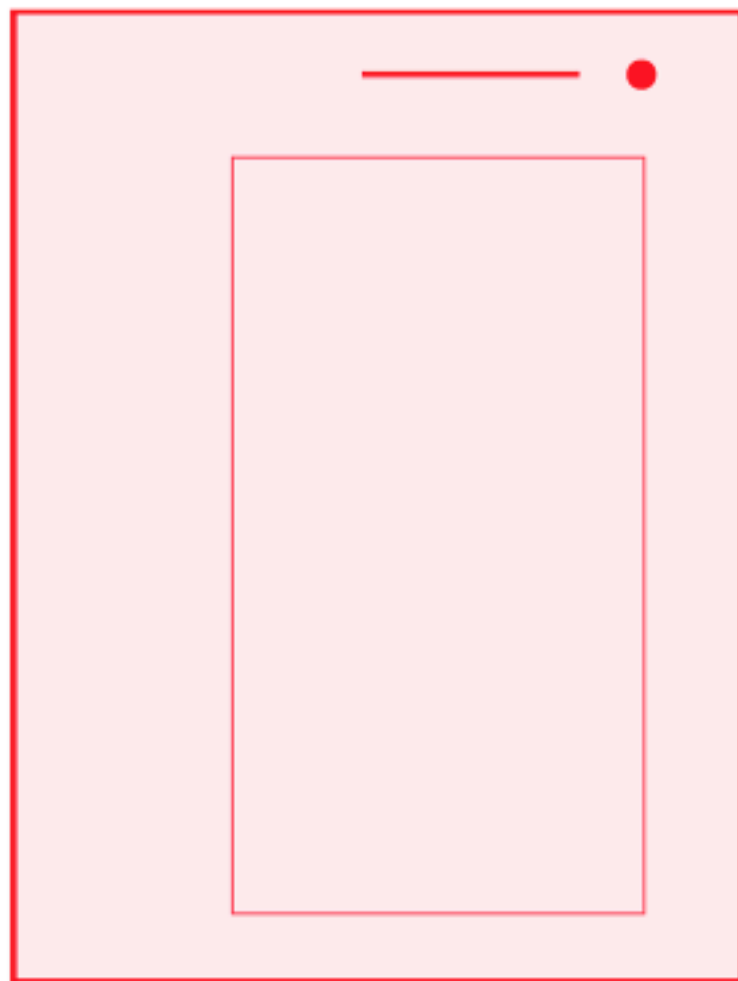
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## HTML

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...  
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}
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Now, that Lazarus should lie stranded there on the curbstone before the door of Dives, this is more wonderful than that an iceberg should be moored to one of the

## CHAPTER 3.

## The Spouter-Inn.

Entering that gable-ended Spouter-Inn, you found yourself in a wide, low, straggling entry with old-fashioned wainscots, reminding one of the bulwarks of some condemned old craft. On one side hung a very large oilpainting so thoroughly besmoked, and every way defaced, that in the unequal crosslights by which you viewed it, it was only by diligent study and a series of systematic visits to it, and careful inquiry of the neighbors, that you could any way arrive at an understanding of its purpose. Such unaccountable masses of shades and shadows, that at first you almost thought some ambitious young artist, in the time of the New England hags, had endeavored to delineate chaos bewitched. But by dint of much and earnest contemplation, and oft repeated ponderings, and especially by throwing open the little window towards the back of the entry, you at last came to the conclusion that such an idea, however wild, might not be altogether unwarranted.

But what most puzzled and confounded you was a long, limber, portentous, black mass of something hovering in the centre of the picture over three blue, dim, perpendicular lines floating in a nameless yeast. A boggy, soggy, squitchy picture truly, enough to drive a nervous man distracted. Yet was there a sort of indefinite, half-attained, unimaginable

sublimity about it that fairly froze you to it, till you involuntarily took an oath with yourself to find out what that marvellous painting meant. Ever and anon a bright, but, alas, deceptive idea would dart you through.—It's the Black Sea in a midnight gale.—It's the unnatural combat of the four primal elements.—It's a blasted heath.—It's a Hyperborean winter scene.—It's the breaking-up of the icebound stream of Time. But at last all these fancies yielded to that one portentous something in the picture's midst. *That* once found out, and all the rest were plain. But stop; does it not bear a faint resemblance to a gigantic fish? even the great leviathan himself?

In fact, the artist's design seemed this: a final theory of my own, partly based upon the aggregated opinions of many aged persons with whom I conversed upon the subject. The

entered nigh the tail, and, like a restless needle sojourning in the body of a man, travelled full forty feet, and at last was found imbedded in the hump.

Crossing this dusky entry, and on through yon low-arched way—cut through what in old times must have been a great central chimney with fireplaces all round—you enter the public room. A still duskier place is this, with such low ponderous beams above, and such old wrinkled planks beneath, that you would almost fancy you trod some old craft's cockpits, especially of such a howling night, when this corner-anchored old ark rocked so furiously. On one side stood a long, low, shelf-like table covered with cracked glass cases, filled with dusty rarities gathered from this wide world's remotest nooks. Projecting from the further angle of the room stands a dark-looking den—the bar—a rude attempt

# Columns layout

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  column-gap: 8mm;  
}
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In fact, the artist's design seemed this: a final theory of my own, partly based upon the aggregated opinions of many aged persons with whom I conversed upon the subject. The picture represents a Cape-Horner in a great hurricane; the half-foundered ship weltering there with its three dismantled masts alone visible; and an exasperated whale, purposing to spring clean over the craft, is in the enormous act of impaling himself upon the three mast-heads.

The opposite wall of this entry was hung all over with a heathenish array of monstrous clubs and spears. Some were thickly set with glittering teeth resembling ivory saws; others were tufted with knots of human hair; and one was sickle-shaped, with a vast handle sweeping round like the segment made in the new-mown grass by a long-armed mower. You shuddered as you gazed, and wondered what monstrous cannibal and savage could ever have gone a death-harvesting with such a hacking, horrifying imple-

ment. Mixed with these were rusty old whaling lances and harpoons all broken and deformed. Some were storied weapons. With this once long lance, now wildly elbowed, fifty years ago did Nathan Swain kill fifteen whales between a sunrise and a sunset. And that harpoon—so like a corkscrew now—was flung in Javan seas, and run away with by a whale, years afterwards slain off the Cape of Blanco. The original iron entered nigh the tail, and, like a restless needle sojourning in the body of a man, travelled full forty feet, and at last was found imbedded in the hump.

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At last some four or five of us were summoned to our meal in an adjoining room. It was cold as Iceland—no fire at all—the landlord said he couldn't afford it. Nothing but two dismal tallow candles, each in a winding sheet. We were fain to button up our

to feel suspicious of this "dark complexioned" harpooneer. At any rate, I made up my mind that if it so turned out that we should sleep together, he must undress and get into bed before I did.

Supper over, the company went back to the bar-room, when,

atic visits to it, and careful inquiry of the neighbors, that you could any way arrive at an understanding of its purpose. Such unaccountable masses of shades and shadows, that at first you almost thought some ambitious young artist, in the time of the New England hags, had endeavored to de-

this wide world's remotest nooks. Projecting from the further angle of the room stands a dark-looking den—the bar—a rude attempt at a right whale's head. Be that how it may, there stands the vast arched bone of the whale's jaw, so wide, a coach might almost drive beneath it. Within are shabby shelves, ranged round with old decanters, bottles, flasks; and in those jaws of swift destruction, like another cursed Jonah (by which name indeed they called him), bustles a little withered old man, who, for their money, dearly sells the sailors deliriums and death.

Abominable are the tumblers into which he pours his poison. Though true cylinders without—within, the villanous green goggling glasses deceitfully tapered downwards to a cheating bottom. Parallel meridians rudely pecked into the glass, surround these footpads' goblets. Fill to *this* mark, and your charge is but a penny; to *this* a penny more; and so on to the full glass—the Cape Horn measure, which you may gulp down for a shilling.

Upon entering the place I found a number of young seamen gathered about a table, examining by a dim light divers specimens of *skrimshander*. I sought the land-

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lord, and telling him I desired to be accommodated with a room, received for answer that his house was full—not a bed unoccupied. "But avast," he added, tapping his forehead, "you haint no objections to sharing a harpooneer's blanket, have ye? I s'pose you are goin' a-whalin', so you'd better get used to that sort of thing."

I told him that I never liked to sleep two in a bed; that if I should ever do so, it would depend upon who the harpooneer might be, and that if he (the landlord) really had no other place for me, and the harpooneer was not decidedly objectionable, why rather than wander further about a strange town on so bitter a night, I would put up with the half of any decent man's blanket.

"I thought so. All right; take a seat. Supper?—you want supper? Supper'll be ready directly."

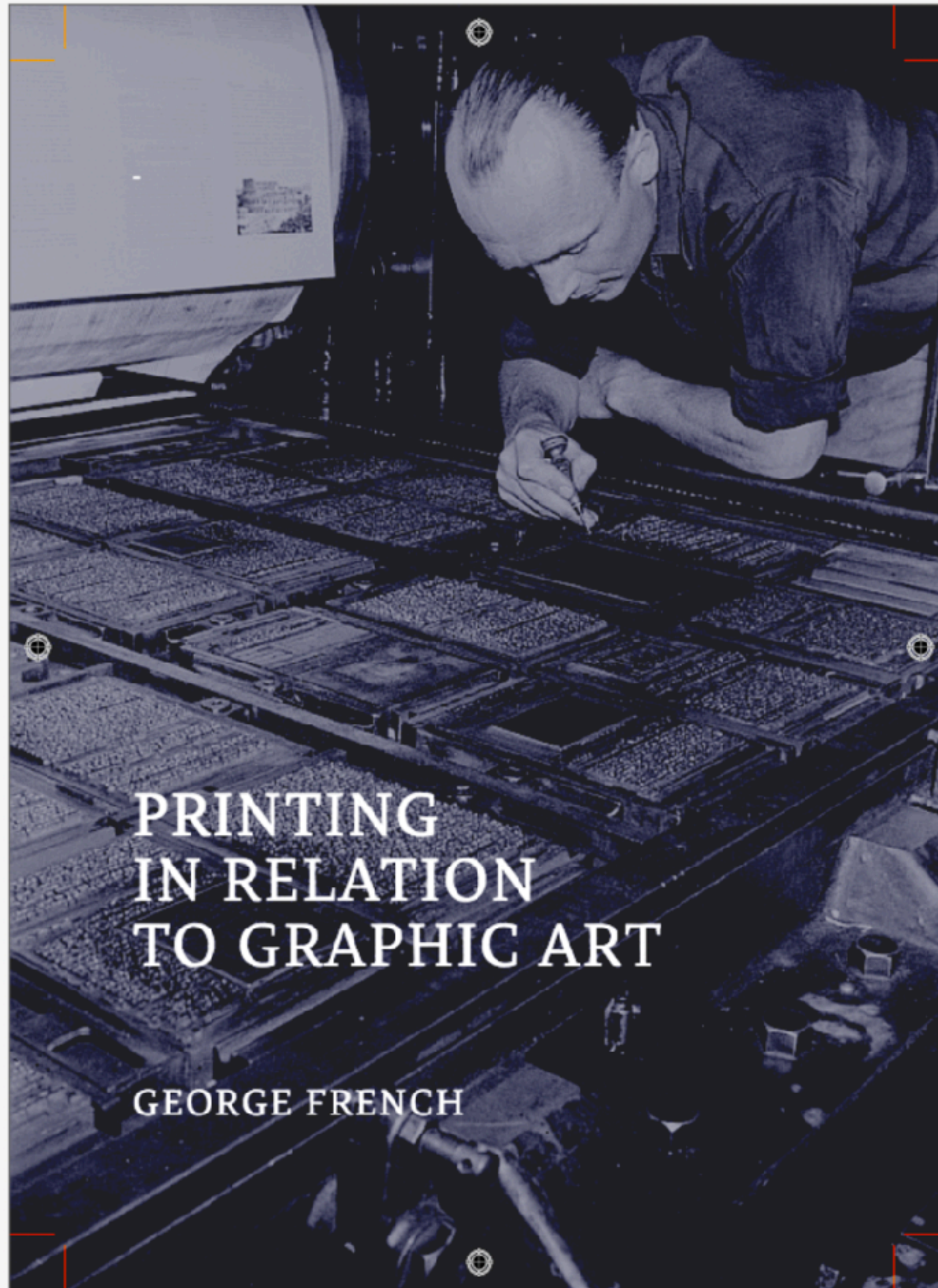
I sat down on an old wooden settle, carved all over like a bench on the Battery. At one end a ruminating tar was still further adorning it with his jack-knife, stooping over and diligently working away at the space between his legs. He was trying his hand at a ship under full sail, but he didn't make much headway, I thought.

ating, soon poured them out brimmers all round. One complained of a bad cold in his head, upon which Jonah mixed him a pitch-like potion of gin and molasses, which he swore was a sovereign cure for all colds and catarths whatsoever, never mind of

His face was deeply brown and burnt, making his white teeth dazzling by the contrast; while in the deep shadows of his eyes floated some reminiscences that did not seem to give him much joy. His voice at once announced that he was a Southerner, and

# Bleeds and marks

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PRINTING  
IN RELATION  
TO GRAPHIC ART

GEORGE FRENCH



Web-to-print projects



Les catalogues numériques du MSR

# LES SCULPTURES DE LA VILLA ROMAINE DE CHIRAGAN

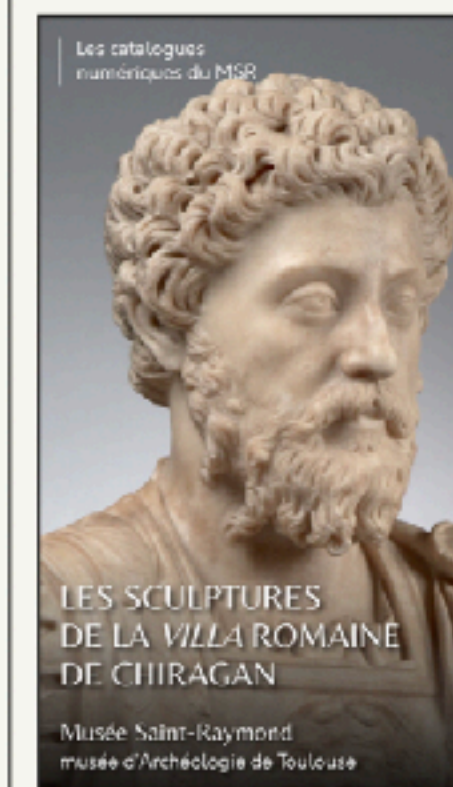
Musée Saint-Raymond  
musée d'Archéologie de Toulouse



Les catalogues numériques du MSR

## LES SCULPTURES DE LA VILLA ROMAINE DE CHIRAGAN

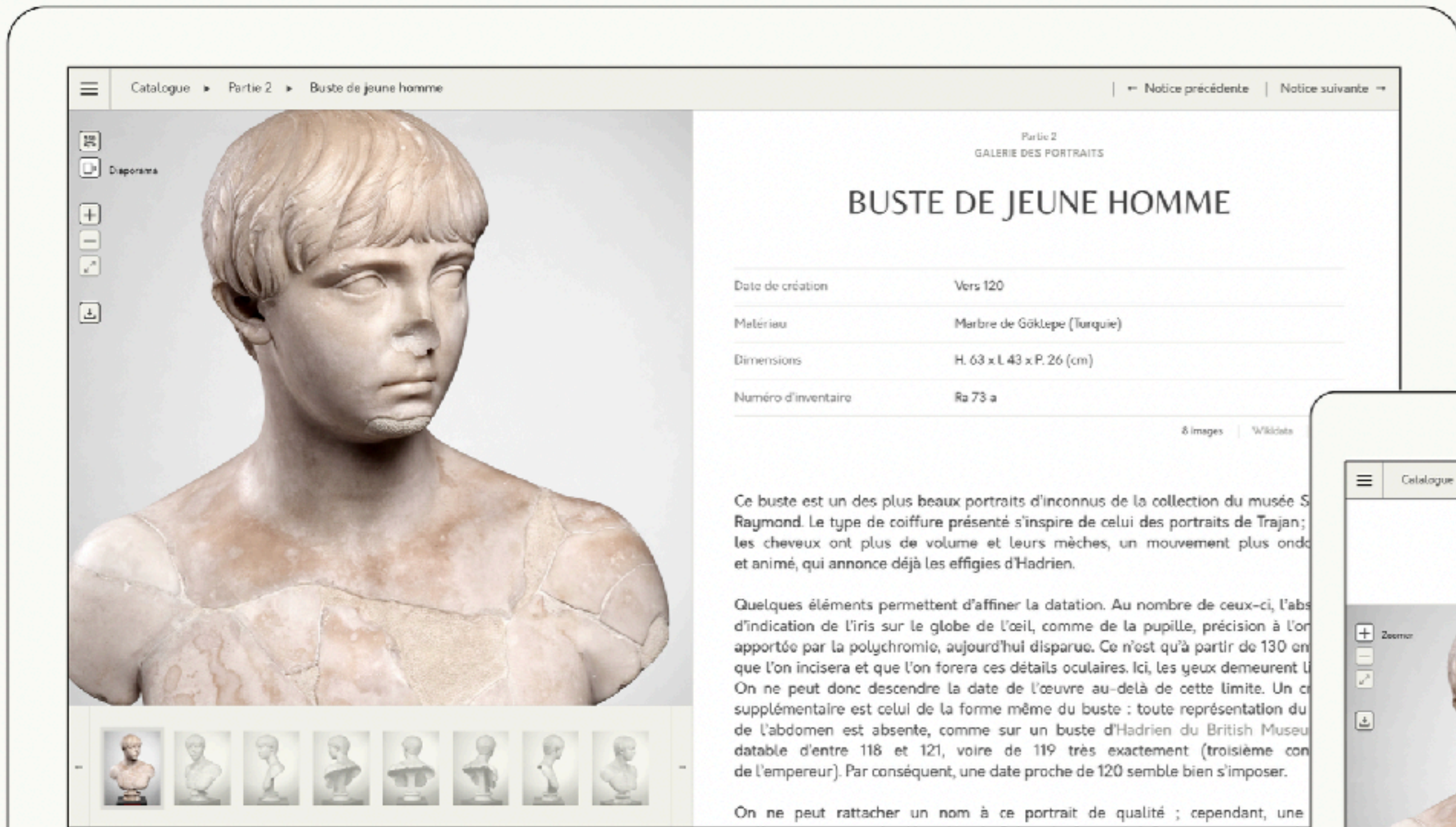
Musée Saint-Raymond  
musée d'Archéologie de Toulouse



Les catalogues numériques du MSR

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Musée Saint-Raymond  
musée d'Archéologie de Toulouse



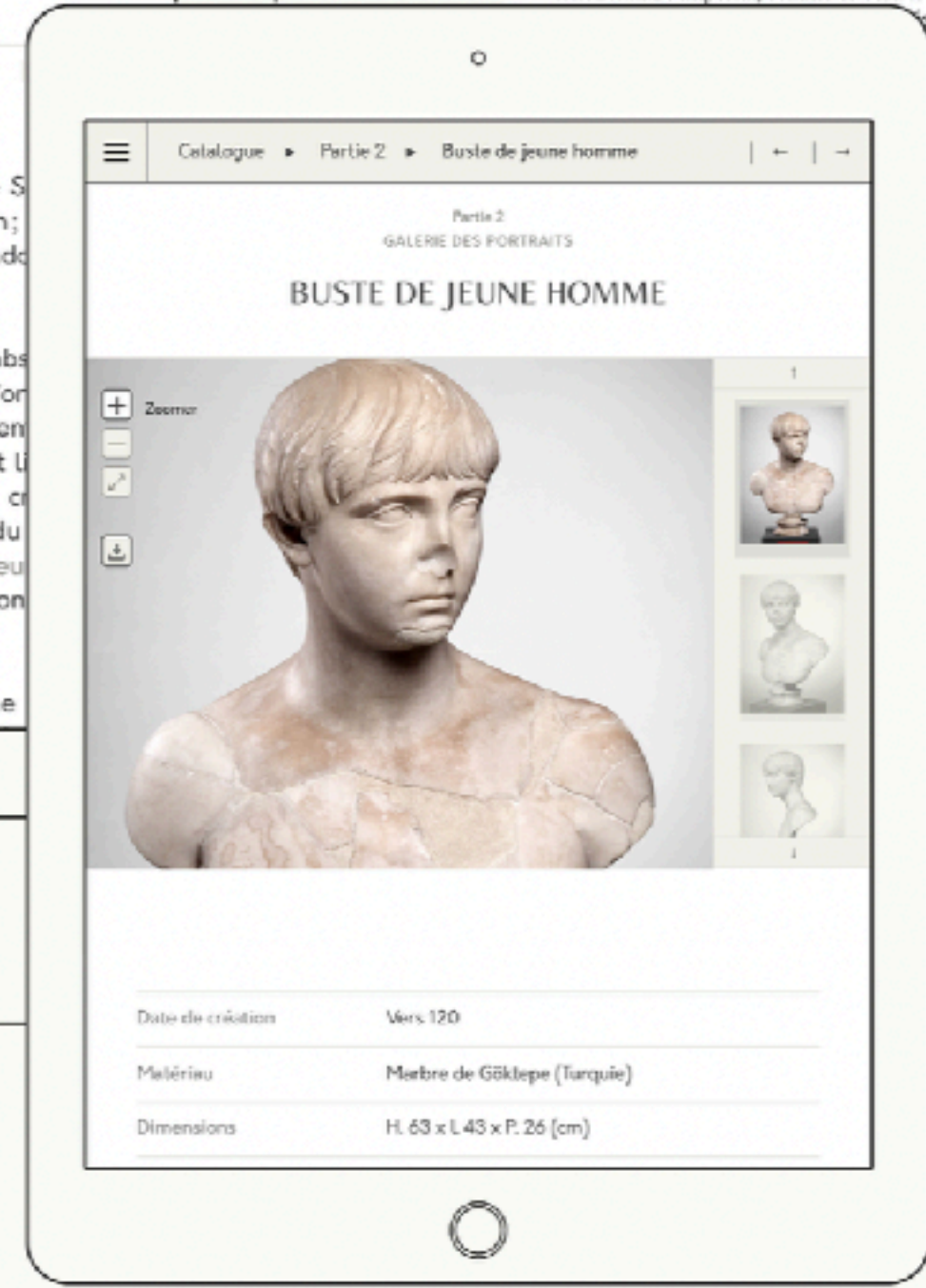
Ra 73 a  
Buste de jeune homme

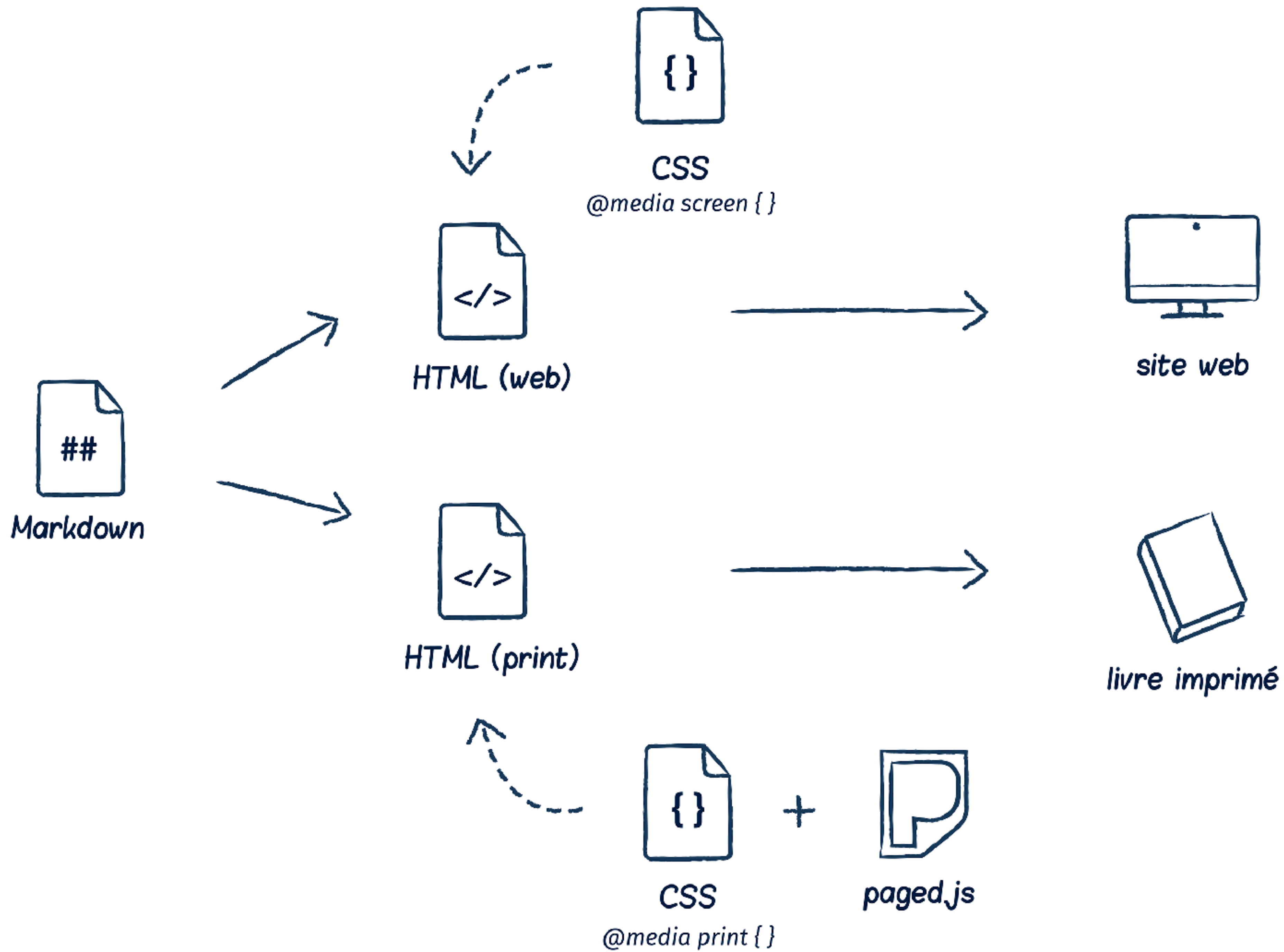
Vers 120  
Marbre de Göktepe (Turquie)  
H. 63 x L. 43 x P. 26 (cm)

Ce buste est un des plus beaux portraits d'inconnus de la collection du musée Saint-Raymond. Le type de coiffure présenté s'inspire de celui des portraits de Trajan; mais les cheveux ont plus de volume et leurs mèches, un mouvement plus ondulé et animé, qui annonce déjà les effigies d'Hadrien.

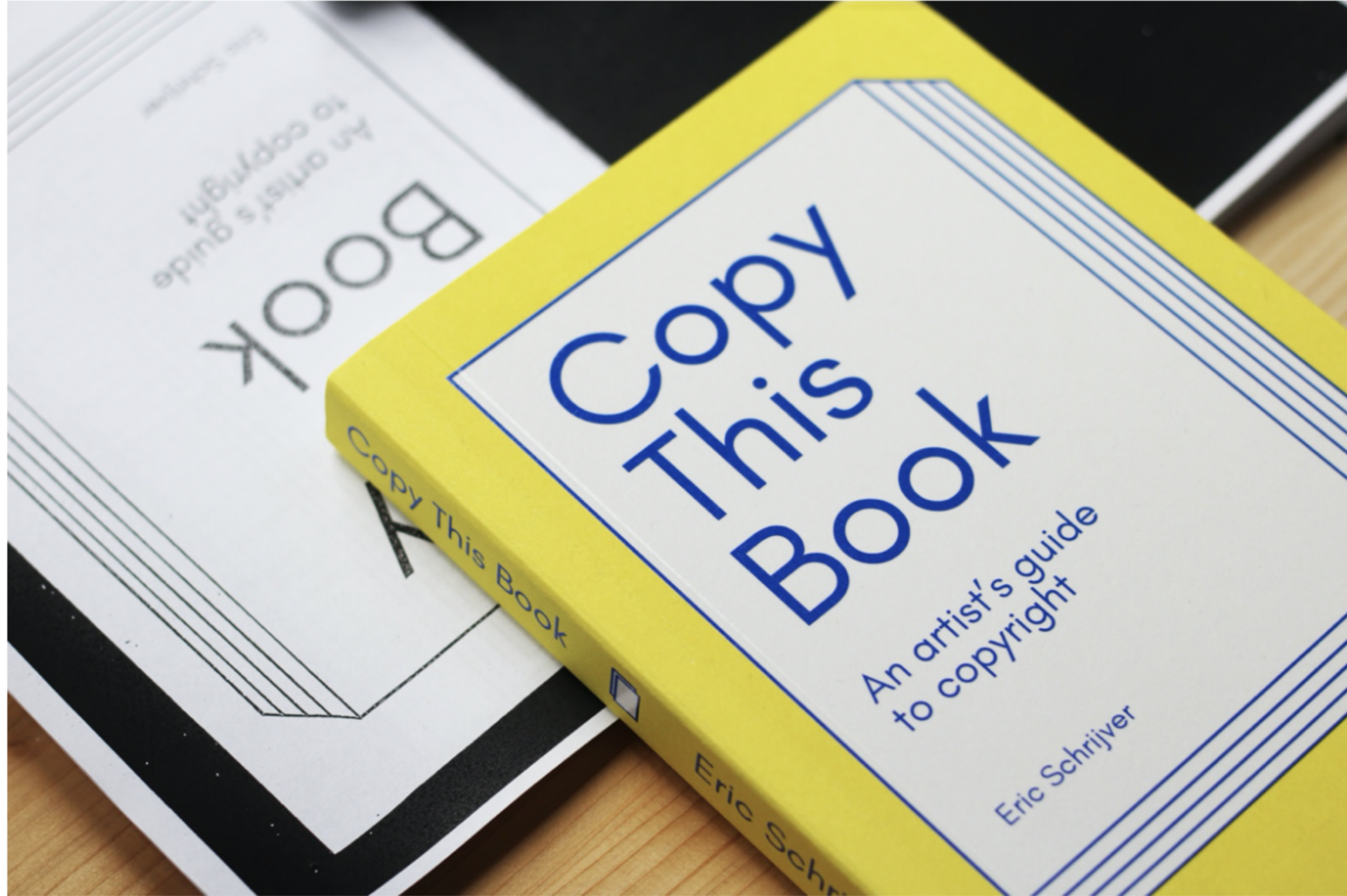
Quelques éléments permettent d'affiner la datation. Au nombre de ceux-ci, l'absence d'indication de l'iris sur le globe de l'œil, comme de la pupille, précision à l'origine apportée par la polychromie, aujourd'hui disparue. Ce n'est qu'à partir de 130 environ que l'on incisera et que l'on forera ces détails oculaires. Ici, les yeux demeurent lisses. On ne peut donc descendre la date de l'œuvre au-delà de cette limite. Un critère supplémentaire est celui de la forme même du buste : toute représentation du haut de l'abdomen est absente, comme sur un buste d'Hadrien du British Museum, datable d'entre 118 et 121, voire de 119 très exactement (troisième consulat de l'empereur). Par conséquent, une date proche de 120 semble bien s'imposer.

On ne peut rattacher un nom à ce portrait de qualité ; cependant, une tête, malheureusement très dégradée, du Palais du Quirinal, à Rome, pourrait représenter le même personnage. Ce jeune garçon n'était donc pas n'importe qui et si ce type de portrait héroïque (car son torse est dénudé) et l'âge de l'individu ne permettent guère d'y voir un haut fonctionnaire impérial, comme ce sera le cas à la fin du II<sup>e</sup> et au III<sup>e</sup> siècles, il s'agit peut-être d'un prince, comme celui de Chiragan, au moins montre-t-elle bien le « centre du pouvoir ».









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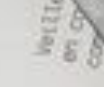
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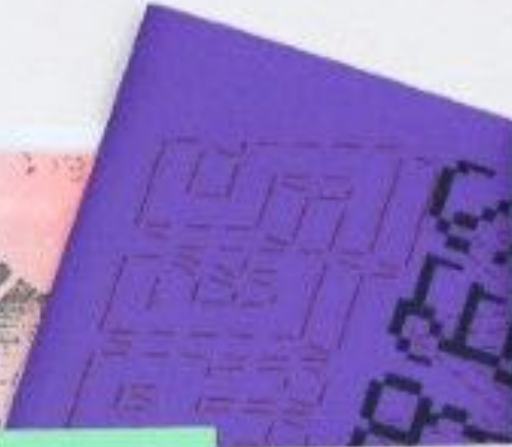
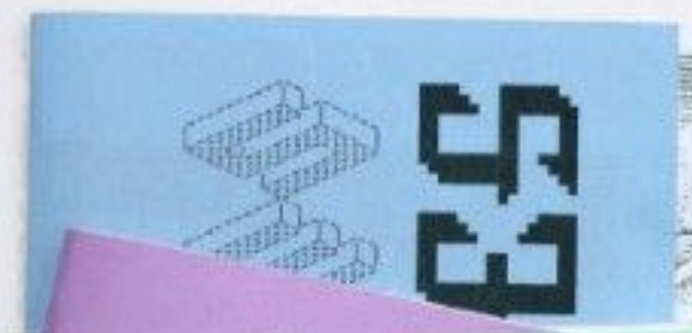


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