

“One thinks of William Morris as a man who wished to make the world as beautiful as an illuminated manuscript. He loved the bright colours, the gold, the little strange insets of landscape, the exquisite craftsmanship of decoration, in which the genius of the medieval illuminators expressed itself.”

Extract from *The Art of Letters*, by Robert Lynd, New York ,1921

—And there's your Latin quarter hat,
he said.

Stephen picked it up and put it on. Haines
called to them from the doorway:

—Are you coming, you fellows?

—I'm ready, Buck Mulligan answered,
going towards the door. Come out, Kinch.
You have eaten all we left, I suppose.

Extrac from *Ulysses*, by James Joyce, 1922

‘Would you like to see the Time Machine itself?’ asked the Time Traveller. And therewith, taking the lamp in his hand, he led the way down the long, draughty corridor to his laboratory. I remember vividly the flickering light, his queer, broad head in silhouette, the dance of the shadows, how we all followed him, puzzled but incredulous, and how there in the laboratory we beheld a larger edition of the little mechanism which we had seen vanish from before our eyes. Parts were of nickel, parts of ivory, parts had certainly been filed or sawn out of rock crystal. The thing was generally complete, but the twisted crystalline bars lay unfinished upon the bench beside some sheets of drawings, and I took one up for a better look at it. Quartz it seemed to be.

Extract from *The Time Machine*, by H. G. Wells

Puedo escribir los versos más tristes esta noche.
Yo la quise, y a veces ella también me quiso.

En las noches como ésta la tuve entre mis brazos.
La besé tantas veces bajo el cielo infinito.

Ella me quiso, a veces yo también la quería.
Cómo no haber amado sus grandes ojos fijos.

Extract from *El Poema número 20*, by Pablo Neruda

COMMENT CANDIDE ET CACAMBO FURENT REÇUS CHEZ LES JÉSUITES DU PARAGUAI.

Candide avait amené de Cadix un valet tel qu'on en trouve beaucoup sur les côtes d'Espagne et dans les colonies. C'était un quart d'Espagnol, né d'un métis dans le Tucuman; il avait été enfant de choeur, sacristain, matelot, moine, facteur, soldat, laquais. Il s'appelait Cacambo, et aimait fort son maître, parceque son maître était un fort bon homme. Il sella au plus vite les deux chevaux andalous. Allons, mon maître, suivons le conseil de la vieille, partons, et courrons sans regarder derrière nous. Candide versa des larmes: *O ma chère Cunégonde! faut-il vous abandonner dans le temps que monsieur le gouverneur va faire nos noces!* Cunégonde amenée de si loin, que deviendrez-vous? Elle deviendra ce qu'elle pourra, dit Cacambo; les femmes ne sont jamais embarrassées d'elles; Dieu y pourvoit; courrons. Où me mènes-tu? où allons-nous? que ferons-nous sans Cunégonde? disait Candide.

Extract from *Candide*, by Voltaire, 1759.

I7-årige Mie vinder
guld med europarekord

DANISH

Praha nepošle tramvaje z
Vinohrad na Václavák,
ale na Hlavní nádraží

CZECH

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