

MARVIN BELL

Typesetting The Odyssey

Norton is smoking a pipe as he slots the letters into a type stick, the California job case thinning out as he uses up the m's and n's and the e's despite their number. It's a case of how many individual acts can a man get right in one hand, yes it's one more revision of thought sweating into labor and a philosophy of acts vis-à-vis the whole tenor of a life. That is, shall a man be stoned to death by his neighbors, or is it sufficient to have one representative of all who are without sin take the rap. How on this bumpy earth can a typesetter make all the right draws in perfect order, not even one upside-down italic x? He can't. The classics are the place for the gods, aglitter in the ether, flaming the sea with their haute-supreme perfection, and sacrosanct on their home turf: ageless luminaries of an age when the voyage knocked you off your pins and Troy fell.