Dreams Reoccurring
Reoccurring Dreams
The Craft of the Book in the Age of the Web

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Books in Browsers IV
October 2013
Books need browsers,

but do browsers need books?
Have literature and “publishing” parted ways?
And yet, We love books.
Craft
A practice cultivates mastery and judgement. Based on lifelong learning and devotion to a core set of knowledge and values, it has intrinsic benefit for those who take part in it. In that regard, a practice is a goal in itself. This quality is demonstrated by anyone who works primarily for the right to continue to practice.

Is publishing losing touch with its craft heritage?
Hunter S. Thompson thought publishers a combination of business nous and ineptitude, people ‘notoriously slothful about numbers, unless they’re attached to dollar signs’. Many have been unkind. The children’s writer Maurice Sendak was even more strident: ‘publishing is such an outrageously stupid profession. Or has become so [...] nobody knows what they’re doing. I wonder if that’s always been true?’ The philosopher A. J. Ayer was caustic: ‘If I had been someone not very clever, I would have done an easier job like publishing. That’s the easiest job I can think of.’ So was Goethe, who saw publishers as ‘cohort of the devil’. Suffice to say, publishing has long been open to interpretation.

Perhaps, unsurprisingly, the clearest commentator is Oscar Wilde, who said with unmistakable brevity, ‘A publisher is simply a useful middleman.’
There is craft in digital media, but doesn’t seem to be in digital publishing
Are publishers thinking about craft?
Quick and easy

Template-driven

Imitating the printed page
Affordance

vs.

Skeuomorphism
Affordance

An **affordance** is a quality of an object, or an environment, which allows an individual to perform an action. For example, a knob affords twisting.

The term has further evolved for use in the context of human–computer interaction (HCI) to indicate the **easy discoverability of possible actions**.
Skeuomorph

A skeuomorph /ˈskjuːəmɔːrf/ is a derivative object that retains ornamental design cues from structures that were necessary in the original.
chaise lounge, half drunk in the moonlight, various Gaddafi's and their guests frolicking in the background. Perhaps it's that they're so ugly, these "beautiful" people. They wear the same ugly clothes, designed by the same misogynistic old queens—who must privately piss themselves with laughter seeing their older, richer clientele squeezing into these outfits...leading one to the observation that the style-makers themselves, the people who decide what the world will wear next year, who's pretty, what's "hot" and what's "not," are uniformly hideous beyond the lurid imaginings of Cub Scouts round a campfire. Just look at the guest judges on Project Runway or America's Next Top Model—or at the front row of any fashion show—and you'll get the idea: a dumber, less attractive, more badly dressed bunch of customers would be hard to find outside a suburban Dress Barn. Rick James—in the '70s—could never have gotten away with what Karl Lagerfeld wears every day. He'd have been hooted off the stage. If Donatella Versace showed up at your door selling Amway products, you'd slam it and double-lock it—before calling the neighbors to warn them.

As I looked around the beach, I saw, in the jaundiced light of my unhappiness, the full horror of this Island of Dr. Moreau. I was increasingly marooned myself on the full spectrum of what the plastic surgeries gone wrong—right through to "I'm open, curiosities of the flesh, which after all came level would have been confirmed irrefutable logic. nival sideshow: mouths that pulled wide if, in the plumped beyond credibility, chest of Albert, with my ball-like lumps, and forehead where there'd be a could play snare drum on the skull just too aw eyes that refused to blink anymore. I needed close...

And there was my drink, foaming shit storm. thousand-dollar plans was wasted, much—then once again—for her... I walked down the road. I makes sense that I did, I did, the front desk for Robert—would probably be $200, the hotel, should. They are, after all, the ones that have kept the mile or so to the figuring out what the hotel light on the bench. I took needs. What the hell... what was it? What had happened? I watched—dozens of miners of their place—and the old miners, the miners, the miners, the miners, the miners, the miners, the miners...
Handcraft of the web
Crafting Experiences
CBC Radio 3
a digital magazine
A Social Book
by Alexandra Samuel

A research project
at Emily Carr University of Art + Design
Can reading a book be a participatory and social experience?

What are the issues when adding social functionality into a digital book?

Can we integrate a social component into a book without getting in the way of the original content?

How do we make a book ultimately dynamic?
HONOURING THE DEBT CANADA'S CONNECTIVITY OWS TO CHINESE WORKERS

In 1976 I was in kindergarten, and like any five-year-old looked forward to the high point of each day: the arrival of our latest ditto-ed handout. For those of you under 30, let me explain that a ditto (similar to a mimeo) was a purple-inked paper used
low-circulation, low-budget publications. As soon as the dittos were handed out, we held them up to our faces and inhaled deeply: the smell of happiness, and as it turns out, methanol.

You over-30s, take note of the fact that I had to explain this item from our collective archive. Over the past few years I’ve had a few thirtysomethings stare at me blankly when I made a passing reference to dittos. When I started school, the ditto and its ancestors had been captivating children for a full century: in fact, the mimeograph was invented by none other than Thomas Edison in 1876. But just ten years after I inhaled my first ditto in kindergarten, the ditto was more or less extinct (at least in North America), overtaken by the photocopier and the computer printer. Today’s 28-year-old American has never enjoyed the intoxicating high of methanol in the morning.
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This is an interesting discussion indeed. However, metrics for the sake of metrics are useless and navel gazing ones like the Klout...

— James Gattiker

Great post! A manifesto is needed when we live our life on social media more often. Social media is just another digital organizer which ...

— Haig Armen

Finally, someone comes out and says it. I guess the madness is all part of the transition / hype phase.

— Ned Stark

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The lovelly classroom handout is like a radar gun for the speed of change. I’m not even 40 (yet), and I can play a very respectable game of “when I was a boy...” OK, so sniffing mimeos isn’t quite as dramatic as walking three miles to school through the proverbial snowdrifts. But when my mother was 39, there were only three everyday technologies that had become obsolete in her lifetime:
Teaching Craft
Reoccurring dreams.
Thank you