

intro to **graphic design**



**Discipline: BOOK DESIGN**

## intro to graphic design



“Books are a thing of beauty,  
but so are horse-drawn carriages.”

~Dick Brass, Microsoft

intro to graphic design

a brief **history** of the book

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YqYtdPUis4>

## intro to graphic design

### anatomy of the industry

Book Jacket vs Interior Spreads

Early covers = protection

Modern covers = move product

Genres

- trade (or commercial)
- professional
- textbook
- mass market

Publishers

Freelancers/Self-publishing?

## intro to graphic design



CHIP KIDD

### the brief

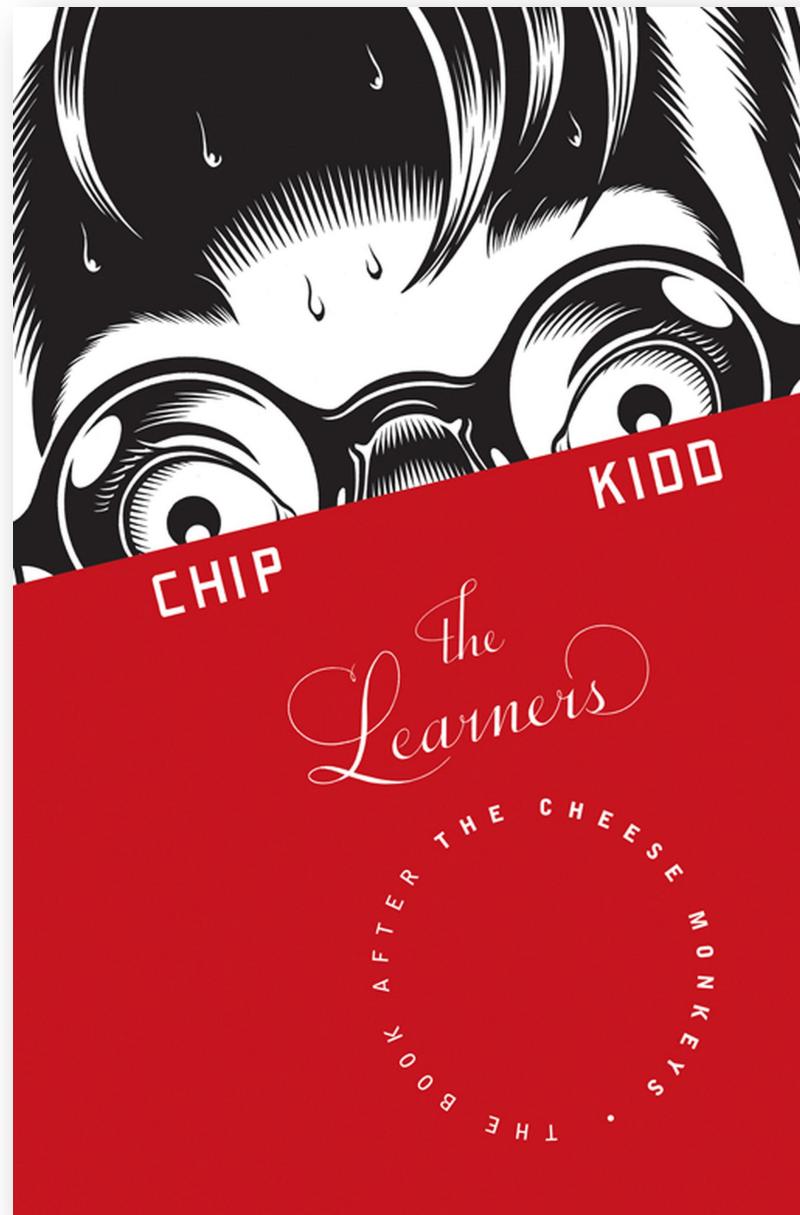
- cover design should be appropriate to the content
- covers should appeal to people who don't know what the book is about

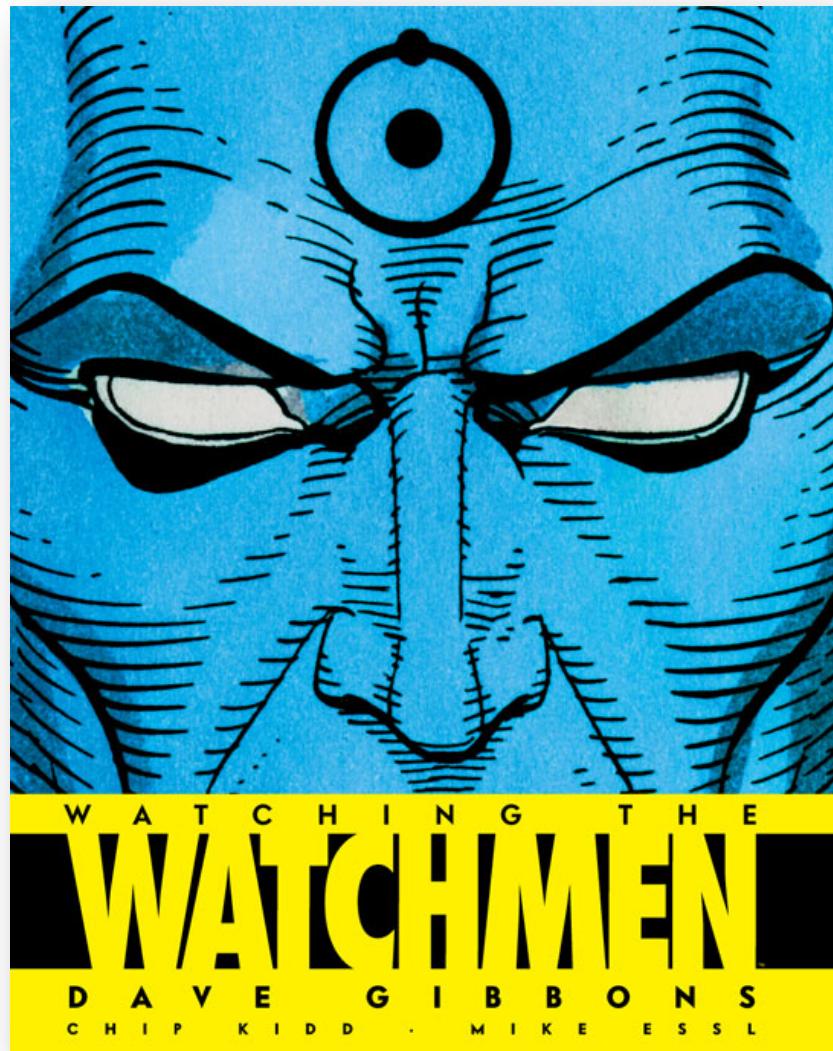
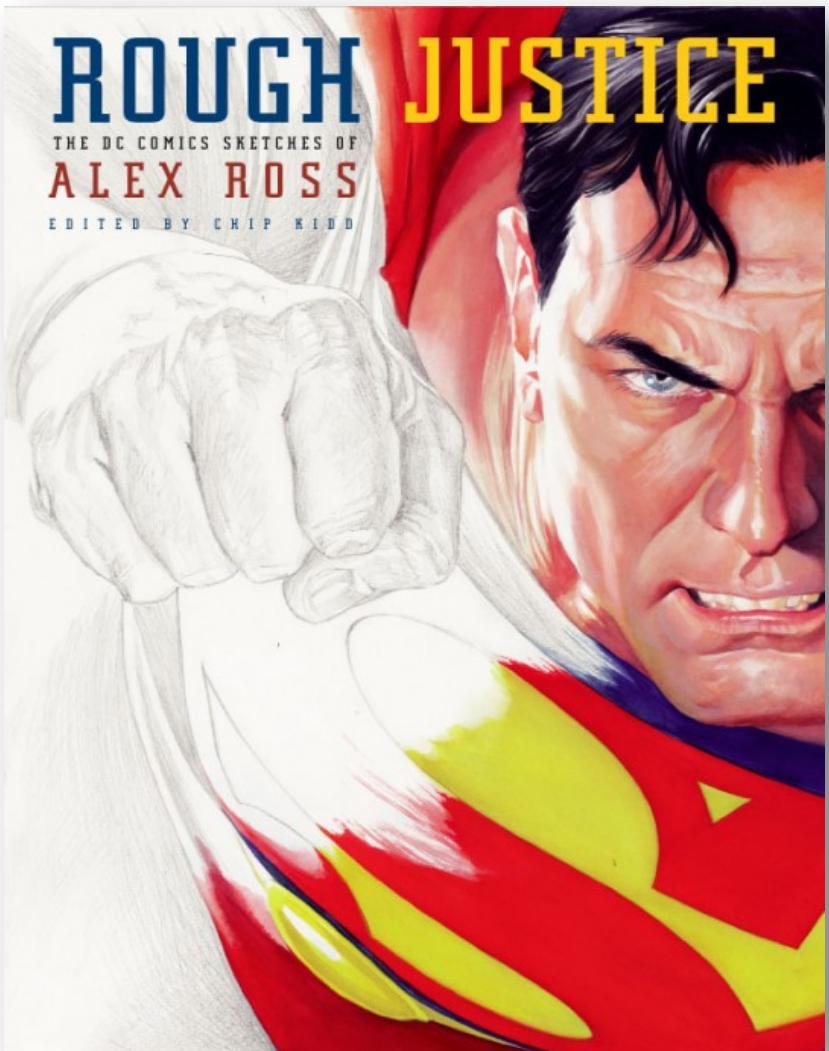
# JURASSIC PARK

THE GIFT EDITION

MICHAEL CRICHTON

AUTOGRAPHED  
WITH 12 FULL-COLOR  
PAINTINGS





INTERNATIONAL BEST SELLER



**HARUKI  
MURAKAMI**

**84**

A NOVEL

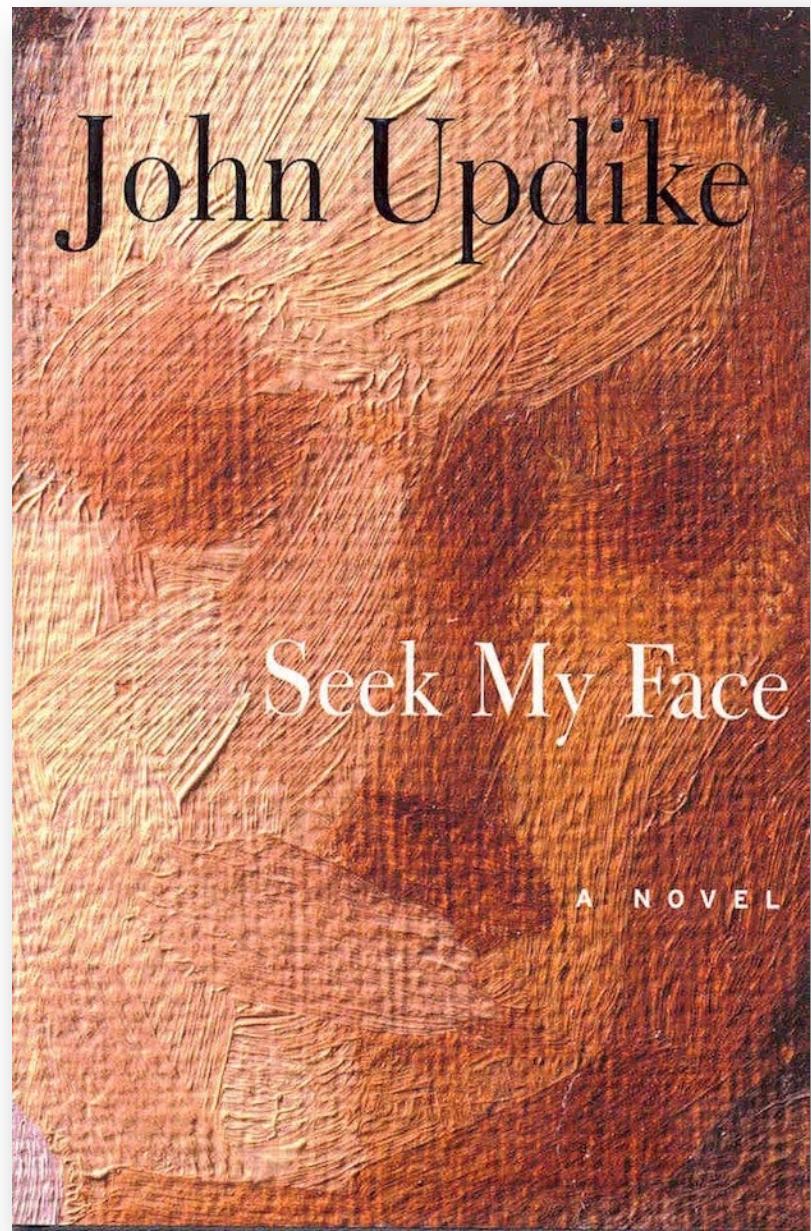
INTERNATIONAL BEST SELLER

**A TREACHEROUS  
PARADISE**

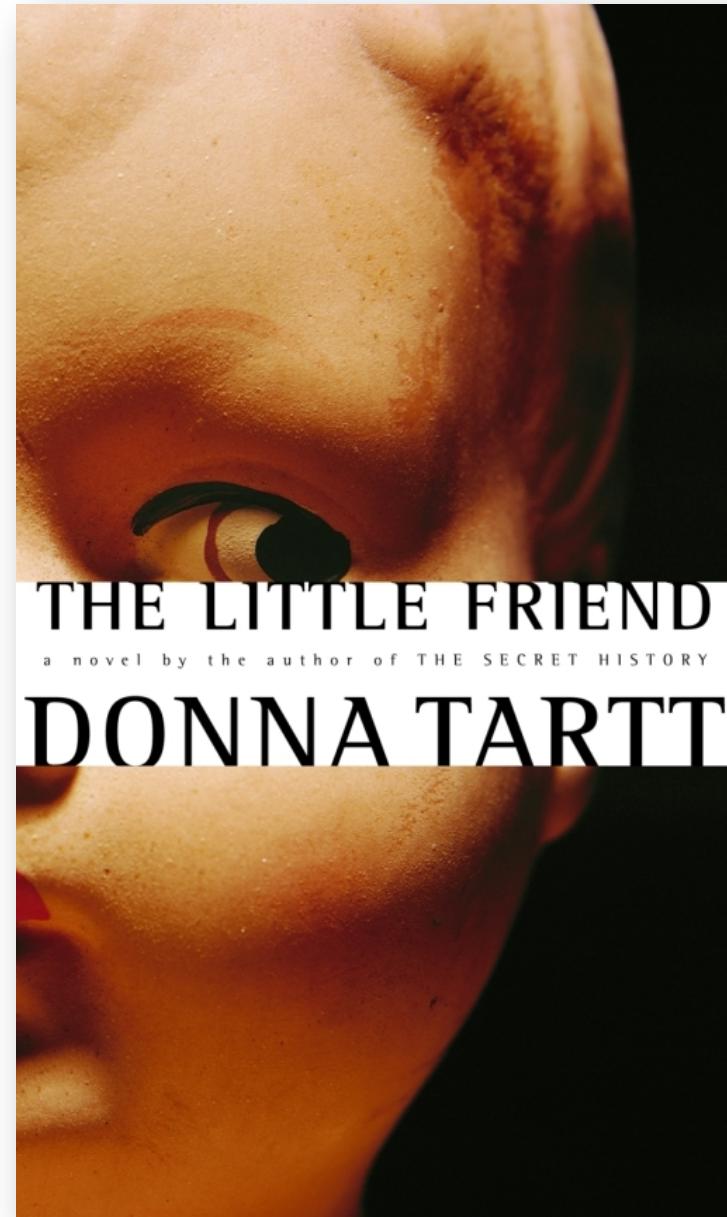
A NOVEL



**HENNING  
MANKELL**

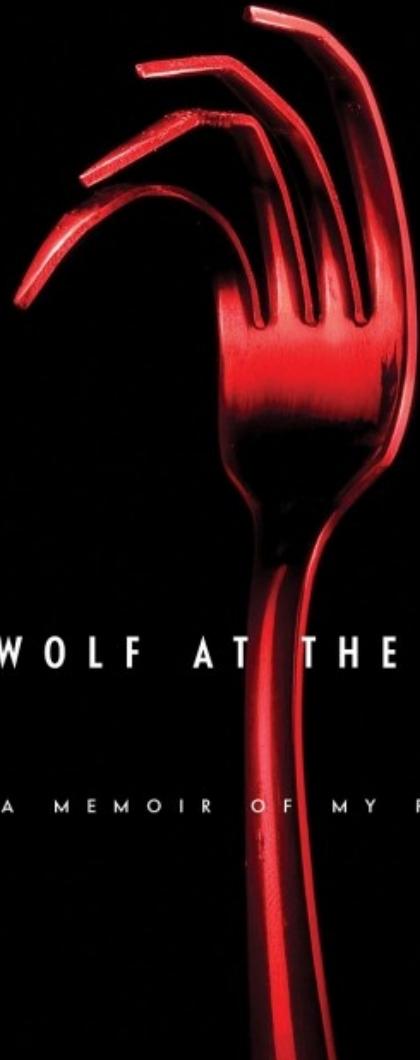


AUGUSTEN BURROUGHS



#1 New York Times bestselling author of RUNNING WITH SCISSORS

# AUGUSTEN BURROUGHS



## A WOLF AT THE TABLE

A MEMOIR OF MY FATHER

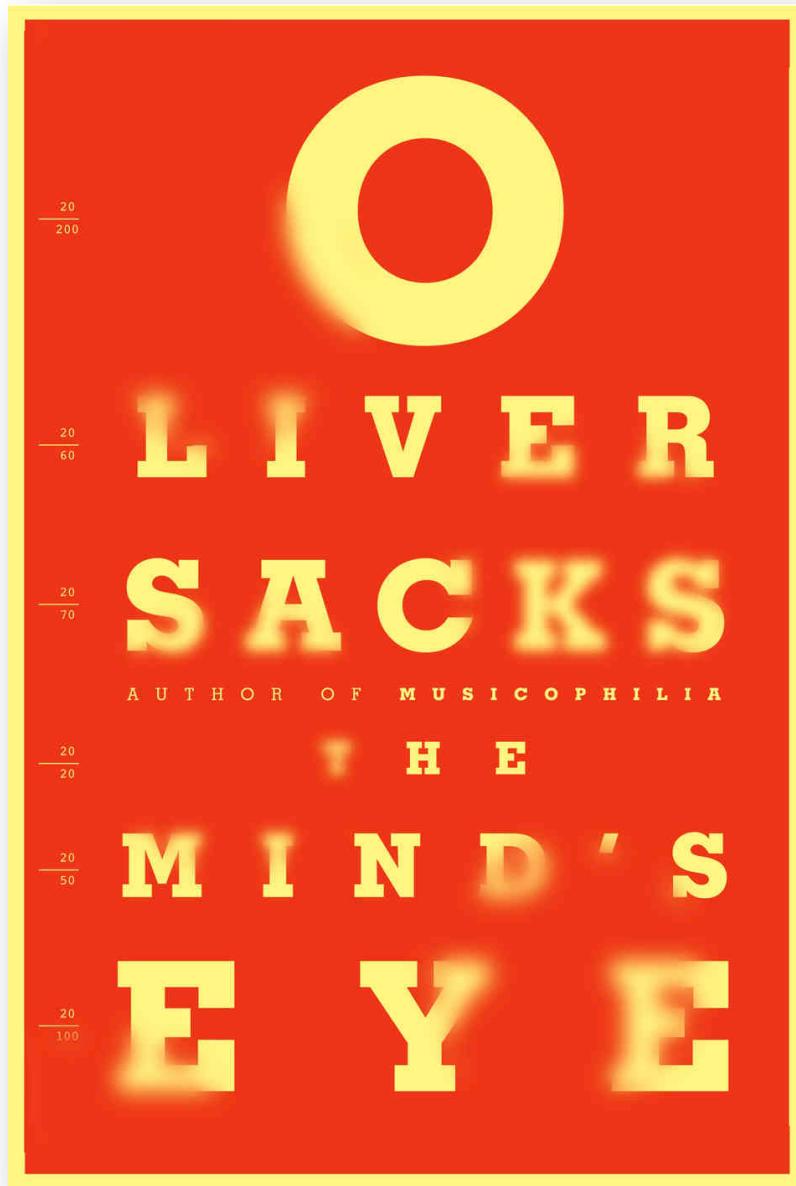
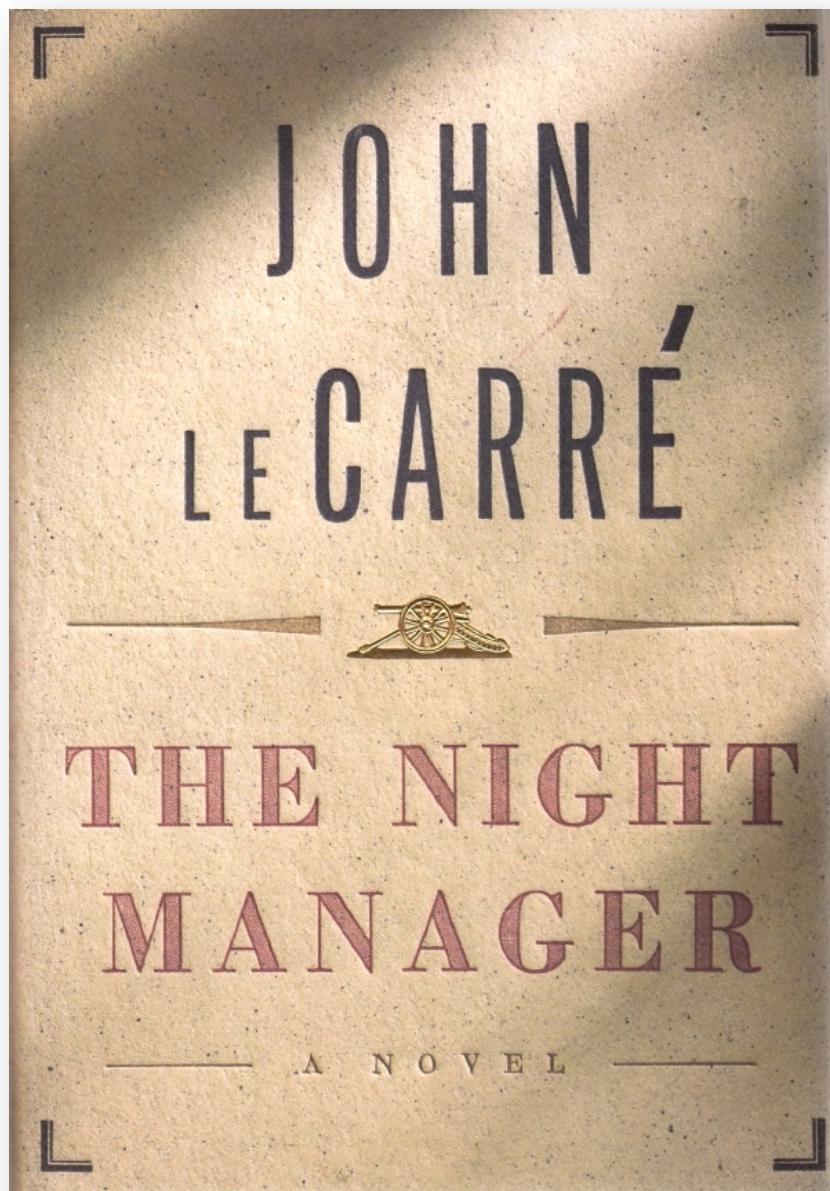
# Mary Roach

best-selling author of *Stiff*



## Gulp.

ADVENTURES ON THE ALIMENTARY CANAL



The New York Times Bestseller

# Dry.

A memoir.

Augusten  
Burroughs.

Author of *Running with Scissors*

Picador

ROBERT  
HUGHES

# THINGS I **DIDN'T** KNOW

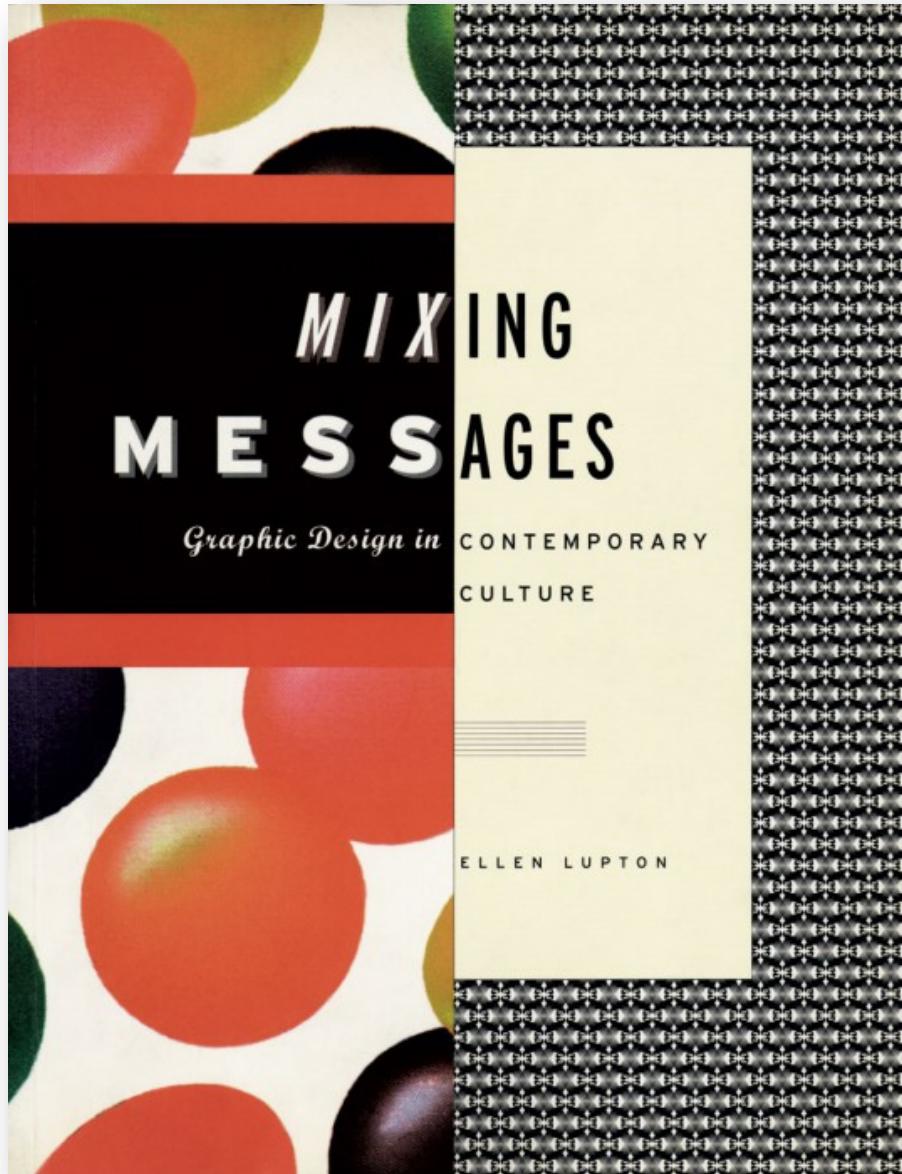
A MEMOIR

by the author of THE FATAL SHORE

# MIXING MESSAGES

*Graphic Design in* CONTEMPORARY  
CULTURE

ELLEN LUPTON



intro to graphic design

a “different” kind of book  
(paper engineering)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O6JFYMJMQZ0>

Quarrel  
&  
Quandary

essays by

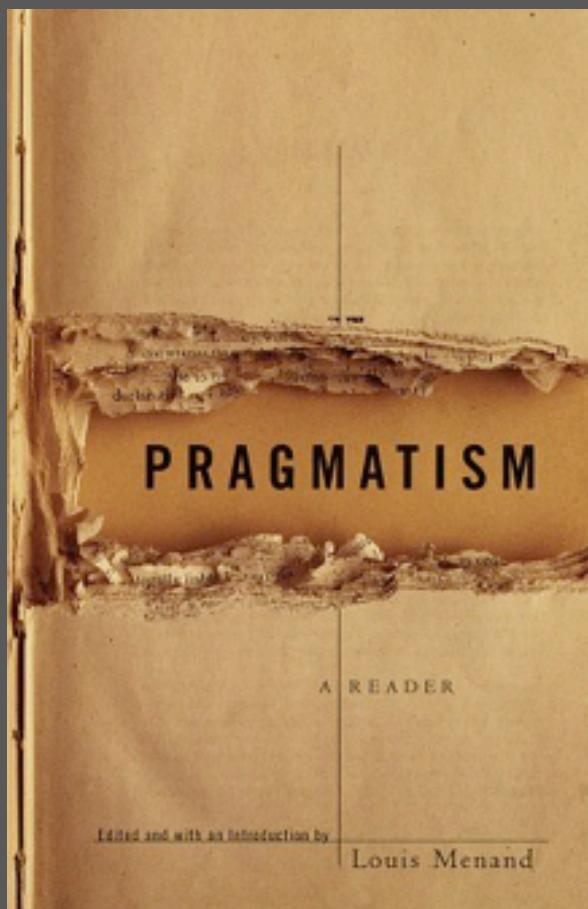
*Cynthia Ozick*



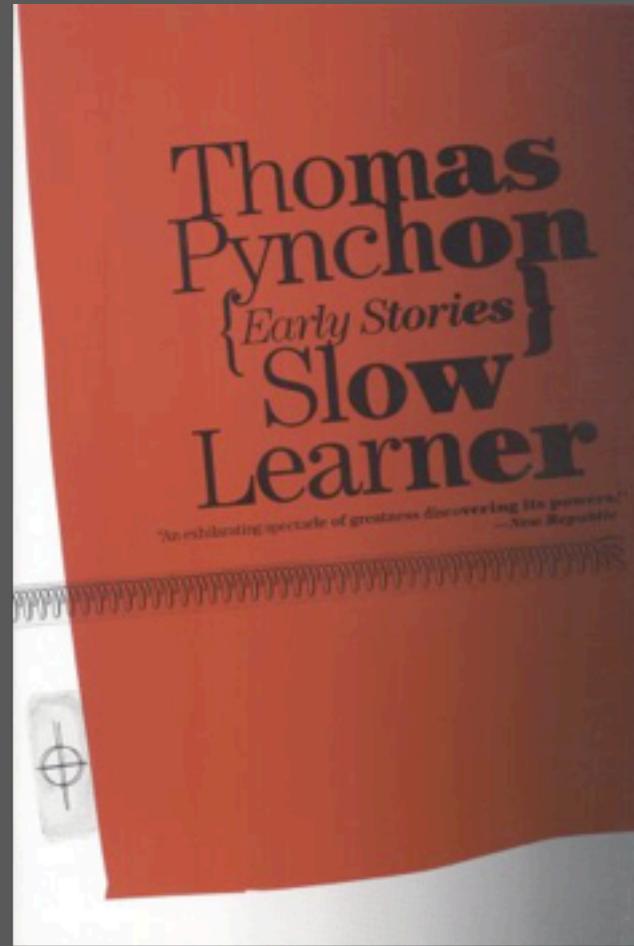
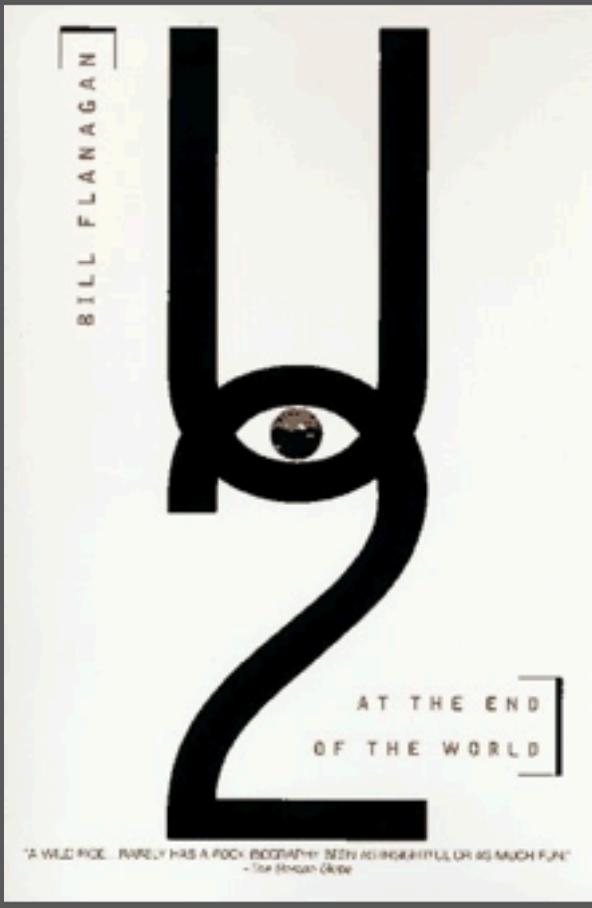
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LOVE TODAY stories by MAXIM BILLER

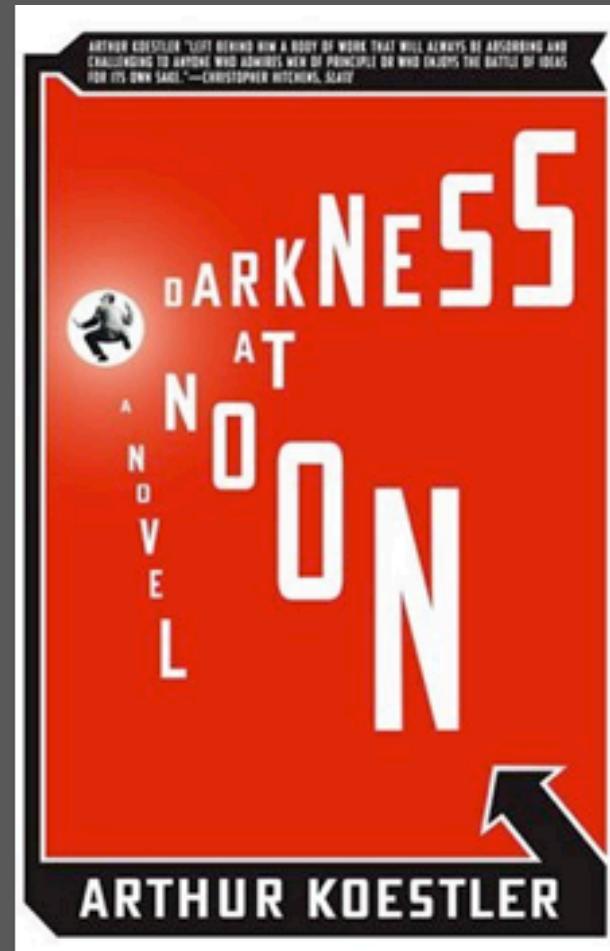
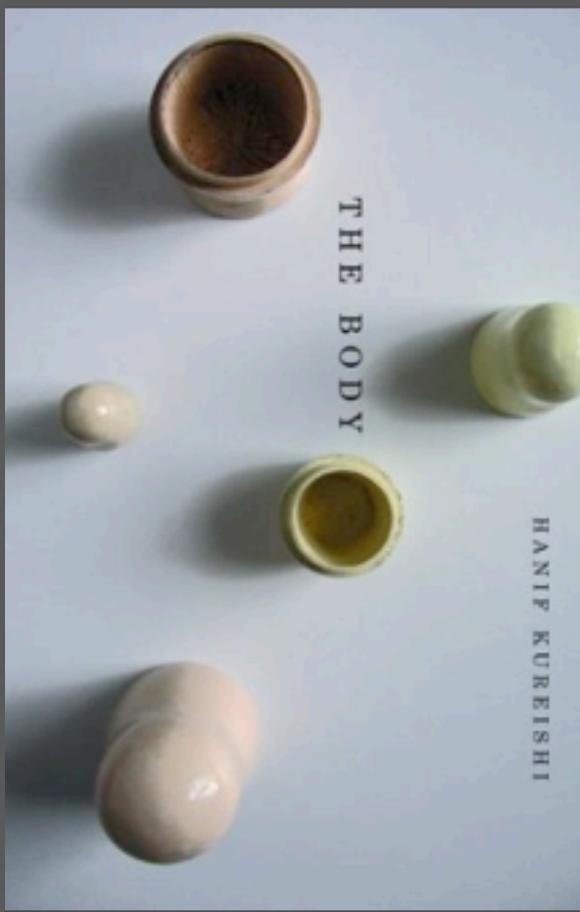
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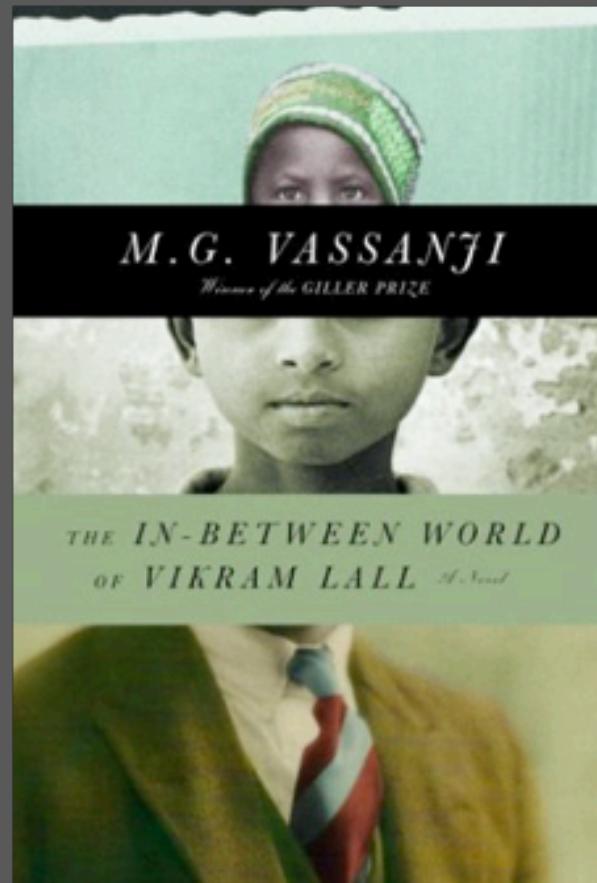
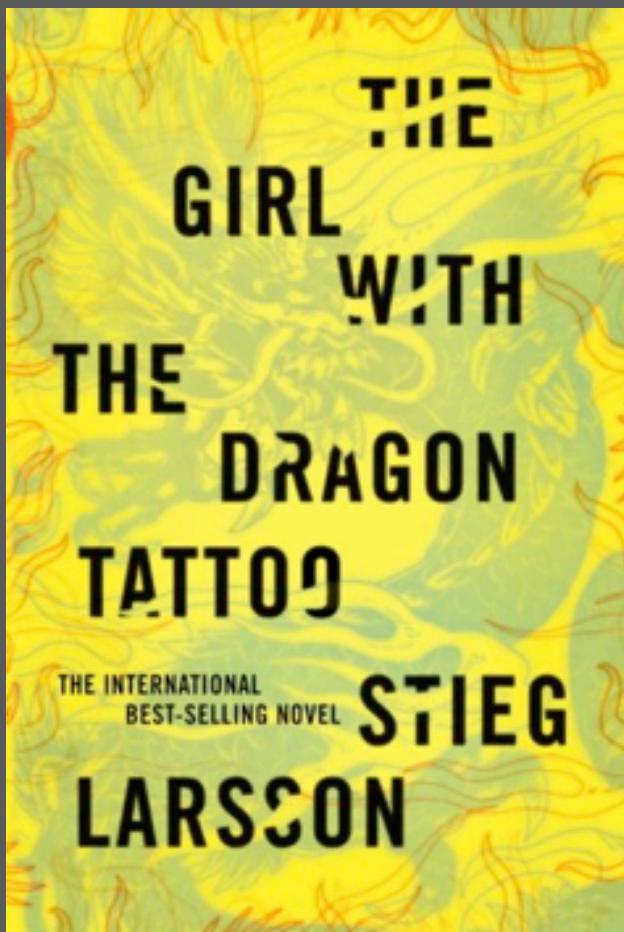
John Gall



Michael Ian Kaye



Paul Sahre



Peter Mendelsund

dently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.  As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.  By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep. 







# O

N WAKING, HE

FOUND HIMSELF ON THE GREEN KNOLL WHENCE

HE HAD FIRST SEEN THE OLD MAN OF THE GLEN.

He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were

hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling

aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip,

“I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he

fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—

the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at nine-pins—the

flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip—“what

unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

SOME MENTION WAS MADE ALSO OF THE WOMAN IN WHITE, THAT HAUNTED THE DARK GLEN AT RAVEN ROCK.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent white-washed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman; and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy

Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.



THE HORSEMAN SUDDENLY TURNED INTO A SKELETON, AND SPRANG AWAY OVER THE TREE-TOPS WITH A CLAP OF THUNDER.

All these tales, told in the drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about the Sleepy Hollow.

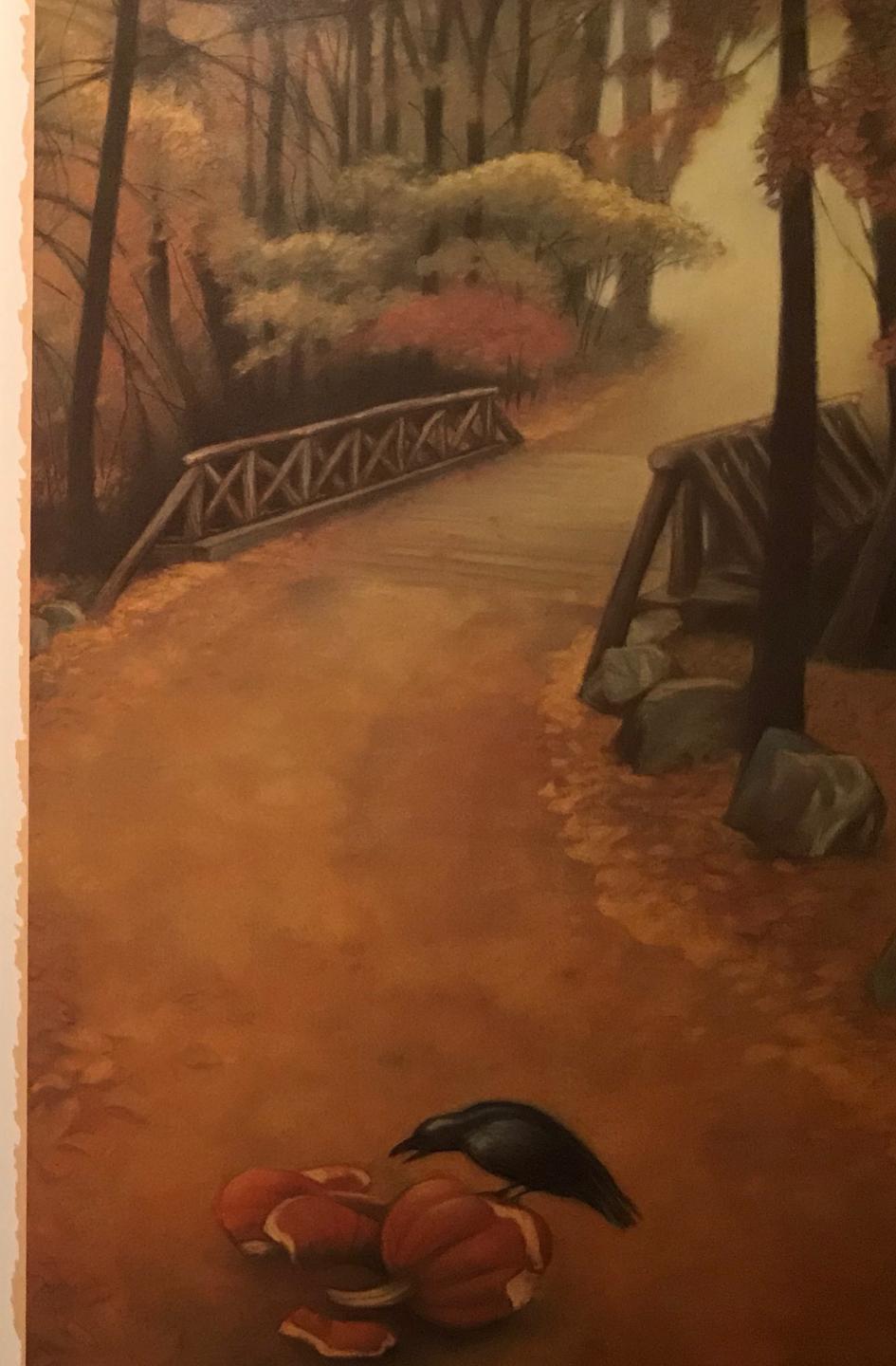
The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillion behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ich-



good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghastly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin;



**intro to graphic design**

## Cover examples from **GPHD130**

Challenge: Take a well known novel  
from the past and design a special edition  
for a new generation of readers...



S P E C I A L   E D I T I O N

20  
*Jules Verne*

LEAGUES  
UNDER  
THE SEA

SPECIAL EDITION

GONE WITH THE  
WIND

MARGARET MITCHELL

A dark silhouette of a man's head and shoulders is positioned on the left side of the cover. He is wearing a bowler hat and a suit jacket. The background behind him is a light blue-grey color with fine, horizontal, wavy lines.

SPECIAL EDITION

*The Picture of*  
**DORIAN  
GRAY**

a novel by  
Oscar Wilde



J.R.R. Tolkien's  
**LORD** of the **RINGS**

— SPECIAL EDITION —

Mary Shelley's

# FRANKENSTEIN

Special Edition



SPECIAL  
EDITION

"The words induced me to turn towards myself. I learned that the possessions most esteemed by your fellow creatures were high and exalted descent united with riches. A man might be respected with only one of these advantages, but without either he was considered, except in very rare instances, as a vagabond and a slave, doomed to waste his powers for the profits of the chosen few! And what was I?"

"When I looked around I saw and heard of none like me.  
Was I, then, a MONSTER, a blot upon the earth,  
from which all men fled and whom all men disowned?"

Of my creation and creator I was absolutely ignorant, but I knew that I possessed no money, no friends, no kind of property. I was, besides, endowed with a figure hideously deformed and loathsome: I was not even of the same nature as man. I was more agile than they and could subsist upon coarser diet; I bore the extremes of heat and cold with less injury to my frame; my stature far exceeded theirs. When I looked around I saw and heard of none like me.  
"Was I, then, a monster, a blot upon the earth, from which all men fled and whom all men disowned?" — Frankenstein's Monster

"After seeing at least five versions of this tale in film — one of my great childhood minister loves, 'twas happy to finally read the novel. As so often occurs with classics, I was as surprised as I was fascinated." — Robert J. Crawford

"You don't know Frankenstein until you've read the novel. Forget everything you remember about the classic horror movie of Frankenstein; the movie just doesn't do it justice like the novel does." — Anthony Liberati

# FRANKENSTEIN

Mary Shelley



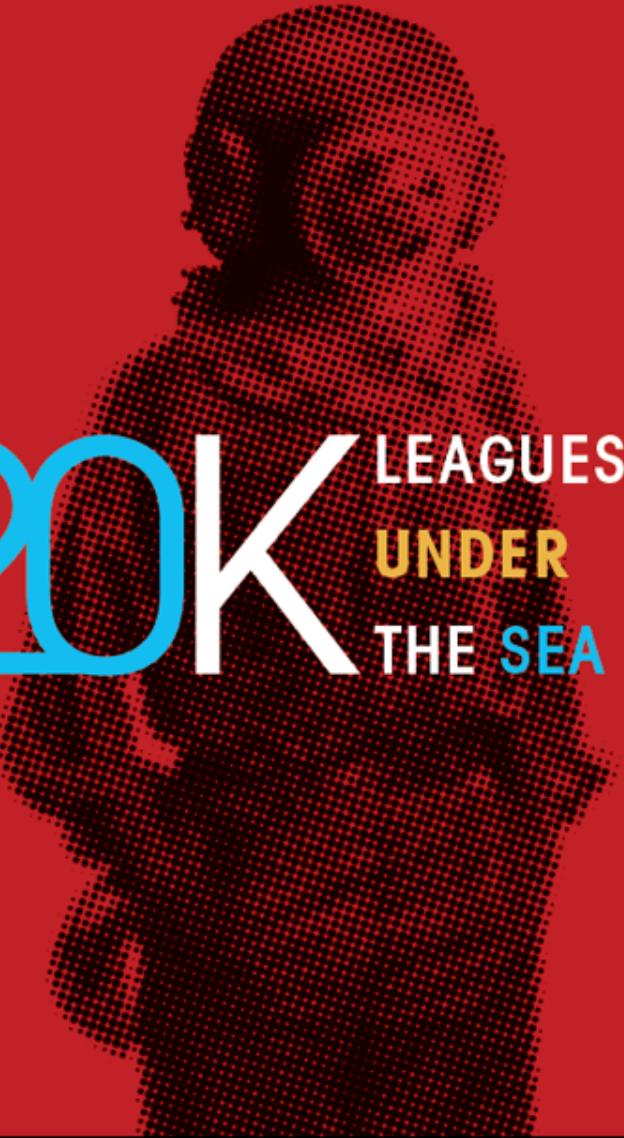
# FRANKENSTEIN

SPECIAL EDITION

Mary Shelley



JULES VERNE



# 20K LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

# CATCH-22

SPECIAL EDITION JOSEPH HELLER



# D N QUIXOTE

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES  
SPECIAL EDITION

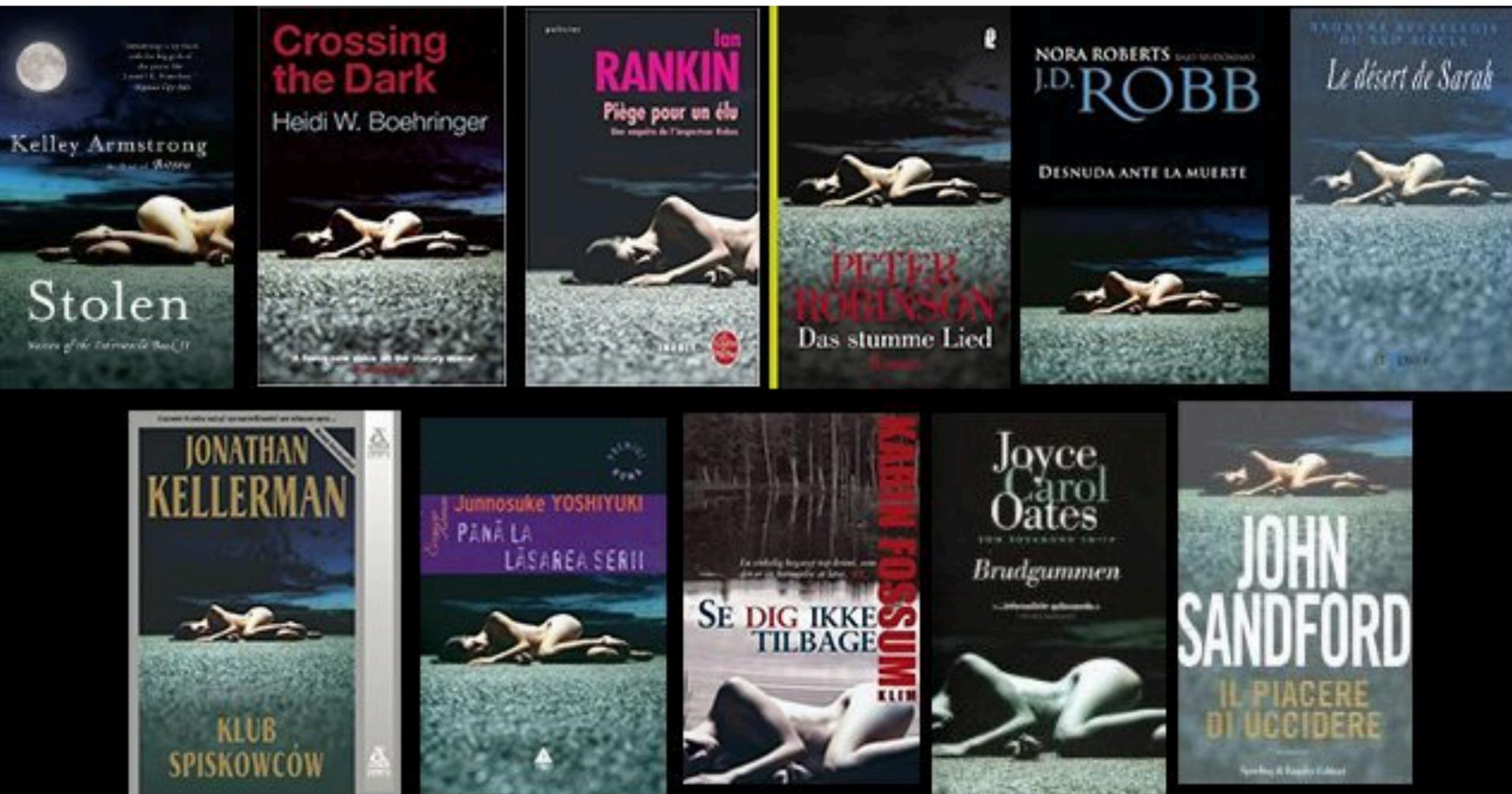
## intro to graphic design

Be careful in your design...



intro to graphic design

especially when utilizing “stock” imagery...



## intro to graphic design

as you never know how **unique** you'll be...



intro to graphic design



your homework is to read  
**“First Things First”**  
before class on Monday, September 10<sup>th</sup>

you'll find that in the:  
**CANVAS > files > reading material**