

PANGRAM PANGRAM



PP WRITER

AN ELEGANT WORKHORSE SERIF

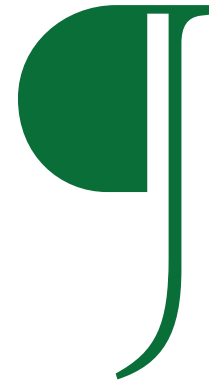


FRED WILTSHIRE

3 Cuts x 10 Styles
with 676 Glyphs

Hh <i>Thin Text</i>	Hh <i>Thin Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Thin Italic</i>
Hh <i>Ultralight Text</i>	Hh <i>Ultralight Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Ultralight Italic</i>
Hh <i>Light Text</i>	Hh <i>Light Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Light Italic</i>
Hh <i>Book Text</i>	Hh <i>Book Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Book Italic</i>
Hh <i>Regular Text</i>	Hh <i>Regular Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Regular Italic</i>
Hh <i>Medium Text</i>	Hh <i>Medium Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Medium Italic</i>
Hh <i>Semibold Text</i>	Hh <i>Semibold Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Semibold Italic</i>
Hh <i>Bold Text</i>	Hh <i>Bold Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Bold Italic</i>
Hh <i>Ultrabold Text</i>	Hh <i>Ultrabold Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Ultrabold Italic</i>
Hh <i>Black Text</i>	Hh <i>Black Display</i>	<i>Hh</i> <i>Black Italic</i>

Thin Display
160pt
Light Text
68pt



INTRODUCTION

PP Writer is an elegant and dynamic serif drawing inspiration from French Renaissance type. It was originally created during Fred's Masters studies at the University of Reading, under the name Nausea. Writer includes three cuts, text and display styles and a playful italic, and nine weights per cut. Each font includes 676 glyphs with a range of alternates, ornaments and much more. This typeface supports extended Latin and Cyrillic scripts.

Writer is intended to provide the user with a legible, traditional text typeface for print and editorial usage. Writer Text is the workhorse of this typeface, its purpose is for text ranging between 6 and 14pt.

Writer's proportions, contrast, modulation and stress embodies Renaissance type of 16th Century. Although it is inspired by the past, it does not always stick to tradition. PP Writer has plenty of character and personality, pushing the Renaissance style into the 21st Century.

Writer Display is a variation of the text style with different levels of contrast and sharper strokes. This style embellishes the characteristics of the text style, accentuating and exaggerating each stroke and serif.

Writer Italic is a lively and characterful companion to the upright. It can blend into a piece of text, harmonizing seamlessly with the upright whilst still sufficiently standing out.

Writer Cyrillic follows a similar aesthetic to the Latin, but does not ignore Cyrillic traditions. This is notable in the serifs found on the Tse or Sha, which disregards the Latin motif and prioritise Cyrillic tradition.

Writer was awarded a Merit for Gerard Unger Scholarship, and a TDC certificate of excellence.

Regular Text
20pt

A B C D E F G
 H I J K L M N
 O P Q R S T U
 V W X Y & Z

 a b c d e f g
 h i j k l m n
 o p q r s t u
 v w x y & z

Regular Text
35pt

GERMINAL

Regular Text
24pt

Germinal by
 ÉMILE ZOLA is
 often considered
 their masterpiece
 and one of the
 most significant
 novels in the
 French tradition

Regular Text
10pt

The novel's central character is Étienne Lantier, previously seen in *L'Assommoir* (1877), and originally to have been the central character in Zola's "murder on the trains" thriller *La Bête humaine* (1890) before the overwhelmingly positive reaction to *Germinal* persuaded him otherwise.

Regular Text
07pt

The young migrant worker arrives at the forbidding coal mining town of Montsou in the bleak area of the far north of France to earn a living as a miner. Sacked from his previous job on the railways for assaulting a superior, Étienne befriends the veteran miner Maheu, who finds him somewhere to stay and gets him a job pushing the carts down the pit.

UPPERCASE

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

UPPERCASE DIACRITICS

À Á Â Ã Ä Å Æ Ç È É Ê Ë Ì Í Î Ï Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö Ø Ù Ú Û Ü Ý Þ ß à á â ã

LOWERCASE

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

LOWERCASE DIACRITICS

á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë ì í î ï ñ ò ó ô õ ö ø ù ú û ü ý þ ß à á â ã

LIGATURES AND ALTERNATES

Q Qf TE Th ct ff ffi ffl fi fl ss st www a o

SMALL CAPS

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

CYRILLIC UPPERCASE

А Б В Г Д Е Ж З И Й К Л М Н О П Р С Т У Ф Х Ц Ч Ш Щ Ъ Ы Ь Э Ю Я

CYRILLIC LOWERCASE

а б в г д е ж з и й к л м н о п р с т у ф х ц ч ш щ ъ ы ь э ю я

NUMERALS

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 1/2 1/4 3/4 1/8 3/8 5/8

PUNCTUATION

.,:;...!|?¿·* # / \ · · · · · _ _ _ _ _ () { } [] () { } [] , " ' ' « » < > " ' « » < >

SYMBOLS

f • @ & ¶ § © ® ™ ° | † ‡ № ¢ ¤ £ ¥ · ≥ ≤ + - × ÷ = ≠ > < > ± ~ ~ ^ ∞ ∅ ∫ μ π Ω Δ ∏ Σ √ μ ∂ ‰ % ‰

ARROWS AND ORNAMENTS

↔ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙ ↚ ↛ ↜ ↝ ↞ ↠ ↡ ↢ ↣ ↤ ↥ ↦ ↧ ↨ ↩ ↪ ↫ ↬ ↭ ↮ ↯ ↰ ↱ ↲ ↳ ↴ ↵ ↶ ↷ ↸ ↹ ↺ ↻ ↼ ↽ ↾ ↿ ⇀ ⇁ ⇂ ⇃ ⇄ ⇅ ⇆ ⇇ ⇈ ⇉ ⇊ ⇋ ⇌ ⇍ ⇎ ⇏ ⇐ ⇑ ⇒ ⇓ ⇔ ⇕ ⇖ ⇗ ⇘ ⇙ ⇚ ⇛ ⇜ ⇝ ⇞ ⇟ ⇠ ⇡ ⇢ ⇣ ⇤ ⇥ ⇦ ⇧ ⇨ ⇩ ⇪ ⇫ ⇬ ⇭ ⇮ ⇯ ⇰ ⇱ ⇲ ⇳ ⇴ ⇵ ⇶ ⇷ ⇸ ⇹ ⇺ ⇻ ⇼ ⇽ ⇾ ⇿

Medium Display
60pt

AsPet;12©
#nh?@giR7°
②QEf—36%
74Ma!19* &
TEz£b”816
Fб↖N°ffl
>CEφ†∅→T

Bold Display
60pt

Light Display
30pt

Thin Text
10pt

THE WALL

JEAN-PAUL SARTRES

1939



*Ultralight
Text*
13pt

The Wall (*French: Le Mur*) by Jean-Paul Sartre, a collection of short stories published in 1939 containing the eponymous story “*The Wall*”, is considered one of the author's greatest existentialist works of fiction. Sartre dedicated the book to his companion *Olga Kosakiewicz*, a former student of *Simone de Beauvoir*.

Book Text
08pt

Book Italic
08pt

THEY PUSHED US into a big white room and I began to blink because the light hurt my eyes. Then I saw a table and four men behind the table, civilians, looking over the papers. They had bunched another group of prisoners in the back and we had to cross the whole room to join them. There were several I knew and some others who must have been foreigners. The two in front of me were blond with round skulls: they looked alike. I supposed they were French. The smaller one kept hitching up his pants: nerves.

It lasted about three hours: I was dizzy and my head was empty; but the room was well heated and I found that pleasant enough: for the past 24 hours we hadn't stopped shivering. The guards brought the prisoners up to the table, one after the other. The four men asked each one his name and occupation. Most of the time they didn't go any further--or they would simply ask a question here and there: “*Did you have anything to do with the sabotage of munitions?*” Or “*Where were you the morning of the 9th and what were you doing?*” They didn't listen to the answers or at least didn't seem to. They were quiet for a moment and then looking straight in front of them began to write. They asked Tom if it were true he was in the International Brigade: Tom couldn't tell them otherwise because of the papers they found in his coat. They didn't ask Juan anything but they wrote for a long time after he told them his name.

“*My brother Jose is the anarchist,*” Juan said “*You know he isn't here any more. I don't belong to any party. I never had anything to do with it.*”

They didn't answer. Juan went on, “*I haven't done anything. I don't want to pay for somebody else.*” His lips trembled. A guard shut him up and took him away. It was my turn.

“*Your name is Pablo Ibbieta?*”

“*Yes.*”

The man looked at the papers and asked me “*Where's Ramon Gris?*”

“*I don't know.*”

“*You hid him in your house from the 6th to the 19th.*”

“*No.*”

They wrote for a minute and then the guards took me out. In the corridor Tom and Juan were waiting between two guards. We started walking. Tom asked one of the guards, “*So?*”

“*So what?*” the guard said.

“*Was that the cross-examination or the sentence?*”

“*Sentence*” the guard said.

“*What are they going to do with us?*”

The guard answered dryly, “*Sentence will be read in your cell.*”

As a matter of fact, our cell was one of the hospital cellars. It was terrifically cold there because of the drafts. We shivered all night and it wasn't much better during the day. I had spent the previous five days in a cell in a monastery, a sort of hole in the wall that must have dated from the middle ages: since there were a lot of prisoners and not much room, they locked us up anywhere. I didn't miss my cell; I hadn't suffered too much from the cold but I was alone; after a long time it gets irritating. In the cellar I had company. Juan hardly ever

TEXT

THIN
REGULAR
BLACK

DISPLAY

THIN
REGULAR
BLACK

Capital Ligature

LL

Small Caps

Elegant – ELEGANT

Ligatures

character – character

Case sensitive characters

{NOVEL} – {NOVEL}

Alternatives

Quiet – Quiet – Quiet

Case sensitive Numerals

1234567 – 1234567

Stylistic Numerals

1234 – ①②③④ – ①②③④

Black Italic
575pt

ITALIC

THIN ITALIC / ULTRALIGHT ITALIC
LIGHT ITALIC / REGULAR ITALIC
MEDIUM ITALIC / SEMIBOLD ITALIC
BOLD ITALIC / ULTRABOLD ITALIC
BLACK ITALIC

Light Italic
15pt

2018



Otessa Moshfegh

Ornaments

Regular
Display
41pt

Ultrabold
Display
15pt

Book Text
07pt



My Year of Rest & Relaxation



SUMMARY



¶THE UNNAMED NARRATOR, a slender and beautiful blonde from a wealthy WASP family, is a recent graduate of Columbia University, where she majored in art history. During her freshman year in college, both of her parents died—first her father from cancer, then her mother in a suicide caused by an interaction between psychiatric medications and alcohol. Now living on Manhattan's Upper East Side and increasingly dissatisfied with her post-collegiate life, the narrator finds a conveniently incompetent psychiatrist, Dr. Tuttle, who freely prescribes a variety of sleeping, anti-anxiety, and anti-psychotic medications for the insomnia the narrator reports as her complaint; in fact, the narrator hopes to spend as few hours awake as possible, lulling herself with pills and middlebrow movies she plays on repeat on her VCR, until the aging machine breaks down. When the narrator is fired from her job in an art gallery, she chooses to live off unemployment payments and her inheritance, while attempting to sleep for a year in an effort to reset her life. But her "year of rest and relaxation" is regularly interrupted. Her college roommate Reva (who unabashedly envies the narrator's wealth and appearance) makes frequent unannounced visits, which the narrator allows despite her disdain for Reva's social climbing and annoyance at having to listen to Reva's problems—her own mother's terminal cancer, a frustrating affair with her married boss. The narrator is also occasionally in contact with an older boyfriend, Trevor (a banker who works in the World Trade Center), though he frequently cuts off their relationship to date women his own age, returning when one of them has dumped him or occasionally in response to the narrator's pleading. The narrator initially makes trips out of her apartment only to a local bodega, Dr. Tuttle's office, and the Rite Aid to fill her prescriptions. But as she takes stronger and stronger medications, she begins leaving the apartment in her sleep, among other things to go to nightclubs (or so she gathers from Polaroid photographs and glitter she discovers when she awakes from her multi-day blackout). She also wakes up on a train headed toward the funeral of Reva's mother on New Year's Eve 2000. Convinced these activities—which have no appeal to the narrator in her conscious hours—are disrupting her efforts at complete rest, she decides she needs to sleep locked inside her apartment. She contacts Ping Xi, an artist represented by the gallery where she used to work, who agrees to bring her food and other necessities for four months in exchange for being allowed to make any kind of art project he wishes while she is unconscious: the only requirement is that all trace of him be gone when she wakes every three days to eat, bathe, and take another pill to put herself under again. To prepare, she empties her apartment, giving her designer

*Thin Text
18opt*

ANIMAL FARM

*Book Display
20pt*

George Orwell
1945

*Book Text
07pt*

The poorly run Manor Farm near Willingdon, England, is ripened for rebellion from its animal populace by neglect at the hands of the irresponsible and alcoholic farmer, Mr. Jones. One night, the exalted boar, Old Major, holds a conference, at which he calls for the overthrow of humans and teaches the animals a revolutionary song called "Beasts of England". When Old Major dies, two young pigs, Snowball and Napoleon, assume command and stage a revolt, driving Mr. Jones off the farm and

renaming the property "Animal Farm". They adopt the Seven Commandments of Animalism, the most important of which is, "All animals are equal". The decree is painted in large letters on one side of the barn. Snowball teaches the animals to read and write, while Napoleon educates young puppies on the principles of Animalism. To commemorate the start of Animal Farm, Snowball raises a green flag with a white hoof and horn. Food is plentiful, and the farm runs smoothly. The pigs elevate themselves to positions of leadership and set aside special food items, ostensibly for their

personal health. Following an unsuccessful attempt by Mr. Jones and his associates to retake the farm (later dubbed the "Battle of the Cowshed"), Snowball announces his plans to modernise the farm by building a windmill. Napoleon disputes this idea, and matters come to a head, which culminate in Napoleon's dogs chasing Snowball away and Napoleon declaring himself supreme commander.

Napoleon enacts changes to the governance structure of the farm, replacing meetings with a committee of pigs who will run the farm. Through a young porker named Squealer,

Napoleon claims credit for the windmill idea, claiming that Snowball was only trying to win animals to his side. The animals work harder with the promise of easier lives with the windmill. When the animals find the windmill collapsed after a violent storm, Napoleon and Squealer persuade the animals that Snowball is trying to sabotage their project, and begin to purge the farm of animals accused by Napoleon of consorting with his old rival. When some animals recall the Battle of the Cowshed, Napoleon (who was nowhere to be found during the battle) gradually

smears Snowball to the point of saying he is a collaborator of Mr. Jones, even dismissing the fact that Snowball was given an award of courage while falsely representing himself as the main hero of the battle. "Beasts of England" is replaced with "Animal Farm", while an anthem glorifying Napoleon, who is presumably adopting the lifestyle of a man ("Comrade Napoleon"), is composed and sung. Napoleon then conducts a second purge, during which many animals who are alleged to be helping Snowball in plots are executed by Napoleon's dogs, which troubles the rest

of the animals. Despite their hardships, the animals are easily placated by Napoleon's retort that they are better off than they were under Mr. Jones, as well as by the sheep's continual bleating of "four legs good, two legs bad".

Mr. Frederick, a neighbouring farmer, attacks the farm, using blasting powder to blow up the restored windmill. Although the animals win the battle, they do so at great cost, as many, including Boxer the workhorse, are wounded. Although he recovers from this, Boxer eventually collapses while working on

Thin Display
35pt*Thin Text*
21ptL'Étranger
Albert Camus*Ultralight Display*
35pt*Ultralight Text*
21ptLes Misérables
Victor Hugo*Light Display*
35pt*Light Text*
21ptLe Rêve
Émile Zola*Book Display*
35pt*Book Text*
21ptL'Invitée
Simone de Beauvoir*Regular Display*
35pt*Regular Text*
21ptSalon de 1845
Charles Baudelaire*Medium Display*
35pt*Medium Text*
21ptLa Vagabonde
Colette*Semibold Display*
35pt*Semibold Text*
21ptBel-Ami
Guy de Maupassant*Bold Display*
35pt*Bold Text*
21ptLa Fugitive
Marcel Proust*Ultrabold Display*
35pt*Ultrabold Text*
21ptLe Candidat
Gustave Flaubert*Black Display*
35pt*Black Text*
21ptNausea
Jean-Paul Sartres

Ultrabold
Italic
44pt
Thin Text
70pt

Waiting For GODDOT

Regular text
11pt

A play by

Regular
Display
20pt

1948



1953

Samuel Beckett

A country road. A tree.

Evening.

Estragon, sitting on a low mound, is trying to take off his boot. He pulls at it with both hands, panting.

He gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again. As before. Enter Vladimir.

ESTRAGON:
(giving up again). Nothing to be done.

VLADIMIR:
(advancing with short, stiff strides, legs wide apart). I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying Vladimir, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried

everything. And I resumed the struggle. *(He broods, musing on the struggle. Turning to Estragon.)* So there you are again.

ESTRAGON:
Am I?

VLADIMIR:
I'm glad to see you back. I thought you were gone forever.

ESTRAGON:
Me too.

VLADIMIR:
Together again at last! We'll have to celebrate this. But how? *(He reflects.)* Get up till I embrace you.

ESTRAGON:
(irritably). Not now, not now.

VLADIMIR:
(hurt, coldly). May one inquire where His Highness spent the night?

ESTRAGON:
In a ditch.

VLADIMIR:
(admiringly). A ditch! Where?

ESTRAGON:
(without gesture). Over there.

VLADIMIR:
And they didn't beat you?

Black Text
07pt

Light Text
07pt

ESTRAGON:
Beat me? Certainly they beat me.

VLADIMIR:
The same lot as usual?

ESTRAGON:
The same? I don't know.

VLADIMIR:
When I think of it ... all these years ... but for me ... where would you be ... *(Decisively.)* You'd be nothing more than a little heap of bones at the present minute, no doubt about it.

ESTRAGON:
And what of it?

VLADIMIR:
(gloomily). It's too much for one man. *(Pause. Cheerfully.)* On the other hand what's the good of losing heart now, that's what I say. We should have thought of it a million years ago, in the nineties.

ESTRAGON:
Ah stop blathering and help me off with this bloody thing

VLADIMIR:
Hand in hand from the top of the Eiffel Tower, among the first. We were respectable in those days. Now it's too late. They wouldn't even let us up.

(Estragon tears at his boot.)
What are you doing?

ESTRAGON:
Taking off my boot. Did that never happen to you?

VLADIMIR:
Boots must be taken off every day, I'm tired telling you that. Why don't you listen to me?

ESTRAGON:
(feebly). Help me!

VLADIMIR:
It hurts?

ESTRAGON:
(angrily). Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!

VLADIMIR:
(angrily). No one ever suffers but you. I don't count. I'd like to hear what you'd say if you had what I have.

ESTRAGON:
It hurts?

VLADIMIR:
(angrily). Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!

ESTRAGON:
(pointing). You might button it all the same.

VLADIMIR:
(stooping). True. *(He buttons his fly.)* Never neglect the little things of life.

ESTRAGON:
What do you expect, you always wait till the last moment.

VLADIMIR:
(musingly). The last moment ... *(He meditates.)* Hope deferred maketh the something sick, who said that?

ESTRAGON:
Why don't you help me?

VLADIMIR:
Sometimes I feel it coming all the same. Then I go all queer. *(He takes off his hat, peers inside it, feels about inside it, shakes it, puts it on again.)* How shall I say? Relieved and at the same time ... *(he searches for the word)* ... appalled. *(With emphasis.)* APPALLED. *(He takes off his hat again, peers inside it.)* Funny. *(He knocks on the crown as though to dislodge a foreign body, peers into it again, puts it on again.)* Nothing to be done. *(Estragon with a supreme effort succeeds in pulling off his boot. He peers inside it, feels about inside it, turns it upside down, shakes it, looks on the ground to see if anything has fallen out, finds nothing, feels inside it again, staring sightlessly before him.)* Well?

ESTRAGON:
Nothing.

VLADIMIR:
Show me.

ESTRAGON:
There's nothing to show.

VLADIMIR:
Try and put it on again.

ESTRAGON:
(examining his foot). I'll air it for a bit.

VLADIMIR:
There's man all over for you, blaming on his boots the faults of his feet. *(He takes off his hat again, peers inside it, feels about inside it, knocks on the crown, blows into it, puts it on again.)* This is getting alarming.

Semibold Display
54pt

¶ THE work seeks to illustrate the existentialist* notion of ultimate freedom. § As the novel progresses, character narratives espouse Sartre's view of what it means to be free & how ① one operates within the framework of society with this philosophy!

<p>01</p>		<p>02</p>						
 <p><i>Booker Prize</i> 2022</p> <h1>2022 Booker Prize shortlist</h1>		<p><i>Thin Text</i> 12pt</p> <p>Shehan Karunatilaka's rip-roaring epic is a searing, mordantly funny satire set amid the murderous mayhem of a Sri Lanka beset by civil war.</p> <p><i>Black Display</i> 40pt</p> <h1>The Seven Moons of Maali Almeida</h1> <p>★★★★★ Rather Decent</p> <p><i>Ultrabold Text</i> 42pt</p> <p>Shehan Karunatilaka made a splash a decade ago with his debut novel <i>Chinaman</i>. Winner of the 2012 Commonwealth book prize and hailed as one of the great Sri Lankan novels, it recounts the alcohol-soaked life of a retired sports journalist who sets out on a zany quest to track down a great cricketer of the 1980s who has mysteriously gone missing. His Booker-longlisted state-of-the-nation satire, <i>The Seven Moons of Maali Almeida</i>, returns to 1980s Sri Lanka, and similarly has a debauched protagonist. Maali, the son of a Sinhalese father and a burgher mother, is an itinerant photographer who loves his trusted Nikon camera; a gambler in high-stakes poker; a gay man and an atheist. And at the start of the novel, he wakes up dead. He thinks he has swallowed "silly pills" given to him by a friend and is hallucinating. But no: he really is dead, and seemingly locked in an underworld. It's no Miltonian pandemonium; for him, "the afterlife is a tax office and everyone wants their rebate". Other souls surround him, with dismembered limbs and blood-stained clothes; and they are incapable of forming an orderly queue to get their forms filled in. Many of the people he meets in this bleakly quotidian landscape are victims of the violence that plagued Sri Lanka in the 80s, including a Tamil university lecturer who was gunned down for criticising militant separatist group the Tamil Tigers. The novel also depicts the victims of Marxist group the Janatha Vimukthi Peramuna, or People's Liberation party, who similarly waged an insurrection against the Sri Lankan government, and killed many leftwing and working-class civilians who got in their way.</p> <p><i>Thin Text</i> 06pt</p>						
<table border="0"> <tr> <td data-bbox="190 1165 324 1316"> <p>Nº1 Treacle Walker Alan Garner</p> </td> <td data-bbox="425 1165 672 1316"> <p>Nº3 The Seven Moons of Maali Almeida Shehan Karunatilaka</p> </td> <td data-bbox="750 1165 929 1316"> <p>Nº5 Small Things Like These Claire Keegan</p> </td> </tr> <tr> <td data-bbox="190 1348 324 1460"> <p>Nº2 The Trees Percival Everett</p> </td> <td data-bbox="470 1348 638 1460"> <p>Nº4 Glory NoViolet Bulawayo</p> </td> <td data-bbox="750 1348 929 1460"> <p>Nº6 Oh William! Elizabeth Strout</p> </td> </tr> </table>	<p>Nº1 Treacle Walker Alan Garner</p>	<p>Nº3 The Seven Moons of Maali Almeida Shehan Karunatilaka</p>	<p>Nº5 Small Things Like These Claire Keegan</p>	<p>Nº2 The Trees Percival Everett</p>	<p>Nº4 Glory NoViolet Bulawayo</p>	<p>Nº6 Oh William! Elizabeth Strout</p>		
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<p>Nº2 The Trees Percival Everett</p>	<p>Nº4 Glory NoViolet Bulawayo</p>	<p>Nº6 Oh William! Elizabeth Strout</p>						

Regular Display
23pt

Black Display
126pt/60pt/160pt

Thin Text
12pt

EXISTENCE
PRECEDES
ESSENCE

The proposition that existence precedes essence (French: l'existence précède l'essence) is a central claim of existentialism, which reverses the traditional philosophical view that the essence (the nature) of a thing is more fundamental and immutable than its existence (the mere fact of its being).

TEXT

Тонкий	ТОНКИЙ
Обычный	ОБЫЧНЫЙ
Черный	ЧЕРНЫЙ

DISPLAY

Тонкий	ТОНКИЙ
Обычный	ОБЫЧНЫЙ
Черный	ЧЕРНЫЙ

ITALIC

<i>Тонкий</i>	<i>ТОНКИЙ</i>
<i>Обычный</i>	<i>ОБЫЧНЫЙ</i>
<i>Черный</i>	<i>ЧЕРНЫЙ</i>

Black Italic
330pt*Black Text*
330pt

Ж

Ж

Black Display
34ptThin Display
20pt

ФИЛОСОФИЯ—

ОСОБАЯ ФОРМА

ПОЗНАНИЯ И СИСТЕМА
ЗНАНИЙ ОБ ОБЩИХ
ХАРАКТЕРИСТИКАХ, ПОНЯТИЯХ
И ПРИНЦИПАХ РЕАЛЬНОСТИ
(БЫТИЯ), А ТАКЖЕ БЫТИЯ
ЧЕЛОВЕКА, ОБ ОТНОШЕНИИ
ЧЕЛОВЕКА И ОКРУЖАЮЩЕГО
ЕГО МИРА

Thin Text
10ptBlack Display
17ptRegular Text
09pt

25

ФИЛОСОФСКАЯ КОНЦЕПЦИЯ

СВОБОДА

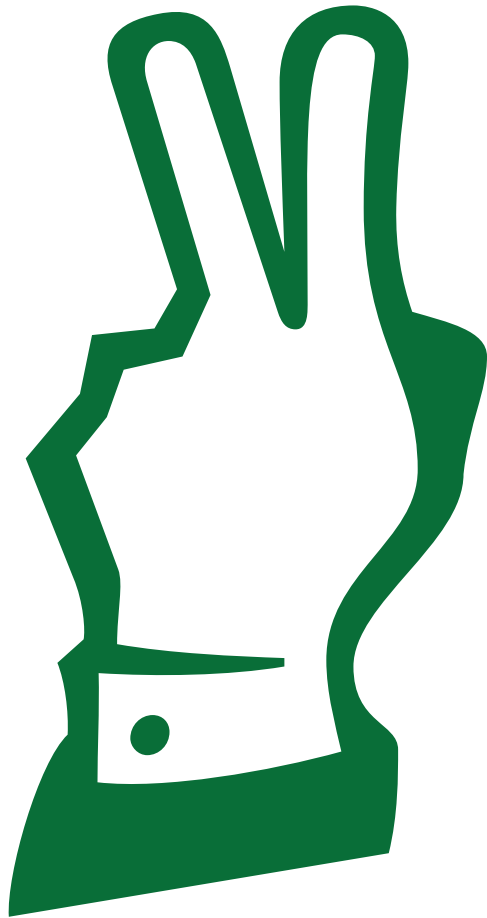
Одним из центральных понятий для всей философии Сартра является понятие свободы. У Сартра свобода представлялась как нечто абсолютное, раз и навсегда данное (“человек осужден быть свободным”). Она предшествует сущности человека. Сартр понимает свободу не как свободу духа, ведущую к бездействию, а как свободу выбора, которую никто не может отнять у человека: узник свободен принять решение — смириться или бороться за своё освобождение, а что будет дальше — зависит от обстоятельств, находящихся вне компетенции философа.

Концепция свободы воли развёртывается у Сартра в теории “проекта”, согласно которой индивид не задан самому себе, а проектирует, «собирает» себя в качестве такового. Тем самым, он полностью отвечает за себя и за свои поступки. Для характеристики позиции Сартра подходит им самим приведённая в статье “Экзистенциализм — это гуманизм” цитата Понжа: “Человек — это будущее человека”.

“Экзистенция” и есть постоянно живой момент деятельности, взятый субъективно. Этим понятием обозначается не устойчивая субстанция, а постоянная потеря равновесия. В “Тошноте” Сартр показывает, что мир не имеет смысла, “Я” не имеет цели. Через акт сознания и выбора “Я” придаёт миру значение и ценность.

Именно человеческая деятельность придаёт смысл окружающему миру. Предметы — это знаки индивидуальных человеческих значений. Вне этого они — просто данность, пассивные и инертные обстоятельства. Придавая им то или иное индивидуально-человеческое значение, смысл, человек формирует себя в качестве так или иначе очерченной индивидуальности.

Manicule N°2
350pt



What I felt then, however, was not desire but the coiled charge of its possibility, a feeling that emitted, it seemed, its own gravity, holding me in place. The way it watched me back through the field, when we worked briefly, side by side, our arms brushing against each other

Black Display
47pt

On earth we're briefly gorgeous
Ocean Vuong 2019

Dog



Arrows



Blocks



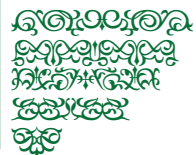
Fleurons



Manicules



Decorative Ornaments



lāngŭāgē sūppōrt

Afrikaans

Ek het verstaan dat die wêreld niks was nie: 'n meganiese chaos van gemaklike, brute vyandskap waarop ons ons hoop en vrese dom oplê. Ek het verstaan dat ek alleen, uiteindelik en absoluut.

Albanian

E kuptova që bota nuk ishte asgjë: një kaos mekanik i armiqësisë së rastësishme, të egër, mbi të cilën ne me ngulm imponojmë shpresat dhe frikën tonë. E kuptova që, përfundimisht dhe absolutisht, ekzistoj vetëm.

Catalan

Vaig entendre que el món no era res: un caos mecànic d'enemistat casual i brutal sobre el qual imposem estúpidaient les nostres esperances i pors. Vaig entendre que, finalment i absolutament, jo només existeixo.

Croatian

Shvatio sam da svijet nije ništa: mehanički kaos ležernog, grubog neprijateljstva na koji glupo namećemo svoje nade i strahove. Shvatio sam da, konačno i apsolutno, samo ja postojim.

Czech

Pochopil jsem, že svět není nic: mechanický chaos náhodného, hrubého nepřátelství, do kterého hloupě vkládáme své naděje a obavy. Pochopil jsem, že konečně a absolutně, já sám existuji.

Danish

Jeg forstod, at verden ikke var noget: et mekanisk kaos af afslappet, brutal fjendskab, hvor vi dumt pålægger vores håb og frygt. Jeg forstod, at jeg endelig og absolut eksisterer alene.

Dutch

Ik begreep dat de wereld niets was: een mechanische chaos van terloopse, brute vijandschap waaraan we domweg onze hoop en vrees opdringen. Ik begreep dat, eindelijk en absoluut, ik alleen besta.

Estonian

Sain aru, et maailm pole midagi: juhusliku, toore vaenu mehaaniline kaos, Berthmillele me rumalalt oma lootused ja hirmud peale surume. Bertha aru, et lõpuks olen täiesti olemas.

Finnish

Ymmärsin, että maailma ei ollut mikään: mekaaninen rento, raaka vihamielisyys, johon tyhmästi panemme toiveemme ja pelkomme. Ymmärsin, että lopulta ja ehdottomasti olen yksin.

French

J'ai compris que le monde n'était rien : un chaos mécanique d'inimitié brutale et fortuite auquel nous imposons bêtement nos espoirs et nos peurs. J'ai compris qu'enfin et absolument, j'existe seul.

German

Ich verstand, dass die Welt nichts war: ein mechanisches Chaos zufälliger, roher Feindschaft, dem wir dummerweise unsere Hoffnungen und Ängste aufzwingen. Ich verstand, dass ich endlich und absolut allein existiere.

Hungarian

Megértettem, hogy a világ semmi: az alkalmi, durva ellenségeskedés mechanikus káosza, amelyre ostobán ráerőltetjük reményeinket és félelmeinket. Megértettem, hogy végül és abszolút egyedül én létezem.

Icelandic

Ég skildi að heimurinn var ekki neitt: vélrænn ringulreið af frjálsglegum, grimmum fjandskap sem við leggjum heimskulega fram vonir okkar og ótta við. Ég skildi að loksins og algerlega er ég einn til.

Lithuanian

Supratau, kad pasaulis yra niekis: mechaninis atsitiktinio, grubaus priešiškumo chaosas, kuriam kvilai primetame viltis ir baimes. Supratau, kad pagaliau ir absoliučiai aš viena egzistuoju.

Norwegian

Jeg forsto at verden ikke var noe: et mekanisk kaos av uformell, brutal fiendskap som vi dumt pålegger våre håp og frykt. Jeg forsto at til slutt og absolutt, eksisterer jeg alene.

Slovenian

Razumel sem, da svet ni nič: mehanični kaos priložnostne, surove sovražnosti, ki mu neumno vsiljujemo svoje upanje in strahove. Razumel sem, da končno in absolutno samo jaz obstajam.

Swedish

Jag förstod att världen inte var något: ett mekaniskt kaos av avslappnad, brutal fiendskap som vi dumt påtvingar våra förhoppningar och rädslor för. Jag förstod att jag ensam existerar.

à á â ã ä å

Light Text
45pt

Light Italic
45pt

Qu Qu
PRIMARY Q SS-01 Q

Qu Qu
SS-02 Q ITALIC SS-02 Q

Medium Text
14pt

A distaste for the popular visual style of typography creates an incentive to return to past forms. From the start of the 16th century until the late 17th century, fonts retained a similar style, known as the Aldine model or Geraldes. A striking visual change in style occurred with the development of the Romain du Roi whose design had a strong geometric and rational foundation.

By the 19th century the Modern style had begun to dominate the typographic scene and, between 1810 and 1850, further developments led to fatter, higher contrasting type, with lower standards, becoming what some considered the worst type that has ever been cut.

One style could no longer fit all purposes, and the Didone model did not work as successfully for running text. This can be seen in a report by Citizen Sobry in 1799, stating that Garamond's designs were far more legible than those of Didot's.

Semibold Display
54pt

THE FIRST BAD MAN

Miranda
July



2015

Semibold Display
54pt

From the acclaimed filmmaker,
artist, and bestselling author
Miranda July.

In her first novel July works on the oldest of tropes, that love is never a 'smooth' road. So when Cheryl inevitably finds love, it is only with its loss that she discovers the complexities of life that refuse to be controlled. Love in this book is as complex as love should be; it emerges in the most unexpected of places and does so rapidly, the kind of love that catches you unaware but on closer inspection you realize was bubbling under the surface all along.

Medium Italic
320pt

Medium Text
320pt



CREDITS & DETAILS

Styles	3 Cuts x 10 Styles with 676 Glyphs each
Designer	Fred Wiltshire
Collaborator	Mat Desjardins
Release Date	September 2022
Version	1.00
Available Formats	OTF, TTF, WOFF, WOFF2, EOT

SPECIMEN

Designer	Fred Wiltshire
Collaborator	Mat Desjardins
Typeface	PP Writer

PANGRAM PANGRAM



FIN
{THE END}



FRED WILTSHIRE