

Post Grotesk

MELVILLE

Black – 70pt

TOLSTOY

Bold – 70pt

FIELDING

Medium – 70pt

CHAUCER

Book – 70pt

KEROUAC

Light – 70pt

WHITMAN

Thin – 70pt

CONRAD

Black Italic – 70pt

DICKENS

Bold Italic – 70pt

ANGELOU

Medium Italic – 70pt

NABOKOV

Italic – 70pt

SALINGER

Light Italic – 70pt

MARQUEZ

Thin Italic – 70pt

Dickinson

Black – 70pt

Vonnegut

Bold – 70pt

Steinbeck

Medium – 70pt

Thompson

Book – 70pt

Murakami

Light – 70pt

Burroughs

Thin – 70pt

Cervantes

Black Italic – 70pt

Fitzgerald

Bold Italic – 70pt

Stevenson

Medium Italic – 70pt

Montaigne

Italic – 70pt

St. Exupéry

Light Italic – 70pt

Hargreaves

Thin Italic – 70pt

THE GRAPES OF WRATH
John Steinbeck

Black – 30pt

THE CHILDREN OF MEN
Phyllis James

Bold – 30pt

A FAREWELL TO ARMS
Ernest Hemingway

Medium – 30pt

GONE WITH THE WIND
Margaret Mitchell

Book – 30pt

THE HEART OF A WOMAN
Maya Angelou

Light – 30pt

SUCH WERE THE JOYS
George Orwell

Thin – 30pt

THE DIVINE COMEDY
Dante Alighieri

Black Italic – 30pt

CANTERBURY TALES
F. Scott Fitzgerald

Bold Italic – 30pt

BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Medium Italic – 30pt

THE SOUND AND FURY
William Faulkner

Italic – 30pt

GREAT EXPECTATIONS
Charles Dickens

Light Italic – 30pt

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
Jonathan Swift

Thin Italic – 30pt

18pt / 23 – Mixed Weights

He was Spider Kelly's star pupil. **Spider Kelly** taught all his young gentlemen to box like featherweights, no matter whether they weighed *one hundred and five* or *two hundred and five pounds*. But it seemed to fit Cohn. He was really very fast. He was so good that Spider promptly overmatched him and **got his nose permanently flattened**.

14pt / 20 – Mixed Weights

In California he fell among literary people and, as he still had a little of the **fifty thousand left**, in a short time he was backing a review of the Arts. *The review commenced publication in Carmel, California, and finished in Provincetown, Massachusetts.* By that time Cohn, **who had been regarded purely as an angel**, and whose name had appeared on the editorial page merely as a member of the advisory board, **had become the sole editor**.

11pt / 17 – Mixed Weights

The lady who had him, *her name was Frances*, found toward the end of the second year that her looks were going, and her attitude toward Robert changed from one of careless possession and exploitation to the absolute determination that he should marry her. During this time Robert's mother had settled an allowance on him, about **three hundred dollars a month**. During two years and a half I do not believe that **Robert Cohn** looked at another woman. He was fairly happy, except that, like many people living in Europe, he would rather have been in America, **and he had discovered writing**.

8pt / 12 – Mixed Weights

That winter Robert Cohn went over to America with his novel, and it was accepted by a fairly good publisher. **His going made an awful row I heard, and I think that was where Frances lost him, because several women were nice to him in New York, and when he came back he was quite changed**. He was more enthusiastic about America than ever, and he was not so simple, and he was not so nice. **The publishers had praised his novel pretty highly and it rather went to his head**. Then several women had put themselves out to be nice to him, and his horizons had all shifted.

6pt / 10 – Mixed Weights

Then there was another thing. He had been reading W. H. Hudson. **That sounds like an innocent occupation, but Cohn had read and reread "The Purple Land."** "The Purple Land" is a very sinister book if read too late in life. It recounts splendid imaginary amorous adventures of a perfect English gentleman in an intensely romantic land, **the scenery of which is very well described**. For a man to take it at thirty-four as a guide-book to what life holds is about as safe as it would be for a man of the same age to enter **Wall Street** direct from a French convent, equipped with a complete set of the more practical Alger books. Cohn, I believe, took every word of "The Purple Land" as literally as though it had been an R. G. Dun report.

18pt / 23 – Mixed Weights, Small Caps

HE WAS SPIDER KELLY'S STAR PUPIL. **SPIDER KELLY** TAUGHT ALL HIS YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BOX LIKE FEATHERWEIGHTS, NO MATTER WHETHER THEY WEIGHED **ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE** OR **TWO HUNDRED AND FIVE POUNDS**. BUT IT SEEMED TO FIT COHN. HE WAS REALLY VERY FAST. HE WAS SO GOOD THAT SPIDER PROMPTLY OVERMATCHED HIM AND **GOT HIS NOSE PERMANENTLY FLATTENED.**

14pt / 20 – Mixed Weights, Small Caps

IN CALIFORNIA HE FELL AMONG LITERARY PEOPLE AND, **AS HE STILL HAD A LITTLE OF THE FIFTY THOUSAND LEFT**, IN A SHORT TIME HE WAS BACKING A REVIEW OF THE ARTS. *THE REVIEW COMMENCED PUBLICATION IN CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, AND FINISHED IN PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.* BY THAT TIME COHN, **WHO HAD BEEN REGARDED PURELY AS AN ANGEL**, AND WHOSE NAME HAD APPEARED ON THE EDITORIAL PAGE MERELY AS A MEMBER OF THE ADVISORY BOARD, **HAD BECOME THE SOLE EDITOR.**

11pt / 17 – Mixed Weights, Small Caps

THE LADY WHO HAD HIM, *HER NAME WAS FRANCES*, FOUND TOWARD THE END OF THE SECOND YEAR THAT HER LOOKS WERE GOING, AND HER ATTITUDE TOWARD ROBERT CHANGED FROM ONE OF CARELESS POSSESSION AND EXPLOITATION TO THE ABSOLUTE DETERMINATION THAT HE SHOULD MARRY HER. DURING THIS TIME ROBERT'S MOTHER HAD SETTLED AN ALLOWANCE ON HIM, ABOUT **THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS A MONTH**. DURING TWO YEARS AND A HALF I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT **ROBERT COHN** LOOKED AT ANOTHER WOMAN. HE WAS FAIRLY HAPPY, EXCEPT THAT, LIKE MANY PEOPLE LIVING IN EUROPE, HE WOULD RATHER HAVE BEEN IN AMERICA, **AND HE HAD DISCOVERED WRITING.**

8pt / 12 – Mixed Weights, Small Caps

THAT WINTER ROBERT COHN WENT OVER TO AMERICA WITH HIS NOVEL, AND IT WAS ACCEPTED BY A FAIRLY GOOD PUBLISHER. **HIS GOING MADE AN AWFUL ROW I HEARD, AND I THINK THAT WAS WHERE FRANCES LOST HIM, BECAUSE SEVERAL WOMEN WERE NICE TO HIM IN NEW YORK, AND WHEN HE CAME BACK HE WAS QUITE CHANGED.** HE WAS MORE ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT AMERICA THAN EVER, AND HE WAS NOT SO SIMPLE, AND HE WAS NOT SO NICE. **THE PUBLISHERS HAD PRAISED HIS NOVEL PRETTY HIGHLY AND IT RATHER WENT TO HIS HEAD.** THEN SEVERAL WOMEN HAD PUT THEMSELVES OUT TO BE NICE TO HIM, AND HIS HORIZONS HAD ALL SHIFTED.

6pt / 10 – Mixed Weights, Small Caps

THEN THERE WAS ANOTHER THING. HE HAD BEEN READING W. H. HUDSON. **THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN INNOCENT OCCUPATION, BUT COHN HAD READ AND REREAD "THE PURPLE LAND."** "THE PURPLE LAND" IS A VERY SINISTER BOOK IF READ TOO LATE IN LIFE. IT RECOUNTS SPLENDID IMAGINARY AMOROUS ADVENTURES OF A PERFECT ENGLISH GENTLEMAN IN AN INTENSELY ROMANTIC LAND, **THE SCENERY OF WHICH IS VERY WELL DESCRIBED.** FOR A MAN TO TAKE IT AT THIRTY-FOUR AS A GUIDE-BOOK TO WHAT LIFE HOLDS IS ABOUT AS SAFE AS IT WOULD BE FOR A MAN OF THE SAME AGE TO ENTER **WALL STREET** DIRECT FROM A FRENCH CONVENT, EQUIPPED WITH A COMPLETE SET OF THE MORE PRACTICAL **ALGER BOOKS.** COHN, I BELIEVE, TOOK EVERY WORD OF "THE PURPLE LAND" AS LITERALLY AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN AN R. G. DUN REPORT.

90pt

Ulysses

40pt / 48

History, *Stephen said*, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.

30pt / 35

A man of genius makes no mistakes. His *errors are volitional* and are the portals of discovery.

20pt / 25

Ineluctable modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. *Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Limits of the diaphane.*

18pt / 23

The supreme question about a work of art is out of how deep a life does it spring. *Paintings of Moreau* are paintings of ideas. The *deepest poetry of Shelley*, the words of Hamlet bring our mind into contact with the eternal wisdom; *Plato's world of ideas*. All the rest is the speculation of schoolboys for schoolboys.

14pt / 20

“And yet and yet! That strained look on her face! A gnawing sorrow is there all the time. Her *very soul is in her eyes* and she would give worlds to be in the privacy of her own familiar chamber where, giving way to tears, *she could have a good cry and relieve her pentup feelings*. Though not too much because she knew how to cry nicely before the mirror. *You are lovely, Gerty*, it said.”

11pt / 17

Olemnly he came forward and mounted the round gunrest. He faced about and blessed gravely thrice the tower, *the surrounding land and the awaking mountains*. Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, *gurgling in his throat and shaking his head*. Stephen Dedalus, displeased and sleepy, *leaned his arms on the top of the staircase* and looked coldly at the shaking gurgling face that blessed him, equine in its length, and at the light untousured hair, grained and hued like pale oak.

8pt / 12

Perhaps it was an old flame he was in mourning for from the days beyond recall. *She thought she understood*. She would try to understand him because men were so different. The old love was waiting, waiting with little white hands stretched out, with blue appealing eyes. *Heart of mine!* She would follow, her dream of love, the dictates of her heart that told her he was her all in all, *the only man in all the world for her for love was the master guide*. Nothing else mattered. Come what might she would be wild, untrammelled, free.

6pt / 10

“Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night, eh? I was young. *You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot!* Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? *Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamanvantara*. Pico della Mirandola like.

90pt

Catch-22

40pt / 48

He was a self-made man who owed his *lack of success* to nobody.

30pt / 35

The Texan turned out to be good-natured, *generous and likable*. In three days no one could stand him.

20pt / 25

Someone had to do something sometime. Every victim was a culprit, every culprit a victim, and *somebody had to stand up sometime to try to break the lousy chain of inherited habit that was imperiling them all.*

18pt / 23

As always occurred when he quarreled over principles in which he believed passionately, *he would end up gasping furiously for air and blinking back bitter tears of conviction.* There were many principles in which Clevinger believed passionately. He was crazy.

14pt / 20

After he made up his mind to spend the rest of the war in the hospital, Yossarian wrote letters to everyone he knew saying that he was in the hospital but never mentioning why. *One day he had a better idea.* To everyone he knew he wrote that he was going on a very dangerous mission. *“They asked for volunteers. It’s very dangerous, but someone has to do it. I’ll write you the instant I get back.”* And he had not written anyone since.

11pt / 17

I did it to protect my good reputation in case anyone ever caught me walking around with crab apples in my cheeks. *With rubber balls in my hands I could deny there were crab apples in my cheeks.* Everytime someone asked me why I was walking around with crab apples in my cheeks, *I’d just open my hands and show them it was rubber balls I was walking around with, not crab apples, and that they were in my hands, not my cheeks.* It was a good story, but I never knew if it got across or not, since its pretty hard to make people understand you when your talking to them with two crab apples in your cheeks.

8pt / 12

The chaplain had mastered, in a moment of divine intuition, the handy technique of protective rationalization, and he was exhilarated by his discovery. It was miraculous. It was almost no trick at all, he saw, to turn vice into virtue and slander into truth, *impotence into abstinence, arrogance into humility, plunder into philanthropy, thievery into honor, blasphemy into wisdom, brutality into patriotism, and sadism into justice.* Anybody could do it; it required no brains at all. It merely required no character.

6pt / 10

There was only one catch and that was Catch-22, which specified that a concern for one’s safety in the face of dangers that were real and immediate was the process of a rational mind. *Orr was crazy and could be grounded. All he had to do was ask; and as soon as he did, he would no longer be crazy and would have to fly more missions.* Orr would be crazy to fly more missions and sane if he didn’t, but if he was sane he had to fly them. If he flew them he was crazy and didn’t have to; but if he didn’t want to he was sane and had to. Yossarian was moved very deeply by the absolute simplicity of this clause of Catch-22 and let out a respectful whistle.

90pt

Lolita

40pt / 48

Human life is but *a series of footnotes* to a vast obscure unfinished masterpiece.

30pt / 35

We loved each other with a premature love, *marked by a fierceness* that so often destroys adult lives.

20pt / 25

And presently *I was driving through the drizzle of the dying day*, with the windshield wipers in full action but unable to cope with my tears.

18pt / 23

Long after her death I felt her thoughts floating through mine. Long before we met we had had the same dreams. We compared notes. *We found strange affinities.* The same June of the same year (1919) *a stray canary had fluttered into her house and mine,* in two widely separated countries. Oh, Lolita, had you love me thus!

14pt / 20

There are two kinds of visual memory: one when you skillfully recreate an image in the laboratory of your mind, with your eyes open (and then I see Annabel in such general terms as: *“honey-colored skin,” “thin arms,” “brown bobbed hair,” “long lashes,” “big bright mouth”*); and the other when you instantly evoke, with shut eyes, on the dark innerside of your eyelids, *the objective, absolutely optical replica of a beloved face,* a little ghost in natural colors (and this is how I see Lolita).

11pt / 17

The road now stretched across open country, and it occurred to me - not by way of protest, not as a symbol, or anything like that, but merely as a novel experience - *that since I had disregarded all laws of humanity, I might as well disregard the rules of traffic.* So I crossed to the left side of the highway and checked the feeling, and the feeling was good. *It was a pleasant diaphragmal melting, with elements of diffused tactility,* all this enhanced by the thought that nothing could be nearer to the elimination of basic physical laws than deliberately driving on the wrong side of the road.

8pt / 12

You have to be an artist and a madman, *a creature of infinite melancholy,* with a bubble of hot poison in your loins and a super-voluptuous flame permanently aglow in your subtle spine (oh, how you have to cringe and hide!), in order to discern at once, by ineffable signs—*the slightly feline outline of a cheekbone, the slenderness of a downy limbs, and other indices which despair and shame and tears of tenderness forbid me to tabulate*—the little deadly demon among the wholesome children; she stands unrecognized by them and unconscious herself of her fantastic power.

6pt / 10

Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. *My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth.* Lo. Lee. Ta. She was Lo, plain Lo, in the morning, standing four feet ten in one sock. She was Lola in slacks. She was Dolly at school. She was Dolores on the dotted line. But in my arms she was always Lolita. Did she have a precursor? She did, indeed she did. In point of fact, there might have been no Lolita at all had I not loved, one summer, an initial girl-child. In a principdom by the sea. *Oh when? About as many years before Lolita was born as my age was that summer.* You can always count on a murderer for a fancy prose style. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, exhibit number one is what the seraphs, the misinformed, simple, noble-winged seraphs, envied. Look at this tangle of thorns.

90pt

Great Gatsby

40pt / 48

All I kept thinking about, over and over, was *'You can't live forever; you can't live forever.*

30pt / 35

If personality is an *unbroken series of successful gestures*, then there was something gorgeous about him.

20pt / 25

And so with the sunshine and the *great bursts of leaves growing on the trees*, just as things grow in fast movies, I had that *familiar conviction* that life was beginning over again with the summer.

18pt / 23

In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over in my mind ever since. *"Whenever you feel like criticizing any one,"* he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had.

14pt / 20

There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy tumbled short of his dreams -- *not through her own fault, but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion.* It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, *decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way.* No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart.

11pt / 17

Out of the corner of his eye Gatsby saw that the *blocks of the sidewalks really formed a ladder and mounted to a secret place above the trees*—he could climb to it, if he climbed alone, and once there he could suck on the pap of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder. His heart beat faster and faster as Daisy's white face came up to his own. He knew that when he kissed this girl, *and forever wed his unutterable visions to her perishable breath,* his mind would never romp again like the mind of God. So he waited, listening for a moment longer to the tuning-fork that had been struck upon a star.

8pt / 12

He smiled understandingly—much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. *It faced--or seemed to face--the whole eternal world for an instant, and then concentrated on you with an irresistible prejudice in your favor.* It understood you just as far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey.

6pt / 10

They were careless people, Tom and Daisy — they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money of their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made. *Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us.* It eluded us then, but that's no matter — tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther And one fine morning — So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

90pt

Animal Farm

40pt / 48

All animals are equal, but some animals are *more equal* than others.

30pt / 35

This work was strictly voluntary, but *any animal who absented himself from it* would have his rations reduced by half.

20pt / 25

Out from the door of the farmhouse came a long file of pigs, all walking on their hind legs...*out came Napoleon himself, majestically upright*, casting haughty glances from side to side, and with his dogs gambolling round him.

18pt / 23

Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. *Yet he is lord of all the animals.* He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself.

14pt / 20

There was a deadly silence. *Amazed, terrified, huddling together, the animals watched the long line of pigs march slowly round the yard.* It was as though the world had turned upside-down. Then there came a moment when the first shock had worn off and when, *in spite of everything-in spite of their terror of the dogs,* and of the habit, developed through long years, of never complaining, never criticising, no matter what happened-they might have uttered some word of protest.

11pt / 17

‘Comrades!’ he cried. ‘You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike milk and apples. I dislike them myself. *Our sole object in taking these things is to preserve our health.* Milk and apples (this has been proved by Science, comrades) contain substances absolutely necessary to the well-being of a pig. *We pigs are brainworkers. The whole management and organisation of this farm depend on us.* Day and night we are watching over your welfare. It is for your sake that we drink the milk and eat those apples.

8pt / 12

It had become usual to give Napoleon the Credit for every Successful achievement and every stroke of good fortune. You would often hear one hen remark to another, *“Under the guidance of our leader, Comrade Napoleon, I have laid five eggs in six days”* or two cows, enjoying a drink at the pool, would exclaim, *“thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon, how excellent this water tastes!”*

6pt / 10

I trust that every animal here appreciates the sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made in taking this extra labour upon himself. *Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is a pleasure! On the contrary, it is a deep and heavy responsibility.* No one believes more firmly than Comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. *He would be only too happy to let you make your decisions for yourselves.* But sometimes you might make the wrong decisions, comrades, and then where should we be?

90pt

Moby Dick

40pt / 48

Give not thyself up, then, *to fire*,
lest it invert thee, deaden thee,
as for the time it did me.

30pt / 35

And here, shipmates, is true and faithful
repentance; *not clamorous for pardon*,
but grateful for punishment.

20pt / 25

There are certain queer times and occasions in *this strange mixed affair we call life* when a man takes this whole universe for a vast practical joke, though the wit thereof he but dimly discerns, and *more than suspects* that the joke is at nobody's expense but his own.

18pt / 23

Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, *drizzly November in my soul*; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; *and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me*, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street.

14pt / 20

Consider the subtleness of the sea; *how its most dreaded creatures glide under water*, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure. *Consider also the devilish brilliance and beauty of many of its most remorseless tribes, as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks*. Consider, once more, the universal cannibalism of the sea; all whose creatures prey upon each other, carrying on eternal war since the world began.

11pt / 17

Squeeze! Squeeze! Squeeze! all the morning long; I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it; I squeezed that sperm till a strange sort of insanity came over me, and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-labourers' hands in it, mistaking their hands for the gentle globules. *Such an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling did this avocation beget*; that at last I was continually squeezing their hands, and looking up into their eyes sentimentally, as much as to say,—Oh! my dear fellow beings, why should we longer cherish any social acerbities, or know the slightest ill humour or envy! Come; let us squeeze hands all round; nay,

8pt / 12

I should have known," he whispered. "I am the rain." And yet he looked dully down the mountains of his body where the hills fell to an abyss. *He felt the driving rain, and heard it whipping down, pattering on the ground. He saw his hills grow dark with moisture*. Then a lancing pain shot through the heart of the world. "I am the land," he said, "and I am the rain. The grass will grow out of me in a little while." And the storm thickened, and covered the world with darkness, and with the rush of waters."

6pt / 10

"Cannibals? Who is not a cannibal? *I tell you it will be more tolerable for the Fejee that salted down a lean missionary in his cellar against a coming famine*; it will be more tolerable for that provident Fejee, I say, in the day of judgement, than for thee, civilized and enlightened gourmand, who nailest geese to the ground and featest on their bloated livers in thy pate de fois gras. *Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure....* Consider all this; and then turn to this green, gentle, and most docile earth; consider them both, the sea and the land; and do you not find a strange analogy to something in yourself?"

Post Grotesk Roman Open Type Features

Stylistic Set 01 - Alternate Lowercase 'a' 'g' 'y'

a → **a** Alabama → Alabama
 g → **g** Oregon → Oregon
 y → **y** Kentucky → Kentucky

Stylistic Set 02 - Alternate Lowercase 'a'

a → **a** Alabama → Alabama

Stylistic Set 03 - Alternate Lowercase 'g'

g → **g** Oregon → Oregon

Stylistic Set 04 - Alternate Lowercase 'y'

y → **y** Kentucky → Kentucky

Stylistic Set 05 - Reverse Quotes

‘ “ → ’ ” The quick “brown fox”
 The quick “brown fox”

Localised Accent Forms For Romanian

ș → **ș** Mașină → Mașină

Automatic Fractions

1/2 1/3 2/3 1/4 3/4 1/5 2/5 3/5 4/5 1/6 5/6 1/8 3/8 5/8
 1/16 3/16 5/16 7/16 9/16 11/16 13/16

Post Grotesk Roman Open Type Features

Standard Ligatures

fb → fb fb fh fk fi fl fj

Discretionary Ligatures

fi → fi ffj ffk fb ffb ffh fh fj fk ff ffi ffi fl fi

Case Specific Punctuation

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Tabular Figures

1 2 3

Tabular Lining (Default)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Tabular Oldstyle

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Proportional Figures

1 → 1

Proportional Lining

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Proportional Oldstyle

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Superscript

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Superiors

1 → 1

10² x 9³

Inferiors

1 → 1

10₂ x 4₆

Numerators

1 → 1

1/2 3/4 5/8

Denominators

1 → 1

1/2 3/4 5/8

Post Grotesk Italic Open Type Features

Stylistic Set 01 - Alternate Lowercase 'a'

a → *a* *Alabama* → *Alabama*

Stylistic Set 02 - Reverse Quotes

“ ” → ‘ ’ *The quick “brown fox”*
The quick “brown fox”

Localised Accent Forms For Romanian

ș → ș *Mașină* → *Mașină*

Automatic Fractions

$\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{3}$ $\frac{2}{3}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{5}$ $\frac{2}{5}$ $\frac{3}{5}$ $\frac{4}{5}$ $\frac{1}{6}$ $\frac{5}{6}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$
 $\frac{1}{16}$ $\frac{3}{16}$ $\frac{5}{16}$ $\frac{7}{16}$ $\frac{9}{16}$ $\frac{11}{16}$ $\frac{13}{16}$

Standard Ligatures

fb → *fb* *fb fh fk fi fl fj*

Discretionary Ligatures

fi → *fi* *ffj ffk fb ffb ffh fh fj fk ff ffi ffl fl fi*

Case Specific Punctuation

()[]{}/!|:;«»<>••- *(cat)* → *(CAT)*

Post Grotesk Italic Open Type Features

Tabular Figures

1 2 3

Tabular Lining (Default)

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Tabular Oldstyle

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Proportional Figures

1 → 1

Proportional Lining

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Proportional Oldstyle

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Superscript

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Superiors

1 → 1

10² x 9³

Inferiors

1 → 1

10₂ x 4₆

Numerators

1 → 1

1/2 3/4 5/8

Denominators

1 → 1

1/2 3/4 5/8

Languages	File formats
ISO 8859-1 / Latin1 Afrikaans, Albanian, Basque, Breton, Catalan, Danish, English (UK & US), Faroese, French, Galician, German, Icelandic, Irish (new orthography), Italian, Kurdish (The Kurdish Unified Alphabet), Latin (basic classical orthography), Leonese, Luxembourgish (basic classical orthography), Norwegian (Bokmål & Nynorsk), Occitan, Portuguese (Portuguese & Brazilian), Rhaeto-Romanic, Scottish Gaelic, Spanish, Swahili, Swedish, Walloon	Desktop: OTF Web: WOFF, TTF, EOT, SVG App: OTF
ISO 8859-2 / Latin2 Bosnian, Croatian, Czech, German, Hungarian, Polish, Romanian, Serbian (when in the Latin script), Slovak, Slovene, Upper Sorbian & Lower Sorbian	Licences
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