PP WRITER
AN ELEGANT WORKHORSE SERIF

Fred Wiltshire
**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.

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Germinal by Émile Zola is often considered their masterpiece and one of the most significant novels in the French tradition.

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.

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.
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 9th.” “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?” “Sentence” 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.

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.
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 clothes to the ever-covetous Reva, who has just been dumped by her boss—unaware that she is pregnant, he arranged a promotion that would transfer her out of his office and to the company’s office in the World Trade Center. Reva plans to have an abortion; the narrator sleeps until June 1.

She readjusts to life slowly, spending hours over the summer of 2001 sitting in a park and refurnishing her once-expensively decorated apartment with mismatched, used furniture from Goodwill. But as she hoped, her worldview has been transformed by her year of rest and relaxation.
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...
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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, rolls, 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). Help me!

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

ESTRAGON: (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.

VLADIMIR: (angrily). 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.

(He knocks at his boot.)

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

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: (painting). You might button it all the same.

VLADIMIR: (flaunting). 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 reflects.) Hope deferred maketh the something sick, who said that?
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!
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Shehan Karunatilaka made a splash a decade ago with his debut novel Chinaman. Winner of the 2012 Commonwealth book prize and hailed as one of the great Sri Lankan novels, it recounts the alcoholic-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, The Seven Moons of Maali Almeida, returns to 1980s Sri Lanka, and similarly has a debauched protagonist. Maali, the son of a Sinhalese father and a burguer 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 criticizing 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 insurgency against the Sri Lankan government, and killed many leftwing and working-class civilians who got in their way.
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).
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ТОНКИЙ ОБЫЧНЫЙ ЧЕРНЫЙ
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 такого. 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 "Токсите" 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.
What I felt then, however, was not desire, but the coiled charge of its possibility, a feeling that emitted its own gravity, holding me in place. The way he watched me back there in the field, when we worked briefly, side by side, our arms brushing against each other, his eyes lingering...
Afrikaans
Ek het verstaan dat die wêreld niks was nie: ’n meganièse chaos van gemaklike, brute vyandskap waarop ons ons hoop en vrese dom opla. Ek het verstaan dat ek alleen, uiteindelik en absoluut, j’exeiste seul.

Albanian
E kuptova që bota nuk ishte asgjë një kaos mekanik i armiqësisë së rastësisë, të egër, mbi t’i cilën ne ngjullo 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 de casualitat i brutal sobre el qual imposuem nostres esperances i pors. Vaig entendre que, finalment i absolutament, jo només existeixo.

Croatian
Pochopil jsem da svijet nije ništa: mehanički kaos lehrnog, grubog neprijateljstva na koji glupo namećemo svoje nade i strahove. Pochopil jsem da, konačno i absolutno, samo ja postojim.

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.

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Estonian
Sain aru, et maailm pole midagi juhusliku, toore vaenu mehaaniline kaos, Berthmilele 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 vihamielisyyys, johon tyhmiäni 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 ostoban ráerőlhetjük reményeket és félelmeinket. Megértettem, hogy végül és abszolút egyedül én létezem.

Icelandic
Ðeg skildi að heimurinn var ekki neiti: velrænn ringullreit af frjálslegum, grímmum fjáðraskap sem við leggjum heimskulega fram vonir okkar og ótta við. Ðeg skildi að loksins og algerlega er ef einn til.

Italian
Capitularei, che il mondo non è niente: un caos meccanico di inimità brutale e fortuita al quale impongiamo bizzarremente le nostre speranze e paura. Capitularei che, finalmente e assolutamente, io esisto solo.

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

Portuguese
Entendi que o mundo não era nada: um caos mecânico de inimizade brutal e casual ao qual imprimimos cegamente esperanças e medos. Entendi que, finalmente e absolutamente, sinto-me sozinho.
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.
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.
CREDITS & DETAILS
Styles 3 Cuts x 10 Styles with 676 Glyphs each
Designer Fred Wiltshire
Collaborator Mat Desjardins
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SPECIMEN
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Collaborator Mat Desjardins
Typeface PP Writer