

Hazel Display New

Design:
Alex Chavot

Styles:
Regular
Italic

Formats:
OpenType OTF (Mac & PC)
EOT, Woff, Woff2 (web)

Published:
2020

Hazel is a rather contrasted stencil face meant for display uses –although it also proved to perform equally well in text settings– with taut curves and blade-sharp cuts. Firstly drafted with “Times-and-alike” classics in mind, notably in terms of contrast and text color, its design eventually radicalized while being infused with more surprising forms and finally reaching for a stronger personality. In 2020, Hazel comes back to the drawing-board to undergo an overall re-lifting. Letter-shapes, metrics, kerning, Opentype features... Every aspect of the typeface is carefully checked with fresh eyes and duly remastered. An italic companion was finally added. If the newly re-born Hazel Display New now delivers all its subtleties at display sizes, its rather open counterforms and subtle stencil cuts manage to enlighten every texts from the inside, even at smaller point sizes.

Extracts from Dracula by Bram Stoker (1897)

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Regular

Hazel Display New Regular

Aa

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Italic

Hazel Display New Italic

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Aa

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Regular – 260 pt

IIA

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L

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+

Regular – 80pt

CRUCIFIX
TRIUMPH

+

Regular – 50pt

LETTER-WAGON
BIBLIOGRAPHY
TRANSFUSIONS

+

Regular – 36pt

CARPATHIANS ROADS
DR. SEWARD'S DIARY
HUNGARIAN FLOODS
INCREDIBLE PALLOR

+

Regular – 24pt

ALL YESTERDAY WE TRAVEL,
EVER GETTING CLOSER TO THE
MOUNTAINS, AND MOVING INTO
A MORE AND MORE WILD AND
DESERT LAND. THERE ARE
GREAT, FROWNING PRECIPICES

+ Regular – 14pt

THE MOONLIGHT WAS SO BRIGHT THAT THROUGH THE THICK YELLOW BLIND THE ROOM WAS LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE. ON THE BED BESIDE THE WINDOW LAY JONATHAN HARKER, HIS FACE FLUSHED AND BREATHING HEAVILY AS THOUGH IN A STUPOR. KNEELING ON THE NEAR EDGE OF THE BED FACING OUTWARDS WAS THE WHITE-CLAD FIGURE OF HIS WIFE. BY HER SIDE STOOD A TALL, THIN MAN, CLAD IN BLACK. HIS FACE WAS TURNED FROM US, BUT THE

+ Regular – 12pt

INSTANT WE SAW WE ALL RECOGNISED THE COUNT – IN EVERY WAY, EVEN TO THE SCAR ON HIS FOREHEAD. WITH HIS LEFT HAND HE HELD BOTH MRS. HARKER'S HANDS, KEEPING THEM AWAY WITH HER ARMS AT FULL TENSION; HIS RIGHT HAND GRIPPED HER BY THE BACK OF THE NECK, FORCING HER FACE DOWN ON HIS BOSOM. HER WHITE NIGHTDRESS WAS SMEARED WITH BLOOD, AND A THIN STREAM TRICKLED DOWN THE MAN'S BARE BREAST WHICH WAS SHOWN BY HIS TORN-OPEN DRESS. THE ATTITUDE OF THE TWO HAD A TERRIBLE RESEMBLANCE TO A CHILD FORCING A KITTEN'S NOSE INTO A SAUCER OF MILK TO COMPEL IT TO DRINK. AS WE BURST INTO THE ROOM,

+ Regular – 10pt

THE COUNT TURNED HIS FACE, AND THE HELLISH LOOK THAT I HAD HEARD DESCRIBED SEEMED TO LEAP INTO IT. HIS EYES FLAMED RED WITH DEVILISH PASSION; THE GREAT NOSTRILS OF THE WHITE AQUILINE NOSE OPENED WIDE AND QUIVERED AT THE EDGE; AND THE WHITE SHARP TEETH, BEHIND THE FULL LIPS OF THE BLOOD-DRIPPING MOUTH, CHAMPED TOGETHER LIKE THOSE OF A WILD BEAST. WITH A WRENCH, WHICH THREW HIS VICTIM BACK UPON THE BED AS THOUGH HURLED FROM A HEIGHT, HE TURNED AND SPRANG AT US. BUT BY THIS TIME THE PROFESSOR HAD GAINED HIS FEET, AND WAS HOLDING TOWARDS HIM THE ENVELOPE WHICH CONTAINED THE SACRED WAFER. THE COUNT SUDDENLY STOPPED, JUST AS POOR LUCY HAD DONE OUTSIDE THE TOMB, AND COWERED BACK. FURTHER AND FURTHER BACK HE COWERED, AS WE, LIFTING OUR CRUCIFIXES, ADVANCED. THE

+ Regular – 8pt

MOONLIGHT SUDDENLY FAILED, AS A GREAT BLACK CLOUD SAILED ACROSS THE SKY; AND WHEN THE GASLIGHT SPRANG UP UNDER QUINCEY'S MATCH, WE SAW NOTHING BUT A FAINT VAPOUR. THIS, AS WE LOOKED, TRAILED UNDER THE DOOR, WHICH WITH THE RECOIL FROM ITS BURSTING OPEN, HAD SWUNG BACK TO ITS OLD POSITION. VAN HELSING, ART, AND I MOVED FORWARD TO MRS. HARKER, WHO BY THIS TIME HAD DRAWN HER BREATH AND WITH IT HAD GIVEN A SCREAM SO WILD, SO EAR-PIERCING, SO DESPAIRING THAT IT SEEMS TO ME NOW THAT IT WILL RING IN MY EARS TILL MY DYING DAY. FOR A FEW SECONDS SHE

LAY IN HER HELPLESS ATTITUDE AND DISARRAY. HER FACE WAS GHASTLY, WITH A PALLOR WHICH WAS ACCENTUATED BY THE BLOOD WHICH SMEARED HER LIPS AND CHEEKS AND CHIN; FROM HER THROAT TRICKLED A THIN STREAM OF BLOOD; HER EYES WERE MAD WITH TERROR. THEN SHE PUT BEFORE HER FACE HER POOR CRUSHED HANDS, WHICH BORE ON THEIR WHITENESS THE RED MARK OF THE COUNT'S TERRIBLE GRIP, AND FROM BEHIND THEM CAME A LOW DESOLATE WAIL WHICH MADE THE TERRIBLE SCREAM SEEM ONLY THE QUICK EXPRESSION OF AN ENDLESS GRIEF. VAN HELSING STEPPED FORWARD AND

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Epistolary
Possession

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Vampire Fantasy
Jonathan Harker
Red Pocket Book

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“Acherontia Aitetropos”
The Death’s Head Moth
Extraordinary Celerity
Eversfield Asylum Inst.

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They never leave me; and they shall not till this unhappy business is over. Be wise also, my friends. It is no common enemy that we deal with. Alas! that dear Madam Mina should suffer! He stopped; his voice

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The moonlight was so bright that through the thick yellow blind the room was light enough to see. On the bed beside the window lay Jonathan Harker, his face flushed and breathing heavily as though in a stupor. Kneeling on the near edge of the bed facing outwards was the white-clad figure of his wife. By her side stood a tall, thin man, clad in black. His face was turned from us, but the instant we saw we all recognised the Count – in every way, even to the scar on his forehead. With his left hand he held both

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Mrs. Harker's hands, keeping them away with her arms at full tension; his right hand gripped her by the back of the neck, forcing her face down on his bosom. Her white nightdress was smeared with blood, and a thin stream trickled down the man's bare breast which was shown by his torn-open dress. The attitude of the two had a terrible resemblance to a child forcing a kitten's nose into a saucer of milk to compel it to drink. As we burst into the room, the Count turned his face, and the hellish look that I had heard described seemed to leap into it. His eyes flamed red with devilish passion; the great nostrils of the white aquiline nose opened wide and quivered at the edge; and the white sharp teeth, behind the full lips of the blood-dripping

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mouth, champed together like those of a wild beast. With a wrench, which threw his victim back upon the bed as though hurled from a height, he turned and sprang at us. But by this time the Professor had gained his feet, and was holding towards him the envelope which contained the Sacred Wafer. The Count suddenly stopped, just as poor Lucy had done outside the tomb, and cowered back. Further and further back he cowered, as we, lifting our crucifixes, advanced. The moonlight suddenly failed, as a great black cloud sailed across the sky; and when the gaslight sprang up under Quincey's match, we saw nothing but a faint vapour. This, as we looked, trailed under the door, which with the recoil from its bursting open, had swung back to its old position. Van Helsing, Art, and I moved forward to Mrs. Harker, who by this time had drawn her breath and with it had given a scream so wild, so ear-piercing, so despairing that it seems to me now that it will ring in my ears till my dying day.

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For a few seconds she lay in her helpless attitude and disarray. Her face was ghastly, with a pallor which was accentuated by the blood which smeared her lips and cheeks and chin; from her throat trickled a thin stream of blood; her eyes were mad with terror. Then she put before her face her poor crushed hands, which bore on their whiteness the red mark of the Count's terrible grip, and from behind them came a low desolate wail which made the terrible scream seem only the quick expression of an endless grief. Van Helsing stepped forward and drew the coverlet gently over her body, whilst Art, after looking at her face for an instant despairingly, ran out of the room.

Van Helsing whispered to me: Jonathan is in a stupor such as we know the Vampire can produce. We can do nothing with poor Madam Mina for a few moments till she recovers herself; I must wake him! He dipped the end of a towel in cold water and with it began to flick him on the face, his wife all the while holding her face between her hands and sobbing in a way that was heart-breaking to hear. I raised the blind, and looked out of the window. There was much moonshine; and as I looked I could see Quincey Morris run across the lawn and hide himself in the shadow of a great yew-tree. It puzzled me to think why he was doing this; but at the instant I heard Harker's quick

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Italic – 260 pt

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*CRUCIFIX
TRIUMPH*

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*LEITER-WAGON
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+ Italic – 80pt

*Epistolary
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+ Regular + Italic – 18pt

She shuddered and was silent, holding down her head on her husband's breast. When she raised it, *his white nightrobe was stained with blood where her lips had touched*, and where the thin open wound in the neck had sent forth drops. The instant she saw it she drew back, with a low wail, and whispered, amidst choking sobs. *“Unclean, unclean! I must touch him or kiss him no more. Oh, that it should be that it is I who am now his worst enemy, and whom he may have most cause to fear.”* To this he spoke out resolutely, *“Nonsense, Mina. It is a shame to me to hear such a word. I would not hear it of you. And I shall not hear it from you.*

+ Regular + Italic – 14pt

May God judge me by my deserts, and punish me with more bitter suffering than even this hour, if by any act or will of mine anything ever come between us!” He put out his arms and folded her to his breast. And for a while she lay there sobbing. He looked at us over her bowed head, with eyes that blinked damply above his quivering nostrils. His mouth was set as steel. After a while her sobs became less frequent and more faint, and then he said to me, speaking with a studied calmness which I felt tried his nervous power to the utmost. *“And now, Dr. Seward, tell me all about it. Too well I know the broad fact. Tell me all that has been.”* I told him exactly what had happened and he listened with seeming impassiveness, but his nostrils twitched and his eyes blazed as I told how the ruthless hands of the Count had held his wife in that terrible and horrid position, with her mouth to the open wound in his breast. It interested me, even at that moment, to see that whilst the face of white set passion worked convulsively over the bowed head, the hands tenderly and lovingly stroked the ruffled hair. Just as I had finished,

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Regular

Glyphset Overview

1/2

Uppercases

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

Small capitals

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

Lowercases

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

Accented uppercases

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 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

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Accented small capitals

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Accented lowercases

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

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Ligatures

fb ffb ff fh ffh fi ffi fi ffi fi ffi fi ffi fi ffi
 fi ffi fi ffi fj ffj fk ffk fl ffl ft fft tt
 Th Wh Fl Fl FL FL WWW www www

Discretionary ligatures

ct sp st

Diacritics

ˆ ˘ ˙ ˚ ˛ ˜ ˝ ˆ ˘ ˙ ˚ ˛ ˜ ˝

+



Regular

Glyphset Overview

2/2

Proportional lining figures

0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 # € \$ ¢ £ ¥ f

Tabular lining figures

0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 # € \$ ¢ £ ¥ f

Proportional oldstyle figures

o o I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 # € \$ ¢ £ ¥ f

Tabular oldstyle figures

o o I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 # € \$ ¢ £ ¥ f

Superiors

, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Inferiors

, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Numerators

, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Denominators

, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9



Fractions

1/2 1/4 1/8 3/4 3/8 5/8 7/8 % ‰

Standard punctuation

, ; : ! ¡ ? ¿ ? † _ - — — • ‘ ’ “ ” , „ ’ ” < > « » / \ | |

Case sensitive form

() () [] [] { } { } () [] { } ¡ ¿ < > « » - - — • @

Miscellaneous symbols

* ** † ‡ § ¶ @ @ © ® ™ ª ° N^o

Mathematical symbols

+ - ± × ÷ = ≠ ~ ≈ ^ < > ≤ ≥ ¬ ∞ ∠ Δ Ω ∂ ∫ √ ∑ ∏ π μ ° ℓ e

Geometrical symbols

■ ◆ ● ▲ □ ◇ ○ △ ◀ ▶ ▲ ▼ ◁ ▷ △ ▽ ◀ ▶ ▲ ▼ ◁ ▷ △ ▽ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ● ● ● ● ^ v



Dingbats

★ ☆ ♥ ♡ ♥ ♠ ♣ ♦

Arrows

← ↑ → ↓ ↔ ⇕ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙ ← ↑ → ↓

Circled figures

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩ ① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩



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Italic

Glyphset Overview

1/2

Uppercases

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

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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

Accented uppercases

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 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

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Accented small capitals

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Accented lowercases

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 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

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fb ffb ff fh ffh fi ffi fi ffi fi ffi fi ffi
 fi ffi fi ffi fj ffi fk ffk fl ffi ft ftt tt
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Discretionary ligatures

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Italic

Glyphset Overview

2/2

Proportional lining figures

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0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 # € \$ ¢ £ ¥ f

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Dingbats

★ ☆ ♥ ♡ ♥ ♠ ♣ ♦

Arrows

← ↑ → ↓ ↔ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙ ← ↑ → ↓

Circled figures

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩ ① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩



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OpenType Features

OFF

ON

All caps

lowercases to uppercases

LOWERCASES TO UPPERCASES

Case-sensitive forms

¿h ¡h - - — (h) [h] {h} <h> «h» ·h @

¿H ¡H - - — (H) [H] {H} <H> «H» ·H @

Small capitals

lowercases to small capitals

LOWERCASES TO SMALL CAPITALS

Standard ligatures

FIRE FLAME The first flight effect

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+

Discretionary ligatures

fact space straight

fact space straight

Historical ligatures

Historical

Hiforical

Contextual alternates

1x2 30x40
 <- -> ^| |v
 ^\ /^ v/ \v
 ^|v <->
 The Wh WWW www www

1x2 30x40
 < -> ^| ↓
 ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙
 ⇕ ⇔
 The Wh WWW www www

Proportional lining figures

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

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Tabular lining figures

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€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

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Tabular oldstyle figures

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Slashed zeros

0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0

+

+

OpenType Features

OFF

ON

Superscript/Superior

H, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Subscript/Inferior

H, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Numerators

H, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Denominators

H, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H, . () + - × ÷ = 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

+

Fractions

1/2 30/40 100/1000 567/890

½ 30/40 100/1000 567/890

Ordinals

1^O 2^O 3^o 4^A 5^A 6^a
N^o N^o n^o No No no1^o 2^o 3^o 4^a 5^a 6^a
N^oStylistic set 1 [SS01]
Open circled figures

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩

Stylistic set 2 [SS02]
Closed circled figures

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨ ⑩

Stylistic set 3 [SS03]
Alternative arrows

← ↑ → ↓

← ↑ → ↓

+

+

The End

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