

Granit Display

Design:
Alex Chavot

Styles:
Regular
Italic

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

Published:
2021

“We choose to believe that the granite is alive. If life is movement, then rock – with its atoms flying around like stars in cosmos – is alive.” — Yvon Chouinard

Gleaning vernacular letterforms from the realm of 19th and 20th century headstones (including from the notorious Père-Lachaise cemetery) as initial inspirations, Alex Chavot revisits these varied sources into a new display typeface with a modern sensibility. Discreet and elegant in its contrast, Granit is a sharp serif typeface that speaks with refinement and achieves the perfect balance between gravity and delicacy. The proportions of its capitals – loosely based on the monumental Roman models – give it the austere “gravitas” and graceful confidence of historical inscriptional letters while, on the other hand, its lowercases tend to be slightly more condensed, thus creating an unexpected contrast in text settings. Granit inherits its distinctive personality from a very specific stencil-like feature often found on letters such as “a”, “g”, “n”, “r”, “y”... While giving us a glimpse at the by-gone charm of traditional stone carving techniques, these subtleties empower Granit’s palette with a more eccentric and optimistic character that reinvigorate any composition. This fragile tension between stone-harshness and hand-finesse is even more palpable in Granit’s italic: with a slightly-more-condensed width, it oscillates between mechanical slant and calligraphic forms – additionally offering alternate characters for designers to play with. Granit definitively aims at top league whimsical titling players with its full set of 230+ ligatures to create dynamic, expressive headlines.

Extracts from Dante Alighieri’s “Divine Comedy – Inferno”.

+

Regular

Granit Display Regular

Aa

+

Italic

Granit Display Italic

+

Aa

+

+

Regular – 190 pt

GRA

NIT

+

DISP

LAY

+

REG

+

ULAR

+ Regular – 80pt

RANDOM
SENATOR

+ Regular – 50pt

ILLUSTRATIONS
GOLDHAMMER
SUBSEQUENTLY

+ Regular – 36pt

PASSED SO PITEOUSLY
PERILOUS AND GAZES
DISTRESSFUL BREATH
THE VARIEGATED SKIN

+ Regular – 24pt

NON-RELIGIOUS STORY TELLING
RECORDED HISTORY AND MYTH
SKELETAL FIGURE CARRY SCYTHE
REMAIN BURRIED INTO GROUND
AN HORSE RIDING GRIM REAPER

+ Regular – 14pt

I HAVE, ALAS! PHILOSOPHY, MEDICINE, JURISPRUDENCE TOO, AND TO MY COST THEOLOGY, WITH ARDENT LABOUR, STUDIED THROUGH. AND HERE I STAND, WITH ALL MY LORE, POOR FOOL, NO WISER THAN BEFORE. MAGISTER, DOCTOR STYLED, INDEED, ALREADY THESE TEN YEARS I LEAD, UP, DOWN, ACROSS, AND TO AND FRO, MY PUPILS BY THE NOSE,—AND LEARN, THAT WE IN TRUTH CAN NOTHING KNOW! THAT IN MY HEART LIKE FIRE DOTHTURN. 'TIS TRUE I'VE MORE CUNNING THAN

+ Regular – 12pt

ALL YOUR DULL TRIBE, MAGISTER AND DOCTOR, PRIEST, PARSON, AND SCRIBE; SCRUPLE OR DOUBT COMES NOT TO ENTHRALL ME, NEITHER CAN DEVIL NOR HELL NOW APPAL ME— HENCE ALSO MY HEART MUST ALL PLEASURE FOREGO! I MAY NOT PRETEND, AUGHT RIGHTLY TO KNOW, I MAY NOT PRETEND, THROUGH TEACHING, TO FIND A MEANS TO IMPROVE OR CONVERT MANKIND. THEN I HAVE NEITHER GOODS NOR TREASURE, NO WORLDLY HONOUR, RANK, OR PLEASURE; NO DOG IN SUCH FASHION WOULD LONGER LIVE! THEREFORE MYSELF TO MAGIC I GIVE, IN HOPE, THROUGH SPIRIT-VOICE AND MIGHT, SECRETS

+ Regular – 10pt

NOW VEILED TO BRING TO LIGHT, THAT I NO MORE, WITH ACHING BROW, NEED SPEAK OF WHAT I NOTHING KNOW; THAT I THE FORCE MAY RECOGNISE THAT BINDS CREATION'S INMOST ENERGIES; HER VITAL POWERS, HER EMBRYO SEEDS SURVEY, AND FLING THE TRADE IN EMPTY WORDS AWAY. O FULL-ORB'D MOON, DID BUT THY RAYS THEIR LAST UPON MINE ANGUISH GAZE! BESIDE THIS DESK, AT DEAD OF NIGHT, OFT HAVE I WATCHED TO HAIL THY LIGHT: THEN, PENSIVE FRIEND! O'ER BOOK AND SCROLL, WITH SOOTHING POWER, THY RADIANCE STOLE! IN THY DEAR LIGHT, AH, MIGHT I CLIMB, FREELY, SOME MOUNTAIN HEIGHT SUBLIME, ROUND MOUNTAIN CAVES WITH SPIRITS RIDE, IN THY MILD HAZE O'ER MEADOWS GLIDE, AND, PURGED FROM KNOWLEDGE-FUMES, RENEW MY SPIRIT, IN THY HEALING DEW! WOE'S ME! STILL PRISON'D IN THE GLOOM OF THIS ABHORR'D AND MUSTY ROOM! WHERE HEAVEN'S DEAR LIGHT ITSELF

+ Regular – 8pt

DOTHTURN, BUT DIMLY THROUGH THE PAINTED GLASS! HEMMED IN BY BOOK-HEAPS, PILED AROUND, WORM-EATEN, HID 'NEATH DUST AND MOULD, WHICH TO THE HIGH VAULT'S TOPMOST BOUND, A SMOKE-STAINED PAPER DOTHTURN ENFOLD; WITH BOXES ROUND THEE PILED, AND GLASS, AND MANY A USELESS INSTRUMENT, WITH OLD ANCESTRAL LUMBER BLENT— THIS IS THY WORLD! A WORLD! ALAS! AND DOST THOU ASK WHY HEAVEN'S THY HEART, WITH TIGHTEN'D PRESSURE IN THY BREST? WHY THE DULL ACHE WILL NOT DEPART, BY WHICH THY LIFE-PULSE IS OPPRESS'D? INSTEAD OF NATURE'S LIVING SPHERE, CREATED FOR MANKIND OF

OLD, BRUTE SKELETONS SURROUND THEE HERE, AND DEAD MEN'S BONES IN SMOKE AND MOULD. UP! FORTH INTO THE DISTANT LAND! IS NOT THIS BOOK OF MYSTERY BY NOSTRADAMUS' PROPER HAND, AN ALL-SUFFICIENT GUIDE? THOU'LT SEE THE COURSES OF THE STARS UNROLL'D; WHEN NATURE DOTHTURN HER THOUGHTS UNFOLD TO THEE, THY SOUL SHALL RISE, AND SEEK COMMUNION HIGH WITH HER TO HOLD, AS SPIRIT DOTHTURN WITH SPIRIT SPEAK! VAIN BY DULL PORING TO DIVINE THE MEANING OF EACH HALLOW'D SIGN. SPIRITS! I FEEL YOU HOV'RING NEAR; MAKE ANSWER, IF MY VOICE YE HEAR! (HE OPENS THE BOOK AND PERCEIVES

+ Regular – 80pt

Mausoleum
Crematoria

+ Regular – 50pt

Power and Success
Allegorical Poetry
Life's True Essence

+ Regular – 36pt

Pact With
Mephistopheles
Surrender Moral Integrity
The Unlimited Knowledge

+ Regular – 24pt

In the currents of life, in action's storm,
I float and I wave with billowy motion!
Birth and the grave a limitless ocean, a
constant weaving with change still rife,
a restless heaving, a glowing life thus
time's whirring loom unceasing I ply

+ Regular – 14pt

I have, alas! Philosophy, Medicine, Jurisprudence too, And to my cost
Theology, With ardent labour, studied through. And here I stand,
with all my lore, Poor fool, no wiser than before. Magister, doctor
styled, indeed, Already these ten years I lead, Up, down, across, and
to and fro, My pupils by the nose,—and learn, That we in truth can
nothing know! That in my heart like fire doth burn. 'Tis true I've
more cunning than all your dull tribe, Magister and doctor, priest,
parson, and scribe; Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me,
Neither can devil nor hell now appal me— Hence also my heart

+ Regular – 12pt

must all pleasure forego! I may not pretend, aught rightly to know, I may not
pretend, through teaching, to find A means to improve or convert mankind.
Then I have neither goods nor treasure, No worldly honour, rank, or pleasure;
No dog in such fashion would longer live! Therefore myself to magic I give, In
hope, through spirit-voice and might, Secrets now veiled to bring to light, That I
no more, with aching brow, Need speak of what I nothing know; That I the force
may recognise That binds creation's inmost energies; Her vital powers, her
embryo seeds survey, And fling the trade in empty words away. O full-orb'd
moon, did but thy rays Their last upon mine anguish gaze! Beside this desk, at
dead of night, Oft have I watched to hail thy light: Then, pensive friend!

+ Regular – 10pt

o'er book and scroll, With soothing power, thy radiance stole! In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,
Freely, some mountain height sublime, Round mountain caves with spirits ride, In thy mild haze
o'er meadows glide, And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew My spirit, in thy healing dew!
Woe's me! still prison'd in the gloom Of this abhorr'd and musty room! Where heaven's dear
light itself doth pass, But dimly through the painted glass! Hemmed in by book-heaps, piled
around, Worm-eaten, hid 'neath dust and mould, Which to the high vault's topmost bound,
A smoke-stained paper doth enfold; With boxes round thee piled, and glass, And many a use-
less instrument, With old ancestral lumber blent— This is thy world! a world! alas! And dost
thou ask why heaves thy heart, With tighten'd pressure in thy breast? Why the dull ache will not
depart, By which thy life-pulse is oppress'd? Instead of nature's living sphere, Created for man-
kind of old, Brute skeletons surround thee here, And dead men's bones in smoke and mould.
Up! Forth into the distant land! Is not this book of mystery. By Nostradamus' proper hand,

+ Regular – 8pt

An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see The courses of the
stars unroll'd; When nature doth her thoughts unfold
To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek Communion high
with her to hold, As spirit doth with spirit speak! Vain by
dull poring to divine The meaning of each hallow'd sign.
Spirits! I feel you hov'ring near; Make answer, if my voice
ye hear! (He opens the book and perceives the sign of
the Macrocosmos.) Ah! at this spectacle through every
sense, What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing! I feel new
rapture, hallow'd and intense, Through every nerve and
vein with ardour glowing. Was it a god who character'd
this scroll, The tumult in my spirit healing, O'er my sad
heart with rapture stealing, And by a mystic impulse,
to my soul, The powers of nature all around revealing.

Am I a God? What light intense! In these pure symbols
do I see, Nature exert her vital energy. Now of the wise
man's words I learn the sense; "Unlock'd the spirit-world
is lying, Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead! Up scholar,
lave, with zeal undying, Thine earthly breast in the
morning-red!" (He contemplates the sign.) How all things
live and work, and ever blending, Weave one vast whole
from Being's ample range! How powers celestial,
rising and descending, Their golden buckets ceaseless
interchange! Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions
winging, From heaven to earth their genial influence
bringing, Through the wild sphere their chimes melodious
ringing! A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone! Where
shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where? Ye breasts, ye

+

Italic – 130 pt

GRA

NIT

+

DISP

LAY

+

ITALIC

+

+ Italic – 80pt

*NARROW
IDENTITY*

+ Italic – 50pt

*INTRODUCTION
TECHNOLOGIES
ALL-POWERFUL*

+ Italic – 36pt

*MOST DELICIOUS DAY
THE JOURNEY OF LIFE
HENRY WADSWORTH
PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ*

+ Italic – 24pt

*STRAIGHTFORWARD PATHWAYS
I REACHED A MOUNTAIN'S FOOT
SCRIPTURAL THREESCORE YEARS
THE PERPLEXITIES OF ALL KINDS
CHRISTIAN BEGIN TO BE AFRAID*

+

Italic – 14pt

I HAVE, ALAS! PHILOSOPHY, MEDICINE, JURISPRUDENCE TOO, AND TO MY COST THEOLOGY, WITH ARDENT LABOUR, STUDIED THROUGH. AND HERE I STAND, WITH ALL MY LORE, POOR FOOL, NO WISER THAN BEFORE. MAGISTER, DOCTOR STYLED, INDEED, ALREADY THESE TEN YEARS I LEAD, UP, DOWN, ACROSS, AND TO AND FRO, MY PUPILS BY THE NOSE, –AND LEARN, THAT WE IN TRUTH CAN NOTHING KNOW! THAT IN MY HEART LIKE FIRE DOTH BURN. 'TIS TRUE I'VE MORE CUNNING THAN

+

Italic – 12pt

ALL YOUR DULL TRIBE, MAGISTER AND DOCTOR, PRIEST, PARSON, AND SCRIBE; SCRUPLE OR DOUBT COMES NOT TO ENTHRALL ME, NEITHER CAN DEVIL NOR HELL NOW APPAL ME – HENCE ALSO MY HEART MUST ALL PLEASURE FOREGO! I MAY NOT PRETEND, AUGHT RIGHTLY TO KNOW, I MAY NOT PRETEND, THROUGH TEACHING, TO FIND A MEANS TO IMPROVE OR CONVERT MANKIND. THEN I HAVE NEITHER GOODS NOR TREASURE, NO WORLDLY HONOUR, RANK, OR PLEASURE; NO DOG IN SUCH FASHION WOULD LONGER LIVE! THEREFORE MYSELF TO MAGIC I GIVE, IN HOPE, THROUGH SPIRIT-VOICE AND MIGHT, SECRETS NOW VEILED TO BRING TO

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Italic – 10pt

LIGHT, THAT I NO MORE, WITH ACHING BROW, NEED SPEAK OF WHAT I NOTHING KNOW; THAT I THE FORCE MAY RECOGNISE THAT BINDS CREATION'S INMOST ENERGIES; HER VITAL POWERS, HER EMBRYO SEEDS SURVEY, AND FLING THE TRADE IN EMPTY WORDS AWAY. O FULL-ORB'D MOON, DID BUT THY RAYS THEIR LAST UPON MINE ANGUISH GAZE! BESIDE THIS DESK, AT DEAD OF NIGHT, OFT HAVE I WATCHED TO HAIL THY LIGHT: THEN, PENSIVE FRIEND! O'ER BOOK AND SCROLL, WITH SOOTHING POWER, THY RADIANCE STOLE! IN THY DEAR LIGHT, AH, MIGHT I CLIMB, FREELY, SOME MOUNTAIN HEIGHT SUBLIME, ROUND MOUNTAIN CAVES WITH SPIRITS RIDE, IN THY MILD HAZE O'ER MEADOWS GLIDE, AND, PURGED FROM KNOWLEDGE-FUMES, RENEW MY SPIRIT, IN THY HEALING DEW! WOE'S ME! STILL PRISON'D IN THE GLOOM OF THIS ABHORR'D AND MUSTY ROOM! WHERE HEAVEN'S DEAR LIGHT ITSELF DOTH PASS, BUT DIMLY THROUGH

+

Italic – 8pt

THE PAINTED GLASS! HEMMED IN BY BOOK-HEAPS, PILED AROUND, WORM-EATEN, HID' NEATH DUST AND MOULD, WHICH TO THE HIGH VAULT'S TOPMOST BOUND, A SMOKE-STAINED PAPER DOTHENFOLD; WITH BOXES ROUND THEE PILED, AND GLASS, AND MANY A USELESS INSTRUMENT, WITH OLD ANCESTRAL LUMBER BLENT – THIS IS THY WORLD! A WORLD! ALAS! AND DOST THOU ASK WHY HEAVES THY HEART, WITH TIGHTEN'D PRESSURE IN THY BREAST? WHY THE DULL ACHE WILL NOT DEPART, BY WHICH THY LIFE-PULSE IS OPPRESS'D? INSTEAD OF NATURE'S LIVING SPHERE, CREATED FOR MANKIND OF OLD, BRUTE SKELETONS

SURROUND THEE HERE, AND DEAD MEN'S BONES IN SMOKE AND MOULD. UP! FORTH INTO THE DISTANT LAND! IS NOT THIS BOOK OF MYSTERY BY NOSTRADAMUS' PROPER HAND, AN ALL-SUFFICIENT GUIDE? THOU'LT SEE THE COURSES OF THE STARS UNROLL'D; WHEN NATURE DOTH HER THOUGHTS UNFOLD TO THEE, THY SOUL SHALL RISE, AND SEEK COMMUNION HIGH WITH HER TO HOLD, AS SPIRIT DOTH WITH SPIRIT SPEAK! VAIN BY DULL PORING TO DIVINE THE MEANING OF EACH HALLOW'D SIGN. SPIRITS! I FEEL YOU HOV'RING NEAR; MAKE ANSWER, IF MY VOICE YE HEAR! (HE OPENS THE BOOK AND PERCEIVES THE SIGN

+ Italic – 80pt

*Thunderbolt
Zimmerman*

+ Italic – 50pt

*Ever-shifting Cloud
Cardinal Griffolino
Unrepentant Snake*

+ Italic – 36pt

*Oceanographer Adventure
Catastrophic Oxygenation
Old-Time Merrygorounds
Transitional State Of Mind*

+ Italic – 24pt

*Beheld then that they all went on till they
came to the foot of the hill difficulty...
But the narrow way lay right up the hill,
and the name of the going up the side of
the hill is called difficulty... They went then
till they came to the delectable mountains*

+ Italic – 14pt

*I have, alas! Philosophy, Medicine, Jurisprudence too, And to my cost
Theology, With ardent labour, studied through. And here I stand, with
all my lore, Poor fool, no wiser than before. Magister, doctor styled,
indeed, Already these ten years I lead, Up, down, across, and to and fro,
My pupils by the nose,—and learn, That we in truth can nothing know!
That in my heart like fire doth burn. 'Tis true I've more cunning than all
your dull tribe, Magister and doctor; priest, parson, and scribe; Scruple
or doubt comes not to enthrall me, Neither can devil nor hell now appal
me— Hence also my heart must all pleasure forego! I may not pretend,*

+ Italic – 12pt

*aught rightly to know, I may not pretend, through teaching, to find A means to
improve or convert mankind. Then I have neither goods nor treasure, No worldly
honour, rank, or pleasure; No dog in such fashion would longer live! Therefore
myself to magic I give, In hope, through spirit-voice and might, Secrets now veiled to
bring to light, That I no more, with aching brow, Need speak of what I nothing know;
That I the force may recognise That binds creation's inmost energies; Her vital
powers, her embryo seeds survey, And fling the trade in empty words away. O full-
orb'd moon, did but thy rays Their last upon mine anguish gaze! Beside this desk,
at dead of night, Oft have I watched to hail thy light: Then, pensive friend! o'er book
and scroll, With soothing power, thy radiance stole! In thy dear light, ah, might*

+ Italic – 10pt

*I climb, Freely, some mountain height sublime, Round mountain caves with spirits ride, In thy mild
haze o'er meadows glide, And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew My spirit, in thy healing dew!
Woe's me! still prison'd in the gloom Of this abhorr'd and musty room! Where heaven's dear light itself
doth pass, But dimly through the painted glass! Hemmed in by book-heaps, piled around, Worm-
eaten, hid 'neath dust and mould, Which to the high vault's topmost bound, A smoke-stained paper
doth enfold; With boxes round thee piled, and glass, And many a useless instrument, With old ances-
tral lumber blent— This is thy world! a world! alas! And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart, With
tighten'd pressure in thy breast? Why the dull ache will not depart, By which thy life-pulse is
oppress'd? Instead of nature's living sphere, Created for mankind of old, Brute skeletons surround
thee here, And dead men's bones in smoke and mould. Up! Forth into the distant land! Is not this book
of mystery By Nostradamus' proper hand, An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see The courses
of the stars unroll'd; When nature doth her thoughts unfold To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek*

+ Italic – 8pt

*Communion high with her to hold, As spirit doth with spirit
speak! Vain by dull poring to divine The meaning of each hal-
low'd sign. Spirits! I feel you hov'ring near; Make answer; if
my voice ye hear! (He opens the book and perceives the sign
of the Macrocosmos.) Ah! at this spectacle through every
sense, What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing! I feel new rap-
ture, hallow'd and intense, Through every nerve and vein
with ardour glowing. Was it a god who character'd this scroll,
The tumult in my spirit healing, O'er my sad heart with rap-
ture stealing, And by a mystic impulse, to my soul, The pow-
ers of nature all around revealing. Am I a God? What light
intense! In these pure symbols do I see, Nature exert her vital
energy. Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense;
"Unlock'd the spirit-world is lying, Thy sense is shut, thy*

*heart is dead! Up scholar, lave, with zeal undying, Thine
earthly breast in the morning-red!" (He contemplates the
sign.) How all things live and work, and ever blending, Weave
one vast whole from Being's ample range! How
powers celestial, rising and descending, Their golden buckets
ceaseless interchange! Their flight on rapture-breathing
pinions winging, From heaven to earth their genial influence
bringing, Through the wild sphere their chimes melodious
ringing! A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone! Where
shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where? Ye breasts, ye
fountains of all life, whereon Hang heaven and earth, from
which the withered heart For solace yearns, ye still impart
Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where?
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair? (He turns over the*

+ Regular + Italic – 18pt

DORÉ'S *ENGLISH BIBLE* (1866) was a great success, and in 1867 Doré had a major exhibition of his work in London. This exhibition led to the foundation of the Doré Gallery in New Bond Street. In 1869, Blanchard Jerrold, the son of Douglas William Jerrold, suggested that they work together to produce a comprehensive portrait of London. Jerrold had gotten the idea from *The Microcosm of London* produced by Rudolph Ackermann, William Pyne, and Thomas Rowlandson in 1808. Doré signed a five-year project with the publishers Grant & Co. that involved his staying in London for three months a year. He was paid the vast sum of £10,000 a year for his work. The book, *London: A Pilgrimage*,

+

+ Regular + Italic – 14pt

WITH 180 ENGRAVINGS, was published in 1872. It enjoyed commercial success, but the work was disliked by many contemporary critics. Some critics were concerned with the fact that Doré appeared to focus on poverty that existed in London. Doré was accused by the *Art Journal* of "inventing rather than copying." *The Westminster Review* claimed that "Doré gives us sketches in which the commonest, the vulgarest external features are set down." The book was also a financial success, and Doré received commissions from other British publishers. Doré's later works included Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Tennyson's *The Idylls of the King*, *The Works of Thomas Hood*, and *The Divine Comedy*. His work also appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. Doré continued to illustrate books until his death in Paris in 1883. He is buried in the city's Père Lachaise Cemetery. In "*Pickman's Model*", author H. P. Lovecraft's praises Doré: "There's something those fellows catch – beyond life – that they're able to make us catch for a second. Doré had it. [Sidney] Sime has it."

+

+

+ Regular – 30pt
Discretionary ligatures

“YOU CAN’T, IF YOU CAN’T
FEEL IT, IF IT NEVER RISES
FROM THE SOUL, AND SWAYS
THE HEART OF EVERY SINGLE
HEARER, WITH DEPEST
POWER, IN SIMPLE WAYS.

+ YOU’LL SÏT FOREVER,
GLUING THINGS TOGETHER,
COOKING UP A STEW FROM
OTHER’S SCRAPS, BLOWING
ON A MISERABLE FIRE,
MADE FROM YOUR HEAP
OF DYING ASH. LET APES
AND CHILDREN PRAISE YOUR
ART, IF THEIR ADMIRATION’S
TO YOUR TASTE, BUT
YOU’LL NEVER SPEAK FROM
HEART TO HEART, UNLESS
IT RISES UP FROM YOUR
HEART’S SPACE.”

+

Stylistic set 1 [SS01]
Alternative a

OFF

ON

→ italic only

mama → *mama*

+

Stylistic set 2 [SS02]
Alternative g

→ italic only

giga → *giga*

+

Stylistic set 3 [SS03]
Alternative r

rare → *rare*

+

Stylistic set 4 [SS04]
Alternative y

yo yo → *yo yo*

Stylistic set 5 [SS05]
Alternative zero

0012 → *0012*

+

Regular

Glyphset Overview

1/3

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

+

Accented small capitals

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

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

+

Diacritics

ˆ ˘ ˙ ˚ ˛ ˜ ˝ ˞ ˟ ˠ ˡ ˢ ˣ ˤ ˥ ˦ ˧ ˨ ˩ ˪ ˫ ˬ ˭ ˮ ˯ ˰ ˱ ˲ ˳ ˴ ˵ ˶ ˷ ˸ ˹ ˺ ˻ ˼ ˽ ˾ ˿

Alternates

r r' r̃ r̄ y ÿ ý ŷ ø 0

+



Regular

Glyphset Overview

2/3

Proportional lining figures

⊘ ○ 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

⊘ ○ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 # € \$ ¢ £ ¥ f

Tabular oldstyle figures

0 0 1 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

¼ ½ ¾ ⅛ ⅜ ⅝ ⅞ % ‰

Standard punctuation

, ; : ! ; ? ¿ ? _ - — — . •
' ' “ ” , „ ' " < > « » / \ | ¡

Case sensitive form

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

Miscellaneous symbols

* ** † ‡ § ¶ @ (A) © ® ¢ ™ ™ ¢ ° N°

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



+

Regular

Glyphset Overview

3/3

Ligatures

ffb fb ff ffh fh ffi fi ffi fi ffi fi ffi fi
 ffi fi ffi fj ffj fj ffk fk ffl fl fft ft fy
 fy gg ggy ggy gy gy tt tv tw tty tty ty ty
 WWW www www Th Wh

Discretionary Ligatures

AA AB AD AF AF AF AF AF AH AK KA KE
 KI KL KO KT KU KY LA LE LJ
 LY MM NB ND NE NF NH NK NL
 NN NP NR NRA NRE NRI NRO NRS NRU NRY N CC CG
 OO OQ P Q Q RA RE RI RL RO RU RR RRA
 RE RI RO RS RU RY RS RY SS TE TF TH THE
 THR THRA THRE THRI THRO THRS THRU THRY Ti TK TL TN TT
 TV TW TY UN UP UR URA URE URI URO URS URU URY
 VA WA XY ZA ZE ZI ZL ZO ZU ZY ZZ eb eh
 ck cl ct sb sh sk sl sp st

+

+

+

+

Italic

Glyphset Overview

1/3

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

+

Accented small capitals

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

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

+

Diacritics

ˆ ˘ ˙ ˚ ˛ ˜ ˝ ˞ ˟ ˠ ˡ ˢ ˣ ˤ ˥ ˦ ˧ ˨ ˩ ˪ ˫ ˬ ˭ ˮ ˯ ˰ ˱ ˲ ˳ ˴ ˵ ˶ ˷ ˸ ˹ ˺ ˻ ˼ ˽ ˾ ˿

Alternates

ɑ ɑ̃ ɑ̄ ɑ̅ ɑ̆ ɑ̇ ɑ̈ ɑ̉ ɑ̊ ɑ̋ ɑ̌ ɑ̍ ɑ̎ ɑ̏ ɑ̐ ɑ̑ ɑ̒ ɑ̓ ɑ̔ ɑ̕ ɑ̖ ɑ̗ ɑ̘ ɑ̙ ɑ̚ ɑ̛ ɑ̜ ɑ̝ ɑ̞ ɑ̟ ɑ̠ ɑ̡ ɑ̢ ɑ̣ ɑ̤ ɑ̥ ɑ̦ ɑ̧ ɑ̨ ɑ̩ ɑ̪ ɑ̫ ɑ̬ ɑ̭ ɑ̮ ɑ̯ ɑ̰ ɑ̱ ɑ̲ ɑ̳ ɑ̴ ɑ̵ ɑ̶ ɑ̷ ɑ̸ ɑ̹ ɑ̺ ɑ̻ ɑ̼ ɑ̽ ɑ̾ ɑ̿

+



Italic

Glyphset Overview

2/3

Proportional lining figures

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

0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 # € \$ ¢ £ ¥ f

Tabular oldstyle figures

0 0 1 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

1/4 1/2 3/4 1/8 3/8 5/8 7/8 % ‰

Standard punctuation

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

Case sensitive form

() () [] [] { } { } () [] { } i ï < > « » - — — . @

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



+

Italic

Glyphset Overview

3/3

Ligatures

ffb fb ff ffh fh ffi fi fff fi fff fi fff fi
ffi fi ffi fj ffj fj ffk fk ffl fl ffit ft fy
gg ggy gy tt tv tw tty ty
WWW www Wh

Discretionary Ligatures

AA AB AD AF AA AFA AFi AFL AT AI AK KA KE
AI AL AO AU AY AN AD AE AP AR RA RE RI RL RS AU AV
AW CA CC DD EB ET EV EW EY FA FF Fi
FFL FJ FT FIL GG GD HT HIF Hi iI iTi iTN KA
KE KI KL KO KS KT KU KV KW KY LA LE LI
LL LO LS LU LY MM NB ND NE NF NH NK NL
NN NP NR NRA NRE NRI NRO NRS NRU NRY N CC CG
OO QQ PP @ Q RA RE RI RL RO RU RR RRA
RRE RRI RRO RRS RU RY RS RY SS TE TF TH THE
THR THRA THRE THRI THRO THRS THRU THRY Ti TK TL TN TT
TV TW TY UN UP UR URA URE URI URO URS URU URY
VA WA XY ZA ZE ZI ZL ZO ZU ZY ZZ eb eh
ck cl ct sb sh sk sl sp st

+

+

+

+

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

FIRE FLAME The first flight effect

+

Discretionary ligatures

fact space straight

fact̂ sp̂ace str̂aight

Historical ligatures

Historical

Hifistorical

Contextual alternates

l×2 3Ox4O
 <- -> ^| v|
 ^\ ^/ v/ v\
 ^|v <->
 The Where WWW www www

l×2 3O×4O
 ← → ↑ ↓
 ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙
 ↓ ↔
 The Where WWW www www

Proportional lining figures

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

+

Tabular lining figures

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Proportional oldstyle

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Tabular oldstyle figures

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

€ \$ ¢ £ ¥ f 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Slashed zeros

O 0 0 0

O 0 0 0

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

+

+

OpenType Features

OFF

ON

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 ¾ 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^o

+

Stylistic set 1 [SS01]
Alternative lowercase a*ananas*
[a à á â ã ä å ä å æ æ]*ananas*
[a à á â ã ä å ä å æ æ]Stylistic set 2 [SS02]
Alternative lowercase g*gigabytes*
[g ĝ ğ ğ ğ]*gigabytes*
[g ĝ ğ ğ ğ]Stylistic set 3 [SS03]
Alternative lowercase rrestaurant *restaurant*
[r r̂ r̃ r̄]restaurant *restaurant*
[r r̂ r̃ r̄]Stylistic set 4 [SS04]
Alternative lowercase yheydays *heydays*
[y ÿ ý ŷ ŷ]heydays *heydays*
[y ÿ ý ŷ ŷ]

+

Stylistic set 5 [SS05]
Alternative zero

0 0

00

Stylistic set 6 [SS06]
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 7 [SS07]
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 8 [SS08]
Alternative arrows

← ↑ → ↓

← ↑ → ↓

+

The End

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