

[Cardone]

Specimen



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Cardone is a contemporary typeface that has its roots in the early modern model of Scottish faces, a model that would be later called *Scotch Roman*. It explores the right balance between elegance and a studier feel through the combination of pronounced curves, abrupt lines and vertical stress. Cardone Serif acquires a particular personality and was conceived to be both functional and readable in small sizes. However, thanks to its contrast, it can also work in medium sizes. Cardone seeks to be a stylistic tool for graphic designers and extends its exploration with two text cuts, in addition to offering the possibility of exposing contrast and dynamism for the needs of contemporary editorial design. Cardone Micro was adapted to address text sizes lower than eight points. The grotesque companions, Cardone Grotesk Regular and Black, are inspired by the first grotesque styles of the mid 19th century. Each cut reveals a particular flavor, while the dialogue and coherence of the family is maintained at the same time.

4 weights
5 styles

Light
Regular
Italic
SemiBold
Bold

1 weight
2 styles

Micro Regular
Micro Italic

2 weights

Grotesk Regular
Grotesk Black

For aince it's toomed my
hert and brain, the this-
tle needs maun fa' again.
—*But a' its growth 'll never
fill, the hole it's turned
my life intill! ... Yet ha'e I
Silence left, the croon o' a'.
No' her, wha on the hills*

Cardunculus
Onopordum
Sherramuir
Ploughman
Polyphyletic
Botanicaust
Animaculae
Orchid Death
Eucalyptus

Aa

Aa

Aa

Aa

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Aa

137%

*Greener
than you
think!*

The signal was for the hidden orchestra to begin playing. A murmur of surprise passed through the audience as, without previous warning, the beautiful and solemn strains of Mozart's "temple" music pulsed through the

GOLD PLANT

Black Orchid

Fungus Isle

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness a materialisation. That means you will see something appear in space that was not previously there. At first it will appear as a vaporous form, but finally it will be a solid body, which anyone present may feel and handle—and, for example, shake hands with. For this body will be in the human shape. It will be a real man or woman—which, I can't say—but a man or woman without known antecedents. If, however, you demand from me an explanation,

"Poor man—how you are suffering!" she said, in the same audible language. This time he discovered that the sense of what she said was received by his brain through the organ on his forehead. "Where am I? Is this Tormance?" he asked. As he spoke, he staggered. She caught him, and helped him to sit down. "Yes. You are with friends." Then she regarded him with a smile, and began speaking aloud, in English. Her voice somehow reminded him of an April day, it was so fresh, nervous, and girlish. "I can now unde

The two strangers remained standing by the door, which was closed quietly behind them. They seemed to be waiting for the mild sensation caused by their appearance to subside before advancing into the room. Maskull was a kind of giant, but of broader and more robust physique than most giants. He wore a full beard. His features were thick and heavy, coarsely modelled, like those of a wooden carving; but his eyes, small and black, sparkled with the fires of intelligence and audacity. His hair was short, black, and bristling. Nightspore was of middle height, but so tough-looking that he appeared to be trained out of all hum

"You are a fortunate man. A bold, daring heart, and no encumbrances." Krag's features became suddenly grave and rigid. "Don't be a fool, and refuse a gift of luck. A gift declined is not offered a second time." "Krag," replied Maskull

GREEN GIRLS

Spacewoman

White Fruit

As he spoke he gripped Maskull's arm. A sharp, chilling pain immediately passed through the latter's body and at the same moment his brain caught fire. A light burst in upon him like the rising of the sun. He asked himself for the first time if this fantastic conversation could by any chance refer to real things. "Listen, Krag," he said slowly, while peculiar images and conceptions started to travel in rich disorder through his mind. "You talk about a certain journey. Well, if that journey were a possible one, and I were give

Maskull held it up with difficulty, directed it toward the gleaming Arcturus, and snatched as long and as steady a glance at the star as the muscles of his arm would permit. What he saw was this. The star, which to the naked eye appeared as a single yellow point of light, now became clearly split into two bright but minute suns, the larger of which was still yellow, while its smaller companion was a beautiful blue. But this was not all. Apparently circulating around the yellow sun was a comparatively small and hardly distinguishable satel

Backhouse now entered on his task. It was one that began to be familiar to him, and he had no anxiety about the result. It was not possible to effect the materialisation by mere concentration of will, or the exercise of any faculty; otherwise many people could have done what he had engaged himself to do. His nature was phenomenal—the dividing wall between himself and the spiritual world was broken in many places. Through the gaps in his mind the inhabitants of the invisible, when he summoned them, passed for a moment timidly and awfully into the solid, coloured universe.... He could not say how it was brought about.... The experience was a rou

fou [drunken], *gey and* [very], *coupin* [tilting], *bauld* [fit], *elbuck* [elbow], *fankles* [becomes clumsy], *sheckle* [wrist], *souple* [supple], *gleg* [quick], *speils* [plays, climbs], *forbye* [besides], *aince* [once], *riz* [rose], *keeks* [looks], *saxpenny planet* [lurid cheap print cf. penny dreadful], *yin* [one], *thow* [thaw], *jalousin* [reckoning], *caad* [called], *whummle* [overturn], *souse* [drench], *craturs* [creatures] *s'ud* [should], *dree* [suffer], *weird* [fate], *wede* [faded], *aiblins* [perhaps], *biggin* [building], *scrunt* [stump], *kennin* [understanding], *croose* [cocksure], *brazw* [handsome], *freens* [friends], *unco* [strange], *Embro* [Edinburgh], *scunner* [loathing], *thieveless* [useless], *kip* [whorehouse], *fair waunert* [much wandered], *agley* [astrey], *haverin*

sylybin

diglucoside

taxifolin

kaempferol

apigenin

The observatory presented itself to the
ir eyes as a self-contained little commu-
nity, without neighbours, and perched
on the e treme end of the land. There
were three buildings: a small, stone-bu-
ilt dwelling house, a low workshop, and

ASTRAL TREE

Maker of Moons

Tulip Murders

He passed through the open gate, followed by Nightspore, and k
nocked vigorously at the front door. The knocker was thick with
dust and had obviously not been used for a long time. He put his
ear to the door, but could hear no movements inside the house.
He then tried the handle; the door was looked. They walked arou-
nd the house, looking for another entrance, but there was only th
e one door. Nightspore, who had not spoken half a dozen words s-
ince leaving the train, complied in silence, and started off across

He picked up an old iron bolt from the yar-
d and, retreating to a safe distance, hurled
it against a sash window on the ground flo-
or. The lower pane was completely shatte-
red. Carefully avoiding the broken glass,
Maskull thrust his hand through the apert-
ure and pushed back the frame fastening.
A minute later they had climbed through
and were standing inside the house. The r-
oom, which was a kitchen, was in an indes-
cribably filthy and neglected condition. T-
he furniture scarcely held together, broke-
n utensils and rubbish lay on the floor ins

Nightspore, who had not spoken half a dozen w-
ords since leaving the train, complied in silence
and started off across the yard. Maskull passed
out of the gate again. When he arrived at the fo-
ot of the tower, which stood some way back fro-
m the cliff, he found the door heavily padlocke-
d. Gazing up, he saw six windows, one above th-
e other at equal distances, all on the east face—
that is, overlooking the sea. Realising that no s-
atisfaction was to be gained here, he came awa-
y again, still more irritated than before. When
he rejoined his friend, Nightspore reported that
the workshop was also locked. He picked up an
old iron bolt from the yard and, retreating to a

While he was still talking, with his h
and on the smaller bottle, the other,
which was lying on its side, acciden-
tally rolled over in such a manner th
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[Micro]

Specimen

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Cardone Micro Regular

20 pts In the *Bottling Room* all was harmonious bustle and ordered activ-
ity. Flaps of fresh sow's peritoneum ready cut to the proper size c-
ame shooting up in little lifts from the *Organ Store* in the sub bas-
ement. *Whizz and then*, click! the lifthatches hew open; the bottle-
-liner had only to reach out a hand, take the flap, insert, smooth d-
own, and before the lined bottle had had time to travel out of reac-
h along the endless band, whizz, click! another flap of peritoneum

14 pts "Sixteen thousand and twelve in this
Centre," *Mr. Foster* replied without h-
esitation. He spoke very quickly, had
a vivacious blue eye, and took an evid-
ent pleasure in quoting figures. "*Sixte-
en thousand and twelve; in one hundre*

7 pts Told them of the growing embryo on its bed of peritoneum. Made them tast-
e the rich blood surrogate on which it fed. *Explained why it had to be stimula-
ted with placentin and thyroxin*. Told them of the corpus luteum extract. Sho-
wed them the jets through which at every twelfth metre from zero to 2040
it was automatically injected. Spoke of those gradually increasing doses of
pituitary administered during the final ninety-six metres of their course D
escribed the artificial maternal circulation installed in every bottle at Met-
re 112; showed them the resevoir of *blood-surrogate*, the centrifugal pump
that kept the liquid moving over the placenta and drove it through the synt-
hetic lung and waste product filter. Referred to the embryo's troublesome
tendency to anæmia, to the massive doses of hog's stomach extract and foe

6 pts Showed them the simple mechanism by m-
eans of which, during the last two metres
out of every eight, all the embryos were si-
multaneously shaken into familiarity with
movement. Hinted at the gravity of the
so-called "*trauma of decanting*," and enum-
erated the precautions taken to minimize,
by a suitable training of the bottled embr-
yo, that dangerous shock. *Told them of the
test for sex carried out in the neighb orhood
of Metre 200*. Explained the system of labe-
ling-a T for the males, a circle for the fe-
males and for those who were destined to
become freemartins a question mark, blac-
k on a white ground. "For of course," said
Mr. Foster, "*in the vast majority of cases, fe-
rtility is merely a nuisance*. One fertile ova-
ry in twelve hundred-that would really be
quite sufficient for our purposes. But we

Outside, in the garden, it was playtime. Naked in t-
he warm June sunshine, six or seven hundred littl-
e boys and girls were running with shrill yells ove-
r the lawns, or playing ball games, or squatting sil-
ently in twos and threes among the flowering shru-
bs. *The roses were in bloom, two nightingales soliloq-
uized in theboscage, a cuckoo was just going out of tu-
ne among the lime trees*. The air was drowsy with the
murmur of bees and helicopters. The Director an-
d his students stood for a short time watching a ga-
me of *Centrifugal Bumble-puppy*. Twenty children
were grouped in a circle round a chrome steel tow-
er. A ball thrown up so as to land on the platform
at the top of the tower rolled down into the interi-
or, fell on a rapidly revolving disk, was hurled thr-
ough one or other of the numerous apertures pier-
cing the cylindrical casing, and had to be caught
t. "*Strange*," mused the Director, as they turned aw-
ay, "strange to think that even in *Our Ford's day* m-
ost games were played without more appara tus th-
an a ball or two and a few sticks and perhaps a bit
of netting. imagine the folly of allowing people to

On Jan Kempenaers' contemporary picturesque

— Dirk De Meyer

"That's what I'm after: a normal
view of the landscape. Almost."
— Robert Adams

In particular, the new condition in
which a spectator could appreciate a
tract of land in the same way as one
appreciates a well-composed paint-
ing was soon to be called the Pic-
turesque – i.e., "after the manner of
painters". Ever since, the picturesque
has altered the way we look at land-
scapes, even to the point that it has
become completely ingrained in the
way we see the world and produce our
own representations of it, as when we
take snapshots or choose a route for
a walk or a drive. On a more theoret-
ical level, during the course of the last
century it has been hailed as the true
pioneer of modern design by Niko-
laus Pevsner in his *The Englishness
of English Art* (1955)¹ and stigma-
tized as an undefeatable adversary in
Reyner Banham's *The Revenge of the
Picturesque* (1968).²

[1] Nikolaus Pevsner, "The
Englishness of English
Art", Reith Radio Lectures,
BBC, 1955. The text of Pe-
vsner's lectures, expanded
and annotated, was pub-
lished by the Architectural
Press in 1956 and reissued
by Penguin in 1964.

[2] Reyner Banham,
*Revenge of the Picturesque:
English Architectural Po-
lemics, 1945-1965*, in John
Summerson, ed., *Concern-
ing Architecture* (London:
Allen Lane, 1968), pp.
265–73. Banham blames
the eventual revenge of
the picturesque and its
triumphant victory on the
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The observatory presented itself to their eyes as a self-contained little community, without neighbours, and perched on the extreme end of the land. There were three buildings: a small, stone-built dwelling house, a low workshop, and

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CHARACTER SET

Cardone Micro Regular

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Cardone Micro Italico

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S
T U V W X Y Z a b c d e f g h i j k l m n
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While he was still talking, with his hand on the smaller bottle, the other, which was lying on its side, accidentally rolled over in such a manner that the metal caught against the table. He made a movement to stop it, hi

WILD GRAPES

Supernatural Fiction

Maskull stared at the table. After a minute he raised his brows, and turned to Nightspore with a smile. "The message grows more intricate." Nightspore looked bored. "The valve became unfastened. The contents have escaped through the open window toward the sun, carrying the bottle with them. But the bottle will be burned up by the earth's atmosphere, and the contents will dissipate, and will not reach the sun." Maskull listened attentively, and his smile faded. "Doe

It was by this time past three o'clock. Feeling hungry, for they had eaten no thing since early morning, Maskull went downstairs to forage, but without much hope of finding anything in the shape of food. In a safe in the kitchen he discovered a bag of mouldy oatmeal, which was untouchable, a quantity of quite good tea in an airtight caddy, and an unopened can of ox tongue. Best of all, in the dining-room cupboard he came across an uncorked bottle of first-class Scotch whisky. He at once ma

The boat slackened speed until it was travelling no faster than a walking man, but the irregularity of its movements continued. It was shaped rather queerly. About twenty feet long, its straight sides tapered off from a flat bow, four feet broad, to a sharp-angled stern. The flat bottom was not above ten feet from the ground. It was undecked, and carried only one living occupant; the other object they had distinguished was really the carcass of an animal, of about the size of a large sheep. The blue haze trailing behind the boat appeared to emanate from the glittering point of a short upright pole

(1939)

**“The Whisperer
in Darkness”**
H. P. Lovecraft

(1923)

**“The Valley
of Orchids”**
*Rose Champion
de Crespigny*

(1962)

**“Come Into My
Cellar”**
Ray Bradbury

(1906)

**“Phalaenopsis
Gloriosa”**
*John Jason
Trentdez*

artichaud
holy
chardon
cardo
carduus

**sauvage
thistle
marbré
santo
nutans**

Coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes were now brought in. Everyone partook, except Lang and the medium. At the same moment, Professor Halbart was announced. He was the eminent psychologist, the author and lecturer on crime, insanity, ge

A VOYAGE TO SFANOMOË THE MOON ERA

The two strangers remained standing by the door, which was closed quietly behind them. They seemed to be waiting for the mild sensation caused by their appearance to subside before advancing into the room. Maskull was a kind of giant, but of broader and more robust physique than most giants. He wore a full beard. His features were thick and heavy, coarsely modelled, like those of a wooden carving; but his eyes, small and black, sparkled with the fires of intelligence and audacity. His hair was short, black, and bristling. Nig

Many of those present felt privately that the setting was quite inappropriate to the occasion and savoured rather unpleasantly of ostentation. Backhouse in particular seemed put out. The usual compliments, however, were showered on Mrs. Trent as the devisee of so remarkable a theatre. Faull invited his friends to step forward and examine the apartment as minutely as they might desire. Prior and Lang were the only ones to accept. The former wandered about among the pasteboard scenery, whistling to himself and occasionally tapping a part of it with his

The duel of wills commenced without ceremony. Oceaxe got up, stretched her beautiful limbs, smiled, and prepared herself to witness the struggle between her old lover and her new. Crimtyphon smiled too; he reached out his hand for more fruit, but did not eat it. Maskull's self-control broke down and he dashed at the boy, choking with red fury—his beard wagged and his face was crimson. When he realised with whom he had to deal, Crimtyphon left off smiling, slipped off the couch, and threw a terrible and malignant glare into his sorb. Maskull staggered. He gathered together all the brute force of his will, and by sheer weight continued his advance. The boy shrieked a

Lang, to his own disgust, having failed to find anything of a suspicious nature, the medium now requested that his own clothing should be searched. "All these precautions are quite needless and beside the

FUNGI FROM YOGGOTH FATAL OAK

The signal was for the hidden orchestra to begin playing. A murmur of surprise passed through the audience as, without previous warning, the beautiful and solemn strains of Mozart's "temple" music pulsated through the air. The expectation of everyone was raised, while, beneath her pallor and composure, it could be seen that Mrs. Trent was deeply moved. It was evident that aesthetically she was by far the most important person present. Faull w

Almost immediately they reached more difficult ground. They had to pass from peak to peak, as from island to island. In some cases they were able to stride or jump across, but in others they had to make use of rude bridges of fallen timber. It appeared to be a frequented path. Underneath were the black, impenetrable abysses—on the surface were the glaring sunshine, the gay, painted rocks, the chaotic tangle of strange plants. There were countless reptiles and inse

Tydomin did not even look up. She took his hand in hers, and started walking with him into the darkness. The temperature became as cold as ice. At the first bend the light from the outer world disappeared, leaving them in absolute blackness. Maskull kept stumbling over the uneven ground, but she kept tight hold of him, and hurried him along. The tunnel seemed of interminable length. Presently, however, the atmosphere changed—or such was his impression. He was somehow led to imagine that they had come to a larger chamber. Here Tydomin stopped, and then forc

“**Orchid Death**” (1939) by Hubert Roussel, despite this opening editorial description:

— “Deep in that fetid, steaming jungle it bloomed. A shimmering, fabulous flower, priceless beyond compare. But its fragile petals held death —slow, grim, awful death!..”

The flower in the story is not a **fantastic plant**, and the story itself is not exactly speculative genre fiction, unless *Jungle Stories*, the name of its place of publication, is considered a genre unto itself. An **orchidologist** in pursuit of “*the orchid for which he had been searching all his life!*”

— “The ravishing quintessence of all Nature’s handiwork” runs afoul of some Papuan cannibals,

Spanish

Inclinados sobre sus instrumentos, trescientos Fecundadores se hallaban entregados a su trabajo, cuando el director de Incubación y Condicionamiento entró en la sala, sumidos en un absoluto silencio, sólo interrumpido por el distraído canturreo o silboteo solitario de quien se halla concentrado y abstraído en su labor. Un grupo de estudiantes recién ingresados, muy jóvenes, rubicundos e imberbes, seguía con excitación, casi abyectamente, al director, pisándole los talones. Cada uno de ellos llevaba un bloc de notas en el cual, cada vez que el gran hombre hablaba, garrapateaba desesperadamente. Directamente de labios de la ciencia personificada. Era un raro

English

Bent over their instruments, three hundred Fertilizers were plunged, as the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning entered the room, in the scarcely breathing silence, the absent-minded, soliloquizing hum or whistle, of absorbed concentration. A troop of newly arrived students, very young, pink and callow, followed nervously, rather abjectly, at the Director's heels. Each of them carried a notebook, in which, whenever the great man spoke, he desperately scribbled. Straight from the horse's mouth. It was a rare privilege. The D. H. C. for Central London always made a point of personally conducting his new students round the various departments.

Polish

Gdy dyrektor „Rozrodu i Warunkowania” wkraczał do sali, trzystu zapładniaczy pochylało się nad przyrządami wstrzymując dech i w pełnym zaabsorbowania skupieniu z rzadka wydając bezwiedny gwizd lub pomruk. Grupa nowo przybyłych studentów, bardzo młodych, różnobarwnych żółtodziobów, z pokorą dreptała nerwowo za dyrektorem. Każdy z nich trzymał kajet, w którym desperacko bazgrał, gdy tylko wielki człowiek raczył przemówić. Z pierwszej ręki. To był rzadki przywilej. Dyrektor „Rozrodu i Warunkowania” na Londyn Centralny zawsze dbał o to, by osobiście oprowadzać swych nowych praktykantów po poszczególnych działach. - To tak żeby

French

Au moment où le Directeur de l'Incubation et du Conditionnement entra dans la pièce, trois cents Fécondateurs, penchés sur leurs instruments, étaient plongés dans ce silence où l'on ose à peine respirer, dans ce chantonnement ou ce sifflement inconscients, par quoi se traduit la concentration la plus profonde. Une bande d'étudiants nouvellement arrivés, très jeunes, roses et imberbes, se pressaient, pénétrés d'une certaine appréhension, voire de quelque humilité, sur les talons du Directeur. Chacun d'eux portait un cahier de notes, dans lequel, chaque fois que le grand homme parlait, il griffonnait désespérément. Ils puisaient ici leur savoir à la

German

Dreihundert Befruchter standen über ihre Instrumente gebeugt, als der Brut- und Normdirektor den Saal betrat. Kaum ein Atemzug unterbrach die Stille, kaum ein gedankenverlorenes Vor-sich-hin-Summen oder -Pfeifen störte die allgemeine angespannte Vertieftheit. Eine soeben eingetroffene Gruppe sehr junger, sehr rosiger und sehr unerfahrener Studenten folgte aufgeregt und ein bißchen beklommen dem Direktor auf den Fersen. Jeder hielt ein Merkheft in der Hand, in das er, sooft der große Mann den Mund auftat, krampfhaft kritzelte. Aus erster Quelle - eine besondere Gunst. Der Brut- und Normdirektor von Berlin legte Wert darauf, seine

Czech

Když vstoupil, sklánělo se tři sta oplodňovačů v hlubokém soustředění nad svými nástroji. Ani vydechnutí, ani bezděčné pobrumlávání nebo pohvizdování nepřerušovalo ticho. Řediteli v patách putovala nervózně a poněkud zaraženě skupina novopečených studentů, mladičkých, růžolících zelenáčů. Všichni měli zápisníky a zoufale do nich čmárali, kdykoli velký muž promluvil. Přímo z úst velkého zvířete - to bylo zvláštní vyznamenání. Ř.L.P. londýnské ústředny si potrpěl na to, aby nové studenty osobně provedl jednotlivými odděleními. „To jen abyste měli obecnou představu,“ vykládal jim pokaždé. Studenti samozřejmě musí mít určitou obecnou

SEVEN SUNS ¶
Aldus Huxley@
futuristic garden
— *voran! voran!*
Galaxy & Apparat
Hidden Empire
4–6% *silymarin*
Nowy wspaniały
świat, *The Ether*
Robots—Metre 17
on **Rack 9** *X-rays*
«Son of the tree»

Cardone Regular

[illegible]

Cardone Italic

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

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q Q R S T U V W X Y Z
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ů ž 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 ¡ ¢ £ ¤ ¥ ¦ § ¨ © ª « » _ - - - () [] / \ &

Cardone SemiBold

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

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

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
À Á Â Ã Ä Å Ç È É Ê Ë Ì Í Î Ï Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö Ù Ú Û Ü Ý Þ
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n ñ o p q r s t u v w x y z à á â ã ä
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Cardone Grotesk Black

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
À Á Â Ã Ä Å Ç È É Ê Ë Ì Í Î Ï Ñ Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö Ù Ú Û
Ü Ý ÿ a b c d e f g h i j k l m n ñ o p q r s t u v w
x y z à á â ã ä å ç è é ê ë ì í î ï ñ ò ó ô õ ö ù ú û
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	FEATURE OFF	FEATURE ON
Estandard ligatures [LIGA]	fi fl fb ff fh fk ft fj ffi ffl ffb ffh ffk <i>fi ff fh fl</i> <i>fi ff fh fl</i>	fi fl fb ff fh fk ft fj ffi ffl ffb ffh ffk <i>fi ff fh fl</i> <i>fi ff fh fl</i>
Slashed zero [ZERO]	0123456789	Ø123456789
Fractions [FRAC]	0/0 0/00	% ‰
Ordinals [ORDN]	No no NO	Nº
Stylistic set 1 [Alternate Q, J]	Don Quijote Don Quijote Don Quijote Lucky Jim Lucky Jim Lucky Jim	Don Quijote Don Quijote Don Quijote Lucky Jim Lucky Jim Lucky Jim
Stylistic set 1 [Alternate g]	<i>big night song</i> big night song	<i>big night song</i> big night song

Text Sources: *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle* by Hugh MacDiarmid, written in *Scots*, 1926;
A Voyage to Arcturus by David Lindsay, 1920; *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley, 1932; «Timeline of Botanical
Fictions» www.thefishinprison.com; www.jankempenaers.info.

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