



Gortex

Aa

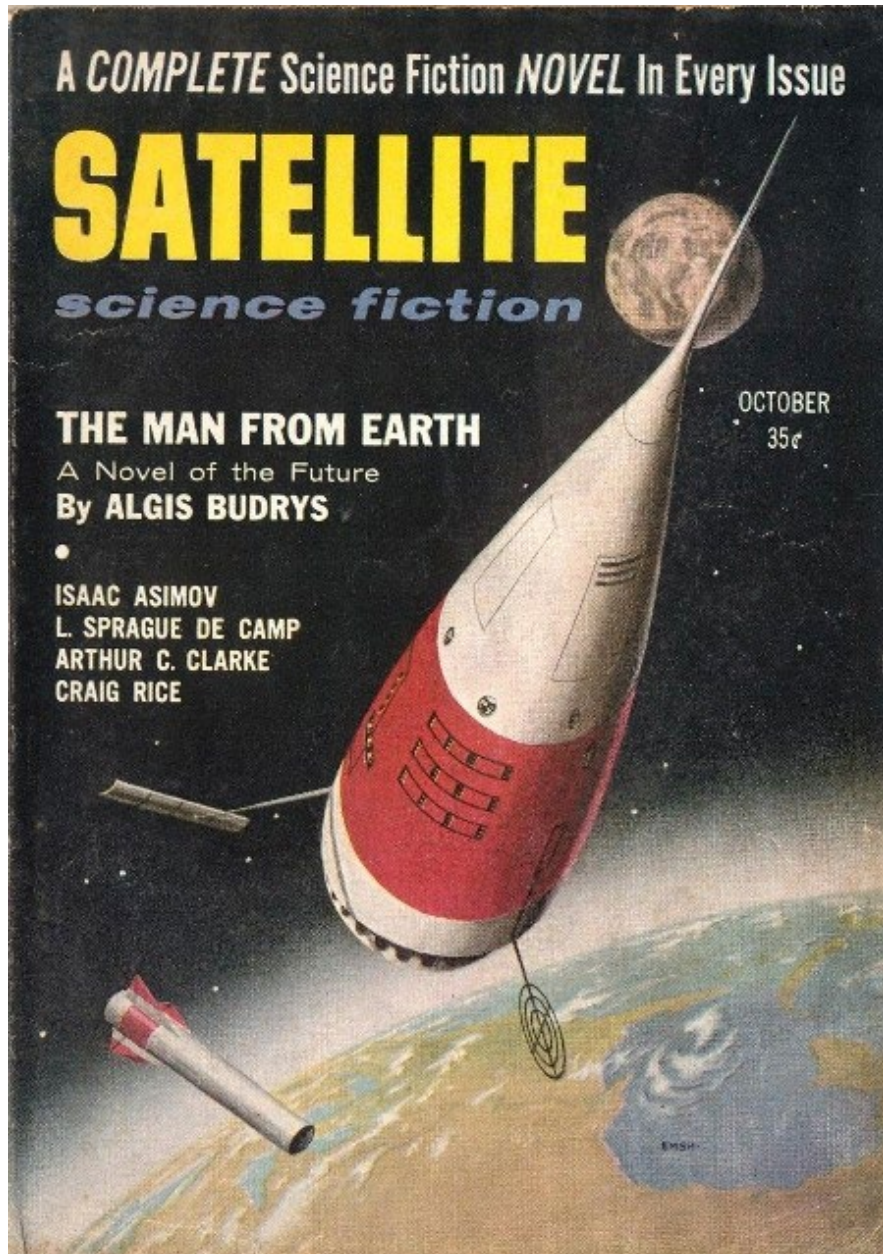
Grotex was initially a small family inspired by 20th-century European sans-serifs. Moving beyond a simple historical grotesk revival, it was designed as a geometric sans with humanistic undertones—versatile enough for both display and running text. During the development of the family, a monospace and a weird “micro” version (for very small sizes) came to life as special companions to the standard styles. These deliberate distortions turned the Micro style into Grotex’s crooked twin brother.

A few years later, the name “Grotex” was unfortunately stolen. This new version—Gortex Micro—became the family’s only survivor. Specifically optimized for extreme small-size usage, Gortex has been fully redrawn with exaggerated ink traps, shortened descenders, splayed squarish counters, and loose spacing.

While these “flaws” vanish into a grey texture at 6pt, they nevertheless reveal a striking, aggressive character when scaled up. In the spirit of classics like Matthew Carter’s *Bell Centennial*, Gortex Micro’s design ensures perfect legibility at any size while remaining utterly surprising as a titling face in larger sizes. Because, yeah, we know how it’s going to end anyway...

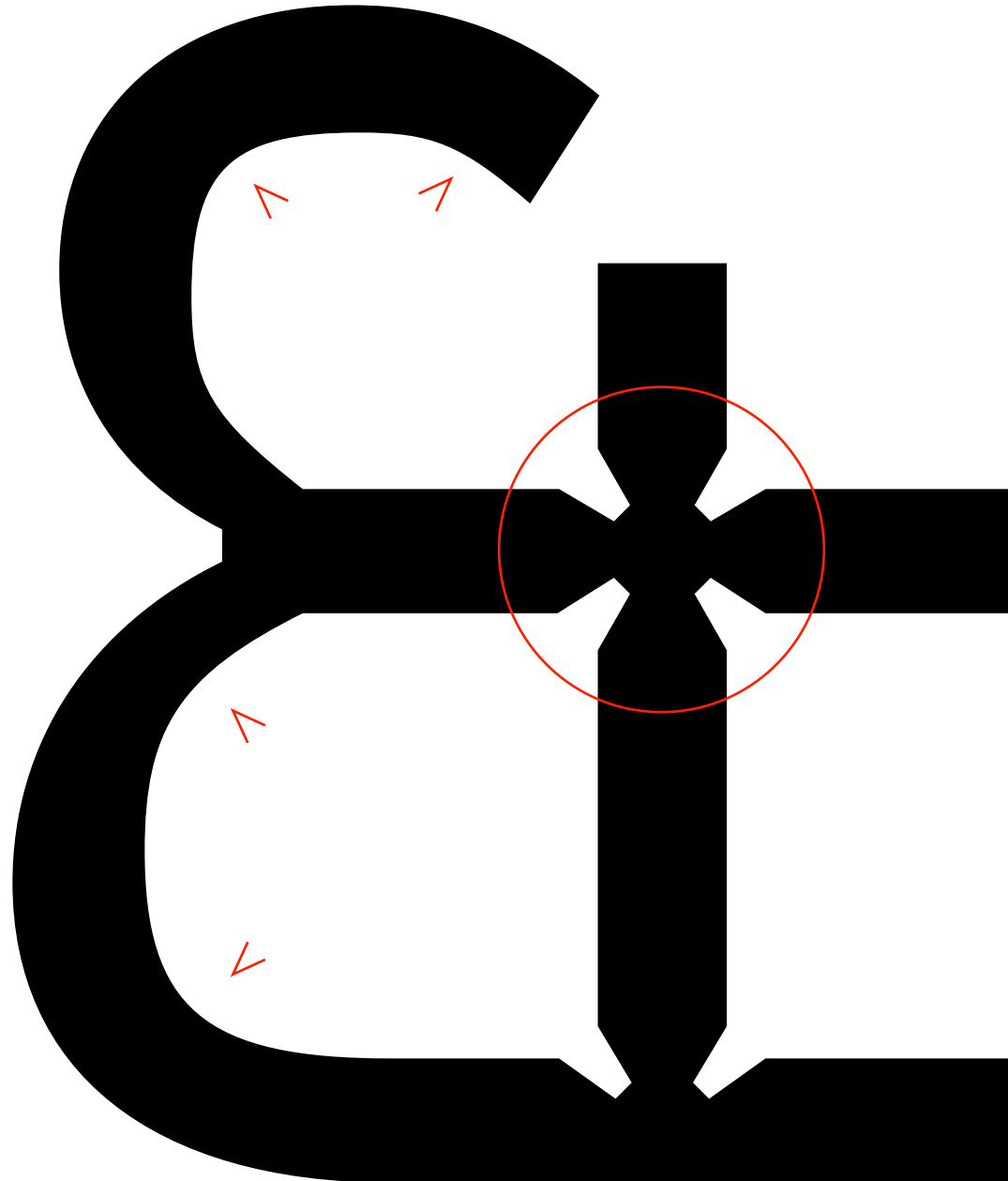
Cover:
Mjh Shikder

Extracts:
Pay for the Printer, Philip K. Dick (1956)



Gortex micro was initially designed to inaugurate the first issue of *La Perruque*—a 1×90 cm-long magazine publishing nonstandard type specimens printed in the margins of regular documents—with extracts taken from the opening of Philip K. Dick’s short story “Pay for the Printer.” The legibility of Gortex Micro was tested next to the errant marks that scatter the pages of Google Books editions.

➤ [Learn more about the project](#)



120pt

THE CHILL
OF DEATH
TOUCHED
HIM.

120pt

She shivered
in the chill
midday cold.

80pt

NEW PRINTS WERE
MADE FROM THE
ORIGINAL OBJECTS
PRESERVED FROM
THE WAR.

80pt

The newspaper
was a jumble
of meaningless
words.

24pt The first item was to put the girl's mind to rest. Panic of this kind could get out of hand—had got out of hand, more than once. "But it'll take a while," he added, glancing at her. "You should have told us sooner." "We thought it was just laziness. But he's really going, Allen." Fear flicked in her blue eyes. "We can't get anything good out of him anymore. He just sits there like a big lump, as if he's sick or dead." "He's old," Fergesson said gently. "As I recall, your Biltong dates back a hundred and fifty years." "But they're supposed to go on for centuries!" "It's a terrible drain on them," the man in the back seat pointed out. He licked his dry lips, leaned forward tensely, his dirt-cracked hands clenched. "You're forgetting this isn't natural to them. On Proxima they worked together. Now they've broken up into separate units—and gravity is greater here." Charlotte nodded, but she wasn't convinced. "Gosh!" she said plaintively. "It's just terrible—look at this!" She fumbled in her sweater pocket and brought out a small bright object

14pt “Everything he prints is like this, now—or worse.” Fergesson took the watch and examined it, one eye on the road. The strap broke like a dried leaf between his fingers into small brittle fragments of dark fiber without tensile strength. The face of the watch looked all right—but the hands weren’t moving. “It doesn’t run,” Charlotte explained. She grabbed it back and opened it. “See?” She held it up in front of his face, her crimson lips tight with displeasure. “I stood in line half an hour for this, and it’s just a blob!” The works of the tiny Swiss watch were a fused, unformed mass of shiny steel. No separate wheels or jewels or springs, just a glitter of pudding. “What did he have to go on?” the man in back asked. “An original?” “A print—but a good print. One he did thirty-five years ago—my mother’s, in fact. How do you think I felt when I saw it? I can’t use it.” Charlotte took the puddinged watch back and restored it to her sweater pocket. “I was so mad I”—She broke off and sat up straight. “Oh, we’re here. See the red neon sign? That’s the beginning of the settlement.” The sign read STANDARD STATIONS INC. Its colors were blue, red, and white—a spotlessly clean structure at the edge of the

12pt road. Spotless? Fergesson slowed the car as he came abreast of the station. All three of them peered out intently, stiffening for the shock they knew was coming. “You see?” said Charlotte in a thin, clipped voice. The gas station was crumbling away. The small white building was old—old and worn, a corroded, uncertain thing that sagged and buckled like an ancient relic. The bright red neon sign sputtered fitfully. The pumps were rusted and bent. The gas station was beginning to settle back into the ash, back into black, drifting particles, back to the dust from which it had come. As Fergesson gazed at the sinking station, the chill of death touched him. In his settlement, there was no decay—yet. As fast as prints wore out, they were replaced by the Pittsburgh Biltong. New prints were made from the original objects preserved from the War. But here, the prints that made up the settlement were not being replaced. It was useless to blame anyone. The Biltong were limited, like any race. They had done the best they could—and they were working in an alien environment. Probably they were indigenous to the Centaurus system. They had appeared in the closing days of the War, attracted by the H-bomb flashes—and found the remnants of the human race creeping miserably through radioactive black ash, trying to salvage what they could of their destroyed culture. After a period of analysis, the Biltong had separated into individual units, begun the process of duplicating surviving artifacts humans brought to them. That was their mode of survival—on their own planet, they had created an enclosing membrane of satisfactory environment in an otherwise hostile world. At one of the gasoline pumps a man was trying to fill the tank of his ’66 Ford. Cursing in futility, he tore the

80pt

PIVOTAL
BLINDLY
DWIGHT

40pt

INTERPERSONAL
THUNDERHEADS
HETEROGENEITY
UNHEALTHINESS
SOUTHWESTERN

56pt

EXPEDITING
GUMBOOTS
APPROVALS
BIRDHOUSE

24pt

THE SIGN READ STANDARD
STATIONS INC. ITS COLORS
WERE BLUE, RED, AND
WHITE—A SPOTLESSLY
CLEAN STRUCTURE AT
THE EDGE OF THE ROAD.
SPOTLESS? FERGESON
SLOWED THE CAR AS HE

16pt ASH, BLACK AND DESOLATE, STRETCHED OUT ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD. UNEVEN HEAPS EXTENDED AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE—THE DIM RUINS OF BUILDINGS, CITIES, A CIVILIZATION—A CORRODED PLANET OF DEBRIS, WIND-WHIPPED BLACK PARTICLES OF BONE AND STEEL AND CONCRETE MIXED TOGETHER IN AN AIMLESS MORTAR. ALLEN FERGESON YAWNED, LIT A LUCKY STRIKE, AND SETTLED BACK DROWSILY

13pt AGAINST THE SHINY LEATHER SEAT OF HIS '57 BUICK. "DEPRESSING DAMN SIGHT," HE COMMENTED. "THE MONOTONY—NOTHING BUT MUTILATED TRASH. IT GETS YOU DOWN." "DON'T LOOK AT IT," THE GIRL BESIDE HIM SAID INDIFFERENTLY. THE SLEEK, POWERFUL CAR GLIDED SILENTLY OVER THE RUBBLE THAT MADE UP THE ROAD. HIS HAND BARELY TOUCHING THE POWER-DRIVEN WHEEL, FERGESON RELAXED COMFORTABLY TO THE SOOTHING MUSIC OF A BRAHMS PIANO QUINTET FILTERING FROM THE RADIO, A TRANSMISSION OF THE DETROIT SETTLEMENT. ASH BLEW UP AGAINST THE WINDOWS—A THICK COAT OF BLACK

10pt HAD ALREADY FORMED, THOUGH HE HAD GONE NO MORE THAN A FEW MILES. BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER. IN THE BASEMENT OF HER APARTMENT, CHARLOTTE HAD A GREEN-PLASTIC GARDEN HOSE, A ZINC BUCKET AND A DUPONT SPONGE. "AND YOU HAVE A REFRIGERATOR FULL OF GOOD SCOTCH," HE ADDED ALOUD. "AS I RECALL—UNLESS THAT FAST CROWD OF YOURS HAS FINISHED IT OFF." CHARLOTTE STIRRED BESIDE HIM. SHE HAD DRIFTED INTO HALF-SLEEP, LULLED BY THE PURR OF THE MOTOR AND THE HEAVY WARMTH OF THE AIR. "SCOTCH?" SHE MURMURED. "WELL, I HAVE A FIFTH OF LORD CALVERT." SHE SAT UP AND SHOOK BACK HER CLOUD OF BLONDE HAIR. "BUT IT'S A LITTLE PUDDINGED." IN THE BACK SEAT, THEIR THIN-FACED PASSENGER RESPONDED.

8pt THEY HAD PICKED HIM UP ALONG THE WAY, A BONY, GAUNT MAN IN COARSE GRAY WORK-PANTS AND SHIRT. "HOW PUDDINGED?" HE ASKED TAUTLY. "ABOUT AS MUCH AS EVERYTHING ELSE," SHE SAID. CHARLOTTE WASN'T LISTENING. SHE WAS GAZING VACANTLY THROUGH THE ASH-DARKENED WINDOW AT THE SCENE OUTSIDE. TO THE RIGHT OF THE ROAD, THE JAGGED, YELLOWED REMAINS OF A TOWN JUTTED UP LIKE BROKEN TEETH AGAINST THE SOOTY MIDDAY SKY. A BATHTUB HERE, A COUPLE OF UPRIGHT TELEPHONE POLES, BONES AND BLEAK FRAGMENTS, LOST AMID MILES OF POCKED DEBRIS. A FORLORN, DISMAL SIGHT. SOMEWHERE IN THE MOLDY CAVE-LIKE CELLARS A FEW MANGY DOGS HUDDLED AGAINST THE CHILL. THE THICK FOG OF ASH KEPT REAL SUNLIGHT FROM REACHING THE SURFACE. "LOOK THERE," FERGESON SAID TO THE MAN IN THE BACK. A MOCK-RABBIT HAD BOUNDED ACROSS THE RIBBON OF ROAD. HE SLOWED THE CAR TO AVOID IT. BLIND, DEFORMED, THE RABBIT HURTLIED ITSELF WITH SICKENING FORCE AGAINST A BROKEN CONCRETE SLAB AND BOUNCED OFF,

6.5pt STUNNED. IT CRAWLED FEEBLY A FEW PACES, THEN ONE OF THE CELLAR DOGS ROSE AND CRUNCHED IT. "UGH!" SAID CHARLOTTE, REVOLTED. SHE SHUDDERED AND REACHED TO TURN UP THE CAR HEATER. SLIM LEGS TUCKED UNDER HER, SHE WAS AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE FIGURE IN HER PINK WOOL SWEATER AND EMBROIDERED SKIRT. "I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE GET BACK TO MY SETTLEMENT. IT'S NOT NICE OUT HERE" FERGESON TAPPED THE STEEL BOX ON THE SEAT BETWEEN THEM. THE FIRM METAL FELT GOOD UNDER HIS FINGERS. "THEY'LL BE GLAD TO GET HOLD OF THESE," HE SAID, "IF THINGS ARE AS BAD AS YOU SAY." "OH, YES," CHARLOTTE AGREED. "THINGS ARE TERRIBLE. I DON'T KNOW IF THIS WILL HELP—HE'S JUST ABOUT USELESS." HER SMALL SMOOTH FACE WRINKLED WITH CONCERN. "I GUESS IT'S WORTH TRYING. BUT I CAN'T SEE MUCH HOPE." "WE'LL FIX UP YOUR SETTLEMENT," FERGESON REASSURED HER EASILY. THE FIRST ITEM WAS TO PUT THE GIRL'S MIND TO REST. PANIC OF THIS KIND COULD GET OUT OF HAND — HAD GOT OUT OF HAND, MORE THAN ONCE. "BUT IT'LL TAKE A WHILE," HE ADDED, GLANCING AT HER. "YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD US SOONER." "WE THOUGHT IT WAS JUST LAZINESS. BUT HE'S REALLY GOING, ALLEN." FEAR FLICKED IN HER BLUE EYES. "WE CAN'T GET ANYTHING GOOD OUT OF HIM ANYMORE. HE JUST SITS THERE LIKE A BIG LUMP, AS IF HE'S SICK OR DEAD." "HE'S OLD," FERGESON SAID GENTLY.

80pt

Farceurs
Monster
Perform

40pt

Characterization
Internationalises
Democratization
Bioluminescence
Machiavellianism

56pt

Underneath
Overcurious
Prosecution
Laundrettes

24pt

The sign read STANDARD STATIONS INC. Its colors were blue, red, and white—a spotlessly clean structure at the edge of the road. Spotless? Fergesson slowed the car as he came abreast of the station.

16pt Ash, black and desolate, stretched out on both sides of the road. Uneven heaps extended as far as the eye could see—the dim ruins of buildings, cities, a civilization—a corroded planet of debris, wind-whipped black particles of bone and steel and concrete mixed together in an aimless mortar. Allen Fergesson yawned, lit a Lucky Strike, and settled back drowsily against the shiny leather seat of his '57 Buick. “Depressing damn sight,”

13pt he commented. “The monotony—nothing but mutilated trash. It gets you down.” “Don’t look at it,” the girl beside him said indifferently. The sleek, powerful car glided silently over the rubble that made up the road. His hand barely touching the power-driven wheel, Fergesson relaxed comfortably to the soothing music of a Brahms Piano Quintet filtering from the radio, a transmission of the Detroit settlement. Ash blew up against the windows—a thick coat of black had already formed, though he had gone no more than a few miles. But it didn’t matter. In the basement of her apartment, Charlotte had a green-plastic garden hose, a zinc bucket and a DuPont sponge. “And you

10pt have a refrigerator full of good Scotch,” he added aloud. “As I recall—unless that fast crowd of yours has finished it off.” Charlotte stirred beside him. She had drifted into half-sleep, lulled by the purr of the motor and the heavy warmth of the air. “Scotch?” she murmured. “Well, I have a fifth of Lord Calvert.” She sat up and shook back her cloud of blonde hair. “But it’s a little puddinged.” In the back seat, their thin-faced passenger responded. They had picked him up along the way, a bony, gaunt man in coarse gray work-pants and shirt. “How puddinged?” he asked tautly. “About as much as everything else,” she said. Charlotte wasn’t listening. She was gazing vacantly through the ash-darkened window at the scene outside. To the right of the road, the jagged, yellowed

8pt remains of a town jutted up like broken teeth against the sooty midday sky. A bathtub here, a couple of upright telephone poles, bones and bleak fragments, lost amid miles of pocked debris. A forlorn, dismal sight. Somewhere in the moldy cave-like cellars a few mangy dogs huddled against the chill. The thick fog of ash kept real sunlight from reaching the surface. “Look there,” Fergesson said to the man in the back. A mock-rabbit had bounded across the ribbon of road. He slowed the car to avoid it. Blind, deformed, the rabbit hurtled itself with sickening force against a broken concrete slab and bounced off, stunned. It crawled feebly a few paces, then one of the cellar dogs rose and crunched it. “Ugh!” said Charlotte, revolted. She shuddered and reached to turn up the car heater. Slim legs tucked under her, she was an attractive little figure in her pink wool sweater and embroidered skirt. “I’ll be glad when we get back to my settlement. It’s not nice out here” Fergesson tapped the steel box on the seat between them. The firm metal felt good under his fingers. “They’ll be glad to get hold of these,” he said, “if things

6.5pt are as bad as you say.” “Oh, yes,” Charlotte agreed. “Things are terrible. I don’t know if this will help—he’s just about useless.” Her small smooth face wrinkled with concern. “I guess it’s worth trying. But I can’t see much hope.” “We’ll fix up your settlement,” Fergesson reassured her easily. The first item was to put the girl’s mind to rest. Panic of this kind could get out of hand – had got out of hand, more than once. “But it’ll take a while,” he added, glancing at her. “You should have told us sooner.” “We thought it was just laziness. But he’s really going, Allen.” Fear flicked in her blue eyes. “We can’t get anything good out of him anymore. He just sits there like a big lump, as if he’s sick or dead.” “He’s old,” Fergesson said gently. “As I recall, your Biltong dates back a hundred and fifty years.” “But they’re supposed to go on for centuries!” “It’s a terrible drain on them,” the man in the back seat pointed out. He licked his dry lips, leaned forward tensely, his dirt-cracked hands clenched. “You’re forgetting this isn’t natural to them. On Proxima they worked together. Now they’ve broken up into separate units—and gravity is greater here.” Charlotte nodded, but she wasn’t convinced. “Gosh!” she said plaintively. “It’s just terrible—look at this!” She fumbled in her sweater pocket and brought out a small bright object the size of a dime. “Everything he prints is like this, now—or worse.” Fergesson took the watch and examined it, one eye on the road. The strap broke like a dried leaf between his fingers into small brittle

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

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	Ā	Ă	Å	Ǻ	Ą	Æ	Ǽ	Ć
Ĉ	Č	Ċ	Ç	Ď	Ð	È	É	Ê	Ë	Ě	Ĕ	Ē
Ė	Ė	Ę	Ĝ	Ğ	Ġ	Ģ	Ĥ	Ħ	Ĩ	Ì		
Í	Î	Ï	Ī	Ĭ	Ĵ	Ķ	Ĳ	Ų	Ý	Ŷ	Ĵ	Ḳ
Ł	Ł	Ł	Ł	Ł	Ń	Ń	Ń	Ń	Ò	Ó	Ô	Õ
Ö	Ō	Ŏ	Ŏ	Œ	Ø	Ø	Œ	Ŕ	Ŗ	Œ	Œ	Ś
Ŝ	Ŝ	Ş	Ş	Ţ	Ţ	Ţ	Ŧ	Ù	Ú	Û	Ü	Ü
Ū	Ū	Ū	Ū	Ū	Ŵ	Ŵ	Ŵ	Ŵ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ
Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ
Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ	Ỳ
Lj	Nj	Nj										

Alternates

a	à	á	â	ã	ä	ā	ă	å	Ǻ	q	œ	œ
k	ḵ	y	ỳ	ỳ	ỳ	ỳ	ỳ	ỳ	⌘			

Accented Lowercases

à	á	â	ã	ä	ā	ă	å	Ǻ	ą	æ	Ǽ	ć
ĉ	č	ċ	ç	d'	đ	è	é	ê	ë	ě	ĕ	ē
ě	è	ẹ	ĝ	ğ	ġ	ĝ	ğ	ğ	ğ	ĥ	ħ	ì
í	î	ï	ĭ	ĳ	ĳ	ı	ıj	ıj	ıj	ıj	ıj	ıj
ı	ı	ı	ı	ı	ı	ı	ı	ı	ı	ı	ı	ı
ó	ô	õ	ö	ō	ö	ö	ø	ø	œ	í	ř	
ı	ś	ŝ	š	ş	ş	ß	ţ	ţ	ţ	ţ	ù	ú
û	ü	ü	ü	ü	ü	ü	ü	ü	ü	ü	ü	ü
ý	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ	ÿ
dž	lj	nj										

Ligatures

Th	f	fb	ffb	ff	fh	ffh	fi	ffi	fj	ffj	fk	ffk
fl	ft	fl	ffl	ft	fft	tt						

Diacritics

˘	˙	˚	ˆ	˘	˘	◦	˙	˚	˜	-	˙	˙
˘	˙	˚	ˆ	˘	˘	◦	˙	˚	˜	-	˙	˙
˘	˙	˚										

Standard punctuation

,	;	:	-	!	!	?	¿	?	?	@
'	'	"	"	,	"	'	"	<	>	«	»	&
/	\		!	_	-	—	•	•	()	[]
{	}	*	**	†	‡	§	¶					

Case sensitive punctuation

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

Abbreviations

°C	°F	©	®	®	TM	SM	ₐ	ₑ	ₒ	Nº		
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Geometrical symbols

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

Miscellaneous symbols

*	*	☀	*	☼	☾	☾	⚡	☁	⚙	♀	♂	♀
●	○	⦿	◎	🔍	🔍	🔒	🔒	≡	✕	⌘	♥	♥
🚩	🚩	★	☆	♥	♠	♣	♦	✓	×	□	☑	☒
□	○	⦿	⚡									

Arrows

←	↑	→	↓	↖	↗	↘	↙	↔	↕	➤	➤	➤
↩	➡	↩	➡	↶	↷	↶	↷	↶	↷	↶	↷	↶
↶	↷	↶	↷	↶	↷	↶	↷	↶	↷	↶	↷	↶
←	↑	→	↓									

Lining figures and currencies

#	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
€	\$	₤	¢	£	₺	f	¥	₹	₪	₱	₹
₹	₪	₱	₹								

Old style figures and currencies

#	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
€	\$	₤	¢	£	₺	f	¥	₹	₪	₱	₹
₹	₪	₱	₹								

Tabular figures and currencies

#	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
€	\$	₤	¢	£	₺	f	¥	₹	₪	₱	₹
₹	₪	₱	₹								

Tabular old style figures and currencies

#	0	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
€	\$	₤	¢	£	₺	f	¥	₹	₪	₱	₹
₹	₪	₱	₹								

Mathematical symbols

+	-	±	×	÷	=	≠	~	≈	^	¬	∅	∞
<	>	≤	≥	∞	∠	Δ	Ω	∂	∫	√	Σ	Π
π	μ	°	ℓ	e	<	>	[]	‘	’	«	»
{	}	[]	‘	’							

Case sensitive mathematical punctuation

+	-	×	÷	=	≠	~	≈	¬	<	>		
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	--

Superior figures

H	,	.	()	+	-	×	÷	=			
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			

Inferior figures

H	,	.	()	+	-	×	÷	=			
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			

Numerators

H	,	.	()	+	-	×	÷	=			
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			

Denominators

H	,	.	()	+	-	×	÷	=			
0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			

Open and close circled figures

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

Fractions

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

/	%	‰	¼	½	¾	⅛	⅜	⅝	⅞			
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	--	--	--

Roman figures

I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII	IX				
---	----	-----	----	---	----	-----	------	----	--	--	--	--

L	C	D	M									
---	---	---	---	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

OFF

Contextual Alternates

[calt]

In specified situations, replaces default glyphs or combinations with more suitable alternate forms.

Them

10x20 mm 30+40

<- -> |^ |v ^|v
 ^\ /^ v/ \v <->

ON

Them

10x20 mm 30+40

← → ↑ ↓ ⇅
 ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙ ⇄

OFF

Standard Ligatures

[liga]

Replaces a sequence of glyphs with a single glyph which is preferred for typographic setting purposes.

finch flew offtrack

finch flew offtrack

Historical Forms

[hist]

Replaces the default (current) forms with the historical alternates.

Historical

Hiftorical

Case-sensitive Forms

[case]

Shifts various punctuation marks up to a position that works better with all-capital (or small caps), or lining figures sequences; also changes oldstyle figures to lining figures.

(am) [pM] {2026}

info@mail.fr

ac-dc 0-9 — Un·e

<Holà> «Hello»

¿Qué? ¡Cómo!

(AM) [PM] {2026}

INFO@MAIL.FR

AC-DC 0-9 — UN·E

<HOLÀ> «HELLO»

¿QUÉ? ¡CÓMO!

Roman Figures

[smcp] / [c2sc]

You can use the "Capitals to Small Caps" and "Small Capitals" features to turn letters into roman figures.

iii iv V XX

III IV V XX

OFF

ON

Stylistic Sets

Selects typographic alternatives for a set of glyphs.

Alternative a

[ss01]

ananas

ananas

Alternative k

[ss02]

kraken

kraken

Alternative y

[ss03]

psychoanalysing

psychoanalysing

Alternative ampersand

[ss04]

M&M's

M&M's

OFF

ON

All alternative letters

[ss05]

freaky & sneaky

freaky & sneaky

Alternative Arrows

[ss06]

← → ↑ ↓

← → ↑ ↓

Open Circled Figure

[ss07]

012345678910

①②③④⑤⑥⑦⑧⑨⑩

Close Circled Figure

[ss08]

012345678910

⓪①②③④⑤⑥⑦⑧⑨⑩

Supported
languages
(289)

A	Acheron, Achinese, Acholi, Achuar-Shiwiari, Afar, Afrikaans, Aguaruna, Alekano, Aleut, Alonquin, Amahuaca, Amarakaeri, Amis, Anaang, Andaandi, Dongolawi, Anuta, Aragonese, Arbëreshë, Albanian, Asháninka, Ashéninka Perené, Atayal	Meru, Minangkabau, Mirandese, Mohawk, Montenegrin, Munsee, Murrinh-Patha, Mwani, Mískito
B	Balinese, Banjar, Bari, Basque, Batak Dairi, Batak Karo, Batak Mandailing, Batak Simalungun, Batak Toba, Bemba (Zambia), Bena (Tanzania), Bikol, Bislama, Borana-Arsi-Guji Oromo, Bosnian, Breton, Buginese	N Naga Pidgin, Ndonga, Neapolitan, Ngazidja Comorian, Niuean, Nobiin, Nomatsiguenga, North Marquesan, North Ndebele, Northern Kurdish, Northern Qiangdong Miao, Northern Sami, Northern Uzbek, Norwegian, Nyanja, Nyankole
C	Candoshi-Shapra, Caquinte, Caribbean Hindustani, Cashibo-Cacataibo, Cashinahua, Catalan, Cebuano, Central Aymara, Central Kurdish, Central Nahuatl, Chachi, Chamorro, Chavacano, Chiga, Chiltepec Chinantec, Chokwe, Chuukese, Cimbrian, Cofán, Cook Islands Māori, Cornish, Corsican, Creek, Crimean Tatar, Croatian, Czech	O Occitan, Ojiltlán Chinantec, Omaha-Ponca, Orma, Oroqen
D	Danish, Dehu, Dimli, Dutch	P Palauan, Pampanga, Papantla Totonac, Papiamentu, Pedi, Picard, Pichis Ashéninka, Piemontese, Pijin, Pintupi-Luritja, Pipil, Pohnpeian, Polish, Portuguese, Potawatomi, Purepecha, Páez
E	Eastern Arrernte, Eastern Oromo, English	Q Quechua
F	Faroese, Fijian, Filipino, Finnish, French, Friulian	R Romanian, Romansh, Rotokas, Rundi
G	Gagauz, Galician, Ganda, Garifuna, German, Gheg Albanian, Gilbertese, Gooniyandi, Gourmanchéma, Guadeloupean Creole French, Gusii, Gwichin	S Samoan, Sango, Sangu (Tanzania), Saramaccan, Sardinian, Scots, Scottish Gaelic, Sena, Seri, Seselwa Creole French, Shawnee, Shipibo-Conibo, Shona, Shuar, Sicilian, Silesian, Slovak, Slovenian, Soga, Somali, Soninke, South Marquesan, South Ndebele, Southern Aymara, Southern Qiangdong Miao, Southern Sami, Southern Sotho, Spanish, Sranan Tongo, Standard Estonian, Standard Latvian, Standard Malay, Sundanese, Swahili, Swedish, Swiss German
H	Haitian, Hani, Hawaiian, Hiligaynon, Hopi, Huastec, Hungarian	T Tagalog, Tahitian, Tedim Chin, Tetum, Tetun Dili, Toba, Tok Pisin, Tokelau, Tonga (Tonga Islands), Tonga (Zambia), Tosk Albanian, Tumbuka, Turkish, Turkmen, Tzeltal, Tzotzil
I	Icelandic, Iloko, Inari Sami, Indonesian, Irish, Istro Romanian, Italian, Ixcatlán Mazatec	U Uab Meto, Umbundu, Ume Sami, Upper Guinea Crioulo, Upper Sorbian
J	Jamaican Creole English, Japanese, Javanese, Jola-Fonyi	V Venetian, Veps, Võro
K	K'iche', Kabuverdianu, Kaingang, Kala Lagaw Ya, Kalaallisut, Kalenjin, Kamba (Kenya), Kaonde, Karelian, Kashubian, Kekchí, Kenzi, Mattokki, Khasi, Kikuyu, Kimbundu, Kinyarwanda, Kirmanjki, Kituba (DRC), Kongo, Konzo, Koyraboro Senni Songhai, Kven Finnish, Kölsch	W Wallisian, Walloon, Walser, Waray (Philippines), Warlpiri, Wayuu, Welsh, West Central Oromo, Western Abnaki, Western Frisian, Wiradjuri, Wolof
L	Ladin, Ladino, Latgalian, Lithuanian, Lombard, Low German, Lower Sorbian, Luba-Lulua, Lule Sami, Luo (Kenya and Tanzania), Luxembourgish	X Xhosa
M	Macedo-Romanian, Makonde, Malagasy, Malaysian, Maltese, Mandinka, Mandjak, Mankanya, Manx, Maore Comorian, Maori, Mapudungun, Marshallese, Matsés, Mauritian Creole, Meriam Mir,	Y Yanesha', Yao, Yucateco
		Z Zapotec, Zulu, Záparo

Open Type
Features

aalt	Access All Alternates
calt	Contextual Alternates
case	Case-Sensitive Forms
ccmp	Glyph Composition / Decomposition
cpSP	Capital Spacing
dnom	Denominators
frac	Fractions
hist	Historical Forms
kern	Kerning
liga	Standard Ligatures
lnum	Lining Figures
locl	Localized Forms
numr	Numerators
onum	Oldstyle Figures
ordn	Ordinals
pnum	Proportional Figures
ss01	Stylistic Set 01
ss02	Stylistic Set 02
ss03	Stylistic Set 03
ss04	Stylistic Set 04
ss05	Stylistic Set 05
ss06	Stylistic Set 06
ss07	Stylistic Set 07
ss08	Stylistic Set 08
sinf	Scientific Inferiors
sups	Superscript
tnum	Tabular Figures
zero	Slashed Zero

