

Grotex Mono

Style:

Regular

Design by:

Alex Chavot

Format:

Opentype

Published:

2015

Grotex is inspired by european 20th century sans serif. It's more a geometrical sans serif than an historical grotesk but with humanistic hints – both suited for display purposes and running texts. During the development of the family, a monospace version and a weird “micro” version (for very small sizes) came to life as special companions to the standard styles.

If Grotex Mono has a reduced set of glyphs, its design as been fully adapted to monospace requirements. The M, m, W, w have very specific shapes to fit well while giving Grotex Mono a daring identity. Punctuation marks (‘ ’ “ ” . , ; : ! ?) have been rounded and enlarged as a wink to historical typewriter models.

Extracts from *The Crystal Crypt* by Philip K. Dick (1954).

110/102 pts

Terra
Pilot
Erick
Globe
Story
Kings
Crypt

80/82 pts

Vanning
Cupcake
Zapping
Blow-Up
Amalgam
2159,38
Dodding
Troughs
Nudists

47/56 pts

Aerosiderite
Orthotropic
Pleonastical
Bastardising
Farthingland
Trustfulness

35/42 pts

Multifariousness
Organisationally
Chemopsychiatric
Psychopannychist
Arteriosclerosis
Sociolinguistics
Parapsychologist
Conventionalized

30/36 pts

Stark terror ruled the Inner-Flight ship on that last Mars-Terra run. For the black-clad Leiters were on the prowl... and the grim red planet was not far behind.

“Attention, Inner-Flight ship! Attention! You are ordered to land at the Control Station on Deimos for inspection. Attention! You are to land at once!”

16/20 pts

The City was huge, much larger than they had imagined from the drawings and models they had studied so carefully back in New York, in the War Ministry Office. Huge it was, huge and stark, black towers rising up against the sky, incredibly thin columns of ancient metal, columns that had stood wind and sun for centuries. Around the City was a wall of stone, red stone, immense bricks that had been lugged there and fitted into place by slaves of the early Martian dynasties, under the whiplash of the first great Kings of Mars.

An ancient, sun-baked City, a City set in the middle of a wasted plain, beyond groves of dead trees, a City seldom seen by Terrans – but a City studied on maps and charts in every War Office on Terra. A City that contained, for all its ancient stone and archaic towers, the ruling group of all Mars, the Council of Senior Leiters, black-clad men who governed and ruled with an iron hand.

12/14,5 pts

The Senior Leiters, twelve fanatic and devoted men, black priests, but priests with flashing rods of fire, lie detectors, rocket ships, intra-space cannon, many more things the Terran Senate could only conjecture about. The Senior Leiters and their subordinate Province Leiters – Erick and the two behind him suppressed a shudder. “We’ve got to be careful,” Erick said again. “We’ll be passing among them, soon. If they guess who we are, or what we’re here for” He snapped open the case he carried, glancing inside for a second.

10/12,5 pts

Then he closed it again, grasping the handle firmly. “Let’s go,” he said. He stood up slowly. “You two come up beside me. I want to make sure you look the way you should.” Mara and Jan stepped quickly ahead. Erick studied them critically as the three of them walked slowly down the slope, onto the plain, toward the towering black spires of the City. “Jan,” Erick said. “Take hold of her hand! Remember, you’re going to marry her; she’s your bride. And Martian peasants think a lot of their brides.” Jan was dressed in the short trousers and coat of the Martian farmer, a knotted rope tied around his waist, a hat on his head to keep off the sun. His skin was dark, colored by dye until it was almost bronze. “You look fine,” Erick said to him.

09/11 pts

08/11 pts

He glanced at Mara. Her black hair was tied in a knot, looped through a hollowed-out yuke bone. Her face was dark, too, dark and lined with colored ceremonial pigment, green and orange stripes across her cheeks. Earrings were strung through her ears. On her feet were tiny slippers of perruh hide, laced around her ankles, and she wore long translucent Martian trousers with a bright sash tied around her waist. Between her small breasts a chain of stone beads rested, good-luck charms for the coming marriage. “All right,” Erick said. He, himself, wore the flowing grey robe of a Martian priest, dirty robes that were supposed to remain on him all his life, to be buried around him when he died. “I think we’ll get past the guards. There should be heavy morning traffic on the road.” They walked on, the hard sand crunching under their feet.

Against the horizon they could see specks moving, other persons going toward the City, farmers and peasants and merchants, bringing their crops and goods to market. “See the cart!” Mara exclaimed. They were nearing a narrow road, two ruts worn into the sand. A Martian hufa was pulling the cart, its great sides wet with perspiration, its tongue hanging out. The cart was piled high with bales of cloth, rough country cloth, hand dipped. A bent farmer urged the hufa on. “And there.” She pointed, smiling. A group of merchants riding small animals were moving along behind the cart, Martians in long robes, their faces hidden by sand masks. On each animal was a pack, carefully tied on with rope. And beyond the merchants, plodding dully along, were peasants and farmers in an endless procession, some riding carts or animals, but mostly on foot. Mara and Jan and Erick joined the line of people, melting in behind the merchants. No one noticed them; no one looked up or gave any sign.



Uppercase

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Lowercase

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Accented uppercase

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 ÷



Accented lowercase

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 ÷

Figures (slashed zero & currency)

0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 € \$ ç £ ¥ f ¢

Superiors & inferiors

H 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Numerators & denominators

H 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H 0 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Punctuation (case sensitive)

! ; i !! ? ¿ ' ” () () [] [] { } { } . . • @ @ - - - - - _ , . : ; ... / \ | ! † ‡ ¶ § © ® ¢ ™ * < > < > « » « » ‘ ’ “ ” , „ a o

Mathematical symbols

/ % % + - × ÷ ± ≠ ≈ ~ ¬ < > ≤ ≥ ϖ ∂ Δ Ω Σ ∞ √ ∏ μ π ∫ ^



Geometric symbols & arrows

■ ● ► ◆ ← ↑ → ↓ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙



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