Franz Grotesque medium

Style:	Design by:	Format:	Published:
Regular	Alex Chavot	Opentype (648 glyphs)	2013/2015

Französische Grotesk was one of Haas' existing sans serif typefaces, based on Schelter & Giesecke's Breite halbfette Grotesk from 1890. Its popularity was decreasing in the mid-1950s. For "Franz Grotesque", my french point of view was to keep the warmth and boldness of it's initial squarish vibes, with darker capitals, "accidented" S's and so on to differentiate it from similar early grotesques.

Extracts from *The Metamorphosis* by Franz Kafka

Gregor Samsa Greta Frenzy Austria Giant-Insect

90/80 pts

Horrible Vermine Western Hardship Distress Abilities Climbing Discover Frighten

40/38 pts

As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect-like creature.

32/32 pts

Als Gregor Samsa eines Morgens aus unruhigen Träumen erwachte, fand er sich in seinem Bett zu einem ungeheuren Ungeziefer verwandelt.

30/30 pts

Un matin, Gregor Samsa, jeune commis voyageur, tente de se lever pour aller au travail, mais il se rend compte que, durant la nuit, il s'est métamorphosé en un monstrueux insecte.

24/24 pts

"What's happened to me?"
he thought. It wasn't a dream.
His room, a proper human room
although a little too small,
lay peacefully between its four
familiar walls. A collection
of textile samples lay spread out on
the table

22/22 pts

— Samsa was a travelling salesman —
and above it there hung a picture that
he had recently cut out of
an illustrated magazine and housed in
a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady
fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa
who sat upright, raising a heavy fur
muff that covered the whole of her
lower arm towards the viewer.

20/20 pts

Gregor then turned to look out the window
at the dull weather. Drops of rain could be
heard hitting the pane, which made him
feel quite sad. "How about if I sleep a little
bit longer and forget all this nonsense", he
thought, but that was something he was
unable to do because he was used to
sleeping on his right, and in his present
state couldn't get into that position.

18/20 pts

However hard he threw himself onto his right,
he always rolled back to where he was.
He must have tried it a hundred times, shut his
eyes so that he wouldn't have to look [...]

16/18 pts

"Oh, God", he thought, "what a strenuous career it is that I've chosen! Travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this takes much more effort than doing your own business at home, and on top of that there's the curse of travelling, worries about making train connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell!" He felt a slight itch up on his belly; pushed himself slowly up on his back towards the headboard so that he could lift his head better; found where the itch was, and saw that it was covered with lots of little white spots which he didn't know what to make of; and when he tried to feel the place with one of his legs he drew it quickly back because as soon as he touched it he was overcome by a cold shudder. He slid back into his former position. "Getting up early all the time", he thought, "it makes you stupid. You've got to get enough sleep. Other travelling salesmen live a life of luxury.

14/16 pts

For instance, whenever I go back to the guest house during the morning to copy out the contract, these gentlemen are always still sitting there eating their breakfasts. I ought to just try that with my boss; I'd get kicked out on the spot. But who knows, maybe that would be the best thing for me. If I didn't have my parents to think about I'd have given in my notice a long time ago, I'd have gone up to the boss and told him just what I think, tell him everything I would, let him know just what I feel. He'd fall right off his desk! And it's a funny sort of business to be sitting up there at your desk, talking down at your subordinates from up there, especially when you have to go right up close because the boss is hard of hearing. Well, there's still some hope; once I've got the money together to pay off my parents' debt to him — another five or six years I suppose — that's definitely what I'll do. That's when I'll make the big change. First of all though, I've got to get up, my train leaves at five." And he looked over at the alarm clock, ticking on the chest of drawers. "God in Heaven!" he thought. It was half past six and the hands were quietly moving forwards,

12/14 pts

He was still hurriedly thinking all this through, unable to decide to get out of the bed, when the clock struck quarter to seven. There was a cautious knock at the door near his head. "Gregor", somebody called — it was his mother — "it's quarter to seven. Didn't you want to go somewhere ?" That gentle voice ! Gregor was shocked when he heard his own voice answering, it could hardly be recognised as the voice he had had before. As if from deep inside him, there was a painful and uncontrollable squeaking mixed in with it, the words could be made out at first but then there was a sort of echo which made them unclear, leaving the hearer unsure whether he had heard properly or not. Gregor had wanted to give a full answer and explain everything, but in the circumstances contented himself with saying : "Yes, mother, yes, thank-you, I'm getting up now."

10,5/12 pts

The change in Gregor's voice probably could not be noticed outside through the wooden door, as his mother was satisfied with this explanation and shuffled away. But this short conversation made the other members of the family aware that Gregor, against their expectations was still at home, and soon his father came knocking at one of the side doors, gently, but with his fist. "Gregor, Gregor", he called, "what's wrong ?" And after a short while he called again with a warning deepness in his voice : "Gregor ! Gregor !" At the other side door his sister came plaintively : "Gregor ? Aren't you well ? Do you need anything ?" Gregor answered to both sides : "I'm ready, now", making an effort to remove all the strangeness from his voice by enunciating very carefully and putting long pauses between each, individual word. His father went back to his breakfast, but his sister whispered : "Gregor, open the door, I beg of you." Gregor, however, had no thought of opening the door, and instead congratulated himself for his cautious habit, acquired from his travelling, of locking all doors at night even when he was at home. The first thing he wanted to do was to get up in peace without being disturbed, to get dressed, and most of all to have his breakfast.

09/11 pts

Only then would he consider what to do next, as he was well aware that he would not bring his thoughts to any sensible conclusions by lying in bed. He remembered that he had often felt a slight pain in bed, perhaps caused by lying awkwardly, but that had always turned out to be pure imagination and he wondered how his imaginings would slowly resolve themselves today. He did not have the slightest doubt that the change in his voice was nothing more than the first sign of a serious cold, which was an occupational hazard for travelling salesmen. It was a simple matter to throw off the covers ; he only had to blow himself up a little and they fell off by themselves. But it became difficult after that, especially as he was so exceptionally broad. He would have used his arms and his hands to push himself up ; but instead of them he only had all those little legs continuously moving in different directions, and which he was moreover unable to control. If he wanted to bend one of them, then that was the first one that would stretch itself out ; and if he finally managed to do what he wanted with that leg, all the others seemed to be set free and would move about painfully. "This is something that can't be

done in bed", Gregor said to himself, "so don't keep trying to do it". The first thing he wanted to do was get the lower part of his body out of the bed, but he had never seen this lower part, and could not imagine what it looked like ; it turned out to be too hard to move ; it went so slowly ; and finally, almost in a frenzy, when he carelessly shoved himself forwards with all the force he could gather, he chose the wrong direction, hit hard against the lower bedpost, and learned from the burning pain he felt that the lower part of his body might well, at present, be the most sensitive. So then he tried to get the top part of his body out of the bed first, carefully turning his head to the side. This he managed quite easily, and despite its breadth and its weight, the bulk of his body eventually followed slowly in the direction of the head. But when he had at last got his head out of the bed and into the fresh air it occurred to him that if he let himself fall it would be a miracle if his head were not injured, so he became afraid to carry on pushing himself forward the same way. And he could not knock himself out now at any price ; better to stay in bed than lose consciousness.

Uppercase

ABCDEFGHIIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Lowercase

aabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Accented uppercase

ÁÀÂÃÄĀĂÅÁĄÆǼĆČĈĊÇĎĐÉÈÊĚËĒĔĖĘ
ĜĞĠĢĤĦÍÌÎÏĨĪĬĮİĴĶĹĻĽĿŁŃŇÑŅÓÒÔÖŌÕ
ŎŐØǾŒŔŘŖŚŜŠŞŠSSŤŦŢÚÙÛÜŪŨŬŮŰŲ
ŴẀŴẄÝỲŶŸŹŻŽÞỲ

Accented lowercase

áàâãäāăåáąæǽćčĉċçďďéèêěëēĕėęĝğġģĥħ
íìîïĩīĭįijiĵķĺļŀłńňñņóòôöōõŏőøǿœŕřŗśŝšşşßťŧţ
úùûüūũŭůűųẃẁŵẅýỳŷÿźżžþŋ

Standard ligatures

ff fi fl ffi ffl fj ffj ft fft tt ty Th

Historical form

s → ſ   Hiſtorical

Currency, slashed zeros & figures

Proportional lining	#€$¢£¥ƒ	00123456789
Tabular lining	#€$¢£¥ƒ	00123456789
Proportional old style	#€$¢£¥ƒ	00123456789
Tabular old style	#€$¢£¥ƒ	00123456789

Punctuation (caps)

‹ › ‹ › « » « » ( ) ( ) [ ] [ ] { } { }
- - – – — — , . : ; _ … ' ' " " , „ ! ¡ ¡ ? ¿ ¿

Fractions (any combination)

¼ ½ ⅓
% ‰
12345/67890   12345/67890

Mathematical symbols

$+ - \pm \times \div = \neq \approx \sim \neg < > \leq \geq / \vdots | \setminus \wedge$
$\mu \partial \Sigma \Pi \pi \int \Omega \infty \sqrt{} \Delta \Diamond$

Superiors
& inferiors

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

Numerators
& denumerators

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

Ordinals

O o A a   2º 3ª

N° no No nO n°   Nº

Miscellaneous symbols
(caps)

& & @ @ ∈ ℓ ᔆᴹ ™ ® © ℗
§ ¶ † ‡ º ᵃ ᵃ º * ' " ¤ • ·

Arrows

← ↑ → ↓ ↔ ↕ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙

[ss.04]   ← ↑ → ↓

[ss.05]   ⇐ ⇑ ⇒ ⇓

Geometric symbols

■ ◆ ● ▲
□ ◇ ○ △
◀ ▶ ▲ ▼
◁ ▷ △ ▽
◀ ▶ ▲ ▼
♥ ♡ ★ ☆

Circled figures [ss.06]   ⓪ ① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ⑧ ⑨

[ss.07]   ⓿ ❶ ❷ ❸ ❹ ❺ ❻ ❼ ❽ ❾

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