

Grotex Micro

Style:

Regular

Design by:

Alex Chavot

Format:

Opentype

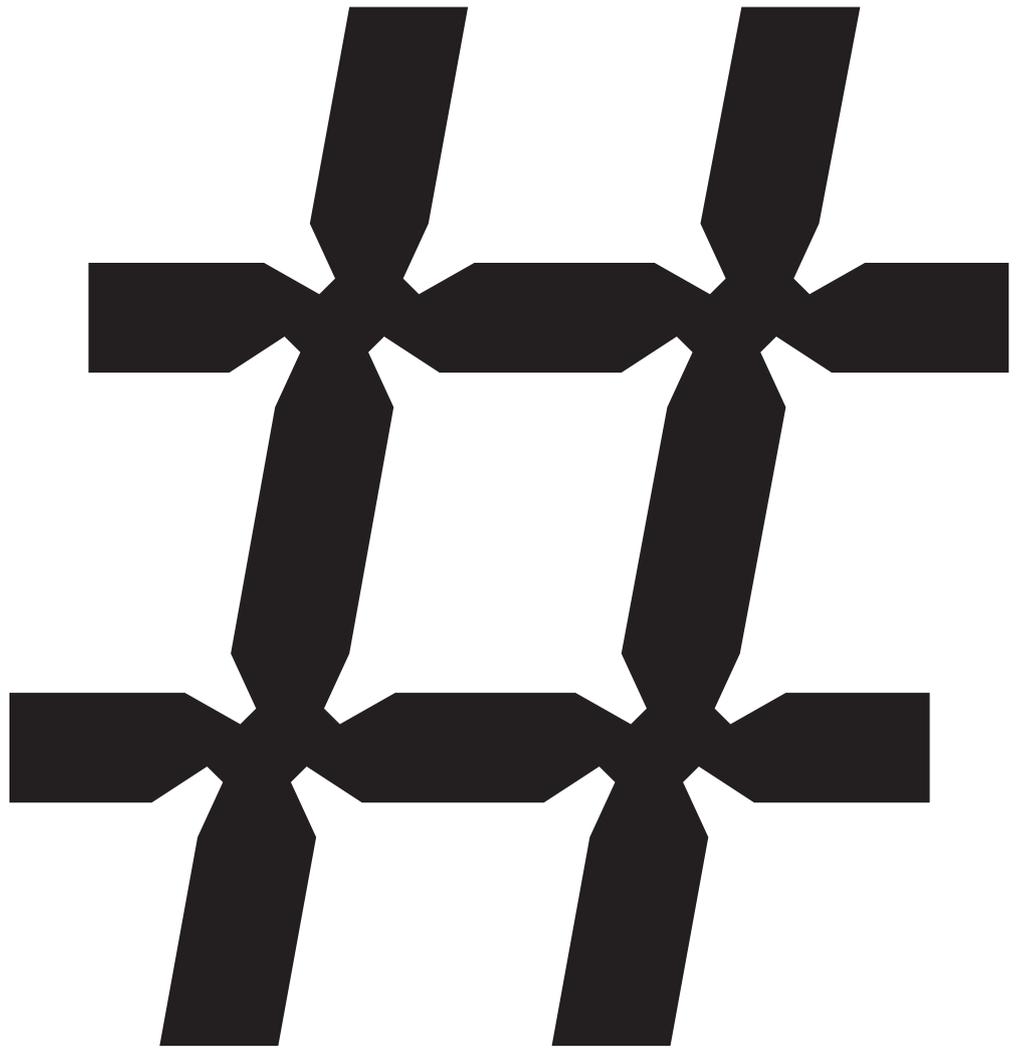
Published:

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.

This version is adapted for very small size uses: fully redrawn with exaggerated ink traps, shortened descenders, splayed squarish counters and bowls and loose spacing. These gross distortions deliberately make “Micro” the Grotex’s crooked twin brother. These flaws are lost in the mass of a 6 pt text, but become obvious when you take a closer look. In the spirit of great classics as Matthew Carter’s Bell Centennial, Grotex Micro’s design makes it perfectly legible at any size and utterly surprising for titling.

Extracts from *Pay For The Printer* by Philip K. Dick (1956).



110/102 pts

Limpid
Silent
Daters

90/92 pts

Biltong
Wrestle
Centaur
Printers

45/48 pts

Allen Fergesson Charlotte and Untermeyer in Pittsburgh Gasoline Stains on the Sidewalk

30/34 pts

He tried to. There were a few that hatched, but none of them lived. I've seen eggs back there, but... She was silent. They all knew.

24/27 pts

At the sight, a murmur went up around him, a murmur blended of awe and amazement. Grim satisfaction knifed through Fergesson. These were originals lacking in this settlement.

12/14, 5 pts

Fergesson didn't reply. He was watching the dying Biltong. The Biltong hadn't moved. But it had seen the new originals added to the others. Inside the yellow mass, the hard fibers raced and blurred together. The front orifice shuddered and then split open. A violent wave lashed the whole lump of protoplasm. Then from the opening, rancid bubbles oozed. A pseudopodium twitched briefly, struggled forward across the slimy grass, hesitated, touched the Steuben glass.

10/12, 5 pts

It pushed together a heap of black ash, wadded it with fluid from the front orifice. A dull globe formed, a grotesque parody of the Steuben cup. The Biltong wavered and drew back to gather more strength. Presently it tried once more to form the blob. Abruptly, without warning, the whole mass shuddered violently, and the pseudopodium dropped, exhausted. It twitched, hesitated pathetically, and then withdrew, back into the central bulk. "No use," Untermeyer said hoarsely. "He can't do it. It's too late." With stiff, awkward fingers Fergesson gathered the originals together and shakily stuffed them back in the steel box. "I guess I was wrong," he muttered, climbing to his feet. "I thought this might do it. I didn't realize how far it had gone."

09/11 pts

08/11 pts

Charlotte, stricken and mute, moved blindly away from the platform. Untermeyer followed her through the coagulation of angry men and women, clustered around the concrete platform. "Wait a minute," Dawes said. "I have something for him to try." Fergesson waited wearily, as Dawes groped inside his coarse gray shirt. He fumbled and brought out something wrapped in old newspaper. It was a cup, a wooden drinking cup, crude and ill-shaped. There was a strange wry smile on his face as he squatted down and placed the cup in front of the Biltong. Charlotte watched, vaguely puzzled. "What's the use? Suppose he does make a print of it." She poked listlessly at the rough wooden object with the toe of her slipper. "It's so simple you could duplicate it yourself." Fergesson started. Dawes caught his eye – for an instant the two men gazed at each other, Dawes smiling faintly, Fergesson rigid with burgeoning understanding.

"That's right," Dawes said. "I made it." Fergesson grabbed the cup. Trembling, he turned it over and over. "You made it with what? I don't see how! What did you make it out of?" "We knocked down some trees." From his belt, Dawes slid something that gleamed metallicly, dully, in the weak sunlight. "Here – be careful you don't cut yourself." The knife was as crude as the cup – hammered, bent, tied together with wire. "You made this knife?" Fergesson asked, dazed. "I can't believe it. Where do you start? You have to have tools to make this. It's a paradox!" His voice rose with hysteria. "It isn't possible!" Charlotte turned despondently away. "It's no good – you couldn't cut anything with that." Wistfully, pathetically, she added, "In my kitchen I had that whole set of stainless steel carving knives – the best Swedish steel. And now they're nothing but black ash." There were a million questions bursting in Fergesson's mind. "This cup, this knife – there's a group of you? And that material you're wearing – you wove that?"

06/07 pts

04/06 pts

Charlotte, stricken and mute, moved blindly away from the platform. Untermeyer followed her through the coagulation of angry men and women, clustered around the concrete platform. "Wait a minute," Dawes said. "I have something for him to try." Fergesson waited wearily, as Dawes groped inside his coarse gray shirt. He fumbled and brought out something wrapped in old newspaper. It was a cup, a wooden drinking cup, crude and ill-shaped. There was a strange wry smile on his face as he squatted down and placed the cup in front of the Biltong. Charlotte watched, vaguely puzzled. "What's the use? Suppose he does make a print of it." She poked listlessly at the rough wooden object with the toe of her slipper.

"It's so simple you could duplicate it yourself." Fergesson started. Dawes caught his eye – for an instant the two men gazed at each other, Dawes smiling faintly, Fergesson rigid with burgeoning understanding. "That's right," Dawes said. "I made it." Fergesson grabbed the cup. Trembling, he turned it over and over. "You made it with what? I don't see how! What did you make it out of?" "We knocked down some trees." From his belt, Dawes slid something that gleamed metallicly, dully, in the weak sunlight. "Here – be careful you don't cut yourself." The knife was as crude as the cup – hammered, bent, tied together with wire. "You made this knife?" Fergesson asked, dazed. "I can't believe it. Where do you start? You have to have tools to make this. It's a paradox!" His voice rose with hysteria. "It isn't possible!" Charlotte turned despondently away. "It's no good – you couldn't cut anything with that." Wistfully, pathetically, she added, "In my kitchen I had that whole set of stainless steel carving knives – the best Swedish steel. And now they're nothing but black ash." There were a million questions bursting in Fergesson's mind. "This cup, this knife – there's a group of you? And that material you're wearing – you wove that?"



Currency, slashed zeros & figures

€ \$ ¢ £ f ¥ ¤

Proportional lining

0 0123456789

Tabular lining

0 0123456789

Proportional old style

0 0123456789

Tabular old style

0 0123456789

Punctuation (+ caps)

<> <> «» «» () () [] [] {} {}
- - - - - , . : ; _ ... ' ' " " , "
! ¡ ¡ !! ? ¿ ¿



Fractions

1/2 1/4 3/4 12345/67890

Mathematical symbols

+ - × ÷ = ≠ ≈ ~ < > ± ≤ ≥ / \
μ ∂ Σ Π π ∫ Ω ∞ √ Δ ◊ ^

Superiors & inferiors

H⁰0123456789
H₀0123456789



Numerators & denominators

H⁰0123456789
H₀0123456789

Ordinals

8^o8_o 2^A2_a 8^o 2^a
N^o n^o no No N^o

Miscellaneous symbols (caps + small caps)

& @ @ © ® ¢ ™ N^o
! | § ¶ † ‡ ° ª « * ' " • . .

Arrows

← ↑ → ↓ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙



Geometric symbols

■ ● ► ◆



Contact:

a.chavot@gmail.com

3 passage
de la Moselle
75019 - Paris
[France]

Copyright:

© 2016 Alex Chavot
All rights reserved.

This file may
only be used for
evaluation purposes.