

MONARK

type family

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Monark type family aims to capture the conflicting emotions from *Crime and Punishment* by presenting them through unique letterforms. It features large x-heights and heavy serifs that help connect glyphs together and a top-heavy formal characteristic presented at larger sizes. It is designed to be a work-horse type with no compromise for legibility at small sizes.

Monark features 8 weights in total including upright and italic fonts. The Italics combine the tension with calligraphic forms in an non-traditional way.

What is any ocean but a multitude of drops?

LIGHT

Truth is singular. Its “versions” are mistruths.

REGULAR

One fine day a predatory world shall consume itself.

MEDIUM

By each crime and every kindness, we birth our future.

BOLD

I believe there is another world waiting for us.

LIGHT ITALIC

There ain't no journey what don't change you some.

ITALIC

The healthy can't understand the emptied, the broken.

MEDIUM ITALIC

Now I'm a spent firework; but at least I've been a firework.

BOLD ITALIC

Monark!

WITHOUT MUSIC, LIFE WOULD BE A MISTAKE.

@Registration

All boundaries are conventions, waiting to be transcended

RASKOLNIKOV

He who has a why to live can bear almost any how.

ALYONA

À vaillant coeur rien d'impossible. —Jacques Cœur

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

That which does not kill us makes us stronger.

dîlémma

†L'êçküčhñěr†

nnee

6.63×10^{-34}

CH₃COO

$9\frac{7}{8}'' \div 5\frac{3}{4}$

MONARK
BOOK

“Yonder is the grave-island, the silent isle; yonder also are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an evergreen wreath of life.”

Resolving thus in my heart, did I sail o’er the sea.

Oh, ye sights and scenes of my youth! Oh, all ye gleams of love, ye divine fleeting gleams! How could ye perish so soon for me! I think of you to-day as my dead ones.

MONARK
MEDIUM ITALIC

From you, my dearest dead ones, cometh unto me a sweet savour, heart-opening and melting. Verily, it convulseth and openeth the heart of the lone seafarer.

Still am I the richest and most to be envied—I, the lonest one! For I HAVE POSSESSED you, and ye possess me still. Tell me: to whom hath there ever fallen such rosy apples from the tree as have fallen

MONARK
LIGHT

Ah, we were made to remain nigh unto each other, ye kindly strange marvels; and not like timid birds did ye come to me and my longing—nay, but as trusting ones to a trusting one!

Yea, made for faithfulness, like me, and for fond eternities, must I now name you by your faithlessness, ye divine glances and fleeting gleams: no other name have I yet learnt.

MONARK
BOLD ITALIC

**Calm is the bottom of the sea,
who would guess that death droll monsters!
Unmoved is my depth, it sparkleth with swarms**

MONARK
LIGHT ITALIC

Resolving thus in my heart, did I sail o’er the sea. Oh, ye sights and scenes of my youth! Oh, all ye gleams of love, ye divine fleeting gleams! How could ye perish so soon for me! I think of you to-day as my dead ones.

MONARK
BOLD

**Taste: that is weight at the same time, and scales and weigher;
and alas for every living thing that would live without dispute
about weight and scales and weigher!**

**Should he become weary of his sublimeness, this sublime one,
then only will his beauty begin—and then only will I taste him
and find him savoury.**

**And only when he turneth away from himself will he o'erleap
his own shadow—and verily! into HIS sun.**

**Far too long did he sit in the shade; the cheeks of the
penitent of the spirit became pale; he almost starved on his
expectations.**

Contempt is still in his eye, and loathing hideth in his mouth.

MONARK
MEDIUM

**As a white ox would I like to see him,
which, snorting and lowing, walketh
before the plough-share: and his lowing
should also laud all that is earthly!**

**Dark is still his countenance; the
shadow of his hand danceth upon it.
O'ershadowed is still the sense of his eye.**

**His deed itself is still the shadow upon
him: his doing obscureth the doer. Not**

MONARK
ITALIC

*Also his hero-will hateth
unlearn: an exalted one
be, and not only a sub
the ether itself should
the will-less one! He h
dued monsters, he hat
enigmas. But he shoul
deem his monsters an
into heavenly children
transform them. As ye
knowledge not learne*

But precisely to the hero is BEAUTY
the hardest thing of all. Unattainable
is beauty by all ardent wills.

A little more, a little less: precisely
this is much here, it is the most here.

To stand with relaxed muscles and
with unharnessed will: that is the
hardest for all of you, ye sublime
ones!

When power becometh gracious and
descendeth into the visible—I call
such condescension, beauty.

And from no one do I want beauty
so much as from thee, thou powerful
one: let thy goodness be thy last self-
conquest.

Verily, I have often laughed at the weaklings, who think themselves
good because they have crippled paws!

The virtue of the pillar shalt thou strive after: more beautiful doth it
ever become, and more graceful—but internally harder and more
sustaining—the higher it riseth.

Yea, thou sublime one, one day shalt thou also be beautiful, and hold
up the mirror to thine own beauty.

Then will thy soul thrill with divine desires; and there will be
adoration even in thy vanity!

For this is the secret of the soul: when the hero hath abandoned it,
then only approacheth it in dreams—the superhero.

And when I looked around me, lo! there time
was my sole contemporary. Then did I fly
backwards, homewards—and always faster. Thus
did I come unto you, ye present-day men, and
into the land of culture. For the first time brought
I an eye to see you, and good desire: verily, with
longing in my heart did I come. But how did it
turn out with me? Although so alarmed—I had
yet to laugh! Never did mine eye see anything so
motley-coloured!

Verily, ye could wear no better masks, ye present-day men, than your own faces! Who could—RECOGNISE you!

Written all over with the characters of the past, and these characters also pencilled over with new characters—thus have ye concealed yourselves well from all decipherers!

And though one be a trier of the reins, who still believeth that ye have reins! Out of colours ye seem to be baked, and out of glued scraps.

All times and peoples gaze divers-coloured out of your veils; all customs and beliefs speak divers-coloured out of your gestures.

He who would strip you of veils and wrappers, and paints and gestures, would just have enough left to scare the crows.

Verily, I myself am the scared crow that once saw you naked, and without paint; and I flew away when the skeleton ogled at me.

Rather would I be a day-labourer in the nether-world, and among the shades of the by-gone!—Fatter and fuller than ye, are forsooth the nether-worldlings!

This, yea this, is bitterness to my bowels, that I can neither endure you naked nor clothed, ye present-day men!

All that is unhomelike in the future, and whatever maketh strayed birds shiver, is verily more homelike and familiar than your “reality.”

For thus speak ye: “Real are we wholly, and without faith and

Perambulating refutations are ye, of belief itself, and a dislocation of all thought. UNTRUSTWORTHY ONES: thus do I call you, ye real ones!

All periods prate against one another in your spirits; and the dreams and pratings of all periods were even realer than your awakeness!

Unfruitful are ye: THEREFORE do ye lack belief. But he who had to create, had always his presaging dreams and astral premonitions—and believed in believing!—

Half-open doors are ye, at which grave-diggers wait. And this is YOUR reality: “Everything deserveth to perish.”

Alas, how ye stand there before me, ye unfruitful ones; how lean your ribs! And many of you surely have had knowledge thereof.

Many a one hath said: “There hath surely a God filched something from me secretly whilst I slept? Verily, enough to make a girl for himself therefrom!

“Amazing is the poverty of my ribs!” thus hath spoken many a present-day man.

Yea, ye are laughable unto me, ye present-day men! And especially when ye marvel at yourselves!

And woe unto me if I could not laugh at your marvelling, and had to swallow all that is repugnant in your platters!

As it is, however, I will make lighter of you, since I have to carry what is heavy; and what matter if beetles and May-bugs also alight on my load!

Verily, it shall not on that account become heavier to me! And not from you, ye present-day men, shall my great weariness arise.

Ah, whither shall I now ascend with my longing! From all mountains do I look out for fatherlands and motherlands.

But a home have I found nowhere: unsettled am I in all cities, and decamping at all gates.

Alien to me, and a mockery, are the present-day men, to whom of late my heart impelled me; and exiled am I from fatherlands and motherlands.

Thus do I love only my CHILDREN’S LAND, the undiscovered in the remotest sea: for it do I bid my sails search and search.

Unto my children will I make amends for being the child of my fathers: and unto all the future—for THIS present-day!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

Three or four times only in my youth did I glimpse the Joyous Isles, before they were lost to fogs, depressions, cold fronts, ill winds, and contrary tides... I mistook them for adulthood. Assuming they were a fixed feature in my life's voyage, I neglected to record their latitude, their longitude, their approach. Young ruddy fool. What wouldn't I give now for a never-changing map of the ever-constant ineffable? To possess, as it were, an atlas of clouds.

—David Mitchell, *Cloud Atlas*

[illegible]

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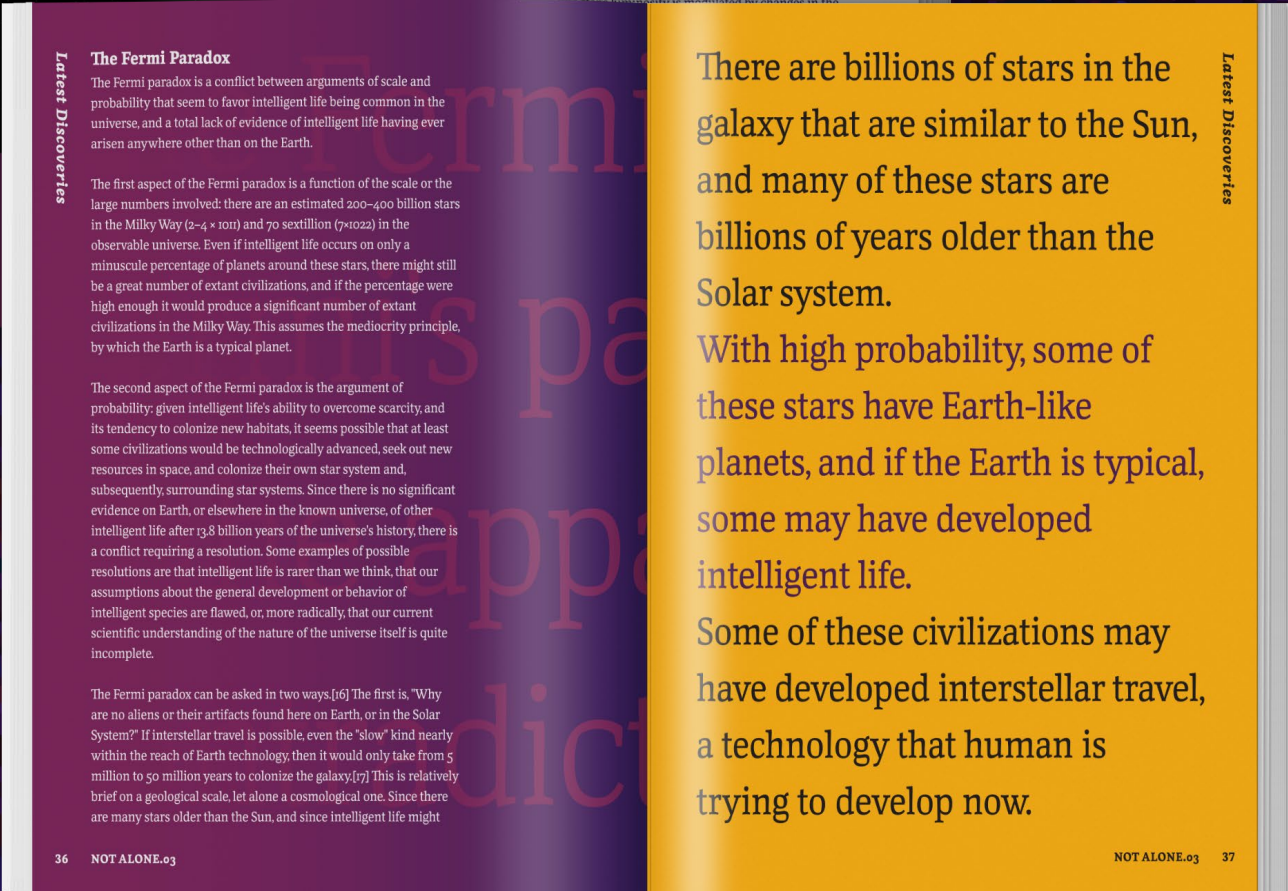
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NOT ALONE magazine

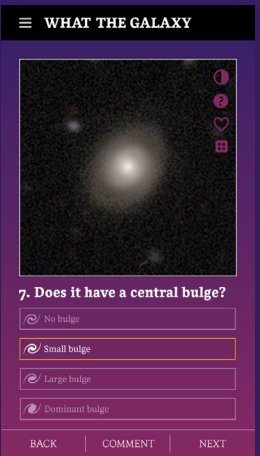
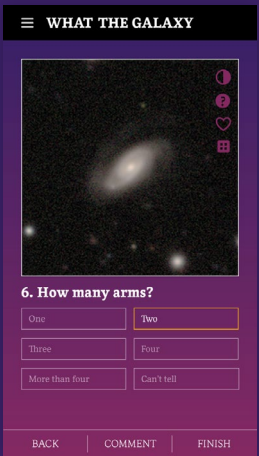
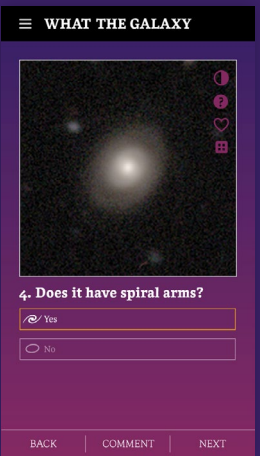
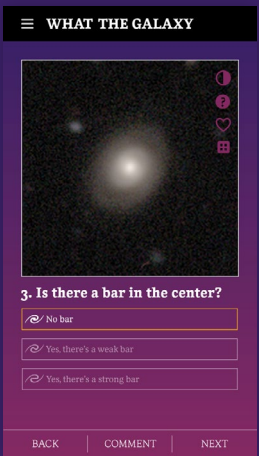
All about latest discoveries of our universe!

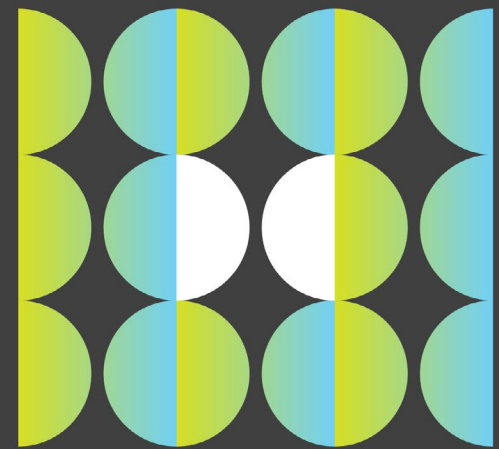


Play cards and know our universe!



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Garden • Museum





MONARK

type family

By Yuexin Huo 8 weights in total