Basel Grotesk Mono

About Basel Grotesk Mono

Basel Grotesk Mono is the monospaced version of Basel Grotesk. It includes nine weights. With the same amount of horizontal space allotted for each character, this typeface produces a uniquely systematized cadence. Basel Grotesk Mono will bring a distinct architectural tonality to any text.

Conceived of to have a dual program, Basel is an innovative typeface designed by Chi-Long Trieu composed of two variants: Grotesk and Classic. Rooted in modernist typography, Basel Grotesk reinterprets key elements of this aesthetic with a new dynamism. With the same skeleton and weight gradation, Basel Classic presents characters with decisively contrasting stroke modulations.

Each variant works perfectly individually or combined, and offers spirited and contemporary characters with a foundational versatility adapted to meet modern needs. Both worldly and refined, Basel was initiated in 2013 and grew from a string of usages in various fields, from publishing to fashion. From the steadiness of Basel Grotesk to the elegance of Basel Classic, the program offers an exhaustive tool completed by a wide range of alternate options conceived to fulfill any graphic designers' requirements.

→ Release in 2023

Designed by Chi-Long Trieu

Chi-Long Trieu grew up in Fribourg. Switzerland, He now lives in Lausanne and often works with international design studios. Trieu graduated with a bachelor's degree in visual communication from the École cantonale d'art de Lausanne (ECAL), With experience at Maximage, Bureau Mirko Borsche, Gavillet & Cie, and Optimo, Trieu is an accomplished type and graphic designer. In 2016, with his brother Chi-Binh, he co-founded his own studio, Office for Typography, based in Switzerland and in Japan, through which he works on graphic design and type design projects. Trieu has been teaching at ECAL since 2014 and since 2015, he has been a lecturer at EPFL+ECAL Lab.

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium 254 pt

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline/Italic 110 pt

Aa

A 2

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin/Italic 110 pt

Aa

Aa

Basel Grotesk Mono Light/Italic 110 pt

Aa

<u>Aa</u>

Basel Grotesk Mono Regular/Italic 110 pt

Aa

Aa

Basel Grotesk Mono Book/Italic 110 pt

Aa

Aa

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium/Italic 110 pt

Aa

Aa

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold/Italic 110 pt

Aa Aa Aa Aa

Basel Grotesk Mono Black/Italic 110 pt

Basel Grotesk Mono Super/Italic 110 pt Aa Aa

Basel Grotesk Mono Family 18 Styles

Grotesk Mono Hairline Basel Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline Italic Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Italic Basel Grotesk Mono Light Basel Grotesk Mono Light Italic Basel Grotesk Mono Regular Basel Grotesk Mono Italic Basel Grotesk Mono Book Basel Grotesk Mono Book Italic Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Italic Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Italic Basel Grotesk Mono Black Basel Grotesk Mono Black Italic Basel Grotesk Mono Super Basel Grotesk Mono Super Italic

Basel Grotesk Mono ® Character Map

Uppercase

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Lowercase

abcdefghijklmnopgrstuvwxyz

Small Capitals

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Standard Punctuation

.:,;...--_()[]{};i!¿¿?''"","'"↔«»/\|¦••@

Symbols

&% ‰ © ® ® ™ ° §¶ * † ‡#№

Standard Ligatures

fi fl

Proportional Lining figures

0123456789

Oldstyle figures

0123456789

Slashed Zero

00

Mathematical Symbols

+-±×÷=≠≈<>≤≥¬∞~^µ∫Ωπ∂Δ∏∑√◊

Currencies

\$¢£¥€₱₴₡₦₫₭¢₸₹⊆֏₺₼₽₿₿₲₾₨₩₪¤

Fractions

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

Numerators

H0123456789abcdeèfghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,()[]+-=

Denominators

 $H_{0123456789}$ abcdeèfghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz.,()[]+-=

Superscript/Superiors

 $H^{0\,1\,2\,3\,4\,5\,6\,7\,8\,9\,a\,b\,c\,d\,e\,e\,f\,g\,h\,i\,j\,k\,l\,m\,n\,o\,p\,q\,r\,s\,t\,u\,v\,w\,x\,y\,z$. , () [] + - =

Subscript/Inferiors

 $\mathsf{H}_{0\,1\,2\,3\,4\,5\,6\,7\,8\,9\,a\,b\,c\,d\,e\,e\,f\,g\,h\,i\,j\,k\,l\,m\,n\,o\,p\,q\,r\,s\,t\,u\,v\,w\,x\,y\,z\,.$, () [] + - =

ца

Ordinals

• •

Arrows

Accented Uppercases

ÀÁÂÃÄÄÄÅÅÅÆÆÆĆĈČĊÇĎÐÈÉÊĚËĒĔĖĘĜ

ĞĠĢĤĦÌÍĨÏĪĬŢIJĴĶĹĽĻŁĿĹŃŇÑŊŊÒÓÔÕÖŌŎŐØØŒÞŔŘŖß ŜŠŞŞŤŢŢŦÙÚÛŨÜŪŬŮŰŲŴŴŴŸÝŶŸŹŽŻĄĠÂÂÂÂÂĂĂĂĂĂĔĒĒÊ ĒĒĘĬŢŌŎŐŎÕÕŌOŎŎŎŎŢŲŮƯŰŬŢŶŶ

Accented Lowercases

Language Support

Afrikaans, Albanian, Asu, Basque, Bemba, Bena, Breton, Bosnian, Catalan, Chiga, Colognian, Cornish, Croatian [Latin], Czech, Danish, Dutch, Embu, English, Esperanto, Estonian, Faroese, Filipino, Fijian, Finnish, Flemish, French, Friulian, Frisian, Galician, Ganda, German,Gusii, Greenlandic, Hawaiian, Hungarian, Icelandic, Inari Sami, Indonesian, Irish, Italian, Jola-Fonyi, Kabuverdianu, Kalaallisut, Kalenjin, Kamba, Kikuyu, Kinyardawanda, Latin, Latvian, Lithuanian, Lower Sorbian, Luo, Luxembourgish, Luyia, Machame, Makhuwa-Meetto, Makonde, Malagasy, Malay, Maltese, Manx, Maori, Meru, Morisyen, Moldavian, North Ndebele, Nothern Sami, Norwegian Bokmål, Norwegian Nynorsk, Nyankole, Oromo, Portuguese, Polish, Quechua, Provençal, Rhaeto-Romanic, Romanian, Romansh, Romany, Rombo, Rundi, Rwa, Samburu, Sango, Sangu, Sámi [Inari], Sámi [Luli], Sámi [Northern], Sámi [Southern], Samoan, Scottish Gaelic, Sena, Serbian [Latin], Spanish, Shambala, Shona, Slovak, Slovenian, Soga, Somali, Swahili, Swedish, Swiss German, Taita, Teso, Tagalog, Turkish, Upper Sorbian, Uzbek, Volapük, Vietnamese, Vunjo, Walser, Wallon, Welsh, Western Frisian, Wolof, Zulu

Basel Grotesk Mono ® Character Map

Accented Small Capitals

ÀÁÂÃÄÄÅÅÁÆÆĆĈČĊÇĎÐÈÉÊĔËĒĔĖĘĞĞĠĢĤĦÌÍÎÏÏĪĬĮIIJĴ ĶĹĽĻŁĿĹŃŇÑŅÒÓÔÕÖŌŎŐØØŒŔŘŖSSŚŜŠŞŸŤŢŢŦÙÚÛŨÜŪŬŮŰŲ ŴŴŴŸŶŶŸŹŽŻŊĐÞĄĠÃÂÂÂÂÅÅÅÅÄÄÄĢĒĒËĒĒĒĒĒĪļŌÓŐÔÔÔŌŌOŐŎ ŎŎŢŲŮƯŰŮŬŢŸŶ

Figures and Punctuation in Small Capitals

0123456789---()[]{}i!¿?''"",,,'"/\|¦&

Currencies in Small Capitals

\$¢£¥€₱₴₡₦₫₭¢₸₹⊆֏₺₼₽₿₿₲₾₨₩₪¤

Stylistic alternate a [ss01]

Stylistic alternate g [ss02]

gĝġġġ

Stylistic alternate I [ss03]

líľļłŀl

Stylistic alternate t [ss04]

††††‡

Stylistic alternate u [ss05]

υὺύῦῦϋουὑψυμουτάνος

Stylistic alternate y [ss06]

yỳýŷÿy.ỷỹ

Stylistic alternate G [ss07]

GĜĞĠ GĜĞĠ

Stylistic alternate G [ss08]

GĜĞĠ GĜĞĠ

Stylistic alternate I [ss09]

l)(îîïïĭi)| l)(îîïïĭi),

Stylistic alternate J [ss10]

כֿנ נֿנ

Stylistic alternate R [ss11]

RŔŘŖ ĸŔŘŖ

Rounded dots [ss12]

ijaaaaaaaaaceeeeeggggiikllllnooooorstiuuuuuuuw ÿÿyyzÄAAAACEEEEEGGGGGGGTIIIIIIKLLNOOOOORRSTÜUUWYYZ

ÄĄĄĄČĖĖĘĖĠĢĠĢĠĢÏİŢÏİĮĶĻĿŅÖQÕÇŖŖŞŢÜŲỰŴŸYŻ

.:,;...¡i!¿¿?''",,,·÷··., i!¿?''",,,

Circled figures [ss14]

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Black circled figures [ss15]

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Alternate symbols [ss16]

© R P

Small Proportional figures [ss18]

0123456789

Small Tabular figures [ss19]

0123456789

Language Support

Afrikaans, Albanian, Asu, Basque, Bemba, Bena, Breton, Bosnian, Catalan, Chiga, Colognian, Cornish, Croatian [Latin], Czech, Danish, Dutch, Embu, English, Esperanto, Estonian, Faroese, Filipino, Fijian, Finnish, Flemish, French, Friulian, Frisian, Galician, Ganda, German,Gusii, Greenlandic, Hawaiian, Hungarian, Icelandic, Inari Sami, Indonesian, Irish, Italian, Jola-Fonyi, Kabuverdianu, Kalaallisut, Kalenjin, Kamba, Kikuyu, Kinyardawanda, Latin, Latvian, Lithuanian, Lower Sorbian, Luo, Luxembourgish, Luyia, Machame, Makhuwa-Meetto, Makonde, Malagasy, Malay, Maltese, Manx, Maori, Meru, Morisyen, Moldavian, North Ndebele, Nothern Sami, Norwegian Bokmål, Norwegian Nynorsk, Nyankole, Oromo, Portuguese, Polish, Quechua, Provençal, Rhaeto-Romanic, Romanian, Romansh, Romany, Rombo, Rundi, Rwa, Samburu, Sango, Sangu, Sámi [Inari], Sámi [Luli], Sámi [Northern], Sámi [Southern], Samoan, Scottish Gaelic, Sena, Serbian [Latin], Spanish, Shambala, Shona, Slovak, Slovenian, Soga, Somali, Swahili, Swedish, Swiss German, Taita, Teso, Tagalog, Turkish, Upper Sorbian, Uzbek, Volapük, Vietnamese, Vunjo, Walser, Wallon, Welsh, Western Frisian, Wolof, Zulu

Optimo Latin Extended Character Set Adobe

Adobe Latin-1

Apple Macintosh

- MacOS Roman (Standard Latin)
- · MacOS Central European Latin
- MacOS Croatian
- · MacOS Iceland
- MacOS Romanian
- · MacOS Turkish

ISO 8859

- 8859-1 Latin-1 Western European
- · 8859-2 Latin-2 Central European
- 8859-3 Latin-3 South European
- 8859-4 Latin-4 North European
- 8859-9 Latin-5 Turkish
- 8859-13 Latin-7 Baltic Rim
- 8859-15 Latin-9
- · 8859-16 Latin-10 South-Eastern European

Microsoft Windows

- · MS Windows 1250 Central European Latin
- MS Windows 1252 Western (Standard Latin)

6

- · MS Windows 1254 Turkish Latin
- · MS Windows 1257 Baltic Latin

Encoded Glyphs

- · Basic Latin
- Latin-1 Supplement
- Latin Extended-A
- · Latin Extended-B
- · Latin Extended Additional

OpenType Features



All Caps [cpsp]



Case Sensitive Forms [case]

This function formats the text in uppercase and adjusts spacing between all capital letters. It also applies the 'Case Sensitive Forms' feature which replaces certain characters with alternates that are better suited for all capital text, especially related to punctuation.

OFF

All Capital

(278) «Optimo» hi@xyz.ch

H@|¦()[]{}¿;‹>«»-

ON

ALL CAPITAL

(278) «OPTIMO» HI@XYZ.CH

 $H@|\ |\ ()[\]\{\}\ |\ () \times \times \times H--\leftarrow \land \land \nearrow \rightarrow \lor \lor \lor$



Tabular Lining Figures [tnum-lnum]



Proportional Lining Figures [pnum-Inum]



Tabular Oldstyle Figures [tnum-Inum]



Proportional Oldstyle Figures [pnum-Inum]

This typeface includes lining and oldstyle figures available in tabular or proportional spacing formats. Lining figures have an invariable height comparatively to oldstyle figures who have varying ascenders, descenders and x-height. For contexts in which numbers need to line up such as columns or tables, the tabular setting is perfectly adapted as all numerals width is uniformized. Proportional setting generates numerals suitable for text; each number has an appropriate width based on its shape.

H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789

A-

Contextual Alternates [calt]

This feature adapts the position of a glyph after its surrounding context. For instance, a dash placed between two uppercase letters or numbers will be replaced by an uppercase version of the dash, slightly higher. This feature is usually active by default in Adobe applications.

A-B-C-D 1-2

A-B-C-D 1-2



Standard Ligatures [liga]

Standard ligatures replaces a sequence of characters with a single ligature glyph, they are designed to improve kerning and readability of certain letter pairs.

fi fl

OFF

fi fl



Fractions [frac]

With this feature, any numbers separated by a slash will automatically turn into a fraction. To fit in fraction configuration, numerals have been designed smaller and their weights have been adjusted to suit the typeface.

1/2 1/3 2/3 1/4 3/4 3/8 5/8 7/8 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{3}$ $\frac{2}{3}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{7}{8}$



Slashed Zero [zero]

Originally created to avoid the confusion between the '0' and the '0', this feature substitutes all zeros in a selected text by a slashed form of the zero.

0 0

0 0



Numerators [numr]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates. The numerators are the same glyphs that are used to create fractions, their vertical position remains within the capital letters height. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789+-=., Habcdeèfghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[] H0123456789+-=.,
Habcdeèfghijklmno
Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]



Denominators [dnom]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates and low position glyphs. The denominators are the same glyphs that are used to create fractions, their vertical position remains within the base line. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789+-=., Habcdeèfghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]

H0123456789+-=.,
Habcdeèfghijklmno
Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]



Superscript/Superiors [sups]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates which are set slightly above the height of the capital letters. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789+-=., Habcdeèfghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[] H⁰ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 + - = . ,

H^a b c d e è f g h i j k l m n o

H^p q r s t u v w x y z () []

 H_2

Subscript/Inferiors [subs]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates which are set slightly below the baseline. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789+-=., Habcdeèfghijklmno Hpqrstuvwxyz()[]

H_{0123456789+-=.}, H_{abcdeèfghijklmno} H_{pqrstuvwxyz()[]}

įξ

Ordinals [ordn]

This feature replaces any letter following a numeral with its matching superior letters. French language uses the ordinal indicators such as 'er' for 1er premier, while Spanish, Portuguese and Italian require the feminine and masculine ordinals 'a,' 'o' for 1°, 1ª. Ordinals are designed to match the weight of the typeface.

2a 2o 1er

1 e r



Small Caps [smcp]



All Small Caps [c2sc]

This feature formats the text from lowercase or uppercase to small caps. It uses alternate characters for punctuation which are lowered and adjusted to small caps. Depending on the software used. lowercase may be affected only when a word starts with a capital,



abcdefghijklmno pgrstuvwxyz0123 456789---()[]{} i!¿?''"","'"/\| \$¢£¥€₱₴₡₦₫₭¢₸₹ Cq₺₼₽₿**₿₲**₾Rs₩N

SMALL CAPITAL ALL SMALL CAPS

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNO PQRSTUVWXYZ0123 456789---()[]{} i!¿?''","'"/\| **¦\$¢£¥€₱₴₡₦₫₭¢₸**₹ ⊆⊋₺₼₽₿₿₲₾₨₩₪



Discretionary Ligatures [dlig]

This feature activates discretionary ligatures which are specific to the typeface. It applies all other designed ligatures that are not classified as standard ligatures.

-> <-



Stylistic Set 1 [ss01] Alternate a

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).



Stylistic Set 2 [ss02] Alternate g

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).



Stylistic Set 3 [ss03] Alternate I

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).



Stylistic Set 4 [ss04] Alternate t

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).



Stylistic Set 5 [ss05] Alternate u

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).



Stylistic Set 6 [ss06] Alternate y

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).



ĝğġġ

ĺľļłl·

t ťţţŧ

u ùúûũüūŭůűu uủưưừừữự

a àáâãäāäååå qảấầẩẫậắẳẳẳặ

ĝğġģ

l ĺľļłŀ

#††‡

υ ὺύῦῦϋῦῦὑΰψ Ϧῦύύτυυ

www.optimo.ch

ỳýŷÿy¸ỷỹ

Version 1.005



Stylistic Set 7 [ss07] Alternate G

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).

G ĜĞĠĢ

ĜĞĠĢ

G ĜĞĠĢ

G ĜĞĠĢ



Stylistic Set 8 [ss08] Alternate G

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).

G ĜĞĠĢ

G ĜĞĠĢ

G ĜĞĠĢ

G ĜĞĠĢ



Stylistic Set 9 [ss09] Alternate I

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).

I ÌÍÎ Ĩ Ï Ī ĬİĮỊ I ÌÍÎ Ĩ Ï Ī ĬİĮI 

Stylistic Set 10 [ss10] Alternate J

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).

JĴ

J

JĴ

JĴ



Stylistic Set 11 [ss11] Alternate R

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).

R ŔŘŖ

R ŔŘŖ

R ŔŘŖ R ŔŘR



Stylistic Set 12 [ss12] Rounded dots

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).

ÄĄĄĄĊĖĖĘĖĠĢĠĢĠĢÏ İĮÏİĮĶĿĻŅÖQÕÕÕŖŖ ŞŢÜŲŲWŸYŻ ijäąą́ăäqą́aċėėęė́g ġġġïiķl·l·l,nöoôoŗ şţţüuuuuvwÿÿyyż. :,;...;i!¿¿?''"", -÷·'., ÄĄĄČĖ ĖĘĖĠĢĠĢĠĢÏIIÏİ!Ķ ĻĿŅÖQÕOŖŖŞŢÜŲVWŸ YŻi!¿?''"", ÄAAAĊĖĖĘĖĠĢĠĢĠĢÏ İĮİİĮĶĿĻŅÖQŌĢŌŖŖ ŞŢÜŲŲŴŸYŻ ijäaaaääaaaaäcëėeėė ġġģiiķl·Įl·Įnöooorr sttuuvuuvwÿÿyyż. :,;...;i!¿¿?''"",; ÄAAÄĊË ĖĘĖĠĢĠĢĠĢÏIIÏİ!Ķ ĻĿŅÖQŌŢŖŖŞŢÜŲŲWŸ YŻi!¿?''"",



Stylistic Set 14 [ss14] Circled figures



Stylistic Set 15 [ss15] Black circled figures

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s). Basel Grotesk Mono includes figures which are enclosed into an outlined circle and/or enclosed into a filled circle. H0123456789 H0123456789 H 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

H ® 9

H O O O O O O O

H 8 9



Stylistic Set 16 [ss16] Alternate symbols

This feature replaces glyph(s) with

stylistic alternate(s).

ss16] © (

© R P

© R P



Stylistic Set 17 [ss17] Lowercase math symbols

This feature activates alternate lowercase positioning of mathematical symbols.

4-7×8 up+down

n 4-7×8 n up+down

H+±×÷-=≈≠≤≥¬∞

H+±×÷-=≈≠≤≥¬∞



Small Proportional Figures [ss18]



Small Tabular Figures [ss19]

Basel Grotesk Mono includes a third set of figures, Small Proportional figures, which are shorter than Proportional Figures, and can be beautiful mixed with text. Tabular small figures are all of equal width. They are only needed when the figures must all line up from one line to the next, as in a table.

H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789 H0123456789



Stylistic Set 20 [ss20] Multiply sign

This feature substitutes the letter "x" into the multiplication sign.

 32×50 cm

32×50 cm

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline 36 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline 14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline 12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. 'You like the car?' Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, 'You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do.' I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcropings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right)$ there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider stances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline Italic 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline Italic 36 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline Italic 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline Italic 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline Italic 12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline Italic 10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline Italic 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Hairline Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. 'You like the car?' Perry asked. 'It's all right,' I said, my eyes ahead. 'I've never been much of a Ford man.' Perry shifted in his bucket, 'You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do.' I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcropings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumber ing town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened rehad come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin 10 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do " I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1\right)$ there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Italic 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Italic 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Italic 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Italic 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Italic 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Thin Italic 6 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood, I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Light 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Light 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Light 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Light 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Light

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan

Basel Grotesk Mono Light 10 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Light 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Light

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Light Italic 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Light Italic 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on in-

Basel Grotesk Mono Light Italic 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Light Italic 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Light Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Light Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Light Italic 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Light Italic 6 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranguil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Regular 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Regular 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on in-

Basel Grotesk Mono Regular 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Regular 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Regular

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Regular

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Regular

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Regular 6 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Italic 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Italic 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on in-

Basel Grotesk Mono Italic 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Italic 14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Italic 8 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said. my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranguil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Book 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Book 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Book 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Book 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Book

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan

Basel Grotesk Mono Book

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Book 8 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Book

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood, I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead, "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Book Italic 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Book Italic 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Book Italic 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Book Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan

Basel Grotesk Mono Book Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Book Italic 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Book Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood, I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead, "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranguil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium 36 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood, I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead, "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Italic 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Italic 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Italic 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Medium Italic 6 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead, "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days. Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranguil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold 36 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold 8 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood, I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead, "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket. "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Italic 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Italic 36 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on in-

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Italic 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my child-hood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Bold Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket. "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranguil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Black 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Black 36 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Black 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Black 14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Black

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Black

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Black 8 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Black

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket. "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations. all like itself colored vellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days. Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranguil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Black Italic 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Black Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on in-

Basel Grotesk Mono Black Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Black Italic 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Black Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Black Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Black Italic 8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Black Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket. "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations. all like itself colored vellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranguil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Super 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Super 36 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Super 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Super 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Super

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Super

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Super 8 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Super

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast, It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood, I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead, "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket. "You know some. thing about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations. all like itself colored vellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days. Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream, Rising up through the tranguil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center. just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily

Basel Grotesk Mono Super Italic 60 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford

Basel Grotesk Mono Super Italic 36 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invis-

Basel Grotesk Mono Super Italic 24 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and

Basel Grotesk Mono Super Italic 14 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You

Basel Grotesk Mono Super Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Basel Grotesk Mono Super Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all

Basel Grotesk Mono Super Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May eve-

Basel Grotesk Mono Super Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Super, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right." I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket. "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations. all like itself colored vellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt

in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranguil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and cir-cumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog, but I didn't pray when Emily