Politics®

## Politics

## **About Politics**

Politics is a geometric sans-serif typeface with unique features evoking early technological limitations. Its basic design structure and large x-height make it very legible and create a text rhythm that is reminiscent of a serial number identifier.

With the development of technologies such as optical-character-recognition (OCR), magnetic-ink character recognition (MICR), and even the computer, the first alphabets designed for these machines presented either radical geometric differentiation or a crude bitmap look, Politics is an attempt to refine a raster font in order to produce a modern typeface. It was originally developed for the book project Timewave Zero A Psychedelic Reader, which attempts to foreground research by scientists, scholars, artists, critics, and activists-using drugs as consciousness-expanding tools. Building upon early typefaces that are closely associated with science and technology seemed appropriate.

While maintaining design features from its original monospace setting, Politics has been adapted proportionally for improved legibility. Its even stroke contrast, angular frame, and mechanical curves have all been preserved and contribute to its expression which is simultaneously both vintage and futuristic.

→ Designed in 2003

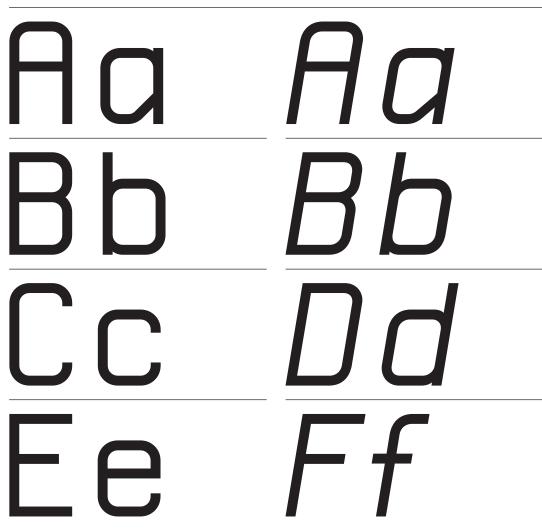
## Designed by Gavillet & Rust

Gavillet & Rust was the partnership between Gilles Gavillet and David Rust. until Rust's tragic death in 2014. Gavillet and Rust met while studying at the École cantonale d'art de Lausanne (ECAL) and they started to collaborate on typeface designs during a stay at the Cranbrook Academy of Arts, in 1997, It was at Cranbrook where they developed their first typeface together, Detroit MM. Specializing in editorial design and visual identities, Gavillet & Rust developed many typefaces which have been used in their graphic design projects and later commercialized through Optimo Type Foundry. Additionally, both have taught at ECAL. Gavillet & Rust has received many distinctions for their work, including the prestigious Jan Tschichold Prize in 2006 for their outstanding achievements in book design and the Swiss Grand Award for Design in 2012. Their work has been featured and exhibited around the world.

Politics ®

Politics Book 280 pt

Politics Book/Italic 122 pt



Politics Family 2 Styles Politics Book

Politics Book Italic

Uppercase

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Lowercase

Symbols

.;;...---\_()[]{}i!¿?''"",,,,""<>≪≫/\|¦•·@

Standard Punctuation

&%%©R™°§¶\*†‡#

Standard Ligatures

res fifl

0123456789

Proportional Lining Figures

Mathematical Symbols

+-+x÷=≠≈<><>>\(\sigma\)\(\Omega\)\(\Omega\)\(\Omega\)\(\Omega\)\(\Omega\)

Currencies

\$¢£¥€f●

Fractions

1/4 1/2 3/4

Ordinals

Hªº

Accented Uppercases

ÀÁÂÃÄÅÆÇÐÈÉÊËÌÍÎÏŁ ÑÒÓÔÕÖØŒÞŠÙÚÛÜÝŸŽ àáâãäåæçèéêëìíîïıłl

Accented Lowercases

nòóôõöøæßšùúûüýÿžðþ

Language Support

Albanian, Asu, Bemba, Bena, Chiga, Cornish, Dutch, English, Faroese, French, German, Gusii, Icelandic, Indonesian, Italian, Kalenjin, Kinyarwanda, Luo, Luyia, Machame, Makhuwa-Meetto, Makonde, Malagasy, Manx, Morisyen, North Ndebele, Nyankole, Oromo, Portuguese, Rombo, Rundi, Rwa, Samburu, Sango, Sangu, Scottish Gaelic, Sena, Shambala, Shona, Soga, Somali, Spanish, Swahili, Taita, Teso, Vunio

Optimo Basic Latin Character Set

Adobe

Adobe Latin-1

Apple Macintosh

MacOS Roman (Standard Latin)

- MacOS Iceland

ISO 8859

- · 8859-1 Latin-1 Western European
- 8859-15 Latin-9

**Encoded Glyphs** 

- · Basic Latin
- Latin-1 Supplement

Microsoft Windows

MS Windows 1252 Western (Standard Latin)

OpenType Features

OFF

ON



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.

All Capital

«Optimo» hi@xuz.ch  $[X] = (4-7\times8)$ 

Hell()[]{}<><>---- $H+-+\times\div-==\neq<>\neg$ 

ALL CAPITAL

«OPTIMO» HI@XYZ.CH  $[X] = (4 - 7 \times 8)$ 

H@|¦()[]{}<>«»---- $H + - \pm \times \div - \approx = \neq \langle \rangle \neg$ 



**Tabular Lining Figures** [tnum-Inum]



**Proportional Lining Figures** [pnum-Inum]

This typeface includes lining figures available in tabular or proportional spacing formats. Lining figures have an invariable 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



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.

5x5

A-B-C-D1-2

5×5

A-B-C-D1-2

fi

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

f fl

© 1998-2022 Optimo Sàrl Version 2.001 www.optimo.ch Politics® OFF ON 5

fractions [frac]

All Optimo fonts have at least three basic pre-built fractions (1/2, 1/4, 3/4).

1/2 1/4 3/4 0/0 0/00

1/2 1/4 3/4 0/0 0/00

1<sup>a</sup>

Ordinals [ordn]

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

2a 2o

2º 2º

Politics® 6

Politics Book 60 pt

# The car was a boxy late mod-el Ford sedan,

Politics Book 36 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had

Politics 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 further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to

Politics 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,

Politics ®

Politics Book 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, 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

Politics Book 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 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

Politics 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 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 circumstances 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

Politics Book 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 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 mu 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 circumhad 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 proved for my dead dog, but I didn't provimben Emily died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. "Cement," he said. It's not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don't even remember the event, It's a blank: a white slate, a black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had guarreled, because his new

Politics® 8

Politics Book Italic 60 pt

# The car was a boxy late mod-el Ford sedan,

Politics Book Italic

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had

Politics Book Italic 24 pt The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over black, innocu-ous 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

Politics 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 Iona, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay,

Politics ®

Politics 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

Politics Book 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 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

Politics 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. Aising 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 circumstances 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

Politics Book 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 eues ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perru shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent mu childhood in Riverdale. New Jersey, thirty miles porth 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 circumstances and in its growth, 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 died. God would make an exception. He would let her into Heaven. In the early summer of my fourteenth year a lorry pulled up outside our house. I was sitting on the front step rereading a comic. The driver came toward me, covered in a fine, pale dust, which gave his face a ghostly look. "Cement," he said. It's not that I was being shy. It was just that—well, for one, I don't even remember the event. It's a blank: a white slate, a black hole. I was able to date the occasion with complete certainty because that afternoon I had been sledding with my lifelong friend and enemy, Perry Boy, and we had quarreled, because his new Christmas sled would not go as fast as my old one.