

Italian Plate No.2

**This pro Character set provides coverage for both
Western and Eastern European languages.
— Applicable to 100 languages**

36 Point

Italian Plate Family

14/18 Point

Italian Plate Family — Managing the fine art of sprezzatura, the Italian Plate family is a handsome and stylized typeface family that balances elegance with playfulness. Based on a study of Italian car number plates from the 60's and inspired by the round and condensed profile characteristic of that period.

It started out with only three weights but there was potential for more: The Italian Plate Family will ultimately include four individual styles, two different sans serifs; Italian Plate No 1, No 2, and two different serifs; No. 3 and No. 4

Members of this family display a noble and nostalgic look with a modern touch. They are all slightly condensed but maintain a very elegant impression with high readability.

Styles in Italian Plate Family

Italian Plate No.1

Italian Plate No.2

Design

Jonas Hecksher

Published

2014

Styles in all

11 Weights with Italics

Character set

Advanced Character Set

	UltraLight	Thin	ExtraLight	Light	Regular	Medium	DemiBold	Bold	ExtraBold	Black
Italian Plate No.1										
Italian Plate No.2										

36 Point

Italian Plate No.2

14/18 Point

Italian Plate — Italian Plate No 2 is as casual and cool as only an Italian can be. Its rounded origins in 60s Italian number plates has been given a hefty edge by sharpening the endings. The large x-height makes for a distinct display font with high legibility and elegance even in the heavy weights. It is suitable for headlines as well as body text.

The Italian Plate No 2 is available in 11 weights - from light to heavy - and the character set covers 100 languages, including all of Central Europe.

 Styles in Italian Plate Family

Italian Plate No.1

Italian Plate No.2

Design

Jonas Hecksher

Published

2014

1 Style

12 Weights with Italics

Character set

Advanced Character Set

Italian Plate No.2 UltraLight

Italian Plate No.2 UltraLight Italic

Italian Plate No.2 Thin

Italian Plate No.2 Thin Italic

Italian Plate No.2 ExtraLight

Italian Plate No.2 ExtraLight Italic

Italian Plate No.2 Light

Italian Plate No.2 Light Italic

Italian Plate No.2 Regular

Italian Plate No.2 Italic

Italian Plate No.2 Medium

Italian Plate No.2 Medium Italic

Italian Plate No.2 DemiBold

Italian Plate No.2 DemiBold Italic

Italian Plate No.2 Bold

Italian Plate No.2 Bold Italic

Italian Plate No.2 ExtraBold

Italian Plate No.2 ExtraBold Italic

Italian Plate No.2 Black

Italian Plate No.2 Black Italic

Italian Plate No.2 Black Left

Italian Plate No.2

Italian Plate

Ascender line
Capline and

Midline, X-Height
(small caps)

Baseline

Descenderline

Hñlg² Hñlg²

Italian Plate No.2

abejcknq17

Italian Plate

abejcknq17

Italian Plate No. 2 UltraLight, UltraLight Italic 18 Point

He straightened then, pensive, silent. Like he'd caught in the middle of
GLASSES ROSE AND WERE SET DOWN AGAIN. WE SAT IN SILENCE AT THE HOUSE
Like when you are leaning in real close, secrets passing between every

Italian Plate No. 2 Thin, Thin Italic 18 Point

She explores the dynamic relationship between buildings and scrabers
IF ORANGES AND TOMATOS IS A HONOURED COMBINATION IN SPANISH RECIPES
This is the first restaurant where checked T-shirts and beards are hand

Italian Plate No. 2 ExtraLight, ExtraLight Italic 18 Point

Dagbogsopptegnelser fra Robert F. Scotts [1868-1912] ekspedition til Syd
EN PLATTA MED SPENAT, BROCCOLI OCH 14 GRÖNA BÖNOR FÖR HELA FAMILJEN
I litteraturen har bevægelse, rejsen og vandringen været symboliseret

Italian Plate No. 2 Light, Light Italic 18 Point

It's up to the Senate to fix the flaws in a House bill and protect America
THE COST OF LIVING IN THE COUNTRYSIDE HAS STARTED TO FALL ACCORDING
Managing director of England Cricket said he was left with little choice

Italian Plate Regular, Italic 18 Point

"Man ser inte skogen för bara träd", heter det i det gamla ordstävvet 12
DET HANDLAR OM ATT ÖPPNA ÖGONEN FÖR SKÖNHET OCH FÖLJA SITT HJÄRTA
Sommaren 2014 är det 100 år sedan första världskriget bröt ut globalt

Italian Plate No. 2 Medium, Medium Italic 18 Point

Der Mensch verändert seinen Lebensstil innerhalb kürzester Zeit radi
SE UBICA A ORILLAS DEL MAR MEDITERRÁNEO, APENAS 120 KM AL SUR DE LA
Je hebt ongelijk omdat ik gisteren wel degelijk met de trein naar huis

Italian Plate No. 2 DemiBold, DemiBold Italic 18 Point

Jeg tillader mig at foreslå, at der kan være en sammenhæng mellem
IHR VATER WAR NOCH NICHT VON DER ARBEIT ZURÜCK, DARUM LAG SIE AUF
Originalmente un pueblo de pescadores vikingo fundado en el siglo

Italian Plate No. 2 Bold, Bold Italic 18 Point

The Italian Plate Family will ultimately include four individual styles
WENN DAS STIMMT, DANN MÜSSEN WIR DAS VON UNS VERÖFFENTLICHTE
Trekkingtourismus im Nepal-Himalaya im Beginn der 50er Jahr das

Italian Plate No. 2 ExtraBold, ExtraBold 18 Point

Estudios Hispánicos de la Universidad de Barcelona realiza cursos
NEW AND UNUSUAL OR EXPERIMENTAL IDEAS, ESP. IN THE ARTS, OR THE
On dit qu'il utilisa ce nom afin d'éviter les critiques de son père qui

Italian Plate No. 2 Black, Black Italic 18 Point

L'art du vingtième siècle n'est en rien différent. Pour cette raison
HAD TO GET A TRAIN FROM POTSDAMER PLATZ. YOU NEVER KNEW THAT
Throughout history, art has been a great inspiration to people and

6/8 Point

The Playtype™ Letterform Anatomy — “In fact, it’s fucking Super. Regular, wide, straight down the highway, big and brassy bold, you know?.” *That’s what I told the cat, looking him square in the eye, my finger cocked, straight as a barrel.* “You gTTFa stand head and shoulders above the squalor, you see? You gTTFa strive. Be an as-cend-errr, you dig Mister? Eyes to the sky!” *I said, punctuating each syllable, with a pause and a flourish.* “Yes indeed.” He handed me a cigarette he produced from a small cigarette case – silver, embellished with some sort of decorative script. *A bit too floral for me, but you had to hand it to him; the man had style.* Pizazz even – capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. He nodded. Real slow like. Like he

8/10 Point

Capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. *He nodded. Real slow like. Like he was grokking those words, sloshing them around his head like they was honey or fine wine.* His eyes were naturally round and wide, but the hood was pulled up on them. Like the dope and the whiskey had condensed them to a slit, with only a slight convex to reveal them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in

10/12 Point

Them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. *With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came – and retrieved a small, worn notebook on the way out again.* He laid it on the table in front of us, busying his hands with ironing out the creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. “I want to

12/14 Point

The creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. “*I want to talk about rhythm.*” *He paused here.* Paused for a long time. Like I was supposed to be impressed. Like I was goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or

14/14 Point

Goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or somethin’... “You see, it’s not just in the form itself. It’s in the rhythm. *In the meter of the thing. Like, you can be Charlie Parker – all fast tempos and technique and flurry.* Like you is trying to stress it into shape. Now, that aint a bad thing. I’m not saying that. Not at all.” A pause. His hands moving Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff.

18/20 Point

Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff. “...Or you can be Coltrane.” *Another pause. Cigarette smoke.* “You see, Coltrane? *Coltrane played the spaces.* The spaces in between. It’s as much about what he didn’t play as about

24/26 Point

It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about what he did. Or like Brubeck. *He played quintuples and counters, follow?* Where the ear has to strain to savvy the Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the fluidity”. The

30/32 Point

Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the fluidity” drawing out the “oo”, *stepping on the “ee-dity.”* “Now sometimes — to speak to the crux of the matter Son, big and bold pays off. Like when you gTTFa make

6/8 Point

The Playtype™ Letterform Anatomy — “In fact, it’s fucking Super. Regular, wide, straight down the highway, big and brassy bold, you know?” That’s what I told the cat, looking him square in the eye, my finger cocked, straight as a barrel. “You gTTFa stand head and shoulders above the squalor, you see? You gTTFa strive. Be an as-cend-errr, you dig Mister? Eyes to the sky!” I said, punctuating each syllable, with a pause and a flourish. “Yes indeed.” He handed me a cigarette he produced from a small cigarette case - silver, embellished with some sort of decorative script. A bit too floral for me, but you had to hand it to him; the man had style. Pizazz even - capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. He nodded. Real slow like. Like he

8/10 Point

Capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. He nodded. Real slow like. Like he was grokking those words, sloshing them around his head like they was honey or fine wine. His eyes were naturally round and wide, but the hood was pulled up on them. Like the dope and the whiskey had condensed them to a slit, with only a slight convex to reveal them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the

10/12 Point

Them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came - and retrieved a small, worn notebook on the way out again. He laid it on the table in front of us, busying his hands with ironing out the creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. “I want to

12/14 Point

The creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. “I want to talk about rhythm.” He paused here. Paused for a long time. Like I was supposed to be impressed. Like I was goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or

14/14 Point

Goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or somethin’... “You see, it’s not just in the form itself. It’s in the rhythm. In the meter of the thing. Like, you can be Charlie Parker – all fast tempos and technique and flurry. Like you is trying to stress it into shape. Now, that aint a bad thing. I’m not saying that. Not at all.” A pause. His hands moving Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff.

18/20 Point

Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff. “...Or you can be Coltrane.” Another pause. Cigarette smoke. “You see, Coltrane? Coltrane played the spaces. The spaces in between. It’s as much about what he didn’t play as about

24/28 Point

It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about what he did. Or like Brubeck. He played quintuples and counters, follow? Where the ear has to strain to savvy the Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the fluidity”. The

30/32 Point

Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the fluidity” drawing out the “oo”, stepping on the “ee-dity.” “Now sometimes — to speak to the crux of the matter Son, big and bold pays off. Like when you gTTFa make

6/8 Point

The Playtype™ Letterform Anatomy — *"In fact, it's fucking Super. Regular, wide, straight down the highway, big and brassy bold, you know?" That's what I told the cat, looking him square in the eye, my finger cocked, straight as a barrel. "You gTTFa stand head and shoulders above the squalor, you see? You gTTFa strive. Be an as-cend-errr, you dig Mister? Eyes to the sky!" I said, punctuating each syllable, with a pause and a flourish. "Yes indeed." He handed me a cigarette he produced from a small cigarette case - silver, embellished with some sort of decorative script. A bit too floral for me, but you had to hand it to him; the man had style. Pizazz even - capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. He nodded. Real slow like. Like he*

8/10 Point

Capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. *He nodded. Real slow like. Like he was grokking those words, sloshing them around his head like they was honey or fine wine.* His eyes were naturally round and wide, but the hood was pulled up on them. Like the dope and the whiskey had condensed them to a slit, with only a slight convex to reveal them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the

10/12 Point

Them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. *With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came - and retrieved a small, worn notebook on the way out again. He laid it on the table in front of us, busying his hands with ironing out the creases and the corners. "Now, before I show you this, Son..." he said. "I want to*

12/14 Point

The creases and the corners. "Now, before I show you this, Son..." he said. *"I want to talk about rhythm." He paused here.* Paused for a long time. Like I was supposed to be impressed. Like I was goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or

14/14 Point

Goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or somethin'... "You see, it's not just in the form itself. It's in the rhythm. In the meter of the thing. *Like, you can be Charlie Parker - all fast tempos and technique and flurry.* Like you is trying to stress it into shape. Now, that aint a bad thing. I'm not saying that. Not at all." A pause. His hands moving Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff.

18/20 Point

Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff. "...Or you can be Coltrane." *Another pause. Cigarette smoke. "You see, Coltrane? Coltrane played the spaces.* The spaces in between. It's as much about what he didn't play as about

24/28 Point

It's as much about what he didn't play, as about what he did. Or like Brubeck. *He played quintuples and counters, follow?* Where the ear has to strain to savvy the Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the fluidity". The

30/32 Point

Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the fluidity" drawing out the "oo", *stepping on the "ee-dity."* "Now sometimes — to speak to the crux of the matter Son, big and bold pays off. Like when you gTTFa make

6/8 Point

The Playtype™ Letterform Anatomy — *“In fact, it’s fucking Super. Regular, wide, straight down the highway, big and brassy bold, you know?” That’s what I told the cat, looking him square in the eye, my finger cocked, straight as a barrel. “You gTTFa stand head and shoulders above the squalor, you see? You gTTFa strive. Be an as-cend-errr, you dig Mister? Eyes to the sky!” I said, punctuating each syllable, with a pause and a flourish. “Yes indeed.” He handed me a cigarette he produced from a small cigarette case - silver, embellished with some sort of decorative script. A bit too floral for me, but you had to hand it to him; the man had style. Pizazz even - capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. He nodded.*

8/10 Point

Capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. *He nodded. Real slow like. Like he was grokking those words, slashing them around his head like they was honey or fine wine.* His eyes were naturally round and wide, but the hood was pulled up on them. Like the dope and the whiskey had condensed them to a slit, with only a slight convex to reveal them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back

10/12 Point

Them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. *With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came - and retrieved a small, worn notebook on the way out again. He laid it on the table in front of us, busying his hands with ironing out the creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said.*

12/14 Point

The creases and the corners. *“Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. “I want to talk about rhythm.” He paused here. Paused for a long time. Like I was supposed to be impressed. Like I was goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of*

14/14 Point

Goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or somethin’... *“You see, it’s not just in the form itself. It’s in the rhythm. In the meter of the thing. Like, you can be Charlie Parker – all fast tempos and technique and flurry. Like you is trying to stress it into shape. Now, that aint a bad thing. I’m not saying that. Not at all.” A pause. His hands moving Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff.*

18/20 Point

Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff. *“...Or you can be Coltrane.” Another pause. Cigarette smoke. “You see, Coltrane? Coltrane played the spaces. The spaces in between. It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about*

24/28 Point

It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about what he did. Or like Brubeck. *He played quintuples and counters, follow? Where the ear has to strain to savvy the Beat, but the mind sees on the silk, but the*

30/32 Point

Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the fluidity” drawing out the “oo”, *stepping on the “ee-dity.” “Now sometimes - to speak to the crux of the matter Son, big and bold pays off. Like when you gTTFa make*

6/8 Point

The Playtype™ Letterform Anatomy — *“In fact, it’s fucking Super. Regular, wide, straight down the highway, big and brassy bold, you know?” That’s what I told the cat, looking him square in the eye, my finger cocked, straight as a barrel. “You gTTFa stand head and shoulders above the squalor, you see? You gTTFa strive. Be an as-cend-errr, you dig Mister? Eyes to the sky!” I said, punctuating each syllable, with a pause and a flourish. “Yes indeed.” He handed me a cigarette he produced from a small cigarette case - silver, embellished with some sort of decorative script. A bit too floral for me, but you had to hand it to him; the man had style. Pizazz even - capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few possess naturally. He nodded.*

6/8 Point

Capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few possess naturally. He nodded. Real slow like. Like he was grokking those words, sloshing them around his head like they was honey or fine wine. His eyes were naturally round and wide, but the hood was pulled up on them. Like the dope and the whiskey had condensed them to a slit, with only a slight convex to reveal them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came - and retrieved a small, worn note-

10/12 Point

Them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came - and retrieved a small, worn notebook on the way out again. He laid it on the table in front of us, busying his hands with ironing out the creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said.

12/14 Point

The creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. “I want to talk about rhythm.” He paused here. Paused for a long time. Like I was supposed to be impressed. Like I was goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets

14/14 Point

Goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or somethin’... “You see, it’s not just in the form itself. It’s in the rhythm. In the meter of the thing. Like, you can be Charlie Parker – all fast tempos and technique and flurry. Like you is trying to stress it into shape. Now, that aint a bad thing. I’m not saying that. Not at all.” A pause. His hands moving Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff.

18/20 Point

Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff.” ... Or you can be Coltrane.” Another pause. Cigarette smoke. “You see, Coltrane? Coltrane played the spaces. The spaces in between. It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about

24/26 Point

It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about what he did. Or like Brubeck. He played quintuples and counters, follow? Where the ear has to strain to savvy the Beat, but the mind sees on the silk, but the mind

30/32 Point

Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the fluidity” drawing out the “oo”, stepping on the “ee-dity.” “Now sometimes — to speak to the crux of the matter Son, big and bold pays off. Like when you gTTFa

6/8 Point

The Playtype™ Letterform Anatomy — *“In fact, it’s fucking Super. Regular, wide, straight down the highway, big and brassy bold, you know?” That’s what I told the cat, looking him square in the eye, my finger cocked, straight as a barrel. “You gTTFa stand head and shoulders above the squalor, you see? You gTTFa strive. Be an as-cend-errrr, you dig Mister? Eyes to the sky!” I said, punctuating each syllable, with a pause and a flourish. “Yes indeed.” He handed me a cigarette he produced from a small cigarette case - silver, embellished with some sort of decorative script. A bit too floral for me, but you had to hand it to him; the man had style. Pizazz even - capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few possess naturally. He nodded.*

8/10 Point

Capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few possess naturally. *He nodded. Real slow like. Like he was grokking those words, sloshing them around his head like they was honey or fine wine.* His eyes were naturally round and wide, but the hood was pulled up on them. Like the dope and the whiskey had condensed them to a slit, with only a slight convex to reveal them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the cigarette

10/12 Point

Them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. *With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came - and retrieved a small, worn notebook on the way out again. He laid it on the table in front of us, busying his hands with ironing out the creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said.*

12/14 Point

The creases and the corners. *“Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. “I want to talk about rhythm.” He paused here. Paused for a long time. Like I was supposed to be impressed. Like I was goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets*

14/14 Point

Goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or somethin’... “You see, it’s not just in the form itself. It’s in the rhythm. In the meter of the thing. *Like, you can be Charlie Parker – all fast tempos and technique and flurry.* Like you is trying to stress it into shape. Now, that aint a bad thing. I’m not saying that. Not at all.” A pause. His hands moving Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out

18/20 Point

Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff. “...Or you can be Coltrane.” *Another pause. Cigarette smoke. “You see, Coltrane? Coltrane played the spaces. The spaces in between. It’s as much about what he didn’t*

24/26 Point

It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about what he did. Or like Brubeck. *He played quintuples and counters, follow?* Where the ear has to strain to savvy the Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the fluid-

30/32 Point

Beat, but the mind sees in the silk, the fluidity” drawing out the “oo”, *stepping on the “ee-dity.” “Now sometimes — to speak to the crux of the matter Son,* big and bold pays off. Like when you gTTFa make a

6/8 Point

The Playtype™ Letterform Anatomy — *“In fact, it’s fucking Super. Regular, wide, straight down the highway, big and brassy bold, you know?” That’s what I told the cat, looking him square in the eye, my finger cocked, straight as a barrel. “You gTTFa stand head and shoulders above the squalor, you see? You gTTFa strive. Be an as-cend-errr, you dig Mister? Eyes to the sky!” I said, punctuating each syllable, with a pause and a flourish. “Yes indeed.” He handed me a cigarette he produced from a small cigarette case - silver, embellished with some sort of decorative script. A bit too floral for me, but you had to hand it to him; the man had style. Pizazz even - capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. He nodded.*

8/10 Point

Capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. *He nodded. Real slow like. Like he was grokking those words, sloshing them around his head like they was honey or fine wine.* His eyes were naturally round and wide, but the hood was pulled up on them. Like the dope and the whiskey had condensed them to a slit, with only a slight convex to reveal them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the

10/12 Point

Them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. *With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came - and retrieved a small, worn notebook on the way out again. He laid it on the table in front of us, busying his hands with ironing out the creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he*

12/14 Point

The creases and the corners. *“Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. “I want to talk about rhythm.” He paused here. Paused for a long time. Like I was supposed to be impressed. Like I was goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets*

14/14 Point

Goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or somethin’... “You see, it’s not just in the form itself. It’s in the rhythm. In the meter of the thing. *Like, you can be Charlie Parker – all fast tempos and technique and flurry.* Like you is trying to stress it into shape. Now, that aint a bad thing. I’m not saying that. Not at all.” A pause. His hands moving Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out

18/20 Point

Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff.” ...Or you can be Coltrane.” *Another pause. Cigarette smoke. “You see, Coltrane? Coltrane played the spaces. The spaces in between. It’s as much about what he didn’t play*

24/26 Point

It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about what he did. Or like Brubeck. *He played quintuples and counters, follow?* Where the ear has to strain to savvy the Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the

30/32 Point

Beat, but the mind sees in the silk, the fluidity” drawing out the “oo”, *stepping on the “ee-dity.” “Now sometimes — to speak to the crux of the matter Son,* big and bold pays off. Like when you gTTFa

6/8 Point

The Playtype™ Letterform Anatomy — *“In fact, it’s fucking Super. Regular, wide, straight down the highway, big and brassy bold, you know?” That’s what I told the cat, looking him square in the eye, my finger cocked, straight as a barrel. “You gTTFa stand head and shoulders above the squalor, you see? You gTTFa strive. Be an as-cand-errr, you dig Mister? Eyes to the sky!” I said, punctuating each syllable, with a pause and a flourish. “Yes indeed.” He handed me a cigarette he produced from a small cigarette case - silver, embellished with some sort of decorative script. A bit too floral for me, but you had to hand it to him; the man had style. Pizazz even - capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally.*

8/10 Point

Capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. *He nodded. Real slow like. Like he was grokking those words, sloshing them around his head like they was honey or fine wine.* His eyes were naturally round and wide, but the hood was pulled up on them. Like the dope and the whiskey had condensed them to a slit, with only a slight convex to reveal them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposit-

10/12 Point

Them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. *With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came - and retrieved a small, worn notebook on the way out again. He laid it on the table in front of us, busying his hands with ironing out the creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this,*

12/14 Point

The creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. *“I want to talk about rhythm.” He paused here. Paused for a long time. Like I was supposed to be impressed. Like I was goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets*

14/14 Point

Goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or somethin’... “You see, it’s not just in the form itself. It’s in the rhythm. In the meter of the thing. Like, you can be Charlie Parker – all fast tempos and technique and flurry. Like you is trying to stress it into shape. Now, that aint a bad thing. I’m not saying that. Not at all.” A pause. His hands moving Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing

18/20 Point

Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff. “...Or you can be Coltrane.” Another pause. Cigarette smoke. “You see, Coltrane? Coltrane played the spaces. The spaces in between. It’s as much

24/26 Point

It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about what he did. Or like Brubeck. He played quintuples and counters, follow? Where the ear has to strain to savvy the Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the

30/32 Point

Beat, but the mind sees in the silk, the fluidity” drawing out the “oo”, stepping on the “ee-dity.” “Now sometimes — to speak to the crux of the matter Son, big and bold pays off. Like when you gTTFa

6/8 Point

The Playtype™ Letterform Anatomy — “In fact, it’s fucking Super. Regular, wide, straight down the highway, big and brassy bold, you know?” That’s what I told the cat, looking him square in the eye, my finger cocked, straight as a barrel. “You gTTFa stand head and shoulders above the squalor, you see? You gTTFa strive. Be an as-cend-errrr, you dig Mister? Eyes to the sky!” I said, punctuating each syllable, with a pause and a flourish. “Yes indeed.” He handed me a cigarette he produced from a small cigarette case - silver, embellished with some sort of decorative script. A bit too floral for me, but you had to hand it to him; the man had style. Pizazz even - capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few

8/10 Point

Capable of carrying an attire that, although old-fashioned and worn-in, signified a quiet elegance that few posses naturally. He nodded. Real slow like. Like he was grokking those words, sloshing them around his head like they was honey or fine wine. His eyes were naturally round and wide, but the hood was pulled up on them. Like the dope and the whiskey had condensed them to a slit, with only a slight convex to reveal them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand

10/12 Point

Them twitching at times, under the pale skin of his lids. With his left hand he deposited the cigarette case back in the inner pocket from where it came - and retrieved a small, worn notebook on the way out again. He laid it on the table in front of us, busying his hands with ironing out the creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this,

12/14 Point

The creases and the corners. “Now, before I show you this, Son...” he said. “I want to talk about rhythm.” He paused here. Paused for a long time. Like I was supposed to be impressed. Like I was goddamn Moses, waiting to receive

14/14 Point

Goddamn Moses, waiting to receive the Tablets of Testimony or somethin’... “You see, it’s not just in the form itself. It’s in the rhythm. In the meter of the thing. Like, you can be Charlie Parker – all fast tempos and technique and flurry. Like you is trying to stress it into shape. Now, that aint a bad thing. I’m not saying that. Not at all.” A pause. His hands moving Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the

18/20 Point

Across the notebook revealed inked dots just below the wrist, flashing in and out beneath his cuff. “...Or you can be Coltrane.” Another pause. Cigarette smoke. “You see, Coltrane? Coltrane played the spaces. The spaces in between. It’s as much about what

24/26 Point

It’s as much about what he didn’t play, as about what he did. Or like Brubeck. He played quintuples and counters, follow? Where the ear has to strain to savvy the Beat, but the mind sees the silk, the

30/32 Point

Beat, but the mind sees in the silky, the fluidity” drawing out the “oo”, stepping on the “ee-dity.” “Now sometimes — to speak to the crux of the matter Son, big and bold pays off. Like when you gTTFa

Ultra Light Denmark occupies an area of 42,915.7 km². Skagen is the northernmost point and has the coordinates 57° 43N 10° 35E. Denmark is located in the North Temperate Zone and has a mean temperature of 7.7°C [46°F]. Statistically, February² is the coldest month [mean 0.0°C/32°F] and August the warmest [mean 15.7°C/60°F]. The gourmet restaurant Noma has been ranked the Best Restaurant in the World in 2010, 2011 and 2012 by Fine Dining Lovers. In 2013 it was ranked second best in the world and kept its two stars in the Michelin Guide 2014. Denmark is a long-time leader in wind energy, and in May 2011 Denmark derived 3.1% of its gross domestic product from renewable [clean] energy technology and energy efficiency, or around €6.5 billion [\$9.4 billion]. Private vehicles are increasingly used as a means of transport. Because of the high registration tax [180%], VAT [25%], and one of the world's highest income tax rates, new cars are very expensive. The Danish Monarchy can be traced back more than 1000 years. The Queen of Denmark, Margrethe II, is therefore able to count kings like Gorm the Old [deceased 958] and Harald Bluetooth [deceased 987] among her ancestors. The Danish alphabet has 29 letters and uses the basic 26-letter Latin alphabet plus the three additional letters æ, ø, å. Danish {Dansk} is one of the North Germanic languages [also called Scandinavian languages]. Copenhagen International Documentary Film Festival, CPH:DOX, now in its 10th year, has helped put Danish docs up among the world's best. The Danish film director Lars von Trier (b. 1956.) with the mTTFo: "film should be like a stone in your shoe", makes deeply personal and technically brilliant films with an international appeal. Danish is a small language with only around 5.6 million speakers. Yet Denmark has a rich literary tradition with authors such as H.C. Andersen, Søren Kierkegaard, Karen Blixen (Isak Dinesen) and Peter Høeg, who have all made their mark on world literature. The political system of Denmark is that of a multi-party structure, where several parties can be represented in Parliament at

	Default	Opentype Features
Proportional Lining	A124+178	A124+178
Tabular Oldstyle	A124+178	A124+178
Proportional Oldstyle	A124+178	A124+178
Prebuilt Fractions	A124 1/2	A124 ½
Fractions	A124 17/103	A124 17/103
Superscript, Subscript, Numerators & Denominators	H20 5m2	H ² 0 — 5m ²
Uppercase Punctuation – Normal	»THE – CAP«	»THE – CAP«
Uppercase Punctuation – Thin	[NEXT] [PAGE]	[NEXT] [PAGE]
Alternative Uppercase	Quick Thing	Quick Thing
Alternative Lowercase	the game	the game

Jonas Hecksher — holds a degree from The Royal Danish Academy of Fine Arts – The School of Design and École supérieure d'arts graphiques et d'architecture, Paris, where he specialized in graphic design and typography design. Hecksher is Partner and Creative Director at design agency e-Types which he co-founded in 1997 and co-founder of type foundry and type design brand Playtype. His work range from corporate visual identities to fashion brand typefaces such as Danish Film Institute; Copenhagen Jazz Festival, Georg Jensen, Jacobsen Beer, Danish National Police, Noir, Royal Danish Theatre, Royal Academy of Fine Arts School of Architecture, SuperBrugsen, Aquascutum London, Codan.

Hecksher's profound interest is typography design for newspapers. Clients include Daily Newspaper Dagen; Daily Newspaper BT, Daily Newspaper Italian Plate and the Rzeczospolita newspaper in Warsaw, Poland.

He is a 5-time recipient and 2-time nominee for the Danish Design Award and has also received 2 Gold, 1 Silver and 1 Bronze at Creative Circle Award. As one of the only Danish designers he have been nominated for a Silver award at the British D&AD and was selected for the D&AD annual 2003. He has also been awarded a Distinguished Merit from Art Directors Club N.Y., a certificate of excellence in type design from Type Directors Club N.Y. In 2014 he was honoured with Knud V. Engelhardt's Memorial Award. Furthermore he has received a 3-year work grant from Danish Arts Foundation and has been ranked among Denmark's 100 most talented people under the age of 35 by Denmark's leading business weekly.

Playtype is a foundry and online font shop was created by brand & design agency e-Types, as a showcase of more than 20 years of type design – from commissioned works to fonts created out of passion.

Typography is and has always been the focal point of graphic design by e-Types. Through many years of working with typography it started to make sense transforming our foundry's typeface portfolio into a fontshop open to everyone.

Contact

For inquiries about custom font licenses, typography projects and custom type development:
Playtype.com — Contact@Playtype.com

PLAYTYPE
Vesterbrogade 80 B
DK-1620, Denmark

Playtype.com
Contact@Playtype.com

PLAYTYPE CONCEPT STORE
Værnedamsvej 6
DK-1620, Denmark

Playtype.com
Conceptstore@Playtype.com

© 2014 PLAYTYPE
All rights reserved.
This file may be used for evaluation purposes only.

Included Families

Italian Plate No.2 UltraLight
Italian Plate No.2 UltraLight Italic
Italian Plate No.2 Thin
Italian Plate No.2 Thin Italic
Italian Plate No.2 ExtraLight
Italian Plate No.2 ExtraLight Italic
Italian Plate No.2 Light
Italian Plate No.2 Light Italic
Italian Plate No.2 Regular
Italian Plate No.2 Italic
Italian Plate No.2 Medium
Italian Plate No.2 Medium Italic
Italian Plate No.2 DemiBold
Italian Plate No.2 DemiBold Italic
Italian Plate No.2 Bold
Italian Plate No.2 Bold Italic
Italian Plate No.2 ExtraBold
Italian Plate No.2 ExtraBold Italic
Italian Plate No.2 Black
Italian Plate No.2 Black Italic
Italian Plate No.2 Black Left

Supported Languages

Applicable to 100 languages — Afar, Afrikaans, Albanian, Aragonese, Aymara, Basque, Bislama, Bosnian (Latin Script), Breton, Catalan, Chamorro, Cornish, Corsican, Croatian, Czech, Danish, Dutch, English, Esperanto, Estonian, Faroese, Fijian, Finnish, French, Galician, Ganda, German, Greenlandic, Haitian, Hungarian, Icelandic, Ido, Indonesian, Interlingua, Interlingue, Irish (new orthography), Italian, Javanese, Kazakh (Latin Script), Kikuyu, Kinyarwanda, Kirundi, Kongo, Kuanyama, Kurdish (Latin Script), Latin (basic classical orthography), Latvian, Limburgish, Lithuanian, Luxembourgish, Malagasy, Malay (Latin Script), Maltese, Manx, Moldovan (Latin Script), Nauruan, Navajo, Northern Sami, North Ndebele, Norwegian (Bokmål and Nynorsk), Occitan, Oromo, Polish, Portuguese, Quechua, Raeto-Romanche, Romanian, Samoan, Sardinian, Scottish Gaelic, Serbian (Latin Script), Shona, Slovak, Slovenian, Somali, Southern Sotho, South Ndebele, Spanish, Sundanese, Swahili, Swati, Swedish, Tagalog (Latin Script), Tahitian, Tatar (Latin Script), Tongan, Tsonga, Tswana, Turkish, Turkmen (Latin Script), Twi, Uyghur (Latin Script), Uzbek (Latin Script), Venda, Volapuk, Wallon, Welsh, Western Frisian, Wolof, Xhosa, Zulu.