

The Wave

Design: Jonas Hecksher
Published: 2010

5 STYLES
1 FAMILY

FAMILY
THE WAVE

PLAYTYPE™ IS AN ONLINE TYPE FOUNDRY AND CONCEPT STORE, CREATED AS A PLACE TO PLAY, A HOME FOR EXPERIMENTATION AND A SHOWCASE OF OUR CRAFT.

Version no. 1.001/2010

THE WAVE FAMILY

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All Fonts are in this format: OpenType

The Wave Family

The Wave Light

The Wave Book

The Wave Regular

The Wave DemiBold

The Wave Bold

24/25 The warm leather embrace of the cab creaks ominously to the rhythm of the street. I rest my head on the cool glass.

18/19 The harsh curves of the neon city exploding on my closed eyelids as the combination of Xanax and jet-lag slowly deadens my limbs. "Rest" I mouth. Then oblivion.

16/17 I ask her her name, straining to hear above the slow drone coming from the

PA. She grabs my arm and inscribes »Melissa« on it in neat, tightly-spaced cursive, punctuating the i with a small heart.

14/15 The tattoo guns passes around the table- A kid etches out 'MOMS' in blue biro ink laughing hysterically as the machine purrs across his forearm. I can see Melissa through the open door to the bathroom, perched on the toilet, a pair of boys briefs around her ankles, absentmindedly smoking a cigarette and blowing smoke rings; O followed by Q followed by.

12/13 More days in daze. More scripts, more novels. More pages and clammy business cards passed of in moist handshakes. More Melissa. More pointless shopping sprees and more people to please. More dusty blond boys and speedos. I flick my aviators down and read the street signs.

10/12 I keep on cracking jokes, right? Because I'm funny. I want to be funny. Only each time the punch-line falls flat. My delivery is off. I keep glancing between the menu and the fois gras printed out in rounded serifs and the waiter laughing politely, anxiously. I settle on the duck since it strikes me as funny somehow. She picks her teeth and nods.

8/10 The 'clack' of the cab door snaps me back and I nervously glance up at the departures sign. Numerals slither rapidly as I scan the board. SK402 to Copenhagen. Exhausted i push through security - belt, shoes, watch, laptop and slump down at the nearest bar. I slip out my credit card, leaving it on the bar and pick at the polaroid with Melissa's number on the back. 8 digits, XXX and Melissa with a heart dotting the i.

14/17 ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
1234567890
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6/8 But can words ever be said to have no meaning? And if the words have no meaning cannot the medium of it's delivery be said to be equally meaningless. This is the existentialist paradox of the typographer; can type ever be separate from meaning? Words separate from medium?

9/11 Smart as a whip: the typographer, but never smarter than his script.
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