

INTRODUCING

*Dalliance*SM

A new FONT DESIGN
by *Frank Heine*,
released through
Emigre Fonts.

With a story by John Fante [USA] @
images by Caroline Abele
[GERMANY]



CAROLINE ABEL [Images] lives in Stuttgart, Germany. After studies in Germanics and Art History she is now a student of Visual Communications at the State Academy of Fine Arts. In her work, she shows a preference for using ambiguous material-based objects to evoke individual associations instead of forcing obvious meaning.

FRANK HEINE [Font/booklet design] runs his own design company, u.o.r.g., in Stuttgart, Germany. He has been involved in the design of typefaces since 1991. *Dalliance* is his third typeface released by Emigre FONTS, following the popular fonts *Remedy* (1992), and *Motion* (1993). Besides the design of new fonts and typographic logos, u.o.r.g. focuses on corporate design, posters, and the design for museums and exhibitions.

JOHN FANTE [Text] began writing in 1929 and published his first short story in THE AMERICAN MERCURY in 1932. He had no difficulty getting into print and published numerous short stories in THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, COLLIER'S, ESQUIRE, and HARPER'S BAZAAR. His novels and short story anthologies include *Wait Until Spring*, *Brandini*, *Ask the Dust*, *Pill of Life*, *Dago Red*, and *The Brotherhood of the Grape* (all published by BLACK SPARROW PRESS). John Fante was stricken with diabetes in 1955 and its complications brought about blindness in 1978, but he continued to write by dictation to his wife, Joyce, and the result was *Dreams from Sunker Hill* (BLACK SPARROW, 1982) a novel about his first days in Los Angeles. John Fante died at the age of 74 on May 8, 1983.

All typographic elements used in this booklet are from the Dalliance font packages. All illustrations containing three-dimensional objects were created using Dalliance characters as their source. During the type design process, the following music was of great importance: Johann Sebastian Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos 1-6; Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, Concert for Organ/Strings/Basso Continuo in G.

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Ask the Dust by John Fante.
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I was twenty then. What the hell, I used to say, take your time, Bandini. You got ten years to write a book, so take it easy, get out and learn about life, walk the streets. That's your trouble: your ignorance of life. Why, my God, man, do you realize you've never had any experience with a woman? Oh yes I have, oh I've had plenty. Oh no you haven't. You need a woman, you need a bath, you need a good swift kick, you need money. They say it's a dollar, they say it's two dollars in the swell places, but down on the Plaza it's a dollar; swell, only you haven't got a dollar, and another thing, you coward, even if you had a dollar you wouldn't go, because you had a chance to go once in Denver and you didn't. No, you coward, you were afraid, and you're still afraid, and you're glad you haven't got a dollar.

Afraid of a woman! Ha, great writer this! How can he write about women, when he's never had a woman? Oh you lousy fake, you phony, no wonder you can't write! No wonder there wasn't a woman in *The Little Dog Laughed*. No wonder it wasn't a love story, you fool, you dirty little schoolboy. To write a love story, to learn about life. Money arrived in the mail. Not a check from the mighty Hackmuth, not an acceptance from THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY or THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Only ten dollars, only a fortune. My mother sent it: some dime insurance policies, Arturo, I had them taken up for their cash value, and this is your share. But it was ten dollars; one manuscript or another, at least something had been sold.

Put it in your pocket, Arturo. Wash your face, comb your hair, put some stuff on to make you smell good while you stare into the mirror looking for grey hairs; because you're worried Arturo, you're worried, and that brings grey hair. But there was none, not a strand. Yeah, but what of that left eye? It looked discolored. Careful, Arturo Bandini: don't strain your eyesight, remember what happened to Tarkington, remember what happened to James Joyce. Not bad, standing in the middle of the room, talking to Hackmuth's picture, not bad, Hackmuth, you'll get a story out of this. How do I look, Hackmuth? Do you sometimes wonder, Herr Hackmuth, what I look like? Do you sometimes say to yourself, I wonder if he's handsome, that Bandini fellow, author of that brilliant *Little Dog Laughed*?

Once in Denver there was another night like this, only I was not an author in Denver, but I stood in a room like this and made these plans, and it was disastrous because all the time in that place I thought about the BLESSED VIRGIN and *thou shalt not commit adultery* and the hard-working girl shook her head sadly and had to give it up, but that was a long time ago and tonight it will be

changed.



I climbed out the window and sealed the incline to the top of Bunker Hill. A night for my nose, a feast for my nose, smelling the stars, smelling the flowers, smelling the desert, and the dust asleep, across the top of Bunker Hill. The city spread out like a Christmas tree, red and green and blue. Hello, old houses, beautiful hamburgers singing in cheap cafes, BING CROSBY singing too. She'll treat me gently. Not those girls of my childhood, those girls of my boyhood, those girls of my university days. They frightened me, they were diffident, they refused me; but not my princess, because she will understand. She, too, has been scorned. ¶ Bandini, walking along, not tall but solid, PROUD OF HIS MUSCLES, SQUEEZING HIS FIST TO REVEAL IN THE HARD DELIGHT OF HIS BICEPS, absurdly fearless Bandini, fearing nothing but the unknown in a world of mysterious wonder. Are the dead restored? The books say no, the night shouts yes. I am twenty, I have reached the age of reason, I am about to wander the streets below, seeking a woman. Is my soul already smirched, should I turn back, does an angel watch over me, do the prayers of my mother allay my fears, do the prayers of my mother annoy me? Ten dollars: it will pay the rent for two and a half weeks, it will buy me three pairs of shoes, two pair of pants, or one thousand postage stamps to send material to the editors; indeed!



But you haven't any material, your talent is dubious, your talent is pitiful, you haven't any talent, and stop lying to yourself day after day because you know *The Little Dog Laughed* is no good, and it will always be no good. So you walk along Bunker Hill, and you shake your fist at the sky, and I know what you're thinking, Bandini. The thoughts of your father before you, lash across your back, hot fire in your skull, that you are not to blame:

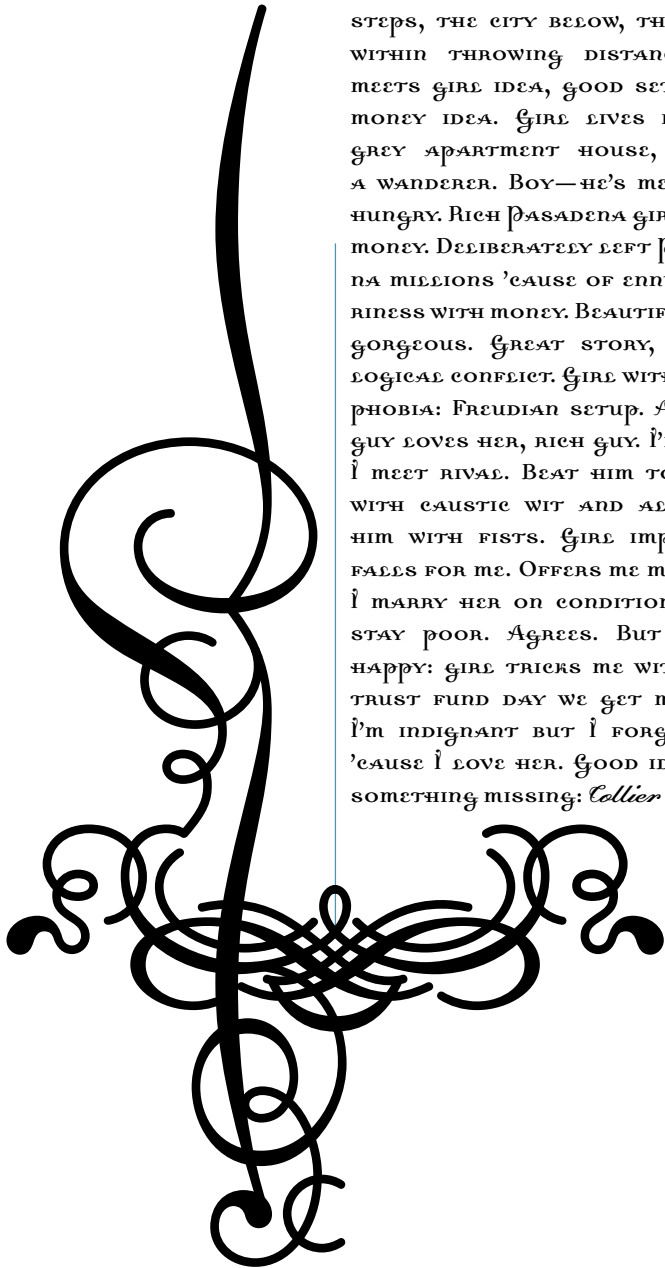
this is your thought, that you were born poor, son of miseried peasants, driven because you were poor, fled from your Colorado town because you were poor, rambling the gutters of Los Angeles because you are poor, hoping to write a book to get rich, because those who hated you back there in Colorado will not hate you if you write a book. You are a coward, Bandini, a traitor to your soul, a feeble liar before your weeping Christ. This is why you write, this is why it would be better if you died.

Yes, it's true: but I have seen houses in Bel-Air with cool lawns and green swimming pools. I have wanted women whose very shoes are worth all I have ever possessed. I have seen golf clubs on Sixth Street in the Spalding window that make me hungry just to grip them. I have grieved for a necktie like a holy man for indulgences. I have admired hats in Robinson's the way critics gasp at Michelangelo.

I took the steps down Angel's Flight to Hill Street: a hundred and forty steps, with tight fists, frightened of no man, but scared of the Third Street Tunnel, scared to walk through it—claustrophobia. Scared of high places too, and of blood, and of earthquakes;

otherwise, quite fearless, excepting death, except the fear I'll scream in a crowd, except the fear of appendicitis, except the fear of heart trouble, even that, sitting in his room holding the clock and pressing his jugular vein, counting out his heart-beats, listening to the weird purr and whirr of his stomach. Otherwise, quite FEARLESS.

HERE IS AN IDEA WITH MONEY: THESE STEPS, THE CITY BELOW, THE STARS WITHIN THROWING DISTANCE: BOY MEETS GIRL IDEA, GOOD SETUP, BIG MONEY IDEA. GIRL LIVES IN THAT GREY APARTMENT HOUSE, BOY IS A WANDERER. BOY—HE'S ME. GIRL'S HUNGRY. RICH PASADENA GIRL HATES MONEY. DELIBERATELY LEFT PASADENA MILLIONS 'CAUSE OF ENNUI, WEARINESS WITH MONEY. BEAUTIFUL GIRL, GORGEOUS. GREAT STORY, PATHOLOGICAL CONFLICT. GIRL WITH MONEY PHOBIA: FREUDIAN SETUP. ANOTHER GUY LOVES HER, RICH GUY. I'M POOR. I MEET RIVAL. BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH CAUSTIC WIT AND ALSO LICK HIM WITH FISTS. GIRL IMPRESSED, FALLS FOR ME. OFFERS ME MILLIONS. I MARRY HER ON CONDITION SHE'LL STAY POOR. AGREES. BUT ENDING HAPPY: GIRL TRIERS ME WITH HUGE TRUST FUND DAY WE GET MARRIED. I'M INDIGNANT BUT I FORGIVE HER 'CAUSE I LOVE HER. GOOD IDEA, BUT SOMETHING MISSING: *Collier's* STORY.



Dearest *Mother*, thanks for the ten dollar bill. My agent announces the sale of another story, this time to a great magazine in London, but it seems they do not pay until publication, and so your little sum will come in handy for various odds and ends. I went to the burlesque show. I had the best seat possible, a dollar and ten cents, right under a chorus of forty frayed bottoms: *some day all of these will be mine*: I will own a yacht and we will go on South Sea Cruises. On warm afternoons they will dance for me on the sun deck. But mine will be beautiful women, selections from the cream of society, rivals for the joys of my stateroom. *Well, this is good for me, this is experience, I am here for a reason, these moments run into pages, the seamy side of life* ~~~~~.

| | | | e | e | e | l | n | t | t | | | | |

Then Lola Linton came on, slithering like a satin snake amid the tumult of whistling and pounding feet, Lola Linton lascivious, slithering and looting my body, and when she was through, my teeth ached from my clamped jaws and I hated the dirty low-brow swine around me, shouting their share of a sick joy that belonged to me. ¶ If Mamma sold the policies things must be tough for the Old Man and I shouldn't be here. When I was a kid pictures of Lola Lintons used to come my way, and I used to get so impatient with the slow crawl of time and boyhood, longing for this very moment, and here I am, and I have not changed nor have the Lola Lintons, but I fashioned myself rich and I am poor. Main Street after the show, midnight: neon tubes and a light fog, honky tonks and all night picture houses. Secondhand stores and Filipino dance halls, cocktails 15¢, continuous entertainment, but I had seen them all, so many times, spent so much Colorado money in them. It left me lonely like a thirsty man holding a cup, and I walked toward the Mexican Quarter with a feeling of sickness without pain. Here was the Church of Our Lady, very old, the adobe blackened with age. For sentimental reasons I will go inside. For sentimental reasons only.



I have not read LENIN, but I have heard him quoted, religion is the opium of the people. Talking to myself on the church steps: yeah, the opium of the people. Myself, I am an atheist: I have read *The Anti-Christ* and I regard it as a capital piece of work. I believe in the transvaluation of values, Sir. The Church must go, it is the haven of the booboisie, of boobs and bounders and all brummagem mountebanks. ¶ I pulled the huge door open and it gave a little cry like weeping. Above the altar sputtered the blood-red eternal light, illuminating in crimson shadow the quiet of almost two thousand years. It was like death, but I could remember screaming infants at baptism too. I knelt. This was habit, this kneeling. I sat down. Better to kneel, for the sharp bite at the knees was a distraction from the awful quiet. A prayer. Sure, one prayer: for sentimental reasons.



ALMIGHTY GOD, I AM SORRY I AM NOW AN ATHEIST, BUT HAVE YOU READ NIETZSCHE? AH, SUCH A BOOK! ALMIGHTY GOD, I WILL PLAY FAIR IN THIS. I WILL MAKE YOU A PROPOSITION. MAKE A GREAT WRITER OUT OF ME, AND I WILL RETURN TO THE CHURCH. AND PLEASE, DEAR GOD, ONE MORE FAVOR: MAKE MY MOTHER HAPPY. I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE OLD MAN; HE'S GOT HIS WINE AND HIS HEALTH, BUT MY MOTHER WORRIES SO. AMEN. ¶ I closed the weeping door and stood on the steps, the fog like a huge white animal everywhere, the plaza like our courthouse back home, snowbound in white silence. But all sounds traveled swift and sure through the heaviness, and the sound I heard was the *click of high heels.*

A girl appeared. She wore an old green coat, her face molded in a green scarf tied under the chin. On the stairs stood Bandini.

"Hello, honey,"

she said, smiling, as though Bandini were her husband, or her lover. Then she came to the first step and looked up at him.

"How about it, honey? Want me to show you a good time?"

Bold lover, bold and brazen Bandini.

"Nah," he said.

"No thanks. Not tonight."

He hurried away, leaving her looking after him, speaking words he lost in flight. He walked half a block. He was pleased. At least she had asked him. At least she had identified him as a man. He whistled a tune from sheer pleasure. MAN ABOUT TOWN HAS UNIVERSAL EXPERIENCE.

sh si sk sl sp st f fh fi fk fl ff ft

Noted writer tells of night with woman of the streets. Arturo Bandini, famous writer, reveals experience with Los Angeles prostitute. Critics acclaim book finest written. Bandini (being interviewed prior to departure for Sweden): "MY ADVICE TO ALL YOUNG WRITERS IS QUITE SIMPLE. I WOULD CAUTION THEM NEVER TO EVADE A NEW EXPERIENCE. I WOULD URGE THEM TO LIVE LIFE IN THE RAW, TO GRAPPLE WITH IT BRAVELY, TO ATTACK IT WITH NAKED FISTS." Reporter: "Mr. Bandini, how did you come to write this book which won you the Nobel Award?" Bandini: "THE BOOK IS BASED ON A TRUE EXPERIENCE WHICH HAPPENED TO ME ONE NIGHT IN LOS ANGELES. EVERY WORD OF THAT BOOK IS TRUE. I LIVED THAT BOOK, I EXPERIENCED IT." Enough. I saw it all. I turned and walked back toward the church. The fog was impenetrable. The girl was gone.



I walked on: perhaps I could catch up with her. At the corner I saw her again. She stood talking to a tall Mexican. They walked, crossed the street and entered the plaza. I followed. My God, a Mexican! Women like that should draw the color line. I hated him, the Spick, the Greaser. They walked under the banana trees in the plaza, their feet echoing in the fog. I heard the Mexican laugh. Then the girl laughed. They crossed the street and walked down an alley that was the entrance to Chinatown. The oriental neon signs made the fog pinkish. At a rooming house next door to a chop suey restaurant they turned and climbed the stairs. Across the street upstairs a dance was in progress. Along the little street on both sides yellow cabs were parked.

I leaned against the front fender of the cab in front of the rooming house and waited. I lit a cigaret and waited. Until hell freezes over, I will wait. Until God strikes me dead, I will wait. A half hour passed. There were sounds on the steps. The door opened. The Mexican appeared. He stood in the fog, lit a cigaret, and yawned. Then he smiled absently, shrugged, and walked away, the fog swooping upon him. Go ahead and smile. You stinking Greaser—what have you got to smile about? You come from a bashed and a busted race, and just because you went to the room with one of our white girls, you smile. Do you think you would have had a chance, had I accepted on the church steps?

A moment later the steps sounded to the slick of her heels, and the girl stepped into the fog. The same girl, the same green coat, the same scarf. She saw me and smiled.

"Hello, honey. Wanna have a good time?" Easy now, Bandini.

"Oh," I said. "Maybe. And maybe not. Whatcha got?"

"Come up and see, honey." Stop sniggering, Arturo. Be suave.

"I might come up," I said. "And then, I might not."

"Aw honey, come on." The thin bones of her face, the odor of sour wine from her mouth, the awful hypocrisy of her sweetness, the hunger for money in her eyes. Bandini speaking:

"What's the price these days?" She took my arm, pulled me toward the door, but gently.

"You come on up, honey. We'll talk about it up there."

"I'm really not very hot," said Bandini. "I—I just came from a wild party."



Hail Mary full of
grace, walking up the
stairs, *I can't go*
through with it. I've
got to **GET OUT** of it.

The halls smelling of cockroaches, a yellow light at the ceiling, you're too aesthetic for all this, the girl holding my arm, there's something wrong with you, Arturo Bandini, you're a misanthrope, your whole life is doomed to celibacy, you should have been a priest, Father O'Leary talking that afternoon, telling us the joys of denial, and my own mother's money too, Oh Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee—until we got to the top of the stairs and walked down a dusty dark hall to a room at the end, where she turned out the light and we were inside.

A room smaller than mine, carpetless, without pictures, a bed, a table, a wash-stand. She took off her coat. There was a blue print dress underneath. She was bare-legged. She took off the scarf. She was not a real blonde. Black hair grew at the roots. Her nose was crooked slightly. Bandini on the bed, put himself there with an air of casualness, like a man who knew how to sit on a bed. Bandini:

"Nice place you got here."

My God I got to get out of here, this is terrible.

The girl sat beside me, put her arms around me, pushed her breasts against me, kissed me, flecked my teeth with a cold tongue. I jumped to my feet. Oh think fast, my mind, dear mind of mine please get me out of this and it will never happen again. From now on I will return to my Church. Beginning this day my life shall run like sweet water.

The girl lay back, her hands behind her neck, her legs over the bed. I shall smell lilacs in Connecticut, no doubt, before I die, and see the clean white small reticent churches of my youth, the pasture bars I broke to run away.

"Look," I said. "I want to talk to you."

She crossed her legs.



"I'm a writer," I said.

"I'm gathering material for a book."

"I knew you were a writer," she said. "Or a business man, or something. You look spiritual, honey."

"I'm a writer, see. I like you and all that. You're okay, I like you. But I want to talk to you, first."

She sat up. "Haven't you any money, honey?"

Money—ho. And I pulled it out, a small thick roll of dollar bills. Sure I got money, plenty of money, this is a drop in the bucket, money is no object, money means nothing to me~~~~~.

"What do you charge?"

"It's two dollars, honey."

Then give her three, peel it off easily, like it was nothing at all, smile and hand it to her because money is no object, there's more where this came from, at this moment Mamma sits by the window holding her rosary, waiting for the Old Man to come home, but there's money, there's always money.



She took the money and slipped it under the pillow. She was grateful and her smile was different now. The writer wanted to talk. How were conditions these days? How did she like this kind of life? Oh, come on honey, let's not talk, let's get down to business. No, I want to talk to you, this is important, new book, material. I do this often. How did you ever get into this racket. Oh honey, Chrissakes, you going to ask me that too? But money is no object, I tell you. But my time is valuable, honey. Then here's a couple more bucks. That makes five, my God, five bucks and I'm not out of here yet, how I hate you, you filthy. But you're cleaner than me because you've got no mind to sell, just that poor flesh.

She was overwhelmed, she would do anything. I could have it any way I wanted it, and she tried to pull me to her, but no, let's wait awhile. I tell you I want to talk to you, I tell you money is no object, here's three more, that makes eight dollars, but it doesn't matter. You just keep that eight bucks and buy yourself something nice.

And then I snapped my fingers like a man remembering something, something important, an engagement.

"Say!" I said. "That reminds me. What time is it?"

Her chin was at my neck, stroking it. "Don't you worry about the time, honey. You can stay all night."

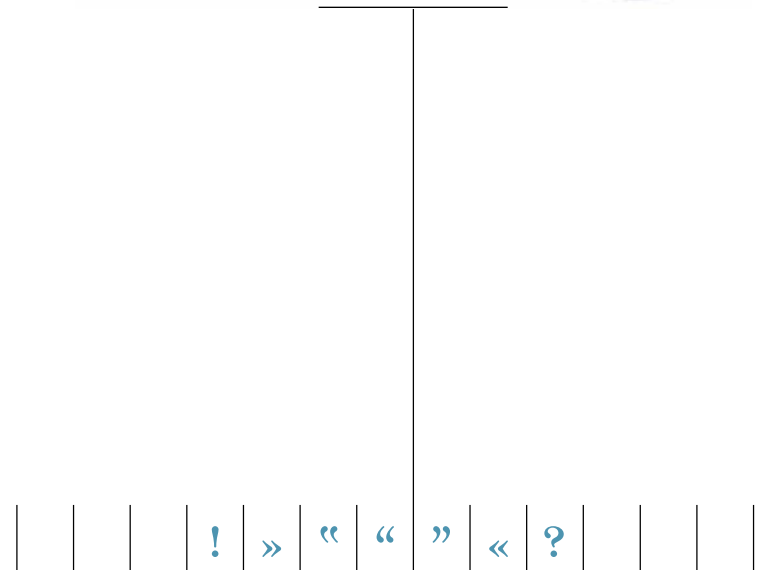
A man of importance, ah yes, now I remembered, my publisher, he was getting in tonight by plane. Out at Burbank, away out in Burbank. Have to grab a cab and taxi out there, have to hurry.

Goodbye, goodbye, you keep that eight bucks, you buy yourself something nice, goodbye, goodbye, running down the stairs, running away, the welcome fog in the doorway below, you keep that eight bucks, oh sweet fog I see you and I'm coming, you clean air, you wonderful world, I'm coming to you, goodbye, yelling up the stairs, I'll see you again, you keep that eight dollars and buy yourself something nice.

Eight dollars pouring out of my eyes, Oh Jesus kill me dead and ship my body home, kill me dead and make me die like a pagan fool with no priest to absolve me,



no extreme
unction,
eight
DOLLARS,
eight
DOLLARS...



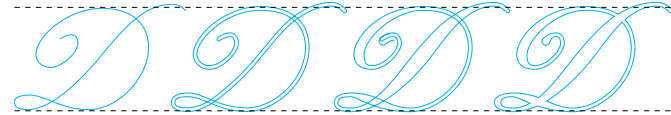
In 1996/97 our company was designing the displays for a historical museum in a small town in southwest Germany using the newly introduced Mrs Eaves typefaces. The subjects reached back to prehistoric and Celtic times, up through the Middle Ages, Napoleonic times, the Industrial age, World War II, and ended in the mid-1970s. As the material trickled in, we started work on the first topic, “*Maria Theresia and Kaiser Joseph II of Austria*,” using typefaces appropriately reflecting those times. Other subjects included the burning of heretics in the Middle Ages and the local development of National Socialism, where we learned that this particular town also housed one of the 163 sub-camps of the Dachau concentration camp, and was a site where parts for the V2-missiles were assembled. ¶ These subjects aroused serious discussions at our office about further use of the chosen fonts. For instance, could the typeface we picked be considered an inappropriate choice? Should we maintain its humanistic forms while dealing with historical facts describing such inhuman acts? Should we change the typeface from topic to topic, or would the change of fonts within the collection be interpreted as a graphic gimmick? ¶ We finally decided to apply the Mrs Eaves fonts throughout the entire collection, as the extensive use of small caps for proper nouns and italics for quotes created a sort of lexical style providing some distance between form and content. ¶ These discussions about the meaning and intricacies of typeface design were on my mind when I came across the handwriting on a map of a battle that had taken place at Ostrach in southwest Germany in 1799. Though 4,400 men died on that day of March the 21st, this “meeting” between the Habsburg Coalition and France was only a footnote in war campaigns that lasted from 1792 through 1805.

HANDWRITING
OF FIRST LT.
ALEDONDE,
GEN. QUARTER-
MASTER STAFF,
[1799]?, DETAIL

*Positione welche von der Colonne des S. M. L. Fürst.
Die Division des S. M. L. Priesch, welche auf denen
Pont. n. bey Kalchreutte, welche von dem Corps
von S. M. L. Petrarck und Fürst. Preuss; - der
und Pr. Alze von Württemberg, dann mit 16^{te} Esc.*

What struck me, though, was how the elegant handwriting on the map, common for its time, stood in stark contrast to the horrific content. From a formal point of view, I was impressed by the imperfections of the handwriting, which were intensified by a rough photocopy quality, as we did not have access to the original map. It was this photocopy that became the source of inspiration for the design of Dalliance. ¶ I preferred this poor quality reproduction over the more common perfected handlettering art of those times, because it allowed more freedom as an inspirational source—a better starting point for developing one’s own ideas than a well defined existing lettering sample.

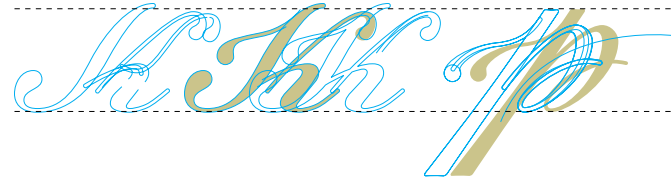
Nearly four years after discovering the source, I finally found the time to complete the design of Dalliance, which took me from the summer of 2000 to February 2004. The process of detecting the concrete letterforms was quite evolutionary, starting with the construction of a monoline to describe the basic form and using this to create the desired minimum stroke weight, then adding the heavier parts.



The outline sketches (*shown in blue*) served as background layers to approximate and reveal the final shapes. Sometimes the final character shimmered somewhere between these multiple outline structures. This digital method of inventing/refining the curves and character proportions by the overlapping of digital sketches worked well as a substitute for real paper sketches, which were never created during the process of designing Dalliance.



↑
FINAL VER-
SIONS OF
CHARACTERS,
64 POINTS
↓



Once the basic character shapes were determined, the letters were fine-tuned by applying different stylistic ideas, making some forms more modern or unusual compared to the original source:



When the design of Dalliance Script was well underway, the question was raised whether a roman companion could be created in order to turn Dalliance into a fully functional typeface family. The attempt to combine a roman and script seemed adventurous at first, but the font developed quite easily and harmoniously from the script model. To make the roman a more legible typeface, some script forms could not be transferred directly (such as m, n and most of the upper case letters), but many characters could be drawn quite closely to the italic model, yielding a comprehensive look and distinct character.

COMPARISON
Roman &
Script,
48 POINTS



Since the fonts were optimized for legibility at small sizes, a script variant for display sizes became necessary. Larger sizes are often set tighter, but due to the connecting links between script characters, this cannot be achieved by tracking. To resolve this, the connectors in the Script Display have been adjusted. Script Regular and Script Display share the same proportions and can be mixed.

Script &
its Display,
36 POINTS



To offer a means for emphasizing text, such as distinguishing PROP-ER NAMES, the small caps were designed from the roman capital letters. Numerals, brackets and some special characters were also optimized for alignment with the small caps.

ROMAN
SMALL CAPS,
36 POINTS



— = ROMAN & SCRIPT REGULAR*
— = ROMAN SMALL CAPS
— = ROMAN & SCRIPT LIGATURES*
— = ROMAN & SCRIPT FRACTIONS*

*These characters are provided in both Roman & Script

To enhance the vitality and individuality of both the Script and Roman, many common and some uncommon ligatures are provided, as well as alternate characters:

desk special slogan size

desk special slogan size

Quorum site skating shuffle

Quorum site skating shuffle

To further individualize the font, and for use on special occasions, the *Ligatures* and *Fractions* include decorative variants of characters and helpful symbols:

ALL SYMBOLS & ALTERNATIVES ARE SHIPPED WITH Roman AND Script

Nº nᵒ &ℓ &@ &© &®
% ♡ ← ↕ ○ ▶ \$ st nd ☞

For a broad spectrum of numeral applications, there are five sets of numerals in Dalliance Script and six sets in Dalliance Roman:

PREASSEMBLED FRACTIONS ARE PROVIDED WITH THE *Fractions* FONTS:
¼ ½ ¾ ⅓ ⅔
⅛ ⅜ ⅝ ⅙ ⅚

3 3 3 3 3
2 2 2 2 2 2

Lining Old Style Tabular Superior Inferior Small Caps

12345

Tabular numerals = lining monospaced numbers

4⁵/16 m²

Superior and Inferior numerals for custom fractions or footnotes

Additional math symbols can be found in the *Fractions* fonts. Their vertical position is adjusted for use with lining and tabular numerals. The dotted line can also be set for marking fill-in spaces:.....

3 = ≈ ÷ ~ × - ± ≠ ∞ 4
XI □ ⊗ ✓ ... ✂ ®

DALLIANCE™ PACKAGES:

The additional *Flourishes* font* offers a complementary source for enriching texts with ornaments, flowers, braces and lines. The left- and right-hand elements can be easily set in various combinations. Most of these characters can be connected to any Dalliance Script character starting or ending with a link:

Decorative flourishes and ornaments in blue and gold, including lines, braces, and floral motifs.

Roman Roman Ligatures Small Caps Fractions

Script Script Ligatures Display Fractions

Flourishes SINGLE FONT, 90 PARTS FOR ORNAMENTS, FLOWERS, LINES & BRACES

* Created with inspiration from the 1956 DOVER release "Handbook of Early Advertising Art, Typographical Volume". The floral ornaments are based upon the specimens of WÄGNERISCHE BUCHDRUCKEREI, Ulm, Germany 1765-1777, reprinted in 1982.