

NOT CASLON

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A TYPEFACE AND TYPE SPECIMEN.
DESIGNED, WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY
MARK ANDRESEN



AAAABBBBCCcCDDDEEE
FFFFGGGHHHIIJJJKKKLLLMM
NNNNNOOOOPPPQQRRR
SSSTTTUUUVVVWW
XXxYZzZz
! ? , & %
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9



EMIGRE FONTS

IT'S AUGUST IN NEW ORLEANS
...NOT HELLFIRE HOT...JUST PLAIN
OLD FURNACE HOT...THANK
GOODNESS, TOO, BECAUSE
I'M ON THE PHONE WITH

REVEREND
LORITA
HONEYCUTT
GAMBLE



MY YOU DOU
GOD MOTHER

IT'S ABOUT THE OLD CEDAR

COFFIN THE WORKMEN
FROM THE NURSERY FOUND IN MY FRONT YARD
WHILE PLANTING

THE PALM TREE...

I WAS ON THE PHONE BECAUSE THEY PLANTED IT
OVER THE ROUGH-HEWN LOG BOX.
ANYWAY... AND NOW HIS GHOST WAS GIVING US
PROBLEMS.

SO SHE SAYS,

"YOU
AIN'T AFRAID
OF DEAD PEOPLE
ARE YOU, BABY?"

SHE SAYS THIS IN A PILING HONEYED VOICE LIKE SHE
ALWAYS DOES WHEN SHE NEEDS TO MAKE A POINT...

NOW SHE WANTS ME TO DIG IT UP AND
OPEN THE COFFIN... MY EYES ALL ROLLING UPWARD
... OPEN IT...



BECAUSE SHE NEEDS TO COME OVER
AND DO A CEREMONY OVER IT
...STOP THIS GHOST... THIS IS BAD...
REVEREND GAMBLE IS A GOOD FRIEND
OF MINE... BEING INITIATED...
SHE'S MY GODMOTHER.

WHEN SHE SAYS SHE'S GOT TO COME OVER AND

DE-SPOOK
THE PLACE, I BELIEVE HER...



NEXT DAY, SHE AND JUANITA, HER
BEAUTIFUL, PETITE DAUGHTER DRIVE UP

LOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

THEY STEP OUT OF HER WHITE CADILLAC
WITH VOUVOU OBJECTS AND WEARING
CEREMONIAL CLOTHES...

SHE SAYS TO ME:

"DON'T WORRY ABOUT
THE NEIGHBORS.

DARLIN

...TELL THEM I'M
YOUR

**NEW
MAD."**

...AND SHE STARTS
LAUGHING...

"WHERE'S
THE OPEN COFFIN?"

SHE'S ANGRY... I TELL HER I
COULDN'T OPEN THE BOX
BECAUSE THEY PLANTED
A TREE ON TOP OF IT.



it WAS A CORNER OF SOME OLD UNADORNED
COFFIN... DEFINITELY UNOPENED....

DIGGING it UP JUST THIS EAR WAS
A CHORE...

SO NOW THE REVEREND IS ON THE
TELEPHONE LONG DISTANCE TO A

CUBAN SANTERO

IN MIAMI - ONLY IT'S GOT TO GO
THRU A TRANSLATOR BECAUSE HE
DOESN'T SPEAK ENGLISH-

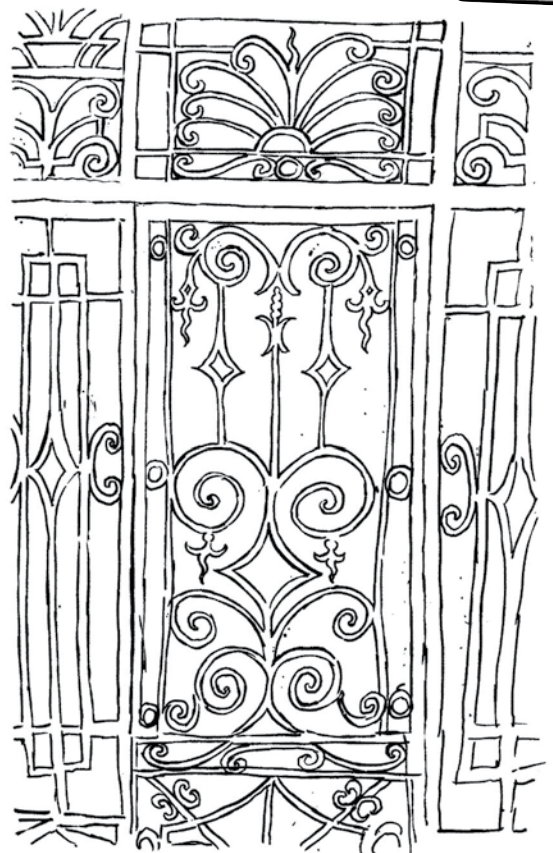
CELLULAR
PHONE
IN ONE
HAND,
COCONUT
SHELLS IN
THE OTHER:

SHE'S
WORKING.



APPARENTLY
WE HAVE TO
ASK
THIS SPIRIT
IF HE WILL
COOPERATE..

SHELL TOSsing...
HEADS OR TAILS...



BUT, I HAD DUG UP NEAR THE
CORNER OF THE CONCRETE SIDEWALK
AND THE PALM ALL MORNING
YESTERDAY... DIGGING... WHERE THE
SUBURBAN LAWN

MEETS **PREHISTORIC BLACK
SOUPY SWAMP...**

AND HERE - EXPOSED - WAS THE **BOX...**

REVEREND GAMBLE IS SINGING...
CHANTING IN A LOW LOVELY VOICE
IN AN

AFRICAN

DIALLECT AS THEY WORK...
HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL.
EYES CLOSED I CAN ALMOST
HEAR THAT COFFIN GROAN...



BUT THE BURIED MAN WOULD
NOT GIVE HIS NAME...

BURIED IN HASTE
AFTER A
HOT-HEADED
CREOLE DUAL BETWEEN
RIVAL PLANTATION
FAMILIES...

... **BURIED HERE**
ON LAND OWNED BY

**NICHOLAS
CHARVIN
DE LAFRÉNIÈRE...**

... IN THE TANGLED SWAMP
WHERE NOBODY COULD FIND HIM...
HIS SOUL HAD BEEN
SLEEPING FOR OVER 200 YEARS
UNTIL HE WAS DISTURBED...



**HE NEEDED
BLOOD...**
LIFEFORCE... (AND IT WAS
MY LITTLE SLICE OF
SUBURBAN HOMESTEAD
NOW)... DISTURBED ENOUGH
TO KILL THE NEXT
DOOR NEIGHBOR'S **POODLE...**



... THE REVEREND WAS
GOING TO PICK UP A FEW
THINGS AND COME BACK
TOMORROW...

I WAS RELIEVED... THEN
SHE MENTIONS ANIMAL SACRIFICE
OF A **ROOSTER** AND I WINCE
INVOLUNTARILY...

BABY, SHE SAYS, "DON'T GIVE
ME **THAT LOOK:**

THIS IS FREEDOM OF RELIGION
AND THIS IS
MY RELIGION

AIN'T NO DIFFERENT THAN EATING
POPEYES FRIED CHICKEN... SO DON'T GET
QUEEZY ON ME... **D**

WHOSE BLOOD

DO YOU WANT TO GIVE ANYWAY?"
... ALL BUG-EYED AND LAUGHING FOR
EMPHASIS...

O.K. I SAY... I WASN'T DISAGREEING ANYWAY....



we're going to sacrifice a rooster and move the

DEAD MAN'S GHOST FROM THE FRONT
YARD TO THE BACK YARD WHERE HE'D BE CONFINED &
LEAVE US ALONE.... THAT'S THE PLAN ANYWAY...

I JUST WANTED IT OVER.... CAN'T WORK
WITH

UNRULY SPOOKS

- ESPECIALLY ONE I DON'T KNOW-
WALKING THRU THE HOUSE...

AN INTRODUCTION WOULD BE NICE...

...INSTEAD, LIGHT SWITCHES AND RADIOS.

SUNDAY MORNING...

THE REVEREND AND HER DAUGHTER
COME OVER AGAIN AT DAWN... NEV-
ER THINGS FOR THE CONTINUATION
OF THE CEREMONY... NOW WE HAVE A
NEW HOLE DUG AND SEVEN KINDS OF
BEANS... IN A GUNNY SACK I SEE
THE MOVEMENT OF
THE ROOSTER...

SHE'S SINGING AGAIN.... THEN
SHE GOES IN MY HOUSE AND POWERS MY WIFE
BULL FROM HER BED... EVERYBODY'S
GOT TO JOIN IN...

"DON'T TURN AROUND."

SHE SAYS, "WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T TURN AROUND."
...AND SHE BEGINS TO WORK HER

VODOU RITUAL

A MACHETE & LIT CANDLES...

....CHANNING....

THE ROOSTER IS PULLED
OUT OF HIS BAG, AND
HE SEEMS TO KNOW
HIS DOOM IS

APPROACHING
BECAUSE HE LETS OUT
SOME EAR PIERCINGLY
LOUD SQUALLING...
CONTINUING THE

RUCKUS

EVEN
AFTER HE LOST HIS
HEAD TOO...

SURELY THE WHOLE
NEIGHBORHOOD IS
AWAKE BY NOW.

BUT I DON'T CARE...
THE REVEREND IS
LAUGHING AND
PRETTY CASUAL

ABOUT THE WHOLE THING.... I'VE
SEEN STRANGER CEREMONIES OF HER'S...

SHE'S SMOKING A CIGAR
AND SPRAYING RUM FROM A BOTTLE...

...COMMANDING THE SPOOK TO JUMP
IN THE SHALLOW HOLE... I'M IMAGINING
BORIS KARLOFF STANDING BEHIND ME...

I FEEL THE PRESENCE OF A FIFTH PERSON...
A COLD CHILL ON MY NECK...



SHE'S MAKING

HIM JUMP IN THE HOLE

BY GIVING HIM CIGAR SMOKE, RUM,
ROASTER BLOOD AND BEANS AT THE BOTTOM...

IT WORKS.
WOOOOSH!

PAULA, BEING A LITTLE SLEEPY,
TRIES TO TURN AROUND A LITTLE
AND REV. GAMBLE SREAMS

"NOOOOOOOO, BABY, NO..."

BUT IT WAS OVER!



By nine o'clock we're
ALL SITTING ON THE
BACK DECK AS THE
TEMPERATURE CLIMBS...

**A HUNDRED IN
THE SHADE...**

DRINKING CHICORY

COFFEE AND SMOKING
THE REST OF THE FINE CIGAR...

**AH... THE PEACE
AND QUIET....**

