

MONTÉ
MINIMAL
MEANIN
MONT-
LA FOR
MÁSS
DE DE
ALGO
DEC
CALMA.

El Aleph es uno de los puntos
los puntos. Está en el sótano,
tocarlo yo, vi el Aleph. Vi el
mchedumbres de América
de una pirámide negra, vi
interminables ojos inmóviles
espejo, vi todos los espacios
un traspaso de la calle
años vi en el zaguán de la
nieve, tabaco, vetas de
ecuatoriales, vi cada uno de mis
y la modificación de la muerte, vi el Aleph,
vi en el Aleph la tierra, y en la tierra otra vez el Aleph,
la tierra, vi mi cara y mis vísceras, vi tu cara, y sentí vértigos
porque mis ojos habían visto ese objeto secreto y conjetural, cuyo
nombre usurpan los hombres, pero que ningún hombre ha mirado:
el inconcebible universo.

*Defined by a softened tone
and a narrower structure,
its form carries a sense
of lightness, quiet, and
intimacy—like a breath
drawn between lines of a
grid. The accent on the “é”
adds a subtle lift, a pause
that feels intentional,
delicate, and human.*

12 pt/14.4 pt

48 pt/50 pt

14 pt/16 pt

Uppercase

ABCDEFGHIKL
MNOPQRSTUV
WXYZ

Lowercase

abcdefghijklmn
opqrstuvwxyz

Punctuation

!#\$%&'()[]{}*
+,-./:;<=>?@~
—“””

Numerals

0123456789

Julio Cortázar *Rayuela (Hopscotch), 1963*

Andábamos sin buscarnos pero sabiendo que andábamos para encontrarnos. No renunciamos a nada, simplemente cambiamos de sitio lo que nos importaba. El tiempo, por ejemplo, ya no era el mismo, porque ahora el tiempo estaba lleno de nosotros, y el espacio era otro, con bordes más suaves, como si el mundo se hubiera vuelto más permeable a nuestra forma de estar. No era necesario decirlo, lo andábamos en el modo de caminar, en la forma de mirar una cosa sin querer fumar un cigarrillo. Estábamos ahí, habitando el mundo, sin embargo todo estaba lleno de sorpresas, y quizás por eso todo parecía tan simple, como si lo simple fuera lo que no

“LA FORMA
MÁS SUAVE
DE DECIR
ALGO, ES
DECIRLO CON
CALMA.”

É
é

Would I have to say many times it had been enough just to glance, coming along rue de Seine, through the iron railing, onto the Quai de Conti, and even before the ashen, olive-toned light floating above the river, let me make out any shapes, her slender silhouette would already be outlined on the Pont des Arts—sometimes walking back and forth, sometimes standing still at the iron railing, leaning over the water. And it felt so natural to cross the street, climb the steps of the bridge, walk into its narrow waist and approach la Maga, who would smile without surprise, just as convinced as I was that a casual encounter was the least casual thing in our lives, and that people who set precise appointments are the same ones who need lined paper to write on, or who squeeze the toothpaste from the bottom of the tube. But she wouldn't be on the bridge now. Her fine, translucent-skinned face would be appearing at old doorways in the Marais ghetto, maybe she was chatting with a fried potato vendor or eating a hot sausage on the Boulevard de Sébastopol. Still, I went up to the bridge, and la Maga wasn't there. Now la Maga was no longer in my path, and even though we knew where each other lived—every corner of our two fake-student rooms in Paris, every postcard opening a little window onto Braque or Ghirlandaio or Max Ernst above the cheap moldings and garish wallpaper—we still wouldn't go looking for each other at home. We preferred to meet on the bridge, on a café terrace, at a film club, or crouched beside a cat in some courtyard of the Latin Quarter. We walked without looking for each other, but knowing we were walking to find one another. Oh Maga, in every woman who looked like you, there welled up a deafening silence, a sharp and crystalline pause that always ended up collapsing sadly, like a wet umbrella folding shut. An umbrella, in fact, Maga—perhaps you'd remember that old umbrella we sacrificed in a ditch in Parc Montsouris, on a freezing March afternoon. We threw it away because you'd found it in Place de la Concorde, already a bit broken, and you used it constantly—especially to poke people in the ribs on the metro and on buses, always clumsy and distracted, thinking about speckled birds or a doodle two flies were drawing on the ceiling of the train car.