



# NEW Global



A DECONSTRUCTED TYPEFACE



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## Background and basic information about the design

THE FIRST MRF typeface. An experimental hybrid, situated somewhere between a sans and a serif. New Global was inspired by the deconstructive aesthetic found in a display face created by designer Barry Deck as seen in *Details* magazine, circa 1990. Mr Deck later

released a significantly modified commercial version of the original prototype headline face through the Thirstype foundry. Expanded into a family of 8 weights: Light, Regular, Bold and Heavy, all with accompanying Obliques. The design leans towards “grunge”, but the

face still has some contemporary style. The “ink-traps” are odd details from the past, giving the typeface a unique flavor. Originally released by T-26, then moved to GarageFonts, and now found a new home at Veer.

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The search for cosmic dawn

*The first star was born about 14 billion years ago*

**BIG BANG!**

400 million light-years from Earth

*The invisible Grip of Dark Matter*

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# Galaxy hunters

*»It would be the most wonderful thing«*

# A virtual Milky Way

***Oh No, Tintin got stuck on Mars***

**THERE MUST BE A GOOD WAY OF COUNTING THE STARS**

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TEXT SETTING: 12/16 POINT  
[LIGHT, LIGHT OBLIQUE, BOLD, BOLD OBLIQUE]

The twelve labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison with those which my neighbors have undertaken; for they were only twelve, and had an end; but I could never see that these men slew or captured any monster or finished any labor. They have no friend Iolais to burn with a hot iron the root of the hydra's head, but as soon as one head is crushed, two spring up. *I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their 60 acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life, pushing before it a barn 75 feet by 40, its Augean stables never cleansed, and 100 acres of land, tillage, mowing, pasture, and woodlot!*

TEXT SETTING: 12/16 POINT  
[REGULAR, OBLIQUE, HEAVY, HEAVY OBLIQUE]

So much for a blind obedience to a blundering oracle, throwing the stones over their heads behind them, and not seeing where they fell. Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. *Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that. Actually, the laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men; his labor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine. How can he remember well his ignorance- which his growth requires- who has so often to use his knowledge? We should feed and clothe him gratuitously sometimes, and recruit him with our cordials, before we judge of him. The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling. Yet we do not treat ourselves nor one another thus tenderly. Some of you, we all know, are poor, find it hard to live, are sometimes, as it were, gasping for breath.*

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TEXT SETTING: 14/16 POINT  
[LIGHT, LIGHT OBLIQUE, BOLD, BOLD OBLIQUE]

The twelve labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison with those which my neighbors have undertaken; for they were only twelve, and had an end; but I could never see that these men slew or captured any monster or finished any labor. *They have no friend Iolaus to burn with a hot iron the root of the hydra's head, but as soon as one head is crushed, two spring up. I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf, that they might have seen with clearer eyes what field they were called to labor in. Who made them serfs of the soil? Why should they eat their 60 acres, when man is condemned to eat only his peck of dirt? Why should they begin digging their graves as soon as they are born? They have got to live a man's life, pushing all these things before them, and get on as well as they can. How many a poor immortal soul have I met well-nigh crushed and smothered under its load, creeping down the road of life,*

TEXT SETTING: 14/16 POINT  
[REGULAR, OBLIQUE, HEAVY, HEAVY OBLIQUE]

So much for a blind obedience to a blundering oracle, throwing the stones over their heads behind them, and not seeing where they fell. Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. *Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that. Actually, the laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men; his labor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine. How can he remember well his ignorance- which his growth requires- who has so often to use his knowledge? We should feed and clothe him gratuitously sometimes, and recruit him with our cordials, before we judge of him. The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling. Yet we do not treat ourselves nor one another thus tenderly.*

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TEXT SETTING: 18/20 POINT  
[LIGHT, LIGHT OBLIQUE, BOLD, BOLD OBLIQUE]

The twelve labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison with those which my neighbors have undertaken; for they were only twelve, and had an end; *but I could never see that these men slew or captured any monster or finished any labor. They have no friend Iolaus to burn with a hot iron the root of the hydra's head, but as soon as one head is crushed, two spring up. I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have inherited farms, houses, barns, cattle, and farming tools; for these are more easily acquired than got rid of. Better if they had been born in the open pasture and suckled by a wolf,*

TEXT SETTING: 18/20 POINT  
[REGULAR, OBLIQUE, HEAVY, HEAVY OBLIQUE]

So much for a blind obedience to a blundering oracle, throwing the stones over their heads behind them, and not seeing where they fell. Most men, even in this comparatively free country, *through mere ignorance and mistake, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that. Actually, the laboring man has not leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to sustain the manliest relations to men;*

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TEXT SETTING: 24/22 POINT  
[LIGHT, LIGHT OBLIQUE]

The twelve labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison with those which my neighbors have undertaken; for they were only twelve, and had an end; but I could never see that these men slew or captured any monster or finished any labor.

*They have no friend Iolaus to burn with a hot iron the root of the hydra's head, but as soon as one head is crushed, two spring up. I see young men, my townsmen, whose misfortune it is to have*

TEXT SETTING: 24/22 POINT  
[REGULAR, OBLIQUE]

So much for a blind obedience to a blundering oracle, throwing the stones over their heads behind them, and not seeing where they fell. Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are

*so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble*

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TEXT SETTING: 24/22 POINT  
[BOLD, BOLD OBLIQUE]

**The twelve labors of Hercules were trifling in comparison with those which my neighbors have undertaken; for they were only twelve, and had an end; but I could never see that these men slew or captured any monster or *finished any labor. They have no friend Iolaus to burn with a hot iron the root of the hydra's head, but as soon as one head is crushed, two spring up. I see young men, my townsmen,***

TEXT SETTING: 24/22 POINT  
[HEAVY, HEAVY OBLIQUE]

**So much for a blind obedience to a blundering oracle, throwing the stones over their heads behind them, and not seeing where they fell. Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistake, are *so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble***

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