

Electa

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Electa is a typeface inspired by the slab serif style used in the semi-automatic typewriter *Olivetti Studio 42* manufactured in 1935. This same style is reflected in the iconic *Olivetti* logo designed by Xanti Schawinsky in 1934, which features an adapted version of the typeface. Slab serifs gained prominence in the 19th century for their exceptional readability and functionality: their squared serifs and low contrast enabled clear text reproduction, even with the rudimentary mechanisms of early typewriters. *Electa* draws from this historical typeface but reimagines it with a modern twist. The Roman version preserves the essence of the original design, while the Italic version synthesizes diverse stylistic influences, creating a harmonious complement to the Roman.

The goal of *Electa* is to transform a traditionally generic typewriter font into a refined and versatile typeface. The typical imperfections of typewriter printing, such as ink smudges caused by mechanical pressure, are eliminated, resulting in a clean and contemporary design. *Electa* seeks to evoke the memory of a bygone technology while offering a neutral and functional typeface that integrates seamlessly with both historical and modern content. Its aim is not to draw attention to itself but to facilitate a smooth and discreet reading experience.

The making of *Electa* also reflects on the changing rhythms of communication. Between the late 19th century and the dawn of the digital era, the typewriter revolutionized how people wrote and communicated, fostering a level of care and attention that risks being lost in today's era of instant communication. Modern tools like email, chat, and social media enable instantaneous global information exchange, breaking down geographical and temporal barriers. However, this speed comes at a cost: the loss of the value placed on slowness and reflection. Writing on a typewriter required planning and precision, as correcting errors was a complex process. This encouraged greater thoughtfulness in word choice and text construction. By contrast, today's technologies, with their infinite editing possibilities, can lead to more chaotic and less deliberate writing.

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Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu
Vv Ww Xx Yy Zz

105 pt

Aa Bb Cc Dd Ee
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Qq Rr Ss Tt Uu
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Far far away, ‡ behind the word mountains █, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in ☉ Bookmarksgrove right at the coast █ of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows █ by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic ☉ country, in which ☐ roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control ☽ about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day ☹ however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided to leave for the far ☐ World of Grammar. ☼ The Big Oxmox advised her not to do so, because there were ₯ thousands of bad Commas, wild Question ⁂ Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen. ☉ She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the way ☉. When she ☒ reached the first hills of the Italic ● Mountains, she had a last view back on the skyline of her ☽ hometown Bookmarksgrove, the headline ○ of Alphabet Village and the subline of her own ● road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rethoric question ☐ ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her way she met a copy. The ‡ copy warned the ♣ Little Blind Text, that where it came from it would have been rewritten a thousand times and everything that was left from its origin would be the word * "and" and the Little Blind Text should turn around and return to its own, safe country. ○ But nothing the copy said could convince her and so it didn't take long until ☉ a few insidious Copy Writers ambushed her, made her drunk with Longe and ♥ Parole and dragged her into their agency, where they abused her for their projects ₯ again and again. And if she hasn't been rewritten, then they are still using her. Far far away, ¶ behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there ☉ live the blind texts. Separated they live Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the ☐ Semantics, a large language ocean. A small █ river named Duden flows by their place and ☉ supplies it with the necessary ☐ regelialia. It is a █ paradisematic country, in which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however ☼ a small line of blind ☒ text by the name of Lorem ☐ Ipsum decided to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxmox advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild * Question Marks and devious ● Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn't listen █. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and made herself on the ☉ way. █ When she reached the first hills of the Italic Mountains, she had a last view ↗ back on the skyline of her hometown ♣ Bookmarksgrove, the headline of Alphabet █ Village and the subline of her own road, the Line Lane. Pityful a rethoric ☒ question ran over her cheek, then she continued her way. On her

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Genève	→	Sarnen
Lausanne	↷	Grenchen
Zürich	↶	Morges
Dietikon	↘	Fiescher
Lugano	↙	Lugano
Fiescher	↖	Dietikon
Morges	↘	Zürich
Grenchen	↔	Lausanne
Sarnen	↔	Geneve

Racing
Radiation
Radiant
Reoxidize
Rocket
Radical
Rubrica
Robust
Rhapsody

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Radical
Rubrica
Robust
Rhapsody

Tektites

Quartz

Obsidian

Pyrite

Amethyst

Zircon

Kyanite

Garnet

Chlorite

TEKTITES

QUARTZ

OBSIDIAN

PYRITE

AMETHYST

ZIRCON

KYANITE

GARNET

CHLORITE

⦿ ACT XI. *The Silent Emphasis*

In his groundbreaking study, JOHN DOE (see DOE, 2021) argued that the phenomenon of NEURAL PLASTICITY was more *dynamic* than previously thought. According to THE AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION (APA), the guidelines must be strictly followed. Refer to *FIGURE 2* for a *visual representation*. The key terms in this discussion are LONG-TERM MEMORY, *WORKING MEMORY*, and EXECUTIVE FUNCTION—all critical components of cognitive science. As outlined in *SECTION IV*, the UN GENERAL ASSEMBLY issued a resolution on *climate change* in DECEMBER 2023.

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Utgjøre
Osiągnąć
Otázky
Wpłynąć
Kažejo
Mužepet
Gyönyörű
Søster
Jalapeno

Déjà-vu
Město
Naiveté
Háček
Skjønnet
Øjeblik
Smörgåsarbo
Đjölfull
Gyűrű

■ French 11/12 pt

Dans une ruelle pavée du vieux Paris, un écrivain solitaire s'installa à la terrasse d'un café pittoresque, posant son carnet devant lui. Il observait les passants, écoutant le murmure de la ville, les bruits des conversations qui s'entremêlaient avec le tintement des tasses de café et le chant lointain d'un accordéon. Il se souvenait des promenades sur les quais de la Seine, où les lumières de la ville dansaient sur l'eau noire, illuminant les façades des immeubles anciens. Il se rappelait aussi des bibliothèques remplies de vieux livres aux pages jaunies, imprégnées de l'odeur du papier et du temps. Paris, avec son atmosphère unique, était un poème à ciel ouvert, où chaque coin de rue racontait une histoire, chaque pierre con-

■ Hungarian 11/12 pt

Budapest utcáin sétálva az ember érzi a város lüktetését, amelyben a múlt és a jelen különös harmóniában fonódik össze. A Duna partján állva elének tárul a Parlament impozáns épülete, melynek tornyai az ég felé nyúlnak, mintha őriznék a magyar történelem emlékeit. A Lánchíd esti fényei a vízen tükröződnek, miközben a villamosok csilingelve haladnak a rakparton. A régi kávéházakban még mindig érezni az egykori írók és művészek szellemét, akik itt töltötték napjaikat, merengve a világról. A Gellért-hegyről lenézve a város fényei úgy ragyognak, mint csillagok a földön. Budapest egyszerre modern és klasszikus, vibráló és nyugodt, ahol a történelem minden sarkon érezhető, és ahol a múlt mindig jelen van, emlékeztetve minket arra, honnan

■ Portuguese 11/12 pt

No coração de Lisboa, entre as ruas estreitas de Alfama e os miradouros de onde se avistam os telhados vermelhos, um músico de fado toca sua guitarra portuguesa, enquanto as notas melancólicas ressoam pelos becos antigos. As casas coloridas, com azulejos azuis e varandas de ferro forjado, refletem a história da cidade, marcada por viagens, descobertas e saudade. O cheiro de pastéis de nata recém-assados invade as ruas, misturando-se com a brisa vinda do rio Tejo. Turistas e locais caminham lado a lado, explorando livrarias antigas, mercados ao ar livre e praças históricas onde o tempo parece ter parado. Ao cair da noite, as luzes da cidade se refletem no rio, criando um espetáculo de cores e sombras. Lisboa é um lugar onde o passado

■ Romanian 11/12 pt

Pe străzile pietruite ale Sibiu-lui, pașii răsună ușor, acompaniați de sunetul clopotelor vechii catedrale. Orașul pare desprins dintr-o altă epocă, cu casele sale pastelate și acoperișurile roșii care se înalță spre cer. La o terasă din centru, bătrânii discută liniștiți despre vremurile de demult, în timp ce turiștii se plimbă curioși, descoperind fiecare colț ascuns al orașului. De pe dealurile din jur, se vede întinderea vastă a Transilvaniei, cu păduri dese și sate pierdute în timp. Aici, tradițiile se păstrează vii, iar poveștile trecutului se amestecă cu realitatea prezentului. Fiecare piatră, fiecare zid, fiecare stradă are o istorie de spus, într-un oraș unde timpul pare să curgă mai încet, lăsând loc reflecției

■ Czech 11/12 pt

Srdci Prahy, mezi křivolakými uličkami Starého Města, kráčel muž v dlouhém kabátu, naslouchající zvuku zvonů, které oznamovaly příchod večera. Nad ním se tyčila majestátní věž orloje, jejíž mechanické figurky oživaly s každou celou hodinou, připomínající staleté tradice. V úzkých uličkách se skrývaly kavárny, kde se lidé scházeli nad šálkem silné kávy a diskutovali o umění, historii a filozofii. Na Karlově mostě, mezi sochami světců, malíři a hudebníci předváděli svá díla, zatímco pod nimi klidně plynula Vltava. Večerní Praha byla zahalena do teplého světla lamp, které vrhaly dlouhé stíny na dlažební kostky. Bylo to město plné tajemství, kde se historie prolínala s přítomností a kde každý kámen nesl vzpomínky na dávné časy, kdy zde cho-

■ Slovak 11/12 pt

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14 pt Selden paused in surprise. In the afternoon rush of the Grand Central Station his eyes had been refreshed by the sight of Miss Lily Bart. It was a Monday in early September, and he was returning to his work from a hurried dip into the country; but what was Miss Bart doing in town at that season? If she had appeared to be catching a train, he might have inferred that he had come on her in the act of transition between one and another of the country houses which disputed her presence after the close of the Newport season; but her desultory air perplexed him. She stood apart from the crowd, letting it drift by her to the platform or the street, and wearing an air of irresolution which might, as he surmised, be the mask of a very definite purpose. It struck him at once that she was waiting for some one, but he hardly knew why the idea arrested him. There was nothing new about Lily Bart, yet he could never see her without a faint movement of interest: it was characteristic of her that she always roused speculation, that her simplest acts seemed the result of far-reaching intentions. An impulse of curiosity made him turn out of his direct line to the door, and stroll past her. He knew that if she did not wish to be seen she would contrive to elude him; and it amused him to think of putting her skill to the test. "Mr. Selden-what good luck!" She came forward smiling, eager almost, in her resolve to intercept him. One or two

10.5 pt to look; for Miss Bart was a figure to arrest even the suburban traveller rushing to his last train. Selden had never seen her more radiant. Her vivid head, relieved against the dull tints of the crowd, made her more conspicuous than in a ball-room, and under her dark hat and veil she regained the girlish smoothness, the purity of tint, that she was beginning to lose after eleven years of late hours and indefatigable dancing. Was it really eleven years, Selden found himself wondering, and had she indeed reached the nine-and-twentieth birthday with which her rivals credited her? "What luck!" she repeated. "How nice of you to come to my rescue!". He responded joyfully that to do so was his mission in life, and asked what form

8.5 pt *One sits out a cotillion-why not sit out a train? It isn't a bit hotter here than in Mrs. Van Osburgh's conservatory-and some of the women are not a bit uglier."* She broke off, laughing, to explain that she had come up to town from Tuxedo, on her way to the Gus Trenors' at Bellomont, and had missed the three-fifteen train to Rhinebeck. "And there isn't another till half-past five." She consulted the little jewelled watch among her laces. "Just two hours to wait. And I don't know what to do with myself. My maid came up this morning to do some shopping for me, and was to go on to

Bellomont at one o'clock, and my aunt's house is closed, and I don't know a soul in town." She glanced plaintively about the station. "It is hotter than Mrs. Van Osburgh's, after all. If you can spare the time, do take me somewhere for a breath of air." He declared himself entirely at her disposal: the adventure struck him as diverting. As a spectator, he had always enjoyed Lily Bart; and his course lay so far out of her orbit that it amused him to be drawn for a moment into the sudden intimacy which her proposal implied. "Shall we go over to Sherry's for a cup of tea?" She smiled

6.5 pt a slight grimace. "So many people come up to town on a Monday-one is sure to meet a lot of bores. I'm as old as the hills, of course, and it ought not to make any difference; but if I'm old enough, you're not," she objected gaily. "I'm dying for tea-but isn't there a quieter place?" He answered her smile, which rested on him vividly. Her discretions interested him almost as much as her imprudences: he was so sure that both were part of the same carefully-elaborated plan. In judging Miss Bart, he had always made use of the "argument from design." Then "the resources of New York are rather meagre,"

he said; "but I'll find a hansom first, and then we'll invent something." He led her through the throng of returning holiday-makers, past sallow-faced girls in preposterous hats, and flat-chested women struggling with paper bundles and palm-leaf fans. Was it possible that she belonged to the same race? The dinginess, the crudity of this average section of womanhood made him feel how highly specialized she was. A rapid shower had cooled the air, and clouds still hung refreshingly over the moist street. "How delicious! Let us walk a little," she said as they emerged from the station. They turned into

Madison Avenue and began to stroll northward. As she moved beside him, with her long light step, Selden was conscious of taking a luxurious pleasure in her nearness: in the modelling of her little ear, the crisp upward wave of her hair-was it ever so slightly brightened by art?-and the thick planting of her straight black lashes. Everything about her was at once vigorous and exquisite, at once strong and fine. He had a confused sense that she must have cost a great deal to make, that a great many dull and ugly people must, in some mysterious way, have been sacrificed to produce her. He was aware that the

Selden paused in surprise. In the afternoon rush of the Grand Central Station his eyes had been refreshed by the sight of Miss Lily Bart. It was a Monday in early September, and he was returning to his work from a hurried dip into the country; but what was Miss Bart doing in town at that season? If she had appeared to be catching a train, he might have inferred that he had come on her in the act of transition between one and another of the country houses which disputed her presence after the close of the Newport season; but her desultory air perplexed him. She stood apart from the crowd, letting it drift by her to the platform or the street, and wearing an air of irresolution which might, as he surmised, be the mask of a very definite purpose. It struck him at once that she was waiting for some one, but he hardly knew why the idea arrested him. There was nothing new about Lily Bart, yet he could never see her without a faint movement of interest: it was characteristic of her that she always roused speculation, that her simplest acts seemed the result of far-reaching intentions. An impulse of curiosity made him turn out of his direct line to the door, and stroll past her. He knew that if she did not wish to be seen she would contrive to elude him; and it amused him to think of putting her skill to the test. "Mr. Selden-what good luck!" She came forward smiling, eager almost, in her resolve to intercept him. One or two

to look; for Miss Bart was a figure to arrest even the suburban traveller rushing to his last train. Selden had never seen her more radiant. Her vivid head, relieved against the dull tints of the crowd, made her more conspicuous than in a ball-room, and under her dark hat and veil she regained the girlish smoothness, the purity of tint, that she was beginning to lose after eleven years of late hours and indefatigable dancing. Was it really eleven years, Selden found himself wondering, and had she indeed reached the nine-and-twentieth birthday with which her rivals credited her? "What luck!" she repeated. "How nice of you to come to my rescue!". He responded joyfully that to do so was his mission in life, and asked what form

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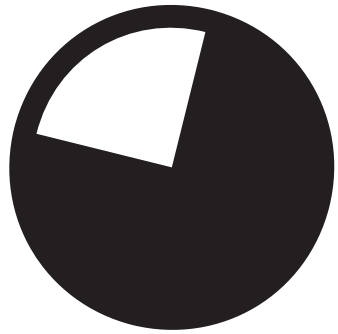
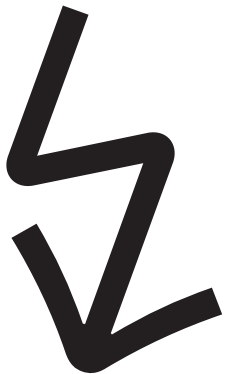
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"I have since,,
NON REALIZED PROJECT No.vii

:/:/:/:/ think I have discovered something
:/ :/ very important, but I am not yet
:/ I :/ sure what it is.
:/ :/ The other night I had some tapioca
:/:/:/:/ pudding and I began eating it,
and I said nnnnnuuuunnngguuunnnggguuuunn-
nngggg to myself. It seemed to enhance
the taste. I'm sure of that. But perhaps
I wanted it to, for F!%*'s sake.

"I have never,,
NON REALIZED PROJECT No.viii

***** was peeling an orange when
* * I accidentally said plllllrrrrrrrr-
* I * rbbbthhhhhh out loud. It wasn't
* * intentional, it just slipped out
***** like steam. The citrus brightened.
I think I may have opened a very tiny
portal. Not big enough for anything, but
I felt a breeze behind my ear.

III.

"I have once,,
NON REALIZED PROJECT No.ix

oooooooo hile folding laundry, I began
o o humming mmmmb1b1b1b1mmmmMMMMmm
o W o in a loop. The socks aligned
o o themselves with a strange,
oooooooo comforting symmetry. I think
I may have invented sock telepathy.
My right foot definitely twitched
in agreement.

"I have twice,,
NON REALIZED PROJECT No.x

//////// here's a certain way to chew cold
/ / spaghetti and breathe out hhhhh-
/ T / hhhfffffssssnnnnntktktkt through
/ / your nose that makes the lights
//////// hum at a different frequency.
I achieved it twice. My shadow stood still
even after I moved. I felt seen, and
I didn't like it.

IV.

● Open Type Features

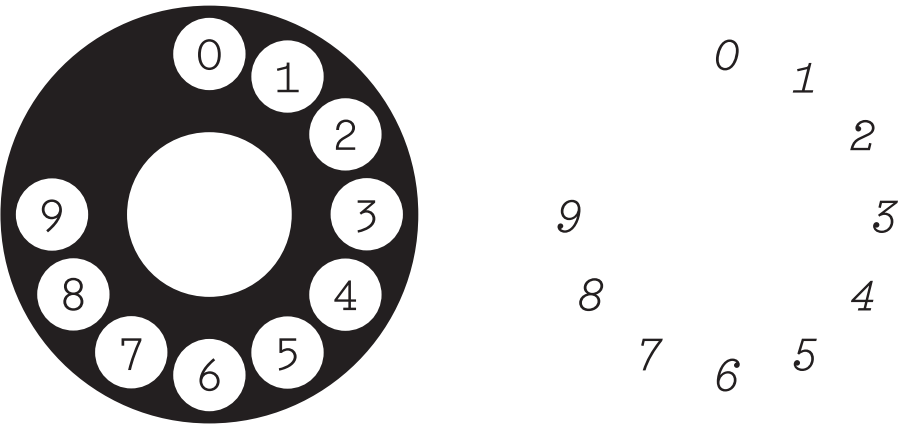
aalt	Access All Alternates	ordn	Ordinals
c2sc	Small Capitals from Capitals	locl	Localized Forms
onum	Oldstyle Figures	calt	Contextual Alternates
numr	Numerators	salt	Stylistic Alternates
sinf	Scientific Inferiors	ss01	Alternate R
frac	Fractions	ss02	Alternate M
subs	Subscript	ss03	Alternate 1
case	Case-Sensitive Forms	ss04	Alternate 4
smcp	Small Capitals	ss05	Aligned Figures
dlig	Discretionary Ligatures	ss06	Lining Figures
zero	Slashed Zero	ss07	Circled Double Figures
dnom	Denominators	ss08	Negative Circled Dbl Fig
sup	Superscript	ss09	Rotalic Circles Figures
		ss20	Multiply

● Languages (Latin)

Afrikaans	Kabyle	Romanian
Albanian	Kalenjin	Romansh
Asturian	Kamba	Rombo
Basque	Kikuyu	Rundi
Bemba	Kinyarwanda	Rwa
Bena	Koyra Chiini	Samburu
Breton	Koyraboro Senni	Sango
Catalan	Langi	Scottish Gaelic
Colognian	Latvian	Serbian
Cornish	Lithuanian	Shambala
Croatian	Lower Sorbian	Slovak
Czech	Luo	Slovenian
Danish	Luxembourgish	Soga
Dutch	Luyia	Somali
Embu	Machame	Spanish
English	Makhuwa-Meetto	Swahili
Esperanto	Makonde	Swedish
Estonian	Malagasy	Swiss German
Faroese	Maltese	Tachelhit
Filipino	Manx	Tasawaq
Finnish	Meru	Teso
French	Morisyen	Turkish
Galician	Ndebele	Upper Sorbian
German	Northern Sami	Uzbek
Hungarian	Norwegian Bokmål	Volapük
Icelandic	Norwegian Nynorsk	Vunjo
Igbo	Nyankole	Walser
Inari Sami	Oromo	Welsh
Indonesian	Polish	Western Frisian
Irish	Portuguese	Yoruba
Italian	Prussian	Zarma
Kabuverdianu	Quechua	Zulu

● Acknowledge

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Electa is a type design project by Luca Pellegrini. The kinetic installation presented on the occasion of the Swiss Design Awards 2025 in Basel was made in collaboration with Leonardo Angelucci and Denis Ferreira.