

JUNG-LEE TYPE FOUNDRY

II  
LIMPET  
GRANITE



**Wallace  
Cleans  
Thier  
Ear  
obsessively**



Obsesssss  
sssss.ssssss  
sssiively

Weight: Thin  
Light  
Regular  
Medium  
Bold  
Extra Bold  
Heavy  
Black

Designer: Jungmyung Lee

Date: 2019 - 2023

Format: OTF, WOFF, WOFF2

Language: Latin; Basic

Western European

Central European

South Eastern European

South American

Oceanian

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**JL Limpet Granite is a serif typeface, reinterpreted from a classic typeface Plantin. Like Plantin, it retains the robust structure of the strokes, the serifs, and generous letter widths, resulting in a rich texture and a visually substantial appearance. However, JL Limpet Granite enhances Plantin's timeless and elegant essence by infusing a touch of femininity into the letterforms. Yet, its bold and contemporary characteristics are carefully balanced with the exaggerated cursive lines and daringly abrupt cuts, notably in letters such as 'K', 'M', 'V', 'W', and the 'g'. The family includes eight text weights and is complemented by the standalone italicised version, *JL Limpet Intertidal*.**

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**S S**



THE WORDS SPOKEN BY THE ANGEL  
 SENT TO GIVE YOU YOUR  
 SECRET NAME, AS RECORDED ON THE  
 INSIDE OF A  
 STREPSILS ® PACKET WHILE  
 TRAVELLING ON THE NO. 3 TRAM,  
 LONG AFTER THE FACT

Will Pollard

Limpet Granite Thin  
 26pt

Limpet Granite Thin  
 Limpet Granite Black  
 12pt

The thing is, **PANFISH**, that if you had been written into existence instead of having been dropped into it as you were—bodily and soft, like an egg for poaching—you might have been written in as a chain-smoking priest. Or something like that, at least, by which I mean: one of those characters who appear interesting on first glance but only due to a seeming contradiction in their habits that is soon and inevitably revealed to be nothing of the sort; the type of figure that a writer, were they to realise they were writing it into being, ought to lay aside that very moment, knowing it to be a lazy start upon which nothing will be later enjoyed or built, like cold toast, which melts no butter and sustains no good mornings of beatific repose.

**All of which is to say, PANFISH, that the reason the scents of lemon and parsley and apricot when they occur together are able to remind you of a first love of yours who, in fact, never existed, is that you have lived a thousand lives in absentia but none of them your own, so un-enamoured you are with the episodes of your own going-about the world: the twelve minutes you spend each year in underground supermarkets deciding which paper napkins to buy; your delight at the discovery of a friend's navel lint still in its home; your wondering, while you wait at a bus station, as to whether or not the pros would outweigh the cons if we were to replace all of the corners between all of the floors and walls of the world**

Limpet Granite  
 Black  
 Limpet Granite  
 Light  
 12pt

**with sober curves, leaving nowhere for dust or dirt to hide but causing echoes to be slightly different.**

You distract yourself with imagined options for living. But **PANFISH**, do you know what I have seen on this day alone and only between here and the Bahia Beauty Center on Javastraat?

**First, I saw a woman eating pistachio nuts while waiting at a pedestrian crossing. She was picking them with one hand from a shallow plastic tub that sat upon her other hand, and when she wasn't eating she held both of her hands out before her at even heights as if to mime the scales of justice. This tub, PANFISH, was the sort of tub that might have been a hummus container if it hadn't been redirected for a greater and higher purpose**—just as the smoking priest might have become an ophthalmologist were it not for his having been set about at seventeen with black wool and collars, his having found himself in a seminary, his having carried himself there, his having worried. The woman split the shells of the nuts between her teeth but she didn't then spit them out as you might have expected her to do; she simply returned them to the tub. And as a result the pile of pistachios barely seemed to decrease with the progress of her eating. It was as if there could be pistachios forever. **All around us the sidewalks and gutters held**

Limpet Granite Regular  
Limpet Granite Heavy  
20pt

Limpet Granite Heavy  
Limpet Granite Light  
20pt

**the remnants of other passers-by**—their yo-  
ghurt tops and their ribbons and the corners of their  
newspapers—**but she had decided that her de-  
bris was hers and that she would carry it. It  
was one of those grey mornings on which the  
world seems wrapped over with aluminium  
foil** (the shine on the underside of which has been  
dulled by rising steam).

Limpet Granite Medium  
20pt

Limpet Granite  
Extra Bold  
Limpet Granite Thin  
16pt

**Then, PANFISH, I spied a man playing a lute in the  
middle of a shining kitchen. I saw him through a  
ground floor window. He didn't see me because his  
eyes were closed as if enraptured, but it must have  
been a rapture of pain as well as joy because even  
though the furthest points of his mouth were  
curled upwards, towards an extractor fan, the two  
halves of his brow were at the same time thrown  
towards each other in asymmetrical combat, one  
spilling over the other. It was the look of some-  
one who, having just stubbed their toe, is twisted  
with pain but at the same moment washed over  
with relief because the heat of their fresh blood  
has meanwhile hoisted them, if only temporarily,  
from the well of their everyday anxiety.**

Limpet Granite  
Bold  
Limpet Granite Light  
16pt

**And lastly, PANFISH, I will tell you what I saw in the dark by  
the canal on the high side of the graveyard, on one of those  
too-long, too-straight streets which leave you bored with the  
miracle of perspective and upon which, if you travel down  
them with any regularity, you will sooner or later find your-  
self making a secret vow never to join a political party of any  
colour or description: I saw a child on roller skates, alone but  
lit up with a dozen bicycle lights flashing red and white, and  
speeding headlong past a pair of grey herons who seemed fro-**

zen in place on the near side of the cold water. As the child passed it met my eyes but said nothing, and as it grew smaller in my sight, coursing away from me into the black, the sound of its plastic wheels scratching over the stones of the pavement faded and the syncopated strobing of its jiggling LED constellation gave to each tree along the way a host of new faces, each of a split second's duration.

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