

Ergonomique

DESIGNED BY
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RELEASED
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FEATURING
NINE WEIGHTS
ROMAN & ITALIC
SMALL CAPS
OLD STYLE FIGURES
LIGATURES
800+ GLYPHS

ERGONOMIQUE IS A HUMANIST SANS SERIF typeface in the style of Gill Sans. It has been designed to be efficient and comfortable to use across all applications. *Ergonomique's* personality is defined by its spur-less lowercase glyphs – the stems are truncated and blend into their adjoining arcs, as can be seen in the a/b/d/m/n/p/q/r/u characters.

I would suggest that *Ergonomique's* main use would be for branding and display purposes, but it also performs well as body copy if you're seeking a unique style for your text. With its nine weights and complementing italics, *Ergonomique* is highly versatile, especially when you consider that there are small caps and old style figures included, along with a Latin Extended character set.

Ergonomique would be a worthy addition to your type arsenal.

Ergonomique Thin

Ergonomique Thin Italic

Ergonomique ExtraLight

Ergonomique ExtraLight Italic

Ergonomique Light

Ergonomique Light Italic

Ergonomique Regular

Ergonomique Italic

Ergonomique Medium

Ergonomique Medium Italic

Ergonomique Semibold

Ergonomique Semibold Italic

Ergonomique Bold

Ergonomique Bold Italic

Ergonomique Black

Ergonomique Black Italic

Ergonomique Ultra

Ergonomique Ultra Italic

Ergonomique Thin & *Thin Italic*

ALPHABETICALLY

Now, what seems to be the problem?

Bureaucratished

əlifba sırası ilə

THE INFINITE MISERY JUMPER

cinematography

gråt en hel leopard fra øyet ditt...

WELCOME

REPLICATING AT THE WAISTBAND

«I can see Steve Lamacq»

Ergonomique Thin & *Thin Italic*

WHEN THE WINTER COMES, I SPEND A lot of time sitting in reception areas. It's a good way to keep warm. If you go into a large office building, and ask for Mr Harris in Accounts, you can often wait up to an hour before anyone realises *there is no Mr Harris in Accounts*. The seats are always soft,

18 ON 20 POINT

and sometimes leathery. There are papers and magazines to read. Some companies have coffee machines and fruit. I have a friend called Martin Chope who lets me sleep in the lobby of the World Service. He works all night, because people in the Pitcairn Islands have to hear the news. I haven't actually seen my friend since 1983, but we have an arrangement whereby he calls down to reception every hour or so, and asks them to tell me he's a bit busy, and he'll be down in a minute. I was drowsing at the World Service one evening when a taxi driver came in and shouted "*13 Addison Gardens, West 12.*" He looked at me because I was the

12 ON 14 POINT

only one there. I didn't want to disappoint him, so I followed him into the taxi. I thought there might be something to eat there. There was a party going on at 13 Addison Gardens, West 12. I walked in to find a long hallway, which had been entirely decorated in *Astroturf*. It was like walking through a tubular field. At the end there was a large room with lots of monitors, showing a porno version of the *Teletubbies*. A lot of media people were standing around rubbing their noses and talking very fast. And in the centre of this gaggle was a comedy actor I had read about in a waiting room magazine. He

10 ON 12 POINT

was called Tony. He was standing next to a huge ice sculpture of his head. I was still hungry, so I was stuffing my pockets with crab tartlets when Tony the star banged into me. His eyes were bulging with drugs and self-confidence. "You," he said, "weren't you in show six?" I couldn't answer because I didn't

9 ON 10 POINT

know what he was talking about, so I carried on filling my pockets. Tony looked at me, and asked why I wasn't laughing. I still didn't know what to say, so I put another crab tartlet into my mouth, and put it in another, just in case. He looked like he was going

8 ON 9 POINT

Ergonomique ExtraLight & *ExtraLight Italic*

CORRUPTIBILITY

Ma rridx kontaminazzjoni tal-mustaċċi tiegħi

IF YOU ANGRY SO MAD

Darling, I don't think we'll be able to go to dinner with the Lartons on Friday.

decompositions

RIDICULUM

Ik heb nu ongeveer twee weken hoofdpijn.

A HARMONY OF KNOBS!

Často v noci slyším, jak se pod nosem ozývá plačící zvuk.

evolutionarily

POUVEZ-VOUS SENTIR BRÛLER?

I HAD SPENT THE NIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR of the *London Dungeon*, in case I woke up and forgot I was supposed to be in there in the morning. It was my first job in ten months. It was too cold to sleep, so I passed the hours clinging to a bollard. I thought it might be warm because of its internal bulb. An early morning

18 ON 20 POINT

rollerblader had just piled into my back, because all the bollard's light was going up my coat. I crawled to where she lay twitching, and stuffed my hands up her shirt. "What are you doing?" she gasped. Something in her tone told me that "Warming up my hands" was not a good enough reason. "Looking for biscuits," I said. I did warm up slightly as she kicked me around the dawn. Some hours later, two actors arrived. They were friends of Susie, who had wangled me this job. I couldn't remember if I'd met them before, but they jammed a cigarette in my mouth. As they led me to the dungeon, they both introduced themselves as Paul, and

12 ON 14 POINT

then started arguing whether it was better to be workshopping with *Polukov*, or trapped in a burning car. They asked me what I'd been doing. "Directing traffic," I said, I thought rather wryly. "Great flyers," said the first Paul, and offered the opinion that though *Traffic* was a mediocre play, it had been very well promoted. In the dungeon there was an office, where a manager was sitting. He looked at me, and said "Who are you?" "Pay checks," I mumbled. I used to remember my name by looking at my pay checks. "Ah, you must be that friend of Susie's." "May I suggest that the best rôle for our supporting artist would

10 ON 12 POINT

be the victim?" piped Paul. "Good idea," said the manager. "Show him what to do." Paul and Paul took me to a dirty small room. They told me to strip, and gave me a damp, blood-stained loin cloth, as they changed into their leathery outfits and limbered up, cracking their knuckles and swinging

9 ON 10 POINT

their arms around. "By the way," said Paul, "you're a Jesuit." "Am I?" I asked. "Yes." I'm pretty sure I'm not a Jesuit, but Paul continued. "You're called Anthony. You were tortured to death in 1563 for being a Jesuit, and beating the Queen's champion at real

8 ON 9 POINT

Ergonomique Light & *Light Italic*

featherweights

Well so look at you, screaming and shouting like an angry turnip

BLUE JAM

Tak, myślę, że kule są doskonałe.

geostrategical

“Waiting for lorry to splashy”

IT WAS IN 1987 THAT I HAD THIS DREAM.

SATSUMA

Ich heiße Graham Shive

HIERARCHICALLY

Ergonomique Light & *Light Italic*

I HAD BEEN IN THE PUB THREE HOURS, TALKING to a guy I used to work with called Ian, before I realised he wasn't Ian at all, and I was in the wrong pub. By that stage he was very cross. He poked me in the chest, and asked me if I was some sort of *puppy squeezer*. I didn't know what he meant. He had me thrown out for it. I walked

18 ON 20 POINT

the street until I came to a doorway where I used to lean when I was married to a wife. I think I've forgotten her name now. No, I haven't. It was Rosalind. Hmm. Yes, I have. I had intended to empty the pub out of my bladder here, but the doorway was lit up and surrounded by film cameras. Hydraulic pistons poked out of the side of the building. A beautiful girl sat where I used to lean, holding a bunch of leaves to her face and inhaling deeply, while an assistant applied make-up to her nose and teeth. Next to her, an elephant was being made up too. It wore a special jacket with fireworks attached. Grey foundation was being

12 ON 14 POINT

applied to its trunk. The model was asking if the elephant had been given its breakfast. She said it shouldn't be expected to do this work without eating homeopathically fireproofing seeds. She'd insisted on it in her contract. She got up, put her arms around its trunk, and said "Let there be peace among mammoths." Some models use cigarettes. Some use heroin. My bladder was conker-hard and big as a saucepan. A girl came up and asked me if I was with the elephant. I looked at the elephant, and I looked at her and wished she was a lavatory. She handed me a script. It said "Location shoot: *The Eden Current Account*." Behind

10 ON 12 POINT

me a man started bawling into his hand. It crackled with sounds of obedience. He was the director. After ten minutes, he was ready for someone to tell his assistant to say "*action*," and the model became immediately concerned about the cameras, and asked if they were meat-free. The director slowly

9 ON 10 POINT

explained that this was a spiritualised camera, in which the lenses were made of glass, not meat. I think she felt better. The cameras rolled again. The model started chewing the leaves, and smoke poured from the doorway behind her. In the script, it said

8 ON 9 POINT

identification

GURGLE MY GLADYS

What I'm going to do is give you 200 quid.

juxtapositions

Hadi, yeşile dönmesini sağla!

¶ARAGRAPH

©1997-1999 Christopher Morris

khyphoplasties

Hymenoptera surfaced with a tray of crudités

@paulgoode

Ergonomique Regular & *Italic*

ANY MINUTE NOW, THE BLOWFLIES WILL hatch. They've been breeding in a scrap of kidney *next to my foot*. I cannot bend down or move from side to side in here, and must remain standing with my face pressed to the thick glass. Still, I am lucky. When Susie found me, I had been stranded on a traffic island

18 ON 20 POINT

for four hours. And when she suggested that she take me home and have me walled up as an art installation, I agreed straight away. So here I am, in an alcove in her living room, being exhibited behind glass next to a plaque bearing the name "*Berence Oslo*." Berence Oslo is the artist that did me. There is a copper tube to help me breathe, and I am naked except for a string vest. Some of my lower parts have been painted yellow. I think the cleaning lady pushed the kidney in through the tube, but it missed my mouth and fell to my feet. Susie is having a sort of dinner to open me officially. It seems to be a great success. Her face is all blotchy with

12 ON 14 POINT

anticipation as she waits for guests to react to me. I am a great hit when one of them taps on the glass and says "Susie, you are a genius. This is what art should be like - moving, in a relevant way." I have instructions to reply to these comments by saying "I am very sorry. This art is crap." Of course the guest is flabberghasted, because they have no idea I can hear them. Only very recent Berence Oslos come fitted with a ticket office intercom. They start raving about the magnificence of a piece of art that is capable of criticising itself. "*That's amazing*," they say. "*This art is capable of criticising itself*." As I continue to slag myself

10 ON 12 POINT

off, there is a buzz of expectation as Will Self arrives with his special pillow and a miniature chicken. He spots me, and immediately delivers himself of the opinion that he has never seen a more klepto-masturbatory entropoid. He kneels, and says that now he has glimpsed all our hypocrisies in a neuro-

9 ON 10 POINT

plastic ellipse. There follows a period of silent eating, with occasional sobs, and the passing and gradual filling of a tear thimble.

I've been here for a couple of hours now. Susie summons the guests into an adjoining room. She is an excellent hostess. One girl

8 ON 9 POINT

Ergonomique Medium & *Medium Italic*

LYCANTHROPISTS

Plastic Builder – £4.95

When you so sick you sad you cry

#typographic

I'm piecing together an holistic puzzle

MONOTRANSITIVE

When ye tongue but slip-slap daft round simplespeak

SECTIONED

Norit manu seju!

Saturday at the Vag in Glasgow, an all-nighter with DJ Boiled Mouse.

nepotistically

Ergonomique Medium & *Medium Italic*

MY EYES ARE WATERING. THERE'S A LOT of dust in the air. I can't see too well anyway, because I *pawned my corneas* two days ago to buy a pair of shoes. The replacements are cheap and ill-fitting, and the anaesthetic wears off quickly, so fifteen minutes later I'd spent all the money on a week's supply

18 ON 20 POINT

of codeine. I ate it outside. I had to lie down on the pavement while the painkillers got round to my eyes. I hung my head over the kerb to make them arrive faster. Before she ran away, my wife said this would happen. She even got the date right. I tried to remember the expression when she said it. I had just got as far as a large roaring mouth, when a pair of shoes appeared next to my head. I thought they looked familiar. They were familiar, because I'd lost them in a bet to the art dealer, *Japhet Corncrake*. "That's rather good," he said. "Is this a new performance piece, or just a work in progress?" "I sold my eyes," I said. "I can't see."

12 ON 14 POINT

He clapped his hands and jumped up and down, thoroughly impressed. "That's very good. I like it. We must talk about this. Are you very busy this evening, because I've got a new show on at the gallery, if you'd like to come along." I couldn't say no. I couldn't say anything, because I didn't want to, and words don't form in my mouth when that happens. So he hailed a taxi and pushed me into it. As we drove through London, he talked fluidly about art. Coincidentally, I felt very sick. When I asked him whether perhaps he could return my shoes, he said "You really will make an *excellent installation*. Who writes your

10 ON 12 POINT

scripts?" Corncrake's private gallery was full of people. It was also full of water, as it was really a swimming pool with pictures hung around the walls. The guests were swimming round and round and chattering. Corncrake introduced me to a hugely fitted woman called *Hymenoptera*, who helped me

9 ON 10 POINT

into the pool and gave me a drink. A man called *Howards Knack* touched me on the nipple, and asked me what I thought about the *Sarajevo School*. I was about to say "Please help me," when Helen Collop swam up, popped a cherry in my mouth, kissed my

8 ON 9 POINT

OVERCAUTIOUSLY

»*BUCHAREST SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA*«

Oh, cold chicken!

£20,000! How am I supposed to pay that?

pantheological

ZDAJ ME LAHKO PUSTIŠ PRI MIRU.

¡BIENVENIDA!

The classic sounds of 7th January, 1998.

quinquagesimal

My name is Frank Sorrit.

VEDETTY JÄNNE

Ergonomique Semibold & Semibold Italic

IT STARTED IN THE PARK, AS I WAS LYING DOWN and my head hit a hard lump in the ground. I needed to lie down because the chemist had made a mistake, and I'm used to a slightly milder antidepressant. When I dug the lump out of the ground, I saw that it was metallic, with a handle. *It looked a bit like an electric drill.* There was a

18 ON 20 POINT

lever for your finger to rest against. I felt I ought to know what it was. I knew I had seen lots of them in films. I thought the tobacconist might help. I pulled it out when I was buying half an ounce of *Golden Virginia* and some *blue Rizlas*, but he just grew upset and started shouting. He threw money at me, which felt wrong, and told me to leave with whatever I wanted as long as I just get out. I took one ten pound note and left him to his strained worries. At the bus stop there was a lady sitting in a way that reminded me of the nurse who used to sit at the front of our class in primary school. Maybe she'd know what this thing was. I fished it

12 ON 14 POINT

out, and she sort of gasped, fell off the seat sideways and seemed to be asleep suddenly. I thought I'd better do something. I flagged a passing taxi, and pulled the sleeping lady into the back with me. The cabbie looked in his mirror. I pulled out the object and was about to ask him about it when he said "I don't want any trouble. Where do you want to go?" The nocturnal mammal house in the zoo was *the only place I really wanted to go* at that moment. I use it sometimes to collect my thoughts. When we reached the zoo, I thanked the driver, and left the lady in the cab with the tenner in her mouth. I didn't want

10 ON 12 POINT

to mess around with her pockets, and it was open. On my way to *Night World* I could hear police sirens. Passers-by were staring at me more than usual. Behind me, some youths were laughing at a masturbating bonobo which had paused to be sick. I ducked through their gaggle, and into an open door in

9 ON 10 POINT

the ape block. A keeper was tending his gibbons. Something about my sudden presence in the cage made him run off. Outside, a teacher was telling some children why the gibbon has long arms. Inside, a large gibbon demonstrated by grabbing my object

8 ON 9 POINT

Look, what if I give you 5%?
reconfigurable

That's £68.50, shall I put that on your account?

SHOULDERBLADES

That's no titchy marrow

PURPLE RABBIT

Did you mention to Jill how much Ted liked his Lego?

FUSS MY POLLY
thigmotropical

SHUT, SHUT, SHUT IT UP, OO CACKAMUFFIN...

Ah, Mr Bentham, do come on in.

Ergonomique Bold & *Bold Italic*

SUSIE AND A THIN MAN FOUND ME IN THE park. I was walking slowly round the pond, making the bones in my nose tickle by hooting. Susie said my mother had tipped her off, after hearing my voice while throwing stones at the ducks. I had been there a day and a half. *“It’s because of my job,”* I explained,

18 ON 20 POINT

“batch testing New Age CDs.” “But Hal said he didn’t hire you in the end,” she said. “That would explain why he hasn’t paid me.” The thin man with Susie coughed up a small laugh, and spat it onto the ground. “You’d better come to dinner on Saturday,” Susie said. “Clive will be there too.” She squeezed the man’s arm. “Clive is the suicide journalist.” He was ghostly pale, with black hair and a sad wit in his eyes. I’d say he looked like John Cusack, *if I could remember who the hell John Cusack was.* As he gazed moodily at the pond, Susie explained that Clive had announced in his weekly column that he had six months to live. On April

12 ON 14 POINT

the fifteenth, he would be committing suicide, and until then he would write about how it felt to be staring death in the face. Clive took out a notebook and muttered something about the blackness of a moorhen. “Do you know what month it is now?” she asked. I thought it might be Martober. Susie dabbed a damp eye, and said that the suicide column was the saddest, funniest, most tragic and uplifting thing she’d ever read. “He has just twelve weeks to go.” I looked across the pond and started honking again. Susie turned to collect Clive, who was puffing on three cigarettes and *smirking at his notes.* “Eight or late with a good excuse,” she

10 ON 12 POINT

crooned, and popped a sweet in my mouth.

I arrived well after dark. A smart woman opened the door. “I couldn’t afford a bottle of wine,” I said, “so I’ve drawn one on a piece of cardboard.” I had prepared for the party by eating half a jar of instant coffee I’d found in

9 ON 10 POINT

the bins at *Sainsbury’s.* She took my cardboard and said “That’s brilliant. Could I use you in a programme?” When I asked her what sort of programme, she said “I could make a whole series about the things people bring to parties.” “What do you do?”

8 ON 9 POINT

Ergonomique Black & *Black Italic*

BUNĂ, SARAH? ÎNCHIDE OCHII, SE ÎNTOARCE AFARĂ.

CALLIGRAPHIC
unappreciative

Ég get ekki selt áfengi fyrir neinn undir átján.

THEN THWACK!
voluptuousness

Oi, you! How old do you think I am? Do I look over eighteen?

THE MONASTERY OF SOUND
ONLY \$30.98
witchmongering
Mmm, oo vuf welcome

Ergonomique Black & *Black Italic*

ROTHKO WOOFED. HE WAS SITTING IN THE armchair again. He occasionally looked at the telly. Mostly, he was looking at me looking at the telly. Rothko didn't want me there. There in Imogen's house that I was supposed to be looking after. I looked at him now – *a big Irish wolfhound, with deep dark*

18 ON 20 POINT

eyes. In one I could see Imogen telling me to take him for walks, but not to let him off the lead as he hadn't been squirrel trained, and in the other I saw me, saying yes, *"and don't lose the keys like you did last time, you worthless little prick, god your mother hates you."* My brother was over my shoulder for that bit. I double-locked the front door, and looked at the keys. "What shall we do with these?" I said to Rothko. He looked quizzical. "Probably better to leave them safe in there, isn't it," I said, and posted them back through the door. "Now don't lose the dog." I made a noose with the handle of the lead, and looped it round

12 ON 14 POINT

my neck. I had to stoop slightly, but I figured the knob of my head would stop us ever becoming separated. So we clattered to the park, Rothko galloping ahead, me stumbling behind like a bear running too fast down a hill. Twenty yards into the park, Rothko glimpsed the duckpond and bolted. I landed in the shallows as Rothko closed his jaws on the nearest mallard. He shook his head violently so its quacks were broken like the honks of a goose in a cement mixer. A little girl was crying, *"Help the ducky."* I dripped stupidly. The girl's dad grabbed the duck and slapped at the dog's nose whimpering *"stop it,"* and

10 ON 12 POINT

"this is appalling." He was clearly the sort of sensitive man that Rothko had no respect for. They separated with a splash, and so did the duck. The man stared dumbly at the legs in his hand, and suddenly everyone was screaming RSPCA at me. The lead snapped tight around my neck as Rothko dodged a

9 ON 10 POINT

blow, and the world became purple and banging. Through the rumble, I could hear my own strangled peanut of a voice screeching *"No, please, it's the dog, and it's not mine, it's Imogen Edwards's!"* Rothko turned to me with curled lips. "Imogen's not

8 ON 9 POINT

FORTY-THREE?

More feeble Brenda... introduce me to Gladstone!

XENOPHYOPHORES

Well, it's working; but it's full of lizards.

LICK MY PUDDLE

yatapoxviruses

WHACK MY BONOBO!

€97,651,843.20

Yes, um, I'd like a case of the Couvé Napa, please.

zombifications

PAULOGOODE.COM

Ergonomique Ultra & *Ultra Italic*

HALF AN HOUR LATER, I WAS SITTING ON A traffic island, squeezing the cream out. I had been aiming for the pub with Gerard, but I couldn't keep up, and he said he couldn't walk any slower, and by the time I got to the pub *I had forgotten which one it was.* I was annoyed with the tube of cream, because it contained

18 ON 20 POINT

air pockets. I slapped its middle, and produced several large splats. One of them landed on a nearby shoe. It was somewhat too narrow, in patent leather, with little silver guitars on the ends of the laces. I looked up the shoe, past lemon and chocolate socks and ironed jeans to a blue leisure jacket, out of which poked the smiling neckless head of Graeling Barraclough. I had known him on and off for twenty years. We were at school together. I had set him on fire once behind the gym. If he was disappointed by my appearance, he didn't hide it. "*Hidey-doody,*" he said. He was a television director now. He was filming some

12 ON 14 POINT

close-ups of the road with his crew. "I'm filming some close-ups of the road," he said, "for stylistic reasons." I left a short gap, and told him about the identity parade. "Hey," he said, and his mouth leaped slightly. "I'm about to do a reconstruction of that very crime." He pointed to the travel agents across the road. Two extras were hovering round the corner in dressing gowns. I told him that only one man had robbed the shop. I like facts. "Not any more," he said, and added, "you berked-up little ape." *I assumed he was right in some way.* "Sorry," he said rubbing his nose vigorously. "I'm jamming on crusty white."

10 ON 12 POINT

Then he said, "Now hear me right out," and explained that this was a new departure in crime reconstruction. "The victims don't know we're coming," he jabbered. "I've got three cameras hidden *there, there and there.*" His neck swelled with pride as he announced that these were *three*

9 ON 10 POINT

of the most brilliant camera angles in the history of crime reconstruction television. "He must enjoy shitting himself," I thought. He hurried off to a secret position in a building opposite the travel agents. A few moments later, the two extras ran naked

8 ON 9 POINT

LATIN EXTENDED SPECIFICATION

[illegible]

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

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