

*Homage  
to the  
Alphabet*

GarageFonts

# HELLO

## Welcome to the Catalog

---

**I**NTRODUCING HOMAGE SCRIPT, a fresh new typeface created by International TypeFounders and Phil's Fonts exclusively for GarageFonts. Inspired by James Hellmuth's 1980 cover lettering for Phil's *Photo Homage to the Alphabet*, Homage Script stays true to Hellmuth's graceful hand-lettering while updating its functionality for today's diverse design environments - Homage Script succeeds with aplomb.

### HOMAGE CONDENSED

Paying homage to the 1960s and 1970s designs of Tom Carnese and Herb Lubalin, Homage Condensed is a digital revival and recutting of LSC Condensed in two weights along with italics and numerous stylistic alternate characters.

# *Picasso, Cézanne, Matisse and of course Gertrude*

Then began a long correspondence, not between Gertrude Stein and T. S. Eliot, but between T. S. Eliot's secretary and myself. We each addressed the other as Sir, I signing myself A. B. Toklas and she signing initials.

It was only considerably afterwards that I found out that his secretary was not a young man. I don't know whether she ever found out that I was not.

In spite of all this correspondence nothing happened and Gertrude Stein mischievously told the story to all the English people coming to the house and at that moment there were a great many English coming in and out. At any rate finally there was a note, it was now early spring, from the Criterion asking would Miss Stein mind

if her contribution appeared in the October number. She replied that nothing could be more suitable than the fifteenth of November on the fifteenth of October.

Once more a long silence and then this time came proof of the article. We were surprised but returned the proof promptly. Apparently a young man had sent it without authority because very shortly came an apologetic letter saying that there had been a mistake, the article was not to be printed just yet. This was also told to the passing English with the result that after all it was printed. Thereafter it was reprinted in the Georgian Stories. Gertrude Stein was delighted when later she was told that Eliot had said in Cambridge that the work of Gertrude Stein was very fine but not for us.

But to come back to Ezra. Ezra did come back and he came back with the editor of The Dial. This time it was worse than Japanese prints, it was much more violent. In his surprise at the violence Ezra fell out of Gertrude Stein's favourite little armchair, the one I have since tapestried with Picasso designs, and Gertrude Stein was furious. Finally Ezra and the editor of The Dial left, nobody too well pleased. Gertrude Stein did not want to see Ezra again. Ezra did not quite see why. He met Gertrude Stein one day near the Luxembourg gardens and said, but I do want to come to see you. I am so sorry, answered Gertrude Stein, but Miss Toklas has a bad tooth and beside we are busy picking wild flowers. All of which was literally true, like all of Gertrude Stein's literature, but it upset Ezra, and we never saw him again.

During these months after the war we were one day going down a little street and saw a man looking in at a window and going backwards and forwards and right and left and otherwise behaving strangely. Lipschitz, said Gertrude Stein. Yes, said Lipschitz, I am buying an iron rock. Where is it, we asked. Why in there, he said, and in

Homage Script

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a a b b c c d d d e e f f g g g h h h h h i i j j

k k k k k k l l l l l m m n n o p q r s t t

u u v v w w x x y y y z z z z z z z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

¼ ½ ¾ } & j ! ; : ? % . . . : " " " # \* + / @ } | ( \$ % & ' ( ) /

as az az cb ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch ch

ch cl cl cr ct ct ds eb eb eh eh eh eh eh eh ei

ei ej eh eh eh eh eh eh el el el el el el et et et et

em en en ep er es et et eu eu ey ey ff ff ft ft ff

ff fi ff g g g g g g h h i i i i i i l l l l l l s s is iz iz

h h h h h h h h h h h h h h h h h h h h

ms ns th th th th th th th th th th th th th th

0123456789/0123456789

Homage Script

À Á Â Ã Ä Å Æ Ħ Ĩ Ĵ Ķ ĸ Ĺ Ļ Ľ Ŀ Ł Ń Ņ Ñ Ò  
Ë Ê Ë Ě Ě Ě Ě Ě Ě Ğ Ġ Ģ Ģ Ĥ Ħ  
Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ Ĵ  
Ó Ô Õ Ö Ø Ò Ò Ò Ò Ò Ò Ò Ò Ò Ò Ò Ò Ò  
Ù Ú Û Ü Ý Þ ß à á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë  
ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě  
ù ú û ü ý þ ß à á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë  
ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě ě

Notre Dame  
des Champs

Homage Condensed

A B C D E F G H I J J K L M N O P Q R S S T U V W X Y Z

a a b c d e e f f g g h i i j j k l m m n n o

p p q r r r r s t u u u v v w w x y y z

N<sub>o</sub> 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 ¼ ½ ¾

{ | ( & ; ! ; ? % . , ; : “ ” ‘ ’ # \* + / @ \$ € £ ¥ € ) | }

0 1 2 3 0 4 5 6 7 8 9 / 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Th aa aas as ax da das  
ds dx fb fb fh fh fis fis  
fk fk ff fi fl ffi ffl ha  
has hs hx ij ij is ix ka ks  
la las ls ma mas ms mx  
na nas ns nx ts ua  
uas us ux uz





Homage Condensed Italic

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ*

*aabccdeeffggghiiijjklmmnno*

*ppqrrrrrstuuuovvwwxyyz*

*N01234567890 ¼ ½ ¾*

*{ | ( & ; ! ; ? % . , ; : “ ” ‘ ’ # \* + / @ \$ % & ¥ € ) | }*

*01230456789/0123 456789*

*Th aa aas as ax da das*

*ds dx fb fb fh fh fis fis*

*fk fk ff fi fl ffi ffl ha*

*has hs hx ij ij is ix ka ks*

*la las ls ma mas ms mx*

*na nas ns nx ts ua*

*uas us ux uz*



Homage Condensed Italic

À Á Â Ã Ä Å Æ Ā Ą Ć Ċ Ĉ Č Ď  
Đ È É Ê Ë Ē Ĕ Ė Ę Ğ Ġ Ģ Ĥ Ħ  
Ì Í Î Ï Ĵ Ĵ Ķ Ĺ Ļ Ľ Ŀ Ñ Ñ  
Ń Ń Ò Ó Ô Õ Ö Ø Ő Ó Ŕ Ŗ Ŗ  
Ś Ś Ŝ Ŝ ŝ ŝ ŝ ŝ Ţ Ţ Ţ Ţ Ũ Ũ  
Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū Ū  
à á â ã ä å æ ç è é ê ë  
ē ě ħ ì í î ï ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ  
ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ĵ ħ ħ ì ì ì ì ì ì  
î î î î î î î î î î ĵ ĵ ĵ  
ķ ķ ĺ ĺ ĺ ĺ ĺ ĺ ĺ ĺ ĺ ĺ ĺ  
ò ó ô õ ö ø ő ó œ œ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ  
ŗ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ ŕ  
ú ú ú ú ú ú ú ú ú ú ũ ũ ũ ũ ũ ũ ũ  
ů ů ů ů ů ů ů ů ů ů ů ŵ ŵ ŷ ŷ ŷ ŷ ŷ ŷ  
ž ž ž ž ž ž

Pavilion  
72pt

And so life in Paris began and as all roads lead to Paris, all of us are now there, and I can begin to tell what happened when I was of it.

Pavilion  
84pt

When I first came to Paris a friend and myself stayed in a little hotel in the boulevard Saint-Michel, then we took a small apartment in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs and then my friend went back to California and I joined Gertrude Stein in the rue de Fleurus.

Pavilion  
96pt

I had been at the rue de Fleurus every Saturday evening and I was there a great deal beside. I helped Gertrude Stein with the proofs of Three Lives and then I began to typewrite The Making of Americans. The little badly made french portable was not strong enough to type this big book and so we bought a large and imposing Smith Premier which at first looked very much out of place in the atelier but soon we were all used to it and it remained until I had an american portable, in short until after the war.

Pavilion  
110pt

As I said Fernande was the first wife of a genius I was to sit with. The geniuses came and talked to Gertrude Stein and the wives sat with me. How they unroll, an endless vista through the years. I began with Fernande and then there were Madame Matisse and Marcelle Braque and Josette Gris and Eve Picasso and Bridget Gibb and Marjory Gibb and Hadley and Pauline Hemingway and Mrs. Sherwood Anderson and Mrs. Bravign Imbs and the Mrs. Ford Madox Ford and endless others, geniuses, near geniuses and might be geniuses, all having wives, and I have sat and talked with them all all the wives and later on, well later on too, I have sat and talked with all. But I began with Fernande.

Pavilion  
127pt

I went too to the Casa Ricci in Fiesole with Gertrude Stein and her brother. How well I remember the first summer I stayed with them. We did charming things. Gertrude Stein and I took a Fiesole cab, I think it was the only one and drove in this old cab all the way to Siena. Gertrude Stein had once walked it with a friend but in those hot italian days I preferred a cab. It was a charming trip. Then another time we went to Rome and we brought back a beautiful black renaissance plate. Maddalena, the old italian cook, came up to Gertrude Stein's bedroom one morning to bring the water for her bath. Gertrude Stein had the hiccoughs. But cannot the signora stop it, said Maddalena anxiously. No, said Gertrude Stein between hiccoughs. Maddalena shaking her head sadly went away. In a

*Homage  
to the  
Alphabet*

minute there was an awful crash. Up flew Maddalena, oh signora, signora, she said, I was so upset because the signora had the hiccoughs that I broke the black plate that the signora so carefully brought from Rome. Gertrude Stein began to swear, she has a reprehensible habit of swearing whenever anything unexpected happens and she always tells me she learned it in her youth in California, and as I am a loyal californian I can then say nothing. She swore and the hiccoughs ceased. Maddalena's face was wreathed in smiles. Ah the signorina, she said, she has stopped hiccoughing. Oh no I did not break the beautiful plate, I just made the noise of it and then said I did it to make the signorina stop hiccoughing.

Gertrude Stein is awfully patient over the breaking of even her most cherished objects, it is I, I am sorry to say who usually break them. Neither she nor the servant nor the dog do, but then the servant never touches them, it is I who dust them and alas sometimes accidentally break them. I always beg her to promise to let me have them mended by an expert before I tell her which it is that is broken, she always replies she gets no pleasure out of them if they are mended but alright have it mended and it is mended and it gets put away. She loves objects that are breakable, cheap objects and valuable objects, a chicken out of a grocery shop or a pigeon out of a fair, one just broke this morning, this time it was not I who did it, she loves them all and she remembers them all but she knows that sooner or later they will break and she says that like books there are always more to find. However to me this is no consolation. She says she likes what she has and she likes the adventure of a new one. That is what she always says about young painters, about anything, once everybody knows they are good the adventure is over. And adds Picasso with a sigh, even after everybody knows they are good not any more people really like them than they did when only the few knew they were good.

I did have to take one hot walk that summer. Gertrude Stein insisted that no one could go to Assisi except on foot. She has three favourite saints, Saint Ignatius Loyola, Saint Theresa of Avila and Saint Francis. I also have only one favourite saint, Saint Anthony of Padua because it is he who finds lost objects and as Gertrude Stein's elder brother once said of me, if I were a general I would never lose a battle, I would only mislay it. Saint Anthony helps me find it. I always put a considerable sum in his box in every church I visit. At first

*Abstract*

72pt

*Abstract*

84pt

*Abstract*

96pt

*Abstract*

110pt

*Abstract*

127pt

*Homage  
to the  
Alphabet*

Gertrude Stein objected to this extravagance but now she realises its necessity and if I am not with her she remembers Saint Anthony for me.

It was a very hot italian day and we started as usual about noon, that being Gertrude Stein's favourite walking hour, because it was hottest and beside presumably Saint Francis had walked it then the oftenest as he had walked it at all hours. We started from Perugia across the hot valley. I gradually undressed, in those days one wore many more clothes than one does now, I even, which was most unconventional in those days, took off my stockings, but even so I dropped a few tears before we arrived and we did arrive. Gertrude Stein was very fond of Assisi for two reasons, because of Saint Francis and the beauty of his city and because the old women used to lead instead of a goat a little pig up and down the hills of Assisi. The little black pig was always decorated with a red ribbon. Gertrude Stein had always liked little pigs and she always said that in her old age she expected to wander up and down the hills of Assisi with a little black pig. She now wanders about the hills of the Ain with a large white dog and a small black one, so I suppose that does as well.

She was always fond of pigs, and because of this Picasso made and gave her some charming drawings of the prodigal son among the pigs. And one delightful study of pigs all by themselves. It was about this time too that he made for her the tiniest of ceiling decorations on a tiny wooden panel and it was an homage a Gertrude with women and angels bringing fruits and trumpeting. For years she had this tacked to the ceiling over her bed. It was only after the war that it was put upon the wall.

But to return to the beginning of my life in Paris. It was based upon the rue de Fleurus and the Saturday evenings and it was like a kaleidoscope slowly turning. What happened in those early years. A great deal happened. As I said when I became an habitual visitor at the rue de Fleurus the Picassos were once more together, Pablo and Fernande. That summer they went again to Spain and he came back with some spanish landscapes and one may say that these landscapes, two of them still at the rue de Fleurus and the other one in Moscow in the collection that Stchoukine founded and that is now national property, were the beginning of cubism. In these there was no african sculpture influence. There was very evidently a strong Cézanne in-

# Recitals

72pt

# Recitals

84pt

# Recitals

96pt

# Recitals

110pt

# Recitals

127pt

*Homage  
to the  
Alphabet*

*Slickers*

72pt

*Slickers*

84pt

*Slickers*

96pt

*Slickers*

110pt

*Slickers*

127pt

*Homage  
to the  
Alphabet*

fluence, particularly the influence of the late Cézanne water colours, the cutting up the sky not in cubes but in spaces.

But the essential thing, the treatment of the houses was essentially spanish and therefore essentially Picasso. In these pictures he first emphasised the way of building in spanish villages, the line of the houses not following the landscape but cutting across and into the lan scape, becoming undistinguishable in the landscape by cutting across the landscape. It was the principle of the camouflage of the guns and the ships in the war. The first year of the war, Picasso and Eve, with whom he was living then, Gertrude Stein and myself, were walking down the boulevard Raspail a cold winter evening. There is nothing in the world colder than the Raspail on a cold winter evening, we used to call it the retreat from Moscow. All of a sudden down the street came some big cannon, the first any of us had seen painted, that is camouflaged. Pablo stopped, he was spell-bound. C'est nous qui avons fait ça, he said, it is we that have created that, he said. And he was right, he had. From Cézanne through him they had come to that. His foresight was justified.

But to go back to the three landscapes. When they were first put up on the wall naturally everybody objected. As it happened he and Fernande had taken some photographs of the villages which he had painted and he had given copies of these photographs to Gertrude Stein. When people said that the few cubes in the landscapes looked like nothing but cubes, Gertrude Stein would laugh and say, if you had objected to these landscapes as being too realistic there would be some point in your objection. And she would show them the photographs and really the pictures as she rightly said might be declared to be too photographic a copy of nature. Years after Elliot Paul at Gertrude Stein's suggestion had a photograph of the painting by Picasso and the photographs of the village reproduced on the same page in transition and it was extraordinarily interesting. This then was really the beginning of cubism. The colour too was characteristically spanish, the pale silver yellow with the faintest suggestion of green, the colour afterwards so well known in Picasso's cubist pictures, as well as in those of his followers.

Gertrude Stein always says that cubism is a purely spanish conception and only spaniards can be cubists and that the only real cubism is that of Picasso and



Quirky  
72pt

Juan Gris. Picasso created it and Juan Gris permeated it with his clarity and his exaltation. To understand this one has only to read the life and death of Juan Gris by Gertrude Stein, written upon the death of one of her two dearest friends, Picasso and Juan Gris, both spaniards.

Quirky  
84pt

She always says that americans can understand spaniards. That they are the only two western nations that can realise abstraction. That in americans it expresses itself by disembodiedness, in literature and machinery, in Spain by ritual so abstract that it does not connect itself with anything but ritual.

Quirky  
96pt

I always remember Picasso saying disgustedly apropos of some germans who said they liked bull-fights, they would, he said angrily, they like bloodshed. To a spaniard it is not bloodshed, it is ritual.

Quirky  
110pt

Americans, so Gertrude Stein says, are like spaniards, they are abstract and cruel. They are not brutal they are cruel. They have no close contact with the earth such as most europeans have. Their materialism is not the materialism of existence, of possession, it is the materialism of action and abstraction. And so cubism is spanish.

Quirky  
127pt

We were very much struck, the first time Gertrude Stein and I went to Spain, which was a year or so after the beginning of cubism, to see how naturally cubism was made in Spain. In the shops in Barcelona instead of post cards they had square little frames and inside it was placed a cigar, a real one, a pipe, a bit of handkerchief etcetera, all absolutely the arrangement of many a cubist picture and helped out by cut paper representing other objects. That is the modern note that in Spain had been done for centuries.

Homage  
to the  
Alphabet

Picasso in his early cubist pictures used printed letters as did Juan Gris to force the painted surface to measure up to something rigid, and the rigid thing was the printed letter. Gradually instead of using the printed thing they painted the letters and all was lost, it was only Juan Gris who could paint with such intensity a printed letter that it still made the rigid contrast. And so cubism came little by little but it came.

It was in these days that the intimacy between Braque and Picasso grew. It was in these days that Juan Gris, a raw rather effusivre youth came from Madrid to Paris

*The Bottle of Anis del Moro*  
*Landscape*

*The Bull Fighter*

*Harlequin*

*Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*

*Blue Nude*



Homage Condensed Medium

# Braque and Picasso

THE NEW GENERATION OF PAINTERS

The guitarist played and Manolo was there

Saint-Remy de Provence

CLAMART WITH THE MATISSES

Freight Text 10/12

Picasso never wished Braque away. Picasso said once when he and Gertrude Stein were talking together, yes, Braque and James Joyce, they are the incomprehensibles whom anybody can understand. Les incompréhensibles que tout le monde peut comprendre.

The first thing that happened when we were back in Paris was Hemingway with a letter of introduction from Sherwood Anderson. I remember very well the impression I had of Hemingway that first afternoon. He was an extraordinarily good-looking young man, twenty-three years old. It was not long after that that everybody was twenty-six. It became the period of being twenty-six. During the next two or three years all the young men were

twenty-six years old. It was the right age apparently for that time and place. There were one or two under twenty, for example George Lynes but they did not count as Gertrude Stein carefully explained to them. If they were young men they were twenty-six. Later on, much later on they were twenty-one and twenty-two.

So Hemingway was twenty-three, rather foreign looking, with passionately interested, rather than interesting eyes. He sat in front of Gertrude Stein and listened and looked.

They talked then, and more and more, a great deal together. He asked her to come and spend an evening in their apartment and look at his work. Hemingway had then

and has always a very good instinct for finding apartments in strange but pleasing localities and good femmes de ménage and good food. This his first apartment was just off the place du Tertre. We spent the evening there and he and Gertrude Stein went over all the writing he had done up to that time. He had begun the novel that it was inevitable he would begin and there were the little poems afterwards printed by McAlmon in the Contract Edition. Gertrude Stein rather liked the poems, they were direct, Kiplingesque, but the novel she found wanting. There is a great deal of description in this, she said, and not particularly good description. Begin over again and concentrate, she said.

Hemingway was at this time Paris cor-

*Homage Condensed Medium Italic*

*Côte d'Azur*  
*Ford Madox Hueffer*  
**LIPSCHITZ**

Freight Text 10/12

respondent for a Canadian newspaper. He was obliged there to express what he called the Canadian viewpoint. He and Gertrude Stein used to walk together and talk together a great deal. One day she said to him, look here, you say you and your wife have a little money between you. Is it enough to live on if you live quietly. Yes, he said. Well, she said, then do it. If you keep on doing newspaper work you will never see things, you will only see words and that will not do, that is of course if you intend to be a writer. Hemingway said he undoubtedly intended to be a writer. He and his wife went away on a trip and shortly after Hemingway turned up alone. He came to the house about ten o'clock in the morning and he stayed, he stayed for lunch, he stayed all afternoon, he stayed

for dinner and he stayed until about ten o'clock at night and then all of a sudden he announced that his wife was enceinte and then with great bitterness, and I, I am too young to be a father. We consoled him as best we could and sent him on his way.

When they came back Hemingway said that he had made up his mind. They would go back to America and he would work hard for a year and with what he would earn and what they had they would settle down and he would give up newspaper work and make himself a writer. They went away and well within the prescribed year they came back with a new born baby. Newspaper work was over.

The first thing to do when they came back

was as they thought to get the baby baptised. They wanted Gertrude Stein and myself to be god-mothers and an english war comrade of Hemingway was to be god-father. We were all born of different religions and most of us were not practising any, so it was rather difficult to know in what church the baby could be baptised. We spent a great deal of time that winter, all of us, discussing the matter. Finally it was decided that it should be baptised episcopalian and episcopalian it was. Just how it was managed with the assortment of godparents I am sure I do not know, but it was baptised in the episcopalian chapel.

Writer or painter god-parents are notoriously unreliable That is, there is certain before long to be a cooling of friendship.

## Homage Condensed Black

# Editions de la Montagne

THEY WERE COMING HOME ONE FOGGY EVENING

# London Vogue

WE LIKED ELLIOT PAUL MORE

I felt just like a prima donna

Freight Text 9/11

I know several cases of this, poor Paulot Picasso's godparents have wandered out of sight and just as naturally it is a long time since any of us have seen or heard of our Hemingway god-child.

However in the beginning we were active god-parents, I particularly. I embroidered a little chair and I knitted a gay coloured garment for the god-child. In the meantime the god-child's father was very earnestly at work making himself a writer.

Gertrude Stein never corrects any detail of anybody's writing, she sticks strictly to general principles, the way of seeing what the writer chooses to see, and the relation between that vision and the way it gets down. When the vision is not complete the words are flat, it is very simple, there can be no mistake about it, so she insists. It was at this time that Hem-

ingway began the short things that afterwards were printed in a volume called *In Our Time*.

One day Hemingway came in very excited about Ford Madox Ford and the Transatlantic. Ford Madox Ford had started the Transatlantic some months before. A good many years before, indeed before the war, we had met Ford Madox Ford who was at that time Ford Madox Hueffer. He was married to Violet Hunt and Violet Hunt and Gertrude Stein were next to each other at the tea table and talked a great deal together. I was next to Ford Madox Hueffer and I liked him very much and I liked his stories of *Mistral* and *Tarascon* and I liked his having been followed about in that land of the french royalist, on account of his resemblance to the Bourbon claimant. I had never seen the Bourbon claimant but Ford at that time undoubtedly might have been a Bourbon.

We had heard that Ford was in Paris, but we had not happened to meet. Gertrude Stein had however seen copies of the *Transatlantic* and found it interesting but had thought nothing further about it.

Hemingway came in then very excited and said that Ford wanted something of Gertrude Stein's for the next number and he, Hemingway, wanted *The Making of Americans* to be run in it as a serial and he had to have the first fifty pages at once. Gertrude Stein was of course quite overcome with her excitement at this idea, but there was no copy of the manuscript except the one that we had had bound. That makes no difference, said Hemingway, I will copy it. And he and I between us did copy it and it was printed in the next number of the *Transatlantic*. So for the first time a piece of the monumental work which was the beginning, really the beginning of modern writing,

*Homage Condensed Black Italic*

*Maurice Darantière*

*TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW*

*There she met Guevara, a Chilean painter*

*LUNCHED WITH THE BROMFIELDS*

*Autumn Salon*

Freight Text 9/11

was printed, and we were very happy. Later on when things were difficult between Gertrude Stein and Hemingway, she always remembered with gratitude that after all it was Hemingway who first caused to be printed a piece of *The Making of Americans*. She always says, yes sure I have a weakness for Hemingway. After all he was the first of the young men to knock at my door and he did make Ford print the first piece of *The Making of Americans*.

I myself have not so much confidence that Hemingway did do this. I have never known what the story is but I have always been certain that there was some other story behind it all. That is the way I feel about it.

Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson are very funny on the subject of Hemingway. The last time that Sherwood was in Paris they often talked about him. Hemingway had been

formed by the two of them and they were both a little proud and a little ashamed of the work of their minds. Hemingway had at one moment, when he had repudiated Sherwood Anderson and all his works, written him a letter in the name of American literature which he, Hemingway, in company with his contemporaries was about to save, telling Sherwood just what he, Hemingway thought about Sherwood's work, and, that thinking, was in no sense complimentary. When Sherwood came to Paris Hemingway naturally was afraid. Sherwood as naturally was not.

As I say he and Gertrude Stein were endlessly amusing on the subject. They admitted that Hemingway was yellow, he is, Gertrude Stein insisted, just like the flat-boat men on the Mississippi river as described by Mark Twain. But what a book, they both agreed, would be the real story of Hemingway, not those he

writes but the confessions of the real Ernest Hemingway. It would be for another audience than the audience Hemingway now has but it would be very wonderful. And then they both agreed that they have a weakness for Hemingway because he is such a good pupil. He is a rotten pupil, I protested. You don't understand, they both said, it is so flattering to have a pupil who does it without understanding it, in other words he takes training and anybody who takes training is a favourite pupil. They both admit it to be a weakness. Gertrude Stein added further, you see he is like Derain. You remember Monsieur de Tuille said, when I did not understand why Derain was having the success he was having that it was because he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums. And that is Hemingway, he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums. But what a story that of the real Hem, and one he should tell himself but alas he never will.



Phil's Fonts has been in the type business for over 30 years. The company evolved from one of the most well known and respected photolettering studios in the typesetting industry, Phil's Photo. Since 1990 Phil's Fonts has been distributing fonts from large and small foundries. The current selection offers over 100,000 fonts from type foundries and designers worldwide.

Phil's Fonts also specializes in creating custom typeface designs. Whether you need fonts for corporate identity, new products, magazine redesigns or for simple or complex licensing, Phil's Fonts can help solve your type issues.

GarageFonts was established in 1993 primarily as a vehicle to distribute some of the first typeface designs created for Raygun magazine. From the beginning, GarageFonts has been on the cutting edge of new typeface design, helping to change a once tiresome selection of typefaces into a new world of visual excitement. What started as a small library of trend setting designs has now grown to a varied collection of original, accessible text and display typefaces. GarageFonts has something for everyone.

Fonts used in this publication:

Homage Script  
Homage Condensed Medium  
Homage Condensed Medium Italic  
Homage Condensed Black  
Homage Condensed Black Italic  
Freight Neo Pro Book  
Freight Neo Pro Book Italic  
Freight Round Pro Light  
Freight Round Pro Light Italic  
Freight Text Pro Book

Most of the copy is from *The Autobiography of Alice B Toklas* by Gertrude Stein. Much thanks to the Project Gutenberg.

PHILSFONTS.COM  
GARAGEFONTS.COM  
June 2016

© Copyright 2016 Phil's Fonts, Inc. All Rights Reserved.