

Antique Legacy Mono

About Antique Legacy Mono

Antique Legacy Mono is the monospaced family of the Antique Legacy collection. With a lower cap height and the same amount of horizontal space for each character, this typeface will bring a structured rhythm to any text. Antique Legacy Mono letters inherit a technical and functional tone generating a distinct aesthetic.

It's all a matter of perception and, perhaps, a matter of time and place as well. From the synthesis of letterform designs proposed by Walter Käch in the late 1940s to the optical balance achieved by Helvetica, which was drawn by Max Miedinger in the mid-1950s, an organic and rational image was defined for the letter. With a distinct sensorial liaison between the positive and the negative spaces of its letterforms and counterforms, this paradigm of modernist typography eventually became the backbone of Swiss graphic design, which, in turn, inspired an international model in the latter half of the twentieth century.

More than sixty years after the peak of Swiss style and following the release of countless variants, François Rappo reclaims this typographic heritage with Antique Legacy. Rappo, once again, proves his mastery of the grotesque genre with this tremendous project. With its unprecedented ability to produce exceptionally uniform text surfaces and high-quality letterforms, Antique Legacy ultimately reinvigorates the distinctive identity of Swiss typographic modernism and serves as a tool that will make your retina tingle with delight. Antique Legacy Mono has been developed by Joana Siniavskaja under the supervision of François Rappo.

→ Released in 2026

Designed by François Rappo

François Rappo lives and works in Lausanne, Switzerland. Rappo studied graphic design in the early 1980s at the École cantonale des beaux arts (ECBA) in Lausanne, where he specialized in typography. After years of graphic design practice in both the cultural and the corporate fields, he became active in design education.

Since the mid-1990s, he teaches editorial and type design at the École cantonale d'art de Lausanne (ECAL), where he established the art direction master's degree program in 2009, which became the type design master's degree program in 2016. Additionally, Rappo frequently lectures about his typographic practice in Europe, Russia, and the USA.

From 2001 to 2007, he was the president of the jury for The Most Beautiful Swiss Books competition. He was awarded the prestigious Jan Tschichold Prize in 2013 for his outstanding achievement in editorial design through his influential typeface designs.

Antique Legacy Mono Medium
240 pt

Ant

Antique Legacy Mono Light/Italic
112 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Mono Regular/Italic
112 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Mono Medium/Italic
112 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold/Italic
112 pt

Aa Aa

Antique Legacy Mono Family
8 Styles

Antique Legacy Mono Light
Antique Legacy Mono Light Italic
Antique Legacy Mono Regular
Antique Legacy Mono Italic
Antique Legacy Mono Medium
Antique Legacy Mono Medium Italic
Antique Legacy Mono Semibold
Antique Legacy Mono Semibold Italic

àáâãäåăąæçêĉčćđèéêëēěėęğǧǧǧ
 ĥħìíîĩïīļıįĵĵķĺłłłłłńňñņòóôõöō
 őøøœŗŗŗßśŝšşţţţţùúûũüūűůůųẀẁẂẃỲ
 ýÿÿźżżȳđþ

r0

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

[illegible]

Sango, Sangu, Sámi [Inari], Sámi [Luli],
Sámi [Northern], Sámi [Southern],
Samoan, Scottish Gaelic, Sena, Serbian
[Latin], Spanish, Shambala, Shona,
Slovak, Slovenian, Soga, Somali, Swahili,
Swedish, Swiss German, Taita, Teso,
Tagalog, Turkish, Upper Sorbian, Uzbek,
Volapük, Vunjo, Walser, Wallon, Welsh,
Western Frisian, Wolof, Zulu

Optimo Latin Extended
Character Set

Adobe · Adobe Latin-1	ISO 8859 · 8859-1 Latin-1 Western European · 8859-2 Latin-2 Central European · 8859-3 Latin-3 South European · 8859-4 Latin-4 North European · 8859-9 Latin-5 Turkish · 8859-13 Latin-7 Baltic Rim · 8859-15 Latin-9 · 8859-16 Latin-10 South-Eastern European	Microsoft Windows · MS Windows 1250 Central European Latin · MS Windows 1252 Western (Standard Latin) · MS Windows 1254 Turkish Latin · MS Windows 1257 Baltic Latin
Apple Macintosh · MacOS Roman (Standard Latin) · MacOS Central European Latin · MacOS Croatian · MacOS Iceland · MacOS Romanian · MacOS Turkish		Encoded Glyphs · Basic Latin · Latin-1 Supplement · Latin Extended-A · Latin Extended-B · Latin Extended Additional

OpenType Features



All Caps [csp]



Case Sensitive Forms [case]

This function formats the text in upper-case and adjusts spacing between all capital letters. It also applies the ‘Case Sensitive Forms’ feature which replaces certain characters with alternates that are better suited for all capital text, especially related to punctuation.

OFF

All Capital

«Optimo»
hi@xyz.ch

H@|!()[]{}¿¡‹ › «»
- - - .

ON

All Capital

«Optimo»
hi@xyz.ch

H@|!()[]{}¿¡‹ › «»
- - - .



Proportional Oldstyle Figures
[pnum–lnum]

This typeface includes lining and small figures. Lining figures have an invariable height and aligned to the capitals height, comparatively to small figures who are slightly smaller.

H0123456789

H 0123456789



Contextual Alternates [calt]

This feature adapts the position of a glyph after its surrounding context. For instance, a dash placed between two uppercase letters or numbers will be replaced by an uppercase version of the dash, slightly higher. This feature is usually active by default in Adobe applications.

A-B-C-D 1-2

A-B-C-D 1-2



Standard Ligatures [liga]

Standard ligatures replaces a sequence of characters with a single ligature glyph, they are designed to improve kerning and readability of certain letter pairs.

ff ffi ffll fi fl

ff ffi ffl fi fl

 Fractions [frac]

With this feature, any numbers separated by a slash will automatically turn into a fraction. To fit in fraction configuration, numerals have been designed smaller and their weights have been adjusted to suit the typeface.

1 / 2 1 / 3 2 / 3 1 / 4
3 / 4 3 / 8 5 / 8 7 / 8

½ ⅓ ⅔ ¼
¾ ⅜ ⅝ ⅞

 Ordinals [ordn]

This feature replaces any letter following a numeral with its matching superior letters. French language uses the ordinal indicators such as ‘er’ for 1er premier, while Spanish, Portuguese and Italian require the feminine and masculine ordinals ‘a,’ ‘o’ for 1º, 1ª. Ordinals are designed to match the weight of the typeface.

2^a 2^o 1^{er}

2^a 2^o 1^{e r}

 Slashed Zero [zero]

Originally created to avoid the confusion between the ‘0’ and the ‘O’, this feature substitutes all zeros in a selected text by a slashed form of the

0 0

0 0

 Numerators [numr]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates. The numerators are the same glyphs that are used to create fractions, their vertical position remains within the capital letters height. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789-+=. ,
H a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
H p q r s t u v w x y z () []

H⁰ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 - + = . ,
H^a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
H^p q r s t u v w x y z () []

 Denominators [dnom]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates and low position glyphs. The denominators are the same glyphs that are used to create fractions, their vertical position remains within the base line. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789-+=. ,
H a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
H p q r s t u v w x y z () []

H₀ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 - + = . ,
H_a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
H_p q r s t u v w x y z () []

 Superscript/Superiors [sup]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates which are set slightly above the height of the capital letters. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789-+=. ,
H a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
H p q r s t u v w x y z () []

H⁰ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 - + = . ,
H^a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
H^p q r s t u v w x y z () []

 Subscript/Inferiors [subs]

This feature substitutes glyphs with their matching smaller alternates which are set slightly below the baseline. These glyphs are reduced in size and designed slightly heavier to keep them consistent with the rest of the font.

H0123456789-+=. ,
H a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
H p q r s t u v w x y z () []

H₀ 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 - + = . ,
H_a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
H_p q r s t u v w x y z () []



Stylistic Set 6 [ss06]

This feature activates alternate lowercase positioning of mathematical symbols.

4-7x8
up+down

H+±×÷-≈≠≤≥¬∞



Stylistic Set 20 [ss20]

This feature substitutes the letter "x" into the multiplication sign.

32x50 cm



Discretionary Ligatures [dlig]

This feature activates discretionary ligatures which are specific to the typeface. It applies all other designed ligatures that are not classified as standard ligatures.

- > < -



Alternate r [ss01]

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).

$$\begin{matrix} \mathbf{r} \\ \dot{\mathbf{r}}\ddot{\mathbf{r}}\underset{\cdot}{\mathbf{r}}^{\mathbf{r}}_{\mathbf{r}}{}^{\mathbf{r}}_{\mathbf{r}} \end{matrix}$$


Alternate 0 [ss02]

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s).

0 0



Stylistic Set 14 [ss14]
Circled figures



Stylistic Set 15 [ss15]
Black circled figures

This feature replaces glyph(s) with stylistic alternate(s). Basel Grotesk includes figures which are enclosed into an outlined circle and/or enclosed into a filled circle.

H0123456789

H0123456789



Stylistic Set 19 [ss19]
Pictograms

This feature activates a set of pictograms.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
0123456789! " #
\$ % & ' () * + , -
. / : ; < = > ? @
[\] ^ _ { | }

4-7x8
up+down

$$\mathbb{H} + \pm \times \div - = \approx \neq \leq \geq \neg \infty$$

32×50 cm

→ ←

r
 r r r r r r r

0 0

H 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

H 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Antique Legacy Mono Light
60 pt

The car was
a boxy late
model Ford

Antique Legacy Mono Light
36 pt

The car was a boxy
late model Ford
sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous
bordering on in-

Antique Legacy Mono Light
24 pt

The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bor-
dering on invisible, and
very fast. It had been a
sheriff's vehicle originally
bought at an auction in

Antique Legacy Mono Light
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I lis-
tened to the big engine idle, checked the dual
scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those
on the road since high school. "You like the
car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said,
my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford
man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know

Antique Legacy Mono Light
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Antique Legacy Mono Light
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations,

Antique Legacy Mono Light
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a . In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm

Antique Legacy Mono Light
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like

a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog,

Antique Legacy Mono Light Italic
60 pt

*The car was
a boxy late
model Ford*

Antique Legacy Mono Light Italic
36 pt

*The car was a boxy
late model Ford
sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous
bordering on in-*

Antique Legacy Mono Light Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bor-
dering on invisible, and
very fast. It had been a
sheriff's vehicle originally
bought at an auction in*

Antique Legacy Mono Light Italic
14 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I lis-
tened to the big engine idle, checked the dual
scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those
on the road since high school. "You like the
car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said,
my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford
man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know*

Antique Legacy Mono Light Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Antique Legacy Mono Light Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations,

Antique Legacy Mono Light Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a . In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm

Antique Legacy Mono Light Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like

a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog,

Antique Legacy Mono Regular
60 pt

The car was
a boxy late
model Ford

Antique Legacy Mono Regular
36 pt

The car was a boxy
late model Ford
sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous
bordering on in-

Antique Legacy Mono Regular
24 pt

The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bor-
dering on invisible, and
very fast. It had been a
sheriff's vehicle originally
bought at an auction in

Antique Legacy Mono Regular
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I lis-
tened to the big engine idle, checked the dual
scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those
on the road since high school. "You like the
car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said,
my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford
man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know

Antique Legacy Mono Regular
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Antique Legacy Mono Regular
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations,

Antique Legacy Mono Regular
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a . In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm

Antique Legacy Mono Regular
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like

a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog,

Antique Legacy Mono Italic
60 pt

*The car was
a boxy late
model Ford*

Antique Legacy Mono Italic
36 pt

*The car was a boxy
late model Ford
sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous
bordering on in-*

Antique Legacy Mono Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bor-
dering on invisible, and
very fast. It had been a
sheriff's vehicle origi-
nally bought at an auction*

Antique Legacy Mono Italic
14 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I lis-
tened to the big engine idle, checked the dual
scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those
on the road since high school. "You like the
car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said,
my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford
man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know*

Antique Legacy Mono Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Antique Legacy Mono Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations,

Antique Legacy Mono Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a . In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm

Antique Legacy Mono Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density

of population, it lies like a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following

Antique Legacy Mono Medium
60 pt

The car was
a boxy late
model Ford

Antique Legacy Mono Medium
36 pt

The car was a boxy
late model Ford
sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous
bordering on in-

Antique Legacy Mono Medium
24 pt

The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bor-
dering on invisible, and
very fast. It had been a
sheriff's vehicle originally
bought at an auction in

Antique Legacy Mono Medium
14 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I lis-
tened to the big engine idle, checked the dual
scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those
on the road since high school. "You like the
car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said,
my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford
man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know

Antique Legacy Mono Medium
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Antique Legacy Mono Medium
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations,

Antique Legacy Mono Medium
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a . In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm

Antique Legacy Mono Medium
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like

a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog,

Antique Legacy Mono Medium Italic
60 pt

*The car was
a boxy late
model Ford*

Antique Legacy Mono Medium Italic
36 pt

*The car was a boxy
late model Ford
sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous
bordering on in-*

Antique Legacy Mono Medium Italic
24 pt

*The car was a boxy late
model Ford sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous bordering on
invisible, and very fast. It
had been a sheriff's vehi-
cle originally bought at an
auction in Tennessee, and*

Antique Legacy Mono Medium Italic
14 pt

*The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I lis-
tened to the big engine idle, checked the dual
scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those
on the road since high school. "You like the
car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said,
my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford
man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know*

Antique Legacy Mono Medium Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Antique Legacy Mono Medium Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced

Antique Legacy Mono Medium Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a . In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm

Antique Legacy Mono Medium Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like

a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog,

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold
60 pt

**The car was
a boxy late
model Ford**

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold
36 pt

**The car was a boxy
late model Ford
sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous
bordering on in-**

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold
24 pt

**The car was a boxy late model
Ford sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous bordering on
invisible, and very fast.
It had been a sheriff's ve-
hicle originally bought at
an auction in Tennessee, and**

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold
14 pt

**The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I lis-
tened to the big engine idle, checked the dual
scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those
on the road since high school. "You like the
car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said,
my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford
man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know**

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a . In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff’s vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. “You like the car?” Perry asked. “It’s all right,” I said, my eyes ahead. “I’ve never been much of a Ford man.” Perry shifted in his bucket, “You know something about cars? For city cruising, it’ll do.” I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like

a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog,

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold Italic
60 pt

***The car was
a boxy late
model Ford***

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold Italic
36 pt

***The car was a boxy
late model Ford
sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous
bordering on invis-***

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold Italic
24 pt

***The car was a boxy late model
Ford sedan, white over
Bold, innocuous bordering on
invisible, and very fast. It
had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auc-
tion in Tennessee, and fur-***

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold Italic
14 pt

***The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white
over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible,
and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle
originally bought at an auction in Tennessee,
and further modified for speed. Perry and I lis-
tened to the big engine idle, checked the dual
scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those
on the road since high school. "You like the
car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my
eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford
man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know***

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold Italic
12 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long,

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold Italic
10 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold Italic
8 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like itself colored yellow for density of population, it lies like a smelt in a . In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm

Antique Legacy Mono Semibold Italic
6 pt

The car was a boxy late model Ford sedan, white over Bold, innocuous bordering on invisible, and very fast. It had been a sheriff's vehicle originally bought at an auction in Tennessee, and further modified for speed. Perry and I listened to the big engine idle, checked the dual scoops on the hood. I had not seen one of those on the road since high school. "You like the car?" Perry asked. "It's all right," I said, my eyes ahead. "I've never been much of a Ford man." Perry shifted in his bucket, "You know something about cars? For city cruising, it'll do." I spent my childhood in Riverdale, New Jersey, thirty miles north from long, narrow Manhattan Island, which sits in the bay, among other islands, outcroppings, flatlands, like a silhouette of a right whale navigating a rocky passage; on the area map, among blank-faced formations, all like it-self colored yellow for density of population, it lies like

a smelt in a pan. In the old days, Riverdale was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. But you may never have heard of Riverdale. Nothing happened really there. It was a small and ugly town. The city had come back to me in a dream. Rising up through the tranquil sleep of a warm May evening in the noisy and busy New York, the reverie left in its wake a delicious sense of peace. All cities begin as a point of activity, usually a harbor, and settlement concentrically grows around this point in increasingly wider rings. Manhattan is unique in its shape and circumstances and in its growth, which resembled a thermometer. Riverdale had no center, just Main Street. Bad weather would come in one day when the fall was over and would stay for the six following months. I prayed for my dead dog,