

FAKIR

*under
ware*

a blackletter

WITH A HOLY KISS

THERE ARE FREAKS AROUND

Indian swamis

gurus & fakirs

hold sway over tourists

creating miracles that leave people

mind-twisted

Fakirs lie on a bed of nails, walk
on burning coals or have a truck driven over their chests.
Some pierce their tongues with a spear 'without
suffering'. It is likely they want to show
off for the blue-eyed crowds how
spiritually developed they are. As amazing as they are, we
believe that true fakirs can't be found under the
spotlight, but among the normal people.
A TRUE FAKIR FOR US IS SOMEONE
who gives everything as though it were life and death,
who's fully convinced of his/her
doings and doesn't mind making every effort to reach a goal.

THIS EXAMPLE COMBINES all 5 fonts of the **Fakir display package**.

Stories



These

...

...are told not only by Indian
folks, but also by others who
had stories of people tackling their lives
with a stubborn, heroic attitude
SOME BEING FAKIRS, SOME
freaks, farmers and fathers.
So read these examples, reflect
upon them, and get your life going! Underware

THIS EXAMPLE COMBINES all 5 fonts of the **Fakir text package**.

FAKIR font overview

FAKIR TEXT

- 01 Regular
- 02 Italic
- 03 SMALL CAPS
- 04 **Black**
- 05 **Black Italic**

FAKIR DISPLAY

- 06 Regular
- 07 Regular Condensed
- 08 **Black**
- 09 **Black Condensed**
- 10 **SMALL CAPS**

EXTRA'S

- 11 Ornaments     

The typeface FAKIR is a set of edgy text and display fonts, ranging from tight and heavy to light and wide. It has 11 fonts.

Fakir font packages



FAKIR TEXT

- 01 Regular
- 02 Italic
- 03 SMALL CAPS
- 04 **Black**
- 05 **Black Italic**


FAKIR DISPLAY

- 06 Regular
- 07 Regular Condensed
- 08 **Black**
- 09 **Black Condensed**
- 10 **SMALL CAPS**

EXTRA'S

- 11 Ornaments 


Fakir ships in 4 different font packages

 **Fakir hobby package** contains just 2 professional display fonts to start with.

fonts 06 08

 **Fakir text package** contains 5 text fonts, all what you'll need for text size settings.

fonts 01 02 03 04 05

 **Fakir display package** contains 5 display fonts for hungry headlines and titles.

fonts 06 07 08 09 10

 **Fakir complete package** contains 5 text & 5 display fonts + ornaments (only available in this package).

fonts 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11

01 FAKIR REGULAR

extraordinary street
carry one hundred
os of rice on top of
their head and knit
socks simultaneous

02 FAKIR ITALIC

SUORINO, SUINIS, JURIS, W
dering ascetics – whate
their name and how ash
smeared their body is, th
all cheat you Wau how

03 FAKIR BLACK

A few moments ago
we guys were
to meet Hira Rat
Manek in the ki
narrow valley of th

04 FAKIR BLACK ITALIC

SACK IN COVER, MY P
ENTS USED TO DRINK
THREE LITER POTS OF T
BETAN BUTTER TEA IN
NOW, JUST LIKE AN AN

05 FAKIR SMALL CAPS

RE CONSUMED AI
CAN CAUSE SUDD
DEATH. HE JUST H
TEST IT, WITH VE
RIOUS RESULTS

06 FAKIR DISPLAY REGULAR

I I E Y S T I I B

m a n t r a !

W a i r a s a t t

the condensed

the magical

the condensed

08 FAKIR DISPLAY BLACK



09 FAKIR DISPLAY BLACK CONDENSED

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

09 **FAKIR DISPLAY BLACK SMALL CAPS**



11 FAKIR ORNAMENTS



FAKIR ORNAMENTS keyboard table

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	
Q	W	E	R	T	Y	U	I	O	P	
A	S	D	F	G	H	>	<	J	K	?
Z	X	C	V	B	N	()	L	M	!
q	w	e	r	t	y	u	i	o	p	a
s	d	f	g	h	j	[]	{	}	
z	x	c	v	b	n	m	k	l	=	

FAKIR ORNAMENTS is an extra set of fleurons, hands, banners and more. All arranged for an easy access on standard qwerty-keyboards. Apply for both text and display.

FAKIR ORNAMENTS are only available in **Fakir complete package**.

A couple of
examples

'Rich as a maharaja'



Imagine the roads in the Himalaya: they are bumpy, narrow and mostly unpaved, without railings. Monsoon time makes the landmasses pregnant, ready to burst themselves down on the necks of innocent passengers. So I don't need to tell you how many car accidents happen here. In Kinnaur, which is one small part of HIMACHAL PRADESH (Indian part of Himalayas), four buses fell off the road last year. The most unlucky bus drove 48 people to their heavenly home in a couple of seconds. No one knows the reason for the misery.

Sometimes these stories bear tragicomic elements. In March 2003 a Bihari man (BIHAR is the poorest state in India) was in a bus full of government employees and loads of tax money. The bus fell off the cliff, many passengers died, but the Bihari man survived, although he got seriously injured. Seeing his opportunity, he poured the cash into his pockets and pants. Eventually he became so laden down with dough that he couldn't walk fast enough to rescue himself – and so his corpse was found on the side of the road. Poor man, maybe he had a happy end, at least he was rich as a maharaja. ¶

DORJEE (38), A COOK, TIBETAN DISH RESTAURANT, TABO, HIMACHAL PRADESH, INDIA

THIS EXAMPLE COMBINES fonts from the **Fakir text package**, including Fakir Italic, Fakir Small Caps and Fakir Black Italic.

The Nirvana Times

THE NATION'S MOST TRUSTED NEWSPAPER ◊ THIS ISSUE CONTAINS JUST 37 PAGES ◊ PRESENTING UNDERWARE'S FAKIR, A BLACKLETTER WITH A HOLY KISS ◊ CONTACT INFO@UNDERWARE.NL FOR MORE INFORMATION

How NASA discovers new sources of energy

Living on sunlight

A few months ago we were lucky to meet HIRA RATAN MANEK (64) in the Kinnaur valley of the Indian Himalaya's. He was busy packing the necessities for a trip to the USA, where NASA had invited him. Why? Well, he's been living eight years on sunlight and some liquids. Sun baths for breakfast and sun baths for dinner. NASA was enthusiastic to investigate how he manages, as they would not like to pack space shuttles full of cans of tuna.

It was year 1995 when Hira Ratan made his pilgrimage to the Himalaya's - and decided to stop eating. His wife Vimla said that Hira Ratan gazes at the sun mostly in the evenings for half an hour. That's is enough to fill his stomach, though occasionally he might take a cup of coffee, tea or some other fluid. But just occasionally.

They don't believe me. Why? What I tell is the truth.



'As long as they are only going to technically measure my body, they will never find out the true source of my energy. NASA is lacking the spiritual knowledge, which, if they are open, I'm willing share with them,' said Hira Ratan as his farewell words for us.

The astronauts may have their word to say about this diet, though, but we're sure curious to know if NASA starts to install sundecks for the shuttles! ¶

Indian taking a sun bath every morning and evening

STORY TOLD BY PETER & ERIN, TRAVELLERS FROM NEW YORK

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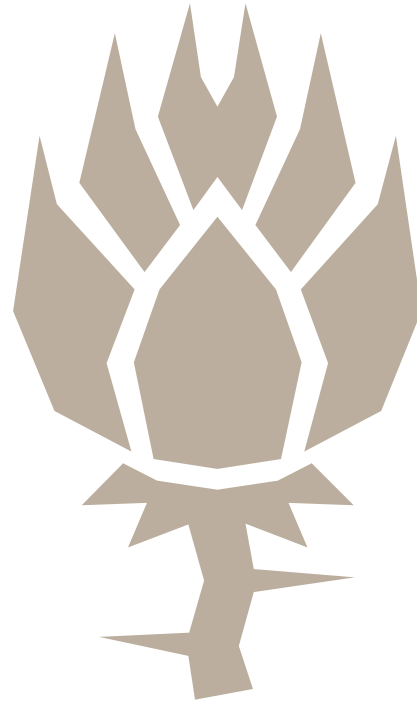
Well, the first story that is from the time when my baby, only six months of so poor, but my husband ed to live in a tent on the tiful river in Kathmandu place for the meditation streaming water was our It was all back to the bas facilities, but we enjoyedly and stayed from spr

My husband of that time was times lamas take a wife), but d grief, or because of that, he ha baby was crying hard, and could took him and threw him into the 'What did you do to my baby!'; searching for my son. There he laughing like a blue krishna-ba to worry about. And he was only

Shocking swamis re

A few years passed, and to my

A ghat walk



by
Martin
Tiefenthaler

Translated from German by WOLFGANG OERTL

While staying in Varanasi/Benares for a couple of months, every morning before sunrise I used to visit the "Ghats", the sacred and ritually used banks of the Ganges, to meet a fakir and learn from him. Although Varanasi is not really quiet at night, there is a tangled web of hidden alleys where you can walk on your own. These were the paths I preferred to take, the better to be able to prepare for what I intended to encounter. The Spirit over India habitually offers people what they have been anticipating

for a long time, and so one morning, in an alley devoid of people, I came across two dogs. Well, meeting dogs has never been one of the more relaxing moments of my life, and nothing in India had helped dispel my basic scepticism to the least degree. Basically I had been taught during my travels up to Varanasi that dogs in India were either stick dogs or stone dogs. To raise an arm as if swinging a stick, or to stoop as if picking up a stone to throw at them are the only actions that, performed at regular

and strategically correct intervals, allow for a short peace from hordes of dogs rushing, drooling and barking at the unwary traveller. It is very important to know whether a place is a region of stick dogs or of stone dogs, because a confusion of the locally valid sign, code provokes a highly unpleasant misunderstanding on the part of the dogs. In spite of all arm, swinging or stooping it is advisable to walk on unconcerned, leaving the current quantity of dogs behind, stoically facing the next. Basi,

cally, in India two dogs are a ridiculous number and this may have been the reason why I pointlessly chose to enter a power, struggle with those two. Instead of ignoring them while still raising my arm (Varanasi is home to stick dogs), I shouted at them, gesticulating wildly, moving hectically. The two accepted my invitation, circled around me, and in due consequence one of them bit me into the back of my right thigh. Upon this all three of us were startled and scattered apart. Knowing that, apart from poi,

sonous animals, only the bite of a monkey surpasses the dangers of infection posed by the bite of an Indian dog, I hurried back to my room on the roof of a hotel, widened the bite and washed it with "Schwedenbitter", an alcoholic herbal extract, the main element of my first aid kit. I can still see the gaping wound before my eyes, and in retrospect I can't really comprehend my relaxed equanimity in the face of this wound barely cleansed with alcohol. The Spirit of India is of ten used to touching

people wandering with in it with a phlegm of its own, imbuing them with it at the slightest sign of openness.

I used the remainder of the day to mend my only pair of trousers, now frayed, and otherwise spent the day as I had all the others. This included visiting friends at a music school in the early evening, enjoying the musical action and talking to the musicians. In one of these conversations I told a teacher of my experience in the morning. He was not worried but concerned

and asked me to follow him. He led me out into the street, made me sit on a wooden cart in the market and disappeared. A short time later he came back with a man uncharacteristically tall for an Indian, a statuesque character dressed in the yellow fabrics of a Saddhu, hung with bright Malas and amulets all over, the never-cut black hair piled up on his head, artfully matted. Without a word he was handed a heavy metal bowl about 60 centimetres in diameter, gestured I should bare my torso

and stepped behind me. My friend could just explain that the Saddhu would press the bowl onto my upright back. If it fell down, everything would be all right and the bite of the dog would not have any bad consequences. Should it stick to my back, though, his friend would have "to undertake" something. Anxiously waiting for a person unknown to me, with my torso bared on a vendor's cart intently watched by a crowd of people, in all my tense expectation I experienced a moment of unexpected relaxation.

This monster of a metal bowl is never going to stick to my upright back, however sweaty it may be. I will be able to get up and go away.

I sense the soft pressure with which the Saddhu applies the small foot of the bowl, a strange magnetic interaction builds up and with wide-eyed wonder my back realises how the bowl attempts to remain in its physically impossible position, weightily and yet very lightly, easily. Out of the corner of my eye I see the Saddhu stick a piece of some dark

stuff into the end of a banana, break it off and stick it into my mouth, regardless of my briefly rising resistance. His hand, language leaves no doubt that I have to swallow, whatever it may be. Then I hear him murmur a mantra. After a very long time, considering a vertically hanging metal bowl, I feel the foot of the bowl very deliberately detach from the skin of my back and some kilos of shaped metal crash onto the wooden platform and on to the ground. I stay, flabbergasted, time passes in a way that I

don't really see the Saddhu disappear, the pulsating surroundings of the market square return to my awareness in a strange forward and backward movement. The Spirit of India habitually integrates seemingly unprecipitated processes into everyday life without effort or transition. My friend explains that the bite would have had bad consequences for me, but due to the intervention of the holy Saddhu I would be safe now. In a reflex I just ask what I have to pay. Moderately terrified my friend

replies that the Saddhu would lose his special ability to neutralise dog bites if he allowed to be paid for it. Instead I should buy food, look for the dogs and feed them. We went back to the music school.

The next morning I looked for the dogs in the same alley, but among the many creatures there I only found a grumpy dog owner, obviously used to worries, who took my food, slightly taken aback, and assured me to put it to the required use. I was relieved. ¶

Everything is poison if the dose overtakes
the human body's limits. One monk in our
monastery didn't believe when he heard
that one spoonfull of salt, if consumed at
once, can cause sudden death. He just
had to test it – with very serious results.

NIMA (52), A THANKA-PAINTER MONK, INDIA

Back in Tibet

my parents used to drink five three liter pots (15 l) of tibetan butter tea in a day, just like a normal, average tibetan family did*.

**A tea, mixed together with a barley flour, tsampa, is a main dish for the Tibetans.*

We may have been a nation with no stress, but the butter tea, which contain also salt, tends to get the blood pressure high.

PADMA SHERANG (34), A TIBETAN REFUGEE, DHARAMSALA, INDIA.

That's the reason why here in India my parents drink two cups a day. Yak butter was healthier than the cow butter that they're now consuming.

Epilogue

Warrington


**SADDHUS & SAINTS &
FAKIRS & WANDERING
ASCETICS, WHATEVER
THEIR NAME AND HOW ASH,
SMEARED THEIR BODY IS,
THEY'LL ALL CHEAT YOU,
PRETENDING TO BE HOLY,
WITHOUT ANY WORLDLY
DESIRES OR CRAVING THEY
DO THEIR BEST TO CHASE
A WOMAN TO THEIR BED.**

A story by DR. VINOD SINGH (46), set in **Fakir Display Black Small Caps**. Told for Underware during a camel festival in Bikaner, Rajasthan, India.

**WHEN AN INNOCENT,
TYPICALLY UNEDUCATED
WOMAN ASKS FOR SADDHU'S
VISION OF HER FUTURE,
THERE'S ONLY ONE STORY:
THE WOMAN IS CAPTURED BY
AN EVIL DEMON.**

**TO SUMMON THIS SPIRIT
AWAY A SADDHU ASKS THE
WOMAN TO COME AT TWELVE
O'CLOCK AT THE NIGHT TO
'A SPECIAL TREATMENT',**

**A SADDHU COMMANDS HER
TO BRING A GINGER,
A LEMON AND
A BROKEN BRACELET.
WHEN THE WOMAN ARRIVES
A SADDHU SPRAYS THE ROOM
SLOWLY WITH PARALYZING
DOPE CLAIMING THAT THERE'S
'THE SMELL OF EVIL DEMON'
IN THE AIR - AND SO
THE WOMAN COLLAPSES TO
THE FLOOR.**

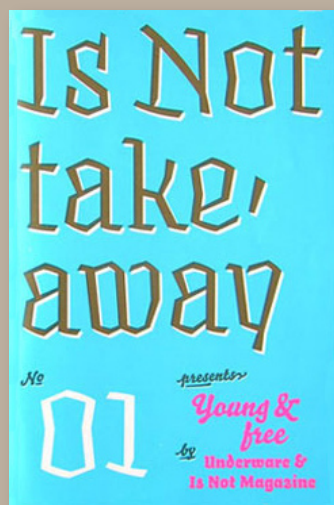


AVOID THE DANGER

Guide your woman. Avoid the danger. Today.

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FAKIR is first shown in Is Not take-away #1 the huge poster magazine in take-away size



Is Not take-away #1 is the first portable issue of Is Not Magazine. It is also the new, comprehensive type sampler from Underware, showing their fonts both in use and indexed. Is Not take-away #1 started its life as Is Not Magazine Issue 4. The themes are Young and Free. There are articles about everything from the misconceptions of youth, to free music downloading. Among numerous true stories and drawings,

Is Not take-away includes one article written by a teenage schoolgirl, a field guide to local Australian bird life and, of course, a treasure map.

Is Not Magazine has been published bi-monthly as a 2m x 1.5m bill poster which is pasted to the streets, laneways, cafés and bars of Melbourne, Australia since April 2005. Is Not's format invites interaction with the city and the city's inhabitants. It asks

people to be curious, enthusiastic. Is Not is an experiment in publishing, designing and reading. Each issue features fiction and non-fiction articles, reviews, pictures, diagrams and a story that ends in another location. There are two themes per issue, as well as stories that readers can store on their camera phones. Is Not Magazine publishes writers and artists from all over the world and only uses Underware typefaces.