Lucemita font - commercial version - Latin Extended - OpenType Features - Swashes - 659 Glifos

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

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ff fj fl fi ij ffi ffl ffj st sp ct Th Rs Rp IJ ** !! ?

Beloved Tita,

many is the mirage I chased. Always I was overreaching myself. The oftener I touched reality, the harder I bounced back to the world of illusion, which is the name for everyday life. 'Experience! More experience!' I clamored. In a frantic effort to arrive at some kind of order, some tentative working program, I would sit down quietly now and then and spend long, long hours mapping out a plan of procedure. Plans, such as architects and engineers sweat over, were never my forte. But I could always visualize my dreams in a cosmogonic pattern. Though I could never formulate a plot I could balance and weigh opposing forces, characters, situations, events, distribute them in a sort of heavenly layout, always with plenty of space between, always with the certitude that there is no end, only worlds within worlds ad infinitum, and that wherever one left off one had created a world, a world finite, total, complete.

Henry Miller. Crucifixion II: Plexus (1958)