

the life of <p>

bringing digital products to life with type & typography

Jason Pamental / @jpamental / Lead UX Strategist

fresh tilled soil

A bit about your guide

- Lead UX Strategist at Fresh Tilled Soil
- Have found peace, even with IE6–8
- Believe the best aspects of design are often never seen
- Author of *Responsive Typography* from O'Reilly (bit.ly/rwtbook)
- Husband, father, son, brother, tinkerer, teacher & student
- Walker of @aProperCollie



Tristan, @aProperCollie

Type & Typography on the Web

not such strange bedfellows after all

“the clothes which words wear”

—Beatrice Ward, circa 1933

Begin *at the* Beginning

*“create layouts from the
content out”*

–Mark Boulton, March 24th, 2011


*“designing from the type
outwards”*

–Elliot Jay Stocks, October 7th, 2011

So we narrow the focus.

*“A journey of a thousand li
starts beneath one’s feet”*

–Tao Te Ching, ascribed to Laozi



so a volume of a
thousand lines begins
with a single $\langle \boldsymbol{p} \rangle$

A wide-angle photograph of a winter sunset. The foreground is a vast, flat field covered in a layer of snow, with some faint tracks visible. In the middle ground, a line of bare, silhouetted trees stretches across the horizon. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds, illuminated by the setting sun, creating a palette of pinks, oranges, and blues. The overall mood is serene and cold.

parallaxel processing



We design in **visual systems,**
building patterns of objects & code

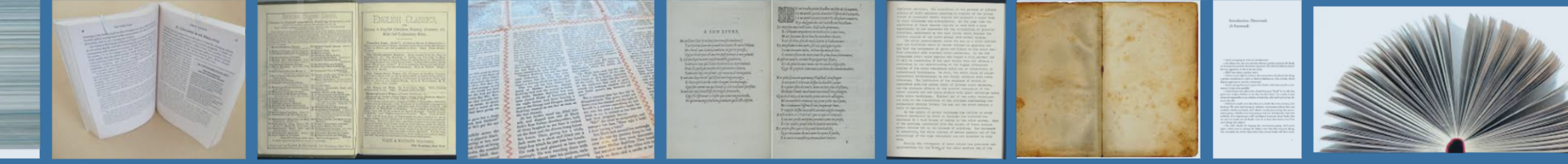
**Atomic design, anyone? Image from bradfrost.com*

600 x 402 - awelldressedhome.com

So what's the most basic
primitive of content itself?



600 x 402 - awelldressedhome.com



TO THE
 REV. EZRA STILES, S. T. D.
 PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE
 AND
 PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY,
 THIS FIRST PART
 OF A
 GRAMMATICAL INSTITUTE
 OF THE
 ENGLISH LANGUAGE,
 Is, with Permission,
 MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED
 As a Testimony of the Author's Veneration,
 FOR THE
 SUPERIOR TALENTS, PIETY AND PATRIOTISM,
 which enabled him to preside over that

RECOMMENDATIONS.

HAVING examined the first part of the new Grammatical Institute of the English Language, published by Mr. Noah Webster we are of opinion, that it is far preferable, in the plan and execution, to Dilworth's or any other Spelling Book, which has been introduced into our schools. In these the entire omission of the rules of pronunciation is a capital defect, which very few of the parents, schoolmasters or mistresses, employed in teaching children the first rudiments have sufficient knowledge to supply. The usual method of throwing together, in the same tables, and without any mark of distinction, words in which the same letters are differently pronounced, and the received rules of dividing syllables, which are wholly arbitrary, and often unnatural, seem calculated to puzzle the learner, and mislead the instructor into a vicious pronunciation. These defects and mistakes are judiciously supplied in the present work, and the various additions are made with such propriety, that we judge this new Spelling Book will be extremely beneficial for the use of schools. Subscribed by the following Gentlemen.

The Hon. Oliver Wolcott, Esq.	Rev. Samuel Hopkins,
Lieut. Gov. of Connecticut,	Col. Samuel Wyllys,
Rev. Ezra Stiles, S. T. D. Pre-	Ralph Pomeroy, Esq.
sident of Yale College,	John Trumbull, Esq.
Rev. Elizur Goodrich, D. D.	Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D.
Rev. Patrick Allison, D. D.	Rev. Eliphalet Steele,
Hon. Steph. M. Mitchel, Esq.	Rev. Nathan Strong,
Col. George Wyllys, Secretary	Rev. Nathan Perkins,
of State,	Rev. Joseph Buckminster,
Col. Thomas Seymour, Mayor	Mr. Andrew Law,
of the City of Hartford,	Daniel Lyman, Esq.
Gen. Samuel H. Parsons,	Chauncy Goodrich, Esq.
Hon. John Treadwell, Esq.	Joel Barlow, Esq.

Extract of a letter from Dr. Joseph Willard, President of the

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p

Cogito, ergo sum.

—René Descartes, circa 1629

a thought;

Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood. Now is the time to understand more, so that we may fear less.

—Marie Curie

an idea;

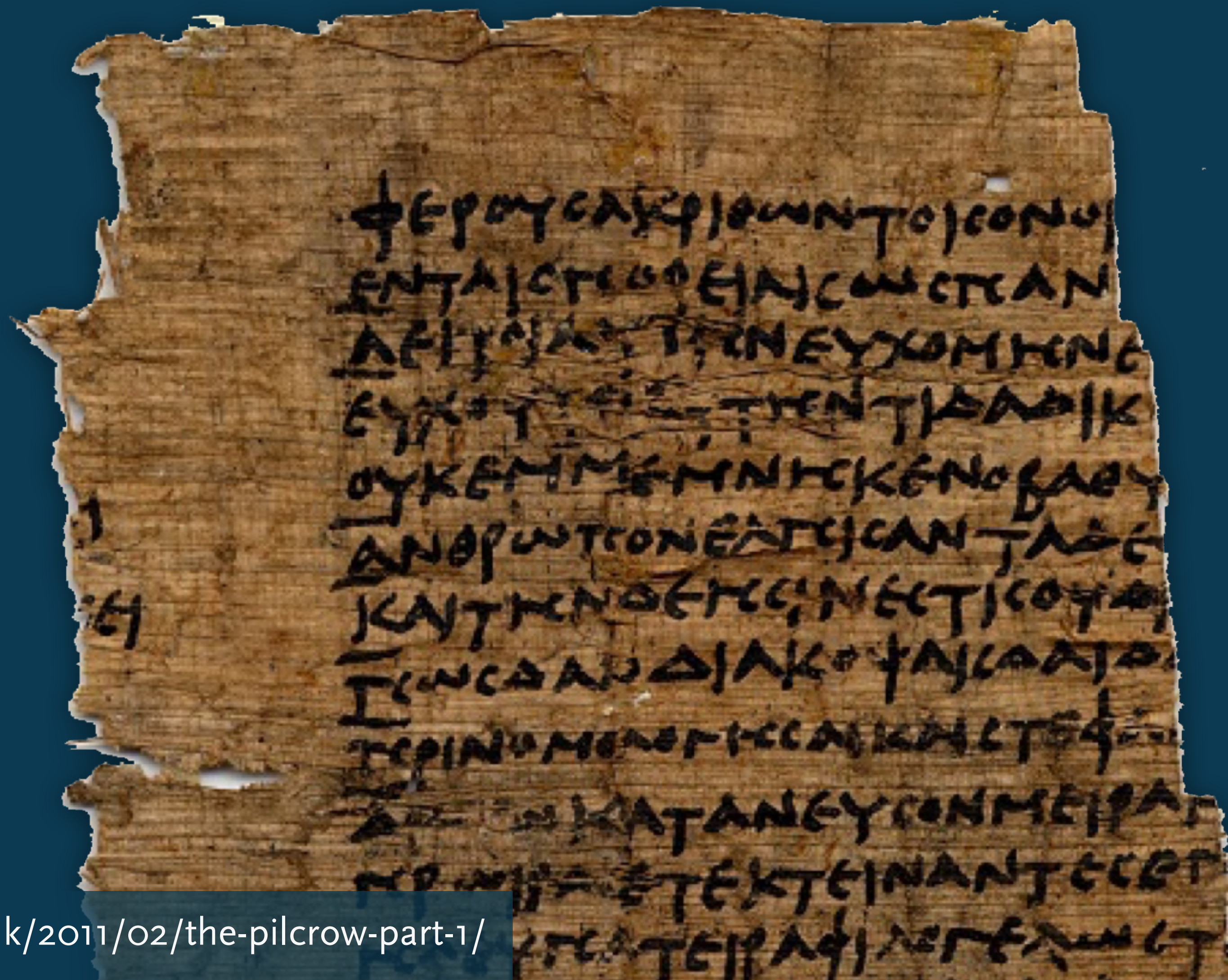
***Four score and seven years ago our
fathers brought forth on this continent, a
new nation, conceived in Liberty, and
dedicated to the proposition that all men
are created equal.***

—President Abraham Lincoln, 1863

a basic unit of discourse*;

** thanks Wikipedia*

παράγραφος (*paragraphos*)



παράγραφος (*paragraphos*)

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum.

παράγραφος (*paragraphos*)

```
p {  
  position: relative;  
}  
p:before {  
  content: "\2E0F";  
  position: absolute;  
  left: 0;  
  top: 0.1em;  
}
```


Middle Ages: The *Pilcrow* Years

iunctæ litterarū vocem quasi corp⁹ aliquod componūt
¶ Inter litteras & elemēta hoc inter est ¶ ¶ elemēta
pprie dicuntur ip̄æ pronuntiatiōnes. ¶ Literæ vero
sunt notæ: & signa elementorum. i. pronuntiatiōnum
¶ Abusiue tamen & elementa pliteris: & literæ pro
elementis vocātur ¶ Literæ accidunt tria nomen-
figura & potestas. ¶ Nomen literæ est quo littera
nominatur vt a b. ¶ Figura literæ est qua littera
depingitur. ¶ potestas literæ est ip̄a pnuntiatio qua
valet. ¶ Litterarum aliæ sunt vocales aliæ sunt cōso-
nantes. ¶ Vocalis est littera que p se vocem pficit &

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as it was, so it can be

♥ Rick Manelius

Paper prototyping is a waste of time

Design on paper but always test with a screen

Paper prototypes are the macaroni artwork of software development. Let me explain: ¶ Has a small child ever showed you artwork made from dried macaroni, glue, and construction paper? No matter what...



in [Mobile Apps As Business](#), by [Jake Knapp](#)

4 min read

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4 min read



Middle Ages: The *Pilcrow* Years

Not ignoring what is good, I am quick to perceive a horror, and could still be social with it—would they let me—since it is but well to be on friendly terms with all the inmates of the place one lodges in.¶ By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, midmost of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.¶

Middle Ages: The *Pilcrow* Years

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swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into

my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid

most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow

hill in the air.¶

```
p {  
  display: inline;  
}  
p:after {  
  content: "\00B6";  
}
```


late 15th century & onward

things remote. I love to sail forbidden seas, and land on barbarous coasts. Not ignoring what is good, I am quick to perceive a horror, and could still be social with it—would they let me—since it is but well to be on friendly terms with all the inmates of the place one lodges in.

By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

late 15th century & onward

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when I indent, I prefer *1em*



late 15th century & onward

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```
p {  
  margin-bottom: 0;  
  text-indent: 1em; // naturally  
}
```


block party

In cinema, the typewriter signals danger, even if this is the boring, routine mechanism of police work.

But first, danger: the most chilling scene of The Shining, of course, is the moment when Shelley Duvall sees what her husband has been working on all this time. "All Work and No Play Makes Jack a Dull Boy," typed out in endless variation and repetition, is a message of solitude, authority gone awry, the machine danger of autonomy. This shot is literally about the confrontation with the machinery of writing; the madness lies not in what insane words Jack Torrance invented (he's no horror writer), but in the desperate limits he confronted in order to produce all this work--all this typing.

[is this apocrypha?: Kubrick had a secretary named Margaret Warrington who was asked to type out variations on the sentence 500 times on 500 sheets of paper. Then she did it again with equivalent idioms in four European languages.]

<link>

block party

Not ignoring what is good, I am quick to perceive a horror, and could still be social with it—would they let me—since it is but well to be on friendly terms with all the inmates of the place one lodges in.

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block party

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`margin-bottom: 1em;`

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last line without any orphans

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last line without any orphans

<http://bit.ly/rt-widotamer>

```
wt.fix({  
  elements: 'p',  
  chars: 10,  
  method: 'nbsp',  
  event: 'resize',  
});
```


a dash of dashes

Life of <p>

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a dash of dashes

Life of <p>

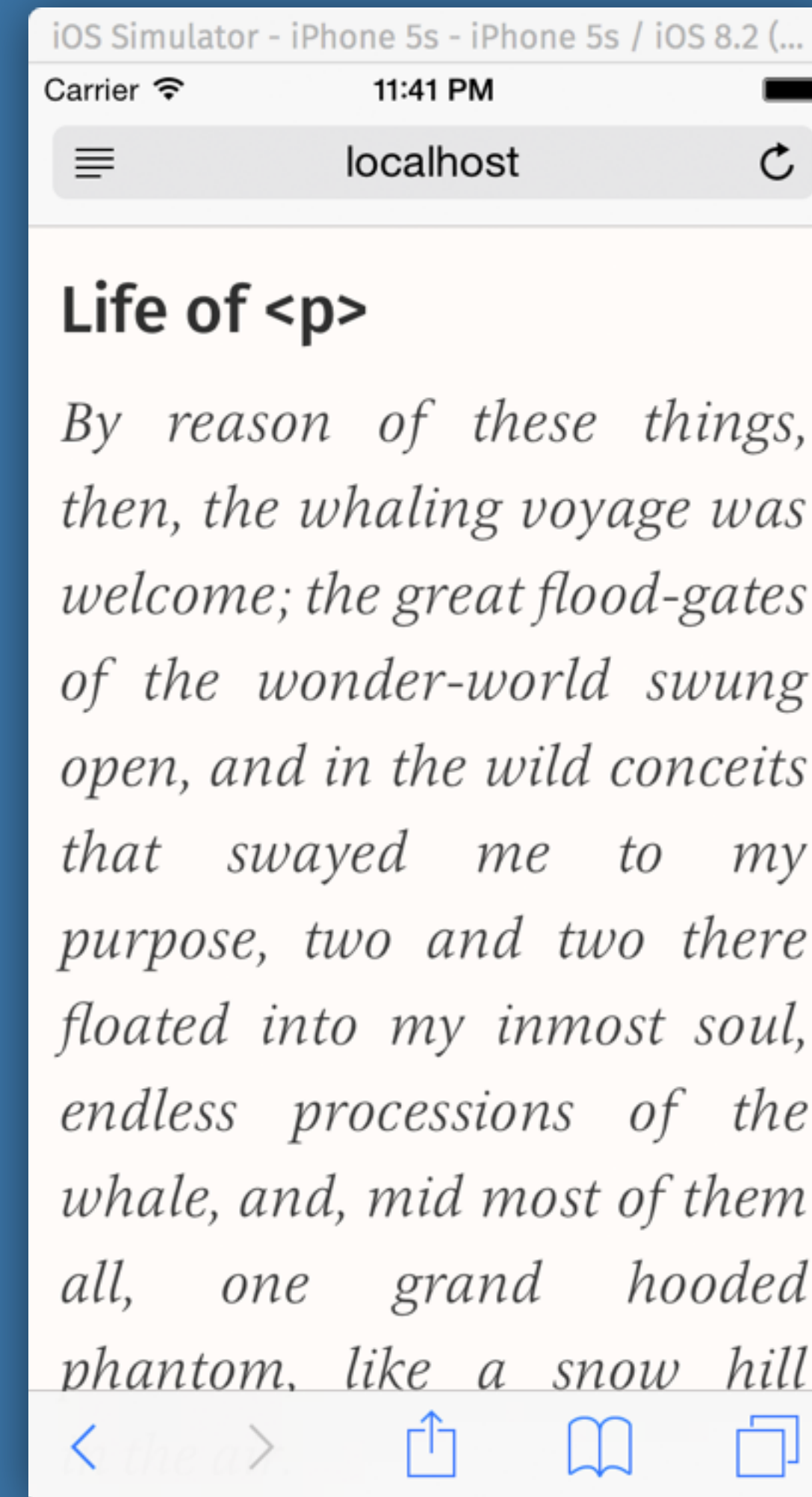
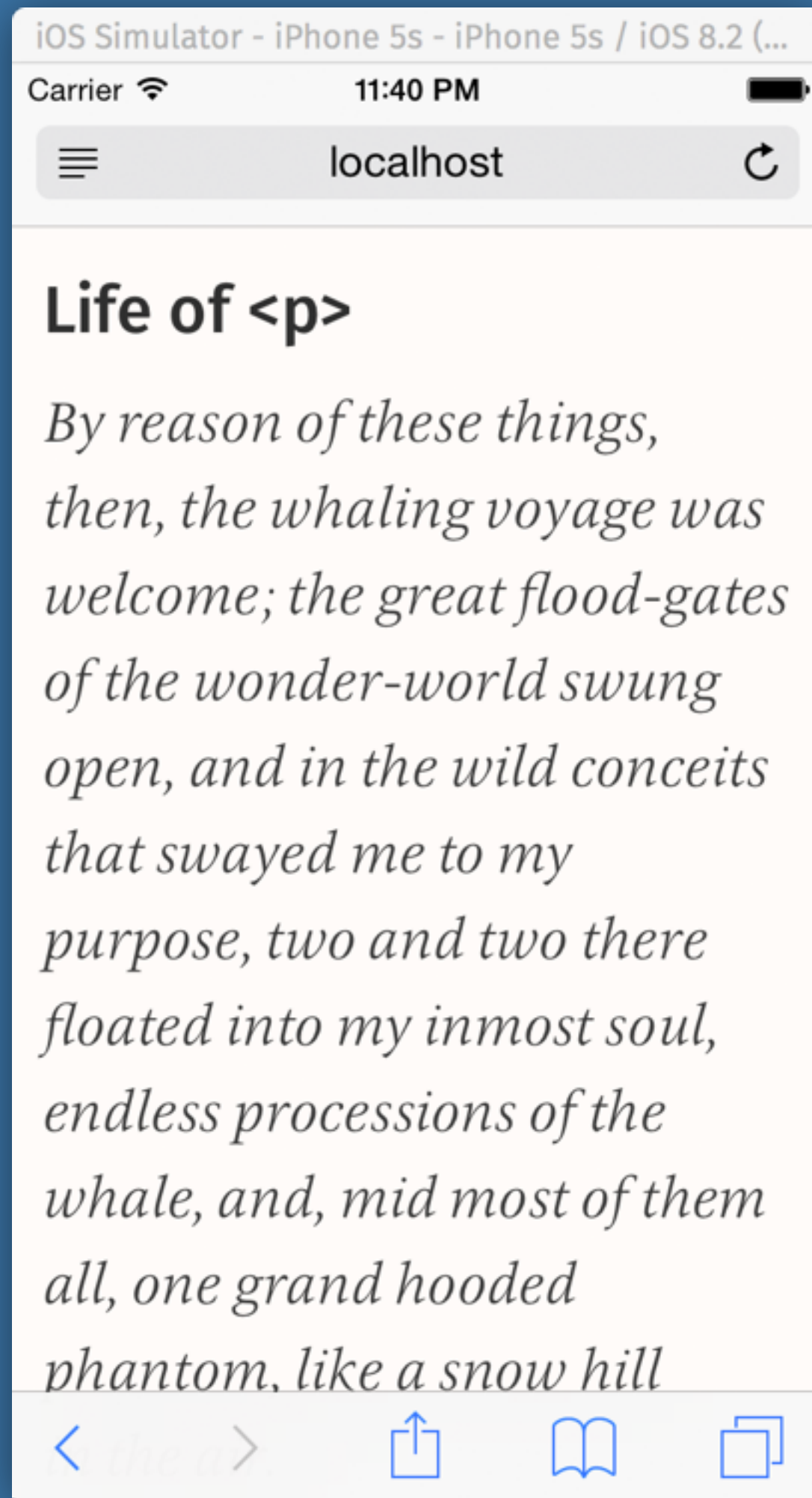
By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

a dash of dashes

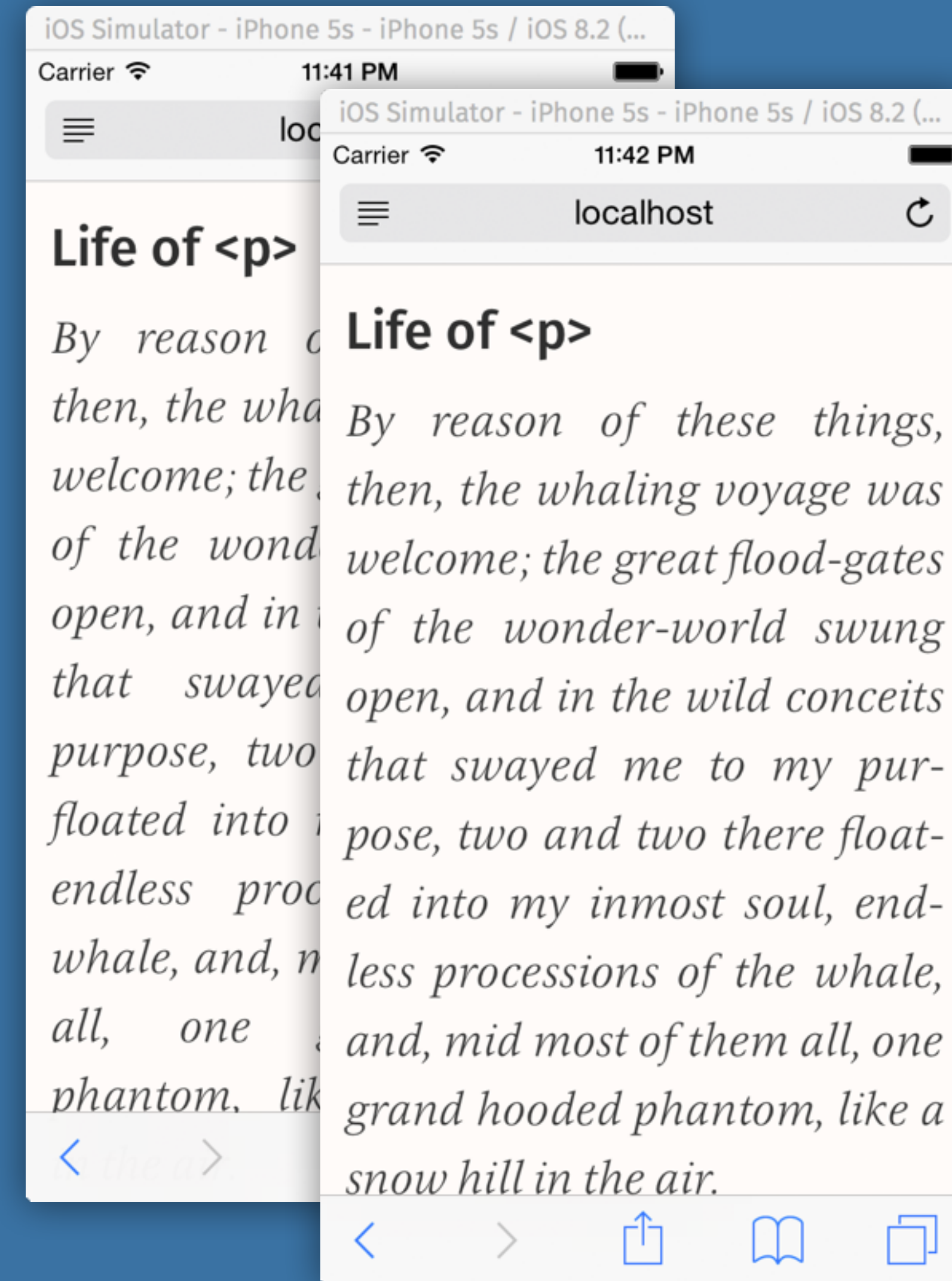
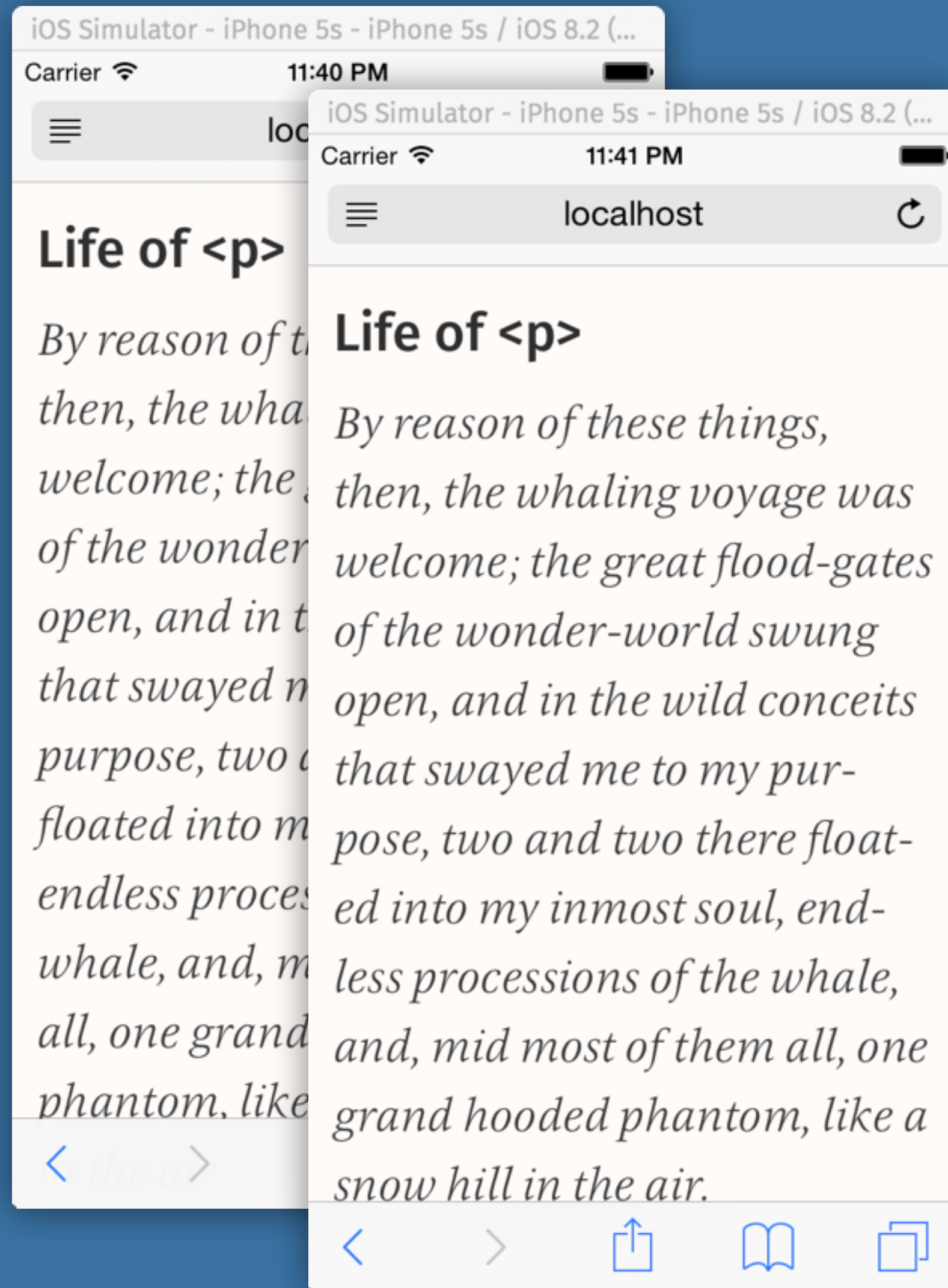
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a dash of dashes



a dash of dashes



a dash of dashes

Life of <p>

```
.hyphens {  
  word-wrap: break-word;  
  -webkit-hyphens: auto;  
  -moz-hyphens: auto;  
  -ms-hyphens: auto;  
  -o-hyphens: auto;  
  hyphens: auto;  
  text-align: justify;  
}
```

By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two they fluted into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

drop it like a cap

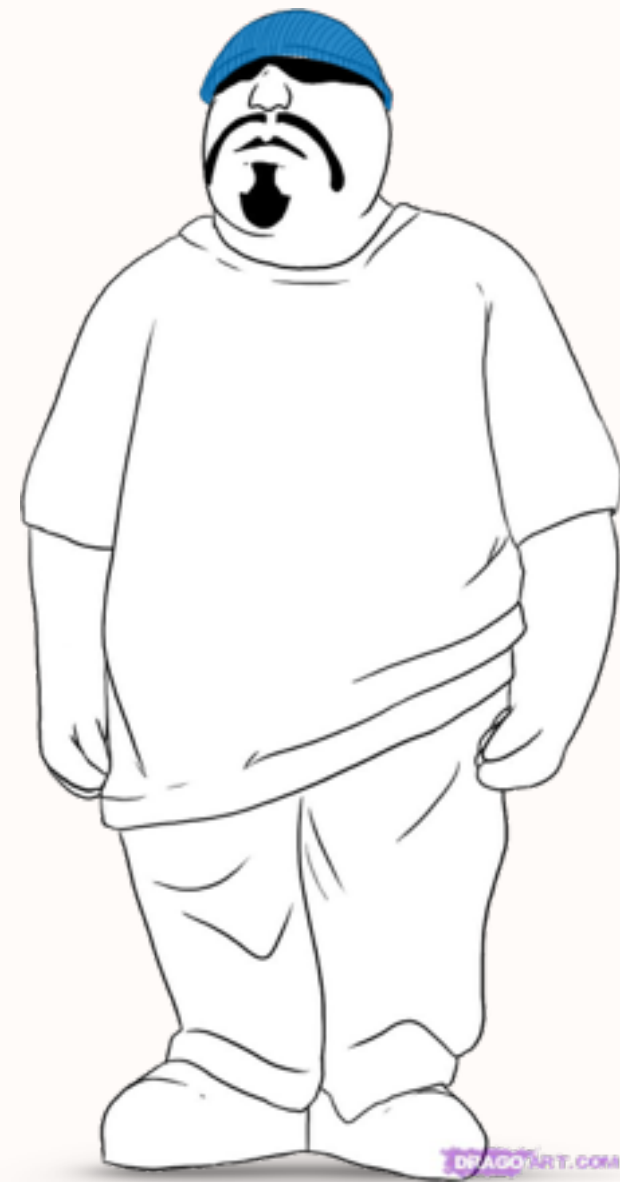
AS we were walking down the end of the wharf towards the ship, Queequeg carrying his harpoon, Captain Peleg in his gruff voice loudly hailed us from his wigwam, saying he had not suspected my friend was a cannibal, and furthermore announcing that he let no cannibals on board that craft, unless they previously produced their papers.

“What do you mean by that, Captain Peleg?” said I, now jumping on the bulwarks, and leaving my comrade standing on the wharf.

“I mean,” he replied, “he must show his papers.”

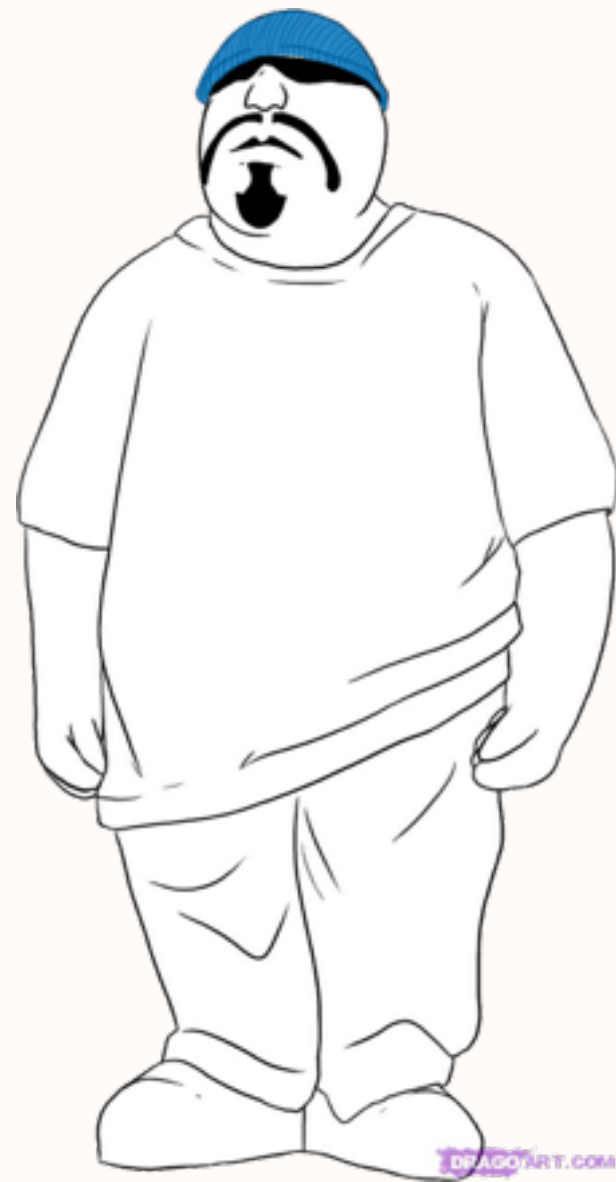
“Yea,” said Captain Bildad in his hollow voice, sticking his head from behind Peleg’s, out of the wigwam. “He must show that he’s converted. Some of the...”

drop it like a cap



By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

drop it like a cap



```
p:first-of-type:first-letter,  
.lt-ie9 p:first-letter {  
  font-size: 5em;  
  font-family: 'Bluntz W00';  
  font-size: 5em;  
  color: 5em;  
  line-height: 0.9em;  
  float: left;  
  padding-right: 0.05em;  
  margin-top: -0.125em;  
}
```


first-line of defense

By reason of these things, then, the
whaling voyage was welcome; the great
flood-gates of the wonder-world swung
open, and in the wild conceits that
swayed me to my purpose, two and two
there floated into my inmost soul,
endless processions of the whale, and,
mid most of them all, one grand hooded
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first-line of defense

By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my purpose, two and two there floated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

```
p:first-line {  
  font-size: 1.1em;  
  font-weight: bold;  
}
```


link it, link it good

Life of <p>

By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to [my purpose](#), two and two there floated into my inmost soul, endless processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

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Life of <p>

By reason of these things, then, the whaling voyage was welcome; the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open, and in the wild conceits that swayed me to my

my purpose, and two there floated into my inmost soul, unknown to those who walked by the side of the ship, two childlike processions of the whale, and, mid most of them all, one grand hooded phantom, like a snow hill in the air.

link it, link it good

```
.nicelink {
  font-size: 5em;
  text-shadow: 1px 0 0 #fff, 1px 0 0 #fff,
    -1px 0 0 #fff, -1px 0 0 #fff;
  background-image: linear-gradient(to bottom,
    transparent, rgba(#00194d, 0) 75%,
    rgba(#00194d, 0.85) 75%, transparent);
  background-repeat: repeat-x;
  background-size: 2px 2px;
  background-position: 0 0.8em;
  display: inline;
  word-break: break-word;
}
```


a flare for the dramatic

Life of <p>

*Strange! Nothing will content them but the extreme
limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder
warehouses will not suffice*

a flare for the dramatic

```
.otf {  
  -moz-font-feature-settings: "dlig=1","liga=1";  
  -moz-font-feature-settings: "dlig" 1, "liga" 1;  
  -webkit-font-feature-settings: "dlig" 1, "liga" 1;  
  -ms-font-feature-settings: "dlig=1", "liga=1";  
  -o-font-feature-settings: "dlig" 1, "liga" 1;  
  font-feature-settings: "dlig" 1, "liga" 1;  
}
```


much ado & giving us nothing

12.15 sec

much ado & giving us nothing



much ado & giving us nothing

Like

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U.S. | WORLD | CRIME | THE WEEK | NEWS PICS | BLOGS

Carrier pigeon moves data faster than South Africa internet service provider Telkom

BY REUTERS / Thursday, September 10, 2009, 8:29 AM

73

1

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TAYLOR/GETTY

An 11-month-old pigeon, Winston, raced the Internet with a data card was strapped to his leg.

JOHANNESBURG – A South African information technology company on Wednesday proved it was faster for them to transmit data with a carrier pigeon

EDITORS' PICKS

N.C. college shooting suspect arrested in Fla.: cops

Kenneth Stancil, an ex-student accused of killing an employee at Wayne Community College in North



Fla. teen charged for changing photo on teacher's computer

A Florida 14-year-old has been charged with a cybercrime after he allegedly changed the



Queens jury convicts man, 42, of sexually abusing kids

Melchor Evangelista sat silently in Queens Supreme Court as the jury affirmed their guilty verdicts.



Prince George learns dad in China, looks in china cabinet

When the toddler heard his father, Prince William, was in China last month, he looked for him in a china



Slain Boston surgeon's widow gives birth to baby girl



much ado & a tiny bit better

7.1 sec

much ado & on our merry way

5.1 sec

much ado & on our merry way

```
p {  
  font-family: "Playfair Display", serif;  
  font-size: 1.5em;  
}  
.wf-inactive p {  
  font-family: "Times New Roman", serif;  
  font-size: 1.575em;  
  letter-spacing: 0.1px;  
}
```


question:

just what *is* the perfect $\langle p \rangle$?

answer:

the right one for your project

The Seattle Times

A months-long undercover police operation came to a close Monday with the arrests of two unlikely suspects: the managers of the Orion Motel, who are accused of facilitating prostitution and drug activity and providing cover to the pimps and drug dealers who rent rooms there.

SECTION SPONSOR



By [Sara Jean Green](#) 

Seattle Times staff reporter

By the time Seattle police converged on the Orion Motel, undercover officers and detectives had spent months posing as pimps, prostitutes and drug buyers to gather evidence of the criminal goings-on they say have long plagued the 28-room property.

Though the department's Vice & High Risk Victims Unit routinely busts pimps and johns along the same stretch of Aurora Avenue North, this was the first time the unit had focused on a specific business. The high volume of suspected criminal activity led detectives to a pair of unusual targets: the Orion's managers, a married couple who had lived on site for the past eight years.

The months-long police operation culminated Monday with the arrests of Kevin Lundquist Jr. and his wife for prostitution-related crimes.

Lundquist, 51, was charged Thursday with attempted promoting commercial sex abuse of a minor, a felony, as well as second degree promoting

Buzzfeed

Coincidentally, Calvin split from his girlfriend of seven months, Aarika Wolf, at around this time. But at first, we were all, “Nah, they’re not dating. They’re just planning to work together in a ~professional capacity.” Because imagine how amazing the results of Taylor and Calvin in the studio together would be.

But then Taylor was spotted at a Calvin Harris concert in Las Vegas and the rumours continued.

However, last night the pair were spotted ACTUALLY TOGETHER outside of the studio, and, what’s more, they were wearing MATCHING CLOTHES.

They were photographed talking to a fan outside Whole Foods, naturally, as that’s Taylor’s favourite place to shop.

The Shape of Design

CHAPTER ONE

HOW AND WHY

"Always the beautiful answer who asks a more beautiful question."

E.E. CUMMINGS

If in the spring of 2003 a nightwalker found himself passing by North Spaulding Road, and – despite the hour – had the presence of mind to look up, he would find a light ablaze on the second floor. He would see me in profile, seated at my drafting table, kneading my face like a thick pile of dough. As I looked out the window, we would nod knowingly at one another, as if to say, “Yes, four in the morning is both too early and too late. Anyone awake must be up to no good, so let’s not ask any questions.” The nightwalker would continue down the street, weaving between the rows of parked cars and the sweetgum trees that bordered the sidewalk. I’d go back to kneading my face.

The Shape of Design

between the rows of parked cars and the sweetgum trees that bordered the sidewalk. I'd go back to kneading my face.

I remember one specific night where I found myself on the tail end of a long, fruitless stretch. I took to gazing out the window to search for inspiration, to rest my eyes, to devise a plan to fake my death for forty-eight hours while my deadline whooshed past. I looked at the tree before my window and heard a sound rise from the leaves. It seemed misplaced, more likely to come from the cars than one of the trees next to them.

“Weee-oooh, wooop, wwwrrrrlll. Weee-oooh, wooop!”

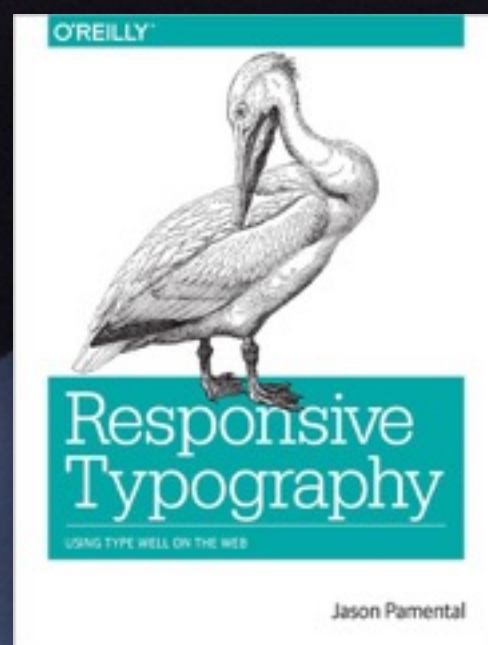
You don't expect to hear the din of the city coming from the leaves of a sweetgum tree, but there it was. I scoured the leaves, and found myself trading glances with a mockingbird, each of us sizing the other up from our perches. He was plump in stature, clothed in brown and white feathers with black eyes that jumped from place to place. He had an almost indistinguishable neck to separate his head from his body, which I took as a reminder of the potential effects of my own poor posture. The leaves on the branch rustled as he leaned back to belt his chirps and chimes. Burrs fell from the tree, thwapped the ground, and rolled

the only wrong answer
no answer at all



thank you

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slides: slideshare.net/jpamental
code: github.com/jpamental
book: bit.ly/rwtbook

typefaces: Salomé & Scala Sans

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