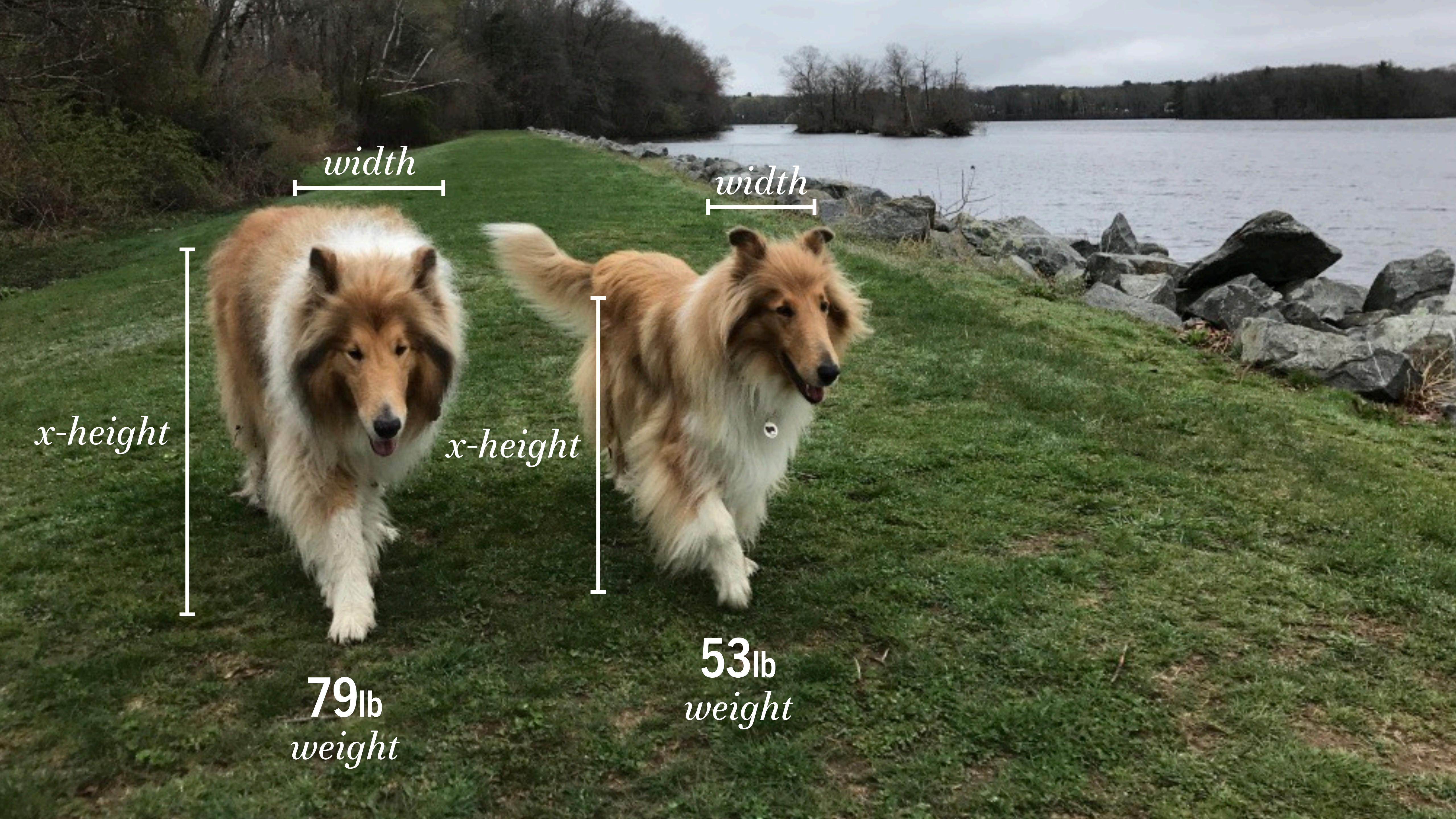


Practicing

Intentional Typography *in Dynamic Systems*

Jason Pamental | @jpamental
Design/Technology Thinking & Tinkering
ATypI Montréal 2017





width

x-height

width

x-height

79lb
weight

53lb
weight

This image shows two dogs, likely Collies, standing on a grassy hillside. The dog on the left is a larger, tan and white dog, and the dog on the right is a smaller, tan and white dog. The image is annotated with several text labels and brackets. On the left, a vertical bracket is labeled 'x-height' and a horizontal bracket above the dogs is labeled 'width'. On the right, a vertical bracket is labeled 'x-height' and a horizontal bracket above the dogs is labeled 'width'. At the bottom left, the text '79lb weight' is displayed, and at the bottom right, the text '53lb weight' is displayed. The background features a grassy hillside, a body of water, and a rocky shoreline.



I'm Jason, and I'm a
web typographer

Words communicate meaning;
typography either amplifies or dilutes it.
Every detail that's just 'ok' lessens our words' impact

First—as @kupfers points out—we have to ask

What is good typography?

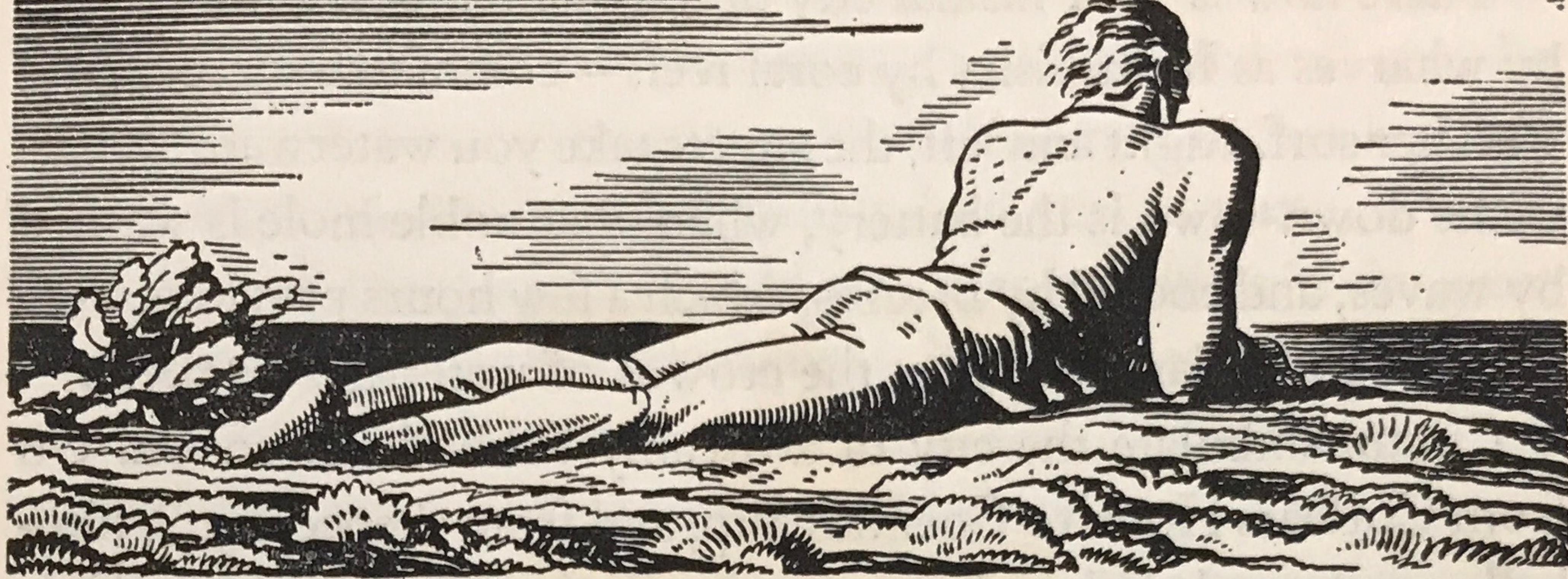


Moby Dick

By Herman Melville

CHAPTER 1. Loomings.

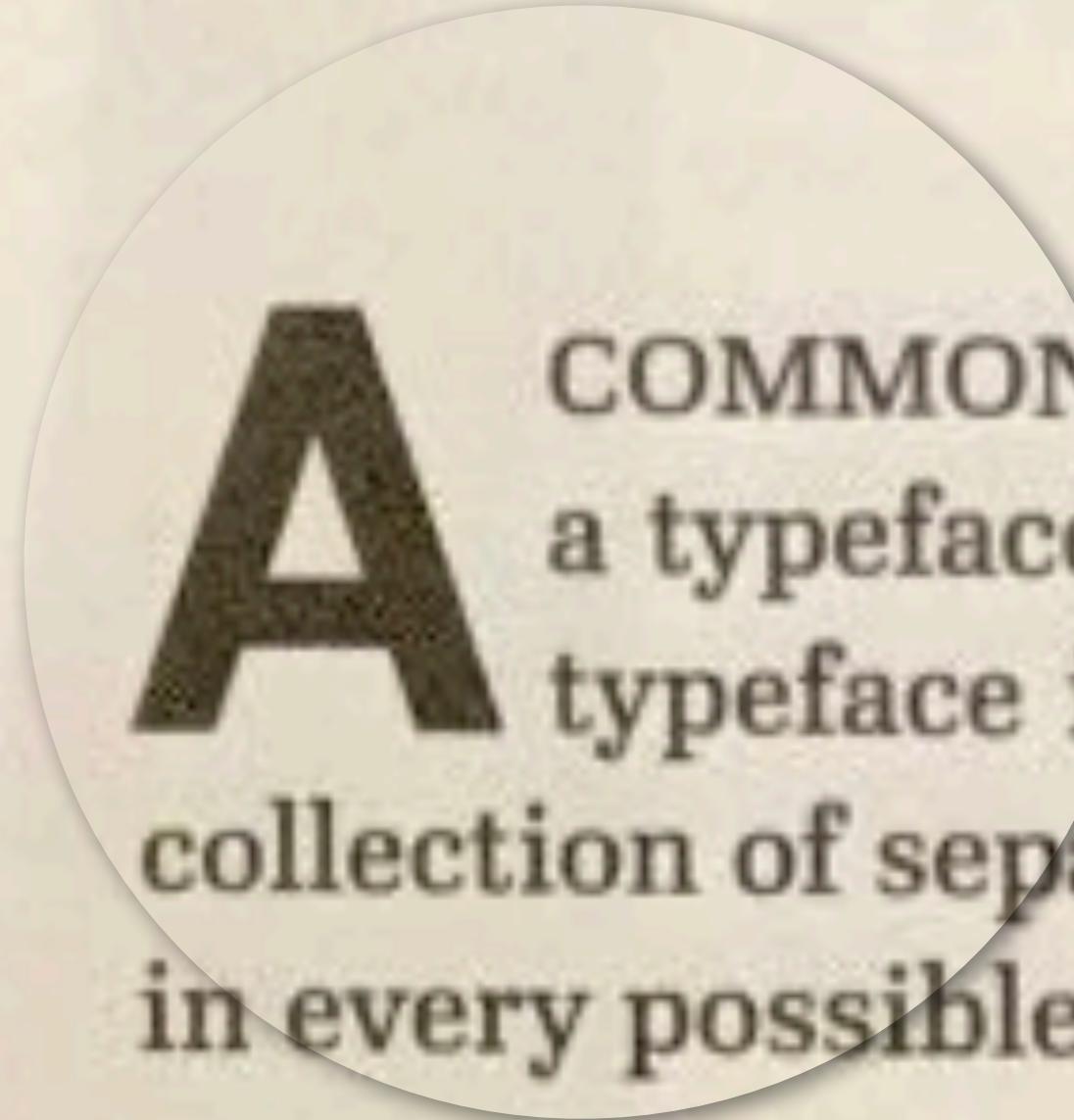
Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats offthen, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.



CHAPTER I

LOOMINGS

ALL me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the



A COMMON MAXIM AMONG type designers is that drawing a typeface isn't about drawing beautiful letters: drawing a typeface is about making beautiful words. A typeface is a collection of separate parts, but these parts have to work together in every possible combination to form unified words.



Inseparable though they are now, Eastern paper and Western books did not exactly rush into each other's arms. With a vastness of Asian steppe, desert, and mountain between them, it took centuries for the paper of Marquis Cai to reach Europe, and yet more time to inveigle itself into common use. Paper's usefulness in bookmaking, in fact, was only one of the many forces that drove its journey: of equal, if not greater importance, were humanity's parallel obsessions with religion, war, and underpants.



The secret of paper, as with silk before it, was jealously guarded by the ancient Chinese. Traditionally, those who attempted to smuggle out any of the key components of silk production were punished harshly or even executed. Silk cocoons, silkworms, and the mulberry trees

Type Classification at a Glance

The typefaces in this book are arranged by classification. This makes similar designs easier to compare and introduces a vocabulary that will not only make you sound smart at parties, but will also help you identify, select, and combine typefaces.

But first, a warning: there is no universal classification system. Just like any attempt to apply a set of genres to creative work, be it music, literature, or art, typeface classification is inherently problematic. After all, type is not biology—a typeface doesn't have a genetic code like



Humanist
Very calligraphic
consistent
and modern
contrast. Below
asymmetrical



Transitional
Slightly calligraphic
with variable
and usually

“It turns out one of the leading
concrete experts in the country
is Harry Hill’s dad!” *Andy Altmann*

Has the Internet Killed Curly Quotes?

Web publications tend to favor straight quotation marks, a pragmatic approach to typography that old-school stylists can't stand.

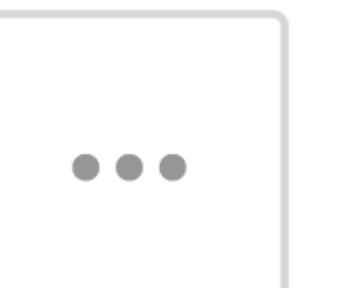
GLENN FLEISHMAN

DEC 28, 2016

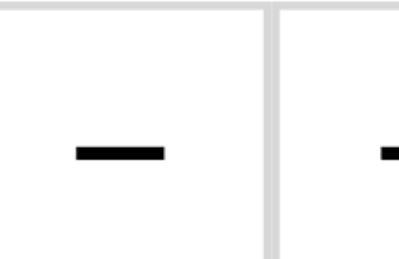
TECHNOLOGY

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TEXT SIZ



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Design is Communication

And if you can't explain it

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DOI: 10.1098/rspa.2017.0122

al | Monday 12 September 2016

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instructed long Kim's requirement centered on the start of any project, Nancy Bockbrader's signature element came at the finish: every project, no matter how big or small, had to include a paper explaining the 'why' behind the design decisions made in the course of the assignment. It could be as short as a paragraph or two, but if you couldn't explain in clear lection, color palette or any other visual language, yo

done designing it yet

most influential
instructors that
was another

*“Without exploring what
can do is evaluating
not effectiveness.”*

“Witho
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work clearly and convincingly on a regular basis, they're far more likely to do so with clients. This is critical, because in all but the rarest of cases, our clients aren't designers. They don't know what we know, or speak the same language we speak. We must be our own translators, and educate the client along the way. If we can't bring them along to the view we have created, why should they believe us when we say it's the right one?

BESIDES, AS

selling it, you

MIKE MONTEIRO | **PUT IT SO WELL IN *IS A JOB: IF YOU'RE NOT THE ONE***

, you didn't finish designing. 



Detail of the matchbox set made of steel, oak & black-and-white photos on acetate

But we were talking about systems

Design is Communication

And if you can't explain it, you're not done designing it yet

By Jason Pamental | Monday 12 September 2016 12.00 BST

Awhile back I wrote an article about one of my most influential experiences studying Graphic Design: the requirement of one of my instructors that we show up for any 'first crit' with no fewer than 30 thumbnails. But there was another experience, with another instructor, that perhaps had an even greater impact on me and on the way I guide and teach other designers.

While [Hee Mong Kim's requirement](#) centered on the start of any project, Nancy Bockbrader's signature element came at the finish: every project, no matter how big or small, had to include a paper explaining the 'why' behind the design decisions made in the course of the assignment. It could be as short as a paragraph or two, but if you couldn't explain in clear language the reasoning for your typeface selection, color palette or any other visual language, you just weren't done.

“Without explanation all we can do is evaluate execution, not effectiveness”

Moby Dick

CHAPTER 1. Loomings.

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats offthen, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefscommerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Moby Dick oder Der weiße Wal

Erstes Kapitel

Als ich vor einigen Jahren – wie lange es genau her ist, tut wenig zur Sache – so gut wie nichts in der Tasche hatte und von einem weiteren Aufenthalt auf dem Lande nichts mehr wissen wollte, kam ich auf den Gedanken, ein wenig zur See zu fahren, um die Welt des Meeres kennenzulernen. Man verliert auf diese Weise seinen verrückten Spleen, und dann ist es auch gut für die Blutzirkulation. Wenn man den scheußlichen Geschmack auf der Zunge nicht loswerden kann; wenn man das Frostgefühl eines feuchten und kalten Novembers auf der Seele hat; wenn man unwillkürlich vor jedem Sargmagazin stehenbleibt und jedem Leichenzug nachsieht, wenn man sich der Schwermut nicht mehr erwehren kann, daß man auf die Straße stürzen und vorsätzlich den Leuten den Hut vom Kopfe schlagen müßte, dann ist es allerhöchste Zeit, auf See zu gehen. Das ist für mich Ersatz für Pistole und Kugel.

Cato stürzte sich mit einer philosophischen Geste in sein Schwert. Ich entscheide mich in aller Ruhe für das Schiff. Das ist durchaus nichts Besonderes! Wenn sie es wüßten, so würden mit der Zeit mehr oder weniger alle dem Ozean mit denselben Gefühlen begegnen wie ich.

Da liegt von langen Kais eingefaßt, wie die Indianerinseln von Korallenriffen, unsere Inselstadt

Moby Dick

Intentional Typography

Moby Dick

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Moby Dick

CHAPTER 1. Loomings.

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There now is your insular city of the Manhattoes, belted round by wharves as Indian isles by coral reefs; commerce surrounds it with her surf. Right and left, the streets take you waterward. Its extreme downtown is the battery, where that noble mole is washed by waves, and cooled by breezes, which a few hours previous were out of sight of land. Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

A photograph of two dogs, a dark brown one on the left and a white one on the right, sitting on a grassy bank and looking out over a calm lake. The sky is a warm, golden sunset. The lake's surface reflects the sky and the silhouettes of bare trees on the opposite shore.

Looking ahead:
Variable Entititons

Moby Dick

CHAPTER I. *Loomings.*

Well, I mused some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzling November in my soul; whenever I find myself in gloomily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever I am 'vpos'd such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats offthen, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

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Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.

Circumambulate the city of a dreamy Sabbath afternoon. Go from Corlears Hook to Coenties Slip, and from thence, by Whitehall, northward. What do you see? Posted like silent sentinels all around the town, stand thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles: some seated upon the pier-heads:

Moby Dick

CHAPTER I. *Loomings.*

Call in I.s.m. el. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing r in abit the mo th; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I nd my life voluntary pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats offthen, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my sul inute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flour ish C o t r o s l m t upo his word; q e y al to t e hi . T e e i n o h ng ur prising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

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Da liegt von langen Kais eingefaßt, wie die Indianerinseln von Korallenriffen, unsere Inselstadt

Intentional Typography

Moby Dick

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Intentional Typography

Moby Dick oder Der weiße Wal

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Als ich vor einigen Jahren – wie lange es genau von einem weiten Gedanken verliert auf diese Weise. Wenn man das Frostgefühl vor jedem Sargmagazin. Wenn man den Schmerz nicht für mich Erschaffen Geste in seine Besonderes! Zeit mehr oder weniger alle dem Ozean mit denselben Gefühlen begegnen wie ich.

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Da liegt von langen Kais eingefaßt, wie die Indianerinseln von Korallenriffen, unsere Inselstadt

A more modern redux



Author



Editor



Designer

Variable Font Demo

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The world's best blog post

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The current state of design on the web is stalled. We made a huge leap forward with the widespread availability of web fonts starting in 2009, and then were confronted with the advent of responsive design just a year or two later. While many interesting things have come from that evolution, we've also struggled with coming to grips with the complexity of designing for infinite screen sizes whilst being equally concerned with performance. Contending with ever-shortening attention spans (

[Google research gives you about 3 seconds](#) before you lose half your audience) we've had to constrain our typographic systems to just a few fonts to keep the impact on load time to a minimum.

These constraints have forced us as designers to make compromises when considering type size, line length, and overall visual hierarchy and differentiation. Considering things like a narrower font on smaller screens to achieve a slightly longer line length without sacrificing size. Or utilizing ultra-thin or ultra-heavy weights for added emphasis and variety of expression—all luxuries we can't embrace due to the burden it would place on site visitors—particularly those on shaky wireless connections.

One

Number of font files called for the text on this page

Moby Dick



CHAPTER I. *Loomings.*

Call me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and, do what summer people do. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and the melancholy, *which is* an ordinary disease of these northern states. No, I do not go a-baiting—because I've had a bad time at it, and it's a poor way to drive off the spleen, etc., etc., etc.

Though I cannot tell why it was exactly that those stage managers, the Fates, put me down for this shabby part of a whaling voyage, when others were set down for magnificent parts in high tragedies, and short and easy parts in genteel comedies, and jolly parts in farcesthough I cannot tell why this was exactly; yet, now that I recall all the circumstances, I think I can see a little into the springs and motives which being cunningly presented to me under various disguises, induced me to set about performing the part I did, besides cajoling me into the delusion that it was a choice resulting from my own unbiased freewill and discriminating judgment.

Chief among these motives was the overwhelming idea of the great whale himself. Such a portentous and mysterious monster roused all my *Morosity*. Then the wild and distant seas where he rolled his island bulk; the undeliverable, nameless perils of the whale; these, with all the attending marvels of a thousand Patagonian sights and sounds, helped to sway me to my wish. With other men, perhaps, such things would not have been inducements; but as for me, I am tormented with an everlasting itch for 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 itwould they let mesince 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. ☀



Jason Pamental | @jpamental
isovera.com

<http://bit.ly/jpintentionaltype>

typefaces:
Essonnes (JTD)
Trade Gothic Next (fonts.com)
Louvette VF (CJ Dunn)
Amstelvar VF (Type Network)
Gimlet & Output VF (DJR)

Axis-Praxis.org by @lorp

photography:
unless otherwise noted,
photos by @jpamental