

Type *to* Life

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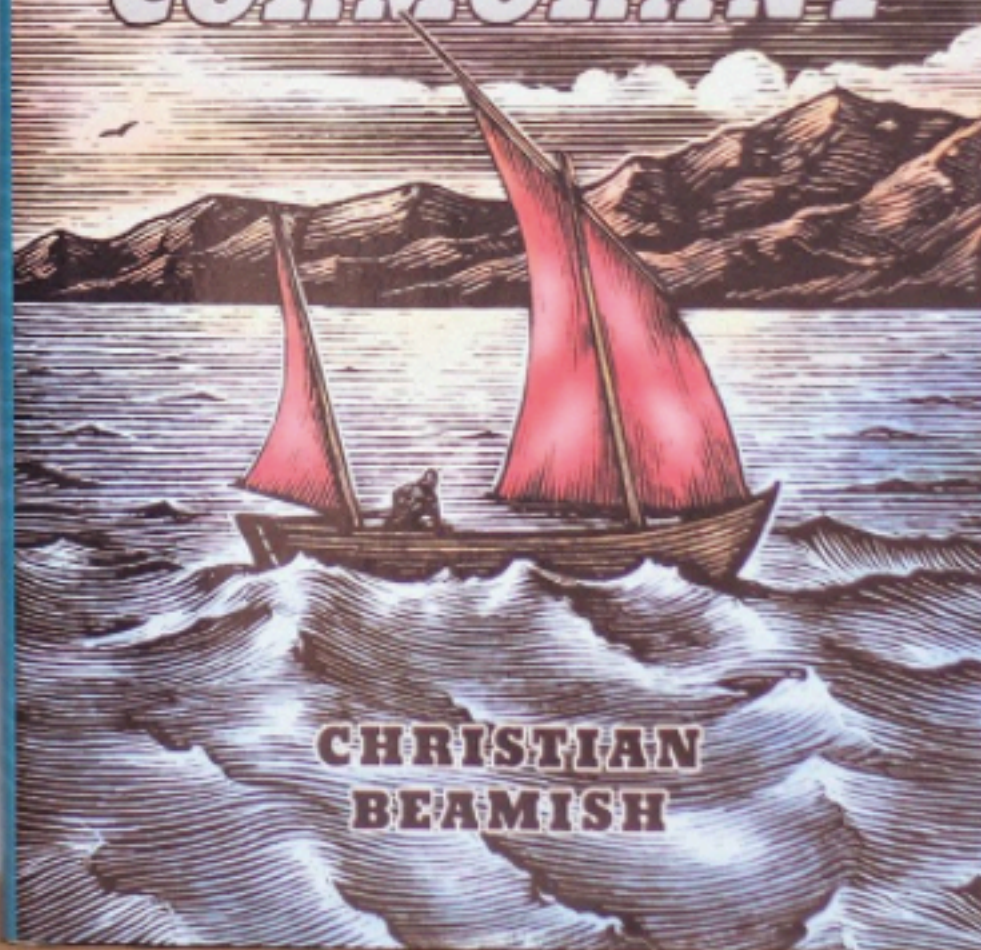
CLOSE TO THE GROUND

An exciting adventure in the
the world of the wild



DYLAN TOWNE
Illustrations by Thomas McQuinn

THE VOYAGE OF THE CORMORANT



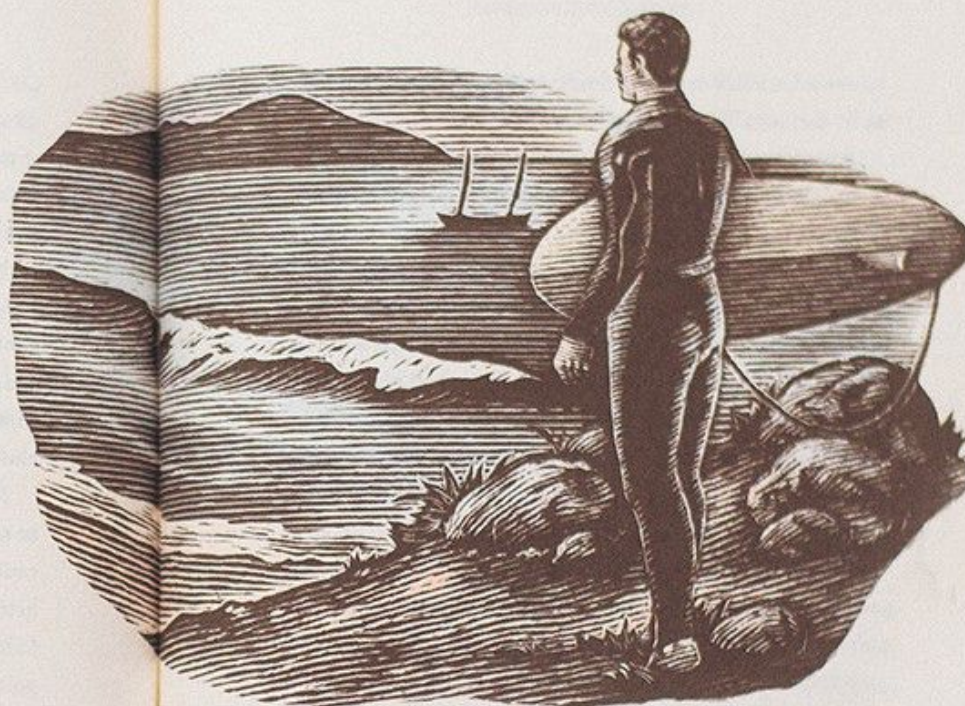
CHRISTIAN
BEAMISH

She stirred a large pot of beans on a burner with a hose running down to a propane tank on the floor. In the cuddy above the front seats, a rumpled pile of blankets marked one bed, and the other two were in the back, down a narrow passageway, behind the tiny kitchen. Juana ladled out plates of beans and passed them to the fishermen and me sitting at small booth tables on either side of the RV. Mario and his father sat at one booth, and Juan and I in the other.

Handing a plate to me she said, "*Estos frijoles son los mejores del mundo*," with a satisfied and knowing air, and one bite confirmed that they were, in fact, the best beans in the world.

Each plate had a nice hunk of *carnitas* in it, and the pork flavor went all the way through, smoky and rich. Juana came and sat next to Juan, putting an arm around him, and they made a funny couple—she so round and he so long and thin. The meat came apart when I pressed the side of my fork into it, and as I took another bite I saw Juana looking on with appreciation. "*Incredible*," I said, and she nodded with satisfaction.

The *carnitas* had come from her family's rancho, about 20 miles back in the desert from here. I asked if they had water there, and she said, "*Por supuesto*," — of course — with the same prideful air she had regarding her beans. This wasn't a haughty attitude but instead a self-appreciation that came from knowing the value of the place and of her family.



After lunch, we stepped outside and I sat on an upside-down bucket while Mario and his dad, Jose, searched a box of discarded diving and fishing parts, looking for a pin they could use for the winch assembly on their boat. Juana and Juan leaned side by side on a plywood table over a discarded washer and an oil drum.

A pickup drove over the rise behind the RV and descended into the camp. An old fellow was driving and his wife sat in the passenger seat — her *Indio* face wizened and earthy, reddish

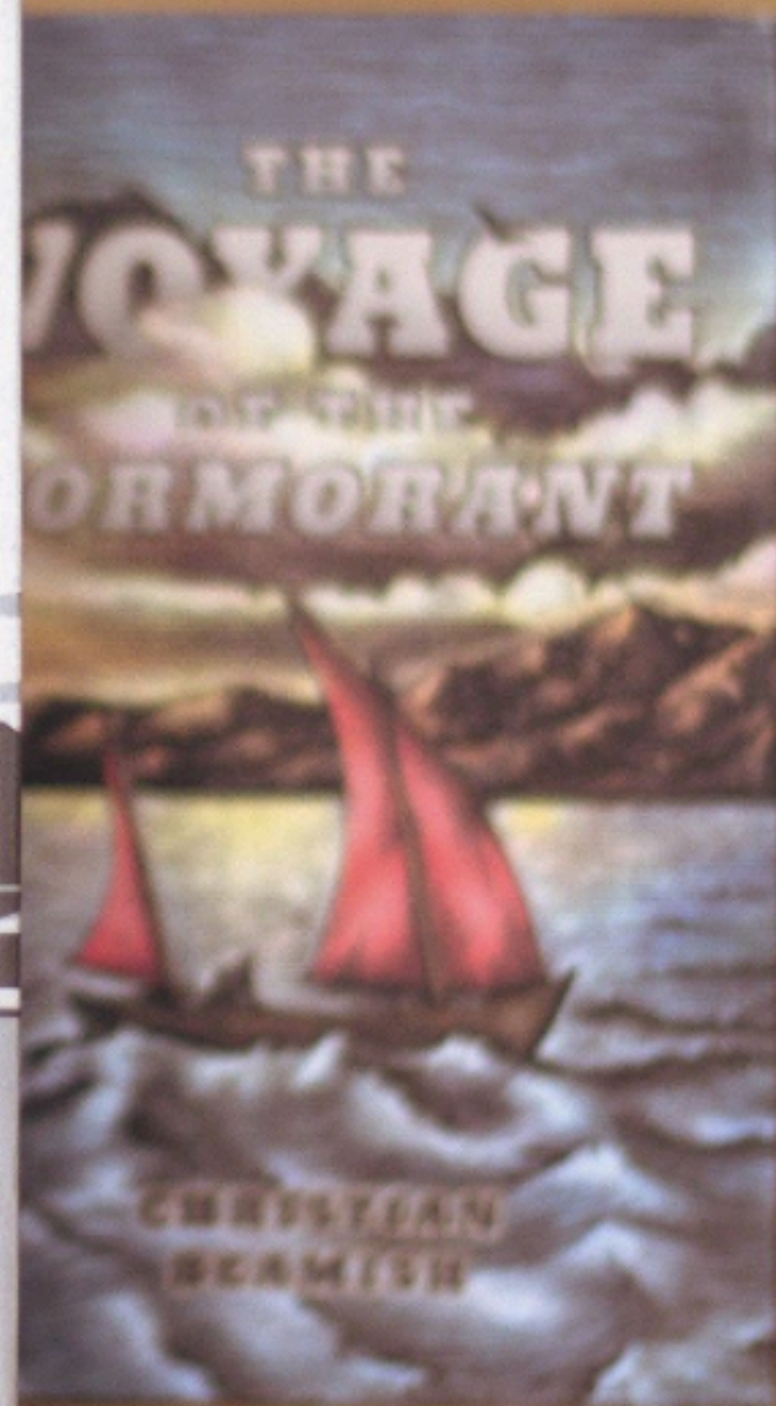
CLOSER — TO THE — GROUND

An outdoor family's year on the water,
in the woods and at the table



DYLAN TOMINE

Foreword by Thomas McGuane





THE SIGNIFICANCE OF BIRDS II

Smart, gregarious, inquisitive, but above all else, survivors, crows adapt to any environment, from deep wilderness to inner city. They are the mischievous black streak that snatches a potato chip from the inattentive picnicker. The goofy clown unable to resist a shiny piece of broken reflector in the driveway. The fierce defender chasing an eagle many times its size away from a nest.

My mother says Grandma is a crow now. I'm not sure if I buy it, at least not in a literal sense. Yet I can't help feeling a special affection for the big black birds. And if Mom's right, Grandma is, at this moment, hovering above the mailbox, dropping clams on the pavement.

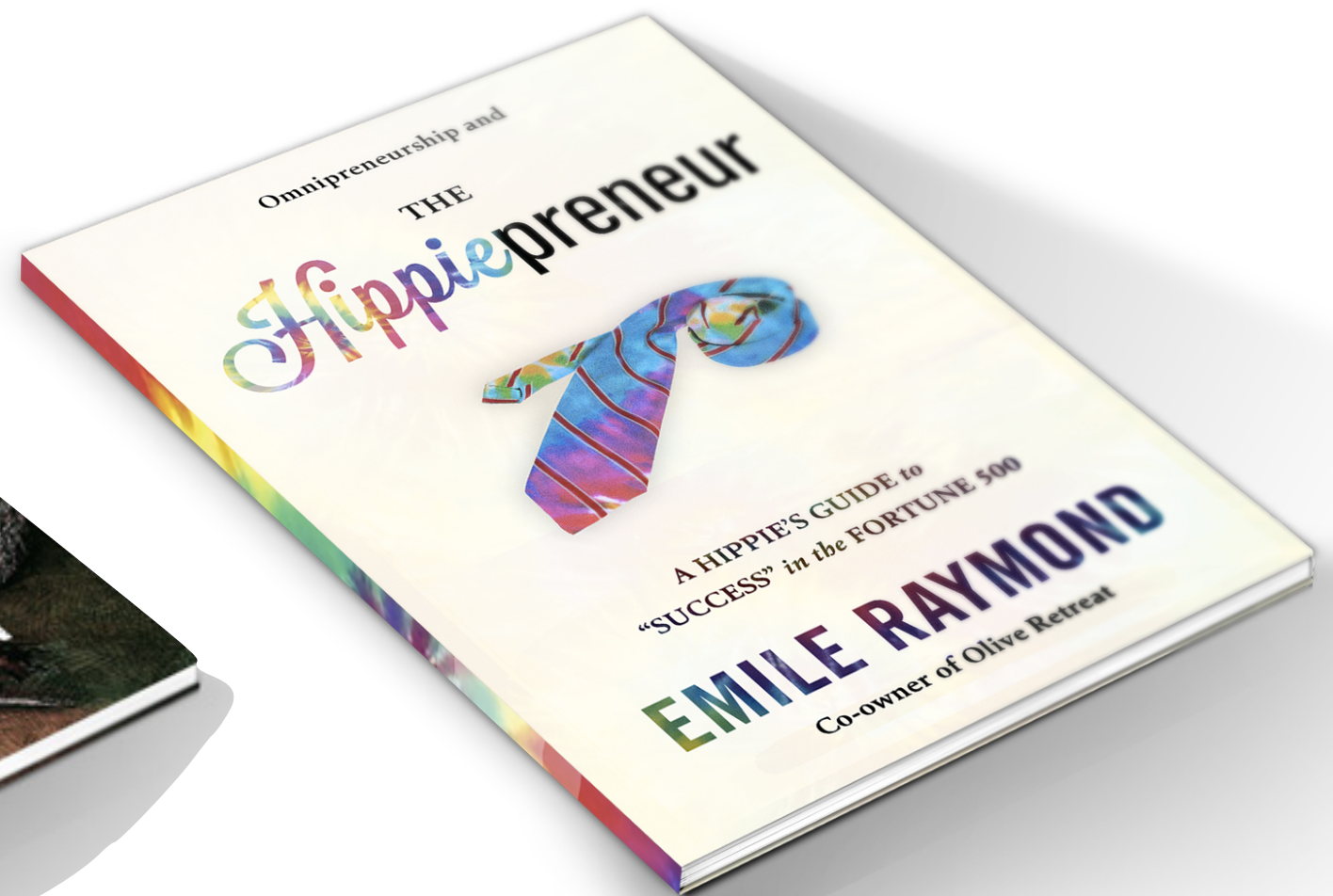
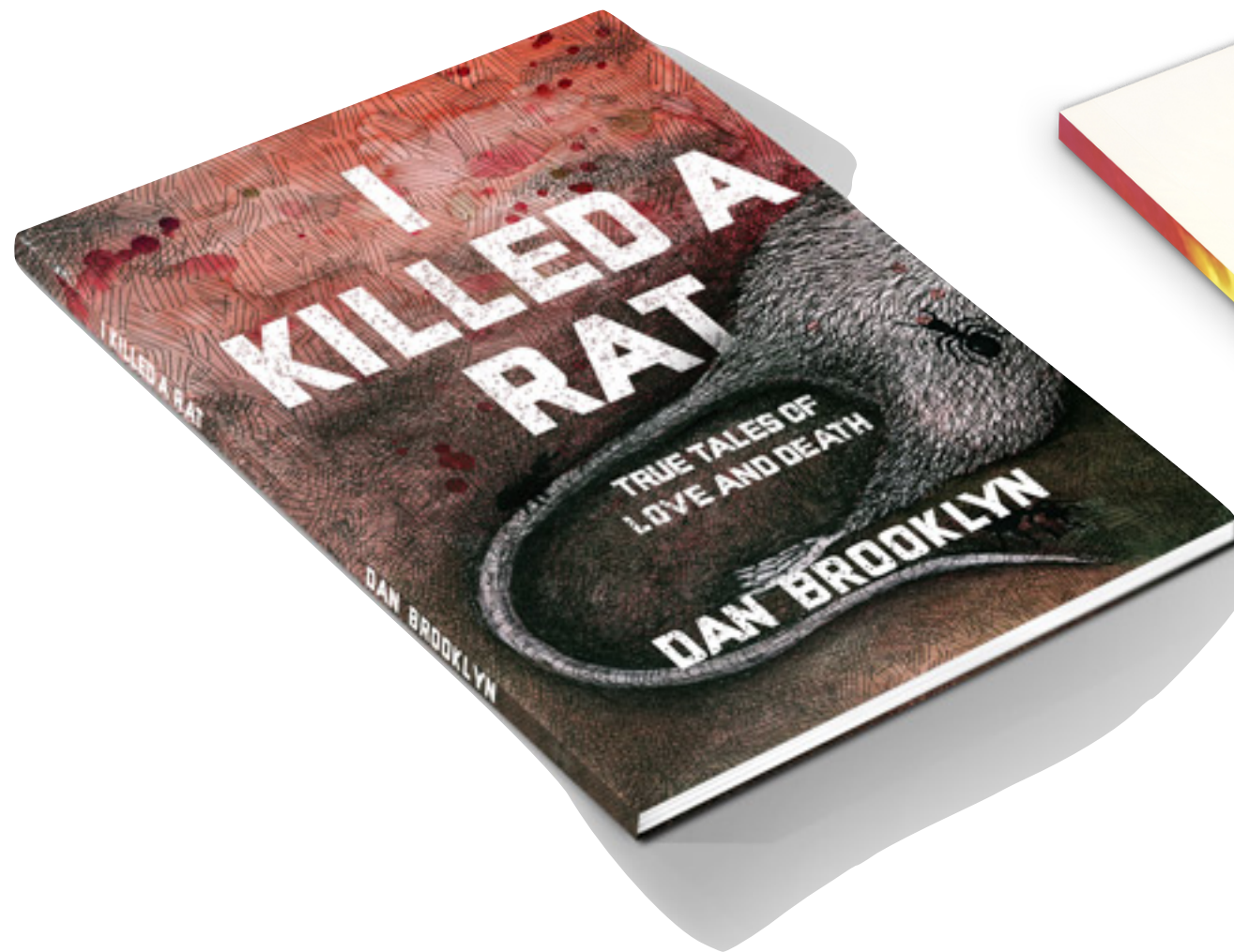
When we first moved here, we found all sorts of strange objects on the small patch of asphalt near the mailboxes: steamer clams, crab claws, walnut shells. It was a great mystery. Who was putting them there? Was it a neighborhood kid's joke? Some kind of sign?

One morning, Skyla and I heard a great commotion and cawing...and the mystery was solved. Crows had discovered they could bring objects they couldn't crack with their beaks to the road, and let gravity and pavement do the work for them.

Media design



Book design



Cafe branding





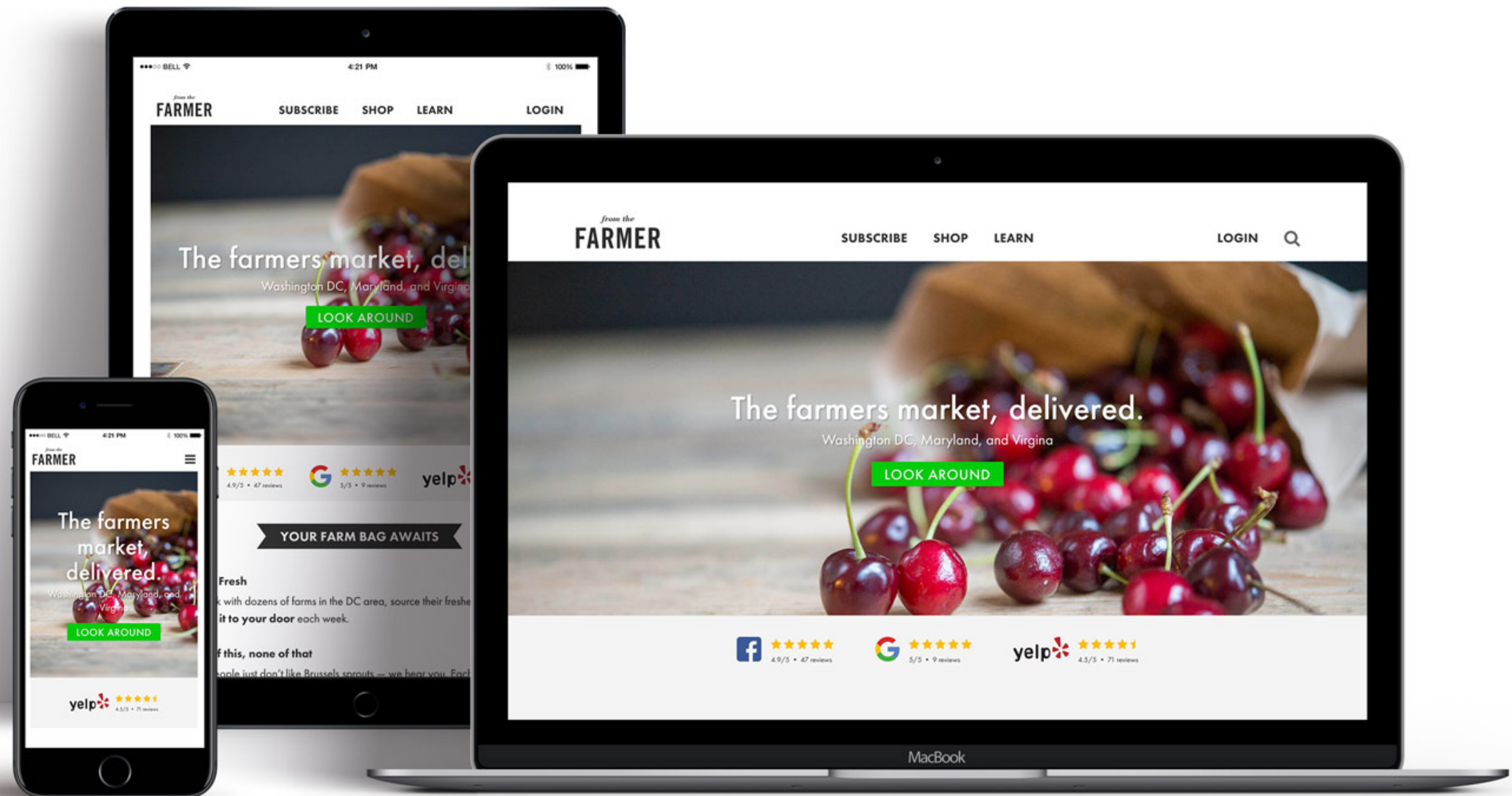
CAKE
POPS
& CUP
CAKES
& COFFEE



Branding

from the
FARMER

Web design



Branding



Branding



EVOLUTIONARY
HEALTH



treeweaves



WHEELHOUSE
TINY HOMES

Web

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HAND-WOVEN NET PLATFORMS

Adobe

Typekit

SANS

serif

Ploag

Geometric sans

Ploag

Humanist sans

SERIF

serif

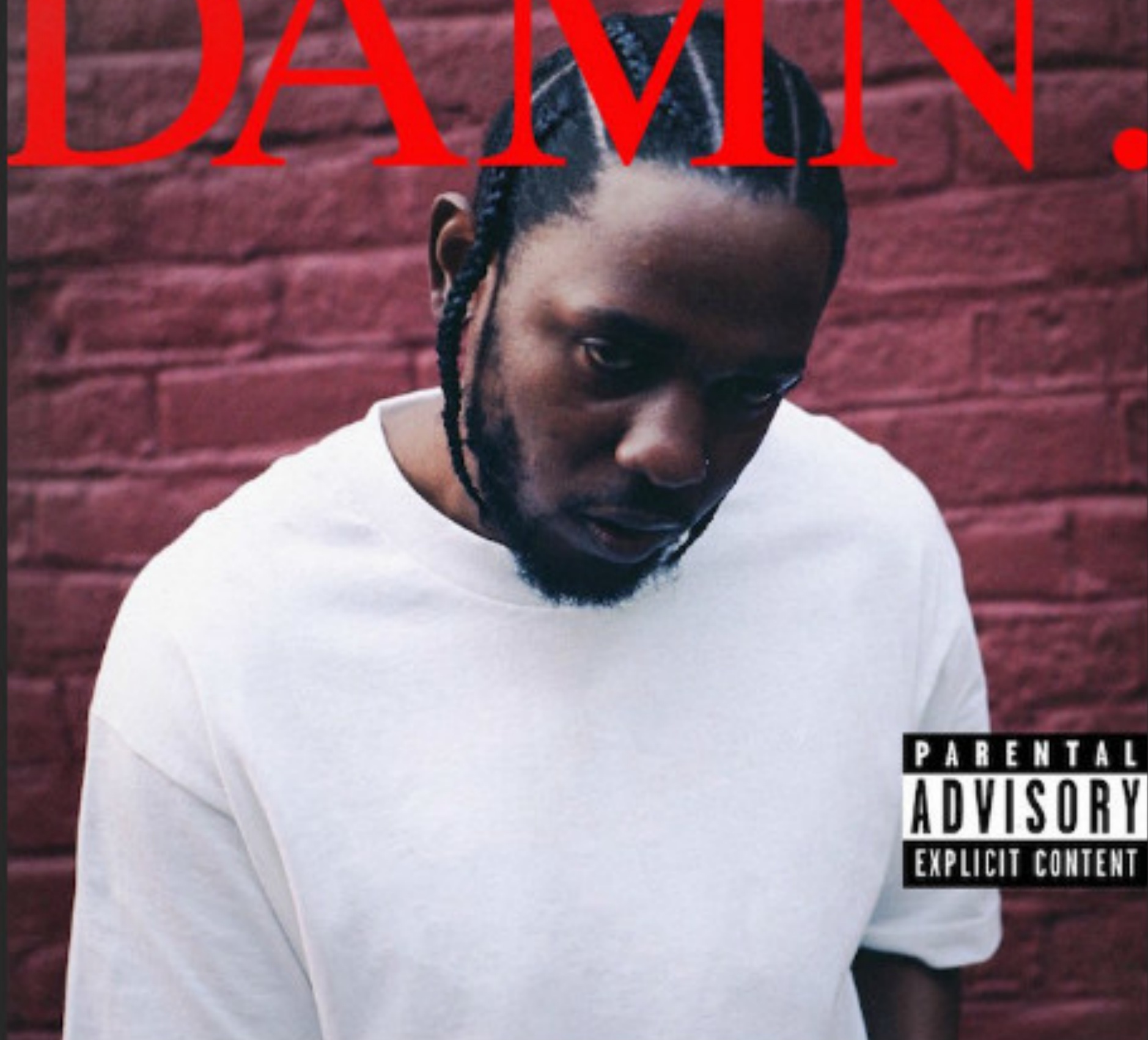
Serif

Slab Serif: QUESTA

Didone: Maiola

Modern: Lapture

DAMN.



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Blackletter

Sabbath Black



I
FEEL
LIKE
PABLO

PABLO
PABLO
PABLO
PABLO



Idea #1

**Two or less fonts
per thing.**

**Unless you want
to communicate
crazy feelings**

Idea #2

EVEN LITTLE TEXT IN SMALL CAPS, YET BOLD

Keep it in the Family

Like Freight. Then everything will go together. Combine Freight serif with sans. Keep thinking about words like: contrast, hierarchy, and visual communication.

Idea #3-A

Skip a weight. Go Bold.

Then, skip medium and come down to book.
Or normal. Or start with semi-bold and go
down to light. You'll look better with all this
incredible, overwhelming contrast.

Idea #3-B

Skip a weight. Go Medium. Lapture.

Then, skip book and come down to light. Or normal. Or start with semi-bold and go down to light. You'll look better with all this incredible, overwhelming contrast. Frieght Sans Pro.

Idea #4

Empty space is

not

empty?

Idea #5

Just a thought, but what if you:

COMBINE ONE BIG SANS

With a sexy little serif. Or vice versa. One big, one small.

Let them compliment each other, let them love each other.

With a sexy sans. One big, one small. Let them
compliment each other, let them love each other.

Idea #6

For long text:

Leading = 1.6 x font size

(the golden ratio)

Idea #7

FOR LONG TEXT

10^{*ish*} words per line

Some words are longer than others, which is sad, if you think about the feelings of each word. So to say ten words per line, you could say 10-14 words, or even some people say 50-60 characters, but it takes a while to count that high. But no more than 75 characters.

Squint your eyes

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Mad Max

**I LIVE
I DIE
I LIVE AGAIN.**





What does this feel like?



Eduardo Recife, where are you?

Atmosphere



Piece of the roof

+

Misprinted type brushes

misprintedtype.com

Grunge texture



Now, where were we?

Oh, Typekit.

Now, where were we?

**Colorado designers'
pics for you.**

sosmedia.com/class-bdw/typekit

Thanks!

