From Scrolls to Flows: Books and the New CSS

Dave Cramer / Hachette Book Group / Books in Browsers 2014
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 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 off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and dueli
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 in little squares of three or four acres, close, hard, star-like, with black houses plastered and packed main against main, and square with the street, at a right angle with the sun; not a bough or a blade of grass to break the air.

I went to see the man who was assassinated for his protest against the traffic. He lived in a room shadowed with three large pearl-ash trees, and had a lady for a wife. She, and a few other ladies who live similarly, are given to the same enthusiasm. It is a religious enthusiasm, but not a savage one, for they are civilized ladies. It was a sharp, disagreeable afternoon, and I could see nothing in the room but the trees and the lady, and the man himself, who lay limping and dry upon a bed. When they told me that the man’s conscience was quite as entertaining as his wife’s, I could not help feeling that he might be a poor sort of a man if it were so.
a Few of OUR demands

✴ Most of Us want to make pages
✴ We want to move stuff around
✴ We want to control where to put stuff
✴ We want text running around images
✴ Some of Us want drop caps
✴ We want balanced headlines
ONE DOES NOT SIMPLY

DEFINE PAGINATION

Source: http://w3cmemes.tumblr.com/
Abstract

This module describes the fragmentation model that partitions a flow into pages, columns, or regions. It builds on the Page model module and introduces and defines the fragmentation model. It adds functionality for pagination,
Makeup is a highly skilled procedure. If the text is merely divided mechanically into portions of equal length, without regard to where the divisions fall, some of the pages that result are bound to be unacceptable logically or aesthetically: they will incorporate bad breaks.

Overflow

overflow ( visible | hidden | scroll | auto | paged-x | paged-y | paged-x-controls | paged-y-controls | fragments )

html {
  overflow: paged-x;
}

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<---- width / inline-size --->

left side/ inline-start side

---inline direction --->

block  * horizontal *

direction  *writing mode*

A
	right side/ inline-end side

height/
x-->

block-size

bottom side/ y

block-end side  V
Loomings

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Call me Ishmael.
Call me Ishmael. Some years ago, never mind how long precise
Interlude: Book in Browser

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 a crowded warehouse, 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 off—then, 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.
The core concept behind CSS Regions is the ability to say, “Display this content (a named flow) over there (a region chain).”

—Alan Stearns
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 here.

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 men, fixed in ocean reveries. Some leaning against the spiles; some seated upon the pier-heads; some looking over the bulwarks of ships from China; some high aloft in the rigging, as if striving to get a still better seaward peep. But these are all lawyers. Week days spent in lath and plaster—tied to corners nailed to benches, clinched to desks. How then is this? Are the green fields gone? What do they here?

But look! here come more crowds, pacing straight for the water, and seemingly bound for a dive. Strange! Nothing will content them but the extremest limit of the land; loitering under the shady lee of yonder warehouses will not suffice. No. They must get just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in. And there they stand—miles of them—leagues. Inlanders all, they come from lanes and alleys, streets and avenues—north, east, south, and west. Yet here they all unite. Tell me, does the magnetic virtue of the needles of the compasses of all those ships attract them thither?

Once more. Say you are in the country; in some high land of lakes. Take almost any path you please, and ten to one it carries you down in a dale, and leaves you there by a pool in the stream. There is magic in it. Let the most absent-minded of men be plunged in his deepest reveries—stand at man on his legs, set his feet a-bobbing, and he will infallibly lead you to water. If there be in all that region. Should you ever be aloft in the great American desert, try this experiment, if your caravan happen to be supplied with a metaphysical professor. Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever.

But here is an artist. He desires to paint you the dreamiest, shadiest, quietest, most enchanting bit of romantic landscape in all the valley of the Saco. What is the chief element he employs? There stand his trees, each with a hollow trunk, as if a hermit and a crucifix were within; and here sleeps his meadow, and there sleep his cattle; and up from yonder cottage goes a sleepy smoke. Deep into distant woodlands winds a mazy way, reaching to overlapping spurs of mountains bathed in their hill-side.
Page Templates: Make Boxes (demo)
blue. But though the picture lies thus tranced, and though this pine-tree shakes down its sighs like leaves upon this shepherd’s head, yet all were vain, unless the shepherd’s eye were fixed upon the magic stream before him. Go visit the Prairies in June, when for scores on scores of miles you wade knee-deep among Tiger-lilies—what is the one charm wanting?—Water—there is not a drop of water there! Were Niagara but a cataract of sand, would you travel your thousand miles to see it? Why did the poor poet of Tennessee, upon suddenly receiving two handfuls of silver, deliberate whether to buy him a coat, which he sadly needed, or invest his money in a pedestrian trip to Rockaway Beach? Why is almost every robust healthy boy with a robust healthy soul in him, at some time or other crazy to go to sea? Why upon your first voyage as a passenger, did you yourself feel such a mystical vibration, when first told that you and your ship were now out of sight of land? Why did the old Persians hold the sea holy? Why did the Greeks give it a separate deity, and own brother of Jove? Surely all this is not without meaning. And still deeper the meaning of that story of Narcissus, who because he could not grasp the tormenting, mild image he saw in the fountain, plunged into it and was drowned. But that same image, we ourselves see in all rivers and oceans. It is the image of the ungraspable phantom of life; and this is the key to it all.

Now, when I say that I am in the habit of going to sea whenever I begin to grow hazy about the eyes, and begin to be over conscious of my lungs, I do not mean to have it inferred that I ever go to sea as a passenger. For to go as a passenger you must needs have a purse, and a purse is but a rag unless you have something in it. Besides, passengers get sea-sick—grow quarrelsome—don’t sleep of nights—do not enjoy themselves much, as a general thing;—no, I never go as a passenger; nor, though I am something of a salt, do I ever go to sea as a Commodore, or a Captain, or a Cook. I abandon the glory and distinction of such offices to those who like them. For my part, I abominate all honourable respectable toils, trials, and tribulations of every kind
Making Captions and Headlines Less Ugly
Making Captions and Headlines Less Ugly
Drop caps are an affectation that mocks and parodies print’s long history of bespoke illustration by mutilating the first word of a chapter.

—@fakebaldur
Initial Letters on the Web are Broken
First-Letter

This paragraph has the class "introduction". If your browser supports the pseudo-class "first-letter", the first letter will be a drop-cap. Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Ut hendrerit, pede vel tristique dignissim, dui augue dapibus neque, vitae pellentesque neque leo a tortor. Nullam tempor, nisi ac mollis scelerisque, odio orci volutpat mi, vel tincidunt ligula erat at enim. Nunc at erat suscipit enim porta imperdiet. Maecenas at ipsum non justo vehicula euismod. Ut rutrum mollis tortor. Nullam augue ante, semper quis, malesuada vel, mollis nec, odio. Etiam pulvinar lacus ac sem fringilla feugiat. Aliquam
Once upon a time in a blueberry bubblegum land covered in pink violet raspberry fairy called Bedooda. Bedooda was as tall as a button but there were not too bright) and was an adored member of the raspberry family River.
Historically, initial letters were used to mark the start of a new section of text. You can create an initial letter in your text by using a `first-child: first-letter` property. Whether you choose to use one, use your judgment to spacing around the letter. Too tight, like it's been crammed in. Too loose, and it's floating away from the rest of the text.
Example:

Welcome to my great little corner on the web! Enjoy your stay...browse, read, and download. Thanks, and remember, if you break it, you buy it!
The World Wide Web Consortium (W3C) is an international community where Member organizations, a full-time staff, and the public work together to develop Web standards. Led by Web inventor Tim Berners-Lee and CEO Jeffrey Jaffe, W3C's mission is to lead the Web to its full potential. Contact W3C for more information.
Today

span.dropcap {
  float: left;
  font-size: 5.3em;
  line-height: .85em;
  margin-bottom: -.1em;
}

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A day or two passed, and there was great activity aboard the Pequod. Not only were the old sails being mended, but new sails were coming on board, and bolts
A day or two passed, and there was great activity aboard the Pequod. Not only were the old sails being mended, but new sails were coming on
A day or two passed, and there was great activity aboard the Pequod. Not only were the old sails being mended, but new sails were coming on
Correct

Ha! thought I. particles almost these ashes from

ascender
cap-height
baseline
baseline
Étudiant (au féminin étudiante) est un nom qui signifie « s’appliquer à quelque chose ». Cependant, le terme ne s’applique qu’à une personne qui apprend. On le réserve généralement à...
THE W3C PROCESS

Source: http://w3cmemes.tumblr.com/
Resources

POLYFILLS
https://github.com/adobe-webplatform/balance-text
https://github.com/adobe-webplatform/dropcap.js

MEGAFILLS
http://sorotokin.com/adaptive-layout/

SPECS
http://www.idpf.org/epub/pgt/
http://dev.w3.org/csswg/css-regions/
http://dev.w3.org/csswg/css-page-template/
http://dev.w3.org/csswg/css-break/
http://dev.w3.org/csswg/css-inline/
http://dev.w3.org/csswg/css-overflow-3/

LEARNING
http://fantasai.inkedblade.net/weblog/2011/inside-csswg/
REMEMBER WHEN OPERA 12 IMPLEMENTED GCPM FEATURES?

PEPPERIDGE FARM REMEMBERS

Source: http://w3cmemes.tumblr.com/

w3cmemes.tumblr.com
Have fun joining the interest group!