

Breaking Bad

The dark secrets of web typography

Dave Cramer / Hachette Book Group



Dave Cramer
Hachette Book Group
@dauwhe

W3C CSS Working Group
W3C Publishing Working Group
EPUB3 Community Group



Web Design Paradigms

1. No design (HTML only)
2. Flash
3. Fluid Layouts
4. Fixed-width layouts
5. Responsive Design
6. Intrinsic Design (grid)

The Time I Spent On A Commercial Whaling Ship Totally Changed My Perspective On The World



Ishmael
Sailor



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

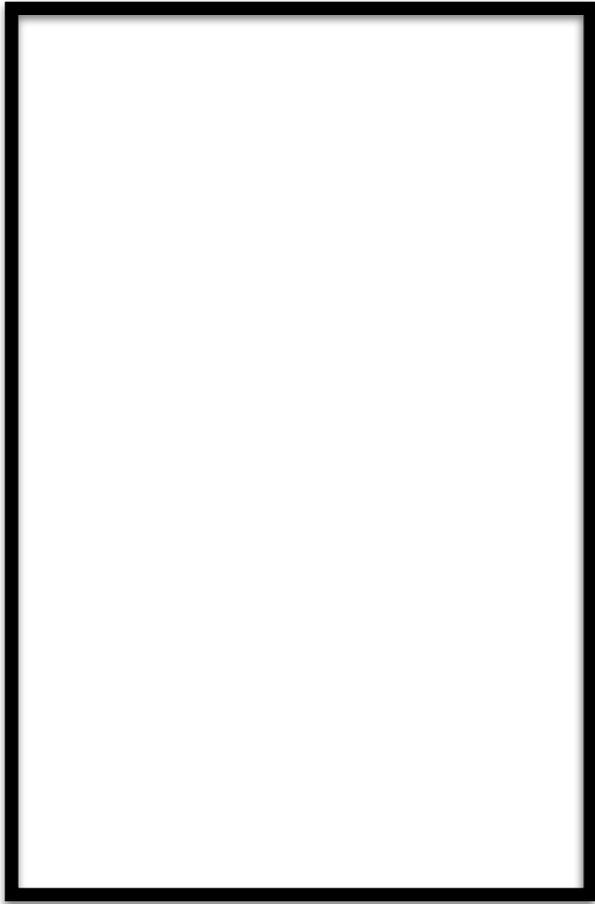


h1

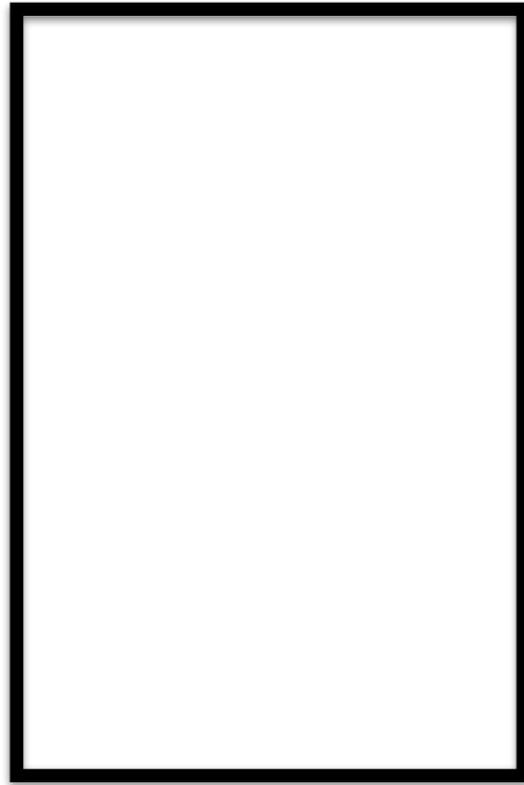
[default p in CSS] Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Quisque blandit. Suspendisse potenti. Sed imperdiet ultricies tortor. Integer eget ante id neque varius ornare. Phasellus eleifend diam a turpis.

[left margin and top margin]

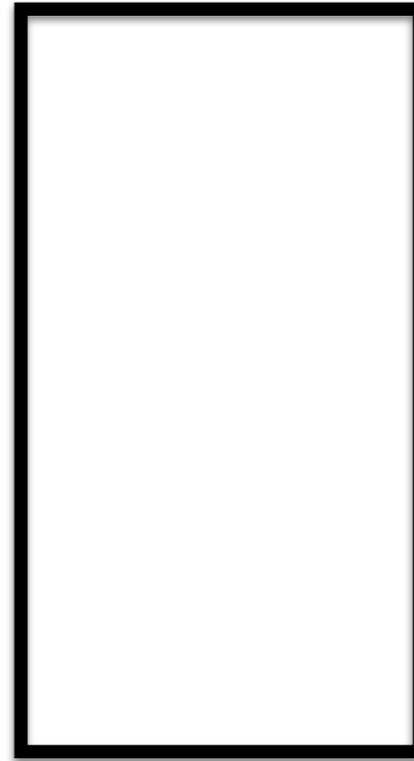
Vestibulum et augue. Proin non magna sed sapien laoreet rhoncus. Maecenas bibendum, nulla eget sodales eleifend, massa tortor tincidunt elit, eget dignissim sapien tortor sed magna. Nunc nec ante et enim gravida pulvinar. Nam rutrum, nisl eget molestie hendrerit, leo arcu adipiscing erat, sit amet tristique lorem justo in diam. Donec eget lectus



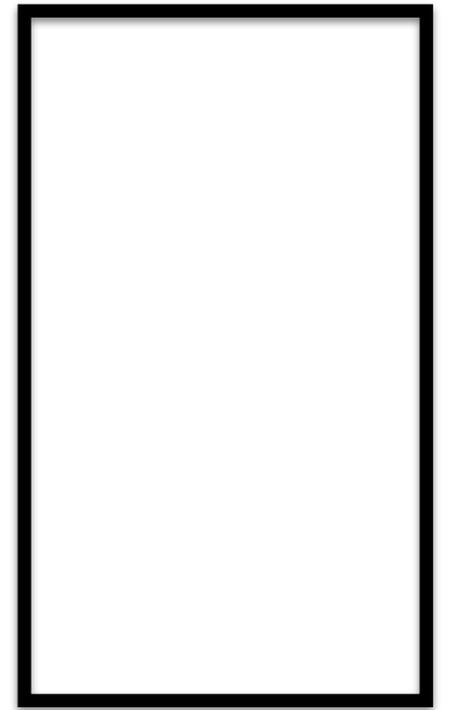
432 x 666



378 x 576



301.5 x 558



301.5 x 486

HOST

BY DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

(1)

Mr. John Ziegler, thirty-seven, late of Louisville's WHAS, is now on the air, "Live and Local," from 10:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. every week-night on southern California's KFI, a 50,000-watt megastation whose hourly ID and Sweeper, designed by the station's Imaging department and featuring a gravelly basso-whisper against licks from Ratt's 1984 metal classic "Round and Round," is "KFI AM-640, Los Angeles—More Stimulating Talk Radio." This is either the eighth or ninth host job that Mr. Ziegler's had in his talk-radio career, and far and away the biggest. He moved out here to LA over Christmas—alone, towing a U-Haul—and found an apartment not far from KFI's studios, which are in an old part of the Koreatown district, near Wilshire Center.

The *John Ziegler Show* is the first local, nonsyndicated late-night program that KFI has aired in a long time. It's something of a gamble for everyone involved. Ten o'clock to one qualifies as late at night in southern California, where hardly anything reputable's open after nine.

It is currently right near the end of the program's second segment on the evening of May 11, 2004, shortly after Nicholas Berg's taped beheading by an al-Qaeda splinter in Iraq. Dressed, as is his custom, for golf, and wearing a white-billed cap w/corporate logo, Mr. Ziegler is seated by himself in the on-air studio, surrounded by monitors and sheaves of Internet downloads. He is trim, clean-shaven, and handsome in the somewhat bland way that top golfers and local TV newsmen tend to be. His eyes, which off-air are usually flat and unhappy, are alight now with passionate conviction. Only some of the studio's monitors concern Mr. Z.'s own program; the ones up near the ceiling take muted, closed-caption feeds from Fox News, MSNBC, and what might be C-SPAN. To his big desk's upper left is a wall-mounted digital clock that counts down seconds. His computer monitors' displays also show the exact time.

Across the soundproof glass of the opposite wall, another monitor in the Airmix room is running an episode of *The Simpsons*, also muted, which both the board op and the call screener are watching with half an eye.

Pendent in front of John Ziegler's face, attached to the same type of hinged, flexible stand as certain student desk lamps, is a Shure-brand broadcast microphone that is sheathed in a gray foam filtration sock to soften popped p's and hissed sibilants. It is into this microphone that the host speaks:

FCC regulations require a station ID to be broadcast every hour. This ID comprises a station's call letters, band and frequency, and the radio market it's licensed to serve. Just about every serious commercial station (which KFI very much is) appends to its ID a Sweeper, which is the little tag line by which the station wishes to be known. KABC, the other giant AM talk station in Los Angeles, deploys the entendre-rich "Where America Comes First." KFI's own main Sweeper is "More Stimulating Talk Radio," but it's also got secondary Sweepers that it uses

to intro the half-hour news, traffic updates at seventeen and forty-six past the hour, and station promos. "Southern California's Newsroom," "The Radio Home of Fox News," and "When You See News Break, Don't Try to Fix It Yourself—Leave That to Professionals" are the big three that KFI's running this spring. The content and sound of all IDs, Sweepers, and promos are the responsibility of the station's Imaging department, apparently so named because they involve KFI's image in the LA market. Imaging is sort of the radio version of branding—the Sweepers let KFI communicate its special personality and tude in a compressed way.

There are also separate, subsidiary tag lines that KFI develops specially for its local programs. The main two it's using for the *John Ziegler Show* so far are "Live and Local" and "Hot, Fresh Talk Served Nightly."

The whisperer turns out to be one Chris Corley, a voiceover actor best known for movie trailers. Corley's C² Productions is based in Fort Myers FL.

(By the standards of the U.S. radio industry this makes him almost movie-star gorgeous.)

Prophet is the special OS for KFI's computer system — "like Windows for a radio station," according to Mr. Ziegler's producer.

immense twenty-one-year-old man with a ponytail, stony Meso-american features, and the placid, grandmotherly eyes common to giant mammals everywhere. Keeping the studio signal from peaking is one of 'Mondo's prime directives, along with making sure that each of the program's scheduled commercial spots is loaded into Prophet and run at just the right time, where-

'Mondo's lay explanation of what peaking is consists of pointing at the red area to the right of the two volumeters' bobbing needles on the mixing board: "It's when the needles go into the red." The overall mission, apparently, is to keep the volume and resonance of a host's voice high enough to be stimulating but not so high that they exceed the capacities of an AM analog signal or basic radio receiver. One reason why callers' voices sound so much less rich and authoritative than hosts' voices on talk radio is that it is harder to keep telephone voices from peaking.

"Analog" is slightly misleading, because in fact KFI's signal is digitized for transmission from the studio down to the transmitter facility in La Mirada, where it's then converted back to analog for broadcast. But it is true that AM signals are more limited, quality-wise, than FM. The FCC prohibits AM signal frequencies of more than 10,000 kilohertz, whereas FM signals get 15,000 kHz — mainly because the AM part of the electromagnetic spectrum is more crowded than the FM part.

upon he must confirm that the ad has run as scheduled in the special Airmix log he signs each page of, so that the station can bill advertisers for their spots. 'Mondo, who started out two years ago as an unpaid intern and now earns ten dollars an hour, works 7:00–1:00 on weeknights and also board-ops KFI's special cooking show on Sunday mornings.

Another reason is mike processing, which evens and fills out the host's voice, removing raspy or metallic tones, and occurs automatically in Airmix. There's no such processing for callers' voices.

In the unlikely event of further interest, here is a simplified version of the technical path taken by Mr. Z.'s voice during broadcast: Through channel 7 of 'Mondo's board and the wall of processors, levelers, and compressors in Airmix, through the Eventide BD-980 delayer and Aphex compellor in KFI's master control room, through a duo of Moseley 6000-series digital encoders and to the microwave transmitter on the roof, whence it is beamed at 951.5 MHz to the repeater-site antenna on Briarcrest Peak in the Hollywood Hills, then beamed from the repeater at 943.5 MHz to KFI's forties-era transmitter in Orange County, where its signal is decoded by more Moseley 6000s, further processed and modulated and brought up to maximum legal frequency, and pumped up KFI's 757-foot main antenna, whose 50,000 watts cost \$6,000 a month in electricity and cause phones in a five-mile radius to play ghostly KFI voices whenever the weather's just right.

(1)

MR. JOHN ZIEGLER, thirty-seven, late of Louisville's WHAS, is now on the air, "Live and Local," from 10:00 PM to 1:00 AM every weeknight on Southern California's KFI, a 50,000-watt megastation whose hourly ID and sweeper, designed by the station's Imaging department and featuring a gravelly basso whisper against licks from Ratt's '84 metal classic "Round and Round," is: "KFI AM-640, Los Angeles—More Stimulating Talk Radio." This is either the eighth or ninth host job that Mr. Ziegler's had in his talk radio career, and far and away the biggest. He moved out here to LA over Christmas—alone, towing a U-Haul—and found an apartment not far from KFI's studios, which are in an old part of the Koreatown district, near Wilshire Center.

FCC regulations require a station ID to be broadcast every hour. This ID comprises a station's call letters, band and frequency, and the radio market it's licensed to serve. Just about every serious commercial station (which KFI very much is) appends to its ID a sweeper, which is the little tagline by which the station wishes to be known. KABC, the other giant AM talk station in Los Angeles, deploys the entendre-rich "Where America Comes First." KFI's own main sweeper is "More Stimulating Talk Radio," but it's also got secondary sweepers that it uses to intro the half-hour news, traffic updates at seventeen and forty-six past the hour, and station promos. "Southern California's Newsroom," "The Radio Home of Fox News," and "When You See News Break, Don't Try to Fix It Yourself—Leave That to Professionals" are the big three that KFI's running this spring. The content and sound of all IDs, sweepers, and promos are the responsibility of the station's Imaging department, apparently so named because they involve KFI's image in the LA market. Imaging is sort of the radio version of branding—the sweepers let KFI communicate its special personality and 'tude in a compressed way.

There are also separate, subsidiary taglines that KFI develops specially for its local programs. The main two they're using for the John Ziegler Show so far are "Live and Local" and "Hot, Fresh Talk Served Nightly."

The whisperer turns out to be one Chris Corley, a voiceover actor best known for movie trailers. Corley's C2 Productions is based in Ft. Myers FL.

The *John Ziegler Show* is the first local, nonsyndicated late-night program that KFI has aired in a long time. It's something of a gamble for everyone involved. 10:00-1:00 qualifies as late at night in Southern California, where hardly anything reputable's open after nine.

It is currently right near the end of the program's second segment on the evening of May 11, 2004, shortly after Nicholas Berg's taped beheading by an al-Qaeda splinter in Iraq. Dressed, as is his custom, for golf, and wearing a white billed cap w/ corporate logo, Mr. Ziegler is seated by himself in the on-air studio, surrounded by monitors and sheaves of Internet printouts. He is trim, clean-shaven, and handsome in the bland way that top golfers and local TV newsmen tend to be. His eyes, which off-air are usually flat and unhappy, are alight now with passionate conviction. Only some of the studio's monitors concern Mr. Z.'s

(By the standards of the US radio industry, this makes him almost moviestar gorgeous.)

hostel job make it immediately obvious to you that this is a boy who frequently beds tourists. One of the perks, you imagine, of working in hospitality. Still, he's very cute.

"Right, so here's your room key, third floor. Bring your laundry to the front desk if you want it done. We have a sitting room around the corner and"—he gestures to a poster—"there's a pub crawl tomorrow night." You and Maddi swipe your credit cards, take the keys, and head through the lobby, giving each other a look that says, *He seemed kind of sleazy, but definitely cute, right?*

You wonder if all Edinburgh hostels look like this. Are there wooden benches that resemble props from *Game of Thrones* and suits of armor in the hallway? Is there a kitchen, and movie theater, and a massive living area with couches and pool tables? This seems to be a place where people stay long-term. Someone explains you can book your room by the week and that if you take on cleaning shifts, they discount your rate. You offhandedly wonder how difficult it would be to uproot your life and stay here forever. Nagging words like *family* and *job* and *expensive flights* keep the thought from nestling permanently in your brain.

You and Maddi drag your luggage up two flights of stairs and enter your room. It contains about a dozen bunk beds, each in various states of use. A few people are napping; some are reading; some beds are still

It's a fairy-tale city, like there should be enchanted dwarves poking their heads out from beneath the sunny stones and iron banisters. Your taxi charges up steep inclines, weaving between ancient tilted buildings and sprawling parks and at every turn, at every new vista, you and Maddi look at each other with disbelief, delirious with the beauty of the city, with exhaustion from traveling.

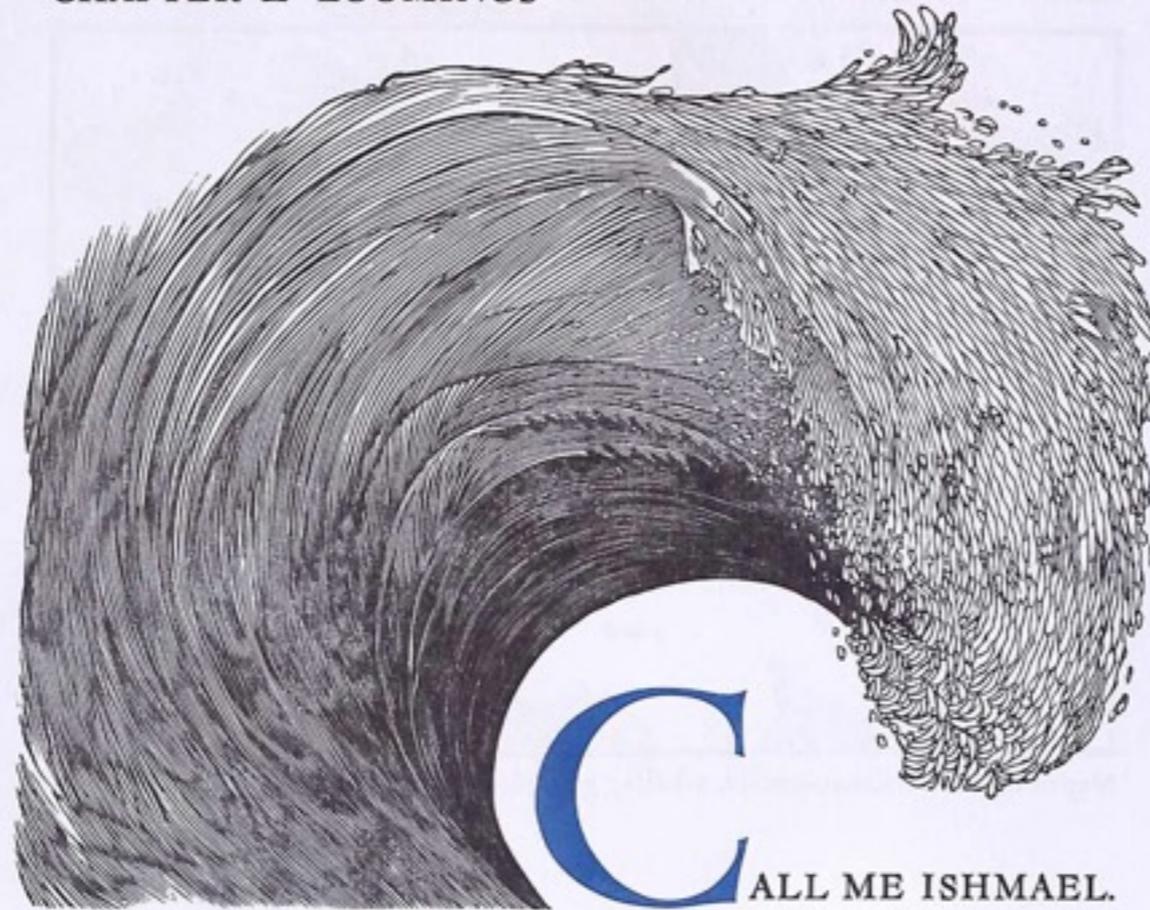
The taxi sputters to a stop on a cobblestone street, just above the Royal Mile, where you can see the castle perched on a craggy hill in the distance. This is your hostel, with an iron entry sign hanging outside the door. Everything is already incredible.

The boy at the check-in desk doesn't look at you. He's on his phone, floppy hair over his eyes. "You guys checking in?" he says when he finally notices two exhausted girls in front of him, towing suitcases. His accent is Australian, and he has the whitest teeth you've ever seen.

"Uh, yeah," you say. "Should be three nights, under 'Schwartz.'"

When he hears your accent, the boy grins like a fox. "Americans, huh?"

"And you're...Australian?" you ask. His looks and



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 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 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.

“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.”

—Chicago Manual of Style, 14th Edition, 19.40

Beyond Design

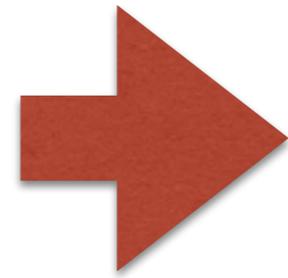
- Line breaking
- Page breaking
- Chapter optimization
- Book optimization



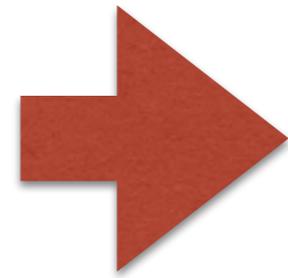
Breaking Lines

NO DIGNITY IN WHALING?

The dignity of our
calling the very
heavens attest.



C e t u s is a
constellation in
the South! No
more! Drive down



y o u r h a t in
presence of the
Czar, and take it
off to Queequeg!
No more! I know
a man that, in his
lifetime, has taken
three hundred and

Justification

	Minimum	Desired	Maximum
Word Spacing:	<input type="text" value="80%"/>	<input type="text" value="100%"/>	<input type="text" value="133%"/>
Letter Spacing:	<input type="text" value="0%"/>	<input type="text" value="0%"/>	<input type="text" value="0%"/>
Glyph Scaling:	<input type="text" value="100%"/>	<input type="text" value="100%"/>	<input type="text" value="100%"/>

OK

Cancel

Preview

Auto Leading:

Single Word Justification:

Composer:

And, as for me, if, by any possibility, there be any as yet undiscovered prime thing in me; if I shall ever deserve any real repute in that small but high hushed world which I might not be unreasonably ambitious of; if hereafter I shall do anything that, upon the whole, a man might rather have done than to have left undone; if, at my death, my executors, or more properly my creditors, find any precious MSS. in my desk, then here I prospectively ascribe all the honour and the glory to whaling; for a whale-ship was my Yale College and my Harvard.

What We Do

- Hyphenation Exception Dictionary
- Manual tweaking of word breaks, loose lines
- Automated identification of loose lines, line orphans

What's needed?

- Hyphenation Dictionaries
- Control over default looseness/tightness of text
- Control over short last line of paragraph (discussed in CSSWG, but not defined)



Breaking Pages

The chief mate of the Pequod was Starbuck, a native of Nantucket, and a Quaker by descent. He was a long, earnest man, and though born on an icy coast, seemed well adapted to endure hot latitudes, his flesh being hard as twice-baked biscuit. Transported to the Indies, his live blood would not spoil like bottled ale. He must have been born in some time of general drought and famine, or upon one of those fast days for which his state is

famous.

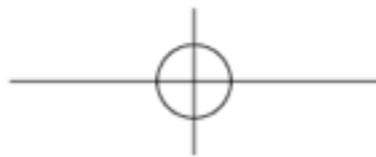
Only some thirty arid summers had he seen; those summers had dried up all his physical superfluosity. But this, his thinness, so to speak, seemed no more the token of wasting anxieties and cares, than it seemed the indication of any bodily blight. It was merely the condensation of the man. He was by no means ill-looking; quite the contrary. His pure tight skin was an excellent fit; and closely

The chief mate of the Pequod was Starbuck, a native of Nantucket, and a Quaker by descent. He was a long, earnest man, and though born on an icy coast, seemed well adapted to endure hot latitudes, his flesh being hard as twice-baked biscuit. Transported to the Indies, his live blood would not spoil like bottled ale. He must have been born in some time of general drought and famine, or upon one of those fast go

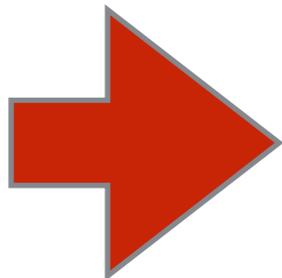
NO!

days for which his state is famous.

Only some thirty arid summers had he seen; those summers had dried up all his physical superfluities. But this, his thinness, so to speak, seemed no more the token of wasting anxieties and cares, than it seemed the indication of any bodily blight. It was merely the condensation of the man. He was by no means ill-looking; quite the contrary. His pure tight skin was an



JAMES PATTERSON



are looking for.”

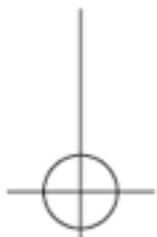
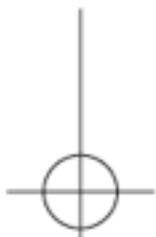
That makes two of us.

The porters are wheeling the last of our gear to our villas. I know Freitas will want us to head out as soon as possible to begin running tests. So first, I take out my new international satellite phone, issued to all team members so we can stay in constant touch no matter where in the world we go. Thrilled to see I have a few bars of reception, I scroll down my very short list of contacts until I find the one I so desperately want to call: “Chloe ~ Paris.”

“Did he tell you what time the bar opens?”

I look up. Sarah has walked over to me. She’s carrying an industrial metal laptop case and wheeling a crate of empty test tubes and plastic specimen bags.

She’s also stripped down to cargo shorts and a tight gray tank



ZOO II

glass of amber liquid with a twist of lemon.

I don't think I've ever seen a more tempting beverage in all my life.

"Wow, yes, thank you. You guys are mind readers!"

I gulp down the sweet, refreshing tea so fast, rivulets of it trickle down my chin.

"Not mind readers, sir. We are simply very good at treating our guests well. And so is our wildlife, as you can see."

I wipe my mouth with the back of my hand, my top lip cold against my warm skin.

"I sure can," I say, intrigued by the hotel attendant's words. Perhaps he knows something that will point us in the right direction. "Any idea why that might be?"

The man thinks for a moment, frowning his brow.

"Well, most Balinese are Hindu. And most Hindus are vegetarian. We believe in practicing nonviolence against all life forms. Perhaps our animals feel the same way."

I stifle a laugh—at least I try to—which I hope doesn't offend this friendly hotel employee bearing the divine iced tea. He can't be serious, can he? I'm no world religion scholar, but I'm pretty sure there are plenty of Hindus and vegetarians alike in places like India, Pakistan, Nepal, Malaysia. And those countries are reeling from some of the worst animal attacks on the planet.

"Interesting theory" is all I say, placing the empty glass back on the tray and extending my other hand to shake. "I'm Oz, by the way. Thanks again."

"My name is Putu. Welcome to Bali. I hope you find what you

ZOO II

glass of amber liquid with a twist of lemon.

I don't think I've ever seen a more tempting beverage in all my life.

"Wow, yes, thank you. You guys are mind readers!"

I gulp down the sweet, refreshing tea so fast, rivulets of it trickle down my chin.

"Not mind readers, sir. We are simply very good at treating our guests well. And so is our wildlife, as you can see."

I wipe my mouth with the back of my hand, my top lip cold against my warm skin.

"I sure can," I say, intrigued by the hotel attendant's words. Perhaps he knows something that will point us in the right direction. "Any idea why that might be?"

The man thinks for a moment, frowning his brow.

"Well, most Balinese are Hindu. And most Hindus are vegetarian. We believe in practicing nonviolence against all life forms. Perhaps our animals feel the same way."

I stifle a laugh—at least I try to—which I hope doesn't offend this friendly hotel employee bearing the divine iced tea. He can't be serious, can he? I'm no world religion scholar, but I'm pretty sure there are plenty of Hindus and vegetarians alike in places like India, Pakistan, Nepal, Malaysia. And those countries are reeling from some of the worst animal attacks on the planet.

"Interesting theory" is all I say, placing the empty glass back on the tray and extending my other hand to shake. "I'm Oz, by the way. Thanks again."

Templates - Maintenance

Template Manager -Typography Setup - Maintenance

Templates

Section Turns

Minimum lines

Last line minimum char or size

Page Turns

Orphans

Widows

Widow min length (%)

Paragraph Turns

Min nos of chars

Line Turns

Hyphen before (leading) min chars

Hyphen after (trailing) min chars

Consecutive hyphens

Save



Optimizing Chapters



JAMES PATTERSON

“You’re right,” I finally reply. “It is what we’ve been waiting for.
It’s hope.”



Optimizing Books

16

32

48

64

80

96

112

128

144

160

176

192

208

224

240

256

272

288

304

320

336

352

368

384

400

416

432

448

464

480

Beatrice

Change edition: [HC](#) [LP](#) [MM](#) [TP](#) [EB](#)[Table of Contents](#)[Previous](#)[Next](#)[Edit Hardcover CSS](#)[Images](#)[EBOOK](#)[PDF](#)**Save** Melt Hardcover: Chapter 3: Smooth

Styles

B*I*

☰

☰

☰

☰

☰

☰

☰

☰

☰

🖼️

📄

🗨️

🗨️

📄 Source

🔄

Ahead PETIT BASQUE WITH ROASTED GARLIC, SHALLOTS, AND GEMELLI

PETIT BASQUE IS A KICKER OF A CHEESE, sheepy to the core but still maintaining a bit of French decorum. Paradoxically both outgoing and muted, Petit Basque lends a mild, nutty flavor with just a hint of fruit, and its somewhat Parmesan-like finish makes this cheese a contender when it comes to more intense cheese plates. In other words, Petit Basque is just as at home on a water cracker as it is over a bowl of chili con carne.

That said, this dish is an exercise in subtlety. Roasted garlic brings with it a touch of sweetness, while sautéed shallots provide a piquant allium note. Both flavors tame this spirited Basque beauty, resulting in a dish of delicate perfection.

SERVES 4

- 2 whole heads garlic
- 4 tablespoons olive oil, divided
- ½ cup diced shallots (1 whole bulb)
- 8 ounces gemelli
- 1½ cups milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- Sea salt
- Freshly ground black pepper

SERVES 4

- 2 whole heads garlic
- 4 tablespoons olive oil, divided
- ½ cup diced shallots (1 whole bulb)
- 8 ounces gemelli
- 1½ cups milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- Sea salt
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 10 ounces Petit Basque, shredded
- 1 tablespoon chopped fresh chives

PETIT BASQUE WITH ROASTED GARLIC, SHALLOTS, AND GEMELLI

PETIT BASQUE IS A KICKER OF A CHEESE, SHEEPY TO THE CORE BUT STILL MAINTAINING a bit of French decorum. Paradoxically both outgoing and muted, Petit Basque lends a mild, nutty flavor with just a hint of fruit, and its somewhat Parmesan-like finish makes this cheese a contender when it comes to more intense cheese plates. In other words, Petit Basque is just as at home on a water cracker as it is over a bowl of chili con carne.

That said, this dish is an exercise in subtlety. Roasted garlic brings with it a touch of sweetness, while sautéed shallots provide a piquant allium note. Both flavors tame this spirited Basque beauty, resulting in a dish of delicate perfection.

- Preheat oven to 400°F. Peel off most of the outer paper holding the garlic together. Trim off the top ¼ inch of the garlic with a sharp knife. Place the garlic in a small ramekin or other garlic-sized, ovenproof bowl and drizzle with 2 tablespoons of the olive oil. Cover ramekin loosely with foil and roast for 1 hour or until garlic is soft. Once the garlic is cool enough to handle, squeeze it out of its skin and mash it up with a fork.
- In a small saucepan, heat the remaining 2 tablespoons of olive oil over medium-low heat. Add shallots and cook until they brown, about 4 minutes, stirring occasionally to keep them from burning. Remove from heat and set aside.
- Cook the pasta in a large pot of salted boiling water until al dente. Drain through a colander and set aside.
- To prepare the mornay sauce, heat the milk in a small saucepan over medium heat. As soon as the milk starts to steam and tiny bubbles form around the edges of the pan, turn off the heat. Place the butter in a medium saucepan and melt over medium flame. Add the flour and stir with a flat-edge wooden paddle just until the roux begins to take on a light brown color, scraping the bottom to prevent burning, about 3 minutes. Slowly add the milk and stir constantly until the sauce thickens enough to evenly coat the back of a spoon—a finger drawn along the back of the spoon should leave a clear swath. Add the mashed garlic cloves to the sauce, followed by the shallots and their cooking oil. Stir well.
- Remove the sauce from heat and stir in salt and pepper. Add cheese to sauce, stirring until completely melted. Add pasta, folding until all noodles are covered with sauce. Stir in chives and season with salt and pepper to taste.

ALTERNATIVE CHEESES: Barinaga Ranch, Abbaye de Belloc, or a caramelly Basque-style cheese