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Another word for as a result

Source: Android Central Google seems to test a page with radically different search results with lots of visual images. These search results appear only in Google searches on a desktop browser, not on mobile devices. Although it's light on text, the visual distinction between search results and ads is incredibly powerful. Google is testing a new page design for desktop search results, and it's a pretty shaken way to view information. When performing a Google search from a desktop computer, some users receive AMP search results for mobile devices, but with even fewer words than you'll find on a mobile device. The result is a string of search results filled with pretty images and little more than a title to identify the search result in question. When pasting new results next to the design page that most people will experience today, the difference is substantial, to say the least. While the new design is a way to highlight some gorgeous images, it takes a significant amount of information that would help users identify exactly what they are looking for before clicking on a link. On the positive side, this new results page provides strong visual differences between websites, while the existing results page has no real visual identifiers between results. In the images below, the new visual design on the left, while the current design on the right. Google loves testing new models and concepts and regularly suffers what is called A/B testing, where one set of users will receive a test design, while another group of users receives a different design. So far, we've only seen a new page of results among those working at Android Central, but it's very likely that there's at least one other test going on right now. Google recently rolled back a minor search page redesign after the Stark criticism due to the fact that the use of favicons made regular search results look too visually similar to the ads. If there is any unique thing we can highlight as a positive of this new design being tested, is that regular search results look absolutely nothing like ads, after emerging from the full-page views comparisons above. Every week, Android Central Podcast brings you the latest tech news, analysis and hot take, with familiar co-hosts and special guests. Subscribe to Pocket Casts: Audio Subscribe to Spotify: Audio Subscribe to iTunes: Audio We could earn a commission for purchases using our links. Learn more. At Car and Driver, one of the tasks of the managing editor is to play sifting out of obscene remarks and oafish and slurs and smut and the like. Of course, this being Machine and Driver, the limits of what is considered insipid tend to parallel the edges of the known universe, which is to say that we give writers here the same leeway as the French editor Henry Miller's given him, of which have an almost Pavlovian inclination to make sexual metaphors and sims involving machines. A writer was no longer here, he wrote that he got off so often driving a luxury car that he had to carry a box of Kleenex with him. Another said a car was so ballsy should have curly hairs coming out of fender fountains. Praising a Nissan 300ZX Turbo, I wrote: A pair of turbo-bulleted is like having two Buntline Specials in your pants instead of one. The boys will be boys. Now, in the interest of continuing automotive journalism, here's a look at a recent controversy. In a review of Pontiac GTO, writer Tony Quiroga said the car hadn't shaken his thighs. Sounds creepy, the editor-in-chief snapped. Be a little more imaginative. So Quiroga rewrote his sentence, saying that the design of the car won't put up a tent in his pants, so it should be a 400 hp coupe. Gag was later cut for unrelated reasons, but a copy of the story circulating in-house prompted an exchange of e-mails that begins below between managing editor Steve Spence and another staff writer who says he will sue if I identify him. So we'll call that staffer Stan, and he started e-mails by suggesting that Tony's remark was offensive to women: Okay, young Tony is probably still in the very hormonal stage of development. But Stella [Stan's wife, a career woman, about 30] pointed out a blurb written by Tony in the Buick LaCrosse story [Buick takes the safe approach and hits one of the women's tee] and others that I would agree with are, at best, ignorant of our female readers and, at worst, offensive to women. I'll just point out this one's remark: his design car still won't pick up a tent in his pants like a 400 hp coupe should. I don't want to sound like a Coughlin parent, but not everyone reading this story will have tents to pick up. Just a suggestion. Stan, maybe you can tell me why a woman would be upset that she saw that reference about a tent in her pants. Are you saying we shouldn't allow a comment about something that's exclusive to the male species? If so, should I get upset when I read a reference to breastfeeding women because I can't produce milk myself for a child and therefore feel excluded? can your wife watch TV? Everything on it must be a personal insult. What does he think of the fudge references in the same pants? [Stan had a few years earlier used fudge to suggest what he did in his pants after a drive in a wonderfully powerful vehicle-a-car-cliché magazine.] I think women can do fudge themselves, huh, so it's okay? —Steve This content is created and maintained by a and imported to this page to help users provide their email addresses. You may be able to find more information about this and similar content in piano.io Not long ago, 46, is executed on the market at General Electric; we have to thank him for ecomagination. He moved to GE's NBC Universal unit 18 months ago, and just got a new concert that combines ad sales and digital media across the TV, cable channels and film studio. Want to stream Heroes, read the interactive novel, and then bid online for the artwork in the show? Thanks Comstock for all this, too. The economics of television was simple. Do you understand making money today when I can watch 30 Rock anytime? We understand it much better than before. Digital media allows us to open new windows without the cannibalization you might expect. So, yes, we can offer 30 Rock in preview, then on-air, then streaming, then iTunes, then mobile, and then syndication. I did the modeling. Looks like we're going to make more money. is advertisers based on this new world? Some know what they want, others less. But now, every marketer is doing digital, not because it's fashionable, but because it has to. Purchase groups have created units called sight, sound, and movement [to work in the media]. They expect us to reach zero for targeted consumers: What do we know about them and touch them? is the viewing habits changing? We had 60 million streams [of TV shows] on NBC.com. Many of them are repeat viewers. Others are changing time. I'm also place-changing with iTunes or on phones. And that works for you? He's got to do it. If consumers are in control, they will realize they want to watch. We need to find the right solution. What's the next new thing? More personal expression [by viewers], the desire to be involved in stories. like, SMS-text to vote in a reality show, or watch Heroes and dial up a phone number. That thing is so rudimentary. We'll look back one day and say, we were so cute then! All of this involves huge cultural changes. face NBC Universal? This space is frenetic and chaotic, and we are constantly trying to get out of our way. Successfully, you get a little more confident. But we still need to be more focused and disciplined. Are you still, so you once said about yourself, impatient? And I'm afraid. I'm constantly scanning the landscape. What's the next new thing? Who's going to get there first? This business is hypersensitive like that. You have to choose a path, keep it and feel good. The second guess will end up with more than ulcers. In the face of pain and despair, people often turn to music and literature for solace and inspiration. Over the past week, many Fast readers have shared their favorite verses, quotes, songs, and pieces of scripture. We now invite you to share these consolation with a wider audience in the Sound Off below. Harriet RubinFast Company senior writerOne of the most famous eulogies for was delivered by Athenian General Pericles. In it, he bestowed the immortality of a new type of hero, not an epic hero - a general like himself - but the daily Athenian soldier who lived in the service of the city. It was Pericles' praise for the fallen that Lincoln was thinking about as he struggled to compose the Gettysburg Speech. They gave their lives for the common good and thus earned for themselves the praises that never age and the most distinguished of all the tombs, not the ones in which they are located, but where their glory remains in eternal memory, always there, at the right time to inspire speech and action. For the whole earth is the tomb of famous people; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their country, but in foreign lands also lives an unwritten memorial of their own, not on stone, but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples and, esteeming the courage to be free and free to be happiness, do not stray from the dangers of war. — PericlesJohn EllisFast Publishing House, contributing editor the Martyr by Herman Melville (written on the death of Abraham Lincoln)There are sighs of the powerful, and a pall on earth; But the people in their weeping are receding the iron hand; Beware of crying people when they bare the iron hand. James LaBelleFast Company production directorOne of the most inspirational songs at a time like this is Fire and Rain by James Taylor. For boomers like me, it resonates. I sang it at a good friend's funeral when it was first a hit in December 1970. My friend was 16. I listened to Bruce SpringsteenThere is a red circle of blood on the cold and dark earth and the rain falls the doors of the church blown open I can hear the song of the organs But the congregation has left my City of Ruins Now, The sweet veils of mercy float among the evening trees Young people in the corner as the scattered leaves adjoin the windows of the Agitators and Thieves While my brother is down on his knees the city of ruins Come on the rise! Get up, get up, get up, get up Now there are tears on my pillow, honey, where I slept and you took my heart when you left without your sweet kiss, my soul is lost, my friend, now tell me I'm starting over? My city is in ruin My city is in ruin Now with these hands I pray Lord with these hands for the power of the Lord with these hands for the faith of the Lord with these hands I pray Lord with these hands for the faith with these hands Come on Up! Get up, get up, get up, get up Rise Up Anni Layne RodgersSenior Web editorAs my tears turn to venom, I find that music expresses my anger with greater balance and poignancy than I could possibly mustard. The two songs below, both covered on rare and solemn occasions by Pearl Jam, circulated through my RealPlayer this week. There are a few lines behind that bring pause. Masters of War by Bob DylanYou threw the greatest fear that can ever be thrown Fear of bringing children into the world because you threatened my unborn and nameless child It's not worth the blood flowing into your veins I'm a patriot of Little StevenI is not a communist and I'm not a capitalist and I'm not a socialist and I'm not an imperialist and I'm not a Democrat and I'm not a Republican , I know one party and it's freedomRebecca ReesFast Company senior designer Keeping Quiet by Pablo NerudaAnd now we'll count to twelve and we'll keep it all for once on the face of the earth Let's not speak in any language, let's stop for a second, and don't move our arms so much. It would be an exotic moment without haste, without engines, we would all be together in a sudden strangeness. Those who prepare green wars, gas wars, fire wars, victory without survivors, put on clean clothes and walked with their brothers in the shade, doing nothing. What I want should not be confused with total inactivity. (Life is what it's all about, I don't want any truck with death.) If we weren't so alone with our minds about keeping our lives moving, and for once could do anything, maybe a huge silence could interrupt this sadness of not understanding ourselves and threatening us with death. Perhaps the earth can teach us that when everything seems dead and later it turns out to be alive. Now I'm going to count to 12, and you shut up and I'm leaving. Christine CanabouFast Company, my staff writer Patrick Ryll, wrote the following poem in response to last week's tragedy. His inspiration was The Waste Land, by T.S. Eliot. September 11th by Patrick RyllOrain watch in Manhattan Fell to the terrible orange Inferno red, black, and death, stretching its lacerated limbs, awakened from the eastern sky On the wings of a hijacked dely Geography and oceans disappeared melted into a single pile of dust and technicolor unreality. Falling towers predicted by Eliot Care, in April cruel, understood: Unreal The same feeling uttered by the exhausted firefighter in the belly of the furnace In the monotonous middle of Peter Jennings. The laws of chemistry Pressure, heat, thermodynamics brought trade to its knees and as she panted, in her defense came the proud America. But also the gangs of ignorant people, weaned on the mentality of smearing mobs, resorting to bomb threats at mosques and demanding the destruction of American children stained with the blood of Arabia. Outfoxed detectors of medieval American Pummelad steel in Mototolbit paralysis as external markets Mimicking their CEO followed suit. While something like fake snow rained on Wall Street Parching necks exposed with asbestos and the taste of burning flesh In all the chaos the nightmares of taxis looked like the eyes of the cameras crying. We all called our mothers in Seattle and Beijing to make sure that somehow they weren't trapped under the rubble in a city where they had never visited foreign things - this morning businessmen who fall like toy soldiers into the broken arms of history. In an unnamed bar in Chicago I heard a man ask a friend if he had heard the one about Hollywood being one-upped and out-budgeted, in the disaster picture show they gave rise to, deep pockets of religion. Now anger, Sprung from sadness, has grown in the breasts of all crazy hearts calling for parking paving in Afghanistan Pakistan - a hobbling Uncle Sam, blindly cavoring in a world he doesn't understand and doesn't care. This was a blow through the stars and stripes and through the protected hearts of the mothers of Omaha and through the thermos cups of the packers blue collar fans and through the calm cathedral of pastors in Indiana and through the Popeman dreams of 5th grade and by the arrogant high heights scaled by the brokers Who, when the escape failed them. Gravity does not and now we will try to stand and the citizen will attach flags to the doors and the soldier will attach bayonets to weapons and the politician will blame the dissidents and the victims will attach their bodies to the earth while the rest of the world tries to reattach the shattered pieces of peace. Polly LaBarreFast Company senior editor Peace of Wild Things by Wendell BerryWhen the despair for the world grows in me and I wake up in the night, the least sound in fear of what my life and my children can be, I go and lie where the wood drakes rests in his beauty on the water, and great heron feeds. They come to the peace of wild things that don't charge their lives with the thought of pain. They come in the presence of quiet water. And I feel above me the blind stars waiting with their light. For a while I rest in the grace of the world and I am free. Free.