Typography

Project 4

Project Title T Magazine

Schedule
8/17 Review T Magazine Project
8/22 T Magazine Cover Article Research & Sketches Due
8/24 T Magazine Cover Progress Review • InDesign Run Through
8/29 T Magazine Cover Due & Sketches Due
• *Thinking With Type* (p.80–101)
8/31 **No Class** *(OOT)*
9/5 **No Class** *(Labor Day Weekend)*
9/7 T Magazine Spread Progress Review • *Thinking With Type* (p.102–119)
9/12 T Magazine Spread Progress Review • *Thinking With Type* (p.120–155)
9/14 T Magazine Spread Progress Review
9/19 T Magazine Complete Project Due

Project Description

The New York Times Magazine is a supplement to the Sunday *The New York Times* newspaper. It is host to feature articles longer than those typically included in the newspaper, and attracts many notable contributors. The magazine is also noted for its photography, especially relating to fashion and style.

The first issue was published on September 6, 1896, and contained the first photographs ever printed in the newspaper. The creation of a "serious" Sunday magazine was part of a massive overhaul to the newspaper instigated that year by its new owner, Adolph Ochs, who also banned fiction, comic strips, and gossip columns from the paper, and is generally credited with saving *The New York Times* from financial ruin.

In 2004, *The New York Times Magazine* began publishing an entire supplement devoted to style. Titled *T*, the supplement is edited by Stefano Tonchi and appears 14 times a year.

Project Goals

Editorial design, be it newspapers, magazines, online or offline rely heavily on the integration of text and image in ways that are not only communicative but interesting and dynamic. *T* magazine has won numerous awards for their cover designs. Many of the covers use the element of the blackletter T from the magazines title and design/illustrate/style it to fit the cover story.

In this two-part project you will need to research articles on the magazine's website (http://www.nytimes.com/pages/t-magazine/index.html). Choose any article you wish to make a cover story of and design a cover for that issue, fitting to the concept behind the story. In the second part you will be designing a 4 page spread for the story using the actual text from the website. You can find or create new imagery (photos or illustrations) for the article in order to not use the lo-rez images from the site (so that you can have a cleaner portfolio piece). For more research on the design of the magazine you can see interactive versions of their print magazine at: http://www.nytimes.com/interactive/t-magazine/past-issues.html

The magazine cover and spreads must be made to actual size **NO SMALLER and NO BIGGER.** The size of the cover is 9.5" x 11.5" and spreads should be 19" x 11.5". Don't print the spread that size, mount the two 9.5" x 11.5" pages side-by-side to show the spread.

Final Output

You will need to do your research before you begin any sketching. Initial sketches for the cover must be done by hand either pen or pencil on paper. They do not need to be fully rendered but must depict a basic idea for each arrangement. Final output will be printed in color at full-size, and will be mounted to black letramax boards with a 2" boarder on all sides.

Please email a PDF to my gmail account on the date the project is due. For all projects your PDFs should use the following naming conventions. Your First initial and Lastname – GD141 – ProjectNumber > *FLastname-GD141-Project4.pdf*

Cover Examples

Examples

The New York Times Style Magazine WINTER 2007
T COZY PIPING HOT, WITH SUGAR.
The New York Times Style Magazine
5th Anniversary Issue
let's roll
SPARKLING, FRESH INGREDIENTS — WITH A KICK.
The New York Times Style Magazine FALL 2007
Playing the Field
HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

Examples

The New York Times Style Magazine SPRING 2008
Strike a Posy AND TAKE A BOW.
The New York Times Style Magazine SPRING 2007
building blocks
THE STUFF SPRING DESIGN IS MADE OF.
The New York Times Style Magazine SPRING 2006
Easy as Cherry Pie
RECIPES FOR LIVING THE GOOD LIFE.
The New York Times Style Magazine SUMMER 2009
Prism Break

Spread Examples

THE ACCIDENTAL ACTIVIST

SEAN PENN, ACTOR, DIRECTOR, HOTHEAD, MISANTHROPE, SO WHAT'S HE STILL DOING IN HAITI?

BY ZOË HELLER

YOU GET THE AIR CLEANED UP IN THIS CITY, AND IT'D BE EXTRAORDINARY. **I NEVER HAVE A DOUBT THAT THIS COUNTRY CAN BE SUCCESSFUL.** IT'S TOO TANGIBLE TO NOT DO IT.

Spread Examples

I LOVE HUMANKIND; I DON'T LIKE HUMANS.
I DON'T GET ALONG WITH PEOPLE VERY WELL.

WHAT I DO UNDERSTAND IS THAT IF YOUR NEIGHBOR IS SCREWED, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HIM.

Spread Examples

Spread Examples

Spread Examples

LITTLE BIG MAN

HOW THE UNDERSIZE PHENOM TIM LINCECUM GREW INTO A GIANT FIREBALLER.

BY JONATHAN MAHLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD EUBERIDGE

Tim Lincecum, the diminutive power pitcher known variously as Timmy Two and, until recently, the Freak, slid behind the wheel of his white Mercedes-Benz at a recent afternoon, sipping a Red Bull. His hair, which he hadn't cut since leading the San Francisco Giants to their first World Series in more than 50 years — and did a Tarzan to air anytime soon, at least his manager, Bruce Bochy, ordered otherwise — was pulled back into a ponytail. A mustache, if the undernourished punch of gray beneath his nose could be called that, had sprouted up during the off-season, giving him the aspect of a teenager trying hard and getting carded.

"That dude's a magnet, really easy," Lincecum's agent, Rick Thurman, who had flown up from Los Angeles for the day, volunteered from the back seat as we emerged from the basement garage of Lincecum's apartment building, a 30-story glass tower in downtown Seattle.

"The one with short, black hair!" Lincecum yelled.

"Yeah, she's good-looking, but she posted on Twitter that she was walking around like my husband. That kind of pissed me off."

Lincecum powered up his iPod and started singing along to (all his own) tuneless, off-key pop song, the Pat Benatar/Neil Giraldo "Hardwired," ending every lyric — "Up, up love to go/Where we stay is already known" — as he weaved through traffic.

It has been said that baseball is a boy's game played by men. Whenever a tiny player had obviously not seen Tim Lincecum growing gamely in the dugout between innings. Most starting pitchers here to resist pregame confusion. Music are carefully chosen and timed. Fifteen minutes before one of his first big-league starts, Lincecum was spotted rocking into a Phillip Glass rhapsody on the clubhouse couch in his underpants and shower shoes. Lincecum also doesn't share the customary irritable facility around the locker. "Most pitchers on game days are like, 'Leave me alone, let me do my thing,' but I'm like, 'Yeah, pass me the razor, we can listen to music,'" he told me earlier in his apartment. "I mean, it's supposed to be fun, right?"

Physically, Lincecum is the opposite of the modern pitcher — the 6-foot-4 Roger Clemens, say, or the 6-foot-6 Randy Johnson, hoodlum-bred lords with overmuscled legs and "Baby Got Back" posteriors. (The glutei maximi in aces of pitcher's mat-ting practice crunched.) Lincecum is 5-foot-11, or spikes, and runaway skinny. Even before the arrival of muscle, we had dubbed him from the days when the rest of baseball's professional practitioners made lives antiquating the behemoths of the N.F.L. and N.B.A. Watching Lincecum at the mound, we can once again indulge the fantasy: *Boy, that could be me out there, gently lobbing a baseball close to 100 miles an hour and spin it so that it dives and darts like a tropical mosquito.*

Of course, it is just fantasy. Lincecum may look ordinary, but consider a few talent of his athletic prowess: His junior year in high school, he went out for the golf team, having played three rounds of golf in his life. Needing to break 40 to make the team, he carded a 39. (One of Lincecum's former baseball coaches said not that he can't now him drive a golf ball 315 yards, is random.) He can do a standing back flip and walk on his hands. Incase you don't recall much on his being 5 ounces tall answer to his ability to do vertical push-ups, 120. He can throw a baseball more than 440 feet on the fly, far enough to clear the outfield wall from the batter's box in any big-league park. Admittedly, these feats don't necessarily conform with our prevailing notion of "athleticism," which has retrofitted to come to mean strength and fast. But that's the point: Lincecum has redefined and refined evolutionof the term. He's a space oddity in the elastic, rubberband mode.

Last year, as he pitched the Giants to their World Series victory, Lincecum became the city's most beloved sports icon in a generation. He was the perfect hero for San Francisco, a producer town that clings stubbornly to its countercultural history and reveres the misfit baseball. Pitcher-dropping, contortionist-fueling pitcher as athlete made in its image. He was the antithesis of the aloof, comic-book-size Barry Bonds. A marijuana buzz, which produced a veganism apology and plenty of moaning Twitters — "Blister Clot for Lincecum" — only enhanced his local legend.

But before the happy ending there was hardship, even nearly approaching despair, both for the Giants, who were nearly seven

games behind the San Diego Padres with just over a month to go in the season, and for Lincecum. It's all relative when you're 26 and getting paid $13 million to throw a baseball every fifth day, but 2010 was a tough year for the Giants ace. He struggled on and off before and during an August rotator-cuff strain that many assumed was predicting he was destined for the bullpen, the cough equivalent of being put out to pasture for a starting pitcher. Even Lincecum, who like most star athletes is largely unobsessed by introspection and self-doubt, was beginning to wonder. "I'd never lost five games in a month, not at any level," he told me. "I started questioning my own self and what got me here."

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eating reports the pertinent Dec. 28 text sent to Bochy as he prepared to board a flight from San Francisco, Lincecum put down a beer in Seattle after the 2010 World Series, buying a 2,400-square-foot, $1.875-million condominium. When we met there at 10 a.m. on an unusually clear afternoon in late January, the fog had lifted for the first time in days. The glass-walled apartment, which is on the 29th floor, offered panoramic views of the storm-capped Cascade and Olympic Mountains.

Spring training was later than a week away, and Lincecum had been stepping up his workouts. That morning, he had played long toss and run football routes — his latest answer to the tedium of jogging on a track or treadmill — with a trainer from the University of Washington, Kyle Parker, a once highly touted point guard (Stanford) who recently dropped out of the Mariners' minor-league system.

When I arrived, Lincecum was sitting at his kitchen counter in blue sweats and a backward Giants cap, finishing up his lunch, a plain bagel and potato chips from Noah's Bagels, one of a handful of takeout spots that provide him with nearly all of his meals. (Somewhere he'll order breakfast from a nearby eatery, but it's an hour's drive in the refrigerator for later.) Lincecum gave me a tour of his place, a version of the same, only double-wide. There were four flat-screens TVs, a giant sofa that he childhood hobby (how was I guessing?), a pool table, a Rod Ball caddy and a "FIFA 2011," conveyed exclusively for video games. We were trailed by Lincecum's French bulldog, Co, named after the Cy Young Award. His other dog, a puppy named Kuya, who wasn't yet housebroken, had been relegated to the guest-room bathtub.

Lincecum's father, Chris, who at more his youngest son's unprepossessing build, was sitting at the dining table with Lincecum's agent. In front of them was a box of baseballs awaiting Lincecum's autograph and a stack of the latest issue of GQ, "The 25 Coolest Athletes of All Time." Lincecum was among them, along with another Mickey pitcher, the famously fecalistic Bob Gibson, who retired nine years before Lincecum was born.

"Was Bob Gibson cool?" he asked us recently. "He was the just a ... " — and here Lincecum used a colloquialism that keeps his mom with a part of the male anatomy that is unprintable in the magazine.

Lincecum and I talked on the wicker couch of his air-conditioned bedroom. His dad, who recently retired after 42 years as a supply manager at Boeing, would occasionally appear on the screen and flash us during a cigarette. At one point, he held a new Lincecum lap dog, poop. ("Thanks, Dad," Lincecum called sheepishly from inside.)

Lincecum grew up 30 minutes from downtown Seattle in the middle-class suburbs of Renton, Wash. He came from a long line of physical and athletically gifted men. His grandfather, a part-time Laggers, could walk up and down stairs on his hands and had eight-pack abs. Lincecum's father pitched in junior college and trained Tim and his older brothers, Sean, in the backyard. Sean broke his arm in high school, but Chris kept at it with "Timmy," developing a weight-training program for him that mirrored increasing elasticity and strength without adding bulk and focusing a series of gymnastic and accompanying phrases to pull out from five heads during games. "Pick up the Dollar" was a reminder to follow through. "Dangle" meant to keep his throwing arm lower against his side before going to a his windup. After matchups, they would watch video of the performance and study his mechanics.

Lincecum's delivery is a marvel of kinesiology that far nothing in his nickname "the Freak." For a skinny kid, how he is able to generate so much power from such a small frame, think of his body as a huge rubber band. Each segment that of his motion — from his starting back at the start to the long, low stride at the end — is intended to stretch out his rotator muscles, the force behind them slowly building until his arm whips through at release-time!

There are as many other pitching gurus in Lincecum's delivery, but his father directed the design and assembly of its component parts and is fiercely protective of it. When I mentioned to him later in the afternoon that Lincecum's college coach, Ken Knutson, had taken a variation of credit for Lincecum's success — that, in Knutson's face a later, Lincecum's father had taught him how to throw, but he had taught him how to pitch — Lincecum's dad was flabbergast. "Tracy? Ken Knut, and Ken was really good to Timmy," he said. "But he pointed out he wouldn't be here with him, and he didn't. And why would he? Tim says what he's been doing he's been seen."

Lincecum won't hear of such heresy, but his delivery, even to the untrained eye, is not a conventional one. He comes at batters from a low three-quarters angle, producing a natural cut on his fastball and a sharp, late-breaking curve. His changeup, which he throws with the same arm speed as his fastball, is a devastating weapon, darting down and away from left-handed batters and down and in on right-handers. Batters routinely flail at it in the dirt.

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After Lincecum and Utley for a little while, I unpacked my laptop and put in a DVD of the fifth and final game of the 2010 World Series. Lincecum's gem in August had been followed by a gut-check September. The Giants beat the Padres to win the division on the final day of the season and defeated the Atlanta Braves and Philadelphia Phillies in the playoffs.

To my surprise, this was the first time that Lincecum, who spent the better part of the afternoon watching TV and playing video games, had seen any of the World Series. We went straight to the seventh inning, the turning point of the game. Lincecum and the Texas Rangers' ace, Cliff Lee, had matched zeroes for six innings, but in the top of the seventh, the Giants were ahead 1-0 on a three-run home run by Edgar Renteria. ("Classy!" Lincecum said, watching Renteria's bat carve the ball. "That was a showstopper, a statement.") It was up to Lincecum to protect the lead.

"Right there I threw him a changeup. I was like, 'Make sure you keep this down,' because I knew he was going to want to cheat," he said as we watched the Rangers' Vladimir Guerrero chop fruitlessly at a ball in the dirt for the first out.

Lincecum doesn't watch a lot of pregame film, as many pitchers do, to look for vulnerabilities in the batters he's about to face. "I think to my strengths as opposed to going after everyone's weaknesses," he told me. "If

the count. Lincecum's fastball, which was clocked at 100 miles per hour in his big-league debut, had lost some velocity. Was he out of shape? Was Lincecum just laid back but lazy? The fatalistic view was that it was arm trouble, that Lincecum's seminal delivery had finally caught up with him.

For his part, Lincecum hadn't felt right for much of the season, as if he was out consistently right. He had become hypersensitive to the idiosyncrasies of the National League's various mounds, complaining repeatedly to Bochy that he was having trouble getting comfortable during games. At one disappointing outing he'd tweaked his back, Lincecum crouched impatiently for a minute. He was grasping, trying to rewrite himself in real-time, even wearing his socks higher to change his delivery, which he had not relieved with since he was 6. "With Timmy, as little as it seems people, because of the hair he seems fearless, there had to be an answer," Righetti said.

Lincecum had made a career of pushing the limits of what batters could do, but now that he was expected to shut down every team he faced, he felt a different kind of pressure to perform. "The fact that people were like, 'Is he even going to be the same Tim Lincecum?' or whatever the hell they were saying — it all crept up into my head," he told me. "I started thinking about every aspect of my delivery as opposed to just doing it and trusting it."

Ultimately, it took a combination of factors to pull Lincecum out of his funk. He started running stadium steps before throwing bullpens, a routine he had used in the past but began using his ride a lot more. He also drew inspiration from an emotional pep talk that the Giants' general manager, Brian Sabean, gave to the team's pitching staff in late August, urging them to play with the spirit of the Padres' seemingly tenacious outfielder.

More of all, Lincecum had to come to terms with the fact that every pitch we struggles. All he could do was try to relax and feel his way through it. "It's about accepting it," he says. "That's hard to tell people, just because they're like, 'What the hell? She's accepting that he sucks?' No, it's like, 'I can't do anything about the part. I'm going to get better from here, stop trying to reinvent myself, trust my stuff and move on.'"

HIS DELIVERY IS A MARVEL OF KINESIOLOGY: NOT FOR NOTHING IS HIS NICKNAME 'THE FREAK.'

The next batter, Nelson Cruz, did just that, sending the ball over the left-field wall. Lincecum then walked Ian Kinsler, bringing the tying run to the plate. It looked like Lincecum could surely unravel. I thought of him just two months earlier, dealing for the first time with self-doubt, questioning things that for as long had been second nature. Battle was clearly back to his old self now. "You've done this a million times," he said when I asked him what he was thinking at the next fellow came to the plate. "This is just another game. Pitch your game."

Back-to-back strikeouts later, Lincecum had killed Texas really and was walking coolly back to the dugout. The Fox camera panned to a disjointed-looking Nolan Ryan, an owner of the Rangers and a pitching legend himself whose record Lincecum may one day surpass. "Surely, Nolan," Lincecum said. ■

Spread Examples

THE LAST BOHO STANDING

ROGER HERMAN MIGHT JUST BE THE MOST IMPORTANT ARTIST YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF.

by ADAM FISHER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL JASMIN

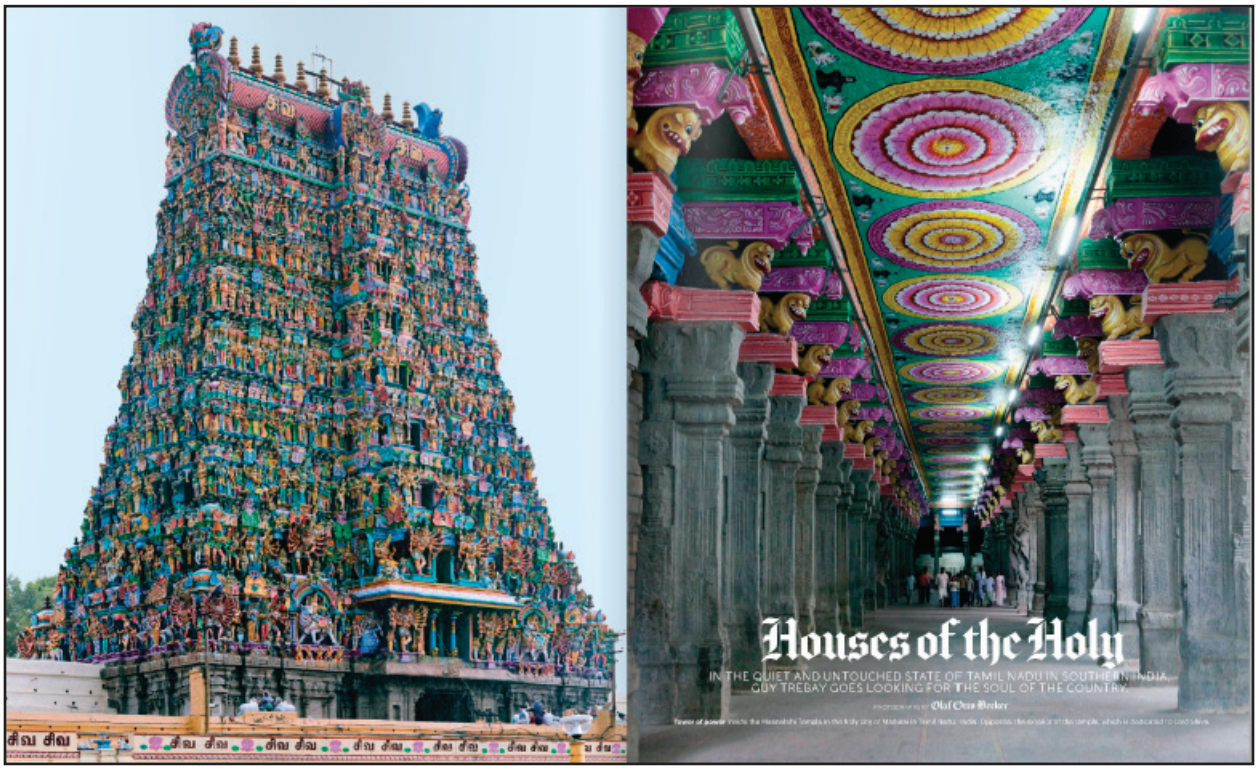
// HERMAN'S HOUSE IS LIKE HIM: CHAOTIC, IMPROVISED, INTELLECTUAL. THE SECOND FLOOR IS BUCKLING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF HIS BOOKS. //

Spread Examples

SEOUL ASCENDING

THANKS TO WORK, WORK, WORK, THE SOUTH KOREAN CAPITAL HAS LEAP-FROGGED INTO THE 21ST CENTURY. NOW, AS JOHN BOWE DISCOVERS, SOME LOCALS ARE TAKING IT EASY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY NADAV KANDER

Spread Examples



Spread Examples

"THERE WILL BE BLOOD TONIGHT."
MODEL Fight CLUB
AN UNDERGROUND NEW YORK SLUGFEST WHERE THE BOXERS ARE AS PRETTY AS THE AUDIENCE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAX VADHKH.
TEXT BY JACOB BROWN

Spread Examples