

Tina Noorani  
Typography 1  
Spring 2018  
John Kane

Norman Ives Exercise

“One of the most rewarding ways to understand the form and counterform of letters is to examine them in close detail. Beyond giving you an appreciation of the meticulous care that goes into each copound curve, these examinations provide a good feel for how the balance between form and counter is achieved and a palpable sense of letterform’s unique characteristics. ” - John Kane *A Type Primer*



Old Style

The first iteration of the old style mosaic is the piece above. I chose to work with Garamond, however, the type face used is clearly not that. I used the incorrect type face of Gastromond. Once I realized the mistake, I switched to a different typeface - Adobe Caslon Pro.



Transitional



Square Serif



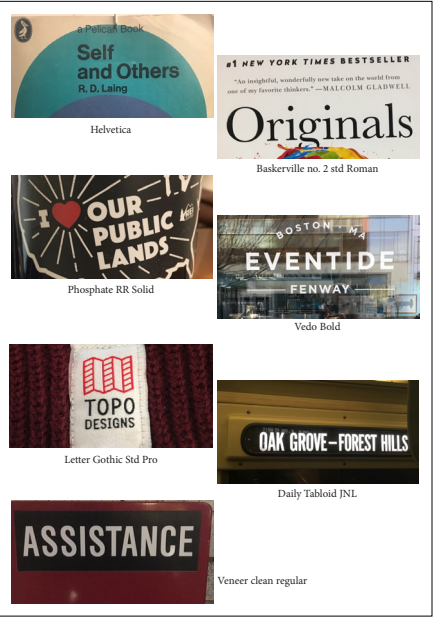
Modern



Sans Serif

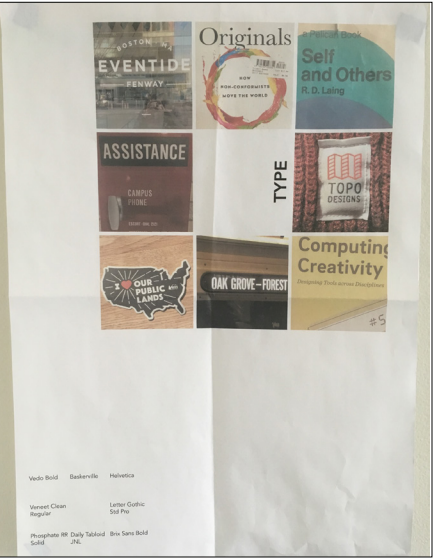
Found Type Poster

Professor Kane asked the students to walk around, take pictures of type wherever we happened to find it, and identify the typefaces. With the images taken, the question was posed: “How do we want to present our walk through the pictures we took?”



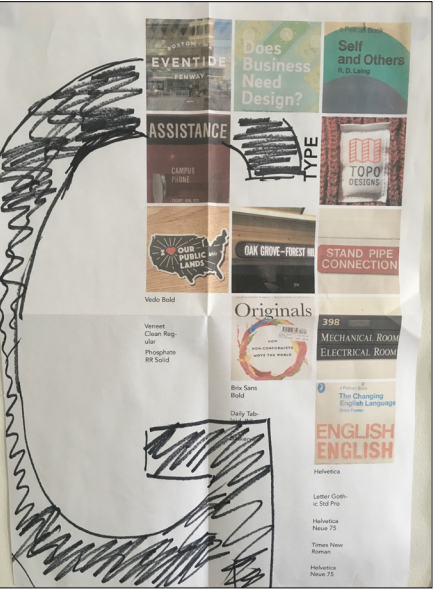
First Draft

I produced this draft on the fly in class. The issues with it are as follows: this layout does not look intentional, but rather like images put onto paper; the poster as a whole does not tell the audience what they should look at first, nor is there any context. The next draft is an attempt to correct these problems.



Second Draft

With this draft, I attempted to convey the idea of starting in one spot and ending back where you began with the layout of the images. I added the title in to give context to the viewer.

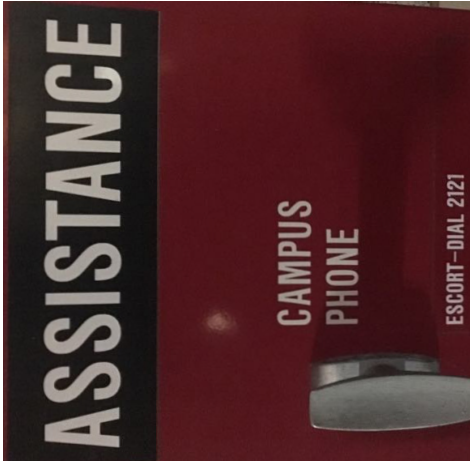


Third Draft

As I took more pictures, I explored different ways in which I could add them and still maintain the idea of walking around. What is nice about this version is that it is not a perfect roundabout, as no walk is. This iteration was developed into my final draft with some minor adjustments.



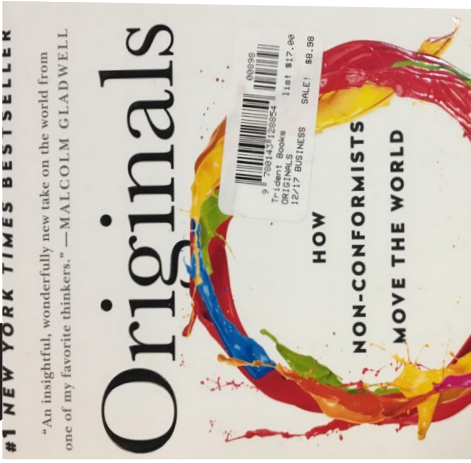
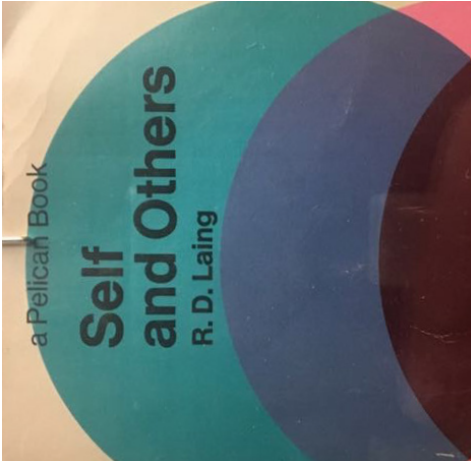
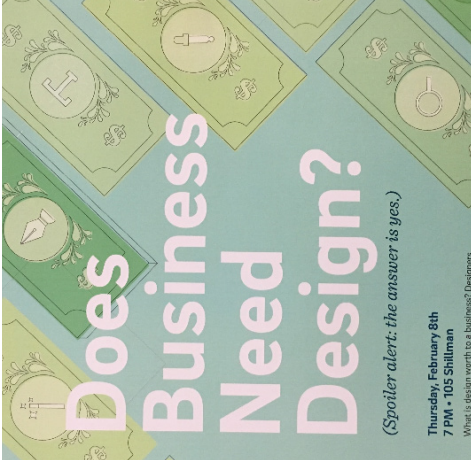
Yak



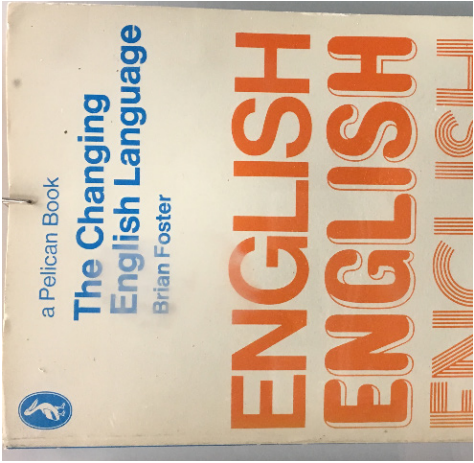
Vedo Bold

Veneet Clean  
Regular

Phosphate RR  
Solid



Brix Sans Bold  
  
Daily Tabloid  
JNL  
  
Baskerville



Helvetica

Letter Gothic  
Std Pro

Helvetica Neue  
75

Times New Ro-  
man

Helvetica Neue  
75

Resume

Through typesetting my resume, I was introduced to a practice that I now consider before beginning any Typographic project, which is: "First thing to decide is where type does not go."

Tina Noorani

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Boston, MA 02115  
415.497.6281  
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Experience

Operations & Administrative Intern, Presence Product Group; San Francisco, CA | Jul 2015 - Aug 2015

As an intern, I successfully completed three projects: 1. Edited & completed Employee Handbook for the Operations (Human Resources) group. 2. Researched & created Earthquake Safety & Preparedness Guide for the SF office. 3. Identified a list of industry events for the Marketing Team to attend & promote the firm.

Peer Mentor, You're With Us!; Boston, MA | Jan 2017 - April 2017, Jan 2018 - Present

I accompanied a 7th grader with Cerebral Palsy to the Northeastern Enabling Engineering Club meetings each week and observed the setting they were in to determine if the situation could be more inclusive, welcoming, and accessible for the student. After each meeting, I reported back to the organizations with progress reports and suggestions.

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I worked with other volunteers to prepare meals and toiletry bags for the homeless of Dublin. We walked around handing out necessary supplies to get the individuals through the night and provided a listening ear, as many spend their day ignored by those who pass them by.

Education

Northeastern University, Boston, MA | Jan. 2017 - Present

Candidate for Bachelor of Science, Computer Science and Design | 2021

University College Dublin, Dublin, Ireland | Sept. 2016 - Dec. 2016

Skills

Java, HTML/CSS,  
AutoCAD, SolidWorks  
Adobe Illustrator, Photoshop, Indesign

First Iteration

For the inital resume, we put our content on paper with no formatting. Everything had the same typeface and size.

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SKILLS

Java

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SolidWorks

Adobe Photoshop

Illustrator

InDesign

Second Iteration

This version was designed under the guidelines of: line of type should not be > 65 characters, hierarchy should be established with placement and spacing. What was taken away from this draft was: splitting the page in the middle is the least interesting place to do so, same goes for putting your name in the top left corner.



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INTERESTS	SKILLS
Swimming Biking Hiking Reading Mystery Novels Jazz	Java HTML/CSS AutoCAD SolidWorks Adobe Photoshop Illustrator InDesign

TINA NOORANI <i>learner. explorer. creator.</i>	
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### Third Iteration

While the descriptions feel less cramped, the issues from the second draft are still present. Another take away is: to emphasize something, use small caps or bold.

### Fourth Iteration

This draft is a good improvement of balance of type and white space. The feedback received that moved me closer to the final version was: place my name elsewhere, the current location does not seem intentional and rather random, and make the line length of the job titles and descriptions < 65 characters.

### TINA NOORANI

*learner. explorer. creator.*

### CONTACT

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Java  
HTML/CSS  
AutoCAD  
SolidWorks  
MySQL  
Adobe Photoshop  
Illustrator  
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Typesetting Book - Frankenstein

The final project I worked on in Typography 1 was designing and typesetting a book of my choice. I had to wisely choose my margin sizes, a typeface, type size, and leading to build a book that feels like the voice in the book.

1	Mary Shelley
<p>You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings. I arrived here yesterday, and my first task is to assure my dear sister of my welfare and increasing confidence in the success of my undertaking.</p> <p>I am already far north of London, and as I walk in the streets of Petersburg, I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks, which braces my nerves and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling? This breeze, which has travelled from the regions towards which I am advancing, gives me a foretaste of those icy climes. Inspirited by this wind of promise, my daydreams become more fervent and vivid. I try in vain to be persuaded that the pole is the seat of frost and desolation; it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, Margaret, the sun is for ever visible, its broad disk just skirting the horizon and diffusing a perpetual splendour. There—for with your leave, my sister, I will put some trust in preceding navigators—there snow and frost are banished; and, sailing over a calm sea, we may be wafted to a land surpassing in wonders and in beauty every region hitherto discovered on the habitable globe. Its productions and features may be without example, as the phenomena of the heavenlybodies undoubtedly are in those undiscovered solitudes. What may not be expected in a country of eternal light? I may there discover the wondrous power which attracts the needle and may regulate a thousand celestial observations that require only this voyage to render their seeming eccentricities consistent for ever. I shall satiate my ardent curiosity with the sight of a part of the world never before visited, and may tread a land never before imprinted by the foot of man. These are my enticements, and they are sufficient to conquer all fear of danger or death and to induce me to commence this laborious voyage with the joy a child feels when he embarks in a little boat, with his holiday mates, on an expedition of discovery up his native river. But supposing all these conjectures to be false, you cannot contest the inestimable benefit which I shall confer on all mankind, to the last generation, by discovering a passage near the pole to those countries, to reach which at present so many months are requisite; or by ascertaining the secret of the magnet, which, if at all possible, can only be effected by an undertaking such as mine.</p> <p>These reflections have dispelled the agitation with which I began my letter, and I feel my heart glow with an enthusiasm which elevates me to heaven, for nothing contributes so much to tranquillise the mind as a steady purpose—a point on which the soul may fix its intellectual eye. This expedition has been the favourite dream of my early years. I have read with ardour the accounts of the various voyages which have</p>	

Mary Shelley	2
<p>been made in the prospect of arriving at the North Pacific Ocean through the seas which surround the pole. You may remember that a history of all the voyages made for purposes of discovery composed the whole of our good Uncle Thomas' library. My education was neglected, yet I was passionately fond of reading. These volumes were my study day and night, and my familiarity with them increased that regret which I had felt, as a child, on learning that my father's dying injunction had forbidden my uncle to allow me to embark in a seafaring life.</p> <p>These visions faded when I perused, for the first time, those poets whose effusions entranced my soul and lifted it to heaven. I also became a poet and for one year lived in a paradise of my own creation; I imagined that I also might obtain a niche in the temple where the names of Homer and Shakespeare are consecrated. You are well acquainted with my failure and how heavily I bore the disappointment. But just at that time I inherited the fortune of my cousin, and my thoughts were turned into the channel of their earlier bent.</p> <p>Six years have passed since I resolved on my present undertaking. I can, even now, remember the hour from which I dedicated myself to this great enterprise. I commenced by inuring my body to hardship. I accompanied the whale-fishers on several expeditions to the North Sea; I voluntarily endured cold, famine, thirst, and want of sleep; I often worked harder than the common sailors during the day and devoted my nights to the study of mathematics, the theory of medicine, and those branches of physical science from which a naval adventurer might derive the greatest practical advantage. Twice I actually hired myself as an under-mate in a Greenland whaler, and acquitted myself to admiration. I must own I felt a little proud when my captain offered me the second dignity in the vessel and entreated me to remain with the greatest earnestness, so valuable did he consider my services.</p> <p>And now, dear Margaret, do I not deserve to accomplish some great purpose?My life might have been passed in ease and luxury, but I preferred glory to every enticement that wealth placed in my path. Oh, that some encouraging voice would answer in the affirmative! My courage and my resolution is firm; but my hopes fluctuate, and my spirits are often depressed. I am about to proceed on a long and difficult voyage, the emergencies of which will demand all my fortitude: I am required not only to raise the spirits of others, but sometimes to sustain my own, when theirs are failing.</p> <p>This is the most favourable period for travelling in Russia. They fly quickly over the snow in their sledges; the motion is pleasant, and, in my opinion, far more agreeable than that of an English stagecoach. The</p>	

First Draft

I began with looking at other books for examples. Clearly I didn't do enough research as the above pages are chunky blocks of text. What I took away from this draft: do not use a rule on running heads and never use a line space *and* a paragraph indent when creating a new paragraph. Use one or the other, but never both together.



# Letter 1

To Mrs. Saville, England.  
St. Petersburg, Dec. 11th, 17—.

You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings. I arrived here yesterday, and my first task is to assure my dear sister of my welfare and increasing confidence in the success of my undertaking.

I am already far north of London, and as I walk in the streets of Petersburg, I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks, which braces my nerves and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling? This breeze, which has travelled from the regions towards which I am advancing, gives me a foretaste of those icy climes. Inspirited by this wind of promise, my daydreams become more fervent and vivid. I try in vain to be persuaded that the pole is the seat of frost and desolation; it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, Margaret, the sun is for ever visible, its broad disk just skirting the horizon and diffusing a perpetual splendour. There—for with your leave, my sister, I will put some trust in preceding navigators—there snow and frost are banished; and, sailing over a calm sea, we may be wafted to a land surpassing in wonders and in beauty every region hitherto discovered on the habitable globe. Its productions and features may be without example, as the phenomena of the heavenly bodies undoubtedly are in those undiscovered solitudes. What may not be expected in a country of eternal light? I may there discover the wondrous power which attracts the needle and may regulate a thousand celestial observations that require only this voyage to render their seeming eccentricities consistent for ever. I shall satiate my ardent curiosity with the sight of a part of the world never before visited, and may tread a land never before imprinted by the foot of man. These are my enticements, and they are sufficient to conquer all fear of danger or death and to induce me to commence this laborious voyage with the joy a child feels when he embarks in a little boat, with his holiday mates, on an expedition of discovery up his native river. But supposing all these conjectures to be false, you cannot contest the inestimable benefit which I shall confer on all mankind, to the last generation, by discovering a passage near the pole to those countries, to reach which at present so many months are requisite; or by ascertaining the secret of the magnet, which, if at all possible, can only be effected by an undertaking such as mine.

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# CHAPTER 1

I am by birth a Genevese, and my family is one of the most distinguished of that republic. My ancestors had been for many years counsellors and syndics, and my father had filled several public situations with honour and reputation. He was respected by all who knew him for his integrity and indefatigable attention to public business. He passed his younger days perpetually occupied by the affairs of his country; a variety of circumstances had prevented his marrying early, nor was it until the decline of life that he became a husband and the father of a family.

As the circumstances of his marriage illustrate his character, I cannot refrain from relating them. One of his most intimate friends was a merchant who, from a flourishing state, fell, through numerous mischances, into poverty. This man, whose name was Beaufort, was of a proud and unbending disposition and could not bear to live in poverty and oblivion in the same country where he had formerly been distinguished for his rank and magnificence. Having paid his debts, therefore, in the most honourable manner, he retreated with his daughter to the town of Lucerne, where he lived unknown and in wretchedness. My father loved Beaufort with the truest friendship and was deeply grieved by his retreat in these unfortunate circumstances. He bitterly deplored the false pride which led his friend to a conduct so little worthy of the affection that united them. He lost no time in endeavouring to seek him out, with the hope of persuading him to begin the world again through his credit and assistance.

Beaufort had taken effectual measures to conceal himself, and it was ten months before my father discovered his abode. Overjoyed at this discovery, he hastened to the house, which was situated in a mean street near the Reuss. But when he entered, misery and despair alone welcomed him. Beaufort had saved but a very small sum of money from the wreck of his fortunes, but it was sufficient to provide him with sustenance for some months, and in the meantime he hoped to procure some respectable employment in a merchant's house. The interval was, consequently, spent in inaction; his grief only became more deep and rankling when he had leisure for reflection, and at length it took so fast hold of his mind that at the end of three months he lay on a bed of sickness, incapable of any exertion.

His daughter attended him with the greatest tenderness, but she saw with despair that their little fund was rapidly decreasing and that there was no other prospect of support. But Caroline Beaufort possessed a mind of an uncommon mould, and her courage rose to support her in her adversity. She procured plain

## Second Draft

I found a typeface, Vendetta OT, that I thought fit the character of this book and I continued to work with it throughout the rest of my drafts. I found using small caps with increased tracking to be successful for the running heads. What was a big mistake on my part is that I did not experiment enough with the type size. I did not see anything wrong with the size of the above examples, however, a peer asked me to increase the typesize and the pages became so much clearer to read.

Final Typeset Book Spread

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MARY SHELLEY

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learning that my father’s dying injunction had forbidden my uncle to allow me to embark in a seafaring life.

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He then told me that he would commence his narrative the next day when I should be at leisure. This promise drew from me the warmest thanks. I have resolved every night, when I am not imperatively occupied by my duties, to record, as nearly as possible in his own words, what he has related during the day. If I should be engaged, I will at least make notes. This manuscript will doubtless afford you the greatest pleasure; but to me, who know him, and who hear it from his own lips—with what interest and sympathy shall I read it in some future day! Even now, as I commence my task, his full-toned voice swells in my ears; his lustrous eyes dwell on me with all their melancholy sweetness; I see his thin hand raised in animation, while the lineaments of his face are irradiated by the soul within. Strange and harrowing must be his story, frightful the storm which embraced the gallant vessel on its course and wrecked it—thus!



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As the circumstances of his marriage illustrate his character, I cannot refrain from relating them. One of his most intimate friends was a merchant who, from a flourishing state, fell, through numerous mischances, into poverty. This man, whose name was Beaufort, was of a proud and unbending disposition and could not bear to live in poverty and oblivion in the same country where he had formerly been distinguished for his rank and magnificence. Having paid his debts, therefore, in the most honourable manner, he retreated with his daughter to the town of Lucerne, where he lived unknown and in wretchedness. My father loved Beaufort with the truest friendship and was deeply grieved by his retreat in these unfortunate circumstances.

Typesetting Play - Hamlet

Typesetting a play differs from typesetting a book because I now must consider: cast of characters, text, speakers, stage directions, scene titles, and act titles. I must answer "what do I need to make this readable?"

# ACT I

## SCENE I Elsinore. A platform before the Castle.

Enter Francisco and Barnardo, two sentinels.

*Barnardo*  
Who's there?

*Francisco*  
Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

*Barnardo*  
Long live the King!

*Francisco*  
Barnardo?

*Barnardo*  
He.

*Francisco*  
You comemost carefully upon your hour.

*Barnardo*  
'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

*Francisco*  
For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

*Barnardo*  
Have you had quiet guard?

*Francisco*  
Not a mouse stirring.

### Scene I

*Barnardo*  
Well, good night.  
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

*Francisco*  
I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

*Horatio*  
Friends to this ground.

*Marcellus*  
And liegemen to the Dane.

*Francisco*  
Give you good night.

*Marcellus*  
O, farewell, honest soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

*Francisco*  
Barnardo has my place. Give you good-night.

[Exit.]

*Marcellus*  
Holla, Barnardo!

*Barnardo*  
Say, what, is Horatio there?

*Horatio*  
A piece of him.

*Barnardo*  
Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

*Marcellus*  
What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?

*Barnardo*  
I have seen nothing.

*Marcellus*  
Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.  
Therefore I have entreated him along  
With us to watch the minutes of this night,  
That if again this apparition come  
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

*Horatio*  
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

*Barnardo*  
Sit down awhile,  
And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two nights have seen.

*Horatio*  
Well, sit we down,  
And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

*Barnardo*  
Last night of all,  
When yond same star that's westward from the pole,  
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,  
The bell then beating one—

*Marcellus*  
Peace, break thee off. Look where it comes again.

Enter Ghost.

*Barnardo*  
In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

*Marcellus*  
Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

*Barnardo*  
Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

Awake the god of day; and at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine. And of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.

*Marcellus*  
It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,  
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*Horatio*  
So have I heard, and do in part believe it.  
But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.  
Break we our watch up, and by my advice,  
Let us impart what we have seen tonight  
Unto young Hamlet; for upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Marcellus*  
Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[Exeunt.]



SCENE II  
A room of state in the Castle.

Act I

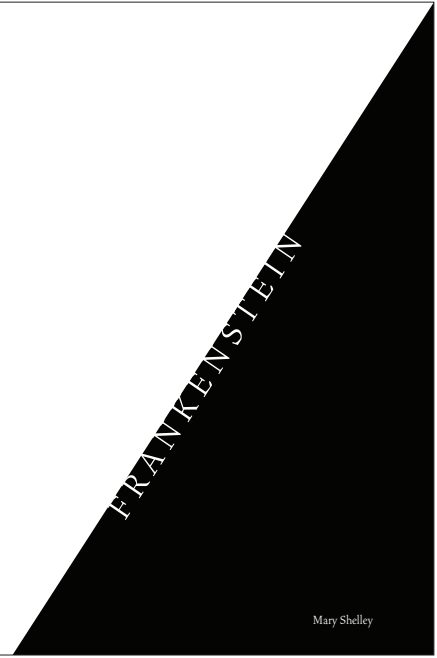
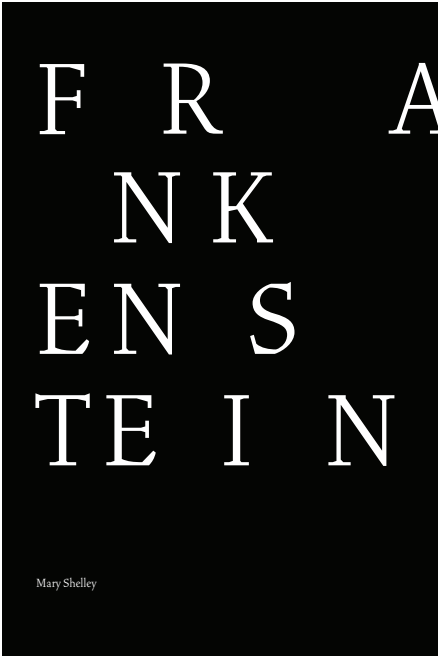
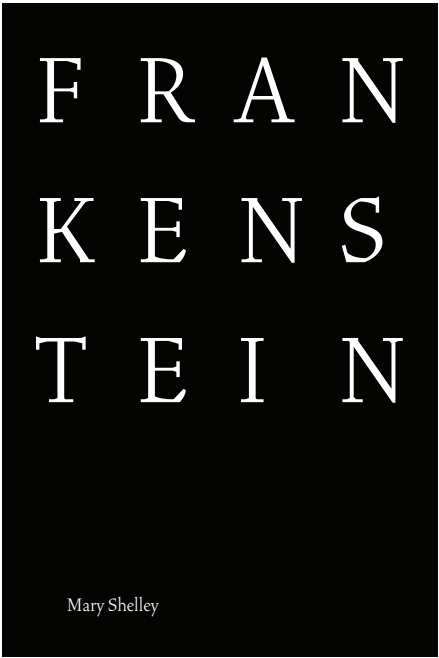
Enter Claudius King  
of Denmark, Gertrude  
the Queen, Hamlet,  
Polonius, Laertes,  
Voltemand,  
Cornelius, Lords and  
Attendant.

*King*  
Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe;  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
Th’imperial jointress to this warlike state,  
Have we, as ’twere with a defeated joy,  
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,  
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,  
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,  
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr’d  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.  
Now follows, that you know young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
Or thinking by our late dear brother’s death  
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,  
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,  
He hath not fail’d to pester us with message,  
Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,  
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.  
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:  
Thus much the business is: we have here writ  
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,  
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
Of this his nephew’s purpose, to suppress  
His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
The lists, and full proportions are all made  
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch

Book Cover - Frankenstein

While this is a cover for a book, it was treated as a poster as you want to be seen (by utulizing scale and contrast). I was tasked with creating a typographic cover, keeping in mind that It is not about what it looks like, but rather about what it does\*. The type should be reinforcing meaning by doing what the title says or referencing a part of the book.

\* If you do it right, it will look nice.

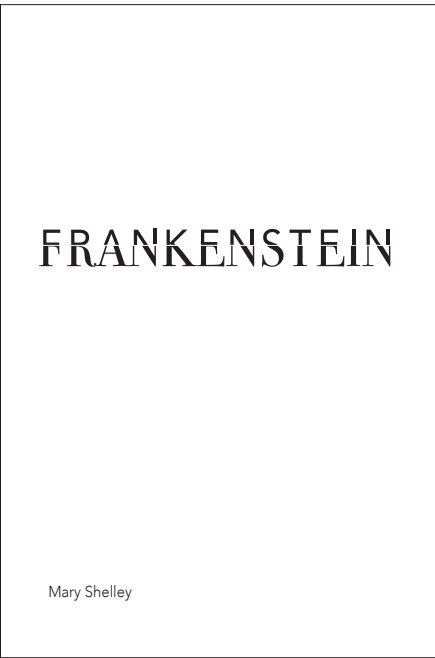
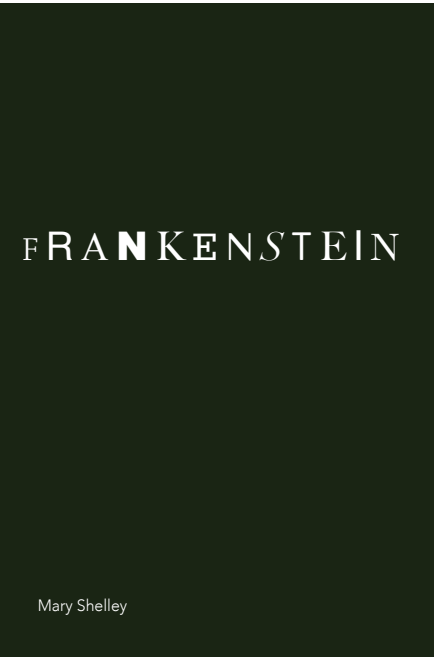


First Draft

The first three versions were designed with the intention of conveying that Frankenstein's monster is pieced together. The fourth version was an poor imitaion of stitches along a seam.

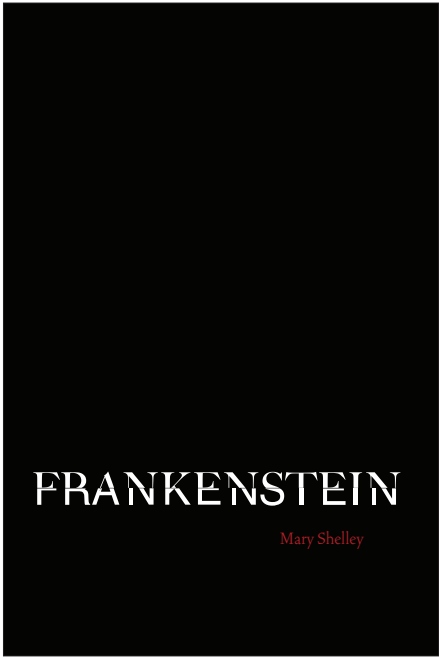
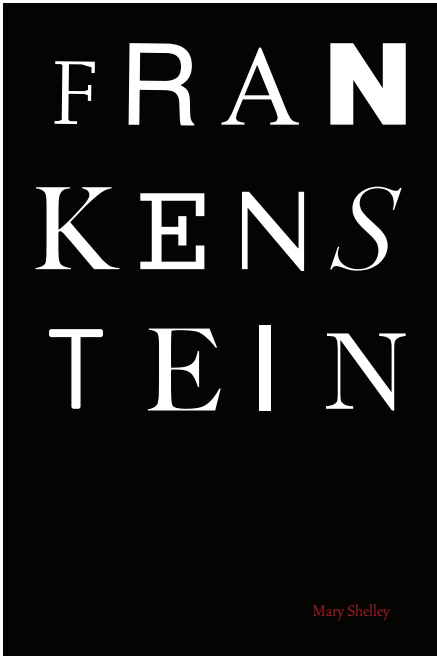
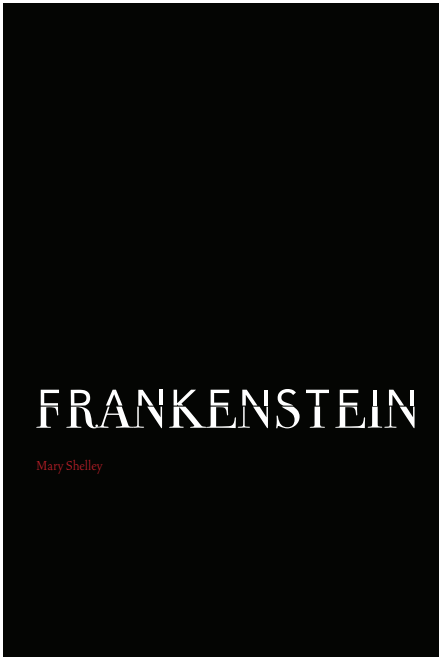


Adding Color

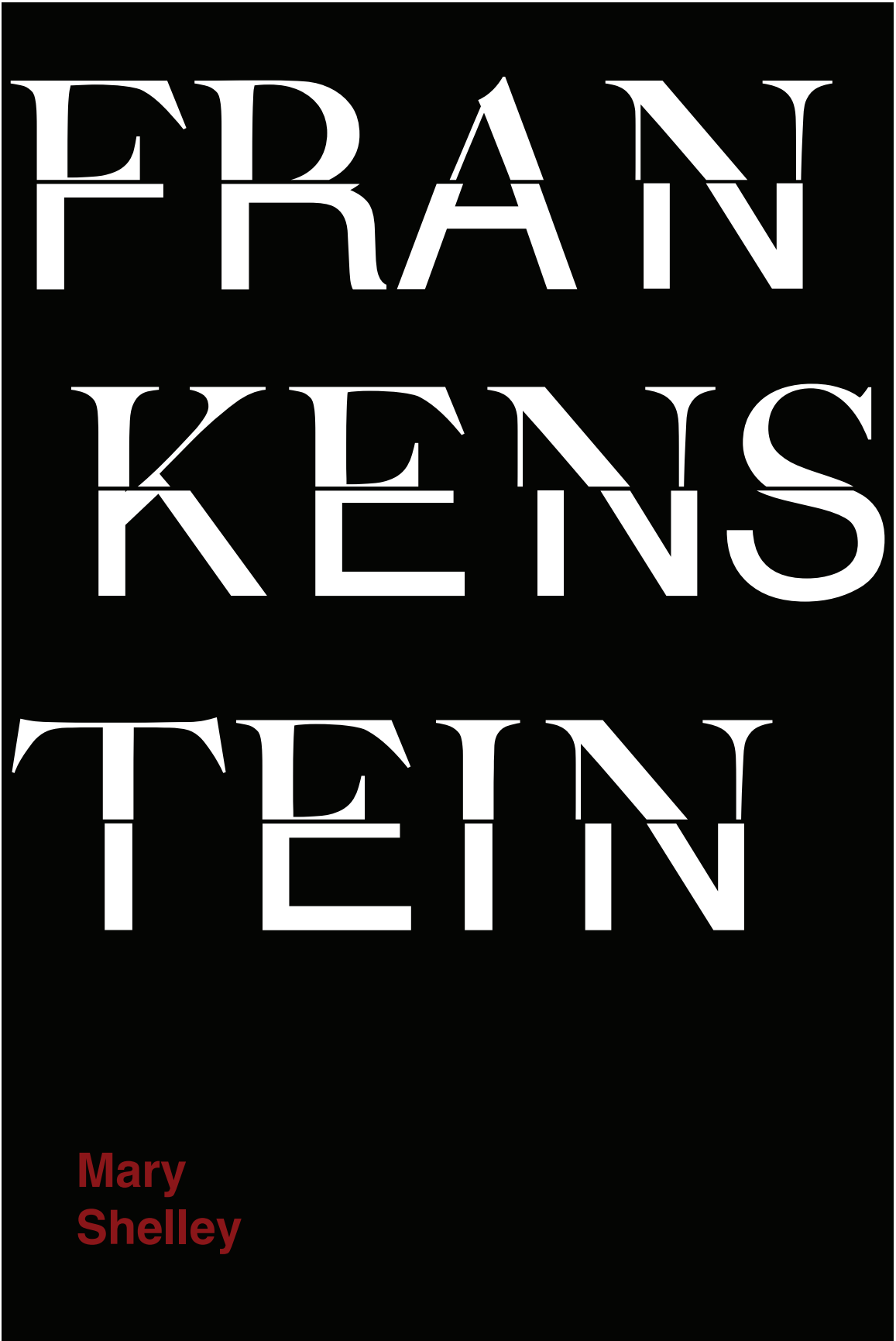


Second Draft

To convey the piecing together of Frankenstein's monster, I went one step further from my first iteration to actually piece together different typefaces to create the word frankenstein. I did so in two different ways as shown in the second and the last two images.

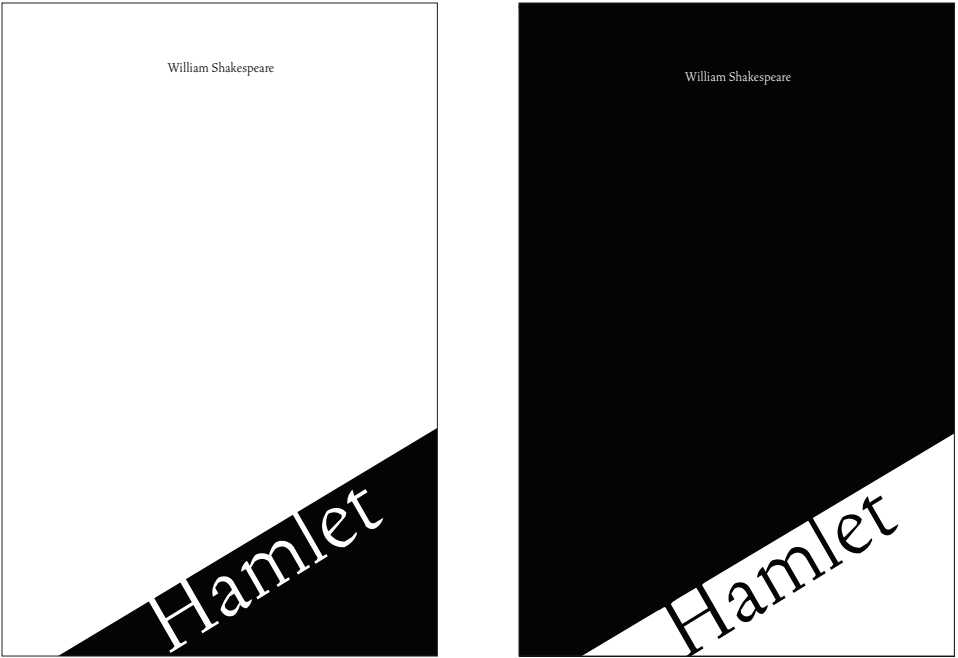


Adding Color





Play Cover - Hamlet



First Draft

There is not idea in these drafts. The poster should give a sneak peak into the story and this does not have an obvious meaning to someone who has not read the play.



Second Draft

These two versions are attempting to portray death, however, neither are typographic covers. The title is not doing what the H is. It is that realization which led me to my final version of the play cover.

