

Creative Brief

Design new font for [Google Play Books](#)

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CONTACT

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PROJECT OVERVIEW

Create original serif typeface family designed for reading books on screens. Screens may be mobile phones, tablets, or computer monitors.

4 styles in typeface family:

1. Regular
2. Bold
3. Italic
4. Bold Italic

Character sets:

1. Latin character sets
2. Greek and Cyrillic

OBJECTIVES

- Provide an outstanding reading experience with a typeface specially designed for continuous reading for e-books on high resolution devices of different screen sizes.
- Establish a distinct visual identity for Play Books from other e-readers or e-book apps.
- Should be a compliment to Roboto

TARGET AUDIENCES

Audience description

- People who read e-books on mobile devices such as smartphones or tablets. They read mostly fiction, business & finance, and history & biography.
- They often change devices, reading on phones during the day when they are more mobile and have short moments of time (smaller screens, more frequent, short duration, daytime) and switching to tablets when they have more time (bigger screens, long duration, evening).

Demographics

- Those most likely to read e-books include those with college or graduate degrees, those who live in households earning more than \$75,000, and those whose ages fall between 30 and 49.
- 21% women are more likely to buy e-books than men

Key issues

Device / Screen size

- Readers' desire for density of content vs readability of content on small screens

Environment

- Glare
- Reading at night

LICENSE & USAGE

- Design credited to original type designers
- Ownership transferred to Google
- Open source under OFL after 18 months

SCHEDULE

Target completion date

July 31, 2014

CHARACTERISTIC CONSIDERATIONS

Although we are looking for stylistic distinction from other e-reading apps, the critical role of the font is to provide the best book reading experience on high resolution screens of different sizes.

Right weight

- Not too thin or too spindly

Stroke contrast

- Tune for optical reading size
- Lower in stroke contrast
- Larger x-height

Style

- Should not call too much attention to itself. Hardworking but not flamboyant
- Should have moments of elegance and sparkle
- Modern revival of a classic type (ex: lowan)
- Old world / familiar but fresh
- Distinct from competitors
- Modern but still dignified, not silly

Rhythm

- Regular rhythm

CHARACTERISTIC RANGES

Style (Lower case / Used for continuous reading)

Playful <-----|-----> Staid

Style (Upper case/Italic/ bigger font for headings, titles, chapters)

Playful <-----|-----> Staid

Rhythm

Regular <-----|-----> Old style

(modern) (O is wider than A)

Stroke contrast

Low <-----|-----> High

Weight

Light <-----|-----> Heavy

FONT EXAMPLES

1. [Abril](#)

- Modern newspaper type
- Playful uppercase

A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T U V W
X Y Z

arrows & borders & ornaments

SMALL CAPITALS

inspired by Scotch Romans ⚡

Once upon a time, BOOK JACKETS were almost all pure *typographic* compositions: these were the *books* one could not judge by their *covers*. The tradition continued into the twentieth century, especially in non-English language publishing, the Parisian house Gallimard still issues its COLLECTION BLANCHE of classic French literature in a jacket that has barely changed since it was first laid

2. [Harriet](#)

- Modern newspaper type
- Playful uppercase

François de La Rochefoucauld

“**Belshazzar**, the King, made a great feast to a thousand of Lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belsbazzar, whilst he tasted the wine, commanded them to bring the Golden and Silver Vessles which his father **Nebuchadnezzar** had taken out of the temple, which was in Jerusalem; that the King and his Princes, his Wives and his Concubines, might drink therein.”

HARRIET DISPLAY BLACK ITALIC, TEXT MEDIUM, & TEXT REGULAR

PRINCE DE MARCILLAC

HARRIET DISPLAY BOLD

Marple's Amazon

HARRIET DISPLAY LIGHT ITALIC

(December 31, 1943 – October 12, 1997) Denver was one of the most popular singer-songwriter hippies of the 1970s. He was an avid pilot, and died while flying his personal aircraft at the age of 53. The Colorado state legislature also adopted *Rocky Mountain High* as one of its state songs in 2007.

HARRIET TEXT BOLD, TEXT REGULAR, & TEXT REGULAR ITALIC

Abraham Lincoln's Hat
Bambi's Fat Children
The Big Grumpy Horse

HARRIET TEXT REGULAR ITALIC

A Blackened Beauty
Blue Fairy Tale Books
Mr. Davy Crockett's Hat

HARRIET TEXT REGULAR

Sir Robinson's Crusoe
The Wizard of Ozzy
Zebras are Little Horses

HARRIET TEXT LIGHT ITALIC

BAD MANNERS

Henry John Deutschendorf, Jr.

HARRIET DISPLAY BLACK ITALIC & TEXT REGULAR

3. [Guardian Egyptian](#)

- Modern newspaper type
- Calligraphic, broad nib but still modern
- Newspaper-like but fresh

Through a blend of contemporary and traditional forms, Guardian Egyptian Headline mixes stylish Continental shapes with the no-nonsense proportions of the British Egyptian. Originally designed for use in newspapers, the family's wide range of weights and clarity in the details give enough flexibility for all types of publication design, corporate identity, and even signage applications.

One influence on the Guardian Egyptian family was the multitude of slab serif faces cast by many London typefoundries in the mid-19th century, but the construction of the romans mainly draws from contemporary Dutch type, with unbracketed serifs, squarish arches, spartan detailing and an overall feeling of openness, while the italics take unexpected structural cues from types cut in Paris and Antwerp during the Renaissance. Like most slab serifs, Guardian Egyptian has the range and utility of a sans, but its contrast and the fact that the serifs are subtly wedge shaped give it more elegance and class than average Egyptian faces.

4. [Merriweather](#) might be a candidate for reinterpreting or modifying

Merriweather

Grumpy wizards make toxic brew for the evil Queen and Jack.

One morning, when Gregor Samsa woke from troubled dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections.

"The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about helplessly as he looked."

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5. [Bitter](#) has good stroke contrast but lacks sparkle

Bitter

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6. [Caecilia](#) has good reduced stroke contrast but serif too even (Kindle's default font)

CHAPTER II

MISTRESS MARY QUITE CONTRARY

Mary had liked to look at her mother from a distance and she had thought her very pretty, but as she knew very little of her she could scarcely have been expected to love her or to miss her very much when she was gone. She did not miss her at all, in fact, and as she was a self-absorbed child she gave her entire thought to herself, as she had always done. If she had been older she would no doubt have been very anxious at being left alone in the world, but she was very young, and as she had always been taken care of, she supposed she always would be. What she thought was that she would like to know if she was going to nice people, who would be polite to her and give

Google Play Books (Droid Serif)

CHAPTER IV.

THE RABBIT SENDS IN A LITTLE BILL

It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something; and she heard it muttering to itself, "The Duchess! The Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and whiskers! She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where can I have dropped them, I wonder?" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid-gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen — everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool; and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

Kindle (Caecilia)

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iBooks (lowan)

1. LOOMINGS.

CALL ME ISHMAEL. SOME YEARS AGO—NEVER MIND HOW LONG precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before 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.

Nook

Chapter 1

THE OLD MAN'S eyes struck me first. They rested deep in their sockets, and he seemed unable to take them off me. Granted, everyone in the teahouse was staring at me more or less unabashedly, but he was the most brazen. As if I were some exotic creature he'd never seen before.

Trying to ignore him, I glanced around the teahouse, a mere wooden shack with a few tables and chairs standing right on the dry, dusty earth. Against the far wall a glass display case exhibited pastries and rice cakes on which dozens of flies had settled. Next to it, on a gas burner, water for the tea was boiling in a sooty kettle. In one corner, orange-colored sodas were stacked in wooden crates. I had never been in such a wretched hovel.

Kobo

Chapter I

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister,—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their

Readmill

Duchess! Oh my dear paws! Oh my fur and whiskers! She'll get me executed, as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder?" Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid-gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool; and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.