

PLA

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EDITORIAL

In this issue of the *P.L.A. Quarterly* we are glad to be able to introduce our first illustrated articles; we hope the first of many. The problems which face the artist in book illustrations are discussed by Edward Ardizzone in the first article. Mr. Ardizzone's drawings from Eleanor Farjeon's *The Little Bookroom* have been loaned by the kindness of Oxford University Press. For the use of the blocks of the Ark Press, we are indebted to John Mason, who gives us an insight into Kim Taylor's interesting work.

Our third contribution comes from an American member, Donald Weeks, who gives an account of his growing collection of material by or about the astonishing Baron Corvo.

* * *

Readers are asked to note the change of editorial address to 5 Oakworth Court, Nelson Road, Hornsey, N.8. All correspondence for the editor should in future be sent here.

FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The first Annual General Meeting and Lecture of the Association — an important landmark — was held in London on May 22nd. The meeting elected all the officers and the Council to serve for a further period. General satisfaction was expressed with the first year's progress of the P.L.A.

It is impossible in a few words to do justice to Mr. Roger Powell's fascinating illustrated lecture on the craft of binding. In his own words, he had virtually transported a binder's shop, making it possible for members to see in one evening the entire range of hand-binding processes demonstrated by Mr. Powell himself, his partner, and his two able assistants. A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Powell and his colleagues.

SIMPLIFIED CATALOGUING CODE

The Chairman of the Council has appointed an ad hoc committee to examine the need for, and if necessary to draw up, a set of Simplified Cataloguing Rules for general use in private libraries. The Committee, composed initially of Messrs. R. Cave (Chairman) and P. Ward, welcomes any proposals for rules that members might suggest, and requests that all members complete the questionnaire included in this number of the *P.L.A. Quarterly* and return it to the Committee Secretary at Head Office as soon as possible.

A future article in the *P.L.A. Quarterly* will discuss the various physical forms of catalogue, quote specimen descriptions and prices from manufacturers' lists, and give examples of the use of each type in private libraries. Naturally, the information obtained from members' completed questionnaires will be of considerable assistance to the Committee in the early stages of their work, and we ask for your kind co-operation.

Fr. ROLFE

'FREDERICK BARON CORVO'

Nicholas Crabbe*A hitherto unpublished novel*

'The histories of his two careers (the ecclesiastical and the artistic) are already written' — that is how Rolfe refers to his *Hodrian the Seventh*. 'So also is the history of his first literary period; and the curious may read who have the wit to find.' *Nicholas Crabbe* is that history, now printed for the first time (owing to the exigencies of the law of libel) from the typescript in the Walpole Collection of the Bodleian Library. It is a detailed account, thinly disguised as fiction, of the four dreadful years beginning with his arrival in London

*With an Introduction by Cecil Woolf**Large Cr. 8vo. January, 1958. Probably 21s. net.***Don Tarquinio**

A re-issue in a library edition of this remarkable novel first published in 1905. Corvo tells the story of one day in the life of a man of fashion in the era of the Borgia — sixteenth-century Italy. It purports to be told by Don Tarquinio di Santacroce for the edification of his son Prospero

*Cr. 8vo. Autumn, 1957. Probably 10s. 6d. net.***Chatto and Windus****42 William IV Street, W.C.2**



IN THE ILLUSTRATING OF BOOKS

by EDWARD ARDIZZONE



I write this with some hesitation. I am a professional illustrator and therefore have little time to gather and, dare I confess it, little interest in the sort of information and knowledge that the critic, art historian, or bibliophile, has to have to write comprehensively on such a subject.

My work is all engrossing. Other people's work, except for that of a few artists I admire, passes me by. I don't look out for it. Therefore who am I to discuss this or that trend, to compare one artist to another, to fulminate on such subjects as the influence of the Banhams on book design in the 20's? I have no erudition.

As I *can't* be learned all that is left to me then is to write about a few things appertaining to my craft and give you a few of my ideas about it, simple ones I fear, which have come to me in the course of 30 years or more of practising it.

Now the art of illustration is an odd one. Odd because all the great illustrators seem to have had one very curious thing in common. They did not like to draw from life.

Cruikshank was furious with Maclise for making a caricature of him sketching. "This is something I have never done in my life," he said, and then pointing to his temple, "It all comes from here." Rumour, however, has it that he made sketches on his thumbnail.

Daumier said he could not draw from life. In fact nobody knows where he learnt to draw.

Dorés' drawings on the spot were extremely summary, mere aids to memory, and so one could multiply this list down even to minor men.

Among the great Keene was an exception. He was a very great artist, but I am going to stick my neck out by saying that he was too much of a realist to make the perfect book illustrator.

In fact, of course, he illustrated few books and those only in his early days. The bulk of his published work was confined to *Punch*.

Keene's work in *Punch* was known and loved by the impressionists, who, after all, were the true realists. Pissarro had *Punch* sent to him in France so that he could cut out the Keene drawings. Van Gogh copied Keene. But in spite of this, Keene as a book illustrator would have been on the wrong side of the fence. Actuality concerned him, but actuality, the true look of things, is not necessarily the same as the authors' image of them and it is that image that the illustrator must grasp. Keene's talent was not a literary one.

For many years I bowed my head in homage to Keene, but I still vividly remember the moment when I realised I could qualify my admiration. It was a moment of some liberation.

However, my attitude to Keene will be more fully explained when I go on to discuss the born illustrator and what I consider his job should be.

The born illustrator does not work from life. His knowledge as he will say, comes from the head. Words of course create images for him, or rather his creative imagination is aroused by words rather than by the thing seen. He has a sympathetic understanding of the author's ideas. In fact he is the perfect reader. He works fast, the very nature of his work often making this a necessity. Doré made 16 drawings every day before lunch.

The training of the born illustrator, if any, is academic in the true sense, which is the learning of the right way to draw things rather than the particular way to draw a particular thing. All his life he collects symbols for forms. In fact he compiles in his head a dictionary of those symbols to which he can have recourse. The larger the dictionary the more efficient he becomes.

Japanese art is, or has been, a highly academic one, and in this connection I remember hearing of a Japanese drawing book giving 60 ways to draw a bridge.

What a boon such a book would be to the illustrator! If only there were other books like this giving 60 ways to draw a man or a woman, or a dog or a tree and so on, and we could learn these ways. We would then be free from the trammels of life, free to create at will at the author's behest.

However, there is one qualification, and a very important one, which I must make. It is that the illustrator, having learnt to draw the symbols for things, must still have recourse to life using his eye and his memory to augment and sweeten his knowledge. Life gives him his pictorial ideas. It increases his repertoire and raises it above a repetition of old work carefully learned.

In this context let me quote from Leonardo's treatise on painting. Leonardo is discussing the training of a student and this is what he says:

"The young man should first learn perspective then the proportions of all objects. Next copy work after the hand of a good master to gain the habit of drawing parts of the body well; and then work from nature to confirm the lessons learned."

Is not the pattern the same? You copy first, you learn your symbols for things and then with knowledge turn to nature.

When I said that life gave the illustrator his ideas, I should have rather said that living does, for in fact, to put it colloquially, the illustrator is always on the job. Illustration, like any other art, is not just a job but a way of life.

The born il'ustrator's method of drawing is usually what I call the empirical one, a matter of trial and error. For example, should he want to draw something and is not entirely certain how to do so, instead of finding the object and drawing directly from life, he is more likely to practice drawing it, doing it over and over again, until it looks right on paper. This gives his drawing that personal quality which is usually his.

I must now write of what I believe is the illustrator's job.

However, before I do so, let me say at once, that what I am about to write comprises only my personal ideas on the subject. I lay no claim to their being the whole truth, but no whole truth can be written about any art. What I will write can be disagreed with, dismissed, or argued over with valid reason. All I can hope for is that one small facet of the truth, which is a million sides anyhow, will emerge.

So, having covered myself with this preamble, let me say that, to my mind, it is, first and foremost, the illustrator's job to evoke a visual background which the reader can people with the author's characters. This visual background or world that he creates must be analogous to the author's.

Just as the author's world, if he is a novelist, is not reality but a semblance of it, so must the illustrator's world not be reality but a semblance of it created specially to fit the author's.

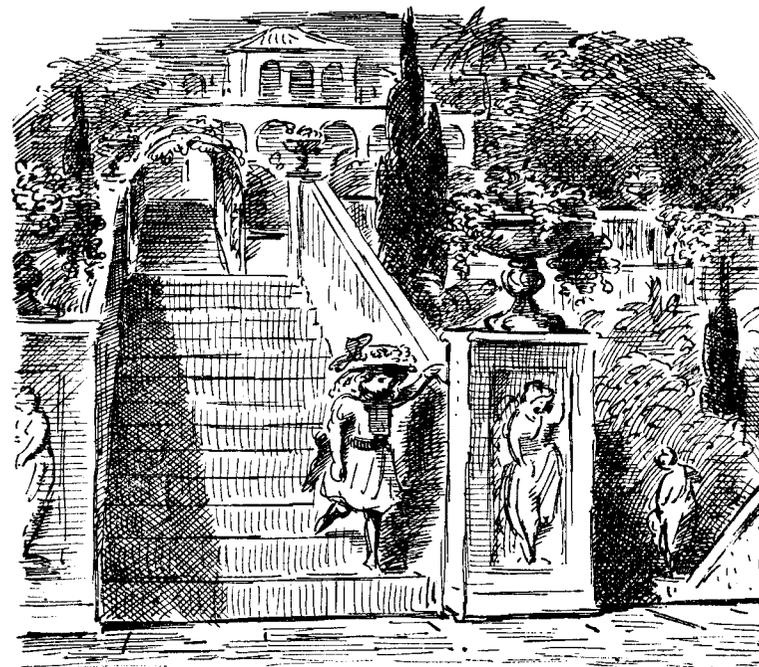
Characters should be suggested in their settings rather than too fully described. Large close-ups of faces can be disturbing. To my mind, the best view of the Hero or Heroine is the back view.

The truth is that it is not the illustrator's job to supplant the readers imagination but rather to help it, and to give it ground to work on. It follows, I think, that dramatic scenes are best avoided. It is the view from the window, the picnic in the fields, the mystery of the empty room, rather than sudden death or violent action that should be the illustrator's subjects. In any case violence is usually better described in words, and it is not the illustrator's business to dot the i's and cross the t's of the author.

To say in other words what I have said before, I like to think of the illustrator as a kind of stage designer, and, as such, designing the settings for the authors' play of character, thereby doing something that the author cannot do in words and also, in a sense, adding another dimension to the book.

As we all know the art of illustration differs from the other visual arts in that the public rarely sees the artist's original work. They see it only through the medium of reproduction.

But what few people realise is that this medium can alter and falsify to an extent which is hardly credible to the uninitiated. Few realise, too, that, from the original drawing to the reproduction of it, there is nearly always a loss in artistic quality. Many will unthinkingly accept what they see on the printed page as a true copy of the artists' work and will judge him by that.



The above block and the one on page 26 are lent by the Oxford University Press

In fact, of course, reproductions do vary widely from their originals, and this is particularly so in cheap and moderately priced books.

The biggest difference is naturally in the more complicated field of colour $\frac{1}{2}$ tone reproduction and the reason for this is basic. Colour in $\frac{1}{2}$ tone printing is arrived at by the super imposing of dots of primary colour in oily inks. This can never do more than approximate to the artist's water colour washes made of ready mixed colours and laid on to the paper with a brush.

In the usual 3 and 4 colour $\frac{1}{2}$ tone processes certain greys, greens and violets cannot be produced at all.

Even in the simplest process of all, the black and white line block, the print can be very different from the original. For example, the artist uses pen and ink on paper. Now when the ink begins to run dry in the nib the resulting mark on the paper will be slightly greyer or paler than the preceding ones. But it is this greying of the ink, though often hardly perceptible, which adds an atmosphere quality to the drawing. This quality can never be picked up by the process employed. Also, separate lines will tend to thicken and hatched areas will either look starved and scratchy or become areas of solid black owing to the vagaries of the machine minder and the machine.

In truth, no illustrator of experience hopes for facsimile of his work, all that he wants is a pleasant interpretation of it by blockmaker and printer. Alas, few in the trade understand this and most content themselves with producing only a bad copy. Indeed few in the trade have the artistic sensitivity to interpret successfully, though of course there are some splendid exceptions.

So please, when you pick up a book and look at the illustrations and find fault with some of them, don't at once and without thought, blame the artist. It may be, and often is, the fault of the printer.

THE ANATOMY OF A CORVOMANIAC

by DONALD WEEKS

Just before the end of 1952, here in America, I read a book — a book of sheer magic. First published almost twenty years earlier, it was a biographical tale which proved once again that Truth is stranger than Fiction. This enchanting story was written with all the intrigue of the finest detective yarn, for in his book, *The Quest for Corvo*, A. J. A. Symons depicted the spinning of silver links which bound together all he could discover of the one man who lived and wrote strange Truth into his stranger Fiction. This was the life of Frederick William Rolfe, Baron Corvo.

Immediately I desired to learn of his writings. I came across a Toto story and read it. Interesting in itself, it gave no clue to the manner of man mentioned by Symons. My trip to the library turned up only two volumes: a recent edition each of *Hadrian the Seventh* and *A History of the Borgias*. It seemed as though "that Rolfe-man" was a real cause for searching, his books not readily handy for the asking. Yet, about the same time, I saw one of his first editions advertised in a book catalogue and bought it. This was his translation of the *Rubaiyat* and was the first Corvo item in my collection.

(This *Rubaiyat* is of interest for more than one reason. It was the first of my Corvo for one thing. And, later, when I was writing to people in England, it performed one more interesting turn. In sending a list of my Corvo to an English collector in 1955, he asked if I had made a mistake in describing my *Rubaiyat*. At the time I had secured a second copy and sent him one. Both he and the bibliographer had never seen this copy before, the binding being entirely different from the one they thought was the only binding.)

But back again — to 1953. During that year I managed to lay a good foundation of first editions and other editions, both English and American. At that time I had no check-list or anything else to follow except Symons' *Quest* itself. 1954 was a more fruitful year in quality alone. My *Tarcissus* came that year. Yet it was not until 1955 that I avidly began to build my collection to the stature it is today.

At the very beginning of 1955 I was sent two holograph letters by Corvo. Thus was my own quest inflamed. I had found a direction and the path led into the unknown, to be lighted only by my searching inquiries. Corvo was English; his books were published in England; so, why not seek them out in England? I

wrote continuously letter after letter to England, not to book dealers alone, but also to private individuals. And in a period of two years this production of letters has been a most favourable one, and for two reasons. It has won me several prizes for my collection. But greater still, it has won for me an admiration for the English person. Each contact, no matter how brief, has been a pleasant experience. And one person in particular, himself a Corvo collector, has proven most kind in aiding me tremendously with general information and in the actual building of my collection ever since I first wrote him.

Through the time I have been collecting Corvo, my aims have varied. At first I was interested in just reading him. Then I wanted to gather together a complete "printing history" of his, which will include all editions of all his books. But lately I have become much more concerned about the man himself, and I cannot learn enough about him — whether from his letters, from a book once owned by him or from an account of him by someone else. The Truth of Corvo's life is so strange, it can never be replaced by the strangest Fiction.

His recorded life can be traced in Symons' book. A summary of it can be found at present in Cecil Woolf's bibliography — a momentous work. And now I would like to list the works of Corvo that are in my collection. This is the record of one man that I have been able to gather in this brief time. Following, then, are mentioned those books which comprise the Corvo canon, descriptions of some given because of unique interest.

Tarcissus: The Boy Martyr of Rome (1880). Tipped in his signature, "The Hon^{ble} Baron Rolfe," unlike Corvo's later hand. Inserted is a letter by Symons, mentioning this work and J. G. Nicholson, one of the dedicatees.

Stories Toto Told Me (1898). One copy presented by Corvo to Grant Richards on "March xxviii 1899." One copy with photograph of Toto taken in Italy by Corvo inserted and another photograph by Corvo pasted in. The second little photograph was taken in Christchurch and was used as a model for Corvo's fresco painting of the Archangel Michael. The model in the photograph was Charles Kains-Jackson's cousin and Corvo has drawn in pencil wings, a spear and a shield on the photograph. Inserted also is a letter by Kains-Jackson about Corvo and these two photographs.

In His Own Image (1901). One copy in the American purple cloth binding. One copy with Corvo's photographic reproduction of one of his paintings pasted in. (The subject of the painting fits in with the brief description at the foot of page 8 in *Hadrian*.) Inserted are seven photographs taken by Corvo in Italy and at Christchurch, and a letter by Kains-Jackson about Corvo and these photographs.

Chronicles of the House of Borgia (1901). Together with the Suppressed Appendix III, with pencil corrections in Corvo's hand.

Hadrian the Seventh (1904). One copy belonging to A. J. A. Symons, with marginal notes in pencil in Symons' hand.

Don Tarquinio (1905). One copy, the Second Issue, inscribed by "Jack Nicholson (pupil of Rolfe: 1881-1883)" and with a note in his hand at the end of the Prologue about Corvo's coat-of-arms.

The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole (1934). Inserted is letter by Corvo to Dr. E. H. van Someren, dated "xiiiij March 1910," which includes a definition for the word "dyspathy," the same definition used on page 177 of this book.

Three Tales of Venice (1950). Together with the three original Blackwood's Magazines of 1913.

Amico Di Sandro (1951).

Letter to Grant Richards (1952). Together with the single-side postscript, published later.

Books Corvo contributed to:

Love in Earnest (1892) by J. G. F. Nicholson. Both issues. Nicholson published a Corvo poem together with his and was threatened with a law suit. The leaf containing the Corvo poem was removed and a cancel leaf was substituted. Only a handful of the first issue must have survived.

The Rubaiyat of Umar Khaiyam (1903). One copy in American(?) binding (one of two copies recorded by Cecil Woolf). One copy inserted with letter by Corvo to John Lane about payment of book. The 1924 edition by John Lane. The 1925 edition by Small, Maynard of Boston.

Agricultural and Pastoral Prospects of South Africa (1904) by Owen Thomas. Together with photostats of the trial proceedings of law suit Corvo brought against Thomas. Corvo said that Thomas promised him a certain amount of money for the writing of this book, which was not paid. Corvo lost the suit, which was to prove a very definite turning point in his career.

Studies in Roman History (1906) by E. G. Hardy. Both editions. Corvo corrected the proofs for this and may have edited the book in part.

Innocent the Great (1907) by C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon. Copy belonging to Professor Dawkins, with several Corvo-invented words used in the text written down inside of the back cover. Dawkins was introduced to Corvo by Pirie-Gordon.

The Holy Blissful Martyr Saint Thomas of Canterbury (1908) by Robert Hugh Benson. Together with the original collaboration MS between Benson and Corvo on a life of St. Thomas (see Symons' *Quest*, page 195). There were three different plans for this book: the original idea by Benson, the Benson-Corvo collaboration, and the final publication by Benson. The Benson-Corvo MS is not a complete story of St. Thomas, but is the only known surviving writing of the Benson-Corvo relationship.

The Church of the Apostles (1909) by Lonsdale Ragg. Both issues. Ragg mentioned Corvo in the Preface for his revision of the proofs. However, a row on Corvo's part made Ragg tear out the existing Preface and substitute a new Preface on a cancel leaf without mention of Corvo. Inserted in one copy are two letters by Mrs. Ragg mentioning Corvo and two letters by Percy Muir about the two editions of this book.

A Garland of Ladsllove (1911) by John Gambriel Nicholson. (Not the whole book, only the page containing a Corvo poem.)

The Weird of the Wanderer (1912) by Prospero and Caliban. Loosely inserted is post card by Corvo to Ralph Shirley about the

proofs of this book and about his nephews, the Powyses. Also inserted is letter by Pirie-Gordon mentioning Corvo in Venice.

The Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson (1916) by C. C. Martindale, S. J. Mention is made of the Benson-Corvo relationship. Inserted is autographed photograph of Benson.

Frederick Baron Corvo (1927) by A. J. A. Symons. Inserted are two letters by Shane Leslie to Symons, one welcoming him into the Corvine Society.

E. Nesbit: A Biography (1933) by Doris Langley Moore.

Twice Seven (1933) by H. C. Bainbridge.

The Quest for Corvo (1934) by A. J. A. Symons. One copy with newspaper article on Corvo by Montague Summers and two letters-to-the-editor pasted in. The Penguin edition (1940). The Folio Society edition (1952). The Michigan State University edition (1955).

Points: Second Series (1934) by Percy H. Muir. Contains Symons' bibliographical check-list on Corvo.

Hubert's Arthur (1935) by Prospero and Caliban. One copy (in First Issue binding) a misprinting, with Signature G printed on the verso of Signature F.

The Songs of Meleager (1937) by Frederick Baron Corvo (Fr. Rolfe) in collaboration with Sholto Douglas. Inserted are two original drawings in ink by Corvo for decorations (one used) and a letter by Symons to Dawkins for checking the accuracy of Corvo's translation from the Greek. Together with the publisher's dummy cover in orange cloth. Together with *Fifty Poems of Meleager* (1890) translated by Walter Headlam. This book belonged to Dawkins and was loaned to Corvo.

The Saturday Book: Fifth Year (1954). Contains "Battle of Hollywell" by Julian Symons.

Henry Irving (1951) by Laurence Irving. Contains a letter by Corvo to Irving on his production of *Dante*.

Magazine articles by Corvo: Notes and Queries, 1886. The Studio, 1893: four photographs by Corvo and possibly some anonymous articles by him. The Yellow Book, 1895-6: Six Toto stories in three issues. The Wide World Magazine, 1898: "How I Was Buried Alive." The Butterfly, 1898: a Toto story. The Monthly Review, 1903: "Notes on the Conclave." The Pall Mall Magazine, 1906: "The Princess's Shirts."

Miscellaneous items: Five-page ms. manifesto, Venice, about 1910. One letter to Rev. W. E. Scott-Hall, written from the Hollywell workhouse, January 9th, 1899. Complete correspondence from Corvo to Professor Dawkins, from xxj Dec. 1907" to 31 May 1912. Corvine Society: "A True Recital of the Procedure of the First Banquet," June 1929, together with Professor Dawkins' invitations to the two banquets and the signed menu of each, with a letter from Shane Leslie to Symons acknowledging receipt of the "True Recitals" and pointing out a printer's error, never corrected. Four letters by Grant Richards to the Golden Cockerel Press about a proposed book on Corvo (never written). Pirated typescript of "Venice letters," together with Millard's catalogue describing these letters. One photograph taken by Corvo in Venice about 1909.

Letters about Corvo from Mrs. van Someren, Sir Gerald Campbell, Malcolm Hay, Sir Francis Meynell, Mrs. Ragg, Sir Max Beerbohm and the English Admiralty. Various booksellers' catalogues, notably G. F. Sims'. Various articles on Corvo and his work in periodicals and books. *The Cantab* by Shane Leslie and *The Sentimentalists* by Benson. A four-page folder on Corvo by A. T. Bartholomew. A brief biographical note on Corvo by Dawkins. Corvo's death notice clipped from the Aberdeen Gazette, 29 October 1913. And a ticket marking his final resting place in Venice.

But the high point of my collection is a most recent acquisition. The book is Addison's English translation of Petronius, published in 1736. The book lacks the frontispiece and was rebound in 1879 in full leather. On the cover is Corvo's wax seal. On the fly-leaf it has an initialed inscription by Corvo to the person he gave it to, Professor Dawkins. (One of his letters, dated "xvj Apr. 1908," mentions this book going to Dawkins.) On the inside of the front cover is Corvo's wax seal again, and beneath this is Corvo's small purple book-plate: a crucified youth, flanked by the Greek words "The Whetstone of the Soul."

THE ARK PRESS

by JOHN MASON, F.R.S.A.

I greatly enjoyed reading Christopher Sandford's article on "Private Press Printing" in the first number of *P.L.A. Quarterly*. As he did not then mention the Ark Press I thought that a few notes on Kim Taylor's work might be of some interest.

Dartington Hall is down in South Devon, near the lovely town of Totnes. It is an ancient place if not much touched by history. The Dart flows through the grounds and past the famous co-educational school buildings. A very peaceful place in which to work and to dream.

Here at Foxhole, Dartington, now lives Kim Taylor, and this is what he told me: "I came to bookmaking through a love of literature and art. After the war I edited and designed *Art in Industry*, a magazine of industrial design and craft sponsored by a newly formed equivalent of the Council of Industrial Design in India. It had Government aid and it was a lavish publication. Time spent at the press introduced me to the mysteries of printing. At that time I had a copy of D. H. Lawrence's *Man Who Died*, designed by your father, J. H. Mason, R.D.I., with John Farleigh's engravings. I wrote to John Farleigh and he let me publish an article on *An Illustrated Book*. It was a seed.

"Five years passed before the opportunity offered in the shape of an old Albion, a shed to house it and the time to try my hand. During the winter of 1954 I handled type for the first time. I was soon doing small jobbing printing and planning the first books out of The Ark. Two friends, Ru van Rossem and John Cossar, joined to produce a half imperial edition of *St. Matthew Passion*; the latter cut the entire text in lino and van Rossem did wonderful



illustrations that were a mixture of copper engraving, deep etching and aquatinting in several colours. It was a long labour and only 25 copies were produced on Japanese vellum to sell at 7 guineas; they were immediately sold out and a copy was purchased for the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

"My main interest lies, however, not in rare books but in producing well designed illustrated books that anyone can afford if he will miss a meal or two at worst. I got permission to reprint *Life*, an essay by D. H. Lawrence. Van Rossem did wood engravings for it.

"During this time of trial (i.e. experiment), I met Kenneth Worden, a commercial printer in Marazion, Cornwall. He ran a small but most efficient family business and was incalculably generous in his advice and practical assistance given. I decided to print the book not on my Albion but on his Wharfedale. It was a happy decision for the association begun then has made possible the continuance of The Ark, even though I have been on the move and not able to tackle the printing myself.

"*Life* appeared, and copies seemed to find their way about the world. 250 were made at 7s. each. The edition is sold out. I started teaching then and have been in schools since, and the The Ark continues as a spare time pursuit. *Life* brought two manuscripts that were subsequently published, and it is likely that a third will result from it.

"Some pamphlets and other items of job printing have been produced, but my primary interest lies in illustrated books. I know a number of young artists who live by addressing envelopes, selling tobacco, etc.; I would like to be able to make their work known. I have many plans and wait upon the 'wherewithal.' I like to feel that all those involved in a particular book *are* the Ark Press for the time the work lasts; the association of author, artist, designer, printer is close as can be.

"I should particularly mention the association of Kenneth Worden and myself. It is a happy instance I feel of how the enthusiastic amateur, who has the leisure and love to spend upon dreams and schemes for a book, can work with an ordinary commercial printer for the benefit of both. With every job I sigh



for what might have been if I could have handled the type myself, while the printer is all the while infinitely patient of what must seem excessive fussiness. We reach a compromise; a fair one I feel. If my wings are sometimes clipped, it has the result that I can offer at ordinary prices what seem to be somewhat-out-of-the-ordinary books.

The immediate future holds a book by D. H. Lawrence. I was approached last year by Professor Warren Roberts of Texas University (who came upon a copy of the *Ark's Life*), to design and produce Lawrence's *Look! We Have Come Through*. This I am about to do for word has just come to say that Texas University are making funds available.

"Lawrence pointed out that 'These poems should not be considered separately . . . They are intended as an essential story, or confession, or history, unfolding one from another in organic development, the whole revealing the intrinsic experience of a man during the crisis of manhood, when he marries and comes into himself.' The book is being designed to further this intention. As

it comprises a cycle of love poems, we had hoped for an introduction by Freida Lawrence. She welcomed the project, but her sickness and death made impossible the writing of this special introduction. We hope, however, to substitute another piece by her.

"The poems are too personal and Lawrence's own imagery too who'e and individual to allow for illustration by another. I am, therefore, planning to have wood engraved endpapers, a new interpretation of Lawrence's Phoenix symbol, and one or two other decorative elements. I have not finally determined who the artist will be. To the eye of my heart it looks a handsome book, but the main work remains to be done. A later, smaller project, waiting upon funds, is an edition of *The Canticle of the Sun* by St. Francis. Illustrated by woodcuts and printed on handmade paper. I will do these myself.



"I should mention that the Ark is non-profit making. Apart from the books in the printing of which I have personally participated, other publications of the Ark have been paid for — by authors or others concerned. Neither I nor the Ark have funds in hand, and activity begins and ends with each book. But I do not publish a MS. unless I am interested in it. Given that interest I am well content so long as production bills are paid. I ask nothing for my piloting. This 'amateurliness' leaves me free, but does of course have the disadvantage that so many books I would love to bring into light must lie in the dark of my desires. There are artists too who would be glad of the opportunity . . ."

Kim's latest publication, *The Singing Air*, poems and masks by Harold Morland, is limited to 250 copies. It is illustrated with drawings by Cyril Satorsky, some of which I reproduce here. Set in Bembo types on Abbey Mills Greenfield paper by Worden, the blocks are by Garratt and Atkinson. The binding is in black Linson with spine lettering and side decoration of Rosa Mystica in gold from brasses supplied by Sylvia Book Production Services. The hand binder responsible is C. Eric McNally, also of Dartington. The published price is 15/-. Here is a charming little book in very limited edition, to make a gift that is different and you a discriminating patron. More power to Kim Taylor. Perhaps, one day, he will let me make some unusual paper for a book from the Ark Press in my small hand made mill in Leicester.



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