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The Private Library

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE
PRIVATE LIBRARIES ASSOCIATION

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Vol. 5 : No. 2

April 1964

The Private Libraries Association
65 Hillway, London N.6

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The Private Library

Quarterly Journal of the Private Libraries Association
Hon. Editor: Philip Ward, 28 Parkfield Crescent, North Harrow, Middlesex
Vol. 5 No. 2 April 1964

Association Affairs

Presidential Address and Annual General Meeting

Our new President is to be Percy Muir, a director of Elkin Mathews Ltd. and the author of numerous books and articles on book-selling and collecting. He will take as the subject of his Presidential Address: 'Words'.

The meeting, to which members and their guests are cordially invited, will take place in the National Book League's Lamont Room, 7 Albemarle Street, London, W.1, on Monday, April 20th, at 6.30 p.m. Light refreshments will be provided after the Address, and the Annual General Meeting will follow at about 8.00 p.m.

The Private Library

Three of our regular series continue in this number. From Nice, bibliographer J. Rives Childs describes his adventures searching for the elusive works of Restif de la Bretonne. Rigby Graham, from Leicester, surveys the press of Mount St. Bernard Abbey in our private-press pages, while our bookshops article (submitted this quarter by S. K. Blackmore from Oxford) is devoted to the West of England.

R. L. Collison's contribution on "Indexing the Novels of Surtees" created a great deal of interest when it appeared in *The Private Library* for July 1962. His "Jorrocks Handbook" has now been privately published from 39 Rudall Crescent, London N.W.3 to coincide with the Surtees centenary last month. Mr. Collison, Librarian of the British Broadcasting Corporation, is currently preparing for this journal a brief history of the Hampstead Subscription Library, upon whose committee he serves.

April 1964

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COLLECTING RESTIF

DE LA BRETONNE *J. Rives Childs*

IN the course of a mis-spent life I have collected five authors with passion, beginning with G. A. Henty in my boyhood. It is some measure of the decline of our so-called, or rather mis-called, "civilization" that Henty should be deadlier for boys of today than, for us, a railway time-table of 1864. Crime movies and comic books—or more appropriately "tragic" books—have catapulted contemporary youth into the ranks of teddie boys in London and warring gangs in New York, at an age when the Henty books of my time were keeping us out of trouble—at least in our boyhood.

The collection of works by Henty was never a bibliophilic pursuit on my part, more's the pity. It was not for many years that I was to have sufficient means to make a serious collection of first and other editions of an author. My first notable collection began with Henry Miller in 1939, then Restif in 1945. In 1954 I passed to Casanova which led me, in turn, to a collaborator and adventuresome associate, Ange Goudar.

I was under the impression that the indulgent readers of *The Private Library* had already their fill of my accounts of collecting Miller and Casanova. Then, in the midst of preparation of a full-length Italian edition of my biography of Casanova, together with three other typescripts: "Operation Torch", "The History and Principles of German Military Ciphers, 1914-1918" and another of which I had best remain silent before being charged with introducing unauthorized American commercials into a British light—or should I say "heavy" programme?—I received a letter from Philip Ward soliciting an account of my collection of Restif. It goes to show how much solid punishment the British can take. I had never looked upon my British cousins as masochists (if Irish Americans may claim kinship with Ireland and Zionists with Israel, a Virginian is equally entitled to do so with England. If this is a *non-sequitur* let purists make the most of it). What I would have preferred to write would have been a piece on Goudar, author of more than fifty books and ephemeral pamphlets, of which I have acquired, by a series of miracles, twenty-nine. I offer a perpetual burning candle to the reader who finds me *The Chinese Spy*. But a peace on these personal notes; let us to Restif if there is no escape for you or for me.

In any case this will be the last as, at seventy, I shall soon be collecting only dust.

It all came about very curiously: I was living in Egypt and had never heard of Restif; for that matter there are many of his own countrymen who are still as ignorant of him as I was back in my Dark Ages. It was a time when I was intensely inquisitive and had the quaint notion of dipping into all human knowledge. About 1931 I picked up from a catalogue *Sexual Life in France, including a history of its erotic literature*, Panurge Press, New York, purportedly written by Henry L. Marchand. Marchand impressed me as being even more inquisitive than I, with a far wider range of knowledge of his subject. Not only that but it contained a much greater store of learning than I had credited Americans with possessing on this esoteric branch of human activity. One of the authors treated was Restif for whom it was evident Marchand had little respect.

Instead of repelling me, Marchand's strictures stimulated my appetite. If Restif were as horrible as Marchand represented him I wondered how he could have been brought to plough through him so thoroughly. It was not until long afterwards that I learned that, far from being American, Marchand had been arbitrarily credited by the publishers with authorship of a section of Paul Englisch's *Geschichte der erotischen Literatur* (Stuttgart, 1927). The antipathy of Marchand (Englisch) proved all the more curious, in subsequent research, when I found that, from the first appearance of Restif's works, he had awakened greater interest in Germany than in any other foreign country, with a greater number of German translations than in any other language, and that he was particularly appreciated by Goethe, Schiller and Wilhelm von Humboldt. *Ne quid nimis*.

While on vacation in Annecy in 1936 I purchased my first Restif, the Liseux reprint of *Monsieur Nicolas*, one of the most fascinating autobiographies in literature. My French was then meagre and it was hard going. Then I acquired Mathers' translation in five volumes, with a preface by Havelock Ellis; with this crib I came to share Ellis' admiration of the work. It is, however a romanticized account and for authenticity it cannot be compared with Casanova's *Histoire de ma vie*.

In 1945-46 I spent some months in Paris, officially commissioned to do a book for which I had no strong inclination and even less capacity. With time on my hands the fancy took me to make a collection of Restif's first and other editions. Nothing was then easier as most people were selling rather than buying old books. My first acquisition was the

Mimographe (1770), a very dull work on the theatre, found in a shop on the rue de Seine for a pittance. In my innocence of Parisian book practices it was a little while before I discovered that secondhand book dealers tended to specialize. As a result I sedulously frequented those who stocked Restifs, including Rossignol in the rue Bonaparte and Clavreuil in St. André des Arts, without altogether neglecting others (in an art shop I once found one of the rarest Restifs, exquisitely bound, which was released for a song). At Rossignol's I found a treasure, a lot of no less than some thirty titles, he had just purchased from a descendant of one of Restif's two daughters. At that time the rarest Restifs could be had for ridiculous prices, the most expensive costing £30 for an original edition of *Monsieur Nicolas*. I once bought a second edition of *Le Pied de Fanchette* (1776) in full morocco for about 30/- and hesitated a week before paying that price. Later a representative of the Bibliothèque Nationale assured me he had never seen one so bound; neither, since, have I. Luckily for me Restif was then practically a forgotten figure in France and, when known, enjoyed little esteem. His *Anti-Justine*, never completed, and printed by him in only a half-a-dozen copies, but later extensively reprinted, had given him a reputation in France as a purely erotic writer. As a journalist he had been fond of such provocative titles, as *Le Pornographe*, a work whose excitation was exclusively that of the title. In addition to his quite undeserved reputation as a writer exclusively of erotica—one which has equally unjustly plagued Henry Miller—Restif was looked askance at by the French, who put such store by style, on account of his verbosity and lack of elegance. Another mark against him was that he had been a proletarian. On one occasion when I inquired of the *patronne* of a bookshop near the Institute if she had any Restifs I was shown the door and probably only escaped physical violence by my precipitate exit.

Then I was ordered to Saudi Arabia where I spent four years. I took my Restifs with me, along with a copy of Paul Lacroix's bibliography. Monselet had first broken that ground with a useful little work which was, however, hardly more than a checklist. Lacroix had followed with a vast compendium. For his accumulation of detail he was excellent but in discriminating between editions he was not only misleading but at times useless. I could make neither head nor tail of his collation of one of Restif's most important works, *Le Paysan Perversi* (1776), of which I had half-a-dozen editions of the almost score which had been printed. With the fairly rapid additions to my collection by purchases from catalogues and through auctions in London and Paris and annual visits

to Europe, I soon had the material for a new bibliography. Publication of it in 1949, *Restif de la Bretonne, Témoignages et Jugements. Bibliographie* (Briffaut, Paris), was in many ways a mistake. Restif suddenly was given a vogue, prices increased to astronomical heights. It is doubtful if a Croesus could have formed again a collection similar to mine as Restifs disappeared from the market. From bitter experience my advice to collectors is to avoid publication of a bibliography of any author they may be collecting, particularly one little-known and not in demand, until they are reasonably satisfied of having exhausted the possibilities of adding to their collection.

The formation of my own was not without amusing incidents which convinced me that there is nothing like books to bring out the best in our fellowmen. As for women, books seem to bring out their *worst* traits, of which I was given an instance by one of my own compatriots. Knowing nothing of books and convinced that the male world was in conspiracy to take advantage of her widowhood, she could not be brought to accept the offers I made her. She died and the books I coveted are hidden from us all in confined crates. I might add that they were not Restifs.

A Frenchman was far more generous. I first heard of him when a bookdealer informed me that he had a very extensive collection of Restifs. During more than a year I sought in vain his acquaintance. Finally a rendez-vous was arranged. When we became fast friends he confided that he had deliberately eluded me, not wishing to establish contact with a fellow-collector. My project to publish a new bibliography so far excited his interest that he, in the end, conducted me to his home and insisted on letting me have, at the prices he had paid, those volumes from his own collection which I lacked.

Another instance of French generosity. I was once inquiring of Clavreuil about where I might find certain cheap reprints, often more elusive than original editions. A stranger who overheard the conversation asked me to wait a few moments while he went to his home nearby where he thought he had the editions. He returned shortly with three. As Clavreuil had told me during his absence that he was a fellow bookdealer I inquired how much I owed him. "Nothing. I bought them for a trifle. I see they mean much to you. Permit me to offer them for your collection." Clavreuil himself gave me once evidence of this same chevaleresque spirit which marks so many of those who deal in books. He had his private collection of Restif which contained the one first edition of which I was lacking. I had vainly bid for one in an

auction sale in New York where it had gone for almost £100. Clavreuil had refused to entertain repeated pleas on my part for its purchase. Finally when I renewed the assault he shrugged his shoulders. "I see I can't hold out on you, take it." My hands trembled as I handled the precious small volume. "How much do I owe you?" "A thousand francs." "A thousand francs!" I exclaimed. "Impossible, I could never accept it at that price; it would be bare-faced theft on my part." "A thousand francs," he insisted. "I only paid five hundred; I don't believe in excessive profiteering." I argued that it was worth far more and that my conscience would not be easy in accepting it at such a price. I pressed him to permit me at least to give something to his son and he was finally persuaded, but would accept no more than a few bob. My covetousness overcame my scruples and I left with the book in my possession, with a thoroughly guilty conscience, and assuring him that I was still deeply in his debt. When I returned to Saudi Arabia I sent him a rare first edition of the *Paysan*, of which I had a duplicate, writing him that this was only a first instalment in the discharge of my obligation.

On one of my visits to Paris I found in a bookshop in the rue Drouot volumes I and II of a four-volume edition of the *Paysan*, the title page of which puzzled me. I asked that they be put aside. That night the light came over me. They were one of a dozen sets which Restif had described in *Monsieur Nicolas* as having been run off for the Paris police, with the omission of his name and that of the editor on the title page. When I wrote my bibliography, in describing them, I suggested that volumes III and IV would contain the same number of pages as those of an edition which I had conjectured must be the first. Several years later H. W. Edwards found a complete set of one of the twelve which fully confirmed my prognostications. When he listed it in a catalogue at £75 I made him an offer of £50 and my incomplete set. He very graciously accepted but proposed that I retain the two volumes which he could never hope to complete. When acknowledging my cheque he wrote that, in the meantime he had had two offers of £75 but that he stood by his price to me. I proposed to release him but, with that sterling integrity of the English, he could not be moved. I was now in a position to reduce further my debt to Clavreuil, to whom I sent the two odd volumes which, with the complete one, are probably all that have survived of Restif's original dozen.

About 1947 I came across a three-volume edition of *L'Ecole des pères* in original calf which I had long sought. The elderly *patronne* of the

shop stated that she would hold it for me until the doctor to whom it belonged decided on the price which he had failed to fix when he left it. "But I am leaving tomorrow for Arabia." "Never mind, we shall not sell it until you return." I was not so sure but there was nothing I could do about it. A year later I reappeared to find a young woman in charge of the shop. I inquired about Restifs. "Yes, we have one but it is being held for a customer." I explained that it must be me, recalled the circumstances of my previous visit and learned, to my disappointment that the doctor had never shown up. I was again assured that it would be held for me in the meanwhile. This time I left with less inquietude on that score. I was again absent for almost a year. Upon my reappearance I found a young man in charge. Renewed explanations. The doctor had still not put in an appearance. I could not conceal my disappointment and sense of frustration. The dealer was more than sympathetic. "Here, take the books. You have waited long enough. You have an honest face, they are better in your hands than in the Russians should they invade us. I shall let you know the price when I learn it. You can then either send me the money or return the books." Six months later I was informed that the doctor had been found. As the price was quite reasonable the books were at last my own.

I cannot omit one final story involving the famous Dr. A. S. Rosenbach. When the first part of Lucien Wilmerding's library was sold at auction in New York I failed to obtain any of the Restifs I sought. In a call on Dr. Rosenbach I mentioned my bad luck. "Why didn't you apply to me?" "But, Doctor, I would never have dreamed of bothering you with trifles." He assured me he would be happy to take care of my bids for the second part of the sale. There were five items I sought, the most important, *L'Educographe*, printed in only twenty-five copies, of which even the Bibliothèque Nationale had only an incomplete one. When I placed my bid Dr. Rosenbach wrote that I would never obtain it at the price offered. I doubled it; he assured me my chances were still practically nil. I doubled it again. He still thought it insufficient and estimated that it would bring about \$2,200. I replied that my last bid was already higher than I could afford and that I must cry quits. I was in Ethiopia when the sale took place. I had an exultant cable from him announcing that he had obtained all my desiderate, including *L'Educographe* which had gone for only \$175. It was followed by a long letter to the effect that auction prices were as mysterious and as unaccountable as women. I later learned that I owed my good fortune to a tragedy. European dealers had commissioned the Genevan bookdealer König to

represent them at the sale; he had died on the eve of embarkation, too late for any European bids to be entered.

With so many memories surrounding my collection it was a great wrench to part from it recently. I was only brought to do so by advancing age and a desire that it should pass to an institution of learning where it might serve some more practical purpose than the adornment of my study. Marc Chadourne, the well known French writer, had come to make use of it when writing his biography of Restif. I had had visits from students at Yale and Harvard who came to have access to it for their theses. A book with the forbidding title of *Sexual Life in France* had borne strange fruit.

PRINTING AT MOUNT SAINT BERNARD ABBEY

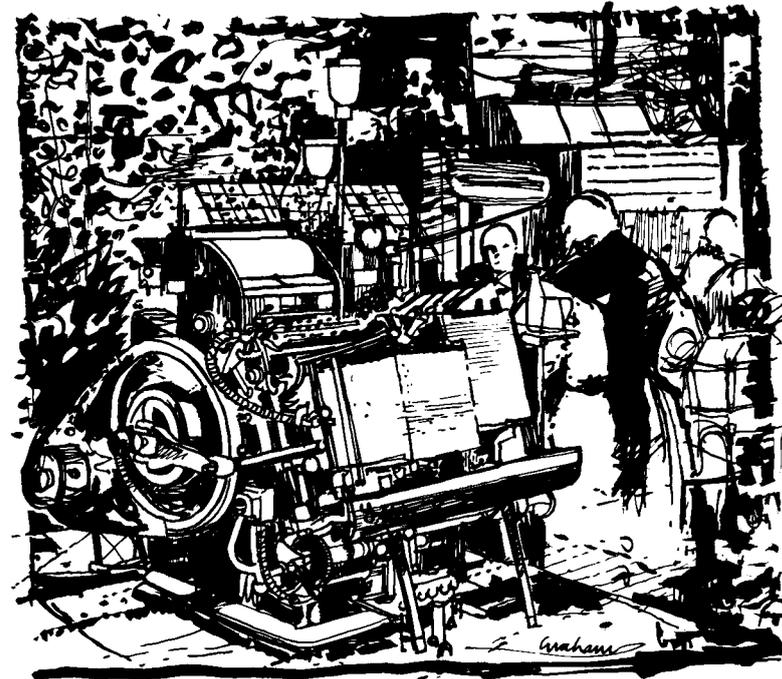
by Rigby Graham

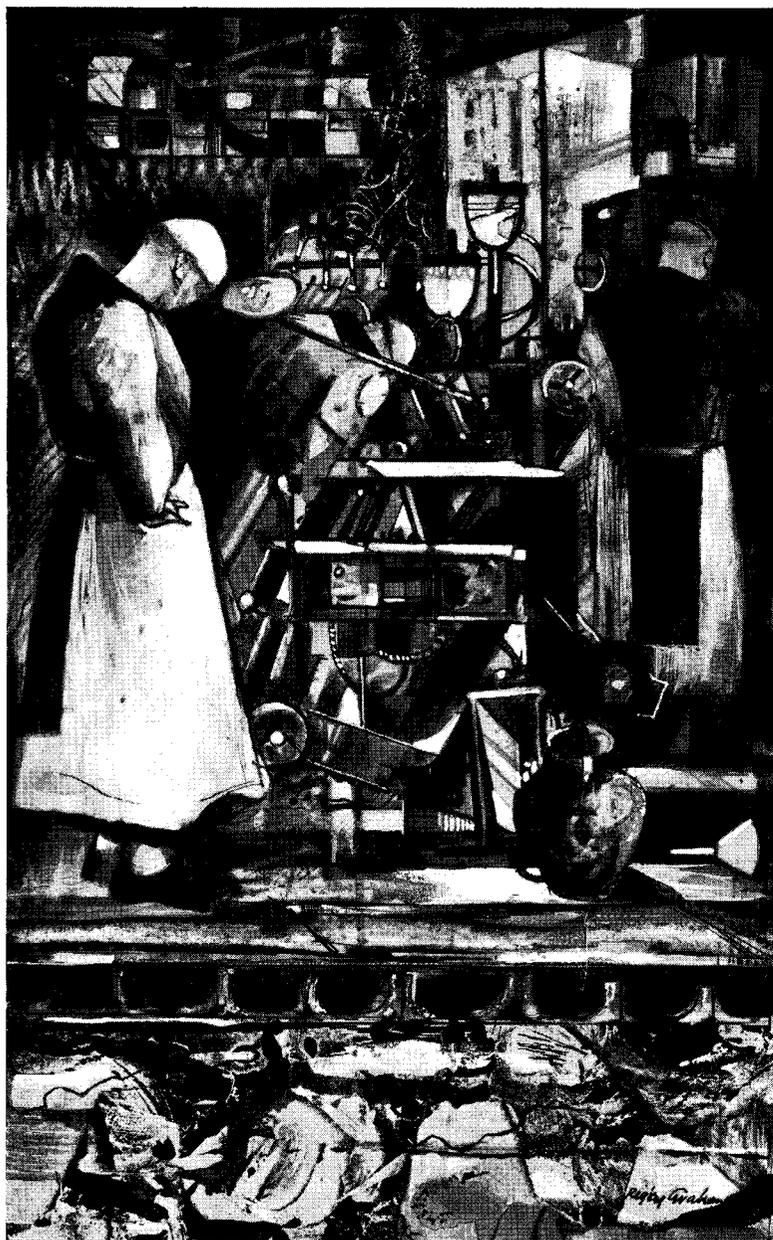
DEEP in Charnwood Forest, not far from the mining town of Coalville, lies the Abbey of Mount Saint Bernard, home of the Cistercians of the Strict Observance and the first Catholic abbey to be built in England since the Reformation.

The gaunt and jagged rocks of Charnwood blue black against the skyline, and the lichen covered dry-stone walls which line the roads of the forest, form a striking setting. Though warm and friendly in summer, in winter it is bleak and severe, and the Charnwood fogs and mists can descend in a moment to make perilous any journey by car or on foot. In the early part of the year snow often lies many feet deep in drifts and the roads become impassable and can remain so for many days on end. Then the great granite building, the creation of the Catholic architect Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin, and the result of much labour by many monks, its stocky lantern tower in place of Pugin's visionary soaring spire, stands like a sentinel above the wastes of buried rocks and stunted thorn trees—a complete world within itself.

Although there are six Cistercian foundations in the British Isles, this is the only one in England. There is one on Caldey Island off Tenby, Wales and the others are in Ireland. Of these four, three have presses—

*Drawings by Rigby Graham
of the presses at Mount Saint Bernard Abbey*





Mount Mellerey, Waterford; Port Glenone, Antrim; Ros Cré, Tipperary; but whereas these confine their printing to jobbing printing only, the Saint Bernard Press does prestige work and book work as well. All the official printing for the whole order is, however, carried out, as it has been for at least the century past, at Westmalle in Belgium where the antiphonaria and the great folio choir books are printed.

The monastery is almost self-supporting and life within is a careful balance of prayer, quiet study, work and meditation. The work of the Cistercians traditionally has been farming and stock raising, pottery, carpentry and building—crafts which follow their normal way of life. As times have changed and their farm has become highly mechanised, so other crafts like mechanical engineering have been introduced. Printing however is something of a departure but as someone gave them a press ten years ago they thought it might as well be put to good use.

The press is run like any other of the departments within the monastery, jobs go through with official time sheets as they would in any trade printing house and the standards of the press are not those of dabblers and amateurs. There is none of the precious private press stuff here—they are printers—jobbing printers who print business cards, letter heads, prospectuses, leaflets, catalogues, school reports, magazines, display cards, commercial work of all kinds. Yet because their work is done with love and understanding, with infinite care for the minutiae of print, with a dilettante's enthusiasm for the job in hand, and a professional's pride and skill, they can and do produce press books for customers which compare with the finest. Cloistered but not blinkered, they are surprisingly progressive. Unhindered by the long and often narrow apprenticeship of many a printer they are willing to tackle the most unusual project. However outrageous your demand, a benign smile, a knowing look or wink, and if it is at all possible, it is done—quickly, quietly, efficiently. They are modest and deprecating about their work, but as one who has taxed their ingenuity occasionally and their patience frequently, I know just how much has gone into some of their productions.

The press room is reached after a journey through the monastery, along uneven granite corridors paved in part with quarry tiles worn uneven by the padding feet of the past century. These corridors are continually being enlarged and extended, altered and rebuilt, plastered and painted. Finally an external flight of stone steps is reached which leads steeply up into a store room, shrouded in darkness, the worn

floor littered with sacks, planks of wood, owl pellets and bird lime. Through a door on the right and the gloom is dispelled by the airy cheerfulness of a huge, well lit and well laid out press room, forty feet long, twenty feet wide and eighteen feet high, with a beamed roof and mullioned windows, freshly painted and with all unsightly pipes and cables encased in Nigerian mahogany cabinet work.

The press is run by Father Patrick—compositor; Father Gilbert—machine minder, folder, stitcher, silk-screen operator, builder and guillotine operator; and Father Clement—Director, Business and Production Manager, overseer and foreman. This team, a companionable crowd of three, through complete understanding of one another and a pretty shrewd understanding of their customers, work and integrate one with another like a well-oiled, silent running machine.

The press started in 1954 in a shed with a hand-fed treadle platen of uncertain parentage and a fount or two of Perpetua—they still have the Perpetua but the platen passed on a few years ago. As the press grew and it acquired equipment, so it expanded where it could. The machine room was in the corner of an orchard, the comp. room, some 250 yards away, was in a loft over a joiner's shop. This was reached by climbing an almost vertical ladder in the dark, easy enough to negotiate empty-handed and upwards, but a different problem when on the downward journey laden with galleys of type, as the resulting pie in the sawdust proved. 8pt. Gill, even bold, proves difficult to sort after such treatment. The guillotine was housed in some dairy buildings another hundred yards away and this presented problems during wet or blustery weather. A few months ago all the parts were brought together under one roof and now they have in one room, with specially strengthened floor, above the kitchen, the whole Saint Bernard Press.

Their equipment, reading clockwise, consists of a crown Glockner Cylinder, a crown folio Heidelberg Auto platen, a vintage Multilith, a Brehmer stitcher, a crown folio Cundall folder (capable of two parallel and two cross folds, which will also perforate, score and slit) and finally a giant clanking 32-inch Furnival, more like a traction engine than a guillotine, which would make any factory inspector blanch and is known affectionately as 'Grunting Bill'.

The Cundall folder is a comparatively new acquisition of which they are inordinately proud. A robed printer will demonstrate at the slightest excuse its most complicated manoeuvre with a piece of fast-moving and fast-diminishing paper, the speed of which would put to shame a Paddington card-sharper. At the farthest end of the room,

some forty feet from the entrance, in the composing area, stand orderly ranks of type cases. Bembo is their house type and they hold all sizes from 6 to 36pt. Roman and Italic and, where available, bold. They have a variety of display faces mainly in the smaller sizes, and a whole collection of founts of various condition, ancestry and breeding which are nevertheless used on occasion with skill, taste and typographic humour, depending on the job in hand and the known or surmised reaction of the customer. They have Gill, Grot 215, Spartan, Times Roman, Engraver's Roman, Marina Script and Bologna—a favourite for prayer settings. Most of their type is Riscatype from Yendalls, but they have a fair quantity of Schneidler's Legend (Bauer) which they got from the foundry in Barcelona. Any quantity of setting to be done is sent out, often to C. and E. Laytons where it is set mechanically and on return is put through the stick so that the finest adjustments of spacing can be made.

The current fashion and development of silk screening has not been missed by them, and they have turned out one or two recent jobs on simple equipment made by Father Gilbert. They are always ready to try out new ideas and will willingly give of their limited time to experimental work. Their life is primarily one of prayer and meditation, and the time they can devote to their craft is of necessity short. The hours of their day are long, for they rise first at two a.m. and retire as darkness falls, and are asleep while many of us have not yet taken our evening meal.

I have spent many happy hours among them, and on leaving the monastery and making my way homeward across the forest I have sometimes thought that it is both odd and yet fitting that the earliest books were produced in the monastic foundations and today these silent Cistercians in this rather gaunt monastery are producing printing and books which are the result of love, skill, patience and faith.

My thanks are due to the monks of Mount Saint Bernard for their permission to write this, and their assistance in doing so. R.G.

BOOKSHOPS OF BRISTOL BATH AND WELLS

by Sidney Blackmore

THE cities of Bristol, Bath and Wells form a triangle in northern Somerset. These three cities have superb great churches, which are well worth visiting, and to the bibliophile they present another attraction—that of some excellent secondhand bookshops.

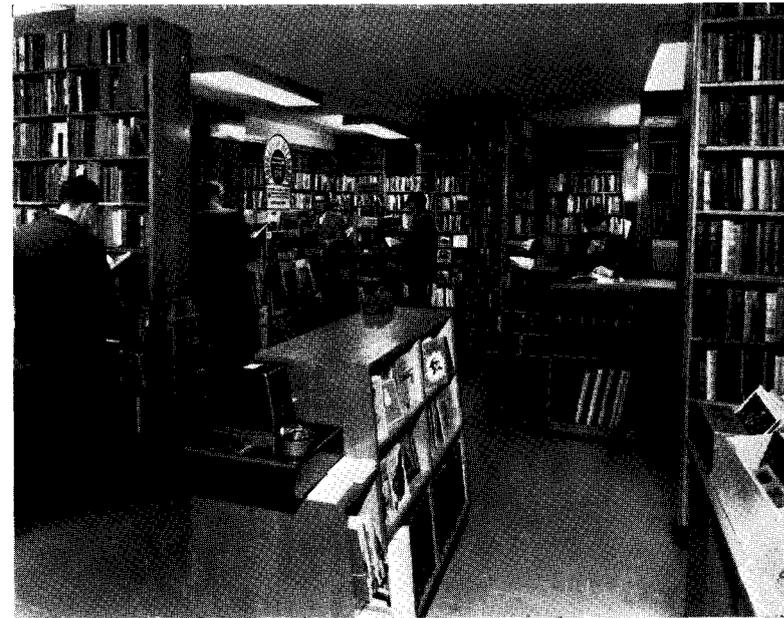
BRISTOL

Bristol is fortunate in having a long and varied literary history. It was here, in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, that Chatterton, a son of the city, claimed to have found the Rowley poems. The City Library is, after Norwich, the earliest municipal library in England; and an early register of the Bristol Library Society records the borrowings made by Coleridge and Southey during their residence in the city. It was also in Bristol that Joseph Cottle, the poetaster, and publisher of the *Lyrical Ballads*, had his bookshop. With such a rich background, it is not surprising to find an interesting group of secondhand and antiquarian bookshops in this university city.

Situated at the top of Park Street, near to the University, is the large shop of George's, who have been booksellers since 1847, and who are now probably the largest booksellers in the West Country. Their secondhand department contains a wealth of material, which is particularly rich in British topography, archaeology, art, English Literature and world travel. George's is always a rewarding browsing ground, for the firm purchases well-known private libraries from many parts of the British Isles. For those unable to visit Bristol, George's issue up to twelve catalogues a year. Recently the secondhand department has been rebuilt and sandwiched between two additional floors. Also quite close to the University, in Triangle West, is John Roberts' Bookshop. Mr. Roberts has a good stock of general secondhand books and tries to specialise in Bristol, Somerset and Gloucestershire topography and local flora.

Half way up Christmas Steps, between Rupert Street and Colston Street is George's Book Store. The two rooms are piled high with books, while more books form islands in the centre of the floor. The

*George's Bristol:
part of the secondhand department*



books are mainly quite recent, covering practically every subject, fiction being particularly well represented.

At the top of Christmas Steps, in Colston Street, is Peter Dalwood's bookshop. The ground floor contains new books, secondhand topography and prints, and a room on the first floor has a wide selection of books on the arts and theatre.

Near to Bristol Bridge, across the street from a brewery and in a desert of commerce and industry is R. J. Beard's oasis of peace. It has a good selection of topography and a large stock of theological books.

Mrs. D. Budge, of Lawrence Hill House specialises in books on antiques and aviation. Book lists are issued monthly.

Mr. W. Hodges of 30 Caledonia Place has a postal business specialising in music and Greek and Latin classics.

BATH

In *The Rivals* Lydia Languish sends her maid to Mr. Frederick's Library in Bath for a selection of novels. It is also in this city that Catherine Morland, the heroine of *Northanger Abbey*, develops an interest in Gothic novels and reads *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. More than a century and a half ago the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe and her followers were in great demand in the Bath circulating libraries. Although taste has changed, Bath has several bookshops which can fire the bibliophile's passion and imagination with as much excitement as *Udolpho* arose in Jane Austen's heroine.

The small shop window of the Bath Book Exchange, in Broad Street, displays this notice:

Have you got any books that you have read and no longer need?

Why not exchange them for others here? 6d per book of approximately similar size and condition exchanged by mutual agreement.

It seems a charming scheme and it is pleasant to know that an exchange goes on outside the world of the Private Libraries Association's Exchange Scheme. George S. Adams' Abbey Bookshop in Bath Street, further up from the Book Exchange, is a library with a small room at the back containing a selection of antiquarian and general second books. Off Broad Street in Green Street, built c. 1715-20, is the George Gregory Bookstore. It has a good selection of general second-hand books, some prints and modern books in fine bindings. Searight's Bookshop in New Bond Street Place sells mainly new books, although a room on the first floor is devoted to secondhand volumes.

Linking the Royal Crescent and the Circus is Brock Street, from

which runs Margaret's Buildings, a narrow but attractive street. The Kingsley Bookshop is devoted mostly to antiques, but behind the pictures and vases are quite a lot of secondhand books.

Quite close to the Railway Station in Manvers Street is the firm of George Bayntun, the largest of Bath's bookshops. On the ground floor are displayed a selection of modern books in fine bindings. The bindery of Robert Rivière was incorporated with Bayntun's bindery in 1938. The first floor houses books on English literature and antiquarian books. The basement has a large number of secondhand books on most subjects, together with prints and some interesting book plates.

In Trim Street, facing the house where General Wolfe once lived, is the bookshop of Brian Frost and Co. Ltd. It is an attractive bookshop specialising in antiquarian, general secondhand books and books in fine leather bindings, bound in their own bindery.

C. G. Baker-Fine Books is in private premises at Bathwick, not far from 4 Sydney Place, where Jane Austen lived, and Richard Baker welcomes collectors to talk about and look at books; though he impresses on them that they must not feel obliged to purchase. He specialises in first editions and fine books both antiquarian and modern and is particularly enthusiastic about books being in the best possible original state.

WELLS

Nestling below the Mendip Hills is Wells, a city because of its magnificent Cathedral, but in size no larger than a small market town. It can boast of only one bookshop, but the beauty of the Cathedral, charm of the city and the wealth of books to be found here, make it well worth a visit. In Sadler Street opposite one of the old gatehouses, Brown's Gate, sometimes called Dean's Eye, is Mr. Heap's shop. It is a fascinating browsing place, with many beams and much old woodwork and a glorious scent of mellow volumes. The front part of the ground floor is filled with books on country life, prints and some books in attractive old bindings, at very reasonable prices. The inner room is devoted to English literature, books on aspects of collecting and art. On the first floor is a large room filled with antiquarian books and books on history and topography. The second floor contains classical and theological books.

BRISTOL

R. J. Beard, 29 Bath Street, Bristol Bridge, 1.

* Mrs. D. Budge, Lawrence Hill House, 5.

* Peter Dalwood, 56 Colston Street, 1.

Arthur George, George's Book Store, 5 Christmas Steps, 1.

* William George's Son Ltd., 89 Park Street, 1.

* W. Hodges, 30 Caledonia Place, 8.

* John Roberts, 43 Triangle West, 8.

BATH

George S. Adams, Abbey Bookshop, 3 Bath Street.

* C. G. Baker-Fine Books, 22 Forester Road.

Bath Book Exchange, 35 Broad Street.

* George Bayntun, Manvers Street.

* Brian Frost & Co. Ltd., 13 Trim Street.

George Gregory Bookstore, 8 Green Street.

Kingsley Bookshop, 3 Margaret's Buildings, Brock Street.

Searight's Bookshop, 9 New Bond Street Place.

WELLS

* The Book Shop, 25 Sadler Street.

* *Catalogues or book lists issued.*

REVIEWS

Reviews of new books are usually confined to publications otherwise little-known, such as the output of the private press movement or material deserving especial mention. Signed reviews (for which no payment is made) may be submitted for publication in *The Private Library*.

Illustrating children's books: history, technique, production, by Henry C. Pitz. 207 pp. New York: Watson-Guptill Publications, \$9.75.

Henry C. Pitz is a leading American illustrator, teacher, and author in the field of children's books. Two hundred and three artists are represented in 222 monochrome illustrations and 19 full color plates that cover four centuries of children's books. As is to be expected from a deeply-considered account of the eminent illustrator's own craft, there is material here of use to the raw beginner and to the experienced collector; the pages devoted to professional practice are perhaps the most valuable in the book. There is a short bibliography.

IRVIN KERLAN

A History of English Craft Bookbinding Technique, by Bernard Middleton. Hafner Publishing Co., £3 10s.

This book contains a vast assemblage of factual information collected by a man who not only understands what he is talking about but who works long hours as a practising book-binder and book-restorer. That all the intricacies will be fully comprehensible to any but hand-bookbinders themselves is perhaps open to doubt, and not all of them are of equal interest. But the door is here opened on a world that has hitherto been terra more or less incognita to all but a very few bibliophiles and book collectors.

From the successive use of papyrus, parchment or vellum, and paper for the leaves, to the titling and decoration of the covers of the finished book, every process gets a chapter to itself, tracing the evolution of practice from the dawn of the codex to the present day. The deeds and misdeeds of book-repairers are then followed by six appendices throwing light on social and other conditions influencing bookbinding—particularly during the nineteenth century. The last chapter gives a comprehensive summary. There is a good index.

As might be expected, techniques of comparatively recent years are treated much more fully than are those of the distant past, where Mediterranean and European practices also are touched on to set the scene; of some 300 pages about 250 are devoted to the period after 1500, while about 40 deal with the binding of early MSS and incunables. Among the later developments there is recurring reference to that school of studio-binders which arose under the influence of William Morris through Cobden-Sanderson and Douglas Cockerell.

No book ever published has been without its mistakes; those who enjoy drawing attention to such things will have to work hard here for their rewards. Some of the few opinions expressed may produce fruitful argument, but more opinions from someone with such wide experience would have been welcome; the plates from too limited sources, and some of the illustrations in the text, are disappointing.

Anyone writing about bookbinding inevitably lays himself open to specialized criticism from fellow practitioners, and it seems a pity that this book does not show more imaginative typography and "get-up" generally. One can commiserate with the author for failing to persuade printers and publishers to run the grain of the paper up and down the page instead of across it, but a more attractive appearance would have made this occasion even more welcome.

ROGER POWELL

The Western Heritage of Type Design, edited by R. S. Hutchings. 127 pp. Cory, Adams & Mackay Ltd, £1 15s.

A finely printed anthology of readily available faces which are well designed, or currently favoured, arranged to show the development of Western type design. Each face is displayed, in full, in a large size, with a short historical note on its origins. There are some fifty examples of the usual text faces, and about forty covering fat faces, sans serifs, decorated faces and scripts. The large amount of space devoted to each face, and the limited number of pages available, has necessarily resulted in a rather brief survey of the

field, but within these self-imposed limits this is a useful introduction to the specialised volumes on decorated faces, scripts, italics and romans which are to follow. D.J.C.

The Language of the Foreign Book Trade: abbreviations, terms, phrases, by Jerrold Orne. American Library Association, 50 East Huron Street, Chicago 11, \$5.50. This is a multilingual glossary of book-trade terms in eleven languages: Czech, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch, French, German, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, and Swedish. Nearly one thousand basic terms used in the book-trade are included for every language, the first principle of selection being that of current usage, as found in foreign booksellers' catalogues.

Knowing no German, but being interested in specimens of the private press movement in that country, I was able to check the bibliographical material in the standard book on German private presses, Rodenberg's *Deutsche Pressen*, much more readily than with the aid of a dictionary. Again, descriptions of books in my collection of *Cesky Bibliofil*, a sort of Czech *Fleurion* issued annually in Prague during the 30's, have been made clearer. From the private collector's point of view, this is a volume well worth acquiring if you are interested in books printed in languages other than your own. Apart from this it is an amusing book to dip into. In Dutch, for example, a slipcase has the lovely name of "schuifdoos". For a work of this nature, the price is reasonable. WILLIAM RIDLER

A Large Picture Book of the Engraved Work of Eric Gill. 94 pp., crown quarto, paper covers. HMSO, 12s. 6d. (13s. 3d. by post).

A Catalogue of the Engraved Work of Eric Gill. 266 pp., demy-octavo, cloth. HMSO, 27s. 6d. (28s. 8d. by post).

Just under a quarter of all Gill's engravings, chosen from the collection of file copies of his work presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by his widow in 1952, are reproduced in this Large Picture Book. Not too many of the blocks in the two magnificent volumes issued by Cleverdon in 1929 and Faber in 1934 are duplicated here; those that are, have of course, the merit of being taken from proofs of early states, before the blocks became worn or cracked. Most of the prints have successfully survived the process of photographic reproduction, though there is inevitably some thickening or loss of fine lines. Apart from the illustrations done for books there are a number of less readily available ephemeral pieces, among them thirteen bookplates and five Christmas cards.

The companion Catalogue is also to be welcomed, although of rather more limited appeal. It is the first list of all Gill's work, in chronological sequence, and includes details of several subjects not previously recorded. D.J.C.

Prints by E.R.V., with an introduction by Louis Ginsburg. 40 pp., paper wrappers, 100 copies, price \$5.00 (or on exchange) from Louis Ginsburg, Box 1502, Petersburg, Virginia, U.S.A.

Thirty half-tone reproductions of Mrs. E. Rietsma-Valencia's engravings and etchings are prefaced by a short note on her life, showing how her early training as a gem-cutter in New York was later turned to good account in her work as a graphic artist. Apart from detailed studies taken from nature, the examples shown include a number of fine portraits and eight very attractive bookplates. D.J.C.

RECENT PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS

Gabha, by Raymond Lister. (10 leaves printed on one side only, $7 \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Three copies on vellum, hand-coloured by the artist and bound in leather, £10; 23 copies on Tatsumaki Japanese paper, uncoloured, bound in green buckram, lettered in gold on the spine, price £2. Golden Head Press, 26 Abbey Road, Cambridge, England.) "A visionary study in pictures and words": a curious text with seven line drawings on soft white paper (streaked with brown straw-like fibres) and bound by the Cambridge Bookbinding Guild, make an unusual book, one of the finest Mr. Lister has produced since "The Song of Fionnuala".

The Lost Fisherman, by Frank Cox. (18 pp., $8\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 45 copies, price £1 5s. Gogmagog Press, 3 Heyworth Road, London, E.15, England.) A very short story told with a child's naivety, in an edition whose only fault is that it is too small: those who do not have a standing order for all Morris Cox's books will probably have missed it. The whole book is a very happy affair.

Crash! An Experiment in Blockmaking and Printing, by Morris Cox. (26 leaves, printed on one side only, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 80 copies, not for sale. Gogmagog Press, 3 Heyworth Road, Stratford, London, E.15, England.) Eight blocks printed in Cox's inimitable style, with a haunting story woven round them. Produced for the PLA Society of Private Printers, and including valuable notes on the experimental methods employed.

Forty Beads on a Hangman's Rope, by Rodney Hall. (26 leaves printed on one side only, $10 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 220 copies, price £1 16s. or \$4.60. Wattle Grove Press, 69 George Town Road, Newnham, Tasmania, Australia.) Rolf Hennequel continues his experimental printing, providing on this occasion a platform for the work of one of the young avant-garde Australian poets. The text is set in 14-point Christchurch, which is easier on the eye than some of the faces used in earlier books from the press, and the prelims and colophon are handled with more sobriety too. The binding is still the least pleasing feature: a heavy white art paper pasted round red card covers side-stitched to the separate pages of the book. The poems—"fragments of memory" recalled at the moment of death at the hands of society (or after)—were well worth publishing.

Fingal's Cave, by Lawrence Whistler. (8 pp., $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 180 copies, not for sale. F. E. Pardoe, 9 Crosbie Road, Harborne, Birmingham 17, England.) The most assured piece of typography from Mr. Pardoe yet. The poem is set in Spectrum italic and printed on pale green Tosa Bütten paper, with a delicate line drawing by the author placed, most precisely, on the title page. Apart from a very slight unevenness in the inking, this is a faultless piece. The poem employs tissue-rhyming and end-rhyming "to point the contrast between the illusory and the real, the mock-religion and the true one . . .".

Stony Echoes, 10 poems by Graham Searle. (27 pp., $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 300 copies, price 7s. Taurus Press, 156 Kingshill Drive, Kenton, Middlesex, England.) Ten vigorous wood-engravings by Paul Peter Piech illustrate poems printed in Melior in red and black. A workmanlike piece, reasonably priced. D.J.C.

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