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The Private Library

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE
PRIVATE LIBRARIES ASSOCIATION

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Recent Private Press Books

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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. 3 July 1964

Association Affairs

Presidential Address and Annual General Meeting

Mr Percy Muir, bookseller and authority on collecting, gave the Presidential Address and Eighth Annual Lecture of the Private Libraries Association on April 20th, taking as his theme the development of letters, including the influence of script on type-design. Despite the power failure which prevented Mr Muir from showing the slides he had prepared, the meeting proved very successful, with much discussion—by candle light—following his talk. The Council of the Association is grateful not only to the speaker, but also to the administrative staff of the National Book League, hosts for the occasion and for the subsequent Annual General Meeting.

The Exchange List

Issue 35 of *The Exchange List*, edited by Mr Walter Broome, F.L.A., is sent with this number of the journal. Members are reminded that this remains the sole organ of private-library co-operation throughout the world, and that it depends for its success upon their support. The list of items for free disposal, for sale, or wanted, is the *raison d'être* of the Exchange Scheme, but other sections include notes on members' interests, and a cumulative directory of new members. Notes on lectures, exhibitions, and visits of interest to bookmen in the London and Home Counties area conclude each issue.

"Private Press Books"

Increases in production costs have necessitated an increase in the price of the PLA's checklist of the output of the world's private presses. To be issued this month, *Private Press Books 1963* costs 10/6d or \$1.75 to members, and 15/- or \$2.50 to non-members. Standing orders should go to the Publications Secretary of the Association, 41 Cuckoo Hill Road, Pinner, Middlesex, from whom past volumes are also obtainable.

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RAMPANT LION *by Will Carter*

SOONER or later, if you dig back thoroughly enough, you are bound to come to the point where things began, where the dry tinder burst into flame. It was not, I think, the occasion when, as a boy of twelve, I was taken round the University Press at Oxford and began to feel something of that urge which seems to get us all by the throat. Though it started me off printing little things with a font of Long Primer No. 2, cast at Oxford to Bible height and with only six of each letter, I must confess that the problems of trying to produce anything with type like this, with a home-made wooden press and a piece of roller composition for inking, and at the end of a perishing cold passage in the country vicarage where we lived—these were clearly too much for the rather miserable small boy that I was.

It was not until a parson friend of the family, hearing that I was interested in printing, unloaded on me an almost original Adana 8vo flatbed with some Cheltenham Bold 12 pt., which he had got bored with, that things began to progress. This was some four years later, say 1928, and by this time my brother John had graduated from King's and joined the London branch of Scribners, the New York publishers. The result of this was that his waste-paper basket was always full of pieces of printing, and names like Curwen, Nonesuch, Golden Cockerel became familiar to my eyes and ears, and my scrapbook full of ephemera. Cousin Reynolds Stone gravitated to the University Press at Cambridge to learn printing from Walter Lewis, and engraving from Mr Nobbs at the Press, and later from Eric Gill at Piggotts (Gill sent him back after two weeks, saying there was nothing he could teach him—he knew it all!).

What happened all at once, I seem to remember, was that a chance remark of Rolf Unwin led to the suggestion that perhaps I might be interested in doing a two-year course at Unwin Brothers to learn the trade from the management angle. This at the same time as Reynolds came to live with my family and to practise engraving. This was the

turning point. This was when printing suddenly became not just a possibility but the obvious and most wonderful way to spend one's life. I well remember the hours spent at weekends in a small back room with Reynolds busy engraving, and humming gently, and me producing a very steady output of jobbing stationery on my Adana. Printing and block proofs lay over everything and the smell was ever-present. As I write this, the scene is very similar, with my drawing board occupying a considerable part of the living room and paper spread all over the floor. 'Cello to left of me, double bass to right—so it goes!

Printing books became a possibility when I moved to Cambridge, late in 1934, and found a garret which had a little room at the back where I could at last give the press a reasonably permanent home. A chance meeting with that Georgian poet, Robert Nichols, led to my undertaking to print and publish a small edition of three new poems, *A Spanish Triptych*, and when it became clear that the Adana could not cope with more than the prelims, I decided to borrow some money and buy an Albion. I bought one from T. N. Lawrence, the doyen of all wood engravers, and spent a good deal of time learning how to use it. Several books were printed on this press, and I moved one step forward by having one of the books machine set. It had always seemed to me rather archaic to set everything by hand, and not economic of time when only evenings and weekends were free.

This inevitably led to the next step, a platen press upon which I could do jobbing work commercially and earn some money to buy more equipment. At that time, the Adana people made a foolscap folio treadle platen, a curious machine which consisted of a large drum, round which two inking rollers revolved, and on a segment of which the forme was clipped. Though a cumbersome object, it worked very well on a small type area and was of course wonderfully fast. But it was not built strongly enough to take a forme of any size and, besides, with such an inking system, it meant that the type got inked only *once* with the two rollers, which was not enough. I became aware then of two absolute essentials to good press work—a heavily built machine and a good inking system. I printed *Sonnets from the Portuguese* on it however, set in Cancelleresca Bastarda 16 pt., with five copies on vellum, and it's not a bad job, now I look at it.

About this time I acquired a wife and, just before the war broke out, we rather rashly moved into the house where we still live, which had a wonderful semi-basement for a print shop. I bought an old Bremner Demy folio platen, which was being thrown out because it wasn't

worth fitting a safety guard to it—which became compulsory just at that time. (Incidentally, you will rarely find a pressman using his safety guard, because he would say, quite rightly, that it's more of a hindrance than an asset!)

Well, to cut a long story short, the time came, after the restless war years, when we came to the cross roads and had to decide whether to launch out as a commercial venture and build up a rapidly growing jobbing business, or play safe and stay as a private press. Needless to say, we chose the bold course and, with plenty of luck and hard work, it all came right.

But now of course, though I'm still deliberately single-handed, I can't call myself a private press any more. It's all got a bit too professional. On the other hand it does mean that one has learnt to turn out fairly good stuff and do it *all the time*, and surely no one could ask more from life than that?



THE RECENT OWNERS OF THE GOLDEN PSALTER

by B. S. Cron

ACCORDING to the *Gesta abbatum S. Albani*, at the time of Abbot Geoffrey (1119–46) there was written at St Albans Abbey *unum psalterium pretiosum totum similiter auro illuminatum*. This description could well apply to a Psalter in my possession. It was written at St Albans Abbey in the first half of the twelfth century and each psalm, canticle and collect begins with an initial in burnished gold of the finest quality.

Nothing is known of its later history until it was bought for 2/6d by Richard Heber (1773–1833). It will be remembered that Heber had eight houses—four in England, three in Belgium and one in France—all packed with books. He was a member of the Roxburghe Club and a founder of the Athenæum Club.

It was lot 1247 in the sale of Heber's manuscripts by Mr Evans at 93 Pall Mall on 10th February 1836 and nine succeeding days. In the catalogue it is said to be of the fourteenth century, but this has been altered to the twelfth century by Sir F. Madden in the British Museum copy where the prices given by Heber are marked in red ink. It was bought by Thomas Thorpe of Covent Garden for £5. 18s. od. In Thorpe's catalogue of 1836 it is No. 1084 and is stated to be "in the original monastic binding with clasp," the price being eight guineas.

It was then bought by Sir Thomas Phillipps (1792–1872) and in his privately printed catalogue of 1837—in which he refers to Thorpe's No. 1084—it is No. 9404. In accordance with his usual custom Phillipps has entered this number at the bottom of the first page of the manuscript. As he describes the binding as being russia, presumably he stripped off "the original monastic binding" described by Thorpe. There is no need to enlarge on the eccentricities of Sir Thomas Phillipps as these may be traced in the five volumes of Dr A. N. L. Munby's incomparable *Phillipps Studies* (1951–60), where details may also be found of Evans and Thorpe.

After sixty years it appeared at Sotheby's on 10th June, 1896, as lot 978 in the sale of some of Phillipps' manuscripts. It was bought by Quaritch for £34. At that time the late Sir Sydney Cockerell was intimately associated with William Morris and at his suggestion,

Quaritch sent it to Morris at Folkestone about 22nd June, 1896, together with another manuscript, the prices being £60 for the Psalter and £180 for the other book. Morris wrote to Cockerell on 24th June that he would keep them but asked for a reduction from Quaritch. Cockerell arranged this and Morris obtained the two books for £225, which makes the price of the Psalter £56. 5s. od. Because of its initials Morris at once named it *The Golden Psalter*. The leaves were then flattened where necessary and the manuscript was rebound by Douglas Cockerell, at that time an apprentice to T. J. Cobden-Sanderson at the Doves Bindery, in its present binding of blind stamped half white pigskin and oak boards from old ship's timber with brass clasps. It was returned to Morris at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, on 11th September, 1896, and was, according to Cockerell, the last manuscript he handled and talked of a day or two before his death on 3rd October, 1896. Cobden-Sanderson's charge was ten guineas, bringing the cost to Morris up to £66. 15s. od.

Morris's library was sold *en bloc* by his executors through Pickering and Chatto to Richard Bennett who then sold the greater part at Sotheby's on 5th–10th December, 1898. This Psalter was lot 866 and was bought by Laurence W. Hodson of Wolverhampton for £97. His library was sold 3rd–5th December, 1906, but he retained this book and promised to give Sir Sydney Cockerell first refusal if he should ever decide to sell it. In May, 1909, he offered it to Cockerell for £150 which was accepted gladly.

In order to complete the text of the Psalter, Cockerell had the missing first leaf written out in gold by Graily Hewitt of Lincoln's Inn so as to harmonize with the old writing without the risk of being mistaken for an original leaf. This cost three guineas, bringing the cost to him of the book for which Heber paid 2/6d., and which was subsequently sold for £5. 18s., eight guineas, £34, £56. 5s., and £97, to £153. 3s.

While it was in Cockerell's library he entered the recent history of the book in his neat hand-writing on the two vellum fly leaves at the front of the volume, and it is mainly from these details that the information for this article has been obtained. When he decided to dispose of his manuscripts at the end of 1956, he gave it to me and this act of generosity took place on the 20th December in that year.

Reprinted from the pamphlet of the same title by permission of the author and the Merrythought Press.

THE MAKING OF COLOUR PLATE BOOKS

by George Rainbird

MY entry into the colour plate book market was quite accidental: it started by noticing a framed plate from Thornton's *Temple of Flora* hanging in the office of W. A. R. Collins. I had been attending a short meeting on something quite removed from colour plate books, but as the meeting broke up I said to Collins, "I see you worship at the Temple of Flora". We chatted awhile about Thornton and his idiosyncratic publications and it transpired that he, the Chairman of Collins, had long desired to publish a book on Thornton, but as he put it, the subject was far removed from Collins' ordinary run of publishing, and the editorial staff were not really amused at the idea of diverting what, after all, was their main business and professional interest.

At that time I was not in, or even on the fringes of publishing but I had been concerned with books and the making of books for quite a long time. So I said, "Why don't you let me make it for you?" "Well", said Collins, "Why don't you?" and much to the surprise of all of us, including Sidney Goldsack who was present, I found myself in business. Certainly none of us present could have foreseen the outcome of that chance act of worship in the Temple of Flora.

There are two kinds of modern colour plate books; firstly those which are copies of existing books or works based on existing books, such as bibliographies, and it is in this class that the great Collins books of the early 'fifties were designed and produced. Thornton's *Temple of Flora* with its inimitable text by Geoffrey Grigson and 34 plates of which 12 are in full colour, appeared in 1951. It was followed in 1953 by *Fine Bird Books 1700–1900* which was in a large size, 19¼" × 13¼", and contained 16 superb colour plates reproduced from the originals. This was followed in 1954 by *Album de Redouté*, again in a large size, 21" × 14", and containing 24 plates in full colour, reproduced facsimile from a superb copy of the *Album*, the originals of which were made up from spare plates: it is rare to find two ever alike. The Collins series of great colour plate books ended with *Great Flower Books 1700–1900*, companion volume to *Bird Books*, which appeared in 1956. So ended our first excursion into the designing and making of great books.

The second class of book constitutes those which are created from

new material, and these are far, far more difficult to make and sell, profitably that is. In this country, the colour plate or fine book tradition has fallen into disuse and the great days when Ackerman, Thornton, Gould and others could produce their wonderful books and be reasonably sure of getting their money back have long gone. The tradition still exists of course, in France, where fine books can be sold at anything up to £250 or £500 each in a very small limited edition. Consequently, when I wanted to do some fine books on *Old Garden Roses* by a virtually unknown painter, I could not find a backer. By this time, however, my business was doing quite well with more commercial books and my partner, Ruari McLean, and I decided we would venture into the realm of colour plate books and embark on an ambitious idea to promote six volumes by subscription of *Old Garden Roses* each written by an authority and with eight superb plates in colour from original paintings and specially made for the book by Charles Raymond. A small company was formed with a nominal capital under the chairmanship of Sacheverell Sitwell and a programme was initiated which, over the next few years, produced *Old Garden Roses* volumes 1 and 2; *Old Carnations and Pinks*; *Augustus John: Fifty Two Drawings*; and *Heads Figures and Ideas* by Henry Moore. All the books appeared in standard editions with a special signed, limited edition on handmade paper in very good bindings and these invariably sold out, including and especially a 100-guinea edition of *Heads, Figures and Ideas* which is now worth £300-£400 a copy.

Alas, the limited editions all sold well but there were never enough customers for the standard edition and losses mounted, and eventually and very reluctantly, we had to cut off our *Old Garden Roses* in mid-flower, and postpone ambitions in the field of fine limited-edition publishing. I say postpone advisedly because I hope to come back to it one day and perhaps before very long. In the meantime, I wait with interest to see what happens to Ganymede's magnificent *King Lear* with lithographs by Kokoschka.

A Checklist of colour plate books produced by Rainbird McLean Ltd. and George Rainbird Ltd.

Thornton's Temple of Flora (Collins, 1951)

Fine Bird Books 1700-1900 (Collins, 1953) 295 numbered copies

Old Carnations and Pinks (George Rainbird in association with Collins, 1955)
100 copies numbered, signed by author and artist

Old Garden Roses, Part 1 (George Rainbird in association with Collins, 1955)

160 numbered and autographed copies, 2000 copies numbered only

Great Flower Books 1700-1900 (Collins, 1956) 295 numbered copies

Old Garden Roses, Part 2 (George Rainbird Limited, 1957) 160 numbered and autographed copies, 2000 copies numbered only

Augustus John: Fifty Two Drawings (George Rainbird Limited, 1957)

Heads, Figures and Ideas by Henry Moore (George Rainbird Limited, 1958)

HEINRICH KLEY, Illustrator

by Donald Weeks

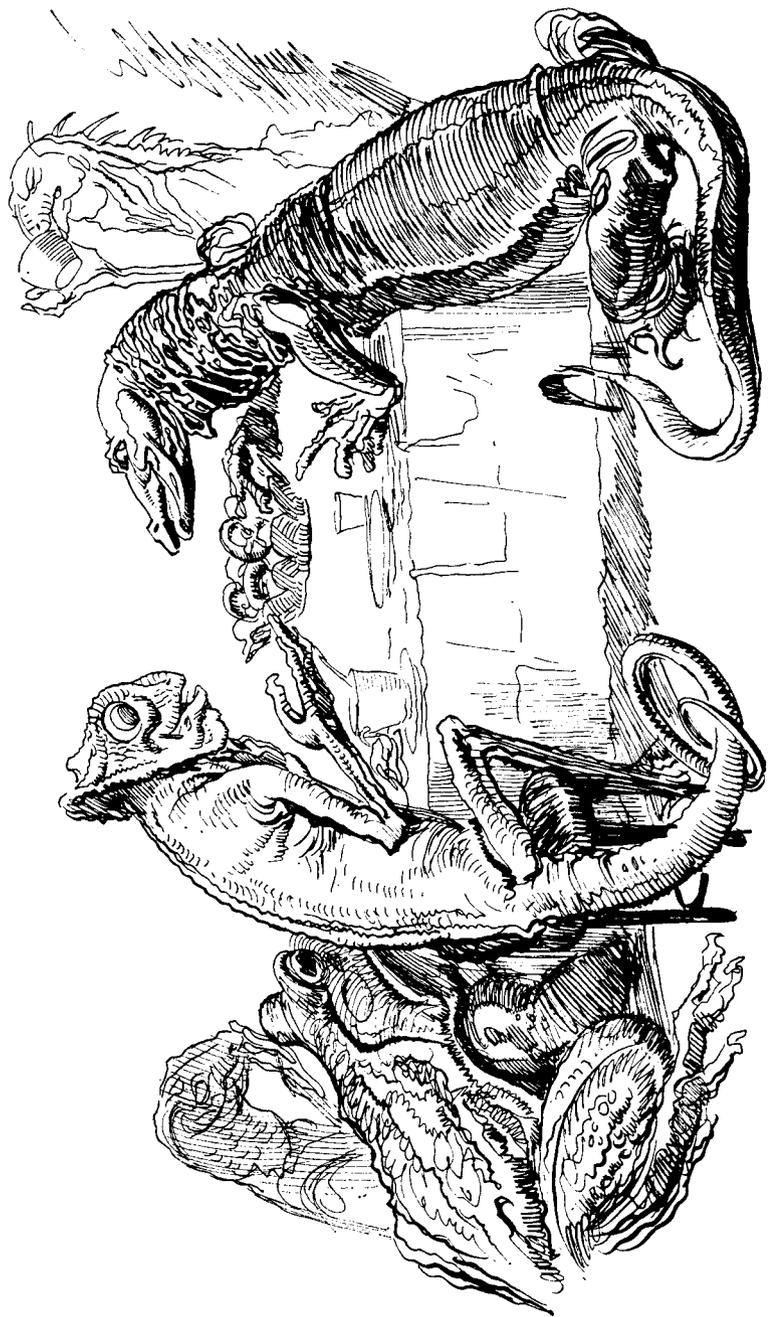
IN the realm of private libraries, there are many collections and collectors. The primary favourite, of course, is the author collection. Some collectors gather together merely subject matter or general literature, others seek material related to their subject, such as manuscripts, letters, etc. There are collectors of bindings, private presses and book-designers. All of this is part of The Book. So is art: that art used as illustration.

During the history of The Book not only literature has been printed. From that history we have examples of documents, text books and non-fiction of every description. We have the illustrated book. The Book is a means to enlighten us with the art of literature as well as the art of drawing: as some collectors search for literary manuscripts, I search for original drawings. And in that search I seek to find out about the man whose work interests me. What other reason is there for a collector?

Parallel to my book-collecting is a small collection of original work by a German artist, Heinrich Kley. Although one of the finest draughtsmen and satirists of the 20th century, he is relatively unknown today.

His first published appearance here in America was in January 1937. In three consecutive issues, the then new *Coronet* magazine published a few of his satirical line-drawings. These were introduced with a word about Kley, 'who (said *Coronet*) died in a madhouse a few years back'. In 1937 Kley had still eight years to live—nor was he ever in a madhouse!

Soon after his birth in 1863, Kley's family moved to Munich. Except for a few excursions, Kley was to remain in that city until his death in



1945. Before the turn of the century he developed into a landscape painter and was commissioned to do murals in several public buildings near his home. He then did industrial painting and drawing and was instrumental in designing the original plans of the Krupp works in Germany.

The facts of his life are few, but his line art speaks for what is missing. In the first decade of this century two periodicals were devoted to satire: *Simplizissimus* and *Jugend*. History is silent on what prompted Kley to contribute to these. But history is not silent in the actual art. His line drawings show a clearness that is rare in the art of draughtsmanship, and to this excellence of line is added a satirical humour just as rare. Today, fifty years later, his art is just as satirical, even though the social and historical background of the time is lost to us. He also produced at the same time illustrations for several German books, of which I possess two.

His greatest claim to fame lies with these periodical drawings. He worked approximately from 1905 until 1920 for the two magazines: his work for them may be seen reproduced in three places. In Munich, 1909-10, a two-volume *Sketch-Book* was published. In the 1940s, the Borden Publishing Company of Los Angeles issued two volumes of his drawings. One contained an introduction by Arthur Miller; the other an introduction by George Grosz. More recently, since 1960, Dover of America came out with two volumes of the same Kley drawings. Yet another place to see some of his art in America is on the covers of some Bantam paperbacks.

Back in 1937, *Coronet* was not the first to learn of Heinrich Kley and his work in this country. In Detroit, an ambulatory art-book-seller, a German by the name of George Mannabach, knew Kley and delighted his customers with books and original art by him. In Los Angeles, a publisher, Emanuel Borden, was also in contact with him. And, also near Los Angeles, another person knew of Kley's art: Walt Disney. A comparison of 'The Dance of the Hours' sequence from Disney's *Fantasia* with Kley's numerous dancing alligators, elephants and hippopotami shows how one was suggested by the other.

From his early painting, Kley cannot be called a great artist. He was, however, a great draughtsman and his work presents amusement. He was not the nationalist that George Grosz was—his satire was never the bitter type that brought immediate fame to Grosz. His satire, though, was as true. Kley satirized, but he did so with a deep feeling for humanity in general; Grosz depicted Berlin and its 'criminals' of the 1920s.

With his pen, Kley touched all people. He did this amusingly, gently, but, nevertheless, letting his lesson be known. Grosz in his latter years wanted to forget his Berlin. Kley was never regretful, never sad for what he had done in his work; he was only sad for those people he had to satirize.

Because the scene for him changed, his life changed. About 1920 he went into commercial art and no more is heard of him as an artist: he and his earlier work faded from the limelight.

My collection of his original art consists of 30 pieces. Most of these are pen-and-ink drawings. Some are lightly coloured with washes. One is an opaque water-colour, one is a pencil drawing, one is a dry-point etching, and one is an etched book-plate. Each of these is a light fragment that helps to piece together the vague form of the personality of the man who created them.

These mere scraps of his history are all that have come to light for me. Of a man who lived in Munich during two world wars, many questions might be asked. Yet nothing in his work depicts a personal fear or greed. This is true of a photograph I have of him, taken when he was about 80. The serenity of a kindly grandfather is the whole expression: a grandfather of whom one could ask any question, a grandfather who would answer truthfully but only in tales, glorious and whimsical tales. But that care-free brow housed a cruel fate.

In the late 1930s, Kley decided that he would send whatever he had in the way of art to his friend in Los Angeles. In a large case, he put together hundreds of his drawings. He even wrapped up all his pens and brushes to go along, as he would never again need these things. The case was addressed to Emanuel Borden and placed on a ship at a German port. It never reached Los Angeles: the ship was torpedoed in the North Sea by a U-boat.



AMATEUR JOURNALS

a note by Harold Palmer Piser

THE idea of inventorying Amateur Journal collections first came to me many months ago while compiling a list of private presses in my search for the first thousand private presses in history, for a projected book: *The First M.*

I soon realized that I must also compile a separate list of amateur periodicals and, as far as possible, identify printer, publisher and/or editor, together with the usual biographico-bibliographical data.

While already a member of PLA and BSA, my first move was to join the AAPA, then the APA, and *The Fossils*, following with the NAPA, BAPA, and the ISPA, with enquiries pending with the Uniteds. I have not regretted this wholesale joining of causes since I have already made some very worthwhile contacts and learned of many new sources of information.

This project has turned out to be so exciting that I find myself working at it from early morn until midnight every day. And what a marvellous revelation it is to examine printed specimens from those of the highest quality to the lowly rubber-type variety; even hand-written specimens. One of the latter kind, containing a verse of Robert Louis Stevenson, sold at auction some years ago for \$1400.

Thus far I have confined my search to the New York Public Library and I expect to be working there for quite some time. Some 225 folio-boxes and bundles, full of journals, booklets and ephemera await my inspection. No accurate count of the collection has been made but, including the Bertram Adler, Charles W. Heins and Charles W. Smith collections, it must be one of the very largest. It is a gold-mine of privately-printed material (and I do mean *privately-printed*), and one of the few sources of private press names. Many private presses began by printing ephemeral periodicals, some quite large and impressively-produced, even to the point of illustrations in several colours. And many of their proprietors became famous in later years: George Canning, Charles Dickens' sons, the Brontës; and in the United States, Thomas Edison, Abraham Lincoln's son Thomas, and Ulysses Grant's son Jesse, who gave his address as 'The White House, Washington, D.C.'

Now I am particularly anxious to contact collectors of these journals

and other periodical productions of these presses, so that a combined inventory can be made, with a view to publication, thus adding a further incentive to others in beginning collections of their own, and in using the collections in various institutions for research, study or down-right enjoyment.

Will readers kindly inform me what public and private institutions in or near their localities have collections, as well as the names of private individuals who have sizeable or important collections? After I have located such collections, arrangements will be made to describe each one. It will then be my great pleasure to cumulate them into a single list for publication.

This, then, will be our contribution to the not-so-distant *centennial* of organized Amateur Journalism and to the ever-growing list of private presses on which I am working.

Correspondence should be addressed to Harold Palmer Piser, 41-08 Parsons Boulevard, Flushing, New York 11355, U.S.A., and not to the Editor of The Private Library.

REVIEW

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*.

How to find out, by George Chandler. 124 pp. text, 54 illus. Pergamon Press, 15s.

As part of its ambitious Commonwealth and International Library of Science, Technology, Engineering and Liberal Studies, the Pergamon Press has commissioned several titles on libraries and technical information. Dr Chandler, the Liverpool City Librarian, is both the general editor of these titles and the compiler of this, the first volume to appear in this division of the series.

How to find out aims at describing examples of the sources of information on all subjects. After a chapter dealing in general terms with methods of finding information, the contents are arranged in the order of the Dewey Decimal Classification. Inevitably in a work of this size and with these aims, there cannot be more than a mention in passing for most of the titles included, and many important sources cannot even be named. However, this work will earn a place on the shelves of any bookman who from time to time needs guidance before undertaking a search for information on a subject with whose literature he is not familiar. Special features are the inclusion as illustrations of sample pages from 54 reference works, and the provision of exercises (not always of obvious value) at the end of each chapter. There is an index of subjects, and of the works included as illustrations. It is to be hoped that in the future titles in this series, which are to deal in greater detail with the sources for specific subjects, the standard bibliographical citation will comprise, besides the statement of author and title (all that is given in *How to find out*), other useful information such as edition, date of publication and publisher.—G. E. HAMILTON.

RECENT PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS

The Solitary Life, a letter by Guigo, introduced and translated from the Latin by Thomas Merton. (16pp., 5½"×4¼", 625 copies, price 18s. 6d. Stanbrook Abbey Press, Stanbrook Abbey, Callow End, Worcester, England.) A worthy setting for a twelfth century call to the holy solitary life. Printed in a small size of Spectrum, with Romulus Open Initials, and a calligraphic device by Margaret Adams, in red, green and black; the dark-green paper wrappers paste-patterned by Birgitta Cramer of Copenhagen, and gold-blocked by George Percival.

An exquisite small book, not over-expensive when the care which has been lavished on its production is taken into account.

Puffing Billy and its creator (18pp., 6"×4¾", 140 copies, not for sale. The Allenholme Press, Wylam, Northumberland, England.) Printed for the P.L.A. Society of Private Printers and for other friends of the press. A very nicely produced booklet, with a short note on the original Puffing Billy engine now in the Science Museum, and an extract by Richard Welford on William Hedley, whose portrait and a cover half-tone of Wylam Scars were printed by the Printing Department of the University of Newcastle upon Tyne. There is also a Bewick engraving of Tyneside (printed from the original block), a map reduced from one drawn by John Gibson in 1788, an engraving of Puffing Billy on the title, and a collection of steam-engine type ornaments on the colophon.

Landscapes, by Camillo Pennati. (14pp., 8½"×6½", 200 copies, 8s. 6d. in boards, 6s. 6d. in card covers. Keepsake Press, 6 Ravenscourt Square, London, W.6, England.) Salvatore Quasimodo says in his introduction, 'Pennati has passed beyond experiment . . . avoids the paths of pragmatism and Lockian understanding. . . His violent treatment of his art, even if it is hidden, is unreservedly committed to sweeping away aesthetic presumptuousness and rancours, in order to render the absolute with a certain perfection.' The Italian originals and an English translation by Peter Russell are printed on facing pages in Bell italic and roman respectively. A pleasant, quiet booklet.

On The Ruins of Babylon, by Montes de Oca. (26pp., 10"×7", 100 copies, price in Australia £A1 16s., price elsewhere £1 16s. or \$5.00. Wattle Grove Press, 69 George Town Road, Newnham, Tasmania, Australia.) 'Teiresias the Seer accompanies the poet—as Vergil was Dante's guide—when they look over the Kingdom of Man from the hill of the vast ruins of "infamous Babylon".' This is the first work of a Mexican poet to be published in Australia, and is translated from the Spanish by Rolf Hennequel, who classifies the art of Montes as 'Expressionism or Surrealism'. Set entirely in capitals in a condensed 18-point grot face, 30 point leaded, ten lines to the page: a good example of the Wattle Grove approach to typographic style. The leaves are tied into red card covers with silk cord.

Eastward, by Albin Eiger. (76pp., 10"×7½", 100 copies, price in Australia £A3 10s., price elsewhere £3 10s. or \$10.00. Wattle Grove Press, 69 George Town Road, Newnham, Tasmania, Australia.) Parts of this poetic itinerary ('naples—ceylon—shanghai—japan—peking—seattle—japan—india—afghanistan') were issued in Peking in 1931, but the first complete edition (of 50 copies only) was published by the Wattle Grove Press in 1958. In this new edition the poems are revised and regrouped, a few left out, and the notes, now felt to be superfluous, discarded. Set entirely in lower case in a condensed 18-point grot (letter-spaced for the headings) and with the poems numbered in Chinese; neatly side-stitched, and pasted into yellow card covers: an impressive volume, probably the most successful piece of book production from the press yet.—D. J. C.

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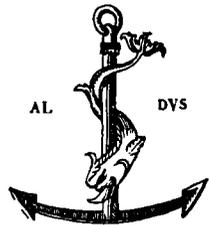
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