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THE PRIVATE LIBRARY



COLLECTING BOOKS ON BOOKS
THE ANTIQUARIAN BOOK FAIR
TESTAMENT OF A BIBLIOPHILE THE NORRINGTON ROOM

VOL 7 : 4

WINTER 1966

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THE BOOK COLLECTORS' FAIR

by David Chambers

THE Antiquarian Book Fair changed its name this summer, and desirable books are at last admitted to be for collectors and not necessarily antique. Yet curiously the Fair itself seems more soberly antiquarian than ever, having shed many of the gimmicks which were necessary in the early years to attract an ignorant populace and reluctant dealers. Now we have only the pure delight of stall upon stall of books for sale, the distractions of daily talks, loan exhibitions and practical demonstrations having all disappeared. The talks must have been very trying to prepare, given such an uncertain audience and such a limited time in which to develop a subject; and though they obviously pleased some, for the rest of us they were simply so much lost shelf-time. The demonstrations of hand-printing and binding and the two loan exhibitions of books, excellent in themselves, must also have involved a great deal of work to organise, and are hardly missed. Indeed had the Fair needed such displays to maintain its interest it would probably have failed after a couple of years anyway.

The printed Lists of Exhibitors have shrivelled to near-essentials too. After a simple four-page leaflet in '58, the second and third Fairs had fat forty or fifty page booklets with lots of photographs of shops (much tidied) and their owners (unusually elegant). The fourth Fair had an even fatter booklet, set in Plantin with Albertus titling, very well printed by Benham's, with a half page of notes on each of the exhibitors, followed by a thirty-five page illustrated catalogue of books for sale selected from those at the Fair. This, the first co-operative catalogue ever issued by members of the A.B.A., retained the various literary styles of the dealers concerned, simply reduced to a common typo-

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graphic formula and arranged according to subject. The sellers were listed on a separate duplicated sheet, and a lot of amusement was to be had from attempting to guess the dealer from his style. Some entries were not too difficult, for instance:

Aldus. Columna. Poliphili Hypnerotomachia. Roman letter. Second Edition. Sm. folio. A pair of leaves. *Venice: Paul Manutius, 1545.* **25s.** Of recent years this type has become more and more admired, and many authorities now consider it the best fount ever cut. . . .*

but not everyone's style is so apparent, and there was much scope for wild guessing among the other entries.

The booklets for the Fairs after this were much slighter, the effort of producing the co-operative catalogue evidently having exhausted the organisers. Those for 1962-5 were designed by John Ryder and so gained in freshness of style what they lost in weight. And those for 1962 and 1966 (the latter designed by Ruari McLean) were given added status as collectable ephemera by having introductory essays by Laurence Durrell and John Betjeman respectively. Ten copies of the Durrell pamphlet were printed on hand-made paper and auctioned at the end of the Fair in aid of the A.B.A. Benevolent Fund. There was no auction of Betjeman 'specials' but I believe a dozen copies, printed on featherweight antique paper and bound in cloth cut from old Metropolitan Railway carriages, may be hidden away in some cellar in Saville Row or Reading, waiting for age to add its patina (and value) to curiosity.

Sideshowes and ephemera apart, there remains the Fair itself. A most excellent institution, now copied in America and on the continent, fulfilling its stated aims almost entirely successfully. In his introduction to the second Fair, Alan Thomas remarked that it offered 'to the book buyer whose habits are urban rather than pioneer, a chance of meeting many country booksellers at a convenient . . . setting in central London', and indeed we do just that, seeing in one evening what would otherwise take three months at least, comparing prices, and gathering a brief case full of catalogues in the process. The Fair was also 'organised for the purpose of countering two canards. First that it is no longer worth collecting books because all the desirable items are already in the BM or in the US. . . . The second . . . that book collecting is only open to wealthy men. . . .' And here again the Fair has proved itself, for each year still seems to produce fresh shelves of fine books, and even some quite modestly priced: although the 'under £5' rack has been rather

drear in recent years, full of less desirable Golden Cockerels and overpriced Folio Society books.

The Fair is in fact so successful now that it seems ungrateful to remark on a couple of less satisfactory matters, both related to the private view held the evening before the public opening. Yet something should really be said about the vexed problem of sales between dealers before the public has even had a chance to see what it might have bought. Apart from the rapid escalation in prices which results from this practice, it seems a pity on such an occasion, the Book *Collectors'* Fair after all, that collectors should not be allowed to do *all* the buying. Could not envious dealers be content merely to ask a first refusal of any books unsold at the end of the Fair? Certainly many one speaks to say they would prefer to make new private customers than sell to the trade.

And then can *nothing* be done about this positively Phillistine practice of serving wines and greasy delicacies to people hastily thumbing through someone else's books? If the pubs in the neighbourhood are thought too low, surely this orgy could be held in the NBL bar? With perhaps a notice at the foot of the stairs 'NOW WASH YOUR HANDS'.

*Alan Thomas—who else?

TESTAMENT OF A BIBLIOPHILE *by Joseph Teplin*

OF making and remaking many books there is no end. So to recast the words of Ecclesiastes is to affirm the creative act of writing. Nor can the printed word itself be denied as a wellspring of illustration, whether descriptive or allusive, since the art of the book has become a hallmark of cultivated man. Through picture or symbol, artists of the book have thus sought both to distill its meaning and enhance its beauty. Of the bibliophile steeped in the joys of the illustrated book as a vital art form, the question has often been asked: 'Why array the book in elegant dress when significance of content alone should take pride of place?' An idle question, this! For to the votary of the graphic arts, the creative illustrator ennobles even if he does not clarify the text upon which he lavishes his talents.

Decades back, as a student at the University of Chicago, I recall the timeworn steps of stone which led to the topmost floor of Harper

Library. Here in the solitary splendor of the rare book room, I learned to savor the bouquet of the illustrated book. The leaves of a precious volume—an illustrated quarto of the venerable Don Quixote—loom large in the landscape of memory. In the hands of a masterful wood engraver, the sham heroism of Don Quixote and the earthbound realism of Sancho Panza vibrated anew with graphic force.

No idle curiosity had led me to my quarry. Our class in the eighteenth century novel had been assigned the reading of an unreadably archaic translation of Cervantes' picaresque classic. It was while seeking a more lucid version that I had uncovered the newly resplendent Don in pictorial guise. In retrospect, I see him now as a personage in the cavalcade of world literature invested by the book artist with a vividness of presence even the author could not match. Call my discovery, then, a moment of personal grace, for time does not dim the glow of youthful enthusiasms. And my love for the illustrated book remains mirrored in personal remembrance as an art form at once dramatic and meaningful. So began and so continues my rendezvous with the 'Book Beautiful.'

The passing years have seen mature a personal credo of the book both as significant form and content. There are those who demean the illustrative art as if it were a hand-maiden to a greater aesthetic experience. This attitude betrays artistic vision. An artist responding to outer reality is, in a sense, more confined than one whose sensitivities have been touched by the poignancies of the written word. A Van Gogh brooding over the sunswep glories of an Arles landscape is bound by a precise rectangle of visual experience. A William Blake who invokes the searing images of Job beset by joyless adversity recreates in his inner eye no such given visual impression. Perhaps his is the greater task thus to recreate the felt but unseen, if we are mindful of Chesterton's observation that when we uncover the world of facts we are confronted by a world of limits.

The lover of the book arts does not then sacrifice form to content. Like the man of faith who sees the immanent spirit materialized in formal religious rite and symbol, he sees blended twin images of artistic sensibility which refract written and descriptive experience. To disconnect, then, form and content, the inward and outward, the letter and the spirit, body and mind is to do violence to both. Aldus Huxley once wrote an eloquent introduction to a book on the typographic arts in which he noted how often we demean the letter in our enthusiasm

for the spirit. Yet substance and form are indissolubly bound in the personal experience of humankind. The commonplace window is seen as a functional bringer of light; but the Jerusalem Windows of Marc Chagall filter light through the prismatic wonder of visual beauty.

Graphic illustration as interpreted by the book artist may play a varying role in the art of the book. It may serve as an ancillary art, whether decorative, descriptive, or ornamental; it may be cocqual as art form with the text in the happy marriage of author and interpreter; it may be superior to text in the hands of a self-willed and irrepressible Picasso. But whether as handmaiden, companion or tyrant, the illustrator brings to the aesthetic of the book a new dimension in the imaginative art of bookmaking.

To explore the contrasting attitudes of artists toward a given text is a study in the depth psychology of art. The Arabian Nights filtered through the intuitive visions of Chagall became gently evocative fancies in multicolor. And yet Chagall could rise to the stately eloquence of the Old Testament in a superb repertory of over one hundred etchings in black. On the other hand, Picasso has been not only more discursive of interest; he moves heedlessly and wantonly beyond illustrations 'hors-texte,' violating the printed text itself with intrusive marginalia. So tyrannically has Picasso dominated his text that he often construes it as a point of departure to a world of his own making. Yet that he could subdue his energies is shown by the sugar aquatints prepared for Buffon's *Histoire naturelle*, where Picasso enjoyed a closer affinity with his subject.

From the standpoint of the author, there could be no more ideal kinship than that shared by Bernard Shaw and his illustrator, John Farleigh. It was Farleigh who had been commissioned to prepare a set of wood engravings for Shaw's *Adventures of the black girl in her search for God*. While the Bard of Ayot St Lawrence protested that the illustrator should have the final word as to how the text should be portrayed, Farleigh was briefed in meticulous detail about the graphic content and sequence of the engravings. Shaw went so far as to submit his own sketches to the artist. Farleigh did not appear unduly disturbed that his graver was so tautly confined by Shaw's explicit instructions. And the result was an artistic triumph though an absurdly inexpensive landmark in modern British book illustration. The cost of the book itself? The British equivalent of fifty cents.

As with diversity of treatment so with subjects for illustration, there is no end. From Henry Miller to the bibles of the world—from the

profane to the sacred—the illustrator moves within a spacious orbit of human experience. Few subjects have defied him. He may be inspired as was Bihzad to match in colored illumination the lyricism of the Persian poems of Nizami. He may seek to reproduce Paris in water-color just after the dawn of the nineteenth century. So did Victor-Jean Nicole when Napoleon besought him to recreate the city of light in an album to be presented as a betrothal gift to Marie-Louise of Austria.

It is no paradox that great writing gives birth to great illustration. And the accents of the belletristic tradition find their echo in the response of the book artist. If Spillane has not found his interpreter with burin or graver, the writings of Dostoyevsky, Rabelais and Anatole France have inspired many artists of the book. Perhaps the Bible has not fared too well in the hands of the illustrator, although Doré, Blake, and Chagall have performed mightily in transmuting Biblical lore into visual content. The books of the Bible which have been most fittingly interpreted by artists are Genesis, the Book of Job, and the Song of Songs. Of these, the illustrations of William Blake for the Book of Job must be accounted one of the supreme creations of all time. And more recently, one may cite among personal favorites the work of Jacques Houplain for Genesis and Edy Legrand for the Song of Songs. The lush cadences attributed to Solomon have induced many illustrators to define its imagery in graphic terms. Yet the body of Shakespeare's work appears strangely resistant to the graphic arts. But rarely has any artist been able to cope with the dramatic majesty of the great Elizabethan.

The perfect communion of author and artistic collaborator is no rarity, although the task is eased when both are contemporaries. But for the bibliophile, a consummately illustrated text is aglow with new meaning. Who can forget, once seen, the writhing torment of the figures depicted by Botticelli in his drawings in sepia for the *Divine Comedy* of Dante? And what greater triumph can the illustrator enjoy than the reverent tribute of the author himself? When Goethe saw the illustrations of Delacroix for Faust in the recently discovered medium of lithography, he modestly avowed that the visual rendering had surpassed his own conceptions in certain of the scenes. In a like vein, Anatole France expressed his gratitude to the French publisher Romagnol. In recognition of the superbly illustrated version of his work by Paul-Albert Laurens, France inscribed the following autographed dedication: 'To Romagnol, who has given bibliographic immortality to Thais.' So too responded Albert Camus when he saw

the illustrations in gouache prepared by Edy Legrand for *The plague*. While extolling the artist in extravagant terms, Camus felt that Legrand shared his own insight into *The plague* not simply as a study in photographic realism, but a myth as well.

Once bemused by a love for the illustrated book, where shall the would-be collector begin? For the enchanted garden of the book holds many delights. One may pursue the gemlike creations of the Persian miniature or collect the pictured though wordless sequences of Frans Masereel in the wood-cut. The treasure trove of France alone is inexhaustible. The nineteenth century saw the magnetic force of Delacroix, the versatility of Gustave Doré, and among others, the esteemed Gavarni as well as the now neglected Grandville, an early precursor of surrealism. Moving across the channel, one might unveil the social satire of Cruikshank in Dickensian England, then overstep stuffy Victorian illustration into the world of William Morris and his Kelmscott Press.

Yet in the galaxy of book illustration, it is the lustre of France which shines the brightest. It is true that unlike the modern English and German artists of the book who seek a harmony of the whole in the fitness of its component parts, the French illustrator of today too often renounces the printed text in favor of visual fancy. But traditionally, it is France which has genuflected to the book as an art form, whether it be in the illustrated missal, the nobly illuminated Books of Hours or the glories of modern book illustration. The year 1900 heralded another golden era with the publication of Bonnard's lithographs for Verlaine's *Parallelement*. The years which followed saw virtually every master of the School of Paris enrolled as a devotee of the illustrated book—Picasso, Dufy, Segonzac, Chagall, Roualt, and Matisse to name but a few. Hardly any major figure in the literature of France or the world has been slighted as a subject for French book illustration. Even the scanty literary output of Raymond Radiguet, whose bright star was dimmed by his tragic death at the age of twenty, evoked the rapport of Maurice Vlaminck and Juan Gris on the lithographic stone.

In the face of such extravagant beauties of the book, limited means need not frustrate the collector. If cost forbids him to scale the Olympus of book illustration by acquiring the work of Dufy or Matisse, other bypaths remain open to the modest bibliophile. Let him seek out the many distinguished examples of the graphic arts to be found in editions small in compass yet noble in execution. For the joys of possession are no less.



TWO VIEWS OF THE NORRINGTON ROOM

by Rigby Graham

THE Norrington Room, the extension to Blackwell's Bookshop in Oxford, which was opened on 16 June by Sir William Haley, represents something of a revolution in bookshop design. The steady growth of Blackwell's business has for long meant that expansion was vital, yet their site in Oxford permitted neither horizontal nor vertical expansion. To move out of the Broad was rightly dismissed as an unthinkable solution, and this left only one possibility: subterranean growth.

The new department—named for the President of Trinity—is built under Trinity's new quadrangle, and represents the successful culmination of years of hard work and planning. Its ten thousand square feet of floor area, with its two and a half miles of shelving give space for one

hundred and sixty thousand volumes and provide more browsing space throughout the shop very satisfactorily. At the official opening, despite the flowing champagne (James Bond's favourite Taittinger, one noticed) and the splendid little academic jokes—'Trinity's learned foundations', 'the best bookcellar in Oxford' and the like—it was not easy to appreciate the seclusion for browsing which the series of floor levels affords, nor the skill with which the architects have prevented one from feeling one is in fact in a vast cellar. Visiting the shop during normal shopping hours have shown these features very much more clearly. It was obviously with remembrance of John Masfield's 'Romantic bays where iron ladders wind' that sentiment has preserved one of the circular iron stairways, and very glad one is to see it. Some other features are less welcome; part of the ceiling with the concealed lighting behind it is less successful than one would wish, but the woodwork (in English cherry) and the lighting of the shelves is excellently done. If one ever needs to make an excuse to visit Blackwells, an inspection of the Norrington Room makes a very good one.

R.C.



COLLECTING BOOKS ON BOOKS

by R. D. Pratt

IN my case it all began when I picked up a copy of P. H. Muir's *Book collecting as a hobby* nearly 20 years ago outside a bookshop in Reading. After reading it I commenced to look for the books mentioned at the end. I had started my collection. As a new collector I began with the lighter side, books of reminiscences and 'book-gossip' by other collectors and booksellers. A very early item was J. H. Burton's *The book hunter*, and others of the same kind followed, such as those by Percy Fitzgerald, W. C. Hazlitt, F. H. Pritchard, R. S. Garnett, P. B. M. Allan, W. D. Orcutt, A. E. Newton, and Frederic Harrison. The next stage naturally was to look for books on book collecting and soon the now familiar names of John Carter, J. T. Winterich, W. Y. Fletcher, Seymour de Ricci, and R. L. Collison joined the ranks.

I think the transition from these to more serious studies of books began with the Reverend T. F. Dibdin. I had fairly early acquired the *Bibliomania* and the *Bibliographical Decameron*, and shortly after found the *Northern tour* and the *Tour of France and Germany*. But it was when a complete set of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, *Aedes Althorpiana*, *Cassano Library* and *Supplements* came to my notice in seven magnificent volumes in full morocco gilt and bearing the Spencer Arms, that things began to get serious. It is the fashion now to decry Dr. Dibdin, and indeed he has his faults, but his books, particularly those published by Bulmer, are beautifully produced and contain some of the best nineteenth century engravings to be found anywhere. The *Bibliotheca Spenceriana* in particular is one of the finest catalogues ever issued for a private library that was once described as the greatest in Europe.

Since those days my collection of books on books has grown to some 300 volumes and includes several rarities. Like all collectors I can both pride myself on some 'prizes' and lament lost opportunities. I have had some strokes of luck; one came when Mr. Commin, one of the last of the old established booksellers in the West Country, closed down and I was able to buy some of his reference books at low prices including a set of Allibone's *Dictionary of English literature* and a four-volume *Lowndes*. Among other books in the class of Bibliographies, one of the best and much used is Bigmore and Wyman's *Bibliography*

of printing, which contains also biographies, portraits, maps and text illustrations. Others are Northup's *Register of bibliographies*, McMurtrie's *Bibliography of the invention of printing*, and Courtney's *Register of national bibliography*. Bibliographies of Bibliography are supplied by R. L. Collison and Seymour Smith.

In order to understand the terms used in Bibliographical description, some study was necessary at this stage, and the works of McKerrows Esdail, W. T. Rogers and T. H. Horne were added to my shelves. In a class quite by itself is John Carter and Graham Pollard's *Enquiry into the nature of certain nineteenth century pamphlets*, and associated items – as good as a detective story any day!

Histories of Books and Printing occupy a substantial section; an early acquisition was a re-bound but otherwise complete set, in three volumes, of the Amcs/Herbert *Typographical antiquities* (1785–90). Another splendid book is H. N. Humphreys *History of the art of printing*, with its 106 plates, many of which are in colour, including a double-page reproduction of a page of the Gutenberg Bible. In the same section is W. D. Orcutt's *The book in Italy in the fifteenth century*, which has 128 plates. Others are E. P. Goldschmidt's *The printed book of the renaissance*, G. H. Putnam's *Books and their makers in the middle ages*, E. G. Duff's *Fifteenth century English books*, Cyprian Blagden's *The Stationers Company*, and H. S. Bennett's two volumes covering the sixteenth century entitled *English books and readers*. Two of my oldest books are Middleton's *Origin of printing*, 1776, and Lemoine's *History, origin and progress of the art of printing*, 1797. Under the heading 'Typography' is one of my most prized books, Morison's *Four centuries of fine printing* in the original edition, a magnificent folio with 641 facsimiles of the finest roman types since the beginning of printing. Here too is Pollard's *Fine books*, a book, incidentally, whose price seems to increase more rapidly than any other in each new catalogue that includes it. Among standard works in this section are Updike's *Printing types*, Williamson's *Methods of book design*, T. B. Reed's *History of the old English letter foundries*, and the *Encyclopaedia of type faces* by Berry, Johnson and Jaspert.

Book Illustration is well represented; there is David Blands' *History of book illustration* with its 426 illustrations, Hodnett's *English woodcuts* with 233 facsimiles, Linton's *Masters of early wood engraving*, and one of my own favourites, *The wood engravings of Robert Gibbings*, edited by Patience Empson, and reproducing over 1,000 engravings.

On libraries, apart from the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, there are both

histories and catalogues. Of the histories, one of the most fascinating and the product of much learning and research, is E. A. Parsons' *The Alexandrian Library, glory of the hellenic world*; others are J. W. Clarke's *The care of books* which describes the buildings and fittings of many famous libraries, and Edward Edwards two books, *Libraries and founders of libraries* and *Founders of the British Museum Library*. Among catalogues, one of the most useful is that of the *Reference Library of the St. Bride Foundation*. This, incidentally, has 1,000 pages and 30,000 references and was sold in 1919 for 2/6d! A classic among catalogues is C. E. Sayle's *Early printed English books in the Library of Cambridge University*.

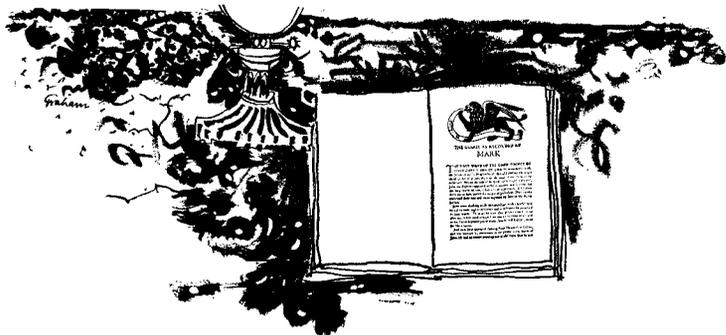
Bookbinding comes within the scope of my collection, and I have several books with plates of famous bindings, such as Quaritch's *English and foreign bindings* with 79 plates, Sotheby's *Bindings from the Abbey collection* (87 plates), The British Museum's *Bindings from the Library of Jean Grolier* (138 plates) and J. P. Harthan's *Bookbindings* (79 plates) from the V. & A. On binding methods are Zaehnsdorf and A. J. Vaughan, and Davenport on *English heraldic bookstamps*.

Good biographies of the great printers are not too common; I have Elizabeth Armstrong's *Robert Estienne*, Blades' *Biography and typography of Wm. Caxton*, Colin Clair's *Christopher Plantin*, Hellmut Lehman-Haupt's *Peter Schoeffer*, and Victor Scholderer's *Johan Gutenberg*. A biography of quite another kind, a modern account of dealing – not to say double-dealing – on the grand scale, is Wolf and Fleming's *Rosenbach*. Another modern is Partington's *Thomas J. Wise in the original cloth*.

Among the miscellaneous items which all collectors pick up from time to time, is one of my greatest treasures – an illuminated page from the 1462 Bible. I also have a couple of pages from the Aldine *Aristotle* in Greek, and one from the Mentelin *St. Augustine*; also one – alas not illustrated – from the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*.

Last, but by no means least, come the booksellers' catalogues; some of the older ones are extremely large (though I have not yet the monster Quaritch *General catalogue*). I have two of J. & J. Leighton's, one has 6,200 entries and 1,350 reproductions from the books described, and the other has 2,528 entries and 562 illustrations. The charm of this last, however, lies in the elaborate binding in which someone has clothed it. It is black morocco much gilt and with a blind stamp of a bishop on the front cover; on the back is a colour design of a young lady with nothing on but a tall hat and a rather wispy veil!

In common with most collectors I have found no bibliography that precisely meets my requirements, and have had to compile my own. I have defined my field as 'Books in English on the production, distribution and collection of books, and on those who made, sold, and collected them'. This definition is quite wide enough, and my Index includes details of over 1,000 books. It is difficult not to stray into by-paths; should I include the paper and ink of which the books are made? Or book-plates? Or books on printing machinery? With or without these I have enough in my 'wants' list to keep me collecting as long as time and money hold out.



REVIEWS

HORACE HART, *Charles Earl Stanhope and the Oxford University Press*. Reprinted with notes by James Mosley. London, Printing Historical Society, 1966. Pp. 77, 7 plates. 25s. 6d. (15s. 6d. to PHS members).

The republication of Horace Hart's essay on Lord Stanhope marks the fiftieth and one hundred and fiftieth anniversaries respectively of the deaths of author and subject. The importance and interest which Stanhope has for the typophile is very great, and Hart's essay which was originally published in the *Collectanea*, III, 1896, of the Oxford Historical Society is the only full account of Stanhope's concern with printing, having been based upon the Minutes of the Delegates of Oxford University Press and upon the Stanhope papers preserved at Chevening. Unlike certain other photolithographic reprints of typographical works which have appeared recently, this volume from the Printing Historical Society has been edited with considerable care and erudition, and Mr Mosley's extensive notes have made the work very much more useful than a simple reprint of Hart's text could have been. The production of the volume is unfortunately less satisfactory than its text; though the quality of the photolithography is good the paper is far too heavy and appears to have the grain going the wrong way, so that the book does not open comfortably. In the three or four copies that I have seen the gluing of the sections into their stiffened wrappers is also rather unsatisfactory, which is all the more disappointing in such a useful book. R.C.

The diary of Humfrey Wanley, 1715-1726 edited by C. E. Wright and Ruth C. Wright. London, published for the Bibliographical Society by Oxford University Press, 1966. 2 vols., pp. xcv + 518, 2 plates. £9.

Humfrey Wanley has for many years been an enigmatic figure lurking on the sidelines of English cultural history, more noted for his catalogue of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts—the standard work from 1705 to 1957—and his connection with the Society of Antiquaries than as an outstanding librarian. On two previous occasions Dr Wright has sought to remedy this, in his British Academy Gollancz Memorial Lecture of 1960 and an article in the *Book Collector* in 1962. These provided foretastes of the long awaited edition of the *Diary* which has been in preparation since before 1939 (when it lapsed until 1945). The last twenty years have been occupied in editing the *Diary* meticulously. It is always a temptation when dealing with Wanley's writings to see if the works he mentions are still in the Harleian collection and the editors of this edition have checked every item and annotated it, enabling every traceable book to be located. The system of footnotes is very elaborate and intended to assist a reader who is tracking the ingestion of an item into Harley's possession, quite often a long drawn out process. The most lasting value of the *Diary* will doubtless be for reference, but for the reader who wishes to pursue the story it reveals of the day to day running of an early eighteenth century library the notes can prove an irritation. On page 171, for example, note 4 to item 5 of 9 November, 1722 refers to item 8 of 12 November, nine lines below, where note 8 refers back to it. Notes 7 and 9 on the same page however are elucidatory and essential to the comprehension of most readers. Leaving aside this minor point, many surprising minutiae of eighteenth century library administration are revealed. Wanley was constantly paying out cash and must have had to keep at times quite considerable sums in the library or in his own lodgings. The binders Chapman and Elliot were both paid on 1 May, 1721 for example and on 15 July 1720 John Warburton was paid 100 guineas. In the recommendations which Wanley drew up for Harley in 1713 for a proposed new library he had specified a room for keeping the library funds in and security for cash must have been a problem. One is reminded of Anthony Wood seeing a 'long bag of money' lying in the tower of Lincoln College when he was studying the records there.

Another surprising feature of the *Diary* is the constant trouble which Wanley had with his binders who were continually producing work with which he was dissatisfied. More readers than one would expect were allowed to borrow books; the charging system required them to sign a note for the book which was destroyed on its return. In some cases care was taken that not too much should be transcribed from a manuscript. The goldsmith Joseph Barret was lent four manuscripts for a week only, in the knowledge that working in his spare time he would be unable to abstract more than he was supposed to.

For the most part personal details of Wanley's life did not get entries, but one or two were inserted. On 25 August, 1724 he noted 'This day it pleased my noble lord (in consideration of my long and faithful service) to augment my salary with 10s per week'. This was after some sixteen years. On 17 August 1725 he witnessed the will of the bookseller Nathaniel Noel, before the latter left on a book buying trip to the continent, taking the opportunity to note 'Indeed, I

think this Man ha's mended of late years; and may, if God will give him (what I & others want) Contrition, & his Saving Grace, obtain Pardon from the most High, when he shall have the greatest Need of it'.

A full apparatus is provided in addition to the long introduction. The numerical table of Harleian manuscripts should prove valuable to anyone working on them who wishes to find Wanley's references and trace their provenience. There is a biographical index listing those mentioned in the text, many of them not easily traceable in standard biographical dictionaries, giving their dates and synopses of their lives. The select bibliography is sufficiently up to date to include work published in late 1965 and even 1966.

Apart from his achievements as a library keeper Wanley presents to posterity a genial and convivial personality, meeting his friends in the Genoa Arms and the other members of the Society of Antiquaries in a succession of taverns. He expressed himself in a pleasing and trenchant prose style and it is remarkable that more of his work has not been published before.

G.W.

KENNETH DAY, *Book typography 1815-1965 in Europe and the United States of America*. London, Benn, 1966. Pp. xxiii + 401, 192 plates. £5 5s.

This work was originally published by the firm of G. J. Thieme of Nijmegen, under whose imprint it appeared as *Anderhalve Eeuw Boektypografie* in 1965. It was a happy thought of the directors of Thieme to celebrate their 150th anniversary by commissioning the publication of a history of printing during the period that it was changing from a mystery into technology, and they were fortunate in being able to secure the advice of Jan Tschichold and Stanley Morison in assembling the team of contributors, all distinguished figures in their own fields. The book consists of a series of lengthy essays on individual countries in Western Europe and the U.S.A.; only Spain—as, alas, so often—is not covered by a specialist article. The contributors were wisely allowed to interpret their briefs in their own way, and the difference of approach which one encounters is stimulating. It is also, it must be admitted, at times somewhat frustrating, as although in the majority of cases the essays are informative and useful even if one starts with very little knowledge of the subject, in one or two instances a fair degree of familiarity with the subject under discussion is really needed if one is to appreciate the writer's comments fully. M. Maximilian Vox's witty and provocative treatment of French books since 1914 is a case in point.

The English edition, ably edited by Kenneth Day, differs somewhat from the original Dutch version in the treatment of footnotes and references, most of which have been incorporated into the text (to my regret; a separate bibliography would have been very useful) and in the illustrations which are used. These are copious and of good quality. About two dozen are shown for each country, and have been chosen with considerable care. Few of the easy stand-bys of the tired compiler are used; instead most are fresh and unfamiliar. To reproduce the title page of *The Times Printing Number* of 1912, as Miss P. M. Handover does in her shrewd and useful study of British book typography, is striking and forces one to look again at a work one knows well.

The physical production of the volume, designed by Jan Vermeulen and printed by G. J. Thieme, is excellent. *Book typography 1815-1965* is in fact to be most warmly recommended.

R.C.

W. TURNER BERRY and H. EDMUND POOLE, *Annals of printing; a chronological encyclopaedia from the earliest times to 1950*. London, Blandford Press, 1966. Pp. xix + 315, illus. 84s.

Undoubtedly there has for a long time been a need for an annalistic treatment of the history of book production; Messrs Berry and Poole's book is therefore very welcome. Yet the fact that a book is really needed makes one look even more carefully at what is produced to meet the need; there are more than enough inaccurate hack compilations on the market. The authors of *Annals of printing* are sufficient guarantee that their book will not be such; both have long experience of the practice and history of 'the trade', and though one can carp at some omissions and criticize some inclusions—for this reviewer the number of short notes on the introduction of printing into various small English provincial towns could have been cut drastically—the balance of the work is good. So too are the copious illustrations and the useful maps on the spread of printing. The bibliographies are well-chosen and up-to-date.

The work was divided between the two compilers such that Mr Poole has dealt with developments before 1800 and Mr Berry with the technical and other changes of the past century and a half. They have in their choice and treatment of material had in mind not the professional bibliographer—so that there will be no conflict with the Bibliographical Society's annalistic rearrangement of STC when it at last appears—but rather 'the student in school of librarianship, colleges of art and printing and technology . . . and the non-specialist . . .' One difficulty is greatly intensified by this approach, and that is that annals are seldom interesting to read at length; and such readers will be more easily bored than the bibliographer. On the whole the authors have managed successfully to treat their matter in a pleasantly readable manner, though in a few instances the popularisation is overdone. Thus in the entry describing Major Beniowsky's Patent Printing Machinery and Printing Company we read of 'the handsome Major, who was a brilliant speaker and a master of the art of gullibility . . .' Such lapses into Sunday sensationalism are fortunately rare. Less rare, alas, are misprints; the authors have been very poorly served by their proofreaders. Some errors are harmless enough; a reference to Briquet's *Les filigrances* does little harm, and 'Method Kabál' had me dreaming of Ruritania political intrigue. But what is the innocent student going to make of the Kenera Press, or of Bruce's typesetting machine, which one reads 'was capable of ejecting about 100 pieces of type *an hour*' and which is illustrated as Brune's typesetter? These defects reduce very considerably the reliance that one can place on the book, and one trusts that these and the many other misprints will be corrected in subsequent editions which the work undoubtedly deserves.

R.C.

HUGH WILLIAMSON, *Methods of book design; the practice of an industrial craft*. 2nd. ed. London, Oxford University Press, 1966. Pp. xv + 433, illus. 63s.

When it was originally published ten years ago Mr Williamson's book rapidly established itself as a standard work, the standard work, in its field. The new edition contains a good deal of fresh matter dealing with the new methods and materials which have come into use in the interval: international paper sizes, web offset, filmsetting and similar topics. There have however

been relatively few changes to the already existing text; Mr Williamson's philosophy is not likely to appeal to the Mary Quant's of the printing world, and though he is not unsympathetic to new development and experimental designs he recognises that the craft of the typographer is necessarily an exercise on conventional themes. This at any rate for the commercial publisher who has to sell his books to the very conservative public even if not for the private press owner (for whom, incidentally, Mr Williamson seems to have the professional's healthy contempt). The book is therefore concerned very much with methods and principles which if unproven and incapable of proof have the weight of five hundred years of printing behind them, and these are discussed with uncommon shrewdness. The bibliographies and illustrations are excellent; the design and execution of the volume as good as they should be on such a book. Excellent value for three guineas.

W.J.P.



RECENT PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS

Long leggedy beasties, stories and illustrations by Tim Leadbeater. (Pp.64, 11½ × 11½ inches. Spiral-bound, half the pages hinged on the left of a back board 11½ × 23½ inches, the other half hinged to the right, so that the book opens to a full span of nearly four feet. 120 copies, price £2 6s. Art Society Press, King's College School, Wimbledon, London S.W.19, England.) Gorgeous stories, terrifying illustrations, a magnificently conceived production. If there is room in your bookcase, or in your shirt drawer, rush to buy.

Anthology of bits, beasts, insects and plants, with 19 wood-cuts by Hugh Kolb. (Pp.90, 11½ × 8½ inches. Spiral bound with white paper boards. 250 copies, price £1 3s. 6d. Art Society Press, King's College School, Wimbledon, London S.W.19, England.) An unhackneyed anthology, well printed in different sizes of Times Roman, with fine, large wood-cuts in many colours. Very good value.

An impression of spring, a landscape panorama by Morris Cox. (Pp.26, 8 × 4½ inches. Bound in decorated paper boards. 100 copies, price £2. Gogmagog Press, distributed by Bertram Rota Ltd., 4, 5, & 6 Saville Row, London W.1, England.) Three long embossed prints, joined and folded to produce nine double-page spreads. A companion volume to *Winter* listed in our spring issue, and an equally lovely and desirable book.

An impression of summer, a landscape panorama by Morris Cox. Uniform in all respects with *Spring* listed above.

The blood royal of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, England and other countries in the House of Potok through Macalister, compiled by Count Potocki of Montalk. (Pp.52, 11½ × 8½ inches. Bound in red cloth boards. 100 copies, price £3 3s. Méliissa Press, Villa Vigoni, Chemin de Saint Martin, Draguignan (Var), France.) Vastly detailed genealogies, involving much intricate type-setting. Includes supplementary tables showing the Scots ancestry of Bourbon-Deux Siciles, Colbert, Zamoyski & Czartoryski.

The shingle of memory, poems by Ron Green, Patrick Horsley, Robin Horsley and Edmund Marsden. (Pp.16, 9½ × 5½ inches. 10 copies on hand-made paper, quarter-bound in blue leather, patterned paper boards, with one coloured illustration, price £2 2s.; 190 copies on white Glastonbury Antique Laid paper, bound in marbled paper boards, with two coloured illustrations, price £1 1s. Compton Press, Compton Chamberlayne, Salisbury, Wiltshire, England.) Set in Monotype New Clarendon and printed in blue and black. Abstract illustrations. Cover papers marbled at the press.

Narrow days, poems by David Bone. (Pp.125, 7½ × 6 inches. Bound in dark green buckram, gold-blocked. Bee and Blackthorn Press, 6 Perth Road, Beckenham, Kent, England.) Descriptive poems, preoccupied with the country and its seasons. A nicely produced book, printed and bound by Benham and Company.

The Apostles' Creed, with fifteen wood-engravings by Phillip Ross. (Pp.20, 8½ × 4½ inches. Bound in blue buckram, gold blocked. 84 copies, of which 40 for sale, price £2 2s. Printed at the Cuckoo Hill Press; published by Phillip Ross, Beech House, High Street, Great Ayton, Middlesborough, Yorkshire, England.) Text set in Albertus caps so as to match the boldly cut, rather heavy engravings. Printed on Barcham Green hand-made paper. Bound by Rigby Graham and Trevor Hickman.

South Africa, a cycle of thirty poems by Wilhelm Hiener. (Pp.44, 10 × 6½ inches. Thirty copies with twelve plates by Rigby Graham; out of print. 70 un-illustrated copies, price £3. Wattle Grove Press, 69 George Town Road, Newnham, Tasmania, Australia.) Savage and passionate poems, rather surprisingly denied by the WGP: 'concerned solely with the aesthetic aspect of this book; the political opinions expressed therein are the author's own.' Rigby Graham's inspired prints are regrettably only a part of the total cut for the book, and the physical labour of printing these was too much for the press so that only 30 copies were eventually issued with illustrations. Regular supporters of the press who secured one of these copies will have been well rewarded for their constancy.

Two children, poems by Gavin Ewart. (Pp.20, 8 × 6½ inches. Paper wrappers. 175 copies. Price 6s. 6d. Keepsake Press, 26 Sydney Road, Richmond, Surrey, England.) '... an attempt to represent the thoughts and feelings (as far as the adult mind can interpret them) of two children—a boy of five and a girl of six and a half.'

Blow northern wind, a XIVth century lyric, translated by Stephen Scobie and Alastair Howard Roberts. (Pp.28, including 10 blank, 7½ × 6½ inches. Side-stapled into card wrappers. 45 copies, price 7s. 6d. Golden Targe Press, Trinafour

P.O., Calvine, Perthshire, Scotland.) An elegant translation from the Middle English. Eleven stanzas, printed one to a page. Presswork fair; design interesting—a mixture of Perpetua, Unifers, Castellar and Stephenson Blake rose flowers; binding somewhat clumsy.

Confessions of a Typomaniac, by Derek Maggs. (Pp.13, 7½×4¾ inches. 25 copies cloth-bound, price 7s. 6d.; about 100 copies sewn into paper covers, price 3s. Magpie Press London, 36 Sherard Road, London S.E.9, England.) Two essays on the trials of the spare-time printer (and his wife) which first appeared in *Small Printer* and *Ispanews*. Neatly produced, printed in red and black on pale green paper.

D.J.C.

Association Affairs

Honorary Membership Secretary

It is with great regret that the Council of the Association has accepted the resignation of Mr R. T. Standing, its Membership Secretary for the past two years. We are very grateful to him for the valuable work he has done on our behalf. At the same time we wish to welcome his successor, Group-Captain R. D. Pratt, who has very generously undertaken to fill the post.

Private Press Books

The latest volume of the Association's annual bibliography is now available. Edited by Roderick Cave, David Chambers and Peter Hoy, it records some 170 books and pamphlets issued by private presses during 1965, and lists a further 56 books and articles about private printing which have appeared since the last volume of the bibliography. The price for individual copies is 15s. or \$2.50 to members; 21s. or \$3.50 to non-members. For those who place a standing order there is a lower price: 10s. 6d. or \$1.75 to members and 15s. or \$2.50 to non-members of the Association. Orders for *Private Press Books*, as for all PLA publications, should be sent to the Hon. Publications Secretary, 41 Cuckoo Hill Road, Pinner, Middlesex.

The Private Library

With this issue, the Association's quarterly magazine completes its tenth year of life. When it started as *PLA Quarterly* in 1957 few of us would have been sanguine enough, as we staggered from crisis to crisis with each successive issue, to predict that it could possibly last so long.

The cover-engraving on this issue, which is shown by courtesy of Oxford University Press, is by Alan May.

The name of John Roberts Press is well known to collectors of fine editions and privately printed books. Their productions range from the twenty-guinea magnificence of a folio 'Song of Songs' to the more modest charm of 'Twelve by Eight', recently published by the Private Libraries Association.

Many bibliophiles cause small books to be privately printed, so to clothe some favoured item in worthy typographical dress. They may cost little more than a good Christmas card—though there is, of course, no limit at the opposite end of the scale.

Those contemplating the production of a book or booklet 'printed for their friends' may expect interested co-operation from John Roberts Press Ltd, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London EC1.