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EDITORIAL

This first number of the P.L.A. Quarterly is very much an experiment. Every member of the Private Libraries Association has different interests from the others, and to produce a journal to satisfy all tastes is an impossible task. This first issue of the journal is an attempt, but of course it cannot succeed completely. The editor will be very glad to receive the criticisms and suggestions of members, and will make every effort to carry out the suggestions — but please let him have them.

The contributors to this number should need no introduction: our indefatigable Chairman and Secretary are known to us all; Christopher Sandford, as proprietor of the Golden Cockerel Press, has published some of the most finely produced books of this century; and Roger Powell is perhaps the most eminent of hand-binders now working in England.

It is our intention to publish a series of articles by contemporary book illustrators on their own work. Among the first will be Frank Martin and Edward Ardizzone. We can also announce that in the near future we shall be printing contributions by Martyn Goff, Charles Ede, B. S. Cron and F. Mayer.

Mention is made in the Review of a Year’s Work: 1956 of our intention to run a series of articles on members’ own libraries. The editor will always be delighted to consider articles which members may care to write on their own collections.

REVIEW OF A YEAR’S WORK, 1956

by A. E. WARD, Chairman of the Council and P. WARD, Honorary Secretary

Although this section of the P.L.A. Quarterly will normally be devoted to current news of association affairs, we thought it appropriate to begin with a brief history of the P.L.A., from the embryo of an idea to its realisation.

We must pass over all the early attempts to find national support, and come to the first important landmark; the acceptance by The Observer of a letter from the Acting Secretary proposing the establishment of “a Private Library Association, its membership being limited at first to those individuals who possess a personal library of more than 500 books in all, and a monthly rate of acquisition of at least two books.”

The Observer has our sincere gratitude for publishing this letter (May 6th), but some readers will have been puzzled by the “basic aims,” which were stated not in full — as submitted by the Acting Secretary — but as follows:

“To help readers in the organisation, cataloguing, and fuller enjoyment of their personal collections; to cover every subject field by voluntary organised specialisation, and to record locations for loans.”
Phrased in this way, the project was not destined to attract popular support, and when it is remembered that 316 readers wrote to the Acting Secretary as a result, it is encouraging to speculate on the response to a clearer and more comprehensive treatment of the original letter. At once, however, the replies poured in, and during the first week there was a daily average of 34 letters on the subject. Each writer was sent a questionnaire on his library to help the Council (though no Council existed at the time, of course) in the preparation of a constitution, and to begin the work of compiling a register of member specialists.

We knew that this was the time to arrange the Inaugural Meeting, and on 8th June, this took place at St. Ermin’s Hotel, London S.W.1. Those attending included the future members of Council, and Misses Cutler, Gannicott and Merett, and Messrs. Long, Poulton and Radford — a total of 13. By a majority decision, the name was changed to “Private Libraries Association,” and minor alterations were made to the aims and objects, though the Constitution was adopted in its entirety.

The election of members of Council was then brought under discussion, and following a brief word on the officers’ duties, the Acting Chairman asked for nominations and on a show of hands the following Officers and Council were elected: Dr. R. Regensburger, President; Mr. A. E. Ward, Chairman; Mr. G. W. Sheldon, Treasurer; Mr. P. Ward, Secretary; Mr. R. Cave, Mr. B. S. Cron and Mr. N. R. Fearay.

Following this meeting, which recommended that the annual subscription be fixed at one guinea for the year ending 31st December, 1956, the first Council Meeting of the Association was held.

* * *

The beginnings, then, were quite uneventful. Publicity concerning the Inaugural Meeting was kindly given to us by The Times, Books and Bookmen, The Harrow Observer and The Bookseller. These notices, together with the occasional small advertisements which the funds allowed, were the only methods of informing those interested about our work.

Members will have seen how the aims and objects developed from the basic formula suggested on May 6th in The Observer. The Inaugural Meeting, with its drastically revised aims and objects, took us into June, and by July — when the second Council Meeting was held — our plans were taking shape and the promises of the early months were being implemented very quickly. Now, after only a few months of life and growth, ten of the eleven aims are in active operation.

A summary of policy and achievements will not be out of place, since the varied, important activities currently taking place tend to crowd out the memories of past work.

First, co-operation with the trade, with allied organisations and institutional libraries, has been most fruitful. Many publishers are sending supplies of their dust-wrappers for the Central Collection of Book-Jackets; arrangements have been made with W. & G. Foyle for publicity, and two leading bookshops have been
authorised to supply to our members, free of charge, the bibliographical periodicals Books of the Month and Current Literature; relations with our colleagues in public libraries and with other professional librarians have been clarified by the Secretary's letter which appeared in the Library Association Record for December, a copy of which may be obtained from the Association's office in North Harrow.

The original idea of loans between members was abandoned as a result of lack of support, and also because it was felt that the excellent service given by the rate-supported libraries would render the Location Editor's work largely redundant. Instead, there was much support for a plan to contribute lists of surplus books, "wants," and other books and periodicals for sale or exchange to a common pool. The early idea, which has been carried out, was to send out bi-monthly lists of such material to members only, and to create a master file for a permanent record of items covered by the Exchange Scheme.

There have since appeared two exchange lists. The first was criticised shrewdly and constructively, and the layout and entries have been modified considerably in the second exchange list which was sent to members on December 21st, 1956. The third is to be compiled in February.

Many correspondents have mentioned a journal as a desirable, if not essential, adjunct to the existing services. The result is in your hands, and if you have any comments please let the Editor hear them. In this connection we have to make two acknowledgements: one, to our able Editor, who has succeeded in getting through the press the first issue of a journal and in completing the preparations so satisfactorily; and also, to our generous advertisers, without whom we could not have begun to publish. Editorial policy will explain itself, but it should be stated that a series of articles on the private libraries of members is planned, the first of which appears in this issue. Do let us know of your special collections, and latest acquisitions.

* * *

The second year's work is ahead of us, and what can we expect from it in the P.L.A.? First, closer co-operation with our friends in the trade is planned as a result of the establishment of associate membership. We know from pleasurable experience that many publishers and booksellers support our work, and in spite of not being qualified for full membership, which is restricted to private librarians, would be glad to help us.

The Council has agreed to grant associate membership from January, 1957, and full details may be obtained from the Secretary.

This year will bring us also six issues of the exchange list, four numbers of the P.L.A. Quarterly, monthly supplies for members of both Current Literature and Books of the Month, and news letters on matters of urgency or subjects likely to be of interest to members outside the scope of this Journal. Many new developments are ahead in every branch of the Association's work, not least in the cardinal aim of fostering the love of literature and the use of modern methods in librarianship.
BOOKBINDING — WHERE NEXT?
by ROGER POWELL

Hand-binding is now far removed from the machine-work of publishers’ case-binding, and machine-binding is too far separated from the design of the book as a whole. Yet only 50 years ago it was still common practice for publishers’ binding to be sewn by hand, and much case-making and casing-in is still a hand-operation in some binderies. Binding has lagged behind, and is in danger of becoming a mere sleeping partner in the business of book production.

In the shrinking field of hand-binding during this century there has been little change in this country, except in the volume of work. And most of it is done for public bodies or other groups rather than the private bibliophile; few committees and their like can encourage adventure. As a Cinderella of the Arts it has had almost no influence on publishers’ binding since the first world war. In the U.S.A. there is very little hand work done, except by hobbyists or others working alone; the trade hand-binding shops of London have almost no counterpart in America. But the better publishers’ binding in the States is head and shoulders above its British equivalent.

France is in a unique position where hand-binding is concerned. There is a live tradition of having books specially bound to suit the owner, even though comparatively few can now afford to have it done. But there are many collectors in France buying sumptuous binding at enormous prices, turning their money into goods. French binders, or painters and others who have become designers of hand-binding decor in France, adventured to the point where some of their products were hardly books at all, and sell them. In their machine production, there is a definite trend towards the stiff-boarded case-binding; so far, in the form of limited editions of cheap and essentially paper-backed books in cloth covered boards, with decoration by the designers of hand-binding. Some of these seem to be conceived in terms of leather, and the effect in conjunction with a book on poor paper is incongruous. There seems to have been little change during the past few years, though the proportion of the limited edition may have increased.

Britain lags behind France in liveliness where hand-binding is concerned; is often dull to the point of stodginess; and, partly because of this stolidity, less often downright vulgar. The structural technique is sounder, and there is more regard for the essentials of the book. In publishers’ binding, we seem to lag behind U.S.A. in structure and good manners by machine. But there are stirrings in both fields. Hand-binders, aware that all is not well, are imitating the French; it is to be hoped that they will work out their own ideas in time. Publishers, however, do not seem to have thought beyond the cloth spine with decorated paper sides of earlier days. But when Colleges of Art become publishing houses they issue challenges to themselves, and the experiment deserves critical attention. At present it is feeling its
way; it has shown good printing and good illustration, but no adventure and no inspired quality in book-planning. Its next year or two might throw up leadership in this aspect of books. But for the moment the plain fact of the matter is that we have lost our regard for quality. So where do we go from here?

What is basic good quality in book production? It is not generally appreciated in these days, and the book is almost never considered as a whole, and from the beginning.

Whether it be hand or machine-bound, a well planned book ought to be one in which the leaves are reasonably well protected in use or in the shelves, and which is convenient to handle and pleasant to look at. And, perhaps one might add, to be remembered as such. Further, it ought so to remain during normal use. It is in the degree of happy achievement in these things that quality is to be found. So how set about the achievement?

Until there is some revolution in book production, such as the change from papyrus roll to codex — a new conception of book-form altogether — a book will normally be printed first and then bound in some way. And since such things as margins are not as a rule within the binders’ province until he comes to cutting edges, they and the printing are assumed to be in keeping with the general standard under discussion.

But proportion is at the very heart of good book planning which is a synthesis of relationships: paper thickness to total thickness, and to the page area; total thickness to bulk; the apparent thickness of the boards to the bulk, and their projection beyond the edges of the leaves; the degree of roundness of the spine to thickness; and so on. And all-embracing, in considering the visible-tactile wholeness, the accord or lack of it between spine and sides and text. A book ought to be a whole; if the parts are not in harmony, by so much have the planner and his executants fallen down on the job. Superb printing and materials will not of themselves produce satisfying results; fine leathers, gold tooing, vellum and what not, even if properly used, can do no more than add a richness to the sense of fine achievement. To that extent the hand-binder is given opportunities barely open to the machine-binder.

Nearly all paper used for printed books is machine-made. That is to say it comes from the machine in a long ribbon in which the fibres tend to lie in the direction of the length. Machine-made paper bends and folds much more easily along the line of the fibres than across them. So apart from any other considerations about paper, it is of the first importance that it be arranged so that in the finished book the fibres run up and down the pages, not across them, if the book is open, and lie open, easily. Other things being equal, the structure of a book in which the fibres run across the pages will break down sooner than one in which the fibres run up and down. (If, on looking along the foredge of a closed book a ripple is to be seen in the edges of the leaves while the edges at head and tail are straight, the fibres run the wrong way, and the book will tend to open in chunks, with
the leaves radiating from the spine like the spokes of a wheel, rather than lying in an easy sweep at any opening.)

But the "way" of the paper is not all. It may be too thick, or more rarely, too thin for the page area. So that even if the "way" is right the opening may be stiff. Too thin leaves may collapse concertina-wise. India-paper prayer-books with the "way" wrong, crackle in use. The texture or colour may not suit the size or subject-matter or the type in which it is set, or it may be structurally unsound. A book can be more certainly marred by a wrong choice or arrangement of paper than by any other factor.

In joining the leaves together the hand-binder has a wide choice of method, and it is much easier for him than for the machine-binder to choose threads, cords, tapes and so on to suit the proportions of the book. New adhesives have made it possible to join the leaves together without sewing, but the only thing to be said in favour of it so far is that it cuts costs. The process is still going through more or less serious teething troubles, and to bind fine books by this means would be quite unfitting.

It is in the outward appearance that most people are first moved by pleasure, distaste or indifference. And in making and finishing the outer cover and uniting it with the leaves, publishers' binders have a lot to learn from the U.S.A. It is not by any means just a matter of sticking the text in a sort of heavy-weight typographic dust-cover. In fact a typographer, unless he is unusually blessed with a wider experience, is not best fitted to design these articulated, three-dimensional cases. Too many of them here are drab, unsubstantial, and badly fitting.

Hand-binders have a freedom, denied to the publisher, to vary their plan from book to book; they are not limited by what the machine can do. And some startling experiments inspired by French models are appearing in exhibitions, which are drawing visitors. As a binder, one cannot help wondering if there are not signs of reviving interest in books as books. If so, let there be publishers who will take heart to design for special treatment limited editions of selected books for publishers' binding. In hand-binding, for the same reason, there is a field of endeavour, handled with insight and if possible in collaboration with the publishers, to be conducted somewhat on the lines adopted by furniture makers in Denmark. That is to say, short or comparatively short runs of new designs, for a book or series of books; perhaps 25 copies, rather than one only. The idea is not new, and some rather unsavoury examples of how not to do it have left a nasty taste in the mouth. But P.L.A. is young, and one hopes carefree. Here are jobs that need adventurous encouragement.

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE LIBRARY

by PHILIP WARD

The calm interior of the President's Cambridge house is reminiscent of a passage in Gilfillan's Sketches: "What a broad thing is a library — all shades of opinion reflected on its catholic bosom, as the sunbeams and shadows of a summer's day upon the ample
mirror of a lake. Jean Paul was always melancholy in a large library, because it reminded him of his ignorance."

The library, a result of the labours of fifty years, houses a very large, and uncounted number of volumes on a quarter of a mile of shelving. It may claim to be the finest guide to human knowledge stored on open access in a single private house.

Dr. Regensburger maintains that the essential unit is not the book, nor even the chapter or periodical article, important though these naturally are; the irreducible unit is the single idea, or thought. Rejecting orthodox cataloguing procedure, the President relies on a knowledge of stock far more thorough, and possibly unique in scope, for, instead of transcribing the title-page and other relatively superficial characteristics of the book, he reads the book in its entirety, noting cross-references at every point of importance to him. In this way, the possession of the chapter on Diodorus Siculus in Farrington’s *Head and Hand in Ancient Greece* would be indicated in his list of items on the universal historian.

This list, whether the individual items be portraits, maps, press cuttings, notes of paragraphs in books or periodicals, illustrations or obituaries, is called the “schedula generalis” of the particular subject, and Dr. Regensburger estimates that there are roughly 280,000 schedulae generales within the main classified sequence. They are shelved, with similar appropriate material, in a used envelope of a convenient size, one narrow end of which has been split. The degree of precision required to ensure that envelopes are shelved correctly forbids their handling by visitors, but the restriction on replacing books is the only rule in the Library.

The comprehensive reliability of these schedulae generales would seem to indicate, paradoxically, that the richness of the stock lies not in the books themselves, but in the less easily obtainable material to be found in the related envelopes. The Library possesses a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, but the combined stock is, in reality, as exhaustive in scope and depth as that august work — an impressive testimony that only critical examination can confirm.

Having discussed the necessity of the schedulae generales, which amount in some cases to subject bibliographies, it is possible to say only a word on the highly original and practical classification system, which is explained at far greater length in Dr. Regensburger’s book *Some Remarks on Private Libraries*.

One aspect of book arrangement likely to fascinate visitors is the “guide-book” system. In chosen divisions of knowledge, the President selects a “guide-book.” If we take B. Ifor Evans’ *Short History of English Literature* (Pelican, 1st. ed., 1940) as our guide-book for that subject, it should be examined for four main qualities: it should be complete without verbosity, it should be unprejudiced, it should be comparatively recent, and it should have a detailed index. Having approved this little book for our purpose, we shall classify our material in the manner approved by the Librarian.

It will be seen that John Gay’s output is described on page 114 of the *Short History*, and Richard Steele is appraised on page
115. The envelope for Gay would thus read “GAY, John. 1685-
1732. E(vans). 114,” and would be shelved just before
“STEELE, Richard . . . ,” who appears on the following page of
the guide-book. The writers not mentioned in the guide-book are
inserted into the main sequence, not chronologically but in natural
order of activity, contemporary authors naturally being shelved
after the rest. A random comparison at this stage with Dewey’s
laborious Decimal classification reveals that the American, whose
method is still so staunchly expounded in Britain, puts Gay at
“822.56,” while Steele rests between Addison and Eustace Budgell
in a distant corner at “824.53.”

Readers will note that any particular text-book of their own
choice may be used as a guide-book, preserving individuality and
dependability at the expense of arbitrary decimal numbers, and the
idiosyncrasies of a forerunner.

* * *

The department of English culture is stored in the dining
room, and shows remarkable selective taste in a Librarian whose
native tongue is not English; throughout the Library, however, the
tendency is to select the best book on a given theme no matter in
what language the original author writes, for a fine memory coupled
with exceptional linguistic facility has enabled Dr. Regensburger,
once a judge in Germany, to read more than sixty languages and
dialects. Lord Lytton, in his play Richelieu, shrewdly comments,
“Laws die, books never.”

Although the German department is far larger than that
devoted to England, it is outshone by the great classical collections
of literature, history, philosophy and art, which are housed in the
ground floor study. The President’s hope for his German library
— that it should be one sanctuary outside Germany for the mutilated
culture of his native land, is nobly fulfilled; the Goethe library
alone is, in Britain, probably second only in size and quality to that
in the British Museum. This department is housed in the first
floor room which contains the secondary general reference
department.

* * *

The design of Dr. Regensburger’s house is quite typical of
the modern suburban house, having on the ground floor the dining
room with the English department, the kitchen, and the hall which
divides this section from the study. The hall and the ground floor
passages are filled with books and a “lift,” or small cabinet, on
the stairs contains books to be taken up at the next opportunity.

Just as activity on the ground floor revolves around the study,
with its main general reference department, so the first floor has
the German room as its focal point. Here again the passages are
utilised imaginatively, and one wall of a bedroom provides more
vital shelf-space. The wall along the stairs is decorated with a
map of Italy, the President’s spiritual home.

The study, which is perhaps the most interesting room for
purposes of technique demonstration, gives an immediate impression
of devout scholarship, even until the intricacies of classification
are assimilated. The shelves, which are of a uniform dark stained
wood, are very low, and stand approximately eight high in each press.

The large desk is kept methodically clear, and is fitted with a heating device below to warm the reader’s legs while keeping the head cool. To avoid dust, the flooring has been made of soft rubber, while the curtains are of a washable plastic material.

The study is naturally the centre of the whole collection, and most of the books and papers currently in use are to be found here. Although their chief value lies in their everyday use, some of the books are scarce and expensive. A Syriac printed psalter of 1846 belonging to Dr. Regensburger’s Library was described by Dr. D. M. Dunlop in the Bulletin of the John Rylands Library for March, 1956.

There is no space to chronicle the Regensburger Historical Atlas, or the rest of the most interesting Library, but we can commiserate with the President for his loss of some 17,000 volumes during the second world war.

After a lifetime of deliberate selection and rejection, accession and withdrawal, Dr. Regensburger has created a Library which is a brilliant achievement when considered by any standard. That one man should have assembled such a balanced stock is truly astounding, for the literature of nearly every age, of nearly every language, and of nearly every civilisation, appears to be adequately represented. Like Jean Paul the writer is afflicted with melancholy, because the Regensburger Library reminds him of his ignorance.

After approving this brief summary of his Library, Dr. Regensburger asked that the following note should be appended: “The Library is in 72 Coleridge Road, in the City of Cambridge, and is always open to those who wish to study there, or merely visit the collection. Visitors who live outside the city are requested to make an appointment at least three days before their intended visit, as it is not possible to give all my attention to guests on the days when lectures and seminaries are held.”

* * *

It is hoped to print an account of the classification system used in this private Library in a future issue of this journal.

PRIVATE PRESS PRINTING IN ENGLAND
SINCE THE WAR

by CHRISTOPHER SANDFORD

Lord Thamesvalley, Sir Fitzroy Firth of Forth, and Mr. David Brecknock-Wye, mellowed at Eton and cultured at Kings, are sometimes heard to remark after lunch in the Athenaeum, “Now my dream has always been to have a private press and print my Shakespeare’s Sonnets (or my Jolly Beggars of Burns, or my Branwen daughter of Llyr, or my Memoirs, or my Collected Poems) in my own way.” And not only the landed gentry: many a lawyer, surgeon, alderman, author, artist, dean and don has yearned to express his personality in print of his own design and execution. But how few of them have realised their ambition!
In the eighteenth century there were, notably, Horace Walpole (who became fourth Earl of Orford) — two of Gray’s Odes were the first fruits of his private press — his “Officina Arbuteana” — planted in 1757 in his astonishing Thames-side villa called Strawberry Hill — and, still more notably, John Baskerville of Birmingham, who started his private printing with his Virgil in the same year. In the nineteenth century there were, first Blake, then Daniel, and, finally, in the last decade, Morris, Ricketts, Hornby, Guthrie, Pissarro, Ashbee, and maybe one or two more.

In the first thirty-nine years of our present century there were more private presses than I have room to name — more than two dozen, but that is still not a lot. (The “giants” were Doves, Ashendene, Shakespeare Head, Golden Cockerel, Nonesuch and Gregynog.) Anno domini, taxation, the “slump” in the early thirties, and finally the “myxomatosis” of world war killed off or put into deep freeze all but one — the Golden Cockerel — which went on crowing (because it could not see why to stop) and is still at it.

During the decade after the war there was a small revival, but most of the potential private printers still print only in their dreams. I wish I could look into these people’s minds and see the many lovely dream-books that are never printed and bound. A sign of our times is that we tend to enjoy ourselves objectively. A footballer plays his game by proxy: he heads and barges, dribbles and shoots in the striped jersey and shorts of the little man dodging far below him in the arena. Potential musicians sing and play by proxy in a broadcast oratorio. And Lord Thames valley adopts “Cockerels” instead of hatching “chickens” of his own. This is sad, but the private presses have no cause to grumble. To survive they must dispose of their notable books and are glad to have the patronage of his Lordship and Sir Fitzroy and Dai Brecknock-Wye.

If space permitted I could name about a dozen private, semiprivate, and sometimes-private presses which have produced books since the war, among them the Peacocks Press — a welcome newcomer. Another sign of our times is the metamorphosis of “the gentleman’s private press” into widely divergent forms. For instance, while Carl Boivie prints delightful books with his own hands at the Caravel Press in London, and Ralph Chubb writes, illustrates and prints his own “prophetic books” (in the tradition of Blake) in a cottage at Ashford Hill, near Newbery, Lord Kemsley was still recently employing professionals (including a printer who used to work for the late Lord Carlow in his Cornivus Press before the war), in the tradition of the Kelmscott Press, to produce his Dropmore Press books; Miss Erica Marx has used several printing firms to print her Hand and Flower Press books; and Sir Francis Meynell (who has delighted his many admirers by reviving his Nonesuch Press) used all the most important firms of general printers to prepare his first “century” of books. (We should not forget that Ricketts had his Vale Press books printed at the Ballantyne Press; and that the Medici Society and Chatto and Windus used the Chiswick Press to print their Riccardi Press and Florence Press books respectively.)
Rather disconcerting to the writer about “private presses” is the way some of them have had since the war of accepting commissions to print books to order, just like any public press — thus Hague and Gill at High Wycombe, and the St. Dominic’s Press, now called the Ditchling Press — and, again, the way other presses have had of printing, first a number of press-books — on rag paper in limited editions in traditional private press-book form — and then, unexpectedly, ordinary books in no way different from general publications. For example, the Dropmore Press brought out a sumptuous illustrated catalogue of the Queen’s stamp collection; the Cupid Press published an illustrated catalogue of engraved glass, printed on art paper; and the Hand and Flower Press is now publishing at monthly intervals little books of modern poetry — 32 pages each, unbound, at 3s. 6d. They are charming, but they cannot be classified as press-books, and it is clear that the amateur status and “privacy” of presses is suspended while they are executing commissions like any printer, or publishing mass-produced unlimited editions like any general publisher.

The explanation is that few people can now afford to remain completely amateur, and private printers may be tempted, and even find it necessary, to produce an occasional book or series commercially. I have so far been able to avoid this at the Golden Cockerel Press. I would rather close down than prostitute my own ideal of what “Cockerels” should be.

At its best the traditional private press book is a very attractive thing. I well remember the excitement and pleasure with which I used to unpack and pursue the latest “Cockerel” on its arrival by post — years before I took over the Press from Robert Gibbings (in 1933) and became responsible for the choice and design of its books. Not for the private printer is Mr. Stanley Morison’s definition of the object of typography as being “to multiply the greatest number of copies at the least cost.” Neither the choice of materials the private printer uses, nor his methods of production, involving him in lengthy hand work, are conducive to a large and a cheap output. On the contrary, the typical private press continues to provide for those who enjoy having them — and there are many — books which maintain the traditions of Caxton and Aldus and the other early editor-printer-publishers. Press-books are intended to have a permanence and nobility which will enable them to survive the usage of many generations and to stand in honour and esteem beside the fine books of our ancestors.

Given a period of peace and prosperity, with reduction of taxation to enable the individual to save, there could be quite a lot of private printing done in the increased leisure which we are told we shall have in the future. The competition would be healthy; and I think it likely that demand would increase with supply, as more and more people became interested in this delightful craft.

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The Phanseys of William Cavendish

After the defeat of the King's forces at Marston Moor, William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, retired into exile on the Continent. At the Court of Henrietta Maria in Paris he fell in love with the beautiful maid of honour, Margaret Lucas. This is the book of his Love Poems and of the letters of Margaret in reply.

Designed by Sir Francis Meynell at the Nonesuch Press, this edition is limited to 785 numbered copies. It is printed in the Centaur Roman and Arrighi Italic types by Wm. Clowes & Sons of Beccles. The paper is cream mould-made Antique Laid, watermarked "Nonesuch" and made by Pannekoek, Holland. The binding in Linson vellum is a real delight. Both boards are decorated with an interlaced strapwork design in black, green, red and gold by K. M. Turner in the style of Grolier. Binding, and brasses, also, are by Wm. Clowes. We are proud that Sir Francis chose Linson Vellum for this remarkable book.

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