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The Private Libraries Association is a society of people interested in books from the amateur or professional point of view. Membership is open to all who pay one guinea on January 1st each year regardless of the date of enrolment.

Founded in 1956, the Association immediately organised the Exchange Scheme as a means of co-operation among collectors and students: The Exchange List is published four times a year.

The Private Library, begun in January 1957, has printed contributions from members and experts outside the society on a variety of subjects concerned with the world of books and the organisation of libraries at home.

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Association Affairs

Publications

To facilitate distribution, The Exchange List will now be published at quarterly intervals, and mailed to members with their copy of this journal. Descriptions of free offers and desiderata should still be sent to G. E. Hamilton, F.L.A., 75 Horn Road, Cove, Farnborough, Hampshire.

It is not intended to issue another edition of the Members’ Handbook for some years. Instead, printed sheets of additions, deletions and corrections will be distributed free to members at intervals. Up-to-date supplements to the Handbook will, however, be found in every Exchange List.

The Private Library marks its twenty-fifth appearance by printing a revision of John Mason’s article on Kim Taylor’s Ark Press that first appeared in 1957. John Mason’s contributions to The Private Library, and to fine printing and paper-making in all their aspects, have been notably inspiring and enthusiastic, and we take this opportunity to thank him, and all our other unpaid writers and illustrators for their work over the last seven years.

In this issue we print another contribution on a members’ library: that of the Rev. Dr James Parkes (subject of the Observer Profile on 18 September 1960), who has written Foundations of Judaism and Christianity, among many other books.

The Association’s informal survey of bookshops (Bournemouth and Dublin have already been investigated) continues with an article by C. A. Prance on the book-barrows along Farringdon Road in London. Sidney Blackmore of the Bodleian Library discusses the possibilities of slides and film-strips for the private library.

January 1963
Dr Rieu (for Penguin Books) has promised to issue translations of the works of Kalidasa, Petrarch, Lope de Vega, and Tirso de Molina, and reports that his Wood translation of Beaumarchais is in the press. The Faust of Goethe is now available in Wayne’s version, and more Goethe is to follow. On the Orlando furioso of Ariosto, Dr Rieu comments “a doubtful seller, even if very well translated.”

At last Milarepa’s Hundred thousand songs is available in English: a two-volume edition is announced by University Books of New York. This is not yet available in the United Kingdom. Two other foreign classics out-of-print here are available from the same firm: the Egyptian Book of the Dead and Budge’s Amulets and talismans, both with parallel texts. Mead’s translation of Gnostic sayings, Fragments of a faith forgotten, a parallel Siddur: the traditional [Jewish] prayer book, and Suzuki’s Training of the Zen Buddhist monk (Kyoto English edition of 1934 long o.p.) are all on the current list of the same company.

On our suggestion, Methuen “are considering the possibility of a revised edition of Bode’s Florentine sculptors of the Renaissance.”

Since a 400-page selection of de Sade’s writings is already in print (Peter Owen), we are not pressing for a complete edition.

Further recommendations for the publication of foreign texts in English may be sent to the Foreign Classics Committee, Private Libraries Association, 28 Parkfield Crescent, North Harrow, Mddx.

**THE PARKES LIBRARY**

James Parkes

In the village of Barley, in the hills between Royston and Saffron Walden, lies an old manorial farmhouse which holds the Parkes Library. The spot looks at first sight a strange choice for an unusual collection of books on every aspect of relations between the Jewish and non-Jewish worlds. But it was in fact carefully chosen when the Library came with its owner from Geneva to England. It lies on the direct and shortest road from London to Cambridge (A10 and B1368), an hour and a half from London and less than half an hour from door to door to Cambridge University Library with its open shelves and its direct access to the books. For a specialist library needs access to one of the great collections: the British Museum, the Bodleian or Cambridge. I have worked at different times in all three, and there is no question that the Cambridge Library is by far the easiest to use.

The collection was started more than thirty years ago in Geneva when I was on the staff of International Student Service, and responsible for ‘cultural co-operation’ in the student world. My field was primarily Europe, and much of my time was spent in travelling between the central and eastern European universities. The ‘iron curtain’ was further east in those days, and we did not have access to the Soviet Union, but in Poland, Rumania, Hungary and elsewhere I soon became aware that anti-semitism was not only endemic in the whole atmosphere, but that it was by far the most serious political, moral and economic problem dividing the student body. And the students were but the most vocal part of the nation. We in this country do not realise the extent to which the universities of Europe of those days were the breeding grounds of political extremism, or that students were bitterly divided into political parties even before they entered the university. In fact in many cases adherence to a powerful political party was the only door through which access to the universities could be achieved by the son of a worker or peasant.

I started work in this field towards the end of the twenties when the economic sky was already darkening, and when economic pressures were raising tensions and violence against minorities on all sides. And particularly against Jews, for Jews were in the forefront of the demand for higher education. Such was the situation in which I was asked to devote as much time as I possibly could to the study and understanding of the Jewish question. And out of that study the Library of some six thousand books and pamphlets has grown, with a fairly rich collection also of periodicals. The books are naturally largely in the languages I could read myself, English, French, German, Latin and Greek. I have not collected Hebraica, because when I started I found it was much more important to understand Jews than to understand Hebrew. For the latter there were scholars who could help me; for the former I was extraordinarily on my own. The sections of the Library grew as my needs developed—from anti-semitism to Jewish history—from Jewish history to Judaism—from Judaism to Jewish-Christian relations on the one hand and to Zionism and the Middle East on the other.

From the beginning the collection was built up in depth, and I always accumulated pamphlets when I had the opportunity. For their ephemeral character often gives the flavour and atmosphere of a moment of history more interestingly than a scholar’s later reconstruction of it. Our oldest pamphlet is of 1499; we have a good collection round
especially in England and Germany.

In a subject like relations between the Jewish and non-Jewish worlds it is especially important to pay attention to books which, so far as their factual information is concerned, are completely out of date and replaced by newer studies. For the evil of anti-semitism is to an enormous extent built up on ignorance and that ignorance was greatly fostered by the fact that Hebrew and Yiddish were incomprehensible, even in their script, to almost the whole of the Christian world; and that even to those who could penetrate the barrier of script and language, Hebrew thought stood in sharp contrast to the hellenistic categories of thinking in which Europeans grew up. The Talmud, even to those who could read the actual words, was a vast mass of incomprehensible puerilities; the subjects on which the rabbis spent their time seemed to Christians such unspiritual trifles. I was therefore always on the look out for early attempts at description or interpretation, whether from Jew or Christian.

We have the edition of 1515 of Paolo Ricci's Latin text of the six hundred and thirteen positive and negative commandments on which rabbinic Judaism rests. This was their first translation into the language of European scholarship. We have Isaac Abendana's explanation of the Jewish liturgy and customs published in English in 1706. We have a very interesting edition of Richard Simon's Histoire Critique du Vieux Testament. Simon was a member of the Oratoire at Paris, a very quarrelsome man, but a great scholar, and his is the first systematic examination of the Jewish tradition of biblical interpretation. He made the discovery that Jews, knowing Hebrew, often caught what the medieval Christian tradition, based on the Latin Vulgate, missed; and he rashly said so. He was expelled from his Order, and the book was burned. Two years later appeared a pirated edition. Some copies, including ours, have a faked title page to dodge the censor.

We have the first edition in French, as well as the English translation, of the first scholarly post-biblical history of the Jews by the Protestant statesman and scholar, Jacques Basnage. The work was pirated by the Jesuits, who issued an anonymous edition at Paris, saying in a naive preface that Mr Basnage should only be grateful that his work was reappearing in a corrected edition! We have the exceedingly rare exposure by Basnage himself of the errors in the pirated edition.

We have a fair collection of the Christian Hebraists who flourished, voluminously if rarely luminously, in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries; and the same is true of the conversational works and polemics of the same period. These volumes are often important, not merely for the author's own work, but for the immense quantities of bibliographical information to be found in their passion for mutual explanation and abuse. Thus Gerhard Meuschen, in the introduction to his Novum Testamentum ex Talmide Illustratum of 1736 mentions nearly three hundred Christian Hebraists from the sixteenth century onwards, Lutherans, Calvinists, Anglicans, and Roman Catholics. We have, of course, also the great bibliographies of works in our field; Wolf, and Tobler, Roth and the revised Roth, the Frankfurt catalogue of Judaica and so on.

Our collection of the history of Jewish communities of the Diaspora is particularly rich, with a great deal of material published in France, Germany, eastern Europe and the United States as well as in this country. We have Prynne and Tovey, Bodenschatz, Schudt and other early works, as well as the products of Jüdische Wissenschaft in the nineteenth century. This is the moment to mention that we have complete sets of The Jewish Quarterly Review, Monatsschrift für Geschichte und Wissenschaft des Judenthums and Revue des Études Juives among our periodicals.

The collection of anti-semitica and of works on anti-semitism is naturally an extensive one. Here again collection in depth is important. If one wants to know what misinformation about Jews Luther got from the malice of the converted Jew, Margareta, one needs to have the edition which was available to Luther. We have the appropriate edition of 1530. We have Reuchlin's Augenspiegel against the Dominicans of Cologne in the original. But our Pfefferkorn, to which it was a reply, is the only treasure which has been stolen during the thirty years of the Library's existence. We have extensive arrays of Drumontiana and Dreyfusiana, including the curiously rare Le Juif, le Judaisme et la Judaisation du Peuple Français of Gougenot des Mousseaux. We have two volumes from Drumont's own library with his specially printed cover paper whose whole surface is covered with LE JUDAISME VOILA L'ENEMI infinitely repeated like the name of a bank on a cheque.

Finally we have a good collection of the Middle East, Zionism and Israel. We begin with sixteenth- and seventeenth-century traveller's to the Holy Places and the Levant, including Sandys, Roger, Surius, Doubdan, Pococke and Tournefort, and the Dutch original of Dapper with his exquisite baroque copper engravings, adapted from the cruder works of earlier travellers. What can happen to a landscape when
artists copy artists who copy artists who have worked up sketches made on the spot, we were able to illustrate when some Israeli soil experts visited us, and we put an exhibition of what we called 'artistic soil erosion'. It illustrated, from the sixteenth century onwards, the artist's conception of Mount Tabor, which appeared first as a series of precipitous crags, and ended in the smooth and modest slopes of twentieth century photography. Turner did particularly well in illustrating Palestine, but his glorious creations bear little relation to the original. We have a good edition of David Roberts who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, began to introduce a measure of accuracy into the pictures of the Holy Land for western consumption.

We have no medieval manuscripts, and only a few later ones. Of these the most important is the diary and papers of Lewis Way, recording his journeys through Europe to Russia, where he made friends with the Emperor Alexander I and was invited by him to present the case for the emancipation of the Jews at the Conference of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818.

We have both author and subject catalogues on cards, but we have not been able to publish our catalogues. Instead we have a copy of the catalogue available in London. At the moment it is in process of revision, as it is a considerable work to keep up to date. But we hope to have it available by next year. The Library is used in two ways. Scholars concerned with some part of our field come down to Barley to consult the books or staff, and we have rooms available for those who want to make a stay longer than just a day. We also lend books to institutions in which a special study is being made of some subjects on which we can help them. Collections have gone out this year on: The Period from Ezra to the New Testament, Jewish and Christian Doctrines of the Messiah, The Christian in Palestine, and The Jew in Palestine from 135 to 1917, Jewish Prayer and Liturgy, and on various sections of the vast field of anti-semitism. They have gone to schools, to adult education centres and to religious institutions.

The Library still shares rooms with the founder in his own home, so that it does not yet have the rules and regulations of an institution. It is not possible to use shelfmarks, as the collection is constantly being expanded, so that it is impossible to fix positions; and it has to be confessed that the founder is almost the only person who knows without too much searching where every book is, though our part-time librarian, who deals with all the business aspects of the work, is also acquiring this knowledge. The Library is not merely a collection

Illustration from A Matter of Death and Life from a drawing by Ben Shahn

Illustration from Story of the Earth from wood engraving by Otto Rohse
of books, but part of an educational charity devoted to research in the whole field of relations between the Jewish and non-Jewish worlds, so that much work is centred in Barley which is not definitely connected with the books. We have not yet found it necessary to make rules about who should or should not borrow books, and we try to meet all requests made to us.

As to its future, we do not know, and we have not yet made concrete plans of exactly the kind of building we want. But that is all very much on the mind of the Governors at the moment. We certainly want it to be better endowed, better protected and more logically arranged than is possible in an ancient house of study and plaster.

The miniature opposite shows Belgian burghers surrendering the city keys after siege. It is from a Flemish 'Commentaries of Caesar' of the last quarter of the fifteenth century, MS. Douce 208, fol. CIII. From the Bodleian colour film Flemish Illumination I, Roll 119A.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS ON FILM

Sidney Blackmore

For many centuries man has loved illuminated and illustrated books. Such great bibliophiles as Thomas Coke, the builder of Holkham, and Francis Douce brought together fine collections of the most valuable manuscripts they could find. But the love of finely-produced books is not confined to rich collectors and patrons. Since the late nineteenth century bibliophiles have created a revival in book production and the present modern private presses have been and are still attempting to satisfy and encourage the love of beautiful books. Many collectors of today would like to have in their libraries illuminated manuscripts but, because of the great interest which has always been taken in these portable works of art, and because of their value to literature and scholarship, it has been impossible for the ordinary private librarian to buy such books and when he has been able to buy manuscripts they have often been either without illustrations, or badly damaged, or incomplete.

Now, however, by means of transparencies and 35 mm. colour filmstrips, students and bibliophiles are able to possess miniatures in the
form of slides of complete pages or openings of illuminated manuscripts. In the past facsimiles and reproductions of manuscripts have been very costly and often restricted to such circles as the Roxburghe Club, but the use of colour film as a medium is fairly inexpensive. Students and booklovers are now able to obtain colour transparencies from at least two of England's great libraries: a private library (that of the Earl of Leicester at Holkham Hall in Norfolk) and from the Library of the University of Oxford, the Bodleian. Through the generosity of the Earl of Leicester, a commercial firm, Micro Methods Ltd., have published series of colour slides and films of the Holkham Treasures.1 In this note I confine myself to the films made by the Bodleian.

The Bodleian has published colour films since 1958 to show details of many important illuminations. Transparencies show details of the illuminator's art which can be projected. At exhibitions of manuscripts it is possible to reveal only one opening of a manuscript at one time and many of the illuminations are consequently imprisoned in the unopened sections of the book. But, through the use of colour slides, one may compare many illuminations from one or more manuscripts simultaneously. Illuminations from manuscripts in the form of colour transparencies can also be used as visual aids by schools. Teachers now have the opportunity of teaching aided by slides of manuscripts. Details from the borders of such manuscripts as the Bodleian's Romance of Alexander, a fourteenth-century Flemish manuscript, which shows the sports and pastimes of medieval Flanders, make a splendid way of showing history classes the dress and manners of Chaucer's Europe as seen by an artist at the time. Biblical pictures from religious manuscripts can be used in a similar way.2

Colour filmstrips can be made on several principles. In some of the Bodleian's films, all the illuminations in particular manuscripts are recorded: this was the case with Romanesque, Byzantine and Flemish manuscripts which in recent years have been filmed before going to international exhibitions. Other films show a selection of illuminations from many different manuscripts; these films illustrate a particular school of illumination (such as Flemish or Byzantine) or a particular iconographic or subject theme (such as St. Anne, or Food and Feasting).

At the moment there are about eighty different 35 mm. filmstrips which can be purchased from the Bodleian; and many of these can be obtained mounted as slides. The regular purchaser will realise that it is much cheaper to buy in the form of filmstrips and mount these later as slides. In this way the price seems to work out at about two shillings per frame, whereas slides mounted in card cost 2/6d. each. The most recent additions to the films available from the Bodleian contain a wealth of interest and material for students and teachers. Recently all the miniatures in the famous Marco Polo, Les Livres du Gentil Caum, an English manuscript of c. 1400, have been filmed and 50 scholars now have available the miniature of Marco Polo embarking from Venice as well as thirty-seven brilliant miniatures, mostly never published on paper. A selection of the grisaille miniatures in a fourteenth century French Franciscan Missal, MS. Douce 312, has recently become available on film. This manuscript is particularly interesting for the miniatures show Biblical scenes, in particular those from the Old Testament, are not usually represented in pictures.

In an age when writers continually reflect on the decay of the great country houses, the private libraries, and the lack of personal patronage for the arts, and at a time when few people can afford to collect manuscripts on a great scale, it is surprising how few booklovers, art historians and teachers know of this means of bringing the unfaded colours and beautiful calligraphy of illuminated manuscripts into our homes. But, slowly, training colleges, scholars and bibliophiles are becoming conscious of this new medium which will undoubtedly awaken and recreate a more general interest and study of the illuminated book.3

1 This new technique has been applied elsewhere in a far more limited way. Slides of the Book of Kells were available at the recent exhibition at Burlington House. The Vatican Library, the Pierpont Library and the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris sell certain slides and many museums and great houses in this country offer selections of slides of their treasures for sale, but it is only at the Bodleian that there is such a wide range to choose from. This is made possible by the efforts of voluntary helpers who are adding to an index of the original pictures contained in medieval manuscripts in Oxford.
2 The filmstrips made by Jacob's Ladder Filmstrips, c/o W. J. Bruce Ltd., 41 Museum Street, London, W.C.1, were designed in the first instance for schools as aids to religious instruction but they are also of great value to the historian and bibliophile.
3 A price list of Bodleian colour films and slides is available on application from the Bodleian Library, Oxford. A price list of Holkham Treasures is available from Micro Methods Ltd., East Ardsley, Wakefield, Yorkshire. Future lists issued by this firm will also contain details of the slides made by Colour Centre Slides Ltd.
THE FARRINGDON ROAD BOOKSTALLS

C. A. Prance

It is said that the bibliomaniac fever generally begins at the bookstall: if so the book barrows in Farringdon Road have a lot to answer for. There you may browse at will, and no one asks you to buy. You would scarcely need to be asked, for the stock is interesting, varied and changes quickly; something is always turning up, especially if you are what Walter Jerrold called 'a snapper up of unconsidered trifles'. A well-known poet of our time has been credited with saying that sooner or later everything he wanted turned up in Farringdon Road.

The first barrows are thought to have appeared during the 1870's, and by the end of the century Farringdon Road was regarded as one of the best localities in London for bookstalling. There were then thirty or forty barrows, and about this number continued until well into the present century. The last war was responsible for the disappearance of most of them, and today there are only five barrows left, all belonging to the same owner. Nevertheless they are worthy of their honourable tradition, and are presided over by a young man who produces some astonishing volumes from time to time.

Visitors to the barrows are of all types and of both sexes, although men predominate. Lunch time is the busiest period and it is then often difficult to get close to the barrows, so great is the press. Some visitors come very frequently and one sees the same faces day after day, sometimes hopefully arriving with an empty case and going away burdened but happy.

One visitor, Robert S. Garnett, has given a picture of an encounter at the bookstalls in his delightful volume Some Book-Hunting Adventures. He describes how he obtained, not from the barrows themselves, but from a woman trying to sell to the stall holder, a set of the old London Magazine, a periodical unrivalled during its golden period of 1820-24. He eventually bought the books from the woman, whose late husband had been 'a corrector of the press; before then he was a writer himself'. Best of all was the way in which Garnett had the books delivered to his house by a series of boys, who were instructed to ring the bell at three-minute intervals and present one volume at a time to the mistress of the house. 'And, of course, each must ask for sixpence.'

No longer can one buy 'two volumes for a penny', but there are always days when the whole contents of a barrow will be marked 6d or 9d a volume. Other barrows will be 2/- a volume and still others of varying prices, even up to several pounds for a few special volumes. I have seen a barrow filled with large quarto folios at 2/- a volume, mostly old theology; but it yielded me the two folio volumes of Sir William Temple's Works, 1731.

Among finds on the stalls, I treasure particularly a first edition in excellent condition of Walter de la Mare's The Listeners. The stall holder was sorting out books from a sack just as I arrived and he threw down on the barrow before me this little book which immediately changed hands at its marked price of one shilling. Of older volumes, Bulstrode Whitelock's Memorials, 1682—the first edition—was rather more expensive at 7/6d. A welcome find was the second edition, 1802, of Gilbert White's The Natural History of Selborne. This was the edition of which Coleridge had a copy and, as was his practice, enriched with manuscript notes, but there are, alas! no such notes in my copy. Many of these books from the stalls need the attention of the bookbinder, but with a little careful repairing and the addition of some suitable leather dressing to the parched covers, they generally cut a respectable figure on one's shelves.

I have found that book catalogues, regarded by many people as mere ephemera, often find their way to the stalls. One which I was particularly pleased to secure was the sale catalogue of Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill collection, sold in 1842. Mr Wilmarth Lewis says there are six different issues of this catalogue, but the all-important one is the sixth issue, since it contains most of the books. I believe Mr Lewis has some seventeen or eighteen copies of the Strawberry Hill catalogue, but since my one copy is the sixth issue I am content. Sotheby's catalogues occasionally find their way to the barrows, and I have found the second portion of the Chester Beatty sale catalogue of Western Manuscripts, 1933, beautifully illustrated. Books of bibliographical interest and old plays are likely to be priced higher than the customary 2/-, and I had to pay 10/- for the Chester Beatty catalogue.

The sixpenny barrows (on some days ninepence or a shilling) often yield interesting pamphlets. Among these I was happy to find The Future of English Poetry by Edmund Gosse, printed in 1913 by The English Association, and inscribed 'Eddie from E.G. June 1913', 'Eddie' I supposed to be Sir Edward Marsh. Another pamphlet find was A Letter of Dr Johnson and some Eighteenth Century Imprints of the House of Longman by C. J. Longman, privately printed in 1928. Inserted, besides Mr Longman's compliments, was a letter from George Whale,
a newspaper review of a book about Whale, who was Chairman of the Rationalist Press Association, and actually died while his health was being proposed at a dinner of the Association in 1925. The menu card for that dinner was also inserted marked with pencil notes.

The barrows are a happy hunting ground for those who like to possess association copies of a book. Presentation copies from the author abound on the stalls, and among those that I have acquired is *Holyrood* by Julian S. Huxley. It is a pamphlet of sixteen pages re-printing the poem which won the Newdigate Prize in 1908, and is inscribed by the author. I also found a limited edition for subscribers only of *A Comedy Royal* by Eden Phillpotts, 1925. It is inscribed "Eden Phillpotts To Cedric Hardwicke in friendship. February 1925." Sir Cedric Hardwicke had, of course, played Churdles Ash in Phillpotts's most successful comedy, *The Farmer's Wife*.

Sometimes a number of volumes on a particular subject or from a particular library or collection appear on the barrows. For example, for some weeks there were many volumes on natural history, then discarded volumes from the libraries of the Athenaeum and the National Liberal Club appeared, followed by a deluge of books from the Karl Marx Library. Once I saw a volume stamped with the word 'Parkhurst'—it was a small book which would have slipped easily into a pocket.

At one time a number of books there bore the initials 'C. H. W.', undoubtedly relics of the Vice-Provost of Worcester College, Oxford. The best of his books were sold at Sothebys after his death, but from the barrows I claimed among others, *New Odes*, by E. H. W. Meyerstein, inscribed 'C. H. Wilkinson from the writer June 1938 in remembrance of a happy morning June 21'. Inside was inserted a letter from Meyerstein to Wilkinson thanking him for entertainment during a recent visit to Oxford to see a picture by Richard Dadd, and there was also a manuscript poem by Meyerstein on Dadd.

A small collection which found its way to me from the barrows was associated with Professor Gilbert Murray. It will be remembered that his wife was Lady Mary Howard. I was, therefore, as the lawyers say, "put upon enquiry" when I saw a number of books on the barrows bearing signatures of various people named Howard. Further search produced volumes of Gilbert Murray's translations from Euripides inscribed by the translator, then a copy of Murray's play *Andromeda* with the author's inscription. Other volumes followed and finally I found a copy of *Euripides and his Age*, also inscribed by the author.

It is such days as these at the barrows that draw one back again and again like a magnet, and do much to aggravate the fever of bibliomania.

Some years ago when reading Philip Gosse's delightful *Traveler's Rest* I was attracted by his account of books by 'E. H. A.', an author hitherto unknown to me, but whom Gosse described as a writer of books on the natural history of India. I was not specially drawn to the subject, but Gosse seemed so enthusiastic that I remembered the names of E. H. A.'s books. Within a few weeks I found one of them on the barrows, *A Naturalist on the Prowl*. So enchanted was I with it that I looked for others and sure enough the barrows soon yielded two more, *The Tribes on My Frontier* and *Behind the Bungalow*. E. H. A. was the pen-name used by E. H. Aitken, an Indian Civil Servant, and I found Gosse's eulogy fully justified. To those interested I would say that copies of E. H. A.'s books still appear on the barrows, and my only regret is that, already having them myself, I must leave such good books there, to the hazards of wind and rain.

Sometimes the barrows contain treasures other than books, such as old newspapers, the practice of the stall-holder being to break up bound volumes of these and sell the numbers separately at 1/- each. Then there are prints—not long ago I bought at sixpence each a number of the attractive Bewick woodcuts. Last year on a visit to the barrows at lunch time I encountered there Professor Edmund Blunden, home on leave from Hong Kong University, and diligently collecting prints. He was a frequent visitor to the barrows in the days when he could walk there from Printing House Square.

There used to be a bookseller in Paris who dealt only in odd volumes, and he would have nothing to do with any others. In this country the odd volumes undoubtedly go to Farringdon Road. There they add to the delight of the chase, and while probably some will linger for long periods on one's shelves as widower volumes, there is always the hope of finding a mate for them. From the barrows I have almost completed my set of *The Yellow Book*; I rescued there fifteen of the sixteen volumes of *The Retrospective Review*, so highly praised by Professor Saintsbury; volumes of *Book Prices Current*, even occasional numbers of *The Book Collector's Quarterly* are seen on the barrows.

A few years ago the Exchange List of the Private Libraries Association yielded me eight of the twelve volumes of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1744. Within a month I was lucky enough to find three of the four missing volumes on the barrows. Volume XII still eludes me. Then there are the odd volumes of works unlikely to appear complete except
at very high prices—there was Volume 2 in original boards of an early edition of Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, and two of the three volumes of *The Life and Adventures of Guzman D'Alfarache* published in 1823, the year of Lamb's *Elia*, and bearing the signature of his friend Thomas Allsop. Even sumptuous modern sets sometimes become odd, and recently I found three out of the five volumes of the magnificent Nonesuch Press edition of North's *Plutarch*.

Of course not all days at the barrows are fruitful and often one leaves them empty-handed. Worse than this are those occasions when, for one reason or another, a bargain has been missed. I have lingered over a book at the first barrow, and like Lamb 'doubtful between desire and the odd sixpence', or more probably the already overcrowded shelves at home, have put it down and moved to other barrows, only to hasten back after a few minutes, aghast at the foolhardiness which doubted over such a book, to find that it had been acquired by a more appreciative searcher. I remember an attractive reprint of Dame Juliana Berners's *Fysshynge with an Angle*, a scarce book, which did not seem dear at half-a-crown, but some imp of mischief impelled me to leave it and move on. It had gone almost within seconds of my lapse. Faced with situations such as this I am reminded of a wiser man: 'When it and turn the handle, leaned upon it as I imagined Gutenberg must have done, dwelled there a moment, then rolled back the bed and opened up. Behold: the Word incarnate! And Kierkegaard's silence was no longer simply a matter of saying; it was made manifest, before me and all about me in that high place surrounded by winds and wild sea and seagulls shrieking.

Other brief passages and short poems followed. With springtime and experience my fingers thawed and quickened. I lived on local letterheads: *Island Wastrel*, *Bethesda Hill*, *The Wharf*, *Love Lane* and *Zion*. But books were my aim and end.

The first book to carry the Ark imprint was not, however, a type-set one: the entire text of a folio-size *St. Matthew's Passion* was cut in linoleum, painstakingly, page by page, by John Cossar. The six accompanying illustrations by Ru van Rossem were a mixture of copper engraving, etching and aquatint, each one with a different colour range to express the varying moods portrayed. Only twenty-five complete copies were made over six months: an exceptional labour of considerable love. We could not price the book under seven guineas if we were to cover costs alone. We wondered if and how we should sell them. But after the first was made known, they went quickly. I wanted to put illustrated books into the hands of art students and others who had not the gold for Cockerels, but who cared enough for such things to miss a meal or two. The first true Ark book was an essay, *Life*, by D. H. Lawrence, printed on the premises of Kenneth Worden of Marazion. Worden advised me in my apprenticeship, and the existence of the Ark continues to owe greatly to him. Circumstances have taken me from Dartington, Devon, to *Graphis* in Switzerland, and now to the University of Texas. At this increasing distance I continue to conceive, edit, design and direct the production of the Ark books. Worden prints them.

It was a good start. Lifting the letters one by one, spacing and justifying the lines, carrying the precious locked-up Word to the press with all the care of a maid in her ninth month, I spread the ink, placed a sheet of snowy handmade paper between tympan and frisket, lowered it and turned the handle, leaned upon it as I imagined Gutenberg must have done, dwelled there a moment, then rolled back the bed and opened up. Behold: the Word incarnate! And Kierkegaard's silence was no longer simply a matter of saying; it was made manifest, before me and all about me in that high place surrounded by winds and wild sea and seagulls shrieking.

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**THE ARK PRESS**  
Kim Taylor

EVEN when I was little higher than the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, I did not live by milk alone; there had to be books, and books accompanied me in all my early growing up and growing down. Love is not blind; it is the start of seeing. I began to look at books as things, to hold them and handle them as lads will handle lasses, and in the same way I was led to do more; not to read only, nor look and handle only, but to make and do, to do-it-myself.

It was therefore the fulfilment of an old dream to stand one wintry day in 1954, within sound of the Cornish sea in a lofty shed blackened by the herring once smoked there, and in company of cold type, ink, paper, and the amiable, undying monster of a century-old handpress. For a first exercise in setting I chose a passage by Kierkegaard on silence.

**January 1963**
The Ark also owes its existence to those artists who are my friends and allies. They have been content to work for free copies and the opportunity to show what they can do. I am glad to know that more profitable jobs have followed from elsewhere as a result of their work with me. Since my interest in literature is equalled by my care for art, the Ark books are shared by author and artist; the illustrations being much more than occasional adjuncts to the text: jacket, binding, endpapers, prelims, and often every two to four pages hold illustrations. Doubtless I overdo it. I shall continue to do so while I have such generous and productive friends.

I take no pride or pleasure in limited editions. Only the limits of my pocket have made them necessary. Now, with my printer's help, I am producing a new series of illustrated books in larger editions, each individually designed but with the same overall format, 5 x 9 inches. Artists of several nationalities, styles and techniques are involved. Ben Shahn generously gave his drawings for the first book in the series, A Matter of Death and Life. Otto Rohse, a young German, has provided lyrical and exact illustrations for Glory on Earth, the poetic expression of an American biologist's faith. Rohse is one of the few great creative engravers at work in the world; he has the skilled hand of a surgeon who operates upon his son, firm and fond, is an eagle in observation and is himself a poet.

In the making is The Labour of Love by Michael Adam, third in the series, with woodcuts by Robert Wyss, a young artist I happened upon in Switzerland. Robi is of the angelic orders, gentle, wise with few words, aware of the harlot's essential innocence, the cruelty of the successful man, and compassionate of both. Himself innocent for all knowing and awareness, he has wonderfully enlivened this journal of a man's several experiences of love and its calm outcome. His rough cutting on planks of pear has resulted in such tender, haunting images as that of the girl who has loved and won, shown here.

Also due this year is a collection of D. H. Lawrence's religious poetry. The Dutchman, Ru van Rossem, is at work on this. At times endangered by his own great talent, his ability in a wide variety of media, he is at his best, I believe, in these wood engravings. Lawrence comes upon calm in this book, and van Rossem's own passionate will seems somewhat stilled and is the stronger for it.

Cyril Satorsky (ARCA) is an old, honoured member of the crew. His drawings for The Singing Air, a book of poems by Harold Morland, made it a memorable production. Now he works upon a book of his own choice, The Song of Songs. It has been done before, but never like this. Here are the rose and myrrh of the original Jewish bridal masque, its immanence and graceful, grave delight. Alas, some drawings must suffer censorship, it seems: the song that is Satorsky's includes a grotesque bawdry that is for him as much a part of bedding as the first shy gift of flowers, as the final calm and deep sleep, but a public morality which permits the soft, sly, high-heeled nudes of the men's magazines does not allow the firm rod and staff that livens and comforts love.

The sixth book in the series, The Peak of Fuji, is a new translation of some old, sighing verses from the Japanese, with woodcuts from an eighteenth century Japanese edition and with calligraphy done for this Ark book by Yaho Yu in our own day.

In addition to the series, there will come this summer David Dancing, a companion volume to The Singing Air and by the same author. The illustrations are cut in linoleum by Mort Baranoff, a Canadian of Russian origin, now in Texas.

One other book still available in its second English edition is Look! We Have Come Through, a volume of D. H. Lawrence's love poems printed for the first time with unexpurgated text and with an introduction by Frieda Lawrence. This book was produced for the University of Texas, and the two American editions have long since gone.
The illustrations by Michael Adam were a last-minute matter to fill a gap: I had hoped that Tranquilo Marangoni would do the book, but the need to work to a time schedule made waiting impossible. The American edition surprisingly shied from the end-papers, so that the English edition is the unexpurgated one on all counts.

So much for the books. In the matter of first principles I subscribe to Beatrice Warde's 'crystal' typography. My admiration for the work of the likes of Hans Schmoller is high, wide and deep. In practice, however, I find myself departing from pure principle, and although I do not feel the need to justify it, I found my head nodding in some agreement when I recently read an essay by Ovink, pointing out that while reading is the first point of printing, it is not the whole, for printing produces things that are not only read (and even that reading is not only an intellectual process), but are also seen and handled. Dogma may well be a glandular consequence, deriving from internal juices. The American, Merle Armitage, for example, is a man of great gusto, fifty inches around the chest, I expect; among many things he has been an impresario and he signs himself in some of the likes of Hans Schmoller is high, wide and deep. In practice, I do not feel the need to justify it, I found my head nodding in some agreement when I recently read an essay by Ovink, pointing out that while reading is the first point of printing, it is not the whole, for printing produces things that are not only read (and even that reading is not only an intellectual process), but are also seen and handled. Dogma may well be a glandular consequence, deriving from internal juices. The American, Merle Armitage, for example, is a man of great gusto, fifty inches around the chest, I expect; among many things he has been an impresario and he signs himself in some of his books are of the same blood. Van Krimpen was another man and birthed another kind of book.

For myself I like my architecture plain with the lively relief of sculpture or of truly decorative elements. I like women in simplest linen that serves as backcloth for some exquisitely wrought or boldly conceived piece of jewellery; I drink tea from a Lucie Rie cup, sombre without a delicate sgraftito; I like quiet, self-effacing souls who from time to time do a sudden glad dance in the centre of the road. The Ark books perhaps belong to such company.

If I have sometimes wondered the worth of this small-press activity in our perilous times, I have persisted in the way of Stevenson's sea captain who, on learning that his ship was about to explode, carefully, fully wound his watch. When one sees the bombs dropping, it is practical and wise to plant acorns and apple seeds; to open The Complete Works of William Shakespeare at page one and to start reading slowly; or with nine seconds left, to start to dream upon the design of a book that will take at least nine months to appear. Only the moment matters, the outgoing act of love, not its outcome. That is an added, fortuitous, unsought blessing. So it was said: 'To them that hath shall be given'... children, books, after a hard, wholly-enjoyed voyage, an easy end on Mount Ararat in the Neverneverland.

REVIEWS

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

Printed ephemera, written and compiled by John Lewis. 288 pp. Faber and Faber for W. S. Cowell, 10s.

Cowell's Ipswich are well known for the quality of their printing, and in this lavishly-produced book they have not disappointed. There are some 250 pages of plates, many in colour, showing over 700 fine examples of jobbing printing since the fifteenth century, each piece carefully annotated by Mr Lewis, who also provides a short introductory survey, stimulating commentaries, and no less than seven indexes. It seems a pity that the contemporary ephemeral printer's disregard for normal (and convenient) margins has been allowed somewhat to mar the preliminary text, but this is a trifling defect when set against the quality of the printing and binding, and above all the richness and interest of the illustrations. Apart from the student of typography, for whom the book will be irresistible, any collector of fine printing should find five guineas well spent on a collection which would otherwise be practically unobtainable.

D. J. C.

Notes on subject bibliography, by Ronald Staveley. 144 pp. Andre Deutsch, 18s (12s 6d paper covers).

Mr Staveley's notes for his students at London University's School of Librarianship and Archives have been fully revised and enlarged to provide students of a particular subject with a brief, up-to-date guide to sources of information on an international scale. His arrangement is by form (e.g. 'Encyclopaedias' and 'Statistics') rather than by subject, so that there is no substitute for perusal of every chapter. Familiar as he is with a vast range of bibliographical sources, the author's only handicap is an occasional lack of topicality: describing lists of periodicals, for example, he quotes Willing's and the Newspaper press directories, but barely mentions the invaluable Guide to current British periodicals published by the Library Association before these notes appeared, and in widely-publicised preparation many months previously. In addition, the presence of half a dozen misprints in so brief a text is disturbing, to say the least.

The book, hitherto available only in duplicated form, deserves to be read not only by bibliographers, and by librarians of private and institutional libraries devoted to a few specific subjects, but by everyone with an active interest in information.

P. W.

RECENT PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS

Although there is no reason to doubt that private press owners in Britain are fully as enthusiastic and committed in their typophilia as their fellow amateurs in the United States, for some reason they regard themselves as less clubbable, and have not joined together to form Chappels—despite some enthusiastic missionary work. For the collector of typographical ephemera this is not, perhaps, altogether to be regretted, since unless one is actually a member of the chappel it is almost impossible to obtain a complete set of the keepsakes which are prepared for distribution at its meetings. Having been privileged to attend a meeting at the Henry Press in New York last summer—a joint meeting of the six chappels in the New York area, and incidentally the first American meeting of the Private Libraries Association—the present writer is well able to testify to the enthusiasm of the American press owners, and to the skill and industry which they put into their keepsakes. The joint keepsake distributed at that meeting included over thirty...
pieces of all imaginable shapes, sizes and styles. Looking over it, the book-lover cannot but regret that so many of the printers have yet to produce their first book.

A relatively new press which has already produced two booklets of merit is the Battell Chappel Press, 2269 Carter Avenue, St Paul 8, Minnesota. Battell Press which has recently issued its first book is that of Richard A. Purser in New York. Called the Valentine Press, its fust book is Bittersweet Valentines written by the proprietor and illustrated with line-drawings by Dorris Crandall, Printed in Craw Clarendon on blue paper, the book—price $2.75—has a brutal appearance which matches the text well. The first book from the Private Press of a Yankee Ink Dauber, Rural Route 2, Rockville, Connecticut, is an essay in quiet traditional design. Entitled Fragments from Life’s Loom, it is a selection of poems by Dorothy B. Winn.

The uneven quality of the printing is explained by an apologetic printer’s note which says that as a result of severe illness the volume was two years a-making, and “much to my regret shows the use of varied inks as pages were printed at different times.” One hundred and forty-five copies were printed, price $4.00 each.

No such problems affected the production of the latest book from the Rampart Press. It is again by John Beecher, and follows the same pattern as his earlier volumes of verse: In Egypt Land and Phantom City, being set in Palatino types and illustrated with a powerful frontispiece by Barbara Beecher. The edition consists of three hundred copies price $1.00, and a further fifty, signed and numbered, price $10.00 each. Report to the Stockholders and Other Poems, 1932–1962—as the book is named—contains several pieces which will already be familiar to collectors of Rampart Press publications, having already issued separately in leaflet form. Its other poems are in the same abrupt, honest style as these, some of them very fine indeed.

Don Drenner’s work, from both typographical and literary points of view, is very different from that of Beecher, yet both consistently produce impecably designed volumes of verse of a very high standard. The latest publication of Drenner’s Zauberberg Press is his The Graphics of Love, XXXVIII Sonnets, an exciting sequence of which only one hundred copies were printed, price $8.00 each. The poems have been illustrated with sensitive wood-engravings by John De Pol, whose work adorns so many of the better private presses produced in America today. A recent publication from the Bayberry Hill Press is Foster Macy Johnson’s reminiscences of The Royal Little Lincoln Theatre—a teenage amateur venture some fifty years ago. As the half-tone blocks which were used to illustrate the book had to be made from old faded snapshots their quality is not good; the wonder is that Mr Johnson was able to use them at all. Only two hundred copies of this amusing book have been printed, price $1.75 each.

Of the making of books about Lincoln there is no end. One of the more recherché sort appeared recently from the Willow Press: a discussion of Lincoln the Railplitter by Wayne C. Temple, Director of the Department of Lincoliana at Lincoln Memorial University. Gary Hauck’s design and production of the book (of which five hundred copies have been printed, price $4.00 each) are good, but it is marred by an ugly frontispiece by Lloyd Ostendorf and a dull binding.

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 at Night’, 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 cooperation from John Roberts Press Ltd, 14 Clerkenwell Green, London EC1.