

## NEWS & COMMENT

FOUR YEARS AGO the Cultural Gifts Scheme was launched, but not many people seem to know about it. While the long-established Acceptance in Lieu scheme enables UK estates to offer pre-eminent items to the nation in lieu of inheritance tax, the Cultural Gift Scheme is aimed at living donors. Individuals and businesses may benefit from a tax credit for donating important works of art or other cultural or heritage objects to be held for the benefit of the nation. Offers are considered by the same criteria as Acceptance in Lieu offers; they must meet standards of pre-eminence, they must be made at a fair market value, and the material must be in acceptable condition. Donors may make it a condition of the offer that the object or collection be allocated to a certain museum, gallery, library or archive. In return the donor will receive a set percentage of the agreed value (30 per cent for individuals, 20 per cent for businesses) as a tax credit that can be applied to a range of taxes over a five-year period. The British Library was the first beneficiary of the scheme when six John Lennon manuscripts, including song lyrics and letters, were donated by the Beatles biographer Hunter Davies in 2013. Last year the Lumley Missal, a liturgical miniature manuscript of c1600 that once formed part of the library of John, Lord Lumley, was generously presented to the British Library by Lucy Wood. She gave it in memory of the late art expert and agent Robert Holden.

Other recent offers show the growing popularity of the Cultural Gifts Scheme and its capacity to enrich our libraries and archives. Jonathan and Jacqueline Gestetner have donated the world's largest and most comprehensive collection of paper peepshows to the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Gestetner Collection, acquired over three decades, comprises more than 360 peepshows along with other optical wonders. These give multi-layered, multi-coloured miniature glimpses into landscapes and vistas, celebrated historical events, striking engineering feats and fantasy worlds. The collection spans almost three centuries (the earliest is H. F. Müller's *Teleorama No.1* from c1824–5, though a British *boîte d'optique* precursor dates from c1740) and comes from twelve countries. One peepshow, a *View from L'Angostura de Paine in Chile*, was probably handmade by Maria Graham (Lady Callcott) in c1835; another handmade peepshow from about 1910 spans more than two metres and features riflemen on manoeuvre. For anyone interested in the history of the genre, Ralph Hyde's book *Paper Peepshows: the*

*Jacqueline and Jonathan Gestetner Collection*, published in 2015 by the Antiques Collector Club (£45), is the essential introduction.

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**WHEN THE DUTCH ENGINEER** Louis Koopman died in 1968, he not only left his rich collection of modern artists' books for the Koninklijke Bibliotheek in The Hague. He also left money to be used for its enrichment. But the collection began with his wife, born in French-speaking Belgium and spending her spare money on collecting French literature, concentrating on contemporary novelists and their predecessors and trying so far as possible to obtain inscribed works. She and Koopman became engaged in 1931. Then in 1933 she was killed in a tram accident between The Hague and Scheveningen. Koopman, busy as a scientist and a businessman, turned to the increase of the collection as a way of remembering her, developing and extending its range to the point where in the years after 1945 he was acquiring virtually every deluxe edition of new French books as they were published. New publishers like Maeght and Fata Morgana brought further life to the collection, but there had been a few lapses in his interests: Surrealism was made good only after he died. A selection was exhibited first in 1989. One or two major gaps were also filled: it is not clear, for example, why Derain's *Pantagruel* and Fernand Léger's *Cirque* still needed to be bought in 2009–11. Meanwhile, the focus has again been modified, so as to reflect the extraordinary period of imaginative creativity that has characterized the *livre d'artiste* in the last two or three decades, where the boundaries of the codex have been constantly challenged, and where ideas of what books are for – only to be read, or to be looked at, or reflected on? – have blossomed partly in response to the challenges of the arrival of on-screen publishing.

The exhibition at the Grolier Club last summer provided not only a wonderful opportunity to see a great range of French achievements in the last decade and a half. It was also the occasion of the publication of a beautiful survey, learned, engaging and well illustrated, of much of the collection. Paul van Capelleveen is a talented curator of all these books, and his book *Artists & Others: the imaginative French book in the 21st century* (Vantilt, €29.50) is highly recommended.

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'TOUT CE QUE VOUS AVEZ toujours voulu savoir sur la bibliophilie sans jamais avoir osé le demander' – 'Everything you've always wanted to know about book collecting without having to pluck up courage to

ask' – is the genial title of a little pamphlet by Anne Lamort, President of SLAM, the Syndicat national de la Librairie Ancienne et Moderne, the French equivalent of the ABA. It begins with a question, 'What is an old book?', and answers it thus: 'There are three, or rather four' categories, books printed before 1830 (really old), before 1880 (*romantique*) and modern, the fourth being limited editions and artists' books. No category is *ipso facto* valuable; each contains 'des éditions très précieuses et d'autres sans aucun intérêt'. Next comes catalogues, divided in two, *classiques*, following rules laid down in the nineteenth century, and *modernes*, with 'présentations hétéroclites', but both divided into technical description and historic notes on provenance, binding, paper (listed in order of priority from vellum downwards), and so on. Colophons and formats follow, and then 'Collation', no mere snack but the solid diet of bibliography (this with a swipe at neglect of half-titles, 'souvent négligé par les relieurs anglais en particulier'). Binding lists only its different materials, but 'éditions' goes into the French minutiae of 'préfaçon', 'préoriginale' and 'contrefaçon'. Illustration deals succinctly with media, noting incorrectly end-grain wood-engraving as a *romantique* innovation. 'Provenances' is equally succinct on armorials, bookplates and 'dédicaces', a word taken over indiscriminately in English to cover presentation as well as true 'dedication copies'. After a ringing affirmation of the virtues of bookshops (as opposed to auction or internet) as sources of wisdom as well as books, it ends with a short, precise and sometimes witty glossary.

It is always prudent to remember that a vast semantic gulf separates 'la bibliophilie' from 'book collecting'. This was summed up by Ernest Hemingway, who asked a *bouquiniste*, an old lady, 'How do you tell valuable French books?', to which she replied 'First, there are the pictures. Then it is a question of the quality of the pictures. Then it is the binding. If a book is good, the owner will have it bound properly. All books in English are bound, but bound badly. There is no way of judging them.' *Plus ça change*, we reflected, as we read this admirable primer, *plus c'est la même chose*.

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GEORGE SIMS'S FIRST ARTICLE for THE BOOK COLLECTOR, in Winter 1955, was on 'Three Booksellers and Their Catalogues', and the first of those booksellers was C. S. Millard. Sims owned Millard's own grangerized set of his catalogues and, to an extent, modelled his own catalogues on them. He shared Millard's tastes and respected his methods and wit. When Aldous Huxley was rude in print about

a catalogue Millard was preparing of different editions of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, Millard purloined Huxley's disobliging quotes and printed them. 'But it was in 1922,' Sims continued, 'that Millard really began to make a practice of printing comments, both complimentary and otherwise, made by customers. "The catalogue you sent me I found very uninteresting as there were no big items in it; and the big things are the only things that are saleable just now – PHILADELPHIA." "It's an awful price, but I want it – BATH." "Amazingly interesting . . . better even than the last . . . but why are your items so cheap? – ST JOHN'S WOOD."

Christopher Sclater Millard (1875–1927), subject of two biographies, one by H. Montgomery Hyde in 1990, another, in 2014, by Maria Roberts, is best remembered as 'Stuart Mason', bibliographer of Oscar Wilde; he was a friend of C. K. Scott Moncrieff (dedictee of the bibliography) and at one point private secretary to Robbie Ross. He sold books to the young Anthony Powell and was said to have started A. J. A. Symons on his quest for Corvo. A substantial and interesting figure, then. But when he died he specified that he should have 'none but the simplest memorial'. His burial place, in St Mary's Cemetery at Kensal Green, is said to be nothing now but dirt and weeds. In August it was announced that a Millard Headstone Committee had been set up, with the encouragement of the Millard family, to raise funds for a headstone to commemorate him, in the 90th year after his death.

The committee is appealing to admirers of Christopher Millard, and to all bibliophiles of conscience, to subscribe to this project. 'As the commissioning of a headstone is not an inexpensive enterprise,' suggests Robert Scoble, 'the committee is boldly requesting individuals and literary societies to consider contributions of the order of £50 or £100, although lesser amounts will be gratefully received.' The accountants Goldwins will field subscriptions, which the Committee would prefer be made by bank transfer (Lloyds Bank, sort code 30-99-64, account no. 01686772, account name Goldwins Ltd, reference 'Millard Project – [name of subscriber]'), although cheques (to 'Goldwins Ltd') or credit-card payments are also welcome. Subscribers are asked to identify themselves as having made a payment, by sending a brief email to Dr Scoble, Committee Secretary (roboscob@outlook.com), copied to Goldwins (stepheng@goldwins.co.uk).

It is proposed that a limited-edition pamphlet will be produced commemorating the erection of the headstone and acknowledging by name – unless anonymity has been requested – all the subscribers.

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**THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA, FOUNDED** in 1088, was the first 'university' as we know it. Then came Oxford, traditionally 1096. Cambridge, 1209, comes after Salamanca, 1134. The next university in the British Isles was St Andrews, 1413, followed by Glasgow, 1451; Aberdeen came in 1495, Edinburgh not until 1582. Glasgow is therefore a university of impressive seniority. Yet, as an attractive new history reveals, its library lagged a little behind it: centuries passed before the university assembled a library to match its nominal distinction. The Friends of Glasgow University Library, led by Peter Davies, celebrate forty years of their own foundation (the blink of an eye) with a handsome book, *The University of Glasgow Library: friendly shelves* (£25, paperback £20), tracing the library's diffident early years and its exhilarating expansion since. Once it was content with a bespoke building of 'Magnificence Joined with Simplicity' by William Adam; now it inhabits a newly refurbished 1968 skyscraper with stirring views over Glasgow to the hills.

The earliest surviving record of the library dates from 1475, noting the donation of manuscripts by John Laing, Bishop of Glasgow, and Duncan Bunch, one of the university's first regents. But it was not until after the Reformation that the library took a positive form, and benefactors such as Zachary Boyd and John Snell (initiator of the Snell Exhibitions to Balliol College, Oxford) made substantial donations and, in 1641, Thomas Hutcheson of Lambhill (founder of Hutchesons' Grammar School) left 2000 merks to inaugurate 'the office of ane Bibliothecare'. Even in 1664 a report described the library as 'verie small for ane Universitie'. In 1691, when the first catalogue was compiled, the stock amounted to 3300 volumes. 'In the history of Glasgow University no century is more important than the eighteenth,' writes Andrew Hook. Despite the Copyright Act of 1710, which granted the Scottish universities rights to any books registered at Stationers' Hall, even by 1760 holdings had only risen to 5643: the shipping and binding costs for those 'free' books were unaffordable. By the time of the 1791 catalogue, however, the figure had risen to 20,000, and by the nineteenth century the trajectory was well established; Dr William Hunter's extraordinary bequest arrived in 1807, and in 1836 the Copyright Act privilege was replaced with an annual grant of £707; numbers rose to 30,000 in 1826, 40,000 in 1838, 136,000 in 1888, and some 220,000 in 1909. The figure quoted now is 1.347 million; the library is billed as 'one of the oldest and largest university libraries in Europe'.

Principal contributors to 'Friendly Shelves' are Steven J. Reid, Miles Kerr-Peterson, Stephen Rawles, Andrew Hook, Nigel Thorp,

Helen Durndell, Laurence Grove, John Moore and Lesley Richmond. Chronological history gives way to a display of the library's treasures and special collections, from the Hunterian Psalter, 'generally considered to be the world's masterpiece of English Romanesque book art', to Edwin Morgan's scrapbooks and the wonderfully varied materials of the Scottish Business Archive.

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**FAUSSAIRE DE LUNE** – forging the moon – was the title of Nick Wilding's Léopold Delisle lectures last year at the Bibliothèque Nationale de France, and now published in an elegant translation by Antoine Coron. The subtitle, 'Autopsie d'une imposture, Galilée et ses contrefacteurs', explains that this is the latest and, despite its modest size, most thorough and convincing account of an ingenious fraud which took in a number of distinguished scholars. This involved the copying, in brown wash, of the engravings found in some copies of *Sidereus Nuncius* 1610 into a copy without the engravings, part of a *Sammelband* whose other contents were all dated 1656, but passed off as Galileo's original drawings. This rather improbable conjunction was supported by a signature on the title-page, 'Io Galileo Galilei f.', an odd turn of phrase; there too was the stamp of the Accademia dei Lincei, joined by Galileo in 1611. This concatenation was too much, in every sense; it was hailed as genuine by all the experts, notably Horst Bredekamp and Paul Needham, Owen Gingerich alone dissenting on the grounds that the phases of the moon depicted could not have taken place between the printing of the text and the engraving of the plates. It took Nick Wilding's keen eye and perspicacious analysis to determine that the odd copy had been inserted into an otherwise much later *Sammelband*, that the stamp was a clumsy forgery, and that the 'signature' was also a forgery, reproduced (ironically) from his signed abjuration in 1633, hence the odd phrase. What was more, the actual paper and print of the abused *Sidereus Nuncius*, which Bredekamp & co had taken for granted, were also false, the drawings and stamp forged on what was itself a fake.

This complex fraud, it has proved, was only one of many criminal activities, from the *remboîtage* of a copy of the 1499 *Etymologicum Magnum*, the forgery of multiple copies of other Galileo works and their substitution for genuine copies, the transfer of others to the Vatican Library in 'exchange' for other works of manifestly greater value, and finally, the wholesale theft of books from the Naples Girolamini library. These events, recorded in **THE BOOK COLLECTOR**



in successive issues since Spring 2006, can now be seen as all part of a criminal enterprise in which Massimo Marino De Caro has been a central figure. Wilding's treatment of the *corpus delicti* shows details of 'scanner-slip' in apparently seventeenth-century print, a brown smear in one copy printing as black in a facsimile made from it, and other 'anachronisms', but also, much worse, the assimilation of a text reading from an original thus corrupted into a modern scholarly edition. This is not 'un brillant canular isolé', but a campaign whose limits have yet to be discovered. Read *Fausserie de Lune* (BnF Editions, €29) for a laugh at the folly of the credulous victims, but also with serious grief for the damage done to scholarship.

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**UNLIKE A RUSSIAN NOVEL, WHERE** the reader spends the first 150 pages trying to memorize the names of the characters and their patronymics, Michael Vinson's *Edward Eberstadt & Sons: rare booksellers of Western America* (Arthur H. Clark, \$29.95) may be opened by a book collector of even modest knowledge at any place without anxiety. He or she will find there the familiar and reassuring names of Thomas W. Streeter, Everette L. DeGolyer, Everett D. Graff, William Robertson Coe, Henry Wagner, Templeton Crocker, and Peter Decker – and know where he (or she) stands. Many had obtained their discretionary income from mining interests that offer a striking contrast to the pursuits of today's tech millionaires. Henry Stevens's application of the term 'historical nuggets' to desirable Americana round the time of the California Gold Rush resonated with such collectors, devoted as they were to realia of all sorts. They fancied themselves to be panning for books or finding the motherlode. Edward Eberstadt (1883–1958) himself had worked in gold mines in Idaho, California and British Guiana for a year or two before getting into the book business in 1907 after finding a slightly imperfect early Mexican imprint being used as toilet paper in a Brooklyn garage. He bought it for 50 cents, sold it to Lathrop Harper and never looked back, eventually specializing in Frontier Americana. Among the notable Eberstadt catalogues were 'The Northwest Coast . . . 1741–1841' (1941), 'Indian Captivities and Massacres' (1943) and 'Texas' (1963).

These are scholarly achievements enough, but that neither Edward nor his more learned son Charles ever realized 'any rigorous scholarly project', such as a much-needed revision or extension of the Wagner-Camp bibliography of *The Plains and the Rockies*, is attributed by Vinson to the family's being in thrall to the Demon Drink. As William

Reese observes of Edward in his foreword, 'Like many others in the hard-living book trade of his time, he tempered his emotions with too much alcohol.' Not only did the world always look the rosier for a little 'liquid refreshment'; the value of a bookseller's stock was enhanced. Vinson notes that 'Eberstadt always knew just the right amount of bait to dangle before the collector'. This did not prevent customers from regularly howling about his prices in person and by letter – or (if you were Henry Raup Wagner) almost libellously in your memoirs. Thomas W. Streeter tolerated high prices with an equanimity not found elsewhere, but then he preferred an overpriced copy to none at all. His equanimity also appears to have been fostered by a network of moles in printing establishments across the nation, ensuring that he had the proof-sheets of a bookseller's next catalogue even before the dealer had seen them.

Vinson's book is an eye-opener in many other respects. Here are all the anecdotal pleasures of Charles Everitt's classic *Adventures of a Treasure-Hunter* (1951) – the trade banter, the scouting trips to the Midwest by train, the tiresome negotiations with the rightly suspicious grandchildren of authors of obscure locally printed western narratives, such as Riley Root's – but with footnotes, and reduced hyperbole. All that is missing is the Eberstadt cost code: MEXICANWAR, with the second A elided.

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**HOW MANY PEOPLE BOTHER TO THINK** about the many dozen fonts offered on an ordinary laptop? How many of them are even worth using? Or, more subtly, how many of them are exact replicas of the faces that some of them imitate from the world of letterpress for which they were designed? It is easiest to stick to a small handful, and not worry about derivations, copyrights, pressures from salesmen or the rest of a host of reasons for so much being dumped unwanted on our screens. Meanwhile we seem inundated with books about type design, about so-called classic faces, about innovation, about special purposes, about our constantly changing visual environment. The latest book on the shelf is by Simon Loxley, *Type is Beautiful: the story of fifty remarkable fonts* (Bodleian Library, £20). Its title gives the game away, for while he offers these indifferently as beautiful types, many people will prefer to stick with the word 'remarkable'.

He runs in chronological order, from the Gutenberg Bible to Zulia, a script face designed in 2013 by the Venezuelan Jose Luis Joluvian that takes advantage of OpenType technology to escape from the tradition-

al trammels of computer-based script faces. Thirteen of his choices date from 1960 or later, and there will be ample room for debate as to how far they fit into his book's title. But whoever read this for the Bodleian Library ought to have spotted that Gutenberg is summarized unnecessarily briefly as 'the inventor of European printing'; that Baskerville's paper is remarkable first for being wove, and that any 'process involving heat and pressing' was supplementary; that Baskerville's punches returned from France, to Cambridge, half a century ago; or that had Friar Tuck written a message for the sheriff of Nottingham it would most improbably have shown much resemblance to Cloister Black.

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'THE INSCRIPTIONS OF DAMASUS,' wrote Stanley Morison, 'are ambitious, as he was; distinctive, also – a quality he obviously desired.' Damasus (Pope 366–84) sought to underwrite his authority by setting up a series of monuments to the martyrs, still relatively recent, on the roads radiating out from Rome. The texts, written in hexameter verse, with Virgilian overtones, were written by Damasus himself. They were given extra definition by the distinctive and original form of the script in which they were cut. This was the work of Damasus's coadjutor, Furius Dionysius Filocalus, his last name surely a descriptive nickname. The capital script itself, with its strong minims and striking curved serifs, illustrated by Morison in *Politics and Script*, fig. 68, stands out among the diverse forms used for other contemporary inscriptions. Nothing like it was to be devised until the ornamental capitals cut by Pierre-Simon Fournier in the eighteenth century.

The whole history of Damasus's campaign, the inscriptions and Filocalus's script, has now been related by Dennis Trout, expanding the earlier work of Silvestri and Ferrua, in *Damasus of Rome: the epigraphic poetry* (Oxford University Press, £95). Here all the texts are set out in full, with an admirable summary of Damasus's career, full texts of his verses, maps of the locations where the monuments were put up or at least found, and a commentary that deals with the purpose of the campaign and its relation to the sequence of early texts recording the martyrs, that subsequently turned into successive pilgrims' guides to Rome. The illustrations, in one case provided by Trout himself, give a good idea of the script, in particular the fine example commemorating Agnes on the Via Nomentana. That of Eusebius, in the cemetery of S. Callisto, bears the signature, 'Damasi papae cultor adque amator Furius Dionysius Filocalus scribsit', a rare testimony so early.

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IN WEIMAR GERMANY, THE EDITORS of the *Zeitschrift für romanische Philologie* were not alone in giving up on indexing the articles and letters and ripostes of so prolific and pyrotechnic a scholar as Leo Spitzer. They contented themselves with a reverent if grudging: 'Spitzer, Leo, *passim*'. Since Robert N. Essick's annual reports on 'Blake in the Marketplace' began to appear in *Blake, an Illustrated Quarterly* in 1991, a lazy indexer might have been forgiven for according the same treatment to John Windle. Essick (a very good customer) was already describing him as 'now the leading dealer in Blake and his circle' while occasionally lamenting that Windle's keen eye had detected something – say, colouring in Blake's own hand – that had escaped the collector, though they had sat side-by-side in the auction room.

A history of the antiquarian book trade might be written with the subtitle *le fond et la forme* – what they sell and how they sell it. Substance and presentation (or content and format) define the cataloguing of books. In our post-internet era, far too many dealers, with honest expertise in some obsolete subject – Foxon verse or George Cruikshank – have preserved their old approach, while finding themselves obliged to deal (out of their depth, and in languages they may not understand) in some more lucrative librarian-pleasing merchandise that verges on a gimmick: perhaps Tsarist tramway tickets, matchbooks from gay bars, or Armenian toffee wrappers. John Windle, on the other hand, is one of the rare dealers with the integrity to have held fast to the substance of his old enthusiasms, while having changed his style with every fresh trade wind for the last half-century. From London to San Francisco, Quaritch to Howell, from bookshop to bookmobile to office, from paper catalogues to one of the first antiquarian catalogues on CD-ROM, he has been unceasingly inventive.

The grand opening of his new 'William Blake Gallery' at 49 Geary on 14 October ([williamblakegallery.com](http://williamblakegallery.com)), displayed John Windle at his most inimitable. The presentation was new: this was the first specialist Blake gallery since Blake himself had attempted to flog his wares in 1809, without a single sale. The content was old: Windle must be one of the few survivors of the Sixties to preserve that ancient enthusiasm intact, so as to guide a younger, more ethnically diverse generation into an understanding and appreciation of the enduring appeal of visionary verse and draughtsmanship. For the counterculture, it was 'Blake first, the rest nowhere' – albeit with a small nod to Yeats who had, after all, edited Blake for both Bernard Quaritch and the Muses' Library. Like 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree', Parry's 'Jerusalem' had been fatally compromised by the pedestrian efforts of generations of Boy Scouts and

schoolmasters. Allen Ginsberg, Patti Smith and the Village Fugs rescued the *Songs of Innocence and Experience* and much else for music.

In that Sixties sense of the wide multi-media embrace, Windle's shop has long been something of a time warp. A dealer who buys impressive Blake libraries as regularly as he will inevitably find himself (after turning over choice and costly originals) shelving a substantial residue of standard scholarly works in multiple copies, or accumulating pocket anthologies of no philological significance, but pleasant even now for reading on subway or bus. For many years, Windle's Blake section, priced competitively, filled a good quarter of his small shop. There were many \$10 or \$25 books, hardly worth the expense of shelf space in downtown San Francisco these days, but retained against all odds by his dogged devotion, as basic parts of a greater whole. With the Blakes now decanted across the hall, into a 'William Blake Library', Windle's general antiquarian stock can breathe deeply again. There is still no better way for the poor scholar to acquire the foundations of a serious Blake library than by frequenting 49 Geary. And with Windle's recent acquisition of over 2500 facsimile plates (a snip at \$15 to \$25) from the Trianon Press archives, the poor scholar will also have something to hang between the bookcases. Under glass, they are almost indistinguishable from the originals.

For the more advanced collector, with deeper pockets, the opening exhibition featured numerous Trianon Press facsimiles for the William Blake Trust; Young's *Night Thoughts* 1797 at \$15,000; 'Holy Thursday' from Copy W of the *Songs of Innocence* 1789, Blake's earliest surviving attempt at illuminated printing, at \$150,000; a couple of sets of the *Illustrations of the Book of Job* on India paper, one a proof copy of the first edition (1825) at \$125,000, the other the Pirie copy of John Linnell's posthumous edition (1874) at \$47,500; Thornton's Virgil 1821 at \$67,500; and the Doheny set of Blake's seven *Illustrations to Dante's Inferno* (John Linnell 1838) at \$350,000 – the Trianon Press facsimile was also on offer at \$7500, with a restrike of one of the plates and essays and commentary by Sir Geoffrey Keynes. The costliest item available (at a price in the low seven figures) was a tempera painting of *The Virgin Hushing the Young John the Baptist* 1799, one of fifty biblical paintings commissioned by Thomas Butts in 1799, and executed in Blake's experimental 'Portable Fresco' technique, which involved the use of carpenter's glue as a medium. Not surprisingly, very few survive in good condition; by common consent, this is the finest left in private hands. For those accustomed to the sepulchral lighting and glass barriers of the modern museum, this was a revelation, with full illumi-

nation and no artificial cataract intruding between the viewer's eye and Blake's vivid tempera. Windle's Catalogue 65, 'Always in Paradise', will give full details: it will be reviewed in our Spring number.

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**ON A SUNNY DAY IN LATE SEPTEMBER** several dozen booksellers could be found browsing in the bookshops and sampling the culinary offerings of Cambridge before heading to the University Library. They were there in response to a welcome invitation from Mark Purcell, Associate Director for Research Collections, to a reception for the trade. The assembled booksellers were given a private viewing of 'Lines of Thought', the library's outstanding 600th anniversary exhibition (reviewed in our Summer number), then in its final days, and shown a selection of the library's more recent acquisitions in a wide range of subjects and formats. Perhaps most importantly, as Purcell noted in his welcoming remarks, they had been invited to meet, and have an opportunity to get to know, the curators and staff involved in the library's acquisitions. Once launched it rapidly became a lively afternoon of introductions, conversations and book talk with a great exchange of ideas, cards and abundant goodwill.

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**LUCRETIUS WAS AN UNEXPECTED SUBJECT** in the 'Soho Bibliographies' series, but Cosmo Gordon's work, as detailed but more *raisonné* than others in the series, has acquired a life of its own. It was in the air throughout a conference on 'Lucretius and the Early Modern', held in 2012 at the Centre for Early Modern Studies at Oxford. The proceedings of this have now been published under the same title in OUP's 'Classical Presences' series, edited by David Norbrook, Stephen Harrison and Philip Hardie (£65). This contains a long paper by our contributor David Butterfield on 'Lucretius in the Early Modern Period: Texts and Contexts', which offers yet more comment beyond Gordon. One interesting point now recorded is that the manuscript of Lucretius commissioned in Padua c1460 by John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, was given to the Bodleian in 1610 by Jane Owen, 'very probably' the niece of the Welsh Latin poet, John Owen, who exchanged epigrams with her in his oft-reprinted *Epigrammata*. This brings the number of seventeenth-century women with an interest in Lucretius to as many as five: Queen Christina of Sweden, dedicatee of Michel de Marolles's 1650 *Lucrèce*, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, another possible reader, Lucy Hutchinson, who translated him, Mary

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*Review founded en 1834*

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## *Bulletin du bibliophile*



N° 1 *Revue fondée en 1834* Paris 2008

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## *Bulletin du bibliophile*



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Evelyn, illustrator, and now Jane Owen. Other contributors, notably David Norbrook and William Poole, deal with Lucretius's subversive views on creation and politics, the latter very good on Milton's debt. It is all evidence of the vitality of *De rerum natura* today.

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**FOUR ENTRIES WERE SHORTLISTED FOR** Cambridge University Library's 2015–16 Rose Book-Collecting Prize, with collections ranging from the prose and poetry of contemporary British alternative comedians, to books on twentieth-century ballet and small press books from the United States. The winner was Edwin Rose of Darwin College, with his collection of 'Popular natural history and natural philosophy of the eighteenth century'. The texts he collected represent some of the significant developments and controversies in the fields of natural history and natural philosophy; the specific copies reflected the eighteenth-century owners and users of popular scientific texts. The judging panel was impressed by Rose's essay on the texts in his collection as well as his careful attention to bibliographical and printing history. Rose recorded in detail his research into former owners, highlighting evidence of their reading and use of the text. In Brookes's *General Gazetteer* 1766, for example, he observed how a former owner had plotted on one of the maps in his copy the naval town of Deal, where he was stationed during the Napoleonic Wars. Rose demonstrated how a meaningful collection of eighteenth-century books in a popular collecting area like the history of science can be assembled with limited funds. Though many of his copies were incomplete sets or imperfect copies they were an important and evocative record of earlier ownership and readership in his own rich field of study.

Anthony Davis has scattered seeds enough now for a whole new generation of book collectors. The third Anthony Davis Book Collecting Prize at London University was announced in August. Clara Tait, a part-time MSc Psychology student at Birkbeck, won it for her collection 'These were the hours: Nancy Cunard and the Hours Press 1928–1931'. Arendse Lund, a MA student in Medieval and Renaissance Studies at University College London, was the runner-up, with her 'Saga editions and transmissions: the changing agency of translations'.

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**THE TWENTIETH AND LATEST VOLUME** of *Catalogues régionaux des incunables des bibliothèques publiques de France*, by Dominique Coq (Droz, SFr76, also available as a pdf), is something of a hotchpotch;

a group of twenty Parisian institutions all having just a few relevant volumes. At one end is the Louvre, with the wonderful woodblock printing, and the lovely coloured copy of the Landini Dante (1481) having many more engravings than usual, in the Rothschild collection. At the other are improbable places like the Assemblée Nationale and the Conseil d'Etat. As usual, it is worth reading the volume through and not just relying on the several indexes. The author has provided careful notes about provenance, about books that are coloured in some way, and – often – about differences from other copies. Some of the best books have been long appreciated, and some books are copies that are more than merely workaday, such as the coloured copy of Gratian's *Decretum* (Schoeffer, 1472) owned by the Ordre des Avocats. Several are unique, and illustrations of these have been helpfully provided. For the Bibliothèque Polonaise there is, alas, a list of books that have disappeared since 1937. Now, when so much is now online, the whole series is a reminder of the browsing value of properly detailed descriptions. It is an ambitious project, and one that is thoroughly worthwhile.

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THE LATEST ISSUE OF *Ultrabold*, the magazine of St Bride's printing library, is likely to be the last for a little while. It was generously printed by Principal Colour, but other means will have to be found in the future, as the library itself undergoes change. We especially appreciated the article by Marina Garone Gravier on the nineteenth-century Mexican printer José M. Lara, whose type specimen of 1855 was a bravura assortment that surely cannot all have been called into commission. Lara founded his business soon after independence, in 1822, gradually expanding to take on not just ephemera and advertising, but also government printing, and eventually quite substantial publishing: a five-volume history of Mexico appeared in 1855 and an atlas in 1858. Gravier's article originally appeared in a slightly different form in the *Gutenberg Jahrbuch* in 2014, but in a world that is so unfamiliar even to most historians of printing it was well worth reissuing it.

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ANTON HIERSEMANN, PUBLISHERS OF bibliographical reference books, have added to their portfolio a two-volume collaborative *Lexicon zur Buchmalerei*, edited by Helmut Engelhart, running to 757 copiously illustrated pages (€396). It casts its net very wide, with articles on bookbinding, script of all sorts, and even some places, such as religious houses as centres for illumination or repositories of famous collections.

There are articles on materials, paper, ink, parchment and pigments (the last shorter than the extent of modern research requires, apart from R. Fuchs on ‘Purpur’). Many contributors have provided entries, among them E. König, F. A. Schmidt-Künsemüller, C. Csapödi, O. Mazal, G. Keil, and even B. Bischoff, who wrote on cadels and Breton illumination; evidently this is a work long in preparation (the references are not as up to date as they should be). Most of the authors are German, but Jean Vezin has written on André Beauneveu and Graham Jefcoate on Great Britain, and Angela Nuovo and G. Montecchi are among the Italian contributors. The difficulty of compressing so large a field of information within bounds is met by a complex system of cross-references, ‘Très Riches Heures’ scoring twice, under ‘Berry’ and ‘Très’, by Patricia Stirnemann and König respectively. ‘Schrift’ comes off badly, apart from the well-illustrated ‘Gotische Buchschrift’ by Mazal, although there is a long article on ‘Schreiberbilder’. Articles on famous books, from the Codex Sinaiticus, Dagulf Psalter, Vivian Bible and Vespasian Psalter (both H. Engelhart) to the Tickhill Psalter, are reasonably comprehensive. The Lindisfarne Gospels is parked with all the other Insular ‘Books’, all by C. Eggenberger. Liturgical books by class each get respectable entries, ‘Stunden’ alone omitted. The problem of the legion of ‘Masters’ is shirked, so Boquetaux-Meister is under B, the Masters of Catherine of Cleves and Mary of Burgundy under M and the Dunois Master nowhere. But it is easy to pick holes in the detail; if there is a heavy German bias, it is worth it for the volume of work by Eberhard König. Like other alphabetical compendia, this ‘lexicon’ is a good aid to failing memory, with the added bonus of surprises, such as the detail on the Stowe Missal shrine or the Empress Theophano’s marriage charter, by the Registrum Gregorii Master.

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‘MEMOIRS BY BOOKDEALERS ARE ALMOST uniformly boring.’ Thus Todd Pratum, specialist in the occult, sometime of San Francisco, now of Oakland across the bay, who, quite undaunted, has written his own. ‘Dark Impressions, 35 Years as a Dealer in Books on the Occult’ (contributed to *Octagon: the quest for wholeness*, vol. 2, ed. Hans Thomas Hakl, Scientia, €49.80) has the sub-subtitle ‘Dee manuscripts, digital delusions, armed IRS agents, evil aliens, naked customers, a cyanide ring and a car crash – With a Postscript on Book Collecting in the Digital Age’. As bookdealers’ lives go, his own has been more eventful than most. At the time of writing, his website shouts, ‘THIRTY-FOUR YEARS [no update, then, since 2015], INNUMERABLE BOOKS,

NINETY CATALOGS, TEN TOWNS, SEVEN BOOKSHOPS, FOUR LIBRARIES, TWO ART GALLERIES', and that's the least of it. Pratum, by his own account, was the hippie hobo son of a distinguished psychiatrist who dropped into bookdealing, the way one did in 1981, and set up his first shop in Haight Street at a time and place when everyone was out of their head on almost anything. His thirty-five years pass in a dizzy blur, but you can't help liking a man who has such crazy enthusiasm – and builds his shelves twenty-nine feet high.

His career in 'occult' bookselling (a loose term, he admits, and deliberately so) leads him to some downright conclusions. 'Freudians are passionate collectors . . . but Jungian collectors are almost non-existent'; '[Aleister] Crowleyites [are] . . . so frequently unlettered, uneducated and ill funded, often rude and occasionally untrustworthy. Every used bookdealer knows to keep Crowley related books behind the counter as they will be the first stolen'. He pays homage to David Park, of Holmes Book Company, 'my initiator'; Michael Horowitz (friend and archivist of Timothy Leary), whose catalogues of psychedelic literature for Warren Howell Books were 'the gold standard'; and, 'my greatest book-hero and inspiration', Ian Jackson. Among customers he approves of Thomas Hakl, 'the only one to collect widely and deeply and regularly, and with such erudition and vision', and who happens to be his editor; and he disapproves of Michael Richards (Kramer in *Seinfeld*) – 'one of the nastiest' – and Umberto Eco, 'rude and imperious': he loathes the rich asking for discounts.

If much of his picaresque story seems like runaway anecdote, it is redeemed not only by the height of Pratum's bookshelves but the depth, in the end, of his seriousness. Here is a bookseller who reveres dealers and collectors of 'rejected knowledge', who believes in the merits of the old-fashioned printed catalogue, who is ambitious and creative if not always obviously commercially successful. He worries, as who doesn't, about what the internet age holds, and suspects that 'the old skills of browsing are being sadly lost'. Which, after all, is what shops are for, and he's had seven of them.

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IAN JACKSON LIVES UP THE ROAD from Todd Pratum, in Berkeley. He has long been a friend of THE BOOK COLLECTOR, and our occasional correspondent. With this issue, we welcome him to our Editorial Board, and in so doing can offer no finer a testimonial, not that he needs it, than that given by his neighbour in Oakland. 'America is home to hundreds of brilliant, highly educated antiquarian bookdealers whose

knowledge is often wider and deeper than all but the most premier scholars, and among this lofty world Ian is unquestionably the most knowledgeable,' Pratum writes. 'His exemplary, often revelatory book catalogs, meticulously composed and annotated, taught me there is nothing wrong with using half a page on a \$10 book if you cared about it, to eschew puffery and always be honest, even if it costs you.'

As well as his catalogues (lately revived in a revolutionary broadside form, as a rainbow of 'Cedules'), Jackson has issued a number of pamphlets, or booklets, which have become collectables in themselves. His *The Price-Codes of the Book-Trade*, published in 2010, gives a unique insight into the arcane oddities of antiquarian booksellers and book-selling. A revised edition is being prepared for publication, under the author's original preferred title *Chamberpot & Motherfuck* (denoting, it must hastily be said, the price-codes respectively of Thomas A. Larremore and R. & J. Balding), by Bruce McKittrick, in rather grander format and at a much grander price than the original. Copies of Jackson's most recent work, *Mathein Pathein: a thesaurus of the idiolect of John David Jackson*, a brutal tribute to his late father (see 'Basil Blackwell Learns His Lesson' in this number), may be acquired, signed and with the very necessary extra insert, 'A Word of Consolation to the Nervous Reader', on application to the Editor of THE BOOK COLLECTOR (price £15, post extra).

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THEO ROSENDORF PRODUCED THE FIRST edition of *The Typographic Desk Reference* in 2009. Oak Knoll have issued (at \$45) a second edition of this 'encyclopedic reference guide of typographic terms and classification with definitions of form and usage for Latin based writing systems' (rather a mouthful, that), with a new foreword by Erik Spiekermann. Rosendorf is, writes Spiekermann, 'quite insane'. Nattily but usefully illustrated, the guide is divided into six alphabetical sections, Terms, Glyphs, Anatomy & Form, Classification & Specimens, Further Reading, Index. What is a glyph? 'A shape used to represent a character or symbol within a writing system', says Terms. 'See also GLYPHS.' The latter includes no fewer than nineteen versions of the letter 'i', from i-acute and i-acute-ogonek to i-tilde, i-underdot and i with stroke ('Additional Latin letter used in Micmac, Mixtec, and Sahaptin'). Words such as friar, gadzook, mackle and scutulate are not only defined but helpfully demonstrated. As well as being useful, the book is eminently dippable. Its index reads like a poem.

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**DARYL GREEN, FORMER** Rare Books Librarian at St Andrews University Library, became in October the new College Librarian at Magdalen College, Oxford, in succession to Dr Christine Ferdinand. His appointment follows the completion in the summer of the £10.5m refurbishment and extension of the Longwall Library. Asked in the *Fine Books & Collections* 'Bright Young Librarians' series in 2014 what he personally collected, he said, 'I've decided to start collecting inter-war and post-WWII photobooks by Italian photographers . . . I plan to start with Ferdinando Scianna, one of the first Italian Magnum photographers.'

Sven Becker, currently Head of Sales in the Book Department at Christie's, London, will shortly take up a new appointment as Head of the Book Department in Christie's, New York.

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**AT LONG LAST THE FIRST VOLUME** of the memoirs of Gershon Legman (1917–1999) has appeared, in two parts. Many a publisher would have liked to carve out a much smaller mass-market book from *Peregrine Penis*, the sprawling multi-volume autobiography of the leading American erotic folklorist and bibliographer of his time, author of *The Hornbook: studies in erotic folklore and bibliography* (University Books, 1964), *The Rationale of the Dirty Joke* (Grove Press, 1968–75), *The Limerick* (Les Hautes Etudes, 1953) and a magisterial edition of the erotica collected by Vance Randolph, *Unprintable Ozark Folksongs and Folklore* (University of Arkansas Press, 1992). All credit to his widow Judith, daughter of the San Francisco bookseller and printmaker Henry Evans (publisher of the first, clandestine, American edition of *The Tropic of Capricorn*) for having resisted their blandishments. Through Amazon, not always an ally of the Happy Few, she has published, warts-and-all, *in extenso*, and on demand, without introduction, commentary or annotation, a memoir as fascinating, as leisurely and as self-indulgent as Chateaubriand's *Mémoires d'outre tombe*.

The first two parts of *I Love You, I Really Do* (CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, \$20 and \$18 – the remark was made to his mother, incidentally) take Legman through his eighteenth year, cramped by his native Scranton ("The Electric City"), but on the threshold of a career in the clandestine book trade of New York City. Subsequent volumes promise greater appeal to the dry-as-dust bibliographer. These first two offer rich fodder for the bibliophilic sociologist (or book historian). Where else is he, or she, to find such abundant first-hand documentation of *The Uses of Literacy*? Legman's impossible

father was a gambler, a ‘pathological liar’ and ‘a terrible he-prude’ who would burst into his son’s bedroom and carry off his ‘Dirty Books’, which turned out to be such innocuous reading material as *Treasure Island* or *Scaramouche* – admittedly being read with a flashlight under the covers – so as to substitute the six-volume set of Professor Heinrich Graetz’s *History of the Jews*. Legman père wanted his son to become a rabbi, but gambled away his \$10,000 university scholarship within a few days of receiving it in trust. Legman fils was more fortunate in his female relations. His ‘wholly-permissive mother’, born Yolanda Friedman, had been able to read *The Lady of the Camellias* and *Nana* ‘on the sly’ in a Transylvanian hayloft, smuggled in by the maid in the market basket ‘on loan from other sprightly young girls of good family’.

His sister Ruth had acquired a substantial library (200 volumes) of *risqué* fiction from Stück’s, the only secondhand bookshop in town, and the next best place for necking after the deserted mezzanine of the Scranton Public Library. This included a substantial collection of novels on prostitution (legal in Scranton), which she apparently saw less as an exit strategy than as an inspiring example of ‘the ultimate “badness” of bad girls’. At twenty, she gave her brother a set of Casanova as a fourteenth-birthday present. When he borrowed his sister’s copy of one of the many reprints of Balzac’s tedious *Droll Tales*, with their inept illustrations by Doré of Gothic head-dresses and plunging cleavage, to get a female classmate in the mood, and was caught by his mother *in flagrante*, nothing was said. When he tried to find the book again, Legman discovered that she had obligingly re-shelved it in its proper place. Indeed, on the principle of *The Purloined Letter*, his mother had suggested that he hide his collection of erotica in plain sight, in the parental bedroom, thinking (correctly) that the last place her husband would think to look was behind her dresses at the very back of her own clothes-closet. She also suggested that Ruth disguise her copy of Maupassant in a Gene Stratton Porter dustwrapper. Behind every great erotic bibliographer, obviously, are several supportive women, not least an admirable widow. We have much to look forward to; meanwhile, here are 1000 unblushing pages of prolegomena.

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‘MR. MEE IS JOURNALIST-IN-CHIEF to English Childhood, and no writer of our day exercises anything like so great an influence on the next generation. The joy of his life, like the passion of his faith, shows in every word he writes.’ Thus Harold Begbie (a close friend) on Arthur Mee (1875–1943). Mee was a phenomenon. There is something gloriously

nineteenth-century about his fierce energy, furious productivity and unabashed patriotism. He believed in flying and following the flag, in doing one's duty, in walking humbly with one's God. 'Let us make the Golden Rule of Christianity our touchstone,' he wrote in the third year of the Second World War and the last year of his life. 'We need not bow down to this creed or that. It is enough if we accept the Sermon on the Mount, and play the Game.'

He communicated a sense of wonder – surely his greatest gift as Journalist-in-Chief – and, at the same time, a reactionary horror of the new. He cheerfully predicted, as early as 1919, the invention of the mobile telephone, but he railed against the gramophone, jazz, the BBC, petrol stations, litter louts, pubs (indeed, all alcohol), the modern novel and cinema. In a new book, *Arthur Mee: a biography* (Lutterworth Press, £20), Keith Crawford draws on extensive correspondence with Mee's mentor John Derry and his employer Alfred Harmsworth, the first Lord Northcliffe, who in 1903 took on the young Mee, still in his twenties, at the startling starting salary of £1000 a year, and sponsored the ambitious projects that made his name. First given a post on the *Daily Mail*, he was then set to edit the *Harmsworth Self-Educator* (his salary was doubled) and the *Harmsworth History of the World* (raising his salary another £1000). *The Children's Encyclopaedia* (1908–10) sold 1.5 million sets across the British Empire and, as *The Book of Knowledge*, 3.5 million in the US. The first book to have 'Arthur Mee's' in the title was *Arthur Mee's Letters to Boys* (1913; *Letters to Girls* came in 1915); after that his brand was unstoppable. *The Children's Newspaper*, which Mee edited from 1919, sold at its peak 500,000 copies a week. In 1931 he undertook what would be his last project, the series 'The King's England' ('This book is going to be *the best England book that ever was* . . . by far the best thing I have ever done'), slave-driving a team of family and friends into completing twenty-five volumes by the outbreak of war in 1939. The subtitles are telling: Devon, 'Cradle of Our Seamen'; Lancashire, 'Cradle of Our Prosperity'; Wiltshire, 'Cradle of Our Civilisation'; London, 'Heart of the Empire'.

Crawford, an Australian academic, reacts predictably, perhaps, to Mee's prostration to Empire (a long, critical passage treats of Mee's attitude to the Aborigines) and has a strange name blindness (Christopher for Roger Fry, J.P. for P.G. Wodehouse, Robert for Richard Holmes) that his editors should have cured. He writes that 'Arthur Mee is now most often found on the shelves in second-hand bookshops', but his book does well to explain how Mee got there, and in such plenty.



“**HAVE YOU MANY WITCHES**”, SAID I, “in Man?” “Plenty,” said the old fellow, “but not so many as formerly. At one time Man was full of witches and wizards; one of the Kings of Man was a wizard, and a famous one too . . . He was a giant and had three legs, and they are his legs which you see on the side of the steamer, for those three legs of his are the arms of Man.” “What was his name?” said I. “I believe he was called King Horry . . .”

The journals and notebooks of George Borrow manage at the same time to be splendidly inconsequential and obviously true. In the latest, no. 8, of the Lavengro Press Occasional Papers, *The Red Path and the Black Valley: George Borrow in the Isle of Man 1855* (100 copies, £15), he is busy in his quest for Manx literature and lore. Angus Fraser part-edited these notebooks before his death, and Ann Ridler, with able thoroughness, has adorned and improved his work, adding six appendices, including Borrow’s stepdaughter Henrietta Clarke’s own account of the family excursion. Clarke is a genial companion (‘I must now mention that strange grotesque animal the tailless Manx Cat or Rumpy as it is called, it resembles those in appearance described by Sir Stamford Raffles’), but less inquisitive than Borrow; however, as Ridler points out, she is a useful counterpoint to her stepfather, who often conveys the impression that he is a lone explorer on his antiquarian hikes, the fearless pedestrian pioneer. Other appendices include Andrew Dakyns on Borrow and T.E. Brown, and an essay by Ridler questioning whether Borrow made a return visit to the island in 1870. Further information on the Lavengro Press from [info@lavengropress.co.uk](mailto:info@lavengropress.co.uk).

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**TO NEARLY EVERYONE, RICHARD PFAFF** was known as Dick. Readers of these pages will mostly remember him as the author of a fine and detailed biography of M. R. James that made full amends for earlier and briefer accounts. The original manuscript had to be considerably cut, for Pfaff poured himself into the book, unable to resist following James’s own explorations in more detail than it was thought most readers would manage. He was born in Oklahoma City in 1936, into a family settled from Germany. After Harvard, he came to Oxford with a Rhodes Scholarship for his graduate work, and he never lost his affection for England, the country that also provided the impetus for much of his work. He returned to America, was ordained as an Episcopalian priest and in 1967 appointed professor at Chapel Hill, where he remained until his retirement in 2006. His book *New Liturgical Feasts in Later Medieval England* (1970) was infused with the same curi-

osity and enthusiasm as characterized his writing and his conversation. When talking, as when he was exploring English churches, he exuded energy – and he clearly loved what he wrote about, whether the twelfth-century Eadwine Psalter from Canterbury or Anglo-Saxon liturgy. His book *Liturgy in Medieval England* (2009) won the Haskins prize of the Medieval Academy of America, and in his last years he was turning his attention to printed books of hours. The death of his wife Margie in 2010 was an immense blow, from which his friends thought he would never recover, and it was therefore with some pleasure that a few learned of his remarriage earlier this year to a fellow resident in the retirement home where he spent his last years. He died at Chapel Hill on 10 July.

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**PETER GUMBERT, WHO DIED** on 18 August, was first Reader and then Professor of Palaeography and Codicology at Leiden from 1979 until his retirement at the end of 2000. His talents were spotted as a student, when G. I. Liefstinck asked him to join his team working on dated and datable manuscripts in the Low Countries: in due course Gumbert succeeded his master. He was born in 1937 at Nijmegen, the son of a learned bookseller, so books were in his blood. But he confessed to having little interest in early printed books. Instead, he concentrated on manuscripts, especially medieval Dutch ones, the subject of his Panizzi lectures at the British Library in 1989, ‘The Dutch and Their Books in the Manuscript Age’. If this was a slightly limiting view of the fifteenth century, there was no doubting his genius as a teacher. He was challenging, expecting his students, working across the whole range of the European late antique and medieval tradition, to develop as clear an eye and memory for hands, dates and places as his own. The best of his students also discovered that he had a sly sense of humour.

As one of the founders of the *Gazette du Livre Médiéval*, as well as in his own writing (much of it in English), he exercised an influence far beyond Leiden. Local university politics meant that his chair was not filled on his retirement, and it is therefore all the more welcome that in Erik Kwakkel, one of Gumbert’s students, who recollected at the funeral his own friendship stretching from student days to the very end, the university now has a scholar-teacher of immense energy and learning. With its extraordinarily rich collection of medieval manuscripts, many of them from the Vossius library, it is a tradition from which everyone can benefit.

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THE LATEST VOLUME OF *Studies in Bibliography*, 59 (2015), has just reached us. It is to be welcomed not least for the appearance of the latest portion of G. Thomas Tanselle's bio-bibliographical memoir, 'The Living Room' (for the 'east wall' of his apartment, shelving 'the most basic part of my books-about-books collection', see our Summer number). Other interesting articles include Hope Johnston's 'Readers' Memorials in Early Editions of Chaucer'; Joseph Gwara's reattribution of the sixteenth-century *Judgement of Love* to Robert Copland's press; and Ashley Marshall's reappraisal of the Defoe canon. One notes, however, that Tanselle's article was written in 2008–9 and that the previous volume of *Studies in Bibliography* was for the years 2007–8. It is a pity that what was once a punctually annual publication should now have become so sporadic in its appearance.

Dr Tanselle is to be congratulated on the award of the Gold Medal of the Bibliographical Society, presented to him at the society's annual general meeting on 18 October. The outgoing President, Professor Henry Woudhuysen, in a presentation address, hailed Tom Tanselle's many achievements as bibliographer, editor and collector. As his recent 'memoir' articles show, he is the most thoughtful collector. Even the most resolute collector of his own many publications, however, may pause in the pursuit of the copy of his splendid *The Life and Works of Fredson Bowers* (1992) on offer on AbeBooks, as we write, for £4779.12, postage extra, from Ergode Books of Richmond, Virginia. The justification for this remarkable price is in no wise strengthened by the accompanying image of a blank front cover.

Prices elsewhere on Abe for *Fredson Bowers* currently range from £28.95 to £142.85. But Ergode's copy is by no means the most expensive item in their stock of seven and a half million books. That honour goes to *Azerbaijan: from crisis to sustained growth* (World Bank Country Study Series, 1993), £11,032.57, closely followed by another paperback, A. K. Mehta, *Herbal Remedies for Asthma* (Jain Publishers, 2005), £10,891.97. The internet can be a mysterious place.

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ON 28 AUGUST THEODORE HOFMANN turned 80, almost forty years after he joined the Editorial Board of THE BOOK COLLECTOR with the Spring number of 1977, to which he then, as frequently since, contributed notes on recent book auctions. As our link to the trade, Ted has, for all those years, been an invaluable member of our small team of regular contributors, a constant source of advice and information. He came to bookselling from an academic background. Born in

Evanston, a leafy suburb of Chicago, he went to Cornell, initially to read mathematics, moving midway to English. This did more than change his course; it changed his life, for it took him to Berkeley, to start a postgraduate thesis on Milton. There he came under the influence of Robert McNulty, editor of Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto, who led him into the sixteenth century and bibliography, and he embarked on a PhD on apocalypticism in Spenser. He also spent two summers writing catalogue descriptions for Warren Howell, who had bought the Templeton Crocker collection, Ted's remit being Crocker's English literature. From Berkeley he issued a series of eleven typewritten catalogues – his first trade venture on his own account.

In 1963 he got a Fulbright scholarship to pursue research in this country. It was then that he found Holly Place Cottage in Shoreham, which he rented; it was the beginning of his long affection for the landscape and architecture of the North Downs. Working in the North Library at the British Museum, he met Arthur Freeman, a Junior Fellow and recent PhD from Harvard, teaching at Boston University. They had enough in common in the sixteenth century to suggest joining forces, and they did. Hofmann & Freeman started in 1967 as a limited company in this country but a partnership in the US, to comply with different fiscal requirements on each side of the Atlantic, 'one foot in Cambridge, Mass., the other in Sevenoaks', we noted. The firm began with three catalogues issued simultaneously, numbered 12–14, following the Hofmann numeration; they listed general antiquarian books, eighteenth-century plays and Victorian poetry and fiction, respectively; these were followed by another catalogue the same year on neo-Latin poetry. This was all quite heady stuff in those days.

But, besides this, Ted was also kept busy working on the early Tudor section of the History of Parliament from 1965 to 1968. J. E. Neale had originally been discouraging, but, when it was discovered how well Ted could read sixteenth-century English secretary hand, he was asked by the trustees to join the team. One of the other members was Roy Davids, who went on to catalogue manuscripts for Hofmann & Freeman, until poached by Sotheby's to deal with the still massive Phillipps residue. A breakthrough came with the purchase of the remains of the stock of the Halliday brothers at Leicester from Tom Crow, through Dillon's, which had a small antiquarian section. This ranged from Elizabethan documents, among them the text of the Star Chamber interrogation of Valentine Simmes, to manuscript three-deckers, but most memorably Richard Bentley's draft proposals for the establishment of the Cambridge University Press. Another

coup at auction was the autograph of Donne's 'Good Friday 1613. Riding Westward' from Kimbolton. This was the occasion of Ted's one and only published letter to *The Times*.

In 1970 the firm was asked by Jerry Weston, Librarian of the Royal Institution, to deal with the de-accession of early non-scientific books. From this came the copy of Smith's *Trewe Relation . . . in Virginia* 1608 that was the centrepiece of Hofmann & Freeman 29, 'America before 1700'. Another climacteric was the sale of Pickering & Chatto in 1981, when Quaritch bought the early English part of the stock and the theatre collection that Dudley Massey had put together. This brought Arthur Freeman back to England as a consultant, acting as head of the English department, and from 1988 Hofmann & Freeman were united under the hospitable roof of Quaritch and the benign but forceful aegis of Milo Parmoor. So matters continued until 1997, when Freeman left to complete with Janet Freeman their monumental survey of the life and forgeries of John Payne Collier, Ted remaining as the senior authority on early English books; he still goes into Quaritch every week.

Outside the trade, Ted has found other occupations besides the History of Parliament. He has been on the Council of the Friends of the Bodleian Library for many years. With Joan Winterkorn, he negotiated the transfer in 1995 of John Evelyn's papers to the British Library, following its acquisition of part of the Evelyn library, an achievement recorded in the summer number of *THE BOOK COLLECTOR* that year. We should also remember his two-volume catalogue of the Pickering Sheridan collection, now in the Robert Taylor Collection at Princeton.

It would not be proper to end without recalling one other product of his time at the History of Parliament. There too Sally Johnson was working, and she and Ted married in 1973, moving, as their family grew, to Darenth House, not far away at Shoreham, and an easy commute in to Quaritch. Sally travelled as easily to work at the India Office Library, until her retirement, moving on to the archives of the Honourable Artillery Company. They shared this rural paradise with a tribe of tortoises, the most engaging and unobtrusive of guests, whose incubation, birth and sustenance engaged Sally's energy until she was deprived of it by motor neurone disease. Her death on Boxing Day 2011 has left an irreparable gap in the lives of all who knew her. The tortoises remain, with children and grandchildren near by, to stop Ted getting too lonely. Not only his colleagues on *THE BOOK COLLECTOR*, but all its readers, and the many other friends he has made in and outside the trade, will want to wish Ted Hofmann many happy returns of the day now, looking forward to learning, as so often before, from the fount of

knowledge of early English books and manuscripts that he has built up over more than fifty years.

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**BRYAN WELCH AND GEOFFREY VEVERS** are researching bookplates for a book that the Bookplate Society will publish in 2020 to coincide with the international FISAE Ex Libris Congress in Cambridge. *Famous in Their Time* aims to be an historical survey of bookplates for those who have achieved some celebrity, from the earliest bookplate users up to the present; to describe and illustrate personal bookplates, posthumous bookplates, 'homage' bookplates, misattributions and fakes. The authors welcome information about bookplates for inclusion, especially modern or contemporary bookplates (and book-labels), including those made when libraries are sold. Please contact [bryanwelch2008@gmail.com](mailto:bryanwelch2008@gmail.com) or [g.vevers25@btinternet.com](mailto:g.vevers25@btinternet.com).

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**FEW BOOKS SENT FOR** review in **THE BOOK COLLECTOR** are advertised as 'ages 3+', but *Max and Bird*, a picture book by Ed Vere (Puffin, £6.99), had not arrived by accident. Max, 'the mighty kitten and New York Times bestseller' (blurb), has been the hero of two previous books. Here he comes across Bird. 'Let's be friends', he says. 'first, I'll chase you, then *maybe* I'll eat you up.' 'I don't like being chased,' says Bird, 'I haven't even learned to fly yet.' They think: 'Friends have fun together and help each other out . . .' Max undertakes to teach Bird to fly, and fails. 'Follow me,' says Bird. 'We'll go to the library – Libraries know everything.' So they take out all the books on flight, read them all, practise flapping for hours, but – zilch. Bird is furious. 'Calm down,' says Max. 'We'll ask someone who *can* fly.' They climb to the top of a crane and address a pigeon sitting on the adjacent top of Nelson's Column. The pigeon, unhelpfully, demonstrates. Max and Bird go back to flapping. Suddenly, at 5.23 p.m. precisely, Bird takes off. 'Thank you,' he says. 'That's what friends are for,' says Max, and Bird replies, 'I suppose you want to eat me up now?' Max thinks hard, totting up the pros and cons. 'I don't want to eat you up,' he says. 'But can I watch you fly instead, please?' 'YES,' says Bird, and we leave them, Max now sitting on Nelson's hat (pigeon dispatched?) and Bird looping the loop over the Ministry of Defence.

Superficially, this is not a very good advertisement for libraries, but that is where Max himself ('also available in hardback') will end up: as Paul Valéry observed, 'Tout s'achève en Sorbonne.'