

as 'a country bumpkin who had somehow managed to make her way to London's arty mobs and had cast herself, not as Jack idealised her in the role of a pre-Raphaelite Madonna, but, as I considered, of a Swinburnian Dolores'.¹⁰ No doubt the unlucky combination of all these circumstances was the overall cause of the end of the Fanfrolico Press.

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The aims of the Fanfrolico Press are conveniently spelled out by Stephensen in *Fanfrolicana: being a statement of the aims of the Fanfrolico Press both typographical and aesthetic with a complete bibliography and specimen passages and illustrations from the books* (1928). This of course dates from the height of the Press, and more than half of their books were still to be published; it nevertheless seems to be a valid basis on which to assess the Press as a whole.

Stephensen begins by expatiating on the background or general context of their work in such terms as these: 'What is indicated primarily in most modern Fine Press books is . . .', and again: 'The private Presses are continually educating book readers . . .' It is clear that neither Stephensen nor Lindsay doubted their own place in this general picture, and it would be fair to assume that the same applied to the public of the time who bought and read their books. But in fact (that is to say, in the strictest interpretation of these terms), the Fanfrolico Press was not a 'private Press', nor was it primarily concerned with 'Fine Printing'.

It is no easy matter to define a private press, but one of the more obvious criteria is surely that the books it produces will actually be set and printed privately, usually by hand—in other words, a private press combines the otherwise separated functions of publisher and printer. For the Fanfrolico Press this was not the case: the great bulk of its books were printed by various commercial printing firms. The point I think is not particularly significant and should not be over-emphasised. For one thing, the Sydney *Lysistrata* and the unfinished *Passionate Neatherd*, as well as all those books from the *Mimiambos of Herondas* on, were in fact printed by the labour of Lindsay himself and his associates, and there are few, if any, immediately discernible differences between them—certainly nothing like a sudden drop or rise in quality. For another, the principle is not without precedent—the obvious examples being William Morris himself, in his use of the Chiswick Press, and that of the Nonesuch Press and several others. All this simply implies that for purposes of assessment one must look not at details such as the quality and evenness of the setting, inking, printing, etc, but at