

. . .).’ Generally these aims were very successfully achieved within the classical tradition: wide and well-proportioned margins, simplicity, clarity and solidity of type-mass, and the restrained integration of decoration or illustration. A wide variety of good quality papers was used: the *Lysistrata* set in 18-point Garamond on Hollingsworth hand-made paper, the Gordon Bottomley *Festival Preludes* (1930) in Weiss Antiqua on Barcham Green Charles I paper, and the *Herondas* in 18-point Cloister type on Van Gelder Antique paper, are all good examples. Many of the books also had more sumptuous special editions, on special paper or Japanese vellum, and with more elaborate bindings. There was certainly a ‘typographical versatility’ in the wide variety of type-faces used, some for the first time by the Press, and they were always carefully chosen for their appropriateness to the text and general design of the book. The success of one or two of the decisions, however, is debatable. There was no attempt at mere typographical effect for its own sake, but what exactly constitutes ‘adequacy to express individuality’ can be a subjective matter. The printing of Nietzsche’s *Anti-Christ* in 16-point Poliphilus capitals throughout has been said (e.g. by Adams)³ to render the book unreadable, and even Lindsay admits that it is ‘not easy to read except in small bits’.⁹ However the decision was a deliberate one and related very closely to the text, as Stephensen explains: ‘The book was set in Poliphilus capitals because of the words in section LXII “I shall write upon all walls” . . . the use of black letter for quotations from the Bible was intended to show the horribleness of the Gothic compared with the Roman in conformity with Nietzsche’s denunciation of the German theologians (e.g. in section LII) . . .’⁶ The aim was to produce a monumental inscriptional effect (which it certainly does), and the book was to be itself a kind of bible, from which selected readings might be taken—it was never intended to be light bedside reading. The sheer size of the book (40 × 28 cm.) is a further justification.

At the other end of the scale is *Delighted Earth* (1927): selections from the poetry of Robert Herrick—‘the “prettiest” book yet issued under our imprint; ideal as a gift’. There is an apologetic tone in this description in *Fanfrolicana*, and one might arguably describe this book as ‘hideously pretty’: the Koch Kursiv italic type has a greyish spidery effect, particularly disturbing in the prose of the introduction (Lindsay uses here one of his pseudonyms, Peter Meadows), and the Lionel Ellis collotypes are wishy-washy, almost cute. There is a strangely prosaic blue cloth binding. Perhaps all this was genuinely considered ‘appropriate’, but the general characterisation of Herrick as ‘violets and cream’ (as the *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer remarked) would not meet with universal agreement. Overall the