

A

B

C

Distinctly
Blurred

F

G H I J K L

M N O P Q R

Distinctly
Blurred

Jenny
Sapora T

U

V

Words
of Women
Bookmakers

A divided mind is the trouble, and the passage of years does not make one quicker.

Dame Hildelith Cumming, OSB, 1975

* OSB, or Ordo Sancti Benedicti, is a 19th century affectation due, perhaps, for retirement. One monastic printer recently wrote to me indicating as much: "I loathe, abominate, and refuse to use it at the Press." D.C.W.

The funny thing about quoting people

Don't take this statement for a complaint; Dame Hildelith was neither ill-natured nor a pessimist. Rather, her mind was willingly, generously devoted to an ever-increasing multitude of projects. She was Printer of Stanbrook Abbey Press, taught many novices the basics of Letterpress, served as Choir Mistress, organized community work, composed music, and all this on top of the many hours a Benedictine nun devotes daily to choir, spiritual reading, and private contemplative prayer.² Actually, the image of a divided mind is a good starting place for this book; after all, the alphabet will readily divide any theme into tidy sections. To accumulate an alphabet's worth of material, I've collected much more information than I can ever use. And my mind is spread thin as I survey the seeds of twenty-odd future books within this one. On the other hand, while an

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
unbending framework has its drawbacks, it also serves as a healthy reminder that there can never be a truly comprehensive catalogue of women bookmakers. So this will be a sampling — a taste of what rich discoveries await future searches.

X Y Z

By Peace Plenty - By Wisdom Peace.

device used by Joan Orwin, 1595



is that they won't hold still. Like a small child who bobs in & out of the camera's frame,

Joan Orwin inherited this motto — and the two-hands-clasping device — from her third husband. She took over his printing business when he died and printed under the name of Widdowe Orwin until her death four years later. That's the recorded extent of her printing career, but by then she'd spent forty years married to a succession of three printers!^b Printing establishments were strictly controlled in Orwin's century and limited in number, so a printer's widow was quite a catch for that ambitious unmarried printer who played his cards right. No wonder Joan Orwin didn't ever stay a widow for long. But in forty years, be sure she'd accumulated enough knowledge and experience so that when the shop was finally hers, she ran it capably; her pressmen felt no bumpy shock of transition; (she could get down to business without changing her name again).

* The initials TO are Thomas Orwin's, which Joan Orwin left intact on the block after his death.

Child's toy: Irish Cottage. Designed by Elizabeth C. Yeats. Executed by Esther Ryan & Maire Gill at the Cuala Press. Sold at 2 s. 0 d.

s. & d. = shillings & pence

from catalogue of Arts & Crafts exhibition in Dublin, 1917

Cuala Press is better known for publishing W.B. Yeats than for its publisher, E.C. Yeats; more remarkable for its patriotic aim: "to find work for Irish hands," than for the quality of its printed page. Although Elizabeth Corbet Yeats was a talented painter and teacher and wrote several books on teaching art, she was tempted to try printing. Despite her inexperience, it offered her a way to support herself and a family often dependent on her income; also, she had no idea she would be running a press for the rest of her life. Through war, family strife, illness, and constant financial shakiness, she kept printing. When she urged her brother to let her do commercial work to help keep the press solvent, he perversely said no.^c And yet, sifting through Cuala Press ephemera, I find this evidence that she did initiate projects (however small in scale). Maybe marketing a child's toy comes out of economic desperation, but designing it must have given Yeats a welcome chance to exercise her artistic hand.

De l'Eternel le bien, de moi le mal ou rien.

motto of Esther Inglis, 1599

the cited person is entirely unconcerned about the requirements of some future excerpt-taker.

Esther Inglis wrote one page like this.

Literally, "From the Almighty, good; from me, bad or nothing." Esther Inglis was an extraordinary and prolific calligrapher with a determinedly modest motto. Even if you only saw the catalogue of books she penned and none of the books themselves, you'd be satisfied that she didn't produce nothing. Nor is her work bad. Vibrant, meticulous, elegant, quirky—the lines which fill her pages won her favor from the nobles she bestowed them upon.³

Did I mention she? right and with my most valued, the finest one, without exaggeration, the size A2 pages of 21 in all styles! Did she use a microscope!!!

Incidentally, Inglis was not particularly modest, either; her books often include a carefully copied self-portrait in which she gazes proudly outward, even as she pens her self-effacing motto on the blank page before her. And hers is the choice to include Latin verses by her admirers (like the stellar reviews on the covers of paperbacks) shrewdly arranged to face her own humble letter of dedication.

Even though the art of prosody may seem difficult and arduous for one of my feeble sex, nevertheless, relying in my own strength, I have attempted to sing the songs of this little collection in the dactylic strains, solicitous that slight talent of ability given me by Heaven should not lie idle in the dark recesses of the mind and thus be destroyed by the rust of neglect, I submitted it under the mallet of ready devotion, so that thus it might sound some little chord of Divine praise.

Hroswitha, c. 955.

Hroswitha, young canoness of Gandersheim, wrote legends, plays, and a history of her monastery. She especially liked retelling stories of the triumph of virtue over wickedness and didn't hesitate to use Apocryphal sources.⁶ She shares with scores of writers a fierce tendency to introduce her work by way of an apologetic disclaimer of sorts. Do these writers mean to smooth the ruffled feathers of a reader predisposed to criticism? Or perhaps to lower his expectations until any work will exceed them? In Hroswitha's century, religious and women writers are both especially likely to use the "oh don't expect much of little ole me" line. God is responsible for any brilliance, and one's gender, if feminine, explains any defect. Hroswitha fits both categories, but as she composes her preface, she can't entirely suppress her self-confidence—or her sense of humor; she stoutly defends several of her more controversial choices (including that affection for the Apocrypha) and translates the elements of her German name into the facetious Latin:⁷

CLAMOR VALIDUS GANDERSHEIMENSIS
The Strong Shout of Gandersheim.

From the installation of the first equipment she manifested not only a keen interest in technical processes, but also a marked ability in craftsmanship.

William Ransom, of Bertha Goudy, 1903

She chooses words to suit her current purpose; if, decades later, they serve our purpose as well,

G Bertha Goudy was a craftswoman after my own heart — perhaps more passionate about using her hands and expanding their experience than about focusing intently on one single craft. To be quite clear, this describes me; I get the impression that it's the same with Goudy from her husband Frederic's portrayal of her. She was a woman whose hands took aptly to whatever task she gave them: weaving, piano playing, drawing, bookbinding, typesetting, composing, engraving matrices for type. But Frederic says that Goudy did favor typesetting as an occupation; she had a good eye for the spacing and layout of a page.^f As it happens, I am a book writer and a bookbinder, but I'm happiest printing. All this to say, where a Renaissance man has his *forté* or a world traveller her favorite haunt, a Jill-of-all-trades might have a craft which comes to her naturally and best.

This g sketched from Berham, a typeface designed by Frederic W. Goudy in honor of Bertha M. Goudy

Greatly as I deplored the unhappy fate of so many people, dying almost at one moment (for Bogardus was my sister's son, and had long been very dear to me); nevertheless it was not my kinsman's death I mourned so much as that of an immortal scholar* who deserved to be remembered by all. In fact, I considered that his most learned lucubrations not only deserved that I should put all the money I had into printing them, but that I should borrow from my friends.

Charlotte Guillard, 1552

* Insert here: [that is, Toussaint]

This is from the only preface Charlotte Guillard wrote — explaining in Latin the extraordinary circumstances that led to delays in printing this huge Greek dictionary. (Both its author, Toussaint, and original printer, Bogard, died mid-production; the entire thing had to be reset using better type; and on top of this, a persuasive bishop insisted that Guillard postpone it, and print a book for him first.) Oddly enough, even in the midst of my own printing delays, I'm glad Guillard's dictionary had so many setbacks. We generally learn of her life through business contracts or the prefaces of others,^g but in this case, she felt obliged to justify the hold-ups, and so we get to hear her voice, reflected in her own words. She proves educated enough not only to express herself fluently in Latin, but also to run a press for over fifty years, to care about legibility, and to willingly go into debt for the sake of scholarship. And — no feminine apologist — she is eager for her books to stand on their own merits, not less regarded because they (unconventionally) bear a woman's imprint...



Charlotte Guillard's device

How is it we don't take possession of more of the printing field than we do?

Marion Elliston, 1901

then that is our lucky discovery,

Marion Elliston poses this question at the end of a column entitled "The Battle of Life: How Women Face It" which begins by asking, "Sometimes by Printing—Why not oftener?" Her answer is basically that girls don't figure a four-year apprenticeship worth the effort because they expect to be married and provided for in shorter time. Elliston offers a couple of reasons why girls shouldn't count on marriage, and paints a cheery (if oversimplified) alternate picture of "bright busy girls at the case."² Still, aware that her article doesn't resolve the broader issue of woman's place in the labor movement, she circles around and ends, indefinitely, with the question: "How is it..."



It is the best of works to print good books.

motto given to the Stanbrook Abbey Press by its founder, Father Laurence Shepherd, 1876

Stanbrook Abbey Press device



Stanbrook Abbey Press, still run today by Benedictine nuns in Worcestershire, England, has evolved within the monastic community which supports it. The Printer of Stanbrook Abbey Press works with nuns whose energies are as widely dispersed—whose minds are as divided—as her own.

not her obliging foresight.

[A former Printer once counted her work force thus: one eighty-year-old golden jubilarian who devoted a half-hour per day to setting type which, as often as not, had to be respaced; one Second Printer, still in the novitiate, who worked $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours per day; the Printer herself who averaged $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours a day; and one other experienced printer who matched her at $4\frac{1}{2}$. Somehow this lean crew got things printed.¹] Essentially, the same devotion to prayer, truth, integrity, and hard work which draws the nuns in various non-printing directions also drives them to be as honest and exacting in their craft as they are in their lives. They are nuns who print, not printers who are nuns. And, after all, printing lots of books is not the point; printing good books is.

* The Vulgate psalm 44 reads: Eructavit cor meum verbum bonum, dico ego opera mea Regi: Lingua mea calamus scribe celociter scribentis. Literally translated (by Professor Paul Pascal), that's: My heart has uttered a good word. I speak of my works for the King; My tongue is the pen of a scribe writing swiftly.

Words we read days or centuries after they are recorded grant us a glimpse of their native instant. They are the photograph of an idea, a feeling, a thought, frozen & lifted from their surroundings.

Just as the lens captures a moment's reality, so a person's words represent a moment's state of mind. In both cases, the instant is gone; only an afterimage remains.

K

The roman st and &t ligatures were joined in the italic manner, an effect neither historical nor beautiful.

The italic was made into a more consistent, but less striking, letter. There was a praise worthy anglicizing of the k and w - exotics in France - and a courageous redesigning of the illogical

Paul Beaujon, 1926

K

G GARAMOND & S. GARAMOND italic w k K

This is from the best-known Beaujon article in the *Flexion* - a careful and thorough piece tracing the origins and various reappearances of the "Garamond" type. Several years later, Beatrice Warde writes, "In the early 1930s, in the small but lively world of typographic learning, there was some grieving over the disappearance from title-pages of the name of Paul Beaujon, who had achieved a reputation by works of research... I was the chief mourner; having created the pseudonymous 'Beaujon' out of whole cloth, I had been deriving great pleasure from the success with which his name... had deceived those who were not prepared to believe that a woman could write anything worth reading about type." k

Least you Should Soyl this Booke in searching out the names in particular of any of the Fiftie Nobles therin contened. You have a Table in the last leafe thereof that shall direct you to them be the number of the Emblemes.

Esther Inglis, 1624

The photographer inevitably transforms her subject simply by framing it.

It's heartening that Esther Inglis, with all her effusive modesty, couldn't help including this note of caution. The book features fifty Emblems chosen and copied from Georgette de Montenay and then addressed to various English nobles. Inglis dedicated it to Prince Charles, son of King James, in a letter peppered with pardons. She persistently calls herself "humble handmaid," and essentially asks the Prince to just stick this small pledge of my dutiful obeisance away in some corner. And yet she had to be practical, for even Princes—to say nothing of Earls—could leave dirty fingerprints as they eagerly thumbed through to see if they'd been included. (As a matter of fact, one Earl had fallen into disgrace before the Emblems left Inglis's hands, and she cut his page out and fixed a slip of paper over his name in the index.)^{d)} Anyway, such care does imply her pride, admitted or not, in her work.

DE L'ETERNEL LE BIEN DE MOI LE MAL OU RIEN

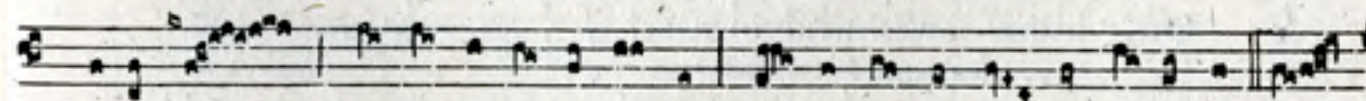
pen & ink
sketched
from
E. Inglis's
self portrait

Maude went in laundry cart to station to collect the 2 cases of modern music & 1 of Gregorian from Mr. Woodward.

entry in Sister Emma's journal, the Community of St Mary, the Virgin, 1903



The 3 cases were full of type for setting plainchant. Today, this community in Wantage, England, reproduces most of its music by photocopier, but in the days of Sisters Emma and Maude, letterpress was the technology of choice (rating higher than lithography and hand copying). In fact, St Mary's Press was actively involved in preserving the chant and introducing English translations of the traditional Latin texts.^m Recently, I spent a day setting plainsong. It's a complicated business, and hard to describe without props. (No wonder these skills were handed down through an oral tradition at St Mary's Press.) Basically, you set a 4-line stave and text at the same time—that's a case for the words, one for the "ordinaries" (basic lines and notes), and a third for the "peculiar" (notes with dramatic stems and squiggly bodies and such). For those who



set type, this feels more like building an intricate wall with interdependent blocks—and such tiny blocks! As Sister Valerie Cryer writes, "It is hard indeed to convey on paper the deep satisfaction that setting the chant affords, but perhaps the orderly beauty of the finished product speaks for itself."^m

Nun: on 23rd, Suor Marietta received 2 large florins for part of the composing of the *Morgante...*

Nuns: A half-ducat for Suor Marietta's composing.

entry in Ripoli Press account book, 1481

After all, choosing to reveal or obscure bits of visual context is her art. She records her version

This account book — 151 folios worth of manuscript — offers a glimpse of how these fifteenth century Italian nuns operated a printing house — composing type, acquiring type moulds, producing books and prayer cards alike. There's no stunning revelation about Sister Marietta's passion for her craft (I mean, payment of a half-ducat is not, at first consideration, riveting stuff), but the account does present significant proof that western women were involved in the craft of printing books essentially as early as men. Amusingly, other entries record the unpredictable collection of items eventually used to pay off the last of the debt incurred when the nuns of San Jacopo di Ripoli made their initial investment in a set of type moulds:

a diamond,
a statuette,
a breviary,
a pillowcase,
a bushel of flour,
a pair of shoes.*

* Some proceeds from the sale of these items went to repay the prioress; the printers — certainly creative fund raisers — borrowed for their matrices from at least four additional sources.

Of making many books there is no end and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

lettered on tail edge of binding by Katherine Adams, 1916

I first read this somewhat cryptic statement lettered on an exquisite Katherine Adams binding of the Ashendene Press *Morte d'Arthur*. Searching for its origin, the same words kept turning up here and there, never credited. I finally discovered — quite accidentally — that they're taken from the Bible. (I should have suspected: what else, besides Shakespeare, do people quote so often without bothering to byline?) Katherine Adams chose these words during the height of her career. I can't guess what they meant to her then, but in hindsight, they summarize her life in an odd way. Adams started to experiment with bookbinding when she was young, and eventually bound over 300 (definitely "many"!) books in the course of her lifetime. When she was eighty-one, she wrote to a friend of her increasing weariness — growing deaf, bent double, slow and old — and yet added, "I managed to do a half binding the other day, which I much enjoyed." She died, nearly ninety, but had never stopped binding, even if only in tiny bits for her own fun.°

K A K. Adams's
signature
finishing tool

Passing over Mr Head's assumption of a title which does not legally belong to his printing office, and his mis-statements respecting Her Majesty's patronage (which consisted in a personal warrant to Miss Faithfull) we cannot but regret that he disfigures his pages so constantly with the word *female* - a word long since inadmissible in the upper ranks of society, but, strange to say, still preferred in the lower. It is, perhaps, difficult to avoid it always, but in this *brochure* you meet it at every turn, and at last at page 29, Mr Head positively writes of "my females." As Canon Kingsley said at the Bristol Social Science Congress, "for heaven's sake let us talk of men and women, and leave the odious words male and female to the animal creation."

Emily Faithfull, 1870



Emily Faithfull was appointed "Printer & Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty" in 1862. The main idea at her Victoria Press was to employ women as compositors and support the cause of women's employment in general. Faithfull printed pamphlets on a multitude of women's issues, edited the *Victoria magazine*, took on great volumes of contract printing for journals and organizations, but also published several substantial books - mostly poetry, a few illustrated or illuminated. Incidentally, this Mr. Head was a partner who bought her out, tried to take advantage of her reputation, but only ran the establishment for a few years (and relatively unproductively) before Faithfull reassociated herself with the press.^P

A Victoria Press device (with EF for Emily Faithfull) from the title page of the *Victoria Regia*, published 1861

Quantity as well as quality is an essential factor in successful ornament. Baldness is not of necessity simplicity nor is plainness of necessity beauty. Yet the truth remains that it takes a great artist to make a thing at once simple and beautiful.

Sarah Treverbian Prideaux, 1900

of an instant and sends it forward through time.

It's unclear whether Sarah Prideaux actually executed all of the bindings attributed to her,^o but she undoubtedly had a talent for designing them. In her introduction to a catalogue of her bindings, she praises, "simplicity of proportion and dignity of line, unobscured by a burden of detail."⁹ And her finest bindings embrace this ideal. Prideaux writes most eloquently about the art of making a thing both simple and beautiful. Yet ironically, the sentences that lead up to this point are somewhat tangled. (I suppose her writing is no more convoluted than any of her day, but it is funny to find a person advocating such visual clarity while writing such muddy prose. Comically - and along the same lines - Prideaux typeset this introduction herself, and seems to have availed herself of every ligature and alternate sort that this type face had to offer. She had elegant restraint designing bindings, but setting type she couldn't keep her fingers out of the swashes! (I know the temptation; ligatures can be seductive, but this is, at best, distracting.)



S. T. Prideaux's device

Real printing will devour one's entire life.

Virginia Woolf, 1917

The historian relies on someone else's record;

Virginia Woolf wrote this in a letter to Vanessa Bell, just after her first introduction to handsetting type and printing from it. Ironically, the Woolfs' Hogarth Press did later become more consuming work than they'd anticipated. But in 1917, printing was intended not to devour but to distract Woolf's mind from her writing. Her husband, Leonard, writes a) of Woolf's intensity of work, b) of the difficulty in finding any distraction absorbing enough to take her mind away from it, and c) of how printing might be just the thing.¹ Apparently, it was. (to be continued at Y...)



A Hogarth Press device designed by Vanessa Bell

Several people have pointed out that women are worse spellers. This weakness, due to their education, they have in common with many male composers, and furthermore, their composing mistakes are no more difficult to correct than those made by the men.

from a petition in favor of women composers, delivered to the National Convention, 1794



the reality she uncovers is pre-frozen.

This revolutionary petition was reprinted in 1862 by an old Parisian printer and archivist. Oddly, in his introduction, he carefully avoids throwing his own opinion into the debate; he simply recounts his discovery of this rare document and finds it bears reprinting.² He was absolutely right, for in his century (nearly seven decades after the French Revolution) the debate had evolved, but a woman's place in the composing room—indeed, in the labor force in general—was still at issue.

The distinction has become distinctly blurred.

Dame Catherine Wybourne, 1998

Any press that's been around for more than a century has seen its goals and priorities shift, survived a succession of Master Printers, weathered storms and ridden calm. The world expands, the press evolves, quality dips and soars.

Dame Catherine Wybourne, the current Printer at Stanbrook Abbey, learned the rudiments of letterpress printing as a novice at the press, but now uses offset technology and computer typesetting for almost all the press's work. This decision to refit the press with MacIntoshes and offset equipment was a practical one. Among other things, the expense of acquiring the best foundry type had become prohibitive; and the quality of the printed page was not to be compromised simply to preserve the letterpress tradition for tradition's sake. As a Benedictine, Dame Catherine stresses that to print inspired texts—whatever the technology—is at the heart of the press's purpose. It's the distinction between well-crafted letterpress printing and well-crafted offset printing which becomes blurred. Either way, the printing serves the words it unleashes.

She reads the accounts of others, filtered through intricate layers of writer, editor, printer, archivist. If she cites parts of those accounts, she also chooses what historical context should accompany them.

Undoubtedly, the historian - like the photographer - presents her story with a unique perspective, but she is still several steps - creative or chronological - away from the original moment.

V

ulgar ostentation is twice as easy as discipline.

Beatrice Warde, 1932

W

hat I want your advice about is whether you think our press could possibly get on without having W. B. for literary advisor for *every book*? Jack says we will never have any peace if we go on allowing Willie to boss the whole thing... I don't want a dictator for my press, but a literary advisor.'

Elizabeth Corbet Yeats, 1906

She might find a lucky quote with the serendipity of a photographer who finds a lucky shadow,

PRINTING SHOULD BE INVISIBLE

I once spoke with a typographer and archivist who called Beatrice Warde more of a groupie than a practitioner. But there are groupies and then there are groupies. Warde became known and respected as a prolific and eloquent writer on the subjects of typography and printing. To paraphrase a bit more from her famous "Crystal Goblet" address: The true connoisseur of a fine wine would prefer to drink it from a goblet of fine crystal, rather than from a solid gold, exquisitely wrought vessel which hides the wine itself from view. Likewise, a reader whose interest in a text lies in its meaning wants his mental eye to focus through the type and not upon it."



A Cuala Press device designed by E. C. Yeats

Elizabeth Yeats had two brothers: Willie and Jack. William was Cuala's literary advisor, and yet valued his own good reputation more dearly than the well-being of the press which served it. He insisted that Yeats add to the prospectus for a book she'd published on her own: "This book is not a part of the Cuala series arranged by W. B. Yeats."^w He wrote to a friend, "she would like me to go on editing various books, she on her part to put in others when the fancy pleased her, and this I won't have, as it means, I know, the gradual lowering of the standard of quality until it is like that of most Dublin publications."^m It distresses me that Yeats seems so isolated within her own family—deprived of much-needed support, and yet never really able to break away and establish an independent life. Neither her family nor her society were likely to encourage her to trust her instincts in any case, so she would ask the advice of respected associates—like Emery Walker—and certainly she got advice from a father and two brothers whether she asked for it or not.

X is sticky. If a divided mind is *not* the trouble, then surely this letter is.

Anonymous, 1998



but the real craft of the historian

Typographers notice kerning on billboards; tailors register the stitching on a stranger's hem; and I flip to X in alphabet books. With the scarcity of X words that most people have heard of, the X page is always an indication of the character of the alphabetographer. On this page, X shall be x — that familiar variable from ninth grade algebra — signifying who knows how vast a population. X is the ultimate placeholder — perhaps a reminder that for every woman whose words — spoken or written — are included here, there are many hundreds more whose words are unattributed or mis-credited, lost or never recorded, written over or written out of history.

* By "most" I mean those who don't regularly scan the dictionary — especially the page-and-a-half of X's — hoping to find that perfect word, until all the X words seem familiar. (Sure, xyloid is a commonly-used word. Yeah, right.)

You can't think how exciting, soothing, ennobling and satisfying it is.

Virginia Woolf, 1917

Woolf is referring to printing again, in another letter from that same spring when she learned to set type. The thing is, I feel like this about printing, too. Writing, making paper, drawing, binding — undeniably fine crafts — but which lack the power printing has to keep me on my feet, past midnight, still singing with the radio, making ready one more form, printing just one more run.

lies not in originating the record of an instant,

I do not feel very confident that I can make anything satisfactory of Middlemarch... It is worth while to record my great depression of spirits that I may remember one more resurrection from the pit of melancholy.

George Eliot, 1869

So I find it ironic — and immensely reassuring — that even writers who write a lot, who consider themselves writers, still find parts of writing to be a slog. (A writing teacher put it well: "Nobody likes writing; they just like having written.") George Eliot made me cry when I read about her pit of melancholy because I had forgotten about the resurrection. And then Virginia Woolf (who experienced her own share of mental anguish) is introduced to printing as a break from her writing, and I couldn't be less surprised that she found it exciting, soothing, ennobling, and satisfying. Of course she did; it is.

E

A Dame Joanna Jamieson, memoir of Dame Hildelith Cumming, *The Stanbrook Abbey Press: 1025-1900* by David Butcher (Herefordshire: Whittington Press, 1992).
a Jamieson, memoir.

- B** Sir Thomas Elyot, *The Castell of Health* (London: Printed by the Widdow Orwin, 1595).
- b** Orwin-related entries by H. R. Plomer, *A Dictionary of Printers & Booksellers in England... 1557-1840*, ed. R. B. McKerrow (London: Printed for the Bibliographic Society, Blades, East & Blades, 1910).
- C** Description in Catalogue of Arts & Crafts Exhibition, Dublin, 1917, cited in *The Dun Emer Press, later the Cuala Press...* by Liam Miller (New York: The Typophiles, 1974).
- c** Biographical details from *The Yeats Sisters: A Biography of Susan and Elizabeth Yeats* by Joan Hardwick (London: Harper Collins, 1996).
- D** *Les Proverbes de Salomon* (Escrites en diverses sortes de lettres, par Esther Inglis, Lislebourg, Escosse, 1599).
- d** David Laing, "Notes relating to Mrs (Langlois or) Inglis," *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* 6 (1865) 284-309.
- E** Translation of preface to Hroswitha's legends by Sister M. Gonsalva Wiegand, *Hroswitha of Gandersheim: Her life, her times, her works...*, ed. A. L. Haight (New York: The Hroswitha Club, 1965). [Hrotsvit, *Opera*.]
- e** Haight, "Hroswitha of Gandersheim: Her life, her times, her works."
- o** Thanks to Paul Pascal, Professor Emeritus, Classics, University of Washington, for his opinion on the humor inherent in *Clamer Validus Gandersheimensis*.
- F** William Ransom lines cited in *Bertha M. Goudy: a memorial* by Frederic W. Goudy (Utica, NY: Coggeshall, 1939). [Reprinted from *B. M. G.: recollections by one who knew her best*.]
- f** F. W. Goudy.
- G** Translation of preface by Beatrice L. Becker, "Charlotte Guillard, Printer of the Renaissance," *Inland Printer* 62 (1921) 438-440. [Jacobus Tusanus, *Lexicon graecolatium...* (Paris: Apud Carolam Guillard, 1552).]
- g** Beatrice Beech, "Charlotte Guillard: A 16th century business woman," *Renaissance Quarterly* 36 (1983) 345-367.

but rather in finding it: disentangling, interpreting relaying its essence.

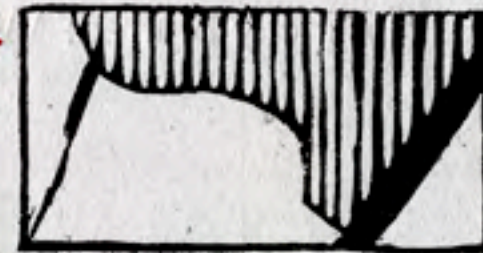
- H** Marion Elliston, "The Battle of Life: How women face it, no. II," *Home Chat* October 26 (1901).
- h** Elliston.
- I** The Benedictines of Stanbrook, *The Stanbrook Abbey Press: 92 years of its history 1025-1925* (Worcester: Stanbrook Abbey Press, 1970).
- i** Dame Hildelith Cumming, letter to Jan van Kriippen, 8 August 1957, cited in Butcher (Note A).
- K** Paul Beaujon, "The Garamond Types: 16th and 17th century sources considered," *Fleurbaey* 5 (1926) 131-179.
- k** Beatrice Warde, intro., *The Crystal Gable: 10 essays on typography*, ed. H. Jacob (NY: World Pub. Co., 1956).
- L** Notice to "Gentle Reader" cited in Laing (Note d). [50 Emblems (From G. de Montenay, E. Inglis, 1624).]
- M** Journal cited in "The Setting of Plainchant," by Sister Valerie Cryer, *Matrix: A Review for Printers & Bibliophiles* 4 (1984) 117-121.
- m** Cryer.
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- w** Entry from List of Books, c. 1914, Cuala Press Box, J. Johnson coll., Bodleian Library, University of Oxford.
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- X** Anonymous. [um... overheard. 1998.]
- Y** V. Woolf, letter to Margaret Llewelyn Davies, May 1917, *Letters...*
- y** George Elliot, *G E's Life as related in her letters & journals*, ed. J. Cross, 3 (Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1895).
- Z** *Stanbrook Abbey Press: A Tribute to Its WORK & SPIRIT*, reprinted from the times of June 20th (Worcester: Stanbrook Abbey Press, 1967).

Z

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Stanbrook Abbey Press, 1967

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