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THE FOLIO



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PERIODICALS



Odysseus discovered by Nausicaa. A copper engraving by
BUCKLAND-WRIGHT for *The Odyssey*. (Half-tone reproduction,
reduced.)

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EDITORIAL

G. B. Stern, who writes on *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (of which we published a new edition in November), needs no introduction.

Mr. Griffiths, who contributes a description of the way in which the colours in a coloured original are separated for printing, has had many years of experience of colour printing, and is the author of *The Technique of Colour Printing by Lithography*.

Widely divergent views on the theory of illustration are often held by the three people most closely concerned with it—the illustrator, the publisher's designer, and the printer. Lynton Lamb is an illustrator and a painter, and is illustrating for us Walton's *Compleat Angler* which will be published next spring. In his article in this issue of *The Folio* he puts clearly the artist's point of view. John Biggs, typographer and designer, will give another point of view—that of the publisher—in the next issue.

DRAWING AND REPRODUCTION

LYNTON LAMB

ILLUSTRATION is not the artist's strongest position. He is controlled by liaison with literature and willingly encumbered with a number of what one might call para-graphic notions, that are often best dealt with in decoration, or even, in pastiche. Above all, his "way of doing it" must be suitable for print: it must be a multiplication manner. Great painters have sometimes tried their hands at illustration; but they have not always emerged as great illustrators. On the other hand, the great illustrators, while knowing their way about the book, always transcend it. Their drawings are the real thing: by virtue of the printed page they exist in their own right.

The requirements of printing inevitably narrow the means at the disposal of the artist. But they should not obstruct his communication. They should canalize it. It is this convergence that gives terrific impact to the draughtsmanship of the great illustrator. His visual notions sweep through the book like a collected head of water. But the notions have to be there: they are not created by the channel. The limitations of the medium can only define the form and supply the impetus whereby fine drawing acquires a peculiar aptness and a cumulative force. They certainly cannot turn a weak draughtsman into a strong one. Meaningless marks have too often been condoned in books because they seem to obey the rules.

“Not very nice *alone*”, as the White Knight said, “but you’ve no idea what a difference it makes, mixing it with other things.” Bad drawing, alas, remains bad, however suitable its weight and colour may be to the printed page; and what is not *worth* reproduction must never be considered suitable because it is easy to reproduce.

The great beauty of the early illustrated books derives from many social and spiritual factors that I am not competent to discuss; but not least from the perfect integration of wood cut, type face, and paper. It is understandable therefore, that at the beginning of this century, when none of these things was considered with the other, and when even the best illustrated books were often grotesquely ugly, it was thought that salvation was through the wood cut subordinated to the requirements of specially designed type and paper. Perhaps there may be no other leaven. The impress on paper of shrewdly cut or engraved wood is still the matchless counterpart of type. Other things being equal, it is the solution; and this revival has improved the design of type and printing out of all recognition, not only in fine books, but in commercial publishing. However, it came very near to killing spontaneous illustration stone dead.

A wedge was driven between popular and prestige books. Illustration is something for which the British have a natural instinct; but it almost became a word of reproach. Indeed, the best of the “decorators” devoted increasing attention

to the design of types and ornaments; and it is by these means that the serious book artists of the first quarter of the century left their mark.

Today we benefit by their labour. We inherit great richness of printing type and accumulated sensibility in its use. What began as disinterested research led to costly technical experiments by printers and typefounders that have been justified by public response. This is the remarkable fact. But in this revival, the parity of illustration and type that can be seen in the early printed books has not been generally maintained, perhaps because of the differing spiritual and social qualities of the two ages. It is tantalizing, however, to see how near to it a great sculptor such as Maillol gets in his use of the wood block.

In spite of one or two noble exceptions, illustration played a minor role in this revival because the best artists were so often left out of it. Indifferent artists were too often used, who understood little else but the rigours of their craft. They and their public came to rely upon the way they did it rather than on what was done. In their hands the thing became a bore, a means for intricate figure-skating, a refuge from the more exacting tasks of drawing. They were not only limited by the medium; they were extinguished by it. Inessential virtuosity can become a special danger in the art of the book.

Drawing is a serious business; and great draughtsmen do not allow themselves to be distracted from it. They sometimes enjoy wrestling with

knotty problems of minor importance; but it is always minor talent that welcomes these as an escape from the essential. There is no more essential problem than drawing, and the traditional mediums of the old masters have been evolved to simplify it, not to complicate it further. Similarly, reproduction should give the most direct communication with the least frustration; it should take our minds to the end rather than the means. Thus Bewick, in making the means of metal engraving available for letterpress, in spite of his prodigious and revolutionary skill, makes an almost unselfconscious adaptation. He conjures the drawing out of the wood, liberating it as Prospero freed Ariel.

Drawing is meant to get under our skin, to compel us to feel what we might otherwise ignore. Through the book an artist can bring our numbed extremities to life; he can make us feel. Can printing still give him a sympathetic medium? Most printers would imagine so; and yet what has become of the methods of the great illustrators? Line engraving, etching, aquatint, wood engraving, even lithography, have in turn been discarded, or have had their heart and subtlety smothered by the speed of the machine. As soon as an artist finds a means that he can work with, he is told that the restriction to half its potential range is the limitation of the medium. We are left with the practical alternatives of the half-tone and line block. The first needs unpleasant paper, and the ground is degraded by dots; for the other

the artist is required to jettison his most subtle medium, a diluted tone of ink or pencil. Even Rembrandt, the greatest pen draughtsman of all, would not survive the line block.

In an age that can boast of little but technical achievement, is this good enough? It is argued that it is good enough for the artist because it is good discipline, and that out of respect for the means at his disposal will emerge his true strength. And it is true that great beauty does emerge from economy of means, that clearly defined limits canalize energy, and that unlimited opportunity diffuses talent. But it is also clear that if we allow the horse to get at the wrong end of the cart we shall seriously jeopardise our means of progress. Discipline is necessary in the arts; but there is no discipline stronger than that imposed by a serious draughtsman upon himself; and no serious draughtsman who has much to do with books will remain unaware for long of their true requirements. But there is a grave danger that these requirements will be formulated by the technicians as speed, and speed only.

Printing is an art that seems to have been born almost perfect; but the language of drawing has changed more rapidly than the characters of the written tongue. Deterioration in type faces was halted by a return to first principles; and although the machines of today bear little resemblance to those of the past, most subtle and intelligent adjustments to early letter forms made them apt to our present need. The means for us today of

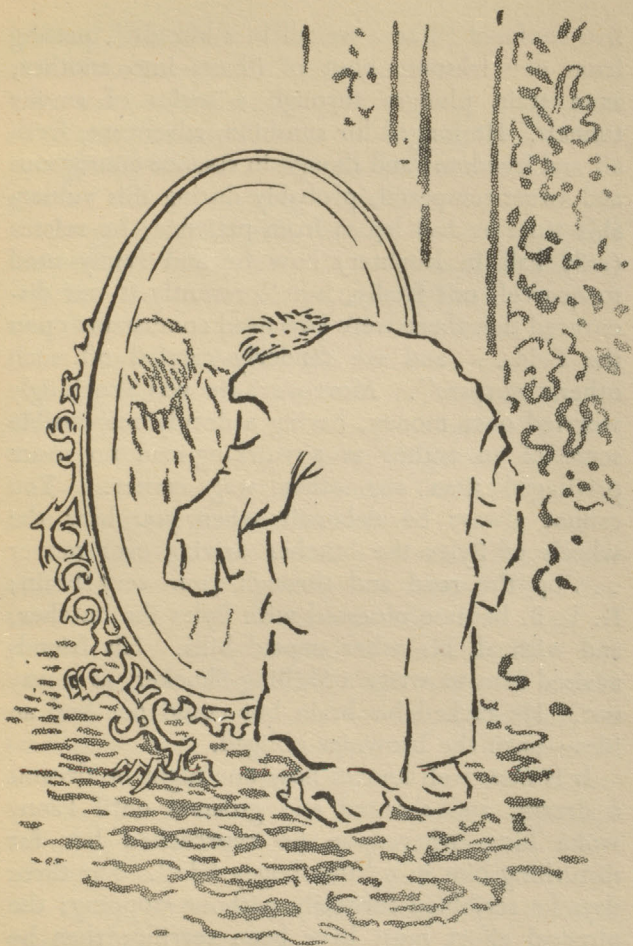
entirely appropriate illustration is less certainly to be found in the past. Will the printers of fine books find it in the future? If it is really wanted by artists, by publishers and by the public, a solution can undoubtedly be found. But if it is not, " 'Now! Now!' cried the Queen. 'Faster! Faster!' "

ON DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

G. B. STERN

I HEARD a foolish woman exclaim: "What a funny word!"—and discovered that she was making her first acquaintance with schizophrenia. Nowadays this medical term for a dual personality is a commonplace, but when *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was first published, it came as a startling revelation to most readers that they and their fellow-men could be in spirit and in truth (and not consciously aware of it) leading a double life. Gradually the term Jekyll and Hyde became a useful part of our verbal coinage; still hardly a day passes without seeing it somewhere in a headline or a casual reference, yet rarely with its author's name attached, which is a compliment to its general accessibility; as, for instance, the phrase: "she saw something nasty in the woodshed", which originated from the early childhood of Great-great-grandmother Blackadder, in Stella Gibbon's *Cold Comfort Farm*. My comparison is not altogether irrelevant to Jekyll and Hyde, which certainly emerged from a woodshed of sorts; Stevenson tells us how his literary brownies, who

work underground, sent up the idea in a nightmare; all very well, but "brownies" have a whimsical association—jolly little chaps who prance around in peaked hoods; they can have little in common with the murky fogs that surround Stevenson's "Gothic gnome". Nor did the brownies have to start from scratch; a delicate child had lain quaking night after night in the nursery of his Edinburgh home, listening to the creaks from the cabinet made by the infamous Deacon Brodie, unctuous and holy by day, unsuspected criminal by night. Years later, R. L. S. and W. E. Henley collaborated on a play called "Deacon Brodie"; and Andrew Lang tells us how once Stevenson had remarked to him with that admirable brevity that sometimes comes when we are not taking thought how to be impressive: "I want to write about a fellow who was two fellows"; in fact, schizophrenia. No, Jekyll and Hyde was no free gift from the brownies; obviously the theme had lain for a long time in the author's bones; only it happened that at Bournemouth (in 1885) psychology and circumstances would not allow it to remain buried any longer. He had done some fine work during these three years at "Skerryvore", but in his actual life it was one of those bad periods which he never afterwards remembered without a shudder, and which is nearly always apt to follow close on such a fair and happy period as in his first home with Fanny at Châlet La Solitude, Hyères. At Skerryvore, a house buried deep in pines, he fretted at having to



A reduced reproduction of a drawing by MERVYN PEAKE
for *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. (The original is printed in two
colours.)

live confined "like a weevil in a biscuit", passing from one irksome bout of illness into another, as a train plunges through a series of smoky tunnels. He longed for sunshine, adventure, fresh air and freedom; and though in essence courageous and sweet-tempered, probably during this vulnerable time he had lapses from patience; he relates (only half in laughter) how he and Fanny used to quarrel, not fatally, but "presently it was discovered that there were two dead combatants upon the field . . . and we tenderly carried off each other's corpses". Moreover, he was shockingly worried over money, having a deeply responsible sense of an author as a working-man no more privileged than any other wage-earner. You cannot always be debonair when you hear the wheels of Byles the butcher driving ever nearer . . . up the road and through your very brain; R. L. S. became obsessed with Byles the butcher, and with all his other unpaid bills. His friends advised him to write a Shilling Shocker, as a way out. He racked his brain but could not find an idea—until the brownies obliged.

It is now well known how one night he dreamt a dream, and shouted and groaned until Fanny woke him, whereupon he reproached her for disturbing him in a "fine bogey tale". For three days he scribbled furiously without stopping; the physical effort must have been terrific; then he relaxed and read it to his family for their verdict, exultant in believing it to be the best thing he had ever done. Lloyd Osbourne, his young stepson,

listened breathless with excitement and horror; and was amazed at his mother's silence at the end. One can hardly dare imagine Stevenson's reaction of bitter disappointment when she was brave enough to tell him that he had missed it altogether; and in writing a thriller, had lost the allegory. It is probable that he wrathfully denied the existence of any allegory in his *Shilling Shocker*; but Fanny had promised Thomas Stevenson that she would allow his headstrong son to publish nothing before she had first approved it, and she had exacted the same promise from him should she die first; a strange alliance between the sturdy Scots lighthouse engineer and the "foreign woman"; the woman from Indiana, at first so undesirable and undesired.

After fierce denials and argument, Stevenson, with his usual rueful integrity, acknowledged her to be right, and condemned the first draft of *Jekyll and Hyde* to a heap of charred paper and ashes. He dared not keep back some of it and re-write the rest, in case he should be tempted to compromise. No, the job had to be done all over again; another three days of intense concentration; three days more for the fair copy—and off went *Jekyll and Hyde* to the publishers, sixty-four thousand words in six days . . . not bad for the mere picturesque *flâneur* that his enemies delighted to see in him.

Early in 1886, he achieved with it his first huge popular success in England and America; not as a *Shilling Shocker*, but for its moral lesson; clergymen

used it as their text from a hundred pulpits. Nevertheless, R. L. S. was to speak of it a long while afterwards as the worst thing he had ever done. He was never to have many pretty illusions about his own work; *Will o' the Mill* was pushed forward as his best short story, by his cousin and biographer, Graham Balfour, during a dinner-table discussion at Vailima, but Stevenson himself promptly condemned it as "cat's meat". "I wrote a few stories for boys", he said, rather sadly summing up his career, within a few months of his death. *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* may have been stories for boys; not *The Master of Ballantrae*, *The Ebb-Tide* or *Weir of Hermiston*. Certainly not *Jekyll and Hyde*. He must have meant that as a thriller it had not fallen short, only in its symbolic portrayal of good and evil. Yet even Milton had failed in this, and for the same reason: Evil will allow itself to be caught and set down for men to recognize, but good escapes the net of every writer. R. L. S. kept humility concealed beneath a gay swagger, but that it is genuine is evident every time he dismisses his chances of immortality.

Again on his own confession, he prefers even *Hyde* to *Jekyll*; and there we can agree with him, for *Jekyll* was not intended as a simple straightforward personification of good, but as good trying to keep up appearances, good wishing to maintain its prestige while it stealthily enjoys "going to the bad". . . .

"*Jekyll* is a dreadful thing, I own, but the

only thing I feel dreadful about is that damned old business of the war in the members. This time it came out; I hope it will stay in, in future."

This extract from a letter that he wrote to J. A. Symonds in the spring of 1886, is a clear confession that Stevenson was aware of being himself involved in the old ding-dong battle which perpetually preoccupies the disreputable human soul. Not only Deacon Brodie had collaborated, not only the brownies, but apparently St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans:

"Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.

"I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me."

Because the author honestly recognizes the conflict externalized from within himself, and is ashamed that his good angel puts up so poor a show, he could hardly end his tale on a self-satisfied announcement that good wins and wickedness is chased off with its tail between its legs. The moral stands, though inverted: our natural horror of the potentiality of evil and its eventual triumph can only be increased by the sight of it in the ascendant, where a more usual conclusion of good victorious might have left us bored and unimpressed.

Luckily, Hyde's wickedness is neither dashing nor attractive; he cannot fascinate us like Milton's Satan, nor like James Durie of Ballantrae. Hyde is merely horrible, and Jekyll a weakling incapable

of making one effective declaration of independence. Stevenson could have no affection for Hyde, and no respect for Jekyll; half in scorn, half in sorrow, he dismissed him as a contemptible quisling who fails to put up any resistance movement against the invader.

COLOUR SEPARATION

T. E. GRIFFITS

THERE is no known process of Graphic Reproduction by which two or more colours can be printed simultaneously, and an original which is made up of two or more colours can only be reproduced by superimposing the component colours in sequence. This presupposes a separate printing surface for each colour, and this article is concerned with the methods by which the colours in an original are separated to provide such printing surfaces.

The subject can be divided into separation executed by hand, or photographically through the camera.

Hand separation is often used when an original is to be reproduced by line-block. The colours in the original should be flat, without varying tone values, and subjects with a limited number of basic colours which have not been combined to give a complicated range are preferable. If the original contains an outline drawing in black, a block is made of this outline and a proof pulled in a non-photographic blue. All the areas of one

particular colour on the original are filled in in solid black on this print. This same process is then repeated on another print for another colour, until all the colours in the original have been drawn in. When these drawings of the colour areas are photographed the camera records only the colour areas which are black, and does not pick up the blue outline drawing. If there is no outline drawing in black in the original then a tracing of the whole subject must be made in black to give a complete outline key of colour areas. A block is made from this, and from the block, prints in non-photographic blue are taken for the separate colours.

Much the same system is used in lithography. The key drawing is made, and from it set-offs are taken on to the required number of zinc plates. The lithographic artist then draws in the colours in greasy ink or chalk, one colour to each plate. The use of chalk on the grained plate allows of the interpretation of tone values, while the ink gives flat colours only. When the plates are prepared for printing the set-off of the key drawing disappears, but the colour areas, being drawn in grease, remain.

Separation by the camera is carried out when work is to be reproduced by the half-tone process, photo-lithography, photogravure and collotype. The colours are separated by the use of filters applied to the lens of the camera. For the purposes of photographic separation, all coloured originals are considered at first to be composed

of the three primary colours (yellow, red and blue), and their various combinations. Each filter eliminates all but one of these primary colours on the negative. As no filter is completely efficient the negatives have to be "retouched" by hand, the retouchers stopping out any traces of other colours which the filter has failed to eliminate, and intensifying areas of colour where necessary. In photogravure and photo-lithography the continuous tone negative is re-photographed through a half-tone screen, which is moved to a slightly different angle for each colour, so that the dots of each colour will not fall on top of each other on the reproduction. The result of this re-photographing is a "screened positive", and these are also retouched by hand. For half-tone blocks the screen is used in making the first negatives, and retouching is carried out on the copper blocks by additional etching and stopping out.

If, in any of these processes, a greater range of tones is needed for elaborate colour schemes, a black, a grey, a pink or a second blue is added. The separation of these additional colours is obtained by altering exposures and adjustment of colour filters. For example, one over exposure and one under exposure through the green filter (which produces the red negative) would give the red and pink negatives. Other colour negatives are obtained in the same way. By superimposing the various separated colours, oranges, greens, violets and other shades are obtained.

Comment.....

"HAS The Folio Society ever thought of designing book plates?" writes K. D. D. H. He suggests a half-dozen alternative choices upon which subscribers' names could be superimposed. This seems to us an attractive idea, but its success is dependent upon subscribers' support. Would subscribers who are interested please write to us? It would, of course, be clearly understood that in doing so they were in no way committing themselves.

L. E. C. suggests that we should publish books about books, such as Burton's "The Book Hunter". Once again we should like subscribers' views as we would not normally include this sort of work in our programme.

ALTHOUGH no doubt many subscribers have visited the National Book League's brilliant exhibition of French books, perhaps not so many will have been able to see the Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum of 150 Years of Lithography. This Exhibition is more than worth a visit. The Society is represented in it by progressive proofs of Bawden's lithographs for "Gulliver".

JANUARY will bring our new edition of "School for Scandal". This has been timed to coincide with the London opening of the new Old Vic production, has an introduction by Sir Laurence Olivier, and designs for costumes and décor by Cecil Beaton.

THE FOLIO SOCIETY

Recently published

TRILBY, BY GEORGE DU MAURIER, with the author's full page pencil studies. $10'' \times 7\frac{1}{2}''$.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ -cloth, decorative boards. 16s. net.

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THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Translated in selection by F. L. Lucas. Collotype reproductions of sixteen copper engravings by BUCKLAND-WRIGHT. Full art canvas. Size: $10'' \times 6\frac{1}{4}''$.
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For publication in January

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Designs in full colour by Cecil Beaton. Introduction by Sir Laurence Olivier. Printed throughout in two colours. Full cloth. Size: $10'' \times 7\frac{1}{2}''$. 18s. net.

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