

The Work of Bruce Rogers

James Wells

No designer has played a more influential role in the revival of the typographic arts in America than Bruce Rogers (1870–1957). His work spanned half a century; its significant contribution is based on his adaptation of historic styles to machine production while maintaining the highest possible design and technical standards. Rogers' approach was that of an artist (rather than that of a scholar or a practicing printer), which he demonstrated with remarkable versatility—from the playful limited editions to the majesty of the Oxford Bible.

It is most fitting that Purdue University, with its fine Bruce Rogers Collection, much of it the gift of B.R., should honor the memory of one of its most distinguished alumni.¹ His contribution to American book design and typography—nay, to book design and typography wherever they are practiced in the western world—has been a significant one, and will undoubtedly prove a lasting one. The first half of the twentieth century witnessed a remarkable revival in the arts of printing and typography, based upon a reappraisal of the past and an adaptation of historic styles to machine production. Rogers was one of the most skilled of the designers who helped to bring about that revival. We are experiencing today another industrial revolution in the printing trade, much like that of the nineteenth century, in which new technology has outstripped the capacity of the designer to harness and utilize his machines; photocomposition, electronic composition, and the like have reached the stage at which more exacting designers and customers are required—people like B.R., who will not be satisfied until they have achieved the best which is possible.

To discuss the work of Bruce Rogers is not an easy task, since there was so much of it, and so much merits mention. Inevitably, in so large a body of work, spanning better than half a century, there are differences in quality; some books are better than others. The best, I am sure—and there are many—will stand the test of time, a few of

them among the typographic masterpieces not only of our century but of the ages.

A brief resumé of B.R.'s various periods may make my comments somewhat easier to follow. Like that of Picasso, his work divides rather neatly into stylistic segments, although with Rogers the nomenclature is apt to be that of geography rather than color. Again, like Picasso, there is enough inconsistency within each to confound the unwary. There has been a great deal published about Bruce Rogers: the catalogue of the John M. Wing Foundation on the History of Printing, of which I am custodian, shows several dozen books and articles by him or about him; I am sure we don't have everything on the subject, by any means.²

B.R. found his métier, still in the late nineteenth century a comparatively new one, surprisingly easily. On leaving Purdue, where he had been one of the two male members of the art school—the other was John T. McCutcheon, whose centenary occurred within a few days of B.R.'s—he went, in 1890, to seek his fortune in the city—B.R. chose Indianapolis, the closest one; McCutcheon went to Chicago. He landed a job as illustrator on *The Indianapolis News*, but quickly abandoned it—the noise and the pressure were too much for him. B.R. always loathed rush and routine, above all the routine of getting up on time, and newspapermen were supposed to thrive on long hours and little sleep. There followed a series of false starts: landscape painting, which was pleasant but didn't offer a living; office boy in a Kansas railroad yard, working for his brother, more lucrative but extremely boring; back to Indianapolis as general draughtsman in a short-lived illustration agency. J. M. Bowles, whom he had met during his newspaper days, had become editor of a new quarterly called *Modern Art*, and gave B.R. occasional commissions. In 1894, when Bowles was asked to print a book on the Walters Collection of paintings, he asked B.R. to help with it; he designed the title page, headbands, and initials, and helped with the typography. The general style was Indianapolis Kelmscott. B.R. also did various other freelance jobs occasionally, among them one for T. B. Mosher and several for Herbert Stuart Stone and Ingalls Kimball, who had recently arrived in Chicago from Cambridge.

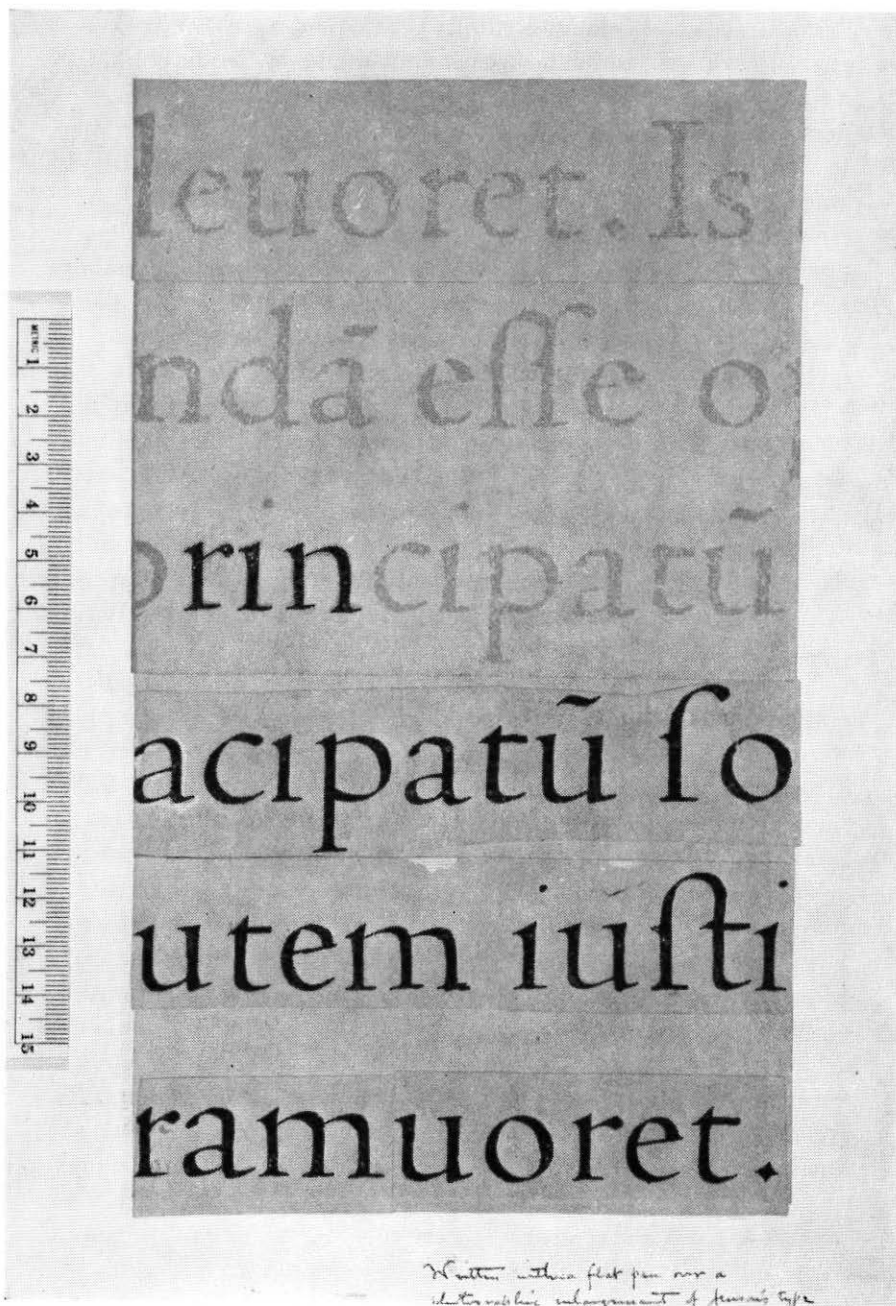
In 1895 *Modern Art* moved to Boston at the invitation of the Prang Press, famous for its chromolithography. Soon B.R. was asked to

follow it, to become designer at fifty cents an hour, with a weekly guarantee of \$10, which he occasionally made—when he could resist the temptation of wandering off to acquaint himself with Boston and the New England countryside, to which he took at once. It was a good time to be around Boston: Updike, who was to be a lifelong friend and a strong influence, was also just starting out; Karl Heintzemann had recently moved into a splendid new plant designed by Bertram Goodhue; Will Bradley would soon arrive; there were connoisseurs and collectors, especially around Harvard, like Charles Eliot Norton and Herbert Copeland, the latter still an undergraduate and about to become a publisher.

In 1896 B.R. made one of the most important connections of his professional life. He accepted a post as book designer offered him by George H. Mifflin of the Houghton Mifflin Company in its trade book department. Four years later he was appointed director of a new department to publish fine editions, mainly of classical texts, under the imprint of the Riverside Press Editions. Some sixty titles appeared before the department was closed in 1911, a result of constantly rising costs and diminishing profits.

The Riverside Press editions show B.R. gradually learning his craft under almost ideal conditions. Mifflin was a generous employer. When B.R. left the Riverside Press, he was earning \$6,000 a year, an extremely good salary in 1911. More important, he was given full support in his goal of producing the finest possible books; he was given the types, the paper, the workmen, and above all the time to achieve the results he wanted. To this period belong B.R.'s rediscovery of the Brimmer types (later ascribed by Stanley Morison to John Bell), his first reworking of Jenson roman type for an edition of Montaigne's essays, and his Riverside Caslon. For the 1909 translation of Bernard's *Geofroy Tory* Rogers spent months retouching photographs of Tory's woodcuts, achieving a splendor of printing rarely found in Tory's own books. But despite all these opportunities B.R. grew bored and restive at the necessity of meeting publishers' deadlines, and longed for the independence to travel and to think. One suspects that Houghton Mifflin may also have tired of so much unprofitable prestige. At any rate, there was an amicable parting of the ways, and B.R. finally had time for a long-desired trip abroad.

He sailed in 1912 to spend most of that summer in England.



erano gente ff ffl
Tucti questi fl ffi
lalunga moffeno efi
giote sfforzo italman
hati & foffi in piu l
ffi ne ufcire ne etrare
man fra lemura
faceuano apistoia : P
ecto nel pontificato

Figure 1 (opposite). Bruce Rogers' drawings for Centaur type written freely over enlargements from Jenson's 1470 *Eusebius*, with a note in his hand on the method employed in making them. From the John M. Wing Foundation of The Newberry Library, Chicago.

Figure 2 (above). Drawings for Doves type made in Emery Walker's office from enlargements of Jenson's roman. The markings are presumably by Walker, who supervised the design of the type for use by the Doves Press which he owned in partnership with Cobden-Sanderson. From the John M. Wing Foundation of The Newberry Library, Chicago.

During the voyage he wrote an article for a London *Times* printing supplement, in which he shrewdly surveyed the current American scene, with sound criticism of the work of many designers, including his own. He was probably an Anglophile even before the trip; there is no doubt that he returned as one. But unfortunately he saw no prospect of earning a living in England and so he came back to hang up his shingle as a free-lance designer. In an advertising circular he announced his availability to handle "not only the details of book decoration, viz., covers, title pages, initials, vignettes, and other page ornaments, but also for a wider variety of uses, among which may be named bookplates, letterheads, type faces, type ornaments, and fine bindings." Some of his best work, incidentally, can be found among this "wider variety"—his bookplates, especially, and, above all, his Centaur type. The latter owed its inception to a commission from Henry Watson Kent, who wanted a distinctive typeface for the Metropolitan Museum Press, to be used for labels, catalogues, and the like. Rogers had experimented with Jenson's roman at Houghton Mifflin; at that time, in a 1909 letter to the editor of the *Dial*, he called it unequivocally "the Roman letter . . . done once, perfectly for all time." The copy of Jenson's *Eusebius* which he used as a model, and the drawings for the type, made from blown-up photographs freely drawn over, are among the most prized possessions of the John M. Wing Foundation. The book, a splendid copy, is in a superb binding B.R. designed for it in memory of my predecessor, Ernst Dettner, which was executed by Harold Tribolet at the Lakeside Press Extra-Bindery. By 1915 B.R. had enough of his new type to print at the Montague Press of his friend Carl Purington Rollins an edition of Guérin's *The Centaur*. The book is one of his finest achievements. Its restrained design shows off admirably the purity of line and delicacy of detail of his new typeface.

In 1916 B.R. decided to try once again to settle in England—certainly not the most opportune time for such a move. He was encouraged to do so by Emery Walker, whom he had met in 1912, and who became one of his closest friends and staunchest supporters. Walker is one of the unsung heroes of the revival of fine printing. He had an instinctive nose for quality, a keen eye, and unfailing generosity, as his dealings with Morris, Cobden-Sanderson, St. John Hornby, Rogers, and many others demonstrate. The Mall Press,

which he established with Rogers, produced only one book, Dürer's *On the Just Shaping of Letters*, before wartime shortages closed it down. There followed two years at Cambridge where, at the recommendation of Sidney Cockerell, the Syndics appointed B.R. Typographical Consultant to the Press. The results of the sojourn were meagre, but important; his report on the typographical materials of the Press, and on its needs, prepared the way for the achievement of Stanley Morison and Walter Lewis and their successors in making the Cambridge University Press one of the most distinguished learned presses in the history of scholarly printing—distinguished not only for its editorial quality but also for the excellence of its design and printing. Despite the difficulties of living and working in Cambridge, described in gloomy detail in his letters to Kent, B.R. was proud of his association with Cambridge, as later with Harvard and Oxford; he congratulated himself on his good fortune in having worked in three institutions willing and able to maintain the highest possible publishing standards.

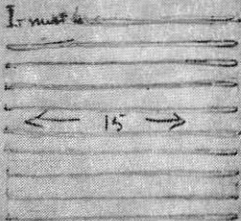
In 1919 Rogers returned to the freedoms and frustrations of freelancing, more difficult when there was a family to support. From 1920 to 1927 these difficulties were lessened by his appointment as typographical advisor to Harvard University Press, an appointment highly advantageous to both sides. To B.R. it meant a steady income and the opportunity to design serious books, which he enjoyed. In a speech delivered at a testimonial dinner to George Macy of the Limited Editions Club he complained, with wit, delicacy, and no little daring, of the boredom of printing books “fated to live mostly in glass-fronted bookcases,” and rarely if ever read. For Harvard he designed monographs, festschriften, catalogues, bibliographies—all the bread and butter staples of a scholarly press—as well as occasional bibliophilic editions for private and institutional customers.

But the most fruitful of B.R.'s many associations with a printer-publisher was that with William Edwin Rudge which began in 1919 and lasted until about 1928. At Mount Vernon he found a well-equipped shop, a highly sympathetic proprietor, and a relaxed and gentlemanly attitude about such mundane matters as time and money. Moreover, Rudge was a gifted salesman, who did much to create the Rogers vogue among collectors, and to make his work highly sought after in the rare book shops and auction rooms. Here B.R. conducted what amounted to an advanced school of fine book



ON
 DRY-COW FISHING
 AS A FINE ART

9 1/2" (hand)
 12"
 11 1/2" (hand)



6 1/2"
 2 1/2"

4 1/2"

THE ROWFANT CLUB

ON

DRY-COW FISHING

AS A FINE ART

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING



CLEVELAND
 THE ROWFANT CLUB
 1924

ON 9 1/2" (hand)

DRY-COW FISHING

AS A FINE ART

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

10 1/2" (hand)
 12" (hand)
 1 1/2" (hand) color stain
 2 1/2" (hand) stain

CLEVELAND
 THE ROWFANT CLUB
 1924

9 1/2" (hand)

ON
 DRY-COW FISHING

AS A FINE ART

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING



CLEVELAND
 THE ROWFANT CLUB
 1924

4"
 1 1/2" (hand)

ON
Dry-Cow Fishing
AS A FINE ART
BY
RUDYARD KIPLING



CLEVELAND
THE ROWFANT CLUB
1926

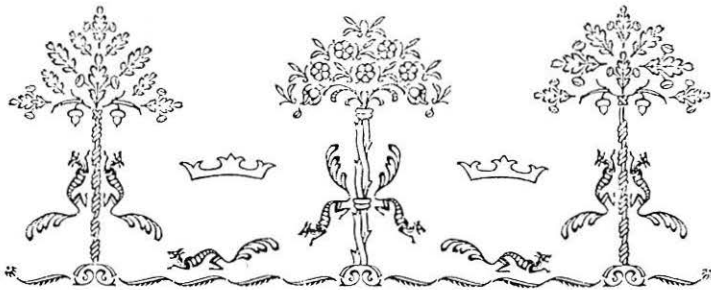
Figure 3. Several of Rogers' preparatory layouts (from *The Work of Bruce Rogers*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1939) and the final title page.

design and production, whose student assistants included Joseph Blumenthal, Peter Beilenson, Frederic Warde, John Fass, Melvin Loos, Herbert Simon, James Hendrickson, and many others. Here he had the time and opportunity to develop the playful style, with its clever and dexterous manipulation of type ornaments, which forms one of the most engaging facets of his work. To this period belong such books as *The Pierrot of the Minute*, *The Symbol and the Saint*, *On Dry-Cow Fishing as a Fine Art*, and *The Silver Cat*—elegant trifles, perhaps, but supremely elegant ones. Here, too, were printed his first books for the Limited Editions Club, one of his most faithful patrons.

B.R.'s second long sojourn in England, this time for four years, began in 1928. Old friendships were resumed and new friends made, among them T. E. Shaw (Lawrence of Arabia), John Johnson of Oxford University Press, and Walter Lewis of Cambridge University Press. From this period came three of his greatest books, all printed in Centaur: the magnificent Oxford lectern Bible, which I consider not only his masterpiece but one of the finest editions of the Bible of all time; the limited edition of Shaw's translation of *The Odyssey*, published with Walker and Wilfred Merton; and Morison's *Fra Luca de Pacioli*, printed for the Grolier Club at Cambridge. He did several books for Oxford's Hesperides series, one of the most readable I know, and supervised the adaption of Centaur for use on the Monotype. But despite his work and his friends, he grew bored and lonely, and complained to Kent of the monotony and discomfort of his life. In 1932 he returned to his Connecticut home, making annual visits to England until 1939, when the war made further trips impossible.

He remained busy—continuing the great edition of the Boswell Papers for Colonel Isham; finishing the Pforzheimer Catalogue begun by Frederic Warde, and Porter Garnett's Frick Catalogue; designing the thirty-seven volume edition of Shakespeare for the Limited Editions Club. The latter contains some of his loveliest type-ornament, executed in varied colors. As a whole, however, it is unsatisfactory, a result of the unevenness of the illustration, parcelled out among a number of artists who differed greatly in talent. No one, not even B.R., could give it unity. In 1949 he designed his second folio Bible, using type ornament to give the book an oriental flavor. I cannot share his preference for it over the Oxford Bible—I find it a bit precious, a bit fussy. As he grew older he lost the faculty of self-

THE DOUBLE CROWN CLUB

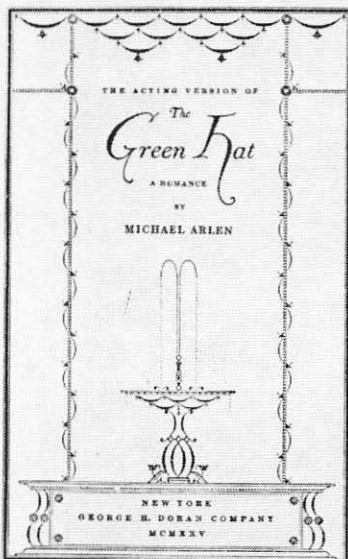


THE THIRTIETH DINNER · KETTNER'S · 28 MAY 1931

Figure 4. Type-ornament design by Rogers for The Double Crown Club, London.

criticism. When his edition of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, in which he redrew Botticelli's drawings rather weakly, appeared in 1955 he called it the most important book of his life. I doubt whether many impartial critics would share that judgment.

One of the criticisms frequently levelled against B.R. during his lifetime—and I suspect it rankled a bit—was that he was an eclectic typographer. Eclecticism today has become a dirty word—imagination, innovation, are all the thing—although, when one looks closely at current styles, whether in clothing or décor, in architecture or typography, one realizes that eclecticism is very much the vogue again. How else explain the fads for art nouveau, for Edwardian costume, for Victorian lettering? Yet, even if the charge were well founded—even if B.R. did borrow from the past—he always re-interpreted his borrowings, fused into them not only something of the present but, even more important, something of himself. An example can be seen in the Centaur type. Jenson's roman has been used as a model and an inspiration by many type designers, among them Emery Walker, who used it at least twice: as one of the sources for Morris's Golden, the other being the roman of Jacobus Rubeus; and, of course,



living just like everyone else. Now, child, I represent the "Daily Mercury."

MAID. *Daily Trip!*

REPORTER. Don't be vulgar, please.

MAID. I'll get you chucked out!

REPORTER. I was chucked out downstairs, so I had to come in unofficially.

MAID. Did you?—Well, you'll go out unofficially too! [*Slams up for phone booth left.*]

REPORTER (*stopping her*). Come, now, let's have some details. All I know is that the late Mr. Fenwick—

MAID. You know you're like a vulture, you are! Why can't you leave the poor young lady alone?

REPORTER. Now, girl, be reasonable, as I shall only have to make up the news if I don't get it. At the present moment all London is plastered over with placards announcing "A Society Tragedy," "Honeymoon Death," "Was It Suicide?"

MAID (*across-stroke*). The beast! They don't say that!

REPORTER. They do! So you had better tell me the truth—or I'll be adding "Was It Murder?" [*Door center bursts open and enter MAN, who is obviously in authority. He is almost speechless at the sight of the reporter, but not quite. He begins at once a rapid harangue in French. MAID corrects him with "Englishman," then crosses left to door.*]

MANAGER (*center*). Oh!—You were even climbing up my

SCENES

Act I: Summer, 1915. The sitting room of a suite in the Hotel Vendôme, Paris.

Act II: Ten years later. Napier Harpenden's flat in Mayfair, London. (The few seconds in which the curtain is lowered in this act must be taken to represent the passage of about an hour.)

Act III: Nine months later. A convent nursing-home on the outskirts of Paris.

Act IV: Four months later. The library of Italian Maria, Sir Maurice Harpenden's country house, not far from London.

THE
Green Hat
The Acting Version
of the Play

ACT ONE

Time: It is the summer of the year 1915.

Scene: The sitting room of a suite on the third floor of the Hotel Vendôme, Paris. There are two tall French windows right, wide open, showing a terrace wide enough to hold several people. The light from the windows is of sunset over the sea. Throughout this act the light imperceptibly declines into daylight. The room is luxurious, formal. Double doors on the back wall leading to hotel corridor. Double doors on the left wall leading to bedrooms of the suite. It doesn't matter where the chairs, sofas, etc., are, as no one sits down in this act for more than a second. There are no flowers. A great "Innocent" trunk is somewhere near door L.

At Rise: At rise of curtain the head of a MAN appears over the parapet of the terrace outside. He pulls himself up, climbs over the parapet onto the terrace; a shabby business. He is young. He enters steadily down right.

for the Doves type. When one compares the Doves with Centaur, both designed by drawing over enlargements of Jenson's type, one immediately notices how much more free, how less rigid is the Rogers version. The same is true of B.R.'s book designs—many people have used Geoffroy Tory's borders and decorative elements, but few have used them with the assurance and freedom that B.R. did. He was perfectly willing to redraw, to touch up, to do whatever was required to give the evenness of color, the balance of composition that he wanted on the page. Moreover, he was willing to spend hours of his own labor on the task, as well as countless other hours checking proofs, talking with printers and binders until they had achieved what he sought. The reminiscences of those who worked with him and under him, from the old Houghton Mifflin days through the English days and the Rudge era, reveal that, far from being upset by his high standards and the demands he made, they responded to this, respected it, and valued what they learned by satisfying him. If one wishes an object lesson, I recommend a comparison of the Grolier Club *Pacioli*, printed at Cambridge to B.R.'s specifications, with the recent reprint: the Grolier Club book is a triumph not only of design but of craftsmanship; the reprint is an extremely good reprint, but lacking in color, in texture, in the meticulous attention to detail which, to use a word popular today in another context, constitute soul.

One of my theories about B.R. is that one of the virtues of his eclecticism was his response to the challenge posed by a text—in his best work he was a master of the use of Beatrice Warde's crystal goblet, the vessel which contains without distortion the thought of the author. B.R. chose a style which enhanced the author's words but did not overwhelm them. This is particularly true of the early Riverside Press Books, still among the most readable editions I know of books one wants to read. He was also extremely responsive to two other factors: the climate in which he worked and the demands made upon him by his client.

Figure 5. Design by Rogers for William Edwin Rudge, Inc.; reproduced from the American Institute of Graphic Arts catalogue for the 1925 Fifty Books Exhibition.

Climate is, I admit, an ambiguous word; his letters to Kent complain bitterly about the English climate, and I doubt whether many Cantabrigians will defend too strenuously the Cambridge winters. Rather, I mean the intellectual and aesthetic climate of Oxford and Cambridge and London, which stimulated him and challenged him, and brought out some of his best work. Knowing and working with people like Emery Walker, Walter Lewis, John Johnson, and Stanley Morison had a considerable impact on him. B.R. had a genius for friendship, as his correspondence with such people as Kent, T. E. Shaw, and many others reveals. He also had the ability to win extraordinary loyalty and devotion—perhaps, at times, almost too great a loyalty. He became something of a cult figure and, in late years, when he was receiving less attention and less adulation, he became extremely lonely and depressed.

When I speak of the influence of the client, I mean that his best work was done when he had not only a difficult task but a demanding taskmaster, whom he respected—he was not unlike his assistants and workmen in this way. When dealing with Kent, who acted for the Metropolitan and the Grolier, John Johnson at Oxford, or Stanley Morison and Walter Lewis at Cambridge, he gave his best because his best was expected and understood. This was not always the case when dealing with less particular clients and printers—for no artist can always be at his best, alas.

He reacted, too, to the quality of the text when he designed a book—for he was not only a careful reader, but a sensitive one. We have at the Newberry, in the previously mentioned collection of his correspondence which he presented to the Library back in 1948, several letters which indicate this. The roster of correspondents is impressive: Winston Churchill, not yet knighted, seeking advice on the typography of his life of Marlborough; Ezra Pound, with a query—spelled in this instance with two “e’s”—asking whether the close fit of sixteenth-century italic was a deliberate attempt to get long lines of poetry on to a page without breaking words. It has a rather charming line—“I haven’t, unfortunately, seen any of your work, although Eliot writes me it is the best now done in America”—followed by “I dare say you have never seen any of the editions I have struggled (from author’s angle, not printer’s) to produce” and asking for candid advice on their typography. Within a few months, “Bruce

Rogers, Esq.” had become “My dear B/R.” A letter from Willa Cather demonstrates the author-designer relationship at what must be its best—and perhaps rarest: Miss Cather accepted B.R.’s advice not only on design—“If it suits your plan better to omit the section marks, I certainly have no right to object”—but on style; B.R. objected to “came down the millrace,” a Virginia colloquialism, as being rather odd, and Miss C. meekly changed it to “walked along the millrace.” Moreover, when he said that the stairs in a millhouse could not possibly creak, because only dried-out timber develops such noises, she “simply threw up her hands and asked for clemency.” The closing paragraph throws an interesting light on her methods of working: she was worried that the book, a nostalgic one—*Sapphira and the Slave Girl*, I think it was, from the date—was cut severely, for fear of being diffuse; this may have resulted in a bit of vagueness in some places, but—“The chapters and paragraphs which I eventually cut out weighed exactly six pounds.”

The letters with his peers and colleagues are equally revealing. These include Updike, Goudy, Grabhorn, Meynell, Cockerell—and many less well-known names. All, whether with the famous or the obscure, reveal the quality of the man—polite, witty, kind, helpful, but not without a redeeming drop of acid, when acid was called for.

What is the point of this rambling disquisition? I suppose I am trying to isolate those qualities in the man and his approach to his work which will help explain the qualities of the work itself. These can be found best stated, I think, in B.R.’s own writing, particularly in the *Paragraphs on Printing*, in *Pi*, and in the report to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press on the Press’s typographic material. Few designers have been more eloquent, or more rational, when writing about their profession; Updike and Morison are the two who come to mind when one searches for parallels and comparisons. B.R. emerges as less scholarly than either—less intent on authenticating sources, or even finding sources—less doctrinaire in stating first

OVERLEAF

Figure 6. The Oxford Lectern Bible, printed in Centaur; photograph courtesy Oxford University Press.

Figure 7. Rogers’ second folio Bible, for World Publishing Company, 1949.

Esther

Chapter 11

11:1-11:19. The text of this chapter is... The king... the queen... the king... the queen... the king... the queen...

The rest of the Chapters of THE BOOK OF ESTHER WHICH ARE FOUND NEITHER IN THE HEBREW NOR IN THE CHALDEE

11:20-11:27. The text of this chapter is... The king... the queen... the king... the queen... the king... the queen...

CHAPTER 12

12:1-12:17. The text of this chapter is... The king... the queen... the king... the queen... the king... the queen...

Esther

Chapter 13

CHAPTER 13

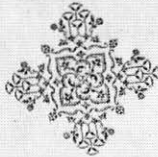
13:1-13:15. The text of this chapter is... The king... the queen... the king... the queen... the king... the queen...

CHAPTER 12

12:1-12:17. The text of this chapter is... The king... the queen... the king... the queen... the king... the queen...

JOB

he called the names of the heathen, and he burnt and he
burned. *Job 1:7* And the Lord said to Satan, Whence
comest thou? And Satan answered the Lord, saying, From
the east. *Job 1:9* And the Lord said to Satan, Hast thou
not girded thee with gold? And the Lord said to Satan,
Yea, I have girded myself with gold, as thou seest.
And the Lord said to Satan, Hast thou not woven
purple? And the Lord said to Satan, Yea, I have woven
purple. *Job 1:10* And the Lord said to Satan, Hast
thou not slain the oxen and the asses? And the Lord
said to Satan, Yea, I have slain them. *Job 1:11* And
the Lord said to Satan, Hast thou not slain the
sheep? And the Lord said to Satan, Yea, I have slain
them. *Job 1:12* And the Lord said to Satan, Hast
thou not slain the camels? And the Lord said to Satan,
Yea, I have slain them. *Job 1:13* And the Lord
said to Satan, Hast thou not slain the mules?
And the Lord said to Satan, Yea, I have slain them.
Job 1:14 And the Lord said to Satan, Hast thou
not slain the asses? And the Lord said to Satan,
Yea, I have slain them. *Job 1:15* And the Lord
said to Satan, Hast thou not slain the oxen?
And the Lord said to Satan, Yea, I have slain them.
Job 1:16 And the Lord said to Satan, Hast thou
not slain the camels? And the Lord said to Satan,
Yea, I have slain them. *Job 1:17* And the Lord
said to Satan, Hast thou not slain the mules?
And the Lord said to Satan, Yea, I have slain them.
Job 1:18 And the Lord said to Satan, Hast thou
not slain the asses? And the Lord said to Satan,
Yea, I have slain them. *Job 1:19* And the Lord
said to Satan, Hast thou not slain the oxen?
And the Lord said to Satan, Yea, I have slain them.
Job 1:20 And the Lord said to Satan, Hast thou
not slain the camels? And the Lord said to Satan,
Yea, I have slain them. *Job 1:21* And the Lord
said to Satan, Hast thou not slain the mules?
And the Lord said to Satan, Yea, I have slain them.



The Book of Psalms



BLESSED is the man that walketh
in the law of the Lord, that shall
not stand in the way of sinners,
nor sit in the seat of the scornful,
but shall delight in the law
of the Lord, and shall meditate
thereon day and night. *Psalms 1:1-2*
And he shall be like a tree planted by the
water side, that shall bring forth
fruit in his season, and his leaf shall
not wither, neither shall he be cut
down, for he shall prosper. *Psalms 1:3*
The way of the just is as the light that
shineth, and the way of the just is
as the sun that shineth in the
morning. *Psalms 1:5-6*

LORD, thou hast heard my prayer,
and hast enlarged mine ears;
because thou hast heard my
cry, and hast answered me.
For thou hast heard my prayer,
and hast enlarged mine ears;
because thou hast heard my
cry, and hast answered me.
For thou hast heard my prayer,
and hast enlarged mine ears;
because thou hast heard my
cry, and hast answered me.

PSALM 2
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 2:1-2*

PSALM 3
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 3:1-2*

PSALM 4
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 4:1-2*

PSALM 5
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 5:1-2*

PSALM 6
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 6:1-2*

PSALM 7
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 7:1-2*

PSALM 8
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 8:1-2*

PSALM 9
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 9:1-2*

PSALM 10
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 10:1-2*

PSALM 11
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 11:1-2*

PSALM 12
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 12:1-2*

PSALM 13
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 13:1-2*

PSALM 14
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 14:1-2*

PSALM 15
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 15:1-2*

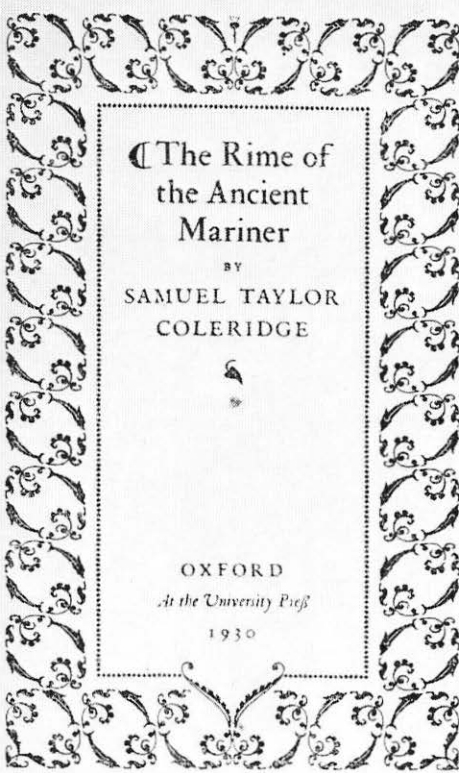
PSALM 16
The Lord hath said to the heathen,
Why do ye rage against the Lord,
and say, We will not submit
ourselves unto him? For the Lord
is with us, and he will help us,
and he will be with us in the day
of wrath. *Psalms 16:1-2*



UTOPIA

Written in Latin by
Sir Thomas More
and done into
English by
Ralph
Robynson

NEW YORK
THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB
1934



☾ The Rime of
the Ancient
Mariner

BY
SAMUEL TAYLOR
COLERIDGE

OXFORD
At the University Press
1930

principles, or for that matter any principles—less original, certainly, than Morison, in his approach to the history of printing design, as well as less thorough, but far more sensitive and original in his use of those historical sources. His was the artist's, rather than the scholar's or the practicing printer's, approach—not that one can denigrate his scholarship, nor his knowledge of what the printer could be called upon to do, and cajoled or bullied into doing—but his eye ruled his mind to a greater extent than did theirs. If this be heresy—I plead, with Miss Cather, for clemency.

His work as a result shows a marvelous versatility: the comparatively yet elegantly sober books of the Riverside Press period (could this have been the Boston climate, and the interchange of ideas with Updike?); the majesty of the Oxford Bible; the wit and humor of the smaller books, like the Swift (certainly the *Lilliput* qualifies as one of the smaller books); the utility of such works as the Pforzheimer Catalogue, the Frick Catalogue, the Boswell Papers—here is a man who may have been eclectic but who used eclecticism intelligently and, for that matter, went beyond it. For when Rogers borrowed—or, more properly, adapted—he knew what to borrow, the telling detail, and how to make it fit the purpose for which he required it. When he used French or Dutch fleurons, he did not simply steal a Fournier or Enschedé arrangement: rather, he chose the flower or rule or whatever piece he wanted, refined it, rearranged it, fiddled with it—and what emerged did not pretend to be eighteenth-century, nor was it mere pastiche; it was a new, if minor, work of art. This bothered B.R.—there is a recurrent theme through his letters, through his writings: did the finished result merit the pains required to achieve it; should he have, perhaps, stuck to water color, or painting, or sculpture? I think he made the proper choice: first, because at his best the end did justify the means and, secondly, because he probably did not really possess the genius to have become a great painter or sculptor. His water colors were pleasant, but rather weak; the wood carving, the figure heads, and the like were decorative and skilled in their carving, but lacked power. Rogers was first-rate at interpreting, through the printed page, other men's ideas—and that

Figure 8. Title pages of books designed by Rogers.

is a skill not to be despised. He was a man of taste, of discrimination, and above all of high standards, who did not perhaps admit to himself his true reasons for having given up the fine arts for the applied arts, although he may have suspected them. Certainly he was a man filled with self-doubts, as his correspondence with Henry Watson Kent constantly reveals.

Those high standards do explain the quality of B.R.'s work. The attention to detail and the willingness to keep at it until he had achieved what he wanted are constantly referred to in the anecdotes of those who worked with him: the doctoring of the *Q* on the cover of the *Architectural Quarterly of Harvard University* (a bit of solder and the top of an italic *T* soldered to the base of an *O*); the struggles to get the gold right for the roundels of the *Odyssey*; the painstaking spacing of the Hunter College inscription. The results are so right that few stop to think what pains and visual acuity were required to achieve them. That, I am sure, is what B.R. intended.

1. This article has been adapted from a paper presented at the Bruce Rogers Centennial Conference held at Purdue University on May 8–9, 1970, and is published here by kind permission of Professor Barnet Kottler, Curator of the Purdue University Bruce Rogers Collection. Professor Kottler was responsible for organizing the conference, which was attended by some hundred people—designers, publishers, editors, writers, printers, and collectors from throughout the country—a remarkable tribute to the vitality of Bruce Rogers' work.

2. I have relied heavily on Frederic Warde's *Bruce Rogers, Designer of Books* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1925); *BR Marks & Remarks* (New York: The Typophiles, 1946); John Dreyfus, *Bruce Rogers and American Typography* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1959); and two of B.R.'s own books, *Paragraphs on Printing* (New York: William E. Rudge's Sons, 1943) and *Pi* (Cleveland: World Publishing Company, 1953). I have also used various letters to B.R. in the manuscript collection at The Newberry Library, and his letters to Kent published in *Printing and Graphic Arts* (Lunenburg, Vt.: Stinehour Press, 1955–56). I have also examined (more frequently, re-examined) various books designed by him. The best way to appraise the man's work is, unquestionably, by looking at it.