THE BULL AGAINST THE ENEMY OF THE ANGLICAN RACE

By Frederick Baron Corvo

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WE, IN THE NAME OF GOD, HADRIAN THE SEVENTH, THE PAPAVER, THE APOSTLE OF THE APOSTOLIC SEER AND OF THE ROMAN CITY, BY DIVINE CLEMENCY REIGNING, with to make known to all to whomever these present shall come that a certain Anglican, by name Nicholas Gould, a master of human and divine arts, a lover of his Motherland, excellent in reverence towards his King and towards the Roman Office of Blessed Peter Prince of Apostles, has exposed to Us the injurity of an individual, by name Dominc Alonso de Cristo de Santa Maria, a canon of the United Kingdom and propinquer and editor of a journal called Rhetoricae, to consuming the said baron as a heterodoxy and enemy of the Anglican Race as that he (poured by a proper devil) indulgently disseminates exciting

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up to the end of 1942 — not to mention further depredations by Va's and Va's; 6 million of them disappeared in one night in '41 when some of London's most famous publishers, grouped round St. Paul's Cathedral, lost their premises. In all too many cases old machines and old men, whose skill no longer equalled their enthusiasm, have been struggling to bridge the gap between the increased demand for books and the dwindling supply of raw materials. In this nightmare, attention to design has not always commanded the high position which it should. Furthermore, in 1943 British publishers endeavoured to ensure the most economic use of their limited resources by voluntarily adopting an economy agreement governing book-design. By this agreement no crown 8vo book was to be set in a type exceeding 11 pt or bound in more than 13 lb boards; 58% of every page area, before trimming, must be occupied by type, and chapters might not start on a fresh page. Such restrictions, which have not yet been rescinded, naturally exercise a hampering effect, which should be borne in mind when considering most of the examples of British typography reproduced in these pages.

The shortage of labour, the appalling slowness of production and the poor quality of paper are factors which will right themselves with time; but any improvement in conditions is of little use if the designers do not exist to take advantage of it. In this respect British printing has suffered some heavy losses during the war years. Of the great three, Oliver Simon alone continues at the Carver Press with undiminished excellence. Mr. Stanley Morison has left the Monotype Corporation to become editor of The Times Literary Supplement. Sir Francis Meynell, after serving for five years in a Ministry, has accepted a business appointment. Eric Gill is dead and the types he had cut for his own use are — only temporarily let us hope — out of circulation. Walter Lewis has also died, and his successor, Mr. Brooke Cranchley, has not yet had time to show his form. Mr. Cranchley is one of a number of men, some of them still quite young, who fortunately have profited from the examples set before them in the 'twenties and 'thirties; the next decade will probably show us no individuals so brilliant as those responsible for this renaissance, but a much higher all-round standard.