

GUILD OF BOOK WORKERS JOURNAL

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This journal is dedicated to the memory of BILL ANTHONY

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The Cover: Bill Anthony working an endband.

Articles and reports by members and non-members are welcome for consideration.
The views and opinions expressed in this Journal are those of the respective
authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the Guild.

Bill Anthony was a kind and gentle man who affected the lives of many people. Many of us know of his fine qualities. Besides his love for family, friends and life, he also had a great love for books and the craft of bookbinding. Bill was a great fine bookbinder and dedicated book conservator; he was also an exceptional teacher of the craft. He influenced so many people that I would like to call him the Johnny Appleseed of bookbinders. He spread his knowledge, experience and enthusiasm for the craft to many people across this nation. Bill inspired apprentices and students to achieve the highest standards of bookbinding. Now those same people are continuing his legacy.

Bill started his career as a bookbinder in his native Ireland, actually in Waterford, the city of fine crystal. Maybe that's where Bill was inspired to achieve the highest standards. At the age of 17 he started a seven-year apprenticeship at the same company in which his father worked. (His father operated a paper ruling machine which must have been a lovely thing to watch. Bill described the beauty of this large wooden device with its cams and belts which ferried sheets of paper under the metal ruling pens. He further explained that the pens had been carefully wrapped with wool yarn and felt so that the correct color of ink would be carried to the tip where it was deposited on the paper.)

On completion of his apprenticeship, Bill became a journeyman and moved to England where he worked for numerous firms. These shops practiced a variety of styles of binding. Bill's knowledge continued to expand as he worked on single volumes and small limited editions. He told me of the day when he was casing-in one hundred books; all the covers were arranged standing on their heads at the back of his bench. Bill would flip the cover down, pick up the text, and proceed to glue out the endsheet. Upon completing all one hundred volumes, he was shocked to see that he had cased them in upside down| (I tell this story only because many of us thought that Bill could never make a mistake. All of us, however, must realize that mistakes will happen and that we should not be afraid to make them; we should learn from our mistakes and never let them happen again.)

In addition to his daily work at the bench, Bill attended night school where he continued to study bookbinding. After a number of years, he secured the position of bookbinder for F.G. Marshall of Surrey. Marshall's specialty was, and still is, Books of Remembrance. Large volumes of vellum leaves were carefully calligraphed with the names of the dearly departed. Bill was responsible for binding these books in full vellum over boards; a coat of arms was gold stamped on the front cover.

Bill would actually make up the boards for his vellum bindings by gluing sheets of paper together forming a laminate. He explained that on one occasion the inner layers must not have dried sufficiently before he applied the next layer. The result

was that after a period of time a hole developed in the center of the board because it was being consumed by the ravages of mold.

I remember Bill talking with great fondness of his experiences at F.G. Marshall's. The company is located on a large estate in the English countryside. The bindery was in a small shed (cottage) separated from the main house. Sometimes the bindery was so cold that the glue pot seemed frozen and the large slab of marble which covered Bill's bench never seemed to warm up. But, the cold notwithstanding, the estate offered ample opportunities for Bill to gain experience and confidence, as well as providing the environment to unwind if something went wrong. Bill mentioned that one time he was putting the finishing touches on a binding; the coat of arms was being stamped on the front cover. Circumstances were such that the brass die was stamped upside down. Bill, the ever-confident Irishman, did not fear for long. He knew, as he would say many times in the future, that "the mark of a good craftsman is his ability to correct his mistakes." He was able to remove that bad impression and correct the error without any sign of a problem. I guess that in situations like this, one could say it is good craftsmanship; however, we all know that Bill had "The Luck of the Irish" on his side as well.

Bill also talked about the unusual procedure for preparing egg glair for tooling and gilding. He said he would walk around the grounds of the estate in search of a goose egg. According to Bill, goose eggs provide the best glair for gold tooling.

As Bill's expertise grew, he became interested in the Guild of Contemporary Bookbinders. This exclusive group had exceptionally high standards for membership. In order to become a member, one had to submit three bindings which were to be acceptable to the entire membership. Bill had no trouble meeting the stringent demands of the group and soon became a member.

In 1963, Bill was participating in an exhibition with the Guild. (The Guild was the forerunner to the current Designer Bookbinders.) One of the visitors to that exhibition was John F. Cuneo, owner of a large U.S. printing company. The Cuneo Press was headquartered in Chicago with numerous plants across the country. The company printed magazines, catalogs and books and offered various types of binding services. Mr. Cuneo and his various companies were also involved in publishing, typesetting and other book-related fields, as well as a number of other ventures. Mr. Cuneo was also a lover of fine books.

At the time of the Guild exhibition, Mr. Cuneo had a fine binding studio in his Chicago plant. George Baer, a long-time member of the Guild of Book Workers, was in charge. Unfortunately, George had suffered a heart attack and was in the hospital. The prognosis was not good. (George currently resides in Chapel Hill, North Carolina where he continues to bind books.) Mr. Cuneo must

have been an impatient man and could not wait for George to recuperate. He, therefore, asked Bill if he would be interested in moving to the States to head the fine bindery.

Convincing Bill to leave England may not have been difficult; Bill was always looking for a new challenge and a different experience. To help Bill with his decision, Mr. Cuneo showed photographs of the plant in Chicago. An aerial photo showed a sprawling complex of seven buildings on Chicago's South Side; the surrounding buildings and other undesirable features had been carefully airbrushed from view. As is the case with most immigrants coming to the U.S., Bill had the impressions that the streets are paved with gold. I remember Bill saying that the photo looked as if the buildings were in the middle of a cornfield, rather than actually being in a tightly packed industrial area. The plant had seen better days and was now dark, dirty and empty except for a few remaining operations on the upper floors. Fortunately, Bill was not put off by the overuse of the airbrush. Bill and his wife Bernadette moved their family of three children to Chicago and settled in Downers Grove, a suburb about one hour west of the plant.

Bill's career took a slight detour at this time because George Baer recovered from his illness and returned to his duties as head of the fine binding studio. Unfortunately, there was not sufficient work for two binders on a full-time basis. Hence, in addition to an occasional binding, Bill also had the responsibility of managing the Art Department. This arrangement continued until 1970, when George Baer retired.

For a couple of months, the studio was in limbo because management would not promote Bill to head of the studio. This delay was caused by concern over the high cost of operating the studio. Mr. Cuneo, however, stepped in and decided that the studio must live on. (There is an interesting story about the studio: in the late 1920's, Mr. Cuneo was trying to win a contract with William Randolph Hearst, the great magazine publisher. A tour of the printing facility in Chicago ended with a visit to the fine binding studio. Mr. Hearst was so impressed with the studio that he said, "Any company that maintains an interest in hand bookbinding and fine bookbinding is going to be the company that prints my magazines." Mr. Cuneo continued to remember the importance of the studio to the success of his printing business.)

Bill was appointed director of the newly named "The Cuneo Studio" where not only fine bookbinding would continue, but where all the artistic publications for the company would be prepared. Fortunately, for me, Bill was also responsible for *The Cuneo Topics*, the magazine for the company's 5000 employees. I had been hired to write and take pictures for this publication. After the first issue, however, it seemed that my interests were directed more to helping Bill in the bindery than working on the magazine. A short time later, Bill took me under

his wing and advised me to make a commitment to either writing, photography or bookbinding. He suggested that I was spreading myself too thin with these different interests. Therefore, in April, 1971, I made my commitment to bookbinding. I am forever grateful to Bill for that advice because bookbinding has become equally important to me as it was for him.

As Bill took over the direction of the Cuneo Studio, he realized that fine bookbinding was not in great demand in the U.S. He, therefore, pursued the field of book restoration and conservation. One of the first projects for the studio was the restoration of the first edition of Audubon's *Birds of America* from the collection at Northwestern University. This four-volume set of 435 watercolor prints was covered in "Russia" cowhide. Bill prepared a plan for treatment and all four volumes were disbound and completed within nine months.

One of the more memorable situations associated with working on a book of that size (26x39 inches) is sewing the newly joined leaves; signatures of six leaves each had been guarded together with Japanese paper. The problem was in supporting the opened signature. The solution was to suspend "bull dog" clips from the ceiling to hold the opened signature, thus making the task of sewing a lot easier.

In 1973, Bill became a partner with Elizabeth Kner, a Hungarian-born bookbinder. She operated a small bindery near the loop in downtown Chicago. Their business was known as Kner and Anthony Bookbinders. (After a year on my own at Cuneo, I decided to follow Bill.) For the next few years, we worked on various interesting and challenging projects. We bound limited editions in a variety of materials; there were short runs for commercial designers, stock proposals for lawyers, and different types of protective boxes for private collectors. Our main interest, however, was in the conservation and restoration of rare and valuable books for public and private libraries.

During the seven years of my informal apprenticeship with Bill, I learned many of his sayings. One of my favorites is: "A man on a galloping horse wouldn't see it" referring to a minor blemish in a binding that is visible only under close scrutiny. Hopefully, anyone else looking at the book would not see the flaw, especially if he/she happened to be riding a galloping horse.

One other saying: "Time expands to accommodate the work which needs to be completed". This attitude was helpful when we had a job that had to be finished before we went home for the day.

In 1978, my time with Bill came to an end. Someone else deserved the opportunity to work with Bill. David Brock and, later, Mark Esser worked and studied with Bill in that little shop in downtown Chicago. I am sure that they too are grateful to Bill for his willingness to share his knowledge.

During Bill's twenty years in Chicago, he was always trying to expand the

public's knowledge and awareness of the craft. There were exhibitions of his fine bindings and numerous articles about his work. Bill also taught bookbinding to a group of dedicated students. From those classes on Wednesday evening and Saturday morning, many people have continued in the field and achieved notable positions. All of us who have studied with Bill owe him a debt of gratitude for his generosity of knowledge and experience, his warm heart, his good nature and his love.

Bill was a founding member of Chicago Hand Bookbinders, a group dedicated to expanding the knowledge of the craft through regular meetings and exhibitions. Many of us thought of Bill as the father of our organization; we were always asking him how to handle certain problems. (Chicago Hand Bookbinders is now formally organized. There are over 55 members, monthly meetings and at least one annual exhibition.)

I will remember Bill, not only as the man who was my boss and who taught me the craft, but also as a friend. On numerous occasions, we would enjoy a round of golf and a backyard barbecue. We also enjoyed some of the conversations that only a father and son can experience.

Bill left Chicago in 1984 to start the book conservation program at the University of Iowa. We all know that he continued to share that same generosity of knowledge and spirit of love with everyone he met.

BILL—You have left your mark on this world, not only with everyone you knew and loved, but also with your work on the books you loved.

I close with a poem that was a memorial for another cancer victim:

Cancer is *so limited* . . .
It cannot cripple love
It cannot shatter hope
It cannot corrode faith
It cannot eat away at peace
Cancer cannot destroy confidence
It cannot kill a friendship
It cannot shut out memories
It cannot silence courage
It cannot invade the soul
It cannot reduce eternal life
Cancer cannot quench the spirit
It cannot lessen the power of resurrection

This disease may have taken Bill away from us, but his spirit will live on.

—William Minter
31 Oct. 1989

Bill Anthony taught bookbinding classes for years in his shop in the Old Colony Building on Dearborn Street, just south of the Chicago Loop. The windows were large, western facing and stretched horizontally in the Chicago architectural tradition. All sorts of small businesses filled the building. An ancient elevator, manned by an operator, took you to Bill's shop and a sign on the frosted glass door announced "Kner and Anthony."

Elizabeth Kner was Bill's partner and Bill took over her Wednesday evening bookbinding class, but that was before my time. I started in about 1978 when Bill was also teaching a Saturday morning class. 9 am to noon; afternoons were for golf. As I recall, tuition was \$90 for a 12-week class, fall, winter, spring. Bill took summers off. But the semesters melted into years and most Saturday students, holding book-related jobs, were long term. They included Mary Lynn Ritzenthaler, Cecilia Chin, Ken Grabowski, Peg Leymaster, and me. Other students came for a time but these seemed to be the corps (and Weatherbinders our unofficial title). For the record, Wednesday students included Norma and Dr. Frank Rubovits, Dr. Ernest Mond, Dr. Jerry Shulman, Roberta Church, and Mary Lynn again.

Bill generally started a student with books sewn on tapes and put into case bindings. After several of these, students went their own direction since each already had particular interests to develop—new bindings, repair work, leather work, etc. Bill must have been very sensitive to student progress and potential though I didn't pay attention to that at the time. Bill would suggest styles of binding to challenge or broaden one's experience and be appropriate for the text block. He always seemed to suggest to me that we try specific structures. These turned out to be, now that I look back, a reflection of Bill's journeyman days in London. Feeling the need to expand his skills after his apprenticeship, Bill worked for a number of firms that specialized in certain structures. He stayed for a year or two until he had mastered everything that shop produced and then moved on to another. That is how he managed to be so well-rounded. Bill instructed me in the making of spring-back account books, limp leather binding (which I think is called the Oxford Bible style), and stiff board vellum with french groove and laced supports (which Bill did at Marshalls for vellum-leaved Rolls of Honour). I didn't realize at the time what an education this was. The atmosphere was comfortable and relaxed, Bill seemed to have an answer for any question and we worked to the precision of "just a hair." Chicago was a hotbed of bookbinding and conservation in the mid '70's and early '80's.

—Pamela Spitzmueller

In 1978 I had the good fortune to become one of Bill Anthony's apprentices. Kner and Anthony Bookbinders was then a rather small studio on the fourteenth floor of the old Colony Building on South Dearborn Street in Chicago.

I remember so well the cold, wintry day I first met Bill to talk with him about an apprenticeship. I was welcomed into the bindery by a man with sparkling eyes, a soft voice, and an engaging smile. I think it is correct to say that Bill and I hit it off right away. Bill took me over to his bench and showed me the rare books on which he was working, also a model for a limited edition, and his most recently finished fine bindings. This was the first time in my life that I'd stood so close to someone who had created something with his own hands so seemingly perfect. The thought that he might teach me to do the same was dizzying. I resolved at that moment, standing beside Bill and looking at the books upon his bench, that I would live the six years of the apprenticeship on bread and water if that is what it would take to get the job.

Bill did not require such a sacrifice. Instead, what he asked of his apprentices was what he asked of himself: steady, careful work, a willingness to learn, and an enthusiasm for the craft.

Bill worked with deliberation and graceful motion. I remember being surprised at how lovely he made the mundane task of gluing-out strips of paper seem. The motions were perfectly suited to the task at hand. A lifetime in the craft had taught Bill a sensitivity to materials and a corresponding deftness of approach and application. That was a big part of what Bill tried to teach me over the course of six years. Many things about a craft can be learned from books, but the type of knowledge hard-won over years of work is best passed directly from one to another.

Bill was not the kind of teacher who tried to "teach cats to scratch." He wasted few words, preferring instead to demonstrate—confident that the learning of a difficult craft was in the doing.

Bill recognized limitations in his apprentices and in the best of bookbinders as well, but was never overly concerned with them. Never have I known anyone who could accept a mistake so gracefully, and yet at the same time hold such extremely high standards for himself and those he chose to teach. On the face of it, this seems rather a contradiction. Yet anyone who has worked for long in a craft knows that falling short of the mark is one's inevitable lot. I think Bill believed one must accept the imperfections and strive on, resolved to make the next job better than the last, always keeping the vision of a job perfectly done in front of one as a benchmark and inspiration. In short, for Bill, the imperfectability of a craft was reason for challenge, and to him there was dignity in accepting the challenge with both hands.

There are so many things that come to mind that made my six years with Bill

six of the most important and happy years of my life: Bill's subtle and dry sense of humor, the genuine pleasure he took in the company of anyone who cared about books, his love of the great tenors, his wife Bernie and their family who welcomed so many of us warmly into their home and their lives.

I think most who had the luck to be one of Bill's apprentices or students would say the chance was there to learn as much about the dignity of living a good life as about bookbinding, and like bookbinding, Bill taught this quietly, by example.

—David Brock

William Anthony will be remembered by those who worked with him for his extraordinary dedication to the highest standards of craftsmanship and his special gift for teaching. Watching the ease and precision of his work at the bench was always an inspiration. It spoke of great talent combined with many years of dedication to the craft. He lent his skill to the conservation of hundreds of important books and documents while giving generously of himself and his knowledge to students and apprentices.

Bill Anthony never stopped learning and growing and, though his career has ended prematurely, it was not before he made lasting contributions to the fields of bookbinding and book conservation. His warmth, openness, and humor have touched forever the lives of those who knew him. He will be greatly missed.

—Mark Esser

Bill Anthony was a unique and special person in myriad ways. He was different things to different people, even different things to the same person. Since it is impossible for me to relate the breadth of Bill's influence and importance to all who knew him, I elect to tell one tiny facet of Bill's personality as it affected me. His contributions to the world of the Book Arts lay not only in his own artistry, but also in his skill as a teacher.

The root of the word amateur is amor—amare, to love. I entered the world of bookbinding as amateur in every sense of that word, with no intent to become professional. Along with the love and desire to learn, I brought no experience, and no previous skills in the handcrafts. I did bring my natural traits of perfectionism and compulsiveness. These characteristics became inhibiting and paralyzing to my progress. Bill sensed my problem. By his relaxed attitude, nothing articulated, Bill gradually enabled me to make less impossible demands on myself.

I began to get the feel from him that *if* I am doing this because I love it,—I need first to love the doing of it, regardless of how “good” or “bad” I considered the result. I began to experience the simple joy of doing. Making a mistake was not to be feared (“It’s not the end of the world,” Bill would say), but one of the best ways to learn. Making the same mistake twice?—an even better learning experience. Bill had a way of dispelling apprehension of the most difficult procedures by insisting in the most reassuring way “it’s easy, a piece of cake, you can do it”—even if it wasn’t and even if you couldn’t. He inspired the feeling of “Well, I goofed this time, but wow it was fun, next time I’ll do better.” He taught me to recognize the quality I was aiming for without becoming devastated at not achieving it.

Bill was a multifaceted personality. He was a gentle man with the most delightful Irish twinkle and wit, easy going, quick to smile. He had a gracious insightful approach to living as well as to teaching which allowed him to relate differently to each student according to that individual’s needs. He kept a youthful enthusiasm for learning and discovery which kept a freshness in his artistic eye. Yet, he was also a disciplined professional with the highest standards of excellence. He had a serious, thoughtful, analytic approach to every problem, and enjoyed every new challenge whether brought to him by his students or in the course of his professional work. I am only one of the many who will never forget him. He is part of us all.

—Norma Rubovits

He used to talk about his days as an apprentice bookbinder in Ireland. With his smiling eyes and wonderful sense of humor, it wasn’t always easy to tell if he was being absolutely serious. For example, he said that in his time apprentices were given a full skin of leather to pare down until it was thin enough to fold and fit into a match box. I had no doubt that Bill could achieve such a feat!

The first time I encountered Bill Anthony I was too shy to approach and talk to him. He was giving a presentation in a downtown Chicago hotel on book restoration to members of the Midwest Archives Conference. Bill Minter, who was his apprentice at the time, urged me on but I demurred. Not too long later, however, I did gather up my courage and called Bill to inquire about bookbinding classes. Amazingly, he said I could join his class, which he was then teaching with Bill Minter on Saturday mornings in the library at the Illinois Institute of Technology. The room was large and filled—to my inexperienced eyes—with strange-looking equipment and high stacks of books that functioned as room dividers. The Saturday classes at IIT did not long continue. When Bill left the

Cuneo Press to become a partner with Elizabeth Kner, the class was split between the two Bills, and I followed Bill Anthony to the first of several studios on South Dearborn Street.

Bill talked on occasion about his youth in Waterford. His mother was blind, but was a strong figure who maintained great control over her family. When Bill was in the Army and involved in artillery practice near home, Bill's mother took away his bullets and sent him off to practice in a less aggressive fashion! Bill apprenticed with his father, from whom he received two agate burnishers, which must have been beautiful to behold. Unfortunately, these were taken from him, perhaps as a prank, when he was later working in another shop; but he felt the loss strongly enough to talk of it many years later in Chicago. A story Bill told on himself related to an incident early in his career as an apprentice when he accidentally cut a customer's book in half. Though no doubt a traumatic moment, it was not the end of the world either to Bill or his master. I think Bill shared this misadventure to give his students hope for our own futures!

Bill's first studio with Elizabeth was in a wonderful old building in what later became the Printer's Row district. Classes initially continued on Saturday mornings. One memory that stands out from that period was the new student (newer even than me!) who—over several classes—meticulously sewed a very thick but thin-sectioned India paper dictionary . . . and then very carefully pulled out all of the linen sewing supports. Bill laughed about that for years. Eventually, Bill took over Elizabeth's bookbinding class and the students she had taught for many years. Classes were then changed to Wednesday evenings and initially included Norma and Frank Rubovits, Roberta Church, and luckily, still me. I had dinner with Bill every Wednesday before class; for years we went to a Chinese dive on Clark Street just opposite the jail.

Bill described himself as the last journeyman in London. It was from Bill that I first heard stories of the pearly kings and queens who, bedecked in mother-of-pearl buttons sewn all over their clothing, held sway over the pubs in London's East End.

Eventually, Bill and Elizabeth moved their shop to the Old Colony Building, and Bill started teaching a second course on Saturday mornings. I was in both classes. Wednesday evenings were peopled by students who had a great love of books but whose life's work was in another field, while Saturday mornings were filled largely with people who worked in libraries. At all times, the studio was a warm and friendly place with Bill at the center of things. His bench faced west, looking out over broad stretches of Chicago, from the Board of Trade to neighborhood church spires...with endless water towers topping small industrial buildings in-between. On the studio walls and sliding cupboard doors hung an eclectic array: photographs of Bill's wife, Bernie, and their children; and Ethiopian

binding; a beautiful rendering of the Cuneo Studio that had been commissioned by Bill Minter; and—in Bill's hand—his recipe for toning paper.

Bill had great admiration for other bookbinders, both historical and contemporary. He admired the work of Cobden-Sanderson and the ideas he represented, although Bill could never comprehend Cobden-Sanderson's wilful act of throwing Emery Walker's type into the Thames. Bill took pleasure in telling the story of George Barr's skill in recovering from loss a fine binding with a small flaw on the leather by tooling a wonderfully common house fly on the offending spot on the cover. As Bill grew more interested in historical book structures, I think he felt some degree of kinship with book workers of past centuries. And, as Bill worked with his students and the exhibit program of Chicago Hand Bookbinders, I think he became more intrigued with non-traditional approaches to bookbinding, fanciful structures, and the judicious use of feathers, stones, beads, metal, and bits of ephemera!

Bill Anthony had the wonderful ability to devote undivided attention to each of his students and their various projects. His enthusiasm and energy were infectious, and he was endlessly patient. He was the best of teachers, not only because he could skillfully rescue us from our mistakes, but because he gave so generously of himself. He was greatly loved and is greatly missed.

—Mary Lynn Ritzenthaler

My name is Sally Key. I had only met Bill once before I came to work for him at the University of Iowa Conservation Department in the fall of 1986. I've never left. We'd been working together a year and a half when Bill brought two anatomical broadsides done by Jean Ruel in 1539 out of the safe and gave them to me to conserve. When he first lay out the two layers of flaps revealing the internal organs of the male and female figures, I had to question Bill's wisdom in asking me to take on the project. Each broadside had to be removed from its board, each flap's placement diagrammed, and everything dry cleaned, washed, mended, remounted (using kozo hinges), and finally a display box designed to house them. It was a very valuable item, and I didn't feel that my knowledge and skills were up to the task, but Bill believed I could do it. More importantly, he made *me* believe I could do it.

It took me a month and a half of solid work to finish the project. Bill and I conferred on each step, but it was my work, and a year later I am still very proud of it. I guess I'm telling you this story to illustrate Bill's unerring instinct and gift when it came to guiding a student's/apprentice's education. I saw examples

of my Ruel story repeated over and over as Bill appraised individuals' abilities and provided them with just the opportunity to reach beyond themselves to grow.

Today, a year after Bill walked out of the department to fight his cancer and eight months after he died, I still long for his constant challenge to challenge myself. Although I don't have Bill to guide me along my way any more, I know I shall always have his memory, love, and faith. I trust them to keep me seeking my own challenges for the rest of my life.

—Sally Key

Bill was usually the first person to work. Looking like a man who needed one more cup of coffee, he would take off his coat, roll up the sleeves of his shirt—he always wore long-sleeved, Oxford-cloth shirts—and sit down to read the morning mail and glance at the student newspaper. He was usually quiet, unless it was a Monday morning after a Bears' game. Or a morning after he defeated a university student in racquetball. (Then he would laugh at how young players always tried to overpower him. He beat them by gently returning the ball, placing it where he wanted it.)

If he had to respond to his mail, he tried to do so right away because he didn't trust his memory to get back to it. In his last year he carried an executive organizer—that he had bound in leather—around with him: a kind of external memory that he hated to be without.

Students, teachers, librarians, and visitors often stopped by; even though Bill disliked being interrupted by phone calls, paperwork, and committee meetings, you could see in his face how much he liked talking about his craft to anyone who expressed an interest in it. It was an education for us, working at our benches, listening to him talking to an elderly visitor from Denmark or to Professor Valerie Lagorio's Medieval Literature class about the history of bookbinding or the philosophy of conservation. He liked to bring visitors to look at what we were working on and have us explain what we were doing.

His favorite teaching tool during these visits was the set of historical models he and Mark Esser made during their first two years at Iowa. If he knew in advance that someone was coming and would be interested in them, he would take them out of the oak chest of drawers and set them up on an unoccupied bench in chronological order. I think that of all the things he did at Iowa—the Nuremburg Chronicle, the state constitution, and the other books he worked on—nothing pleased him as much as these models.

Every day at 10:30 and 3:30 he would get his coffee mug and go to the library lounge, where he and a group of five or six librarians would talk about life. It was an important part of his day. He almost always came back with a great smile on his face. And the late afternoon was the beginning of a voluble, confidential period of the day. He would wander over to our benches and tell stories of Bernard Middleton, George Baer, F.G. Marshall, and Tommy Harrison. He'd talk about the shops he'd worked in and Cobden-Sanderson and French fine binders and his philosophy of craftsmanship.

When the five-o'clock whistle blew he would unroll the Oxford-cloth shirt sleeves, button the cuffs, put on the coat, and quietly bid us good night.

—Lawrence Yerkes

To work with Bill was to feel the energy of his love for books, and his conviction that what he was doing was worthy, and even imperative. He expected from his students what he expected from himself, nothing less than our best effort. He never imposed his high standards, but inspired us to impose our own. When my work fell short of my goals, he never criticized me. He asked me questions. What was my opinion of this or that aspect of my work? How did I want something to look or function? Through this dialogue, I learned. I once asked him what made a good teacher, and he replied: always encourage people, and always be there when they need you. Such a simple philosophy, but it works! But more than our teacher, Bill was a friend. He was lighthearted, and told many good jokes and stories. He took a vital interest in all our lives, and made us feel that we were part of his. He respected our efforts and our individual strengths, and we in return loved him, nothing less.

—Penny Lee McKean
14 Oct. 1989

Bill Anthony was an extraordinary man. He did things differently, I think, from most men. In selecting me as an apprentice, for example, he chose me over more qualified people because he recognized my struggles to be a binder and a conservator and believed, he said, that I could profit from it more than the others. Then, when I started work I often felt I wasn't up to the task. Bill stressed to me the importance of not taking that negative route. To feel that one can and will do good work is one of the foundation stones of craftsmanship. He seemed always

open and willing to share even after the advent of his illness. I was struck by his integrity about his craft, which to him was far more than just a means of earning a living but a passion about books and fine work. He truly loved books and was angry when anyone, including other conservators, destroyed the integrity of books.

—Ralph Weber

When I first started taking Bill Anthony's night class—several years before I became an apprentice—I noticed that whenever I completed a binding Bill would take it from me, turn it over slowly in his hands, and then look at me and ask, "What do *you* think of it?" At first this surprised me. I came from an academic background where the teacher never asked your opinion of your own work. He simply evaluated what you had done. Bill's question, on the other hand, was his way of showing me that learning from him involved interaction from both of us. He would listen to my answering list of what had gone well and what had not gone well with a binding and then give his own opinion. I was responsible for my work and expected to be able to learn from my mistakes and my successes. It was quite some time before my ability to evaluate my work was as keen as his.

I remember that the second or third time I took Bill's class I was very proud of a book I had rebound to give my father for a Christmas gift. As far as I could see, everything had gone perfectly with it. The case was neatly done and fit the book well. The textblock was sound and the whole thing felt nice in my hands. Bill listened as I recited the successes of this volume and then pointed out very quietly, a smile on his face, that the feathered pattern of the red and black marbled paper that I had used for the endpapers went *up* inside the front cover and *down* inside the back. I was dismayed. And humbled. Bill thought it was hilarious.

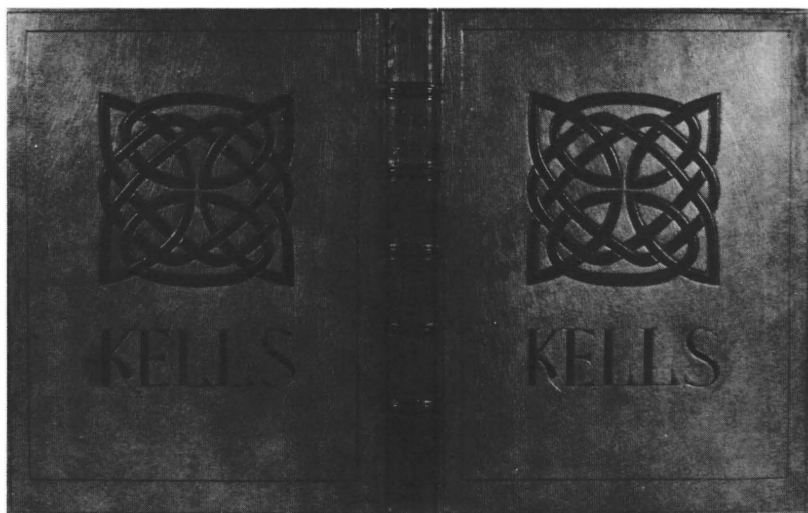
Once I became an apprentice, this dialogue between us continued and expanded. It was no longer the once-a-week commitment of a night class. It was the eight-to-five, heart and soul, commitment of student to teacher. He raised his expectations to such a level that I almost felt like I had gotten married again. We were both there because we loved our work with books.

In Bill's mind every book was worth treating as well as possible. I remember once he was helping someone with a simple model for an edition binding. This person explained how she liked edition binding, but that what she really wanted to do was fine binding. Bill answered, "But if you do your work carefully, every binding will be a fine binding." That comment stayed with me. He didn't mean that you should spend hours and hours fussing over every detail of every piece

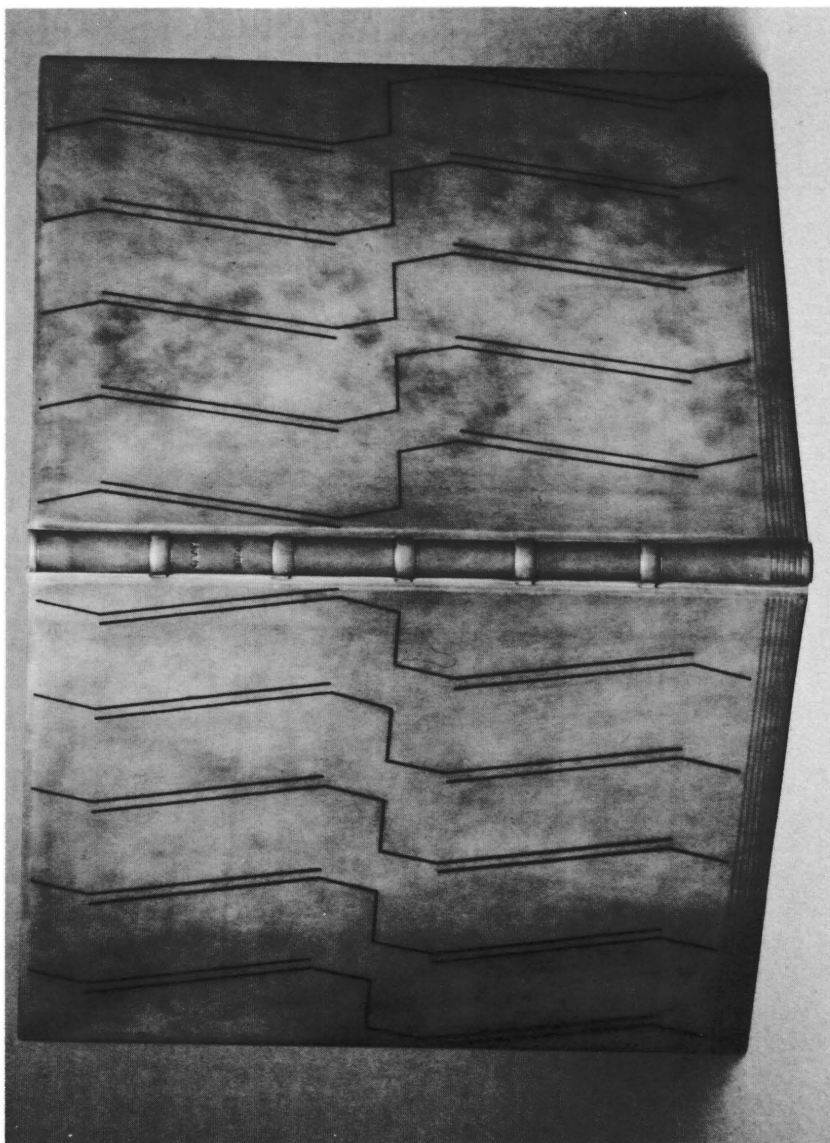
of work that you do, but that you should spend the time it takes to do a binding or conservation treatment as well as it needs to be done. He set a good example by the attitude he brought to his own work.

I learned a lot of things from Bill Anthony in the years I worked with him as a student and as an apprentice. I miss him a great deal and realize that I will never have a teacher to whom I feel such a deep level of commitment. It has been a slow process in his absence to realize that I can still learn from myself and from others. But now I notice that whenever I finish working on something and I'm checking it over for the last time, I can hear him asking me, "What do *you* think of it?"

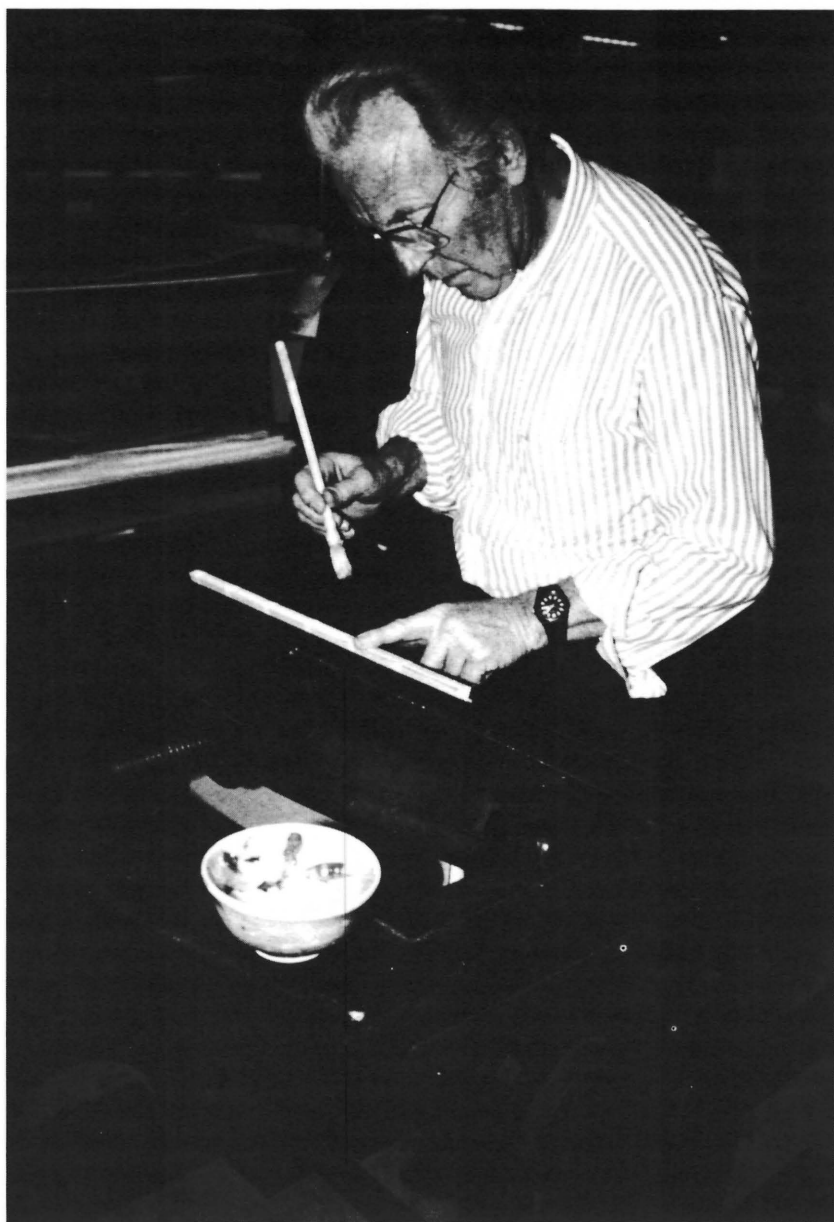
—Annie Tremmel Wilcox



1. *Book of Kells*—published by KNOPE, 1974.



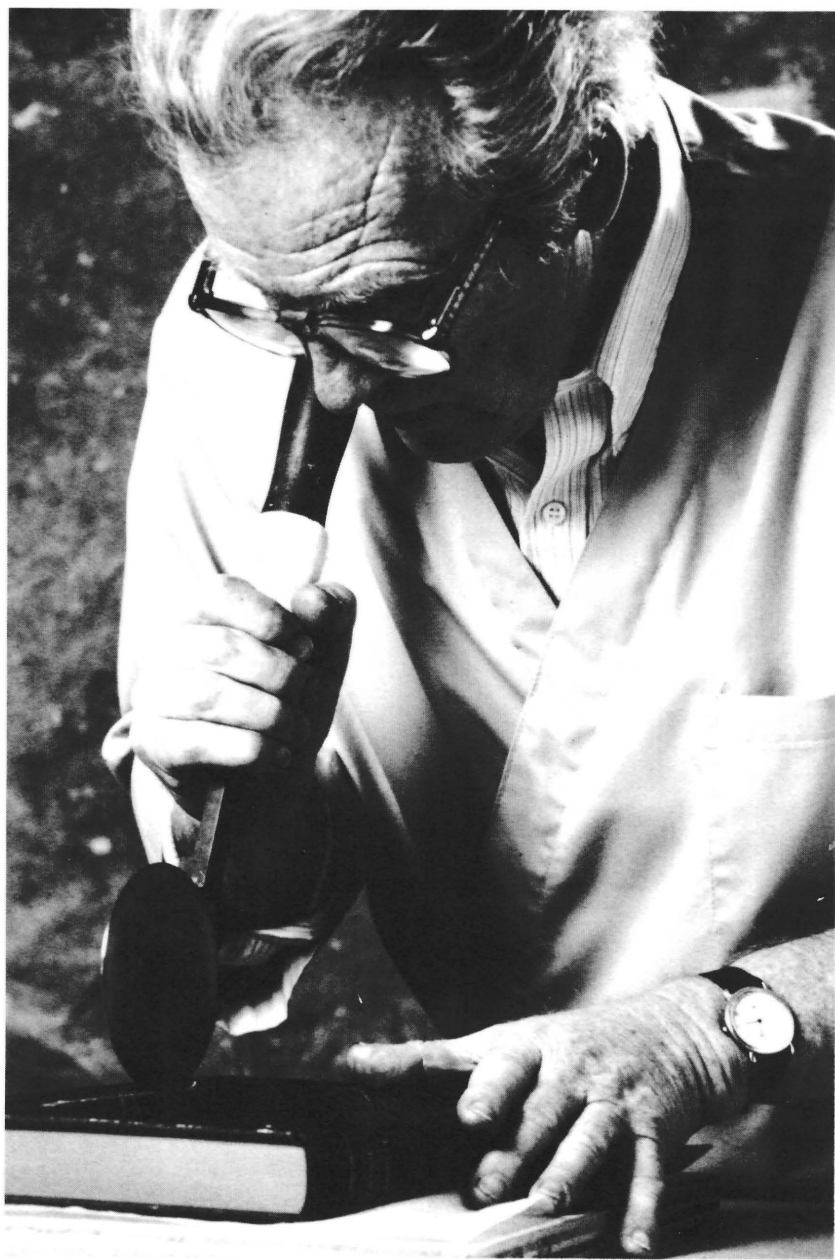
2. Grey's *Elegy*—a calligraphed book.



3. Bill gluing up a spine.



4. Pasting out an endsheet.



5. Bill demonstrating tooling.



6. Bill with his daughter, Lisa, who is training to become a book conservator.

—photographs courtesy of William Minter

**A Checklist of Works by and about
William Anthony
and some of his associates**

The first part of this list includes titles of articles and pamphlets written by Bill Anthony. The second part is titles of works about him, including catalogues illustrating his bindings and works on his associates which also talk of him. The third part is titles of works entirely by or about Bill's associates, including the Cuneo Studio and his predecessors there (Leonard Mountenay, who had retired before Bill came to this country, and George Baer); his partner Elizabeth Kner; his Chicago apprentices (Bill Minter, David Brock, and Mark Esser); and the University of Iowa Center for the Book. The fourth part, by Ann Tremmel Wilcox, is a listing of video recordings of Bill.

The list does not include every passing mention in newsletters, although these possibly record dates not in the fuller articles. Bill added or omitted details each time a catalogue gave his biography, so each one has significance. Order within each part is chronological by publication. Items cited from secondary sources or otherwise without examination are marked with an asterisk.

I am indebted to the invaluable help of Ann Tremmel Wilcox, who provided a third of the items in Parts A and B and several in Part C as well as all of Part D; to Jim Dorsey, who sent indexes and back issues of *Binders' Guild Newsletter* on the shortest possible notice; and to Bill Minter, who reviewed the list and added several items.

A. Written by William Anthony

"Book Review: *Bookbinding and Conservation by Hand, A working guide*. Laura S. Young." *Guild of Book Workers Journal* vol. 20 #1-2 (1981-82) p. 39.40.

"Role of the Hand Binder in Conservation and Preservation." In: *Conserving and Preserving Library Materials*, ed. Kathryn Luther Henderson and William T. Henderson. Urbana-Champaign: University of Illinois Graduate School of Library and Information Science, 1983. ("Papers presented at the Allerton Park Institute . . . held November 15-18, 1981 . . .") p. 148-52; biography p. 197.

(Also appears with title: *Allerton Park Institute Number 27: Papers Presented at . . .*)

The Art and Craft of Bookbinding. Exhibition brochure. The University of Iowa Museum of Art, Iowa City, Iowa, February 16–April 13, 1985. Three folds; size folded 20.2 x 21.4 cm.

(Photos include three bindings by Anthony and one by Esser.)

Letter to the Editor on training for fine binding. *Fine Print* vol. 11 #3 (July 1985) p. 136. Reprinted in *Abbey Newsletter* vol. 9 #6 (Nov. 1985) p. 105–6.

(A response to W. Thomas Taylor's article "Bookbinding: Perspective and Prescription" in *Fine Print* vol. 11 #1, January 1985, p. 15–19)

— Text only reprinted. *Binders' Guild Newsletter* vol. 9 #5 (July 1986) p. 1–2.

(From a version used when the exhibit was at the Ryerson and Burnham Libraries of the Art Institute of Chicago.)

"Harmony of Parts in Fine Binding." In *80 Years Later: 80th Anniversary Exhibition of the Guild of Book Workers*, ed. Mary Lynn Ritzenthaler and Pamela Spitzmueller. Washington, D.C.: The Guild of Book Workers, 1986, p. 23–4.

(Catalogue also includes two bindings by Anthony and bindings by Brock, Esser, and Minter)

— Exhibition brochure. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Thomas J. Watson Library, September 8–November 25, 1987. 8 p., 10.2 x 20.3 cm.

(Slightly abridged, with a new introduction by another hand. Photos of Anthony working and of a binding by him)

B. About William Anthony

Cuneo Fine Binding. Advertising brochure. Portfolio of three folds left-to-right with flap at tail, and four enclosed plates; size folded 27.9 x 21.5 cm. oblong. Chicago: The Cuneo Press, 1964.

(All full-color; photo of Baer and Anthony on portfolio, and photos of bindings on portfolio and plates.)

Cromie, Robert. "Cromie Looks at Authors and Books: Displays Fine Book Binding Art." *Chicago Tribune* Thursday, October 21, 1965.

(Review of exhibition of Cuneo Studio bindings at the John Crerar Library, October 1965. Photo of Baer with binding.)

Modern Fine Binding by Cuneo. Advertising brochure. 8 p., 7" x 10". Chicago: The Cuneo Press, n.d.

(Circa 1965. All three copies seen have laid in a reprint of the Cromie article above. Photos of six bindings, the first, fifth, and sixth by Anthony.)

- Seed, Suzanne. "Elizabeth Kner, Bookbinder." In: *Fine Trades*. Chicago: Follett, 1970, p. 36–53.
(Photos of Kner, Anthony, Brock; bindings)
- * "Fine Binding restores Audubon's *Birds of America*." *Cuneo Topics* (Dec. 1970).
- * Bach, Erwin. "The Art of Book Restoration: how modern methods are used to preserve ancient manuscripts at the Cuneo Studio." *Patrons' Quarterly* (Winter 1972).
(Published by Loyola University Medical Center.)
- Adams, Nancy. "Books to be judged by their covers." *Chicago Tribune* (Sunday, July 17, 1977) Section 11, p. 1–2. Reprinted in *Binders' Guild Newsletter* vol. 4 #3 (March 1981) p. 8, 17–18.
(BGN reprint lacks title and date. Photo of Minter.)
- Borghese, Susanna; Schimmel, Caroline F.; and Schlosser, Mary C. *The Guild of Book Workers 75th Anniversary Exhibition*. New York: The Guild of Book Workers, 1981.
(Bindings by Baer, Anthony, Minter, Brock)
- "Bill Anthony/Restoration Binding." *Guild of Book Workers Journal* vol. 20 #1–2 (1981–82) p.7–8.
(Report on Anthony's talk at the first Guild Seminar on Excellence, in Washington, D.C., April 1982.)
- Sixteen Fine Bindings on The Art of Trout Fishing on the Rapid Streams*. New York: Guild of Book Workers, 1983.
(Exhibition catalogue; bindings by Anthony, Minter)
- "Bill Anthony" Chicago's Loss is Iowa's Gain." *Abbey Newsletter* vol. 8 #5 (Oct. 1984) p. 71.
- * Drum, Charles S. "Introducing William Anthony, University's Master Bookbinder." (University of Iowa) *Spectator* (April 1985) p.3.
- * Knudson, Tom. "Our books are rotten to the core." *Des Moines Register* (April 4, 1985) Section T p. 1
(Color photos)
- Wilson, Susan Spring. "Book Arts Reporter: University of Iowa." *Fine Print* vol. 11 #3 (July 1985) p. 182–3.
(Exhibition review of "The Art and Craft of Bookbinding" in Iowa City; see Part A above)
- Warr, Griselda. "Covering Fine Bindings in Full Leather—Bill Anthony." *Guild of Book Workers Newsletter* #44 (Feb. 1986) p. 3–4.
(Report on Anthony's demonstration at the fifth Guild Seminar on Excellence, in Philadelphia, November 1985)

- Palmer, Patricia. "What is a Bookbinder?" *Conservation Administration News* #27 (Oct. 1986) p. 14-15. Reprinted, slightly enlarged, in *Abbey Newsletter* vol. 11 #1 (Jan. 1987) p. 7-8.
(Report on panel discussion in Chicago in May 1986, with Anthony, Minter, Betsy Eldridge, Sylvia Rennie)
- Burn, Henry Pelham. "Doublures, end papers & leather hinges - Bill Anthony." *Guild of Book Workers Newsletter* #49 (Dec. 1986) p. 4-5.
(Report on Anthony's demonstration at the sixth Guild Seminar on Excellence, in Iowa City, October, 1986)
- Schoonover, David E. "The University of Iowa Center for the Book." *Books at Iowa* #47 (1987) p. 24-36. Reprinted as a 12-page pamphlet.
(Photo of Anthony)
- Wilner, Amy. "Five Parents and Their Bookish Child." *Rave* vol. 3 (1987) p. 44-7.
(In annual report on the arts at the University of Iowa. Photos of Anthony, bindings)
- Taylor, W. Thomas. "The Iowa Center for the Book." *American Craft* vol. 47 #3 (June/July 1987) p. 26-33.
(Color photos of Anthony working; bindings)
- Erickson, Lori. "Its Hands on To Save Books." *The Iowan* vol. 36 #1 (Fall 1987) p. 18-20, 52.
(Photos of Anthony, books, tools)
- Anderson, Scott; Lumsdon, Kevin; and Sinclair, Karin Hanson. *Twentieth Annual Report of the Presidents Club and The Presidents Club Associates*. Iowa City: The University of Iowa Foundation, 1987.
(Color photos of Anthony; bindings)
- Bound to Vary: A Guild of Book Workers Exhibition* . . . New York: The Guild of Book Workers, 1988.
(Bindings by Anthony, Minter)
- "Two apprenticeships & nine workshops funded at Iowa." *Abbey Newsletter* vol. 12 #4 (June 1988) p. 59, 61.
- Minter, William. "Eulogy: William Anthony." *Guild of Book Workers Newsletter* #63 (April 1989) p. 1.
- "William Anthony, 1926-1989." *Abbey Newsletter* vol. 13 #2 (May 1989) p. 1. A short version of the same obituary is in *AIC Newsletter* vol. 14 #3 (May 1989) p. 11.
- Chicago Hand Bookbinders Tenth Anniversary Exhibition*. Chicago: Chicago Hand Bookbinders, 1989.
(Catalogue dedicated to the memory of Anthony, Frank Rubovits, and

Joan Flasch. Bindings by Anthony, Kner, Minter. Copies have 26 loose color photos in portfolios at back)

C. By and About Associates of William Anthony

- * Kner, Elizabeth. *A könyvkötő mesterség*. Kner Erzsebet Könyvkötő munkáinak ismertetése. Gyoma: Kner, 1925. 27 p.; 2 pl.; 8 .
(See Mejer/Herbst, *Bibliographie der Buchbinderei-Literatur, Ergänzungsband 1924–1932*, Leipzig: Hiersemann, 1933, #1356.)
- * ——— “Handeinband und Maschineneinband.” *Jahrbuch der Einbandkunst* vol. 1 (1927) p. 161–3.
- * ——— “Handeinband und Maschineneinband.” *Buch, Bucheinband, Bucheinbandkunst* (Jan. 1929) p. 2–4.
- * [Illustrations of Leonard Moutenay bindings.] *Bookbinding Magazine* vol. 18 (Sept. 1933) p. 34; vol 19 (March 1934) p. 39; vol. 21 (Feb. 1935) p. 32; vol. 22 (July 1935) p. 36.
- * “Tradition-Plus-Progress Keynote of Two-Year Exhibit at century of Progress.” *Bookbinding Magazine* vol. 20 (Nov. 1934) p. 16, 18.
(On Moutenay)
- * Moutenay, Leonard. “Extra Binding.” *Reading and Collecting* vol.1 #1 (Dec. 1936) p. 8, 21; and vol. 1 #2 (Jan. 1937) p. 8, 25.
- * “Art Association’s Members Will Hear Interesting Chicagoan.” *Rockford Morning Star*, 25 February 1939, p. 5.
(On Moutenay)
- “Fine Bookbinding.” In: *Plan for a Good Book*. Chicago: John F. Cuneo Company, 1951, p. 62–5.
(Photos, presumably of Moutenay and Baer; bindings)
- Thompson, Lawrence S. “Hand Bookbinding in the United States Since the Civil War.” *Libri* vol. 5 #2 (1954) p. 97–121.
(Brief discussions of Kner and Moutenay on p. 98, 100, 114–15, and note 55)
- Hand Bookbinding Today, an international art*. San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, 1978.
(Exhibition catalogue; binding by Minter)
- Maylone, R. Russell and Sedlack, Bonnie Jo. “The Cuneo Gift.” *Abbey Newsletter* vol. 3 #2 (August 1979) p. 21–22.
- Callery, Bernadette G. and Mosimann, Elizabeth A. *The Tradition of Fine Bookbinding in the Twentieth Century: Catalogue of an Exhibition*. Pittsburgh:

- Hunt Institute and Davis & Warde, 1979.
 (Note on Mountenay, p. 58 #85)
- “The Best Learning Conditions: One Informed Opinion.” *Abbey Newsletter* vol. 4 #1 (Jan. 1980) p. 12.
 (On Baer)
- Minter, William. “Mylar Encapsulation Using Ultrasonic Welding.” *Abbey Newsletter* vol. 4 #2 (April 1980) P. 24.
- Dorsey, Jim. “A visit with George Baer.” *Binder’s Guild Newsletter* vol. 6 #7 (Oct. 1983) p. 1–4, 15–16; and vol. 6 #8 (Dec. 1983) p. 2, 4.
 (6:7 contains text and three color photos; 6:8 three more color photos, of Baer and bindery.)
- Minter, William. “The Use of Linen as a Book Covering Material.” *Book and Paper Group Annual* vol. 4 (1985) p. 59–62.
- Maneaty, Leah. “Tool sharpening—David Brock.” *Guild of Book Workers Newsletter* #43 (Dec. 1985) p.5.
 (Report on Brock’s presentation at the fifth Guild Seminar on Excellence, in Philadelphia, November 1985.)
- Dorsey, Jim. Note on the sale of George Baer’s studio. *Binders’ Guild Newsletter* vol. 8 #8 (Dec. 1985) p. 1–2.
- Minter, William. “Helpful Ideas for Conservation.” *Book and Paper Group Annual* “vol. 4” (misprint for vol. 5) (1986) p. 92–3.
- Swartzburg, Susan G. “North Bennet Street School Bookbinding Course.” *Conservation Administration News* #29 (April 1987) p. 8.
 (Course taught by Esser).
- Minter, William. “Cellophane Tape Removal Tool.” *Abbey Newsletter* vol. 11 #3 (April 1987) p. 37.
- Miller, Sally McIntosh. “North Bennet Street School.” *New Library Scene* vol. 7 #2 (April 1988) p. 1, 5–6.
 (Photo of Esser)
- Dorsey, Jim. “George Baer.” *Binders’ Guild Newsletter* vol. 12 #3 (April 1989) p. 20–23.
 (Report of a studio tour.)
- Schooled Books: Education in the Book Arts*. Exhibition brochure. Thomas J. Watson Library, Metropolitan Museum of Art, March 7, 1989–June 2, 1989. 11 sheets stapled at corner, 21.7 x 27.9 cm.
 (Includes sections on the Iowa Center for the Book and the North Bennet Street School.)
- Wilcox, Annie Tremmel. “The University of Iowa Center for the Book: A New Harvest.” *Hand Papermaking* vol.4 #1 (Summer 1989) p. 4–6.

D. Video Recordings of William Anthony

By Ann Tremmel Wilcox

Covering in Full Leather Fine Binding. Guild of Book Workers, 1985.

(GBW Philadelphia Standards Seminar session in which Anthony covers a fine binding in full leather. Available from the Guild for purchase or rental.)

Standards in Fine Binding. Guild of Book Workers, 1986.

(GBW Iowa City Standards Seminar in which Anthony completes the leather bindings begun in Philadelphia by demonstrating pasted-down endpapers and pasting in leather hinges. Available from the Guild for purchase or rental.)

The Lessons of History and Experience in the Design of Conservation Bindings.

Des Moines, Iowa: Library Binding Service, 1987.

(Round-table discussion in which Anthony, Minter, and others discuss conservation issues. Available with notes for purchase from the Library Binding Service, Des Moines, Iowa.)

Conserving the Constitution of the State of Iowa. Iowa City: The University of Iowa Libraries, 1988.

(Documents the steps performed in the University's conservation laboratory by Anthony to restore and conserve the 1857 Iowa Constitution. The tape may be borrowed at no charge by any library through the Interlibrary Loan Department of the University of Iowa Libraries, or by any individual by contacting Barbara Dewey, Assistant to the University Librarian, The University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City, Iowa, 52242.)

Illuminated Manuscripts—Materials and Techniques. Los Angeles: J. Paul Getty Trust, 1988.

(In use as an interactive videodisc at the Getty. Shows Anthony doing a 15th century Renaissance binding; shows others preparing vellum and writing a manuscript.)

Reconstituted Constitution. Take One: Iowa Public Television, 1989.

(Shows Anthony doing some work on the 1857 Iowa Constitution, as well as examples of books he had worked on for The University of Iowa Libraries.)

—Tom Conroy

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