



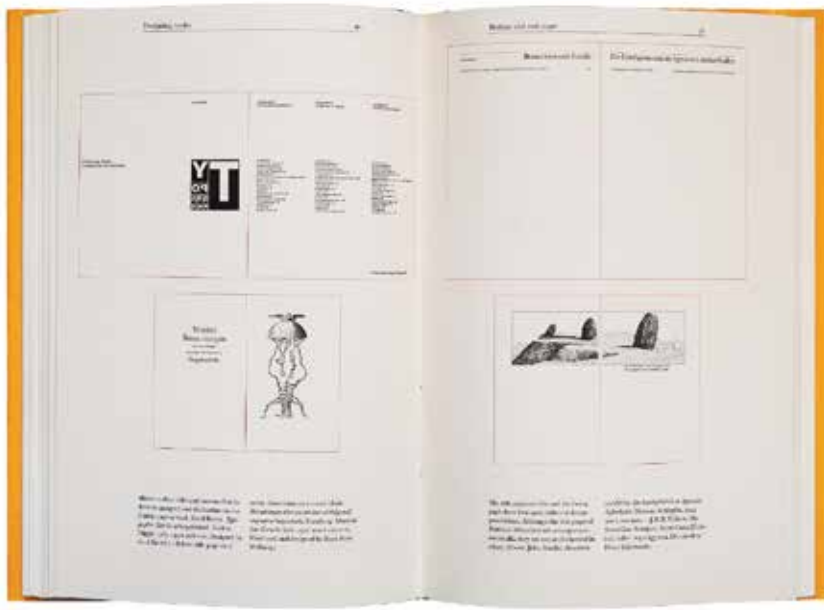
i

Dennis Letbetter



A large, bold, red stylized letter 'G' logo. The 'G' is thick and blocky, with a white negative space in the center. It is positioned on the left side of the page.

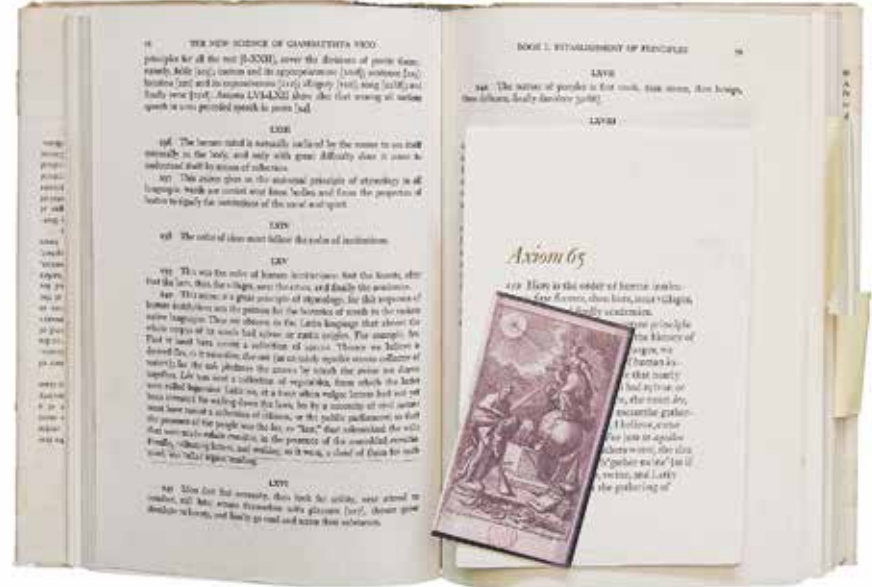
Book
Shelves
from
The
Greenwood
Press

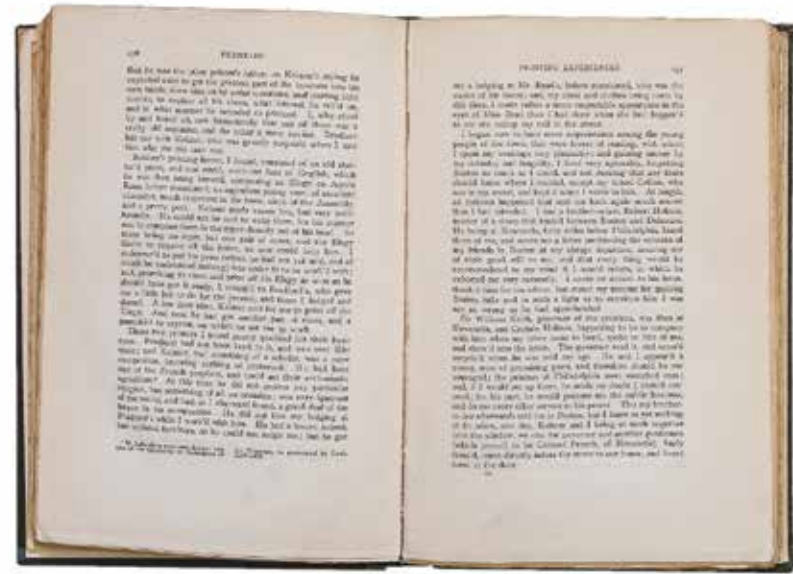


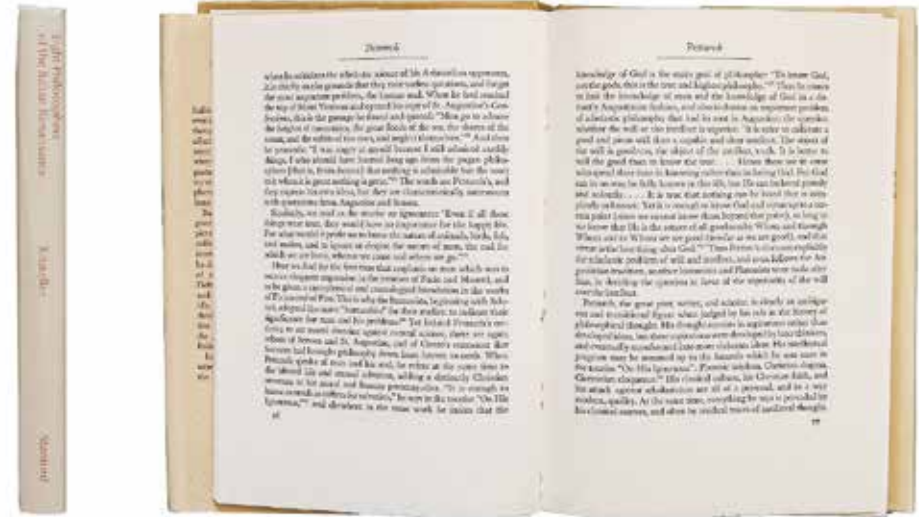


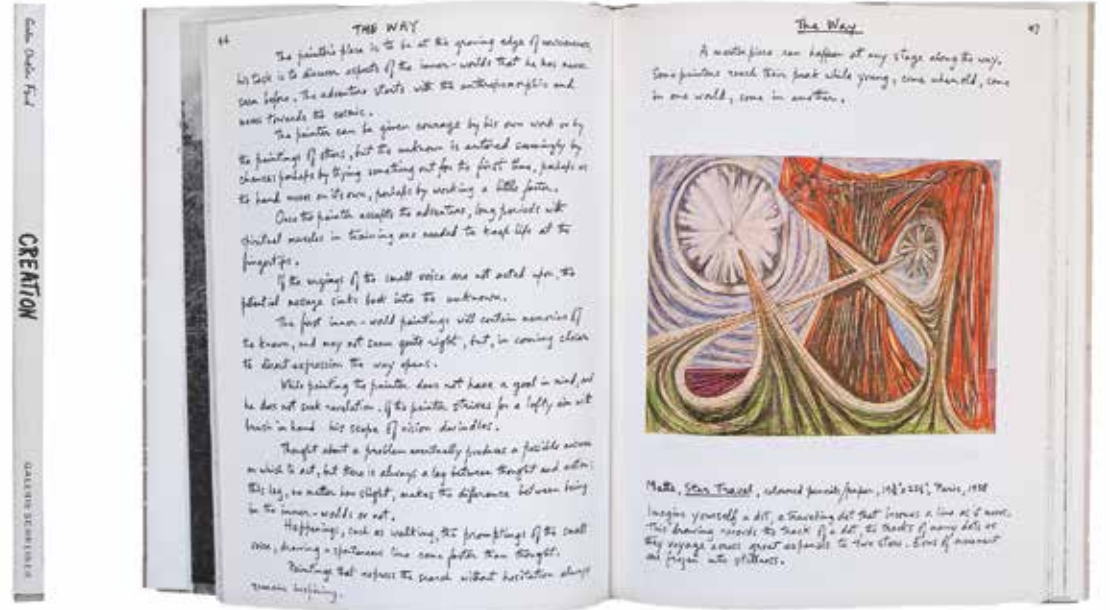


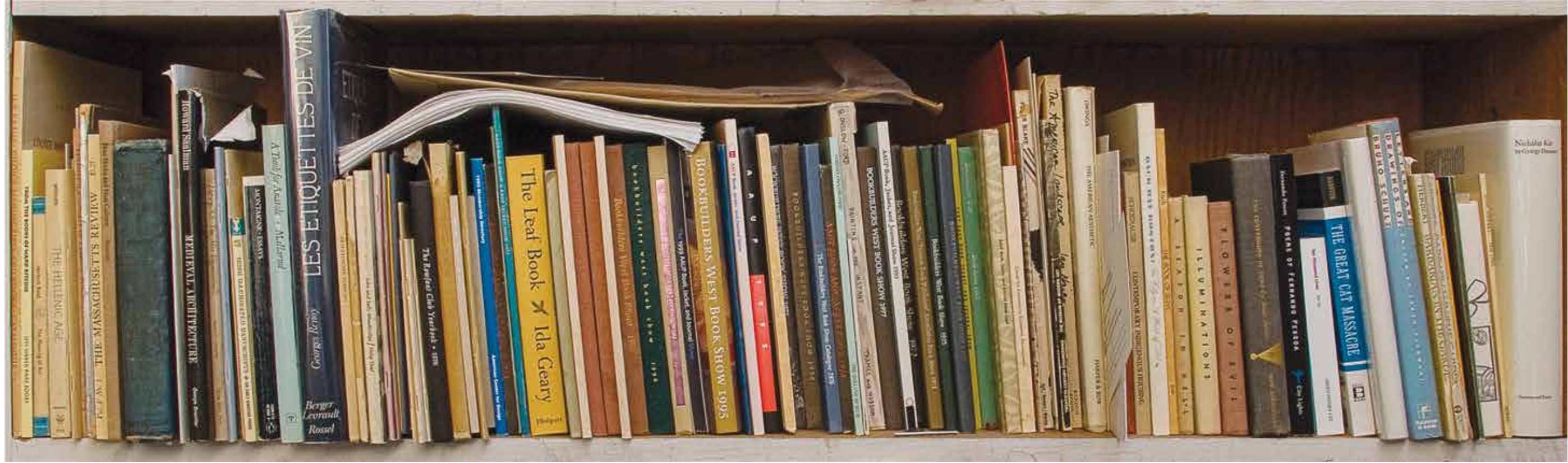






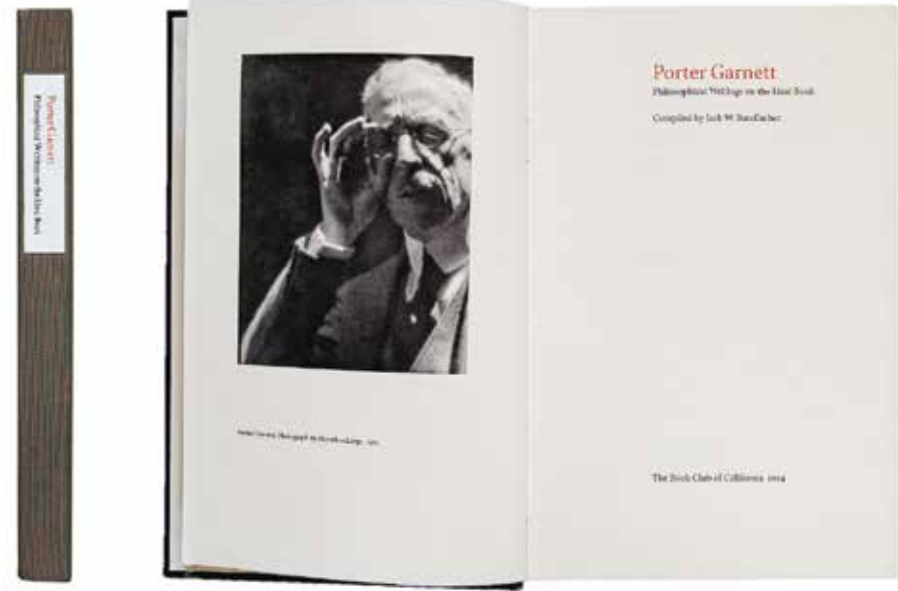




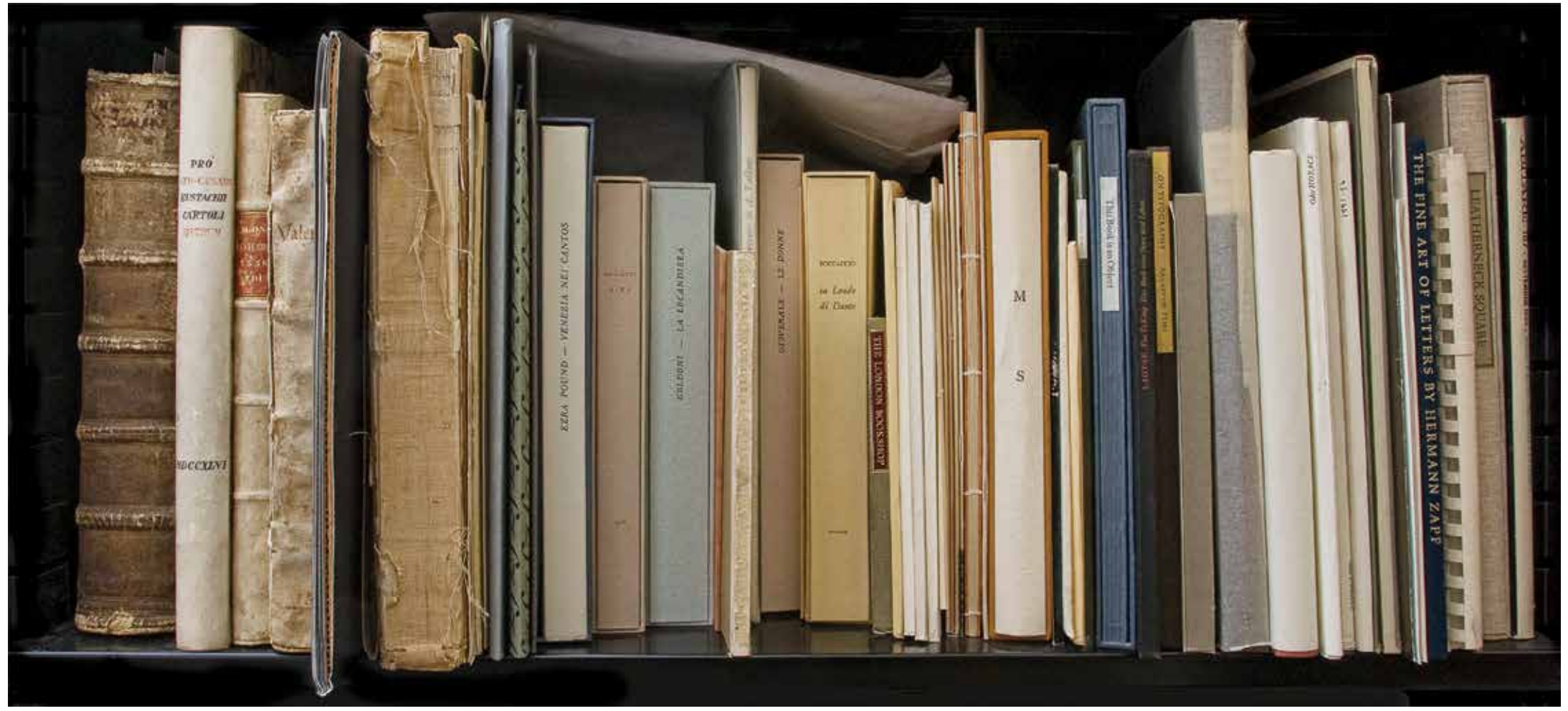


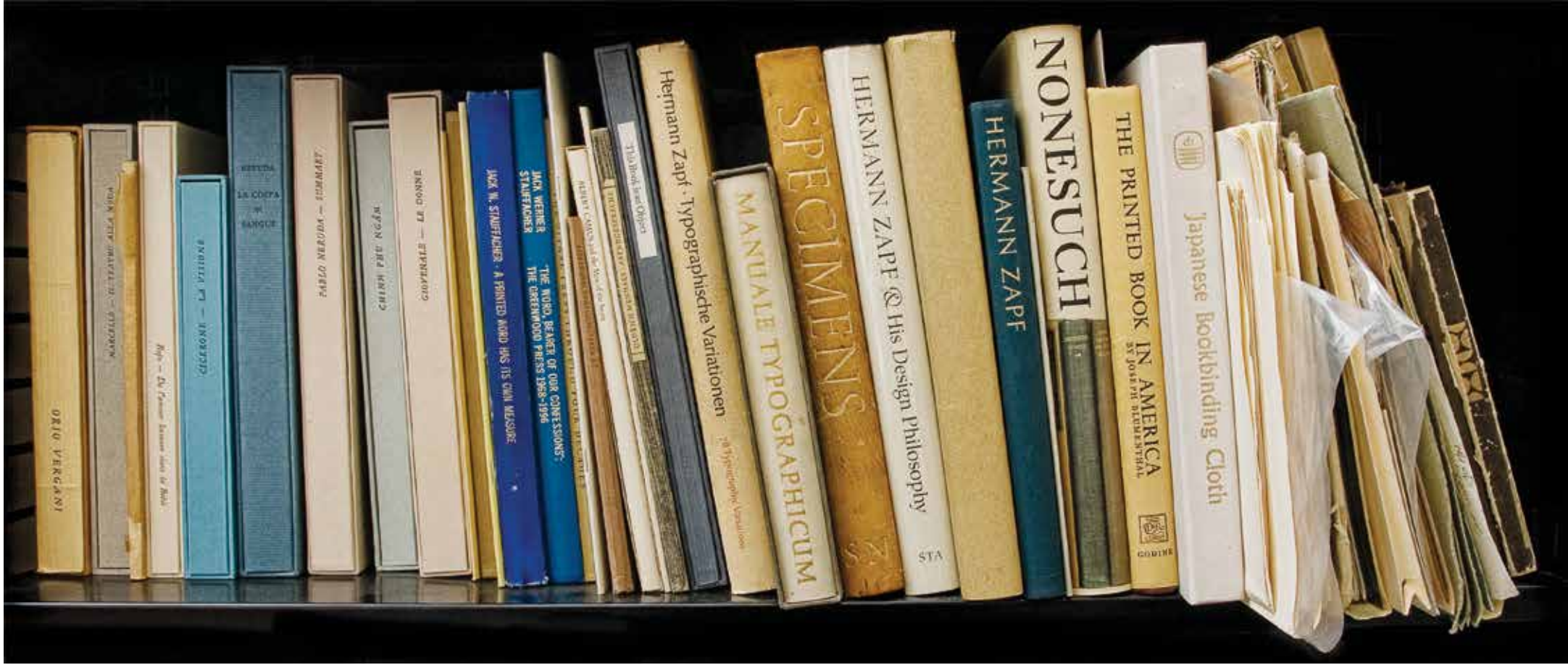
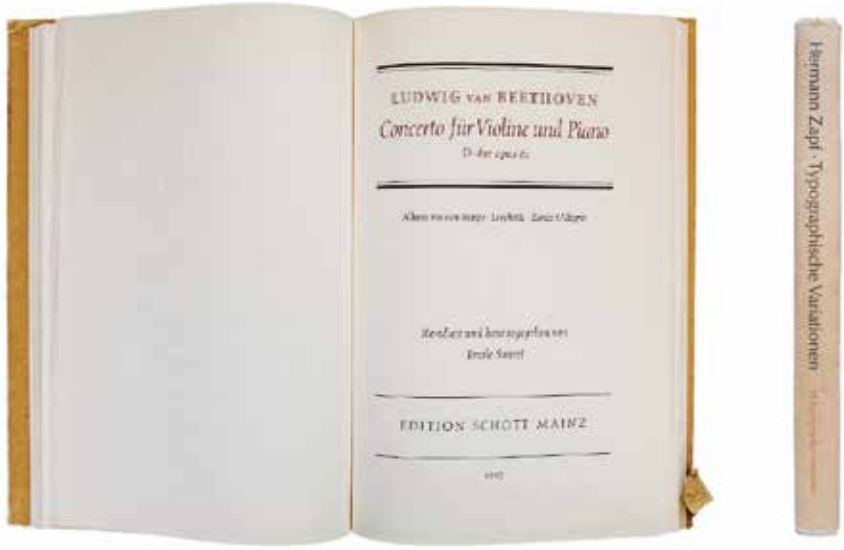
NICHOLAS
KIS
1650-1702













IRAN 2
A Short History and Cultural History
Caci

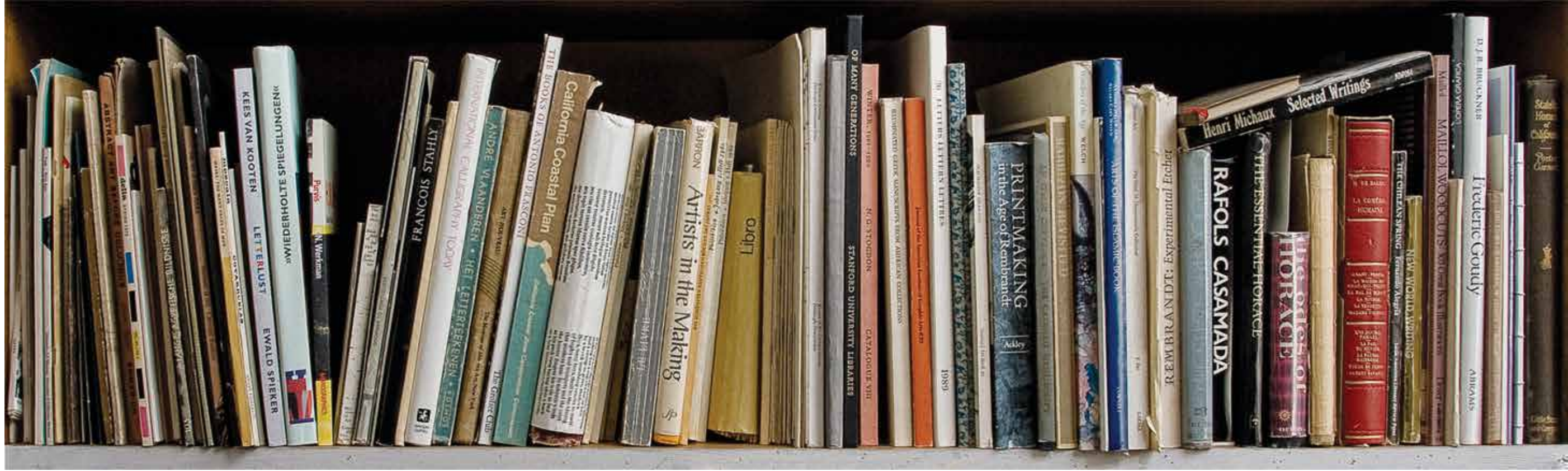


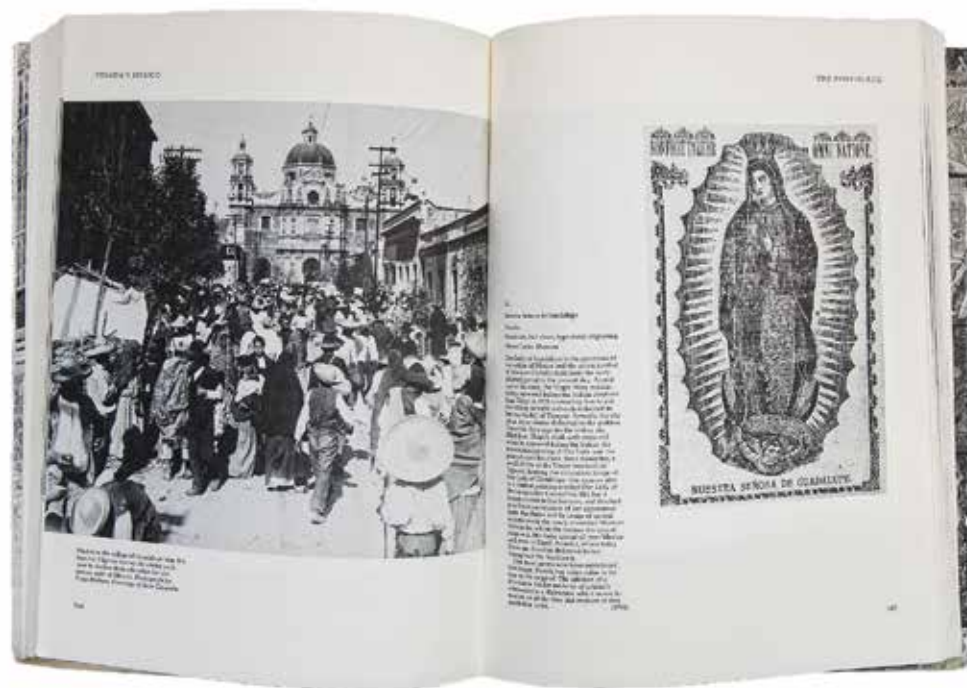


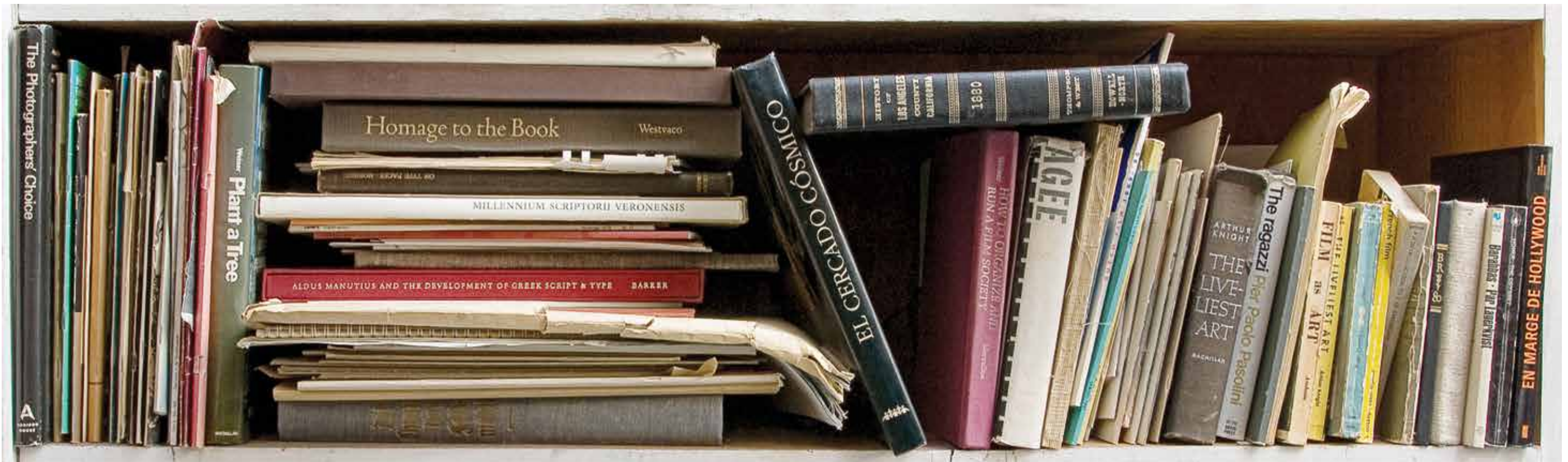
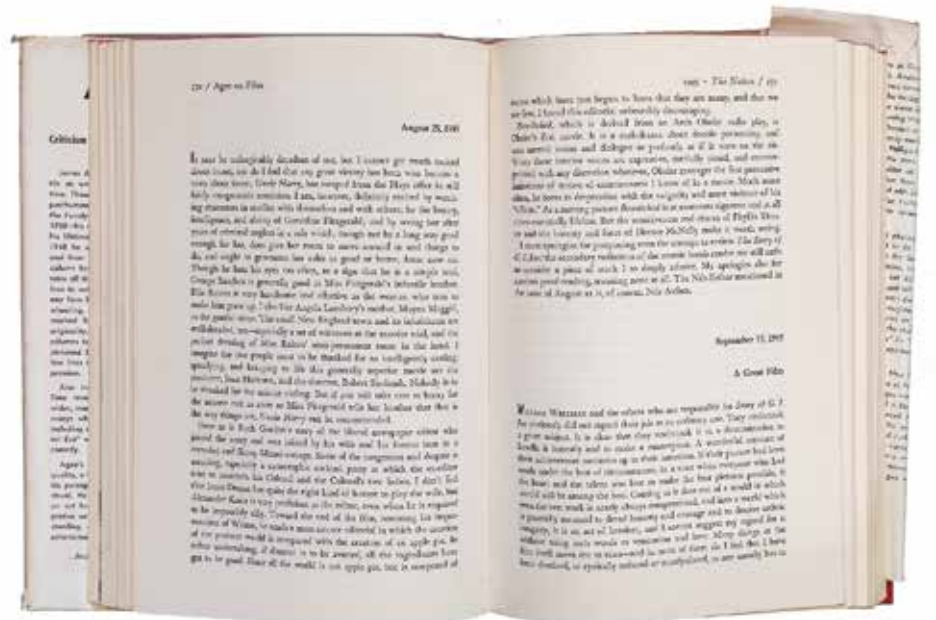


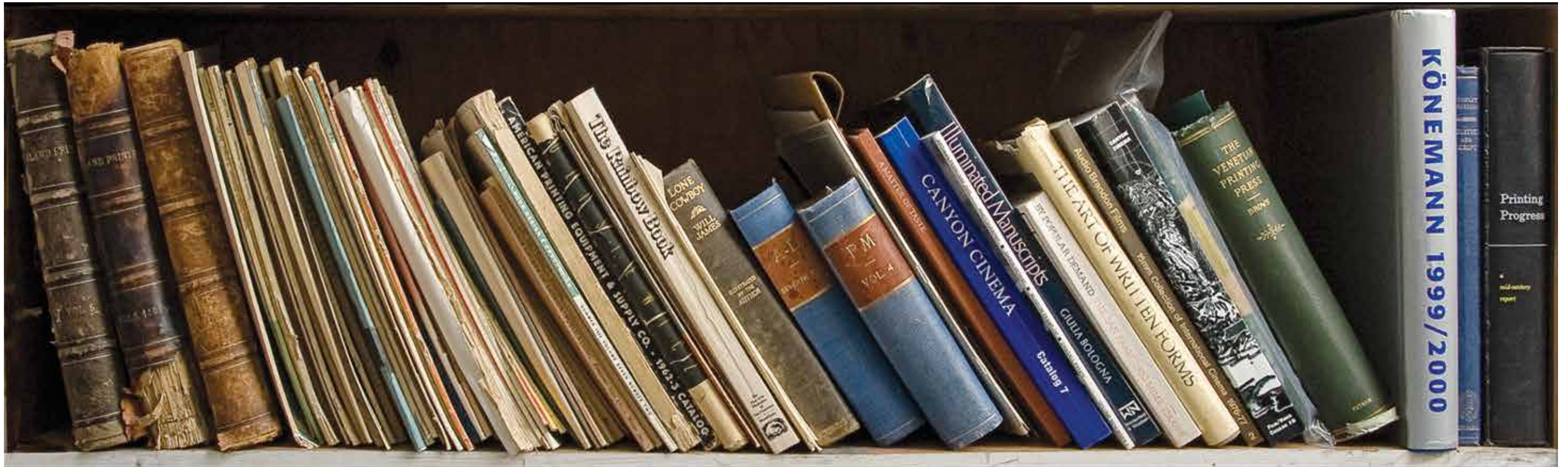


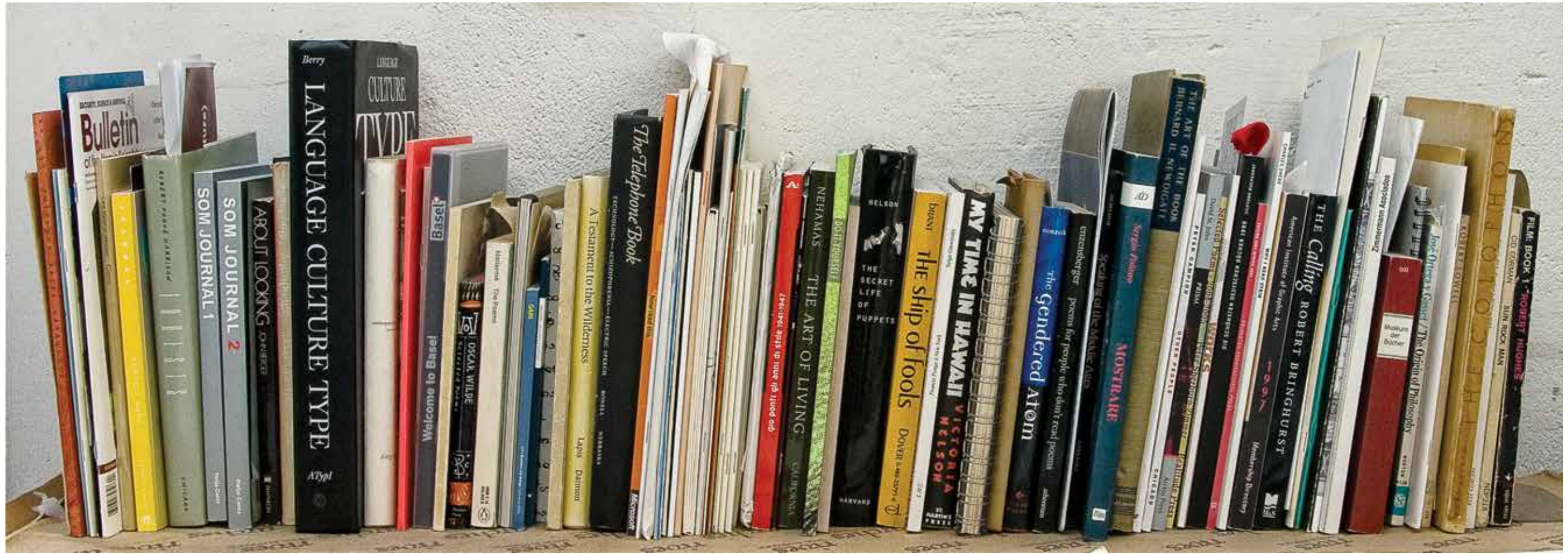
BARRON
Artists in the Making
S





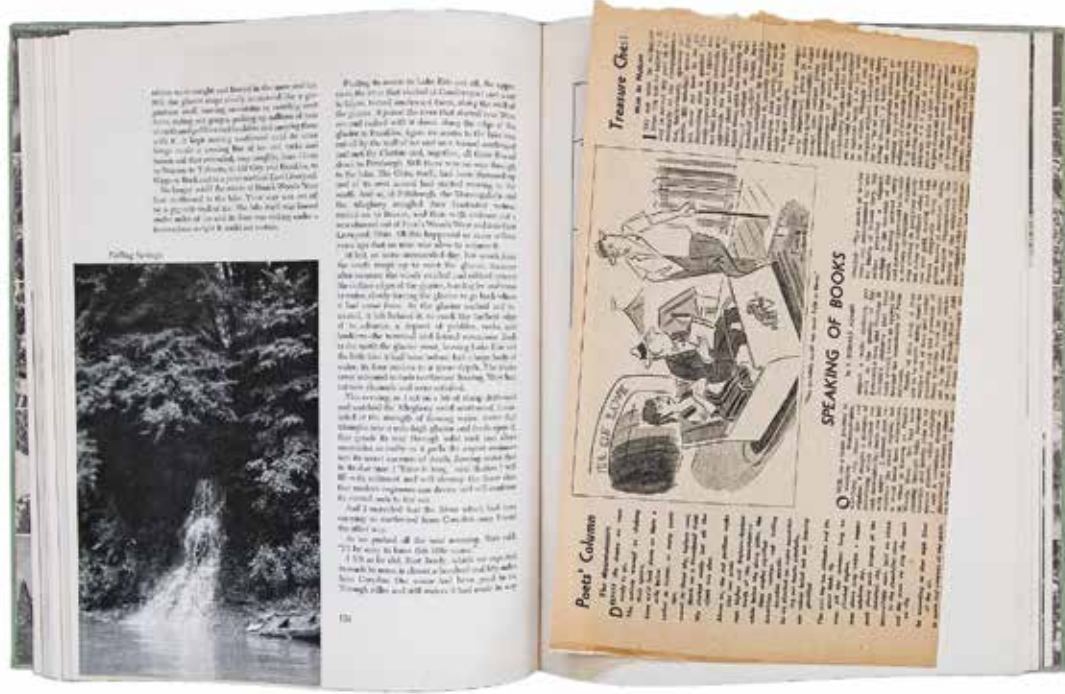






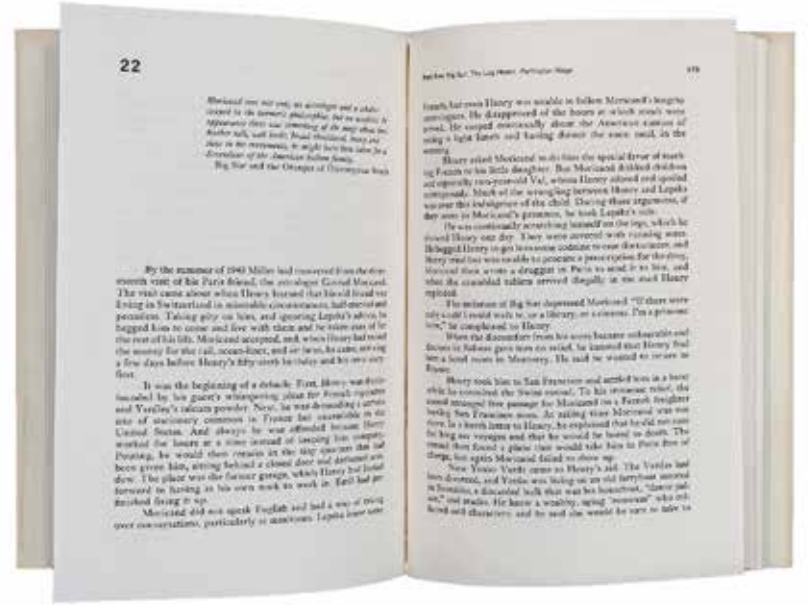


PENN'S WOODS WEST





Henry Miller: Full of Life
Autopsy of a Hero
MARTIN FRISCH



22

Miller was not only an atheist and a nihilist in the literary sense, but he was a nihilist in the real sense of the word. He was not only a nihilist in the sense of the word, but he was a nihilist in the sense of the word. He was not only a nihilist in the sense of the word, but he was a nihilist in the sense of the word.

By the summer of 1940 Miller had recovered from the shock of his father's death, the knowledge of his death. The wish came upon him that he would live and live in Switzerland in miserable circumstances, half-employed and penniless. Taking pity on him, and seeing Lepke's advice, he begged him to come and live with them and he remained in the rest of his life. Miller accepted, and when Henry had had the money for that fall, he came, and he was, he came, he came a few days before Henry's fifty-sixth birthday and he was very fit.

It was the beginning of a debacle. First, Henry was disturbed by his father's unexpected death for French papers and Verley's (aunt's) powder. Next, he was disturbed by the state of affairs common in France but, especially in the United States. And always he was allowed to remain there, worked the hours of a time instead of leaving his workshop. He would then remain in the city, and he would have been given him, sitting behind a closed door and distant and alone. The other was the father's group, which Henry had just done. Miller did not speak English and had a way of being over conversations, particularly in American. Lepke knew too.

Miller, Henry Miller was unable to follow Miller's tragic journey, the disappearance of the hours as a whole were not seen. He escaped miserably about the American situation of being a light heart and having done the work well, in the end.

Henry asked Miller to do him the special favor of making French to his little daughter. But Miller did not do so, and especially in the case of Val, whom Henry loved and spoiled immensely. Much of the wronging between Henry and Lepke was over the indulgence of the child. During those arguments, if the son in Miller's presence, he took Lepke's side.

It was continually something based on the top, which he thought Henry was doing. They were covered with nothing more. He begged Henry to get his own clothes to see the doctor, and Henry had to see to it to get a prescription for the thing, Miller had to write a druggist in Paris to send it to him, and when the assembled tables turned deeply in the end Henry replied.

The mission of his son depressed Miller. "If there were only a way to get to see a doctor, or a doctor, or a doctor, or a doctor," he complained to Henry. When the doctor from his own father's collection and Miller's father's own collection, he found that Henry had been a kind man in Monterey. He said he would be sure to see to it.

Henry took him to San Francisco and settled him in a hotel which he considered the best. To his own relief, the hotel was French. He was told that Miller was not there. In a letter to Henry, he explained that he had not seen the hotel and that he would be sure to see to it. He would then have a place for him to see to it. He would then have a place for him to see to it. He would then have a place for him to see to it.

New York's York came to Henry's aid. The hotel had been destroyed, and Miller was living in an old farmhouse in the city. Miller was living in an old farmhouse in the city. Miller was living in an old farmhouse in the city. Miller was living in an old farmhouse in the city.

23

Miller, Henry Miller was unable to follow Miller's tragic journey, the disappearance of the hours as a whole were not seen. He escaped miserably about the American situation of being a light heart and having done the work well, in the end.

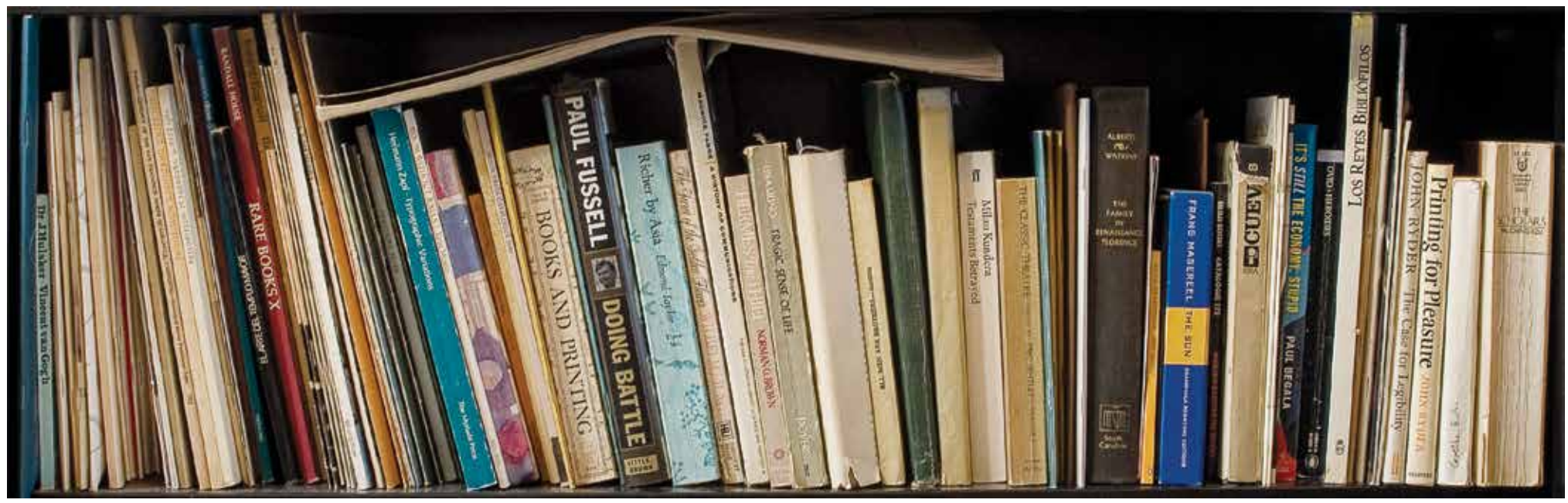
Henry asked Miller to do him the special favor of making French to his little daughter. But Miller did not do so, and especially in the case of Val, whom Henry loved and spoiled immensely. Much of the wronging between Henry and Lepke was over the indulgence of the child. During those arguments, if the son in Miller's presence, he took Lepke's side.

It was continually something based on the top, which he thought Henry was doing. They were covered with nothing more. He begged Henry to get his own clothes to see the doctor, and Henry had to see to it to get a prescription for the thing, Miller had to write a druggist in Paris to send it to him, and when the assembled tables turned deeply in the end Henry replied.

The mission of his son depressed Miller. "If there were only a way to get to see a doctor, or a doctor, or a doctor, or a doctor," he complained to Henry. When the doctor from his own father's collection and Miller's father's own collection, he found that Henry had been a kind man in Monterey. He said he would be sure to see to it.

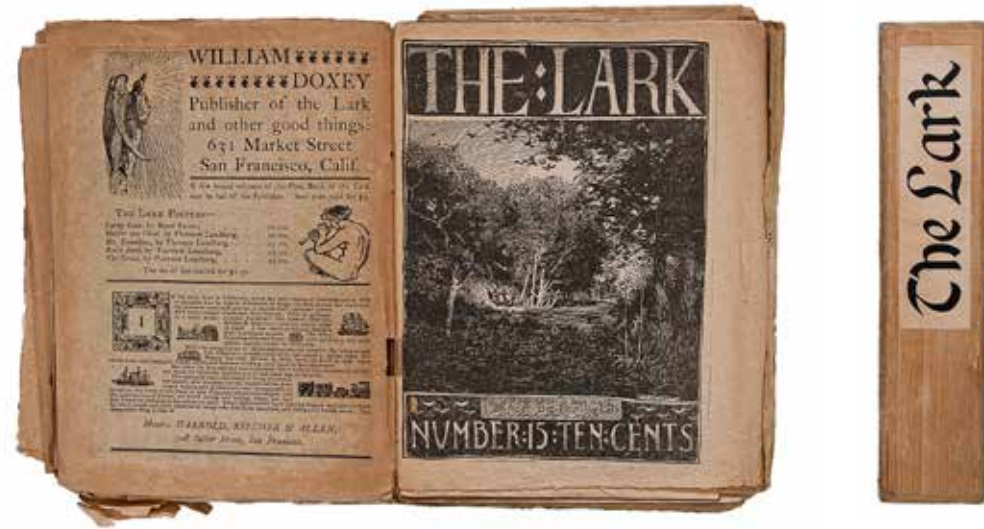


PAUL FUSSELL
DOING BATTLE



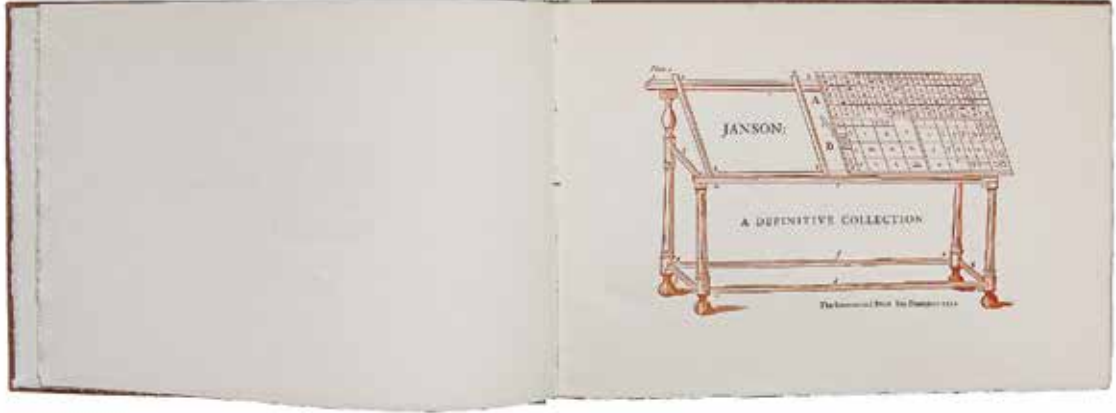
Charles Anderson
Boston Athenaeum Library
EXPLORE THE
BANCROFT LIBRARY
The Bancroft Library
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



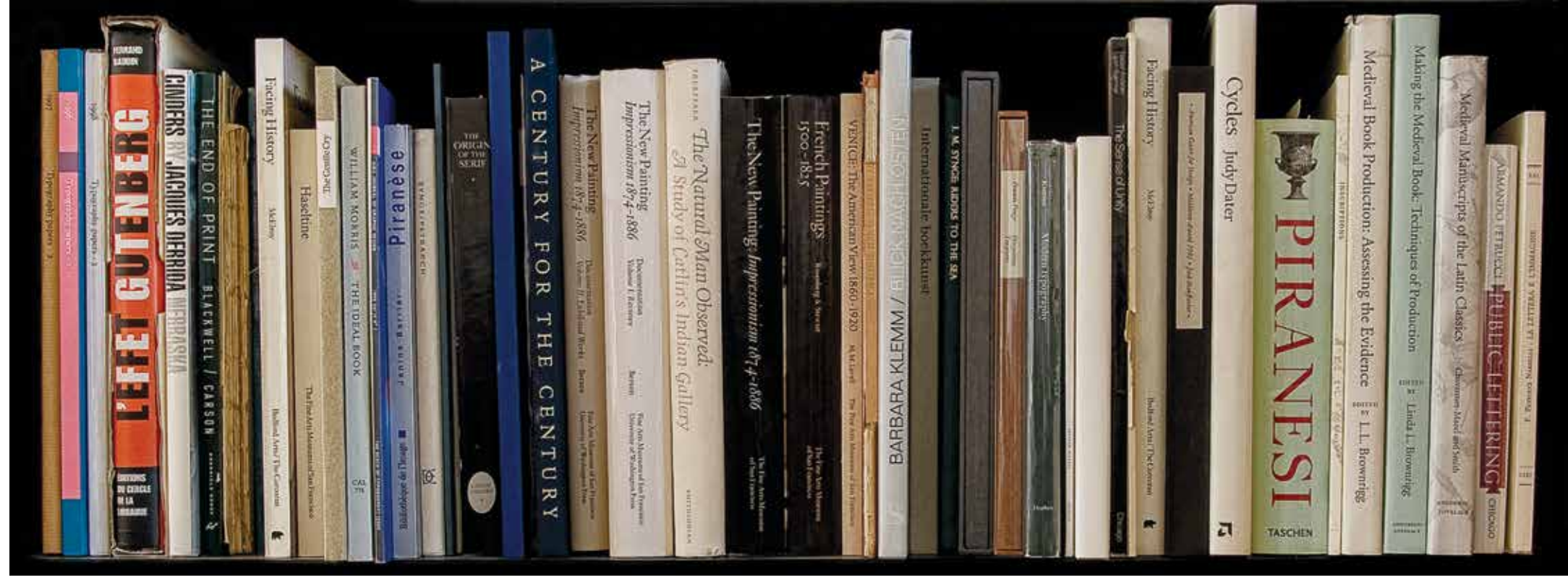




JANSON: A Definitive Collection

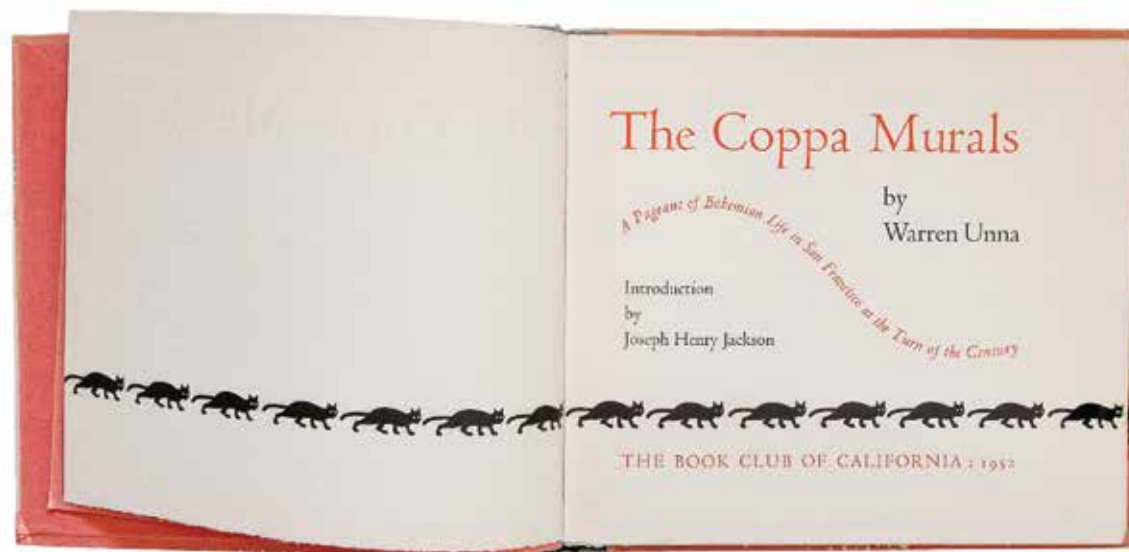


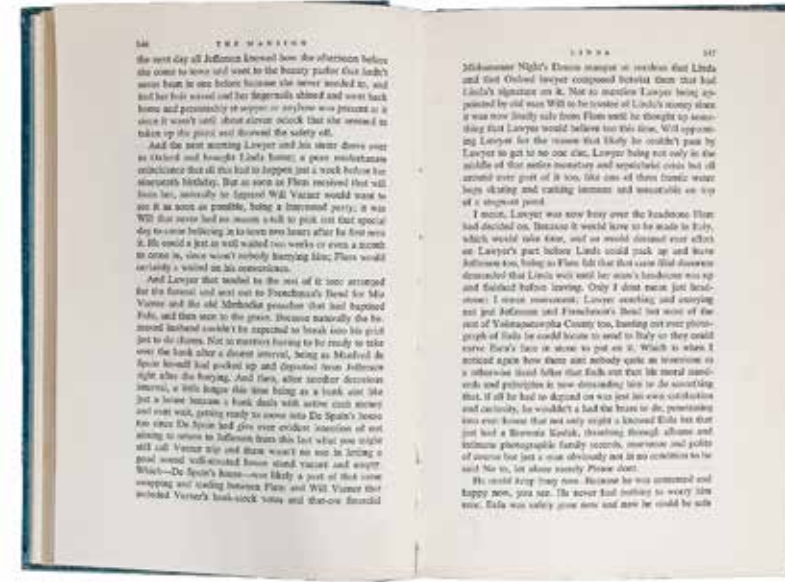


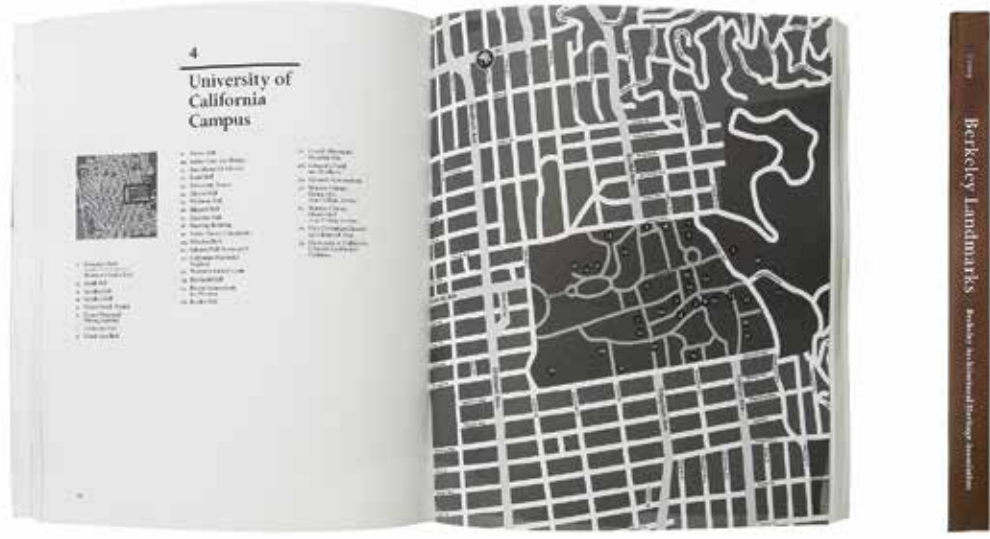


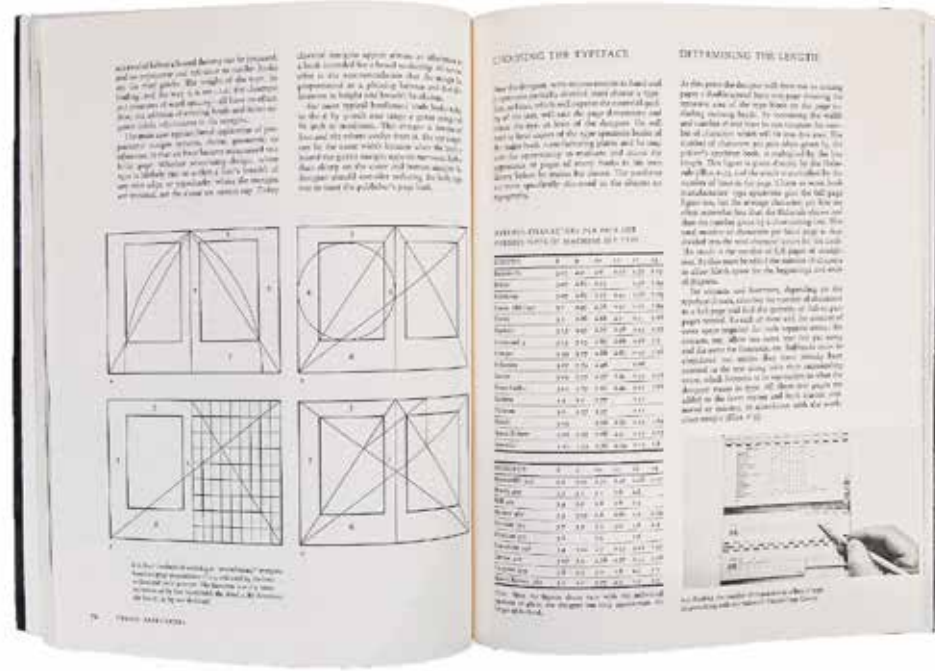
Piranese





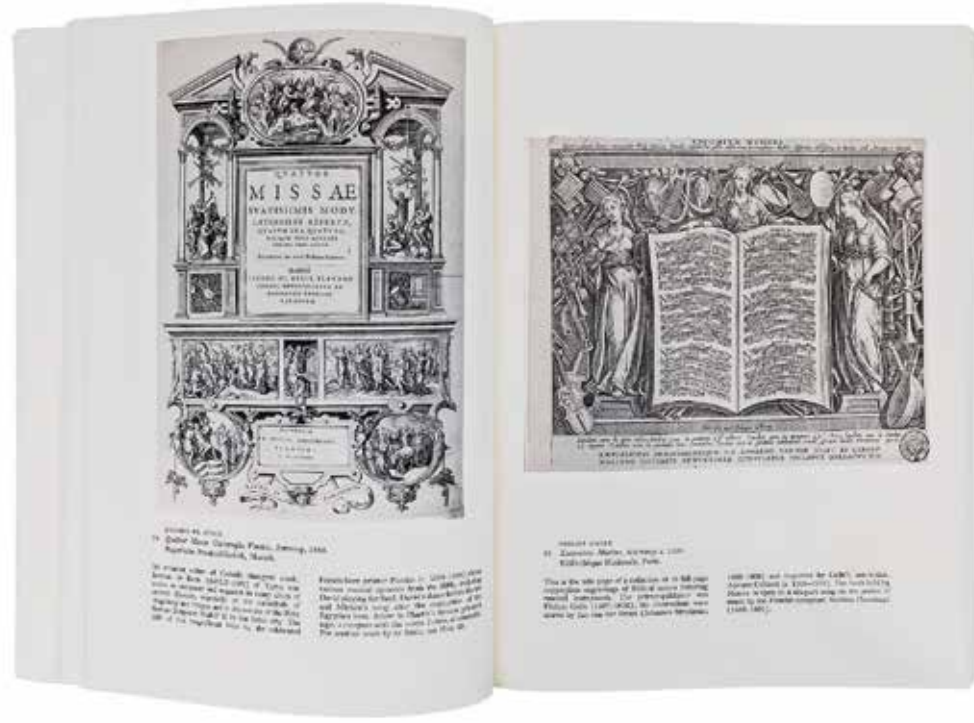






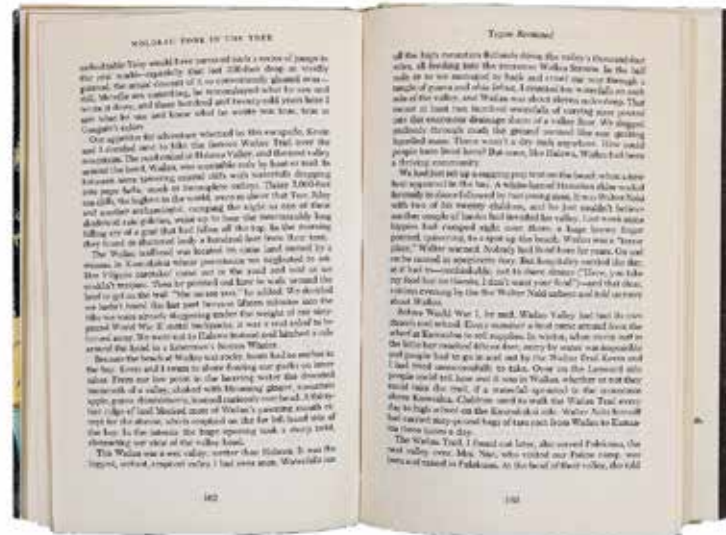
HORTON WATSON - STUDIOS TO NOW IN TIME





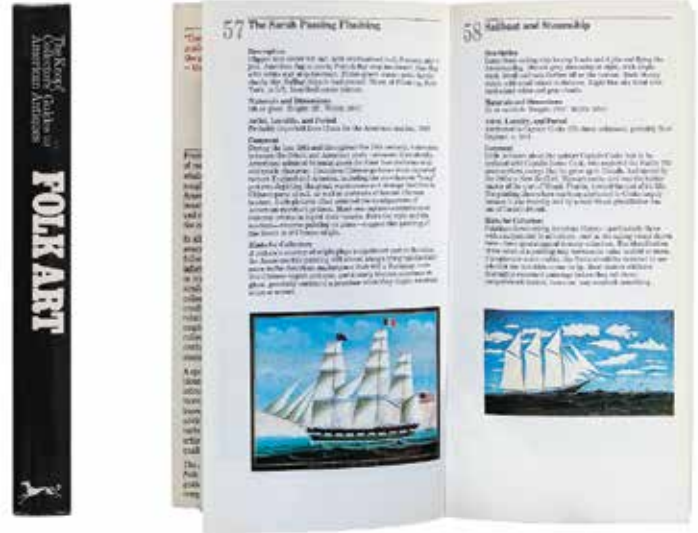
Frankel • DECORATIVE MUSIC TITLE PAGES • Dover

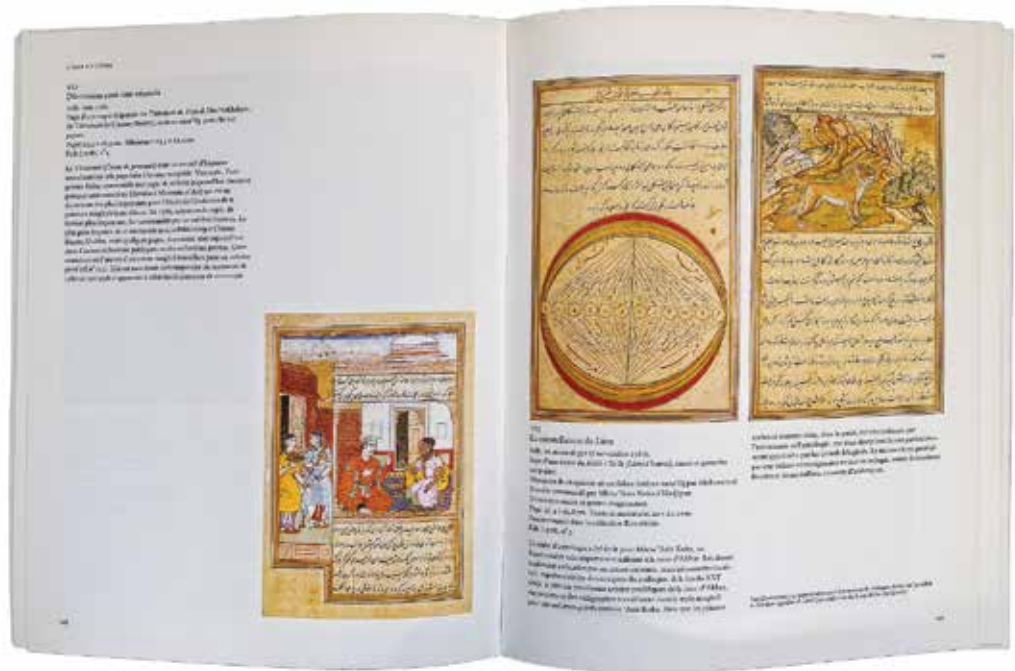


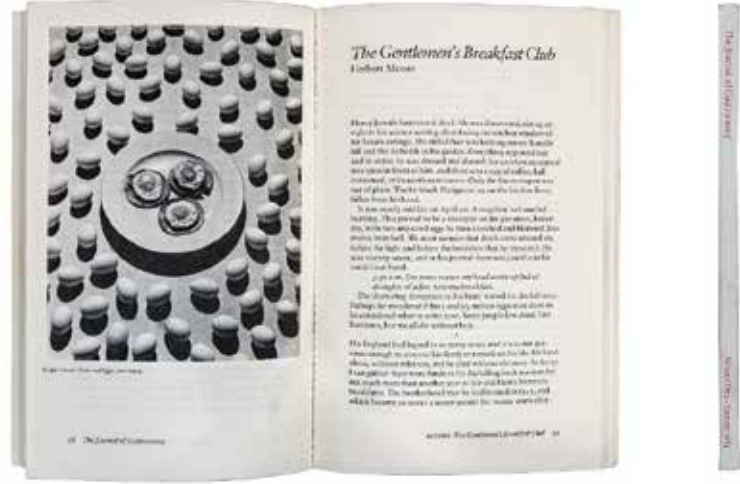


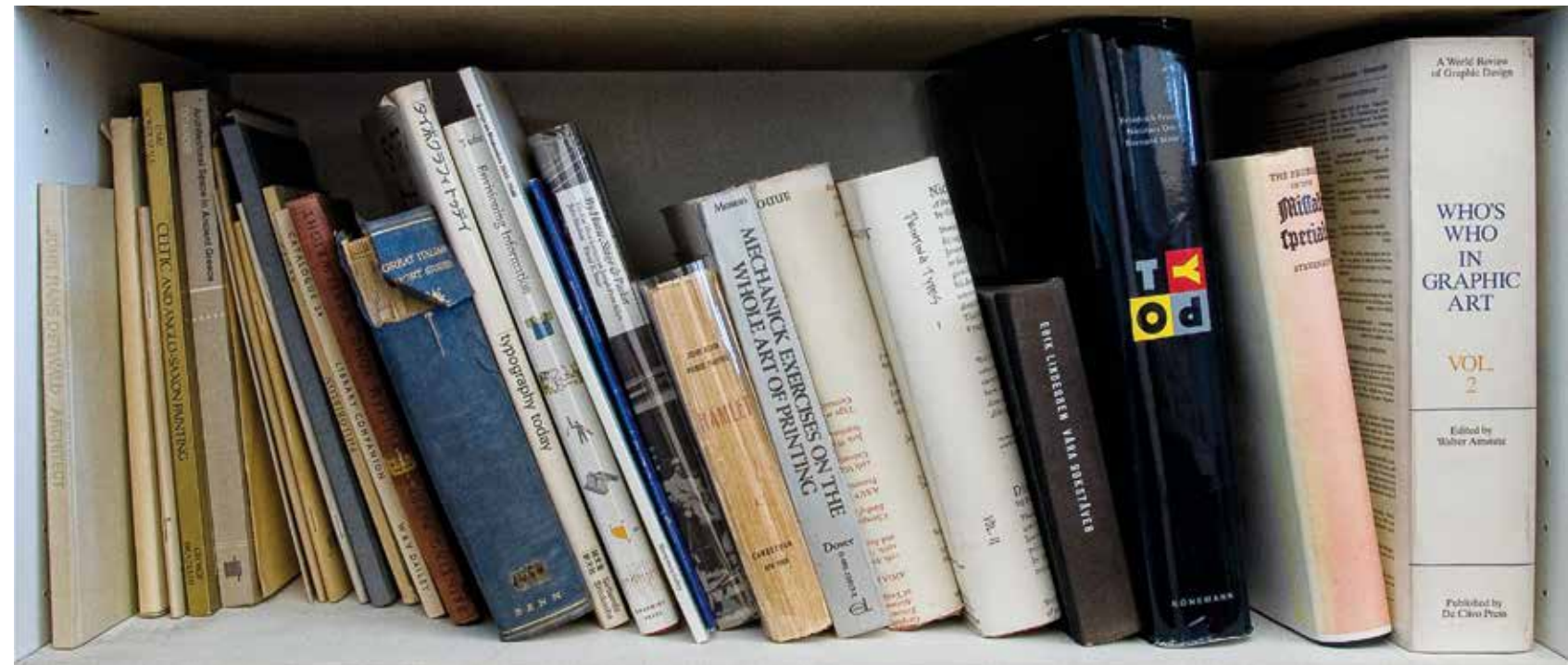
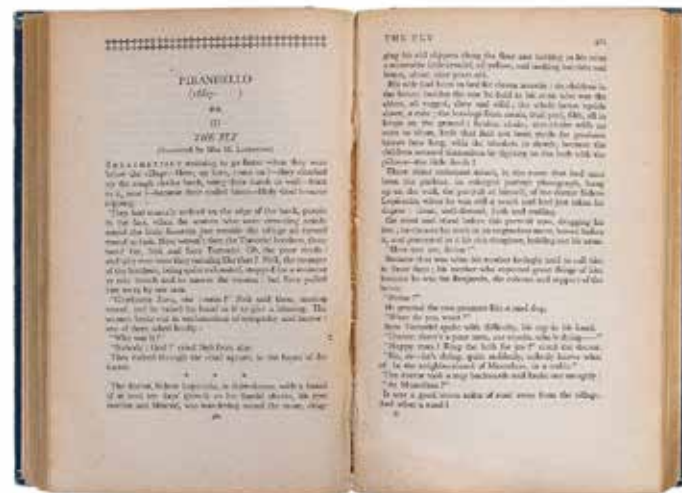
MY TIME IN HAWAII VICTORIA NELSON

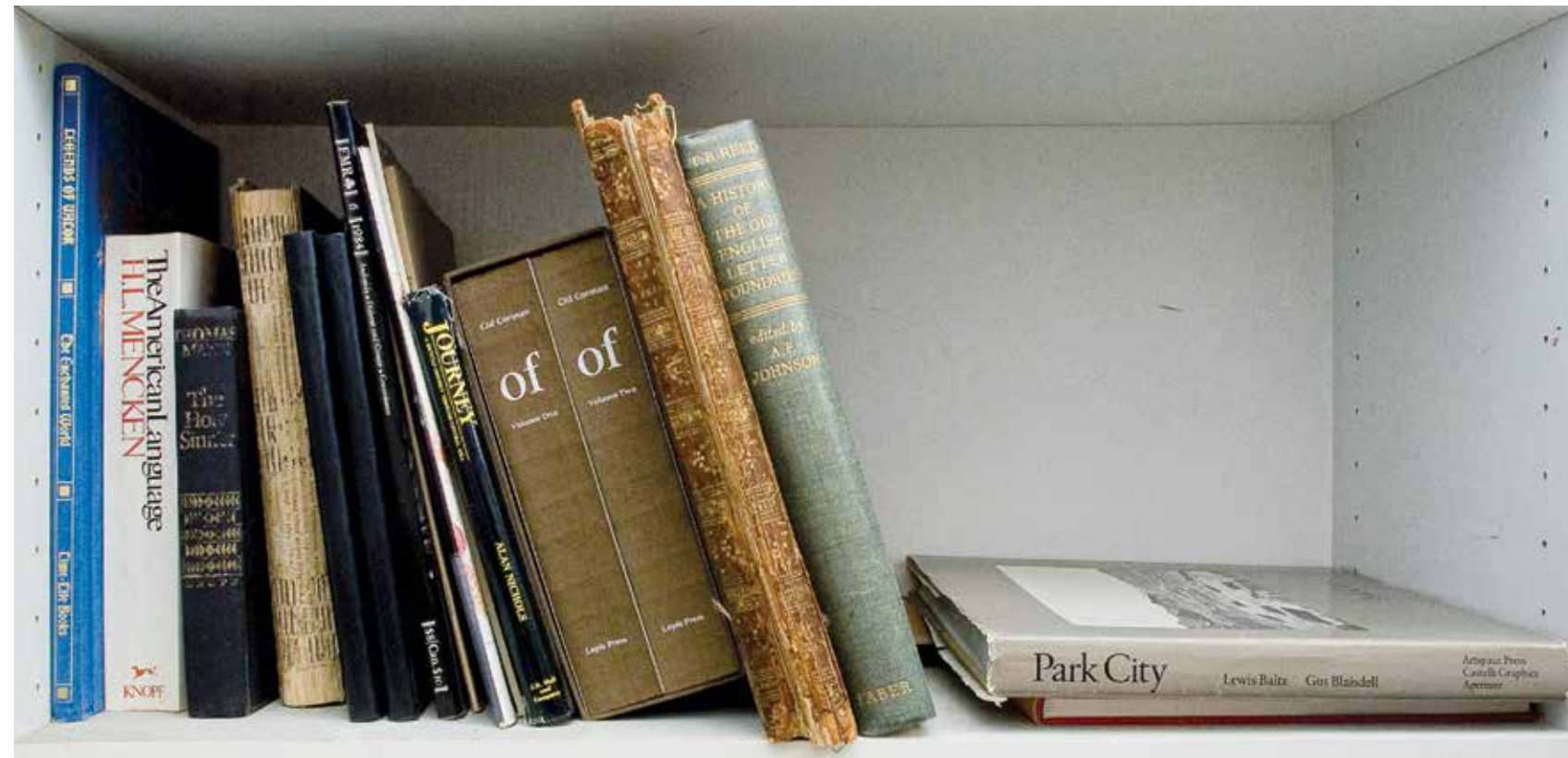
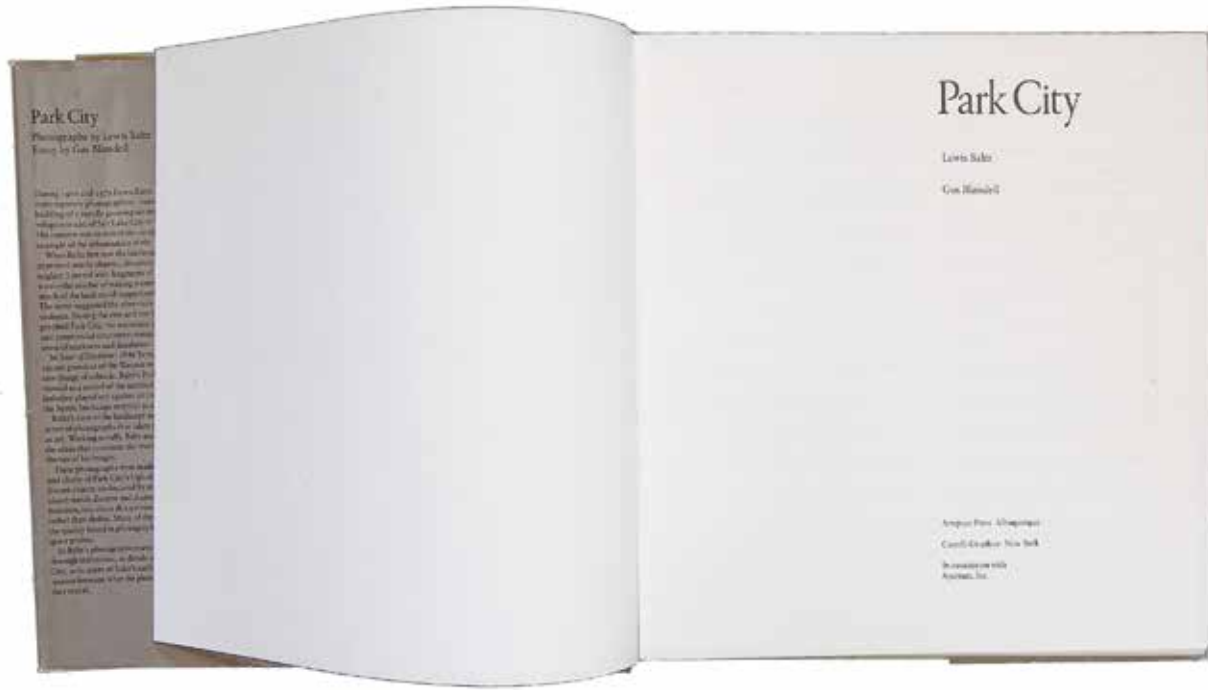


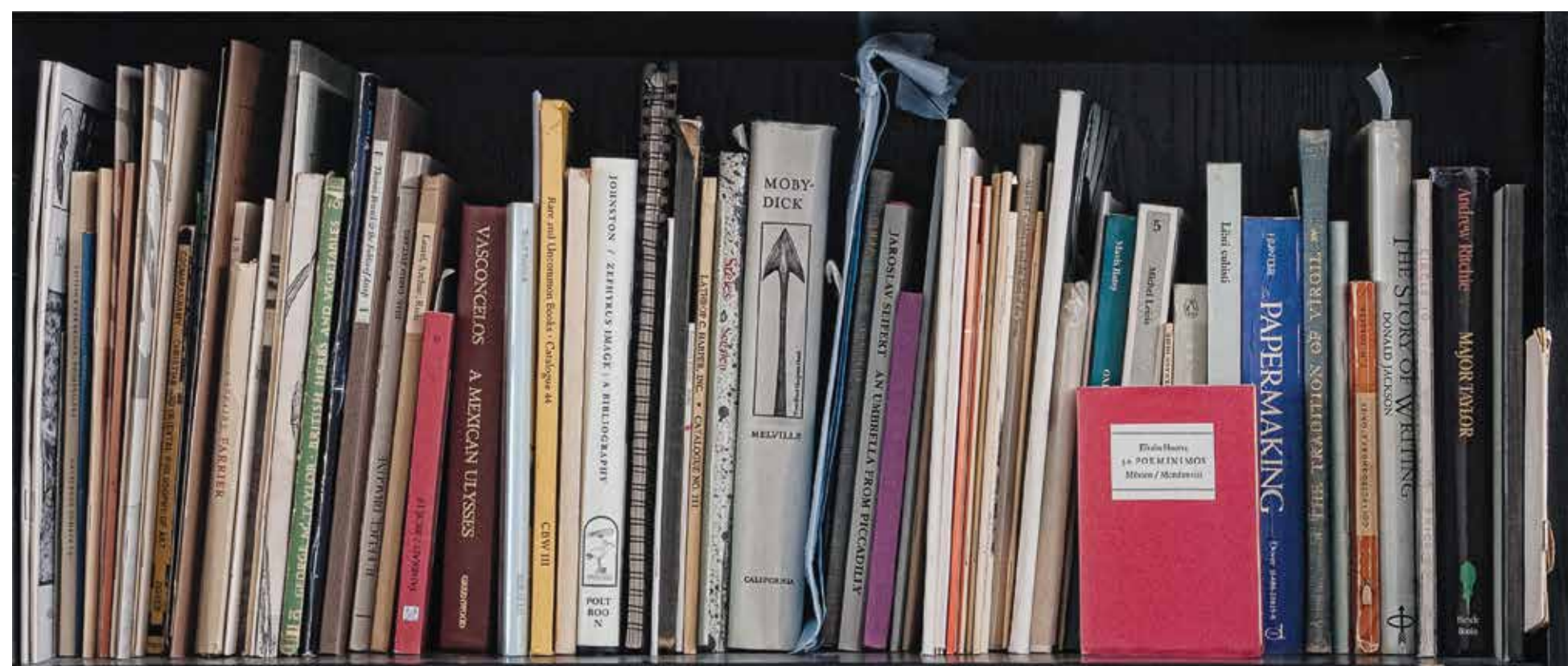




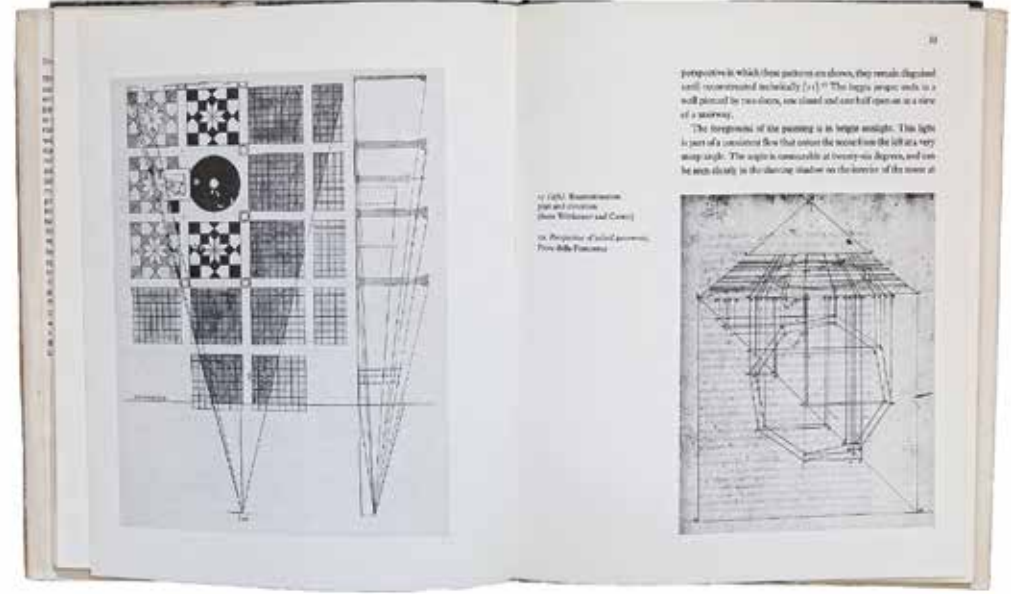


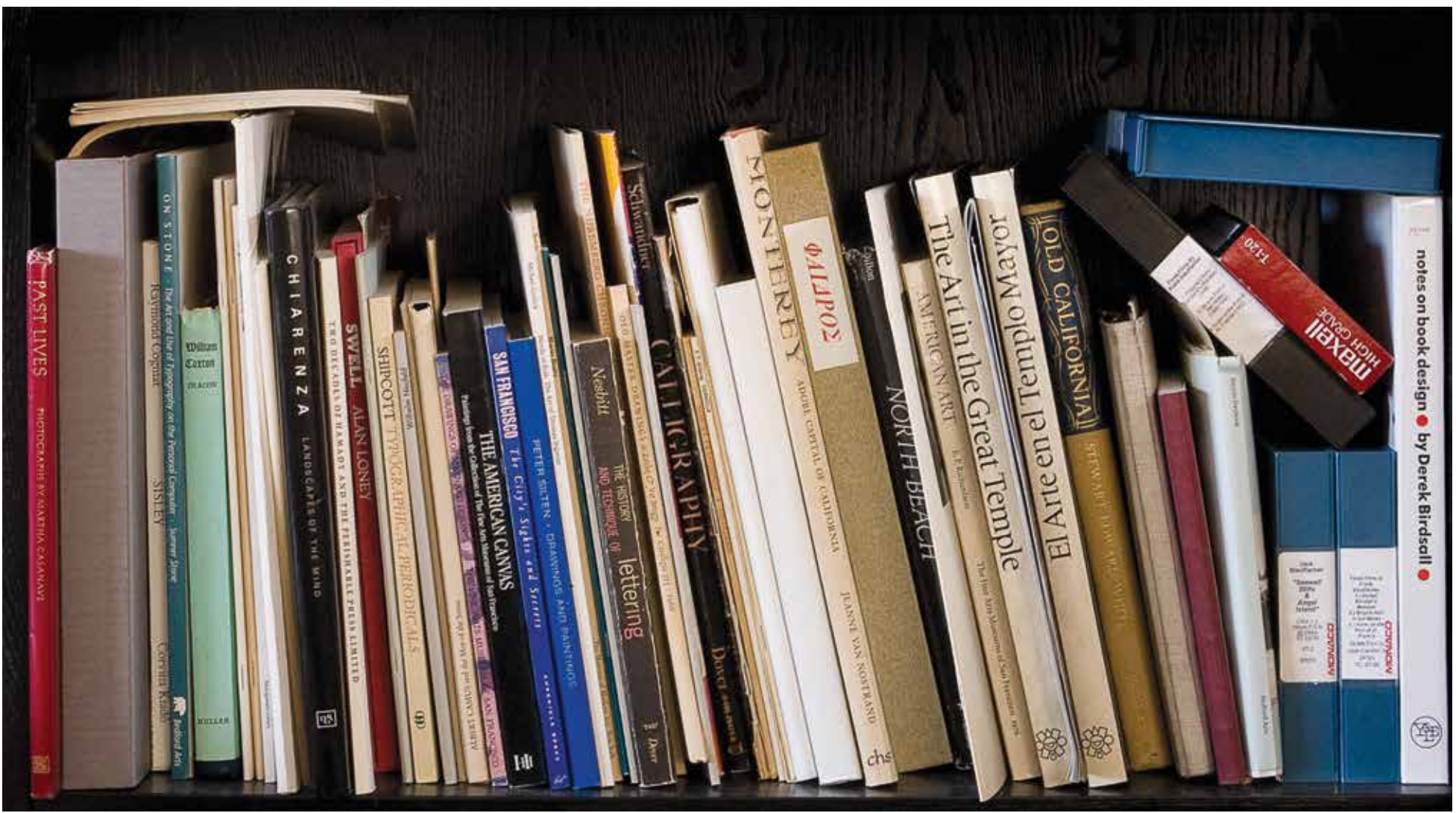
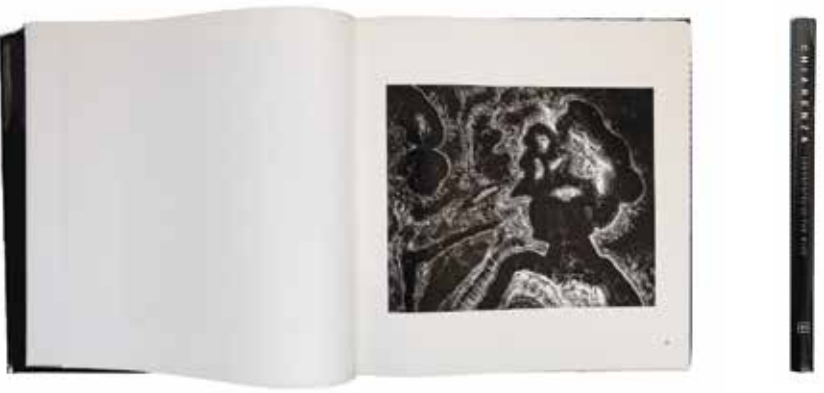






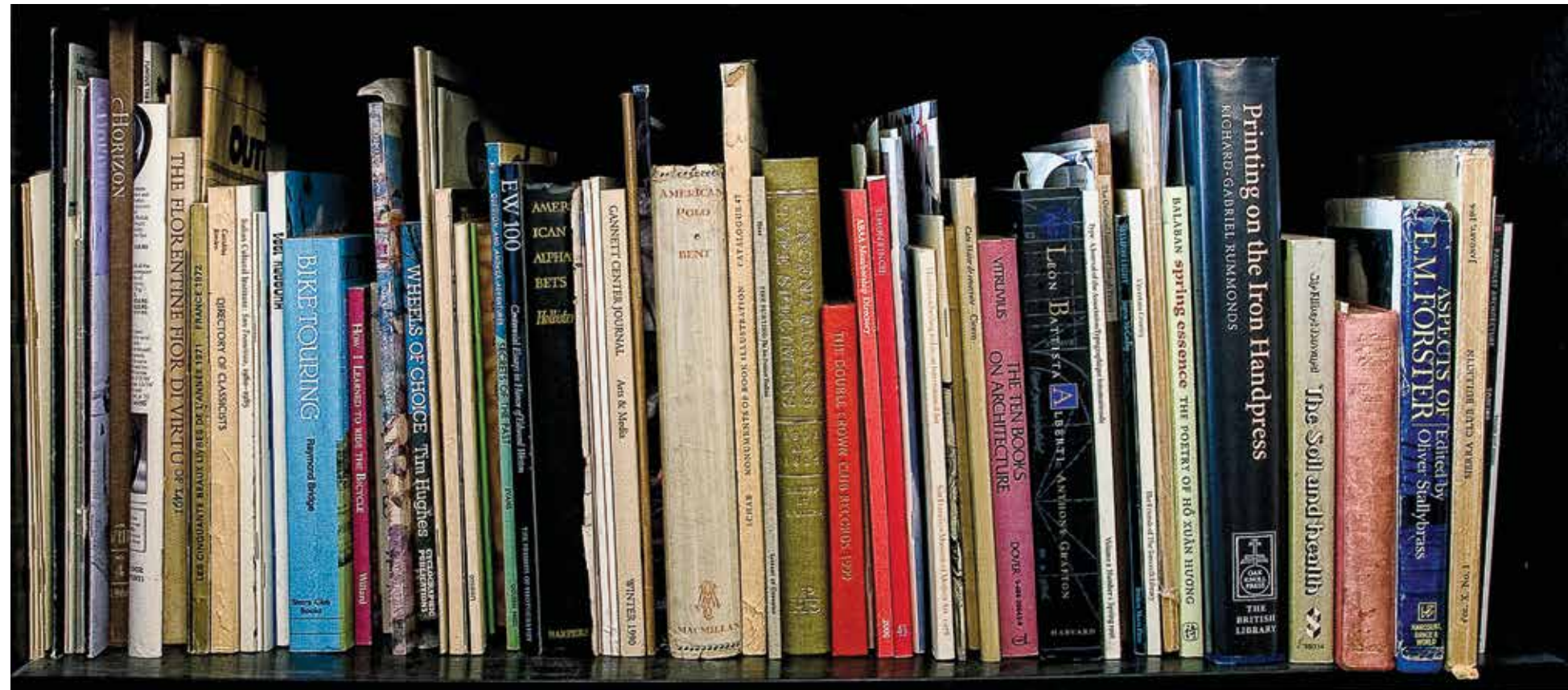
Mauryn Azevedo Lavín
Piero della Francesca: The Flagellation







THE FLORENTINE FIOR DI VIRTU' (ca. 1491)





1991

It not just a personal thing, but a library that my students and my friends have enjoyed. The word personal gets too personal. I've shared so many of these books with students, friends, the people I work with, be it on the history of printing, on food, photography, the whole world of humanities.

There is another element that I have somewhere in my book, *A typographic journey*, where I talk about the library and how loyal the books are, waiting to be used again. They are patiently waiting not just for my hand, but for your hand, for all of our hands. To draw from, not that word inspiration, but to learn from. The books are quietly there. They are waiting again to be looked at.

Jack W. Stauffacher, 2014

Culture is linked to the Book.

The book as repository and receptacle of knowledge is identified with knowledge. The book is not only the book that sits in libraries — that labyrinth in which all combinations of forms, words and letters are rolled up in volumes. The book is the Book. Still to be read, still to be

written, always already written, always already paralyzed by reading, the book constitutes the conditions for every possibility of reading and writing.

*Maurice Blanchot, *The Absence of the Book**

*Jack W. Stauffacher The Greenwood Press
300 Broadway San Francisco California 94133
415.989.5169 thegreenwoodpress@earthlink.net*

Handset in Nicholas Kis types, 1685

Business card of jws



William Henry Fox Talbot, 1843 – 44

Many of photography's ongoing themes were first explored by the inventors of the medium. One such enduring theme has to do with books. William Henry Fox Talbot produced at least five images of books; the one reproduced here, *A Scene in a Library*, 1843 – 44, is a salted paper print from a waxed paper negative $5 \frac{1}{4} \times 7 \frac{1}{16}$ (13.3 x 18 cm). Appropriately enough, Talbot's image of books appeared in his own book, *The Pencil of Nature*, published in six fascicles between 1844 – 1846. In February 1844 the publisher Longmans proclaimed this to be "the first work ever published with photographic plates, that is to say, plates or pictures executed by Light alone, and not requiring for their formation any knowledge of drawing in Operation."

Talbot was a man of exceptional talent and broad interests, and the books depicted were among his favourites, some incorporating his own scholarship. But his photograph does not show his library; to make this image with early, slow photographic materials, Talbot took the books outside to exploit the full actinic effect of sunlight.

One of the most beautiful private libraries to which I have had an intimate access is that at the Greenwood Press, the printing home of Jack W. Stauffacher; I was pulled by such antecedents as Talbot to photograph its shelves.

Founded in San Mateo in 1934, the Greenwood is now located at 300 Broadway in San Francisco. Jack commutes daily by ferry, to his type cases, his Vandercook and Gietz presses, and his beloved library. He had always had books concerning typography, reading, legibility, and design, but the library shown here began to take shape when he returned to San Francisco from Stanford in 1966. The shelf sizes are not uniform: the widest shelves, built for Jack by an architect friend, measure $46 \frac{1}{2}$ inches, while the narrowest are $28 \frac{1}{2}$ inches; all of the images here are reproduced relative to scale, with the exception of some of the opened books.

There are seemingly no frivolous books in The Greenwood Press library. The shelves hold many books that Jack has designed from every period of his career, many that were made by friends – artists, designers, scientists, writers. There are books of literature, philosophy, art history,

polo, California history, all things Italian, Hungarian, American Indian, volumes of Vico, Nicholas Kis, Nietzsche, Plato, Virilio, alongside splendid examples on cinema, photography, and graphic arts.

Jack considers his composing stick in his knowing hand to be the soul of the press, which is for him a sanctuary of moveable type. The co-location of library and press lends to the particular nature of each.

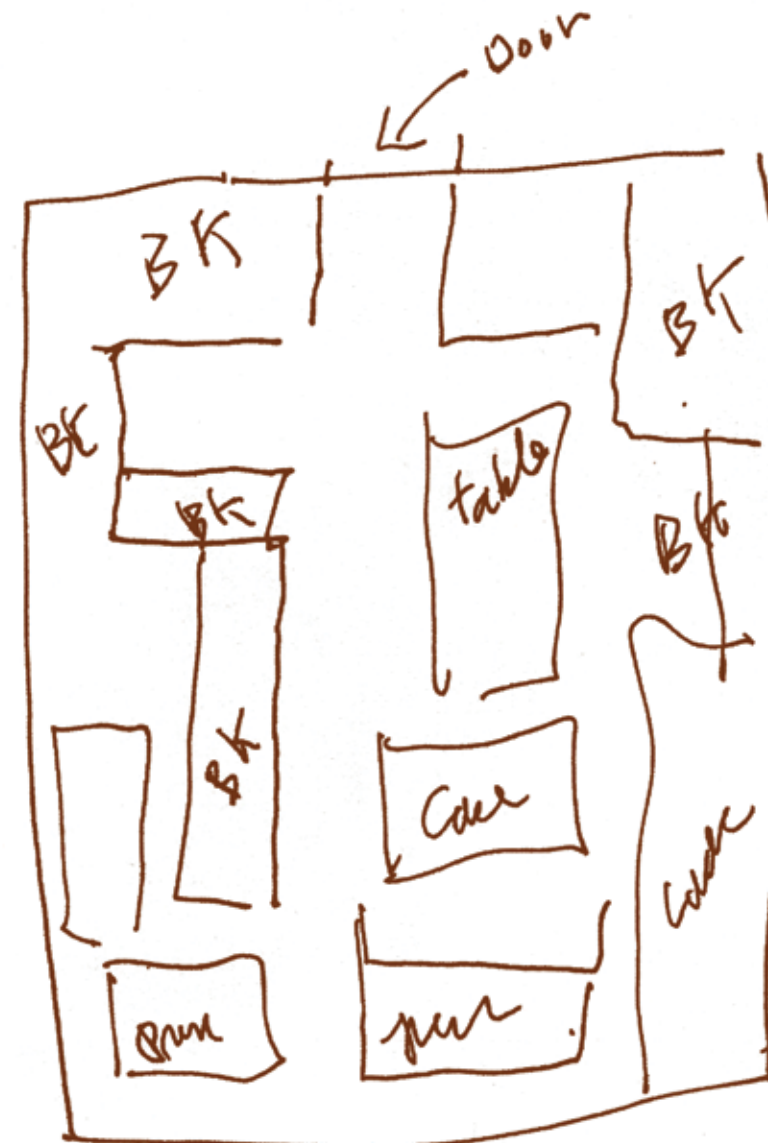
My collaborations with Jack began in 1988 during the creation of *This Book is an Object* (The Greenwood Press, 1989). In realizing that book over many months, through Friday work meetings at the Greenwood, his hundreds of books served us as touchstone, reference and inspiration, lending a rich resonance to our pursuit of bookmaking.

Do photographs of books fetishize them? With the plethora of articles and books about books, even as interior design elements, ultimately one could make contact paper with these images for the over-reaching analphabet. But my photographs do not show books as décor. The books in Jack's library are as read and treasured as were Talbot's. A visit to The Greenwood Press always centers on the consideration of a particular book or books, set out for inspection on Jack's broad wooden desk. The focus might be on the design of a book or an examination of different editions of the same text, but most often Jack discusses a particular idea generated from reading or even, at times, an unintended misreading, of a writer.

I took the photographs of the complete shelves in 2006 and the spines and opened books in 2014. In the intervening years, almost all of the books moved to other places with the exception of a shelf devoted to Goethe. The sun has had its influence, bleaching some spines, darkening others. Some books are now in the archives of the Bancroft Library, but most have migrated onto other shelves at the Greenwood Press. Jack's shelves are a living library, and Jack's life has been, quite literally, a life lived in and amongst books.

Dennis Letbetter

Floor plan of the Greenwood Press
300 Broadway, Suite 35



Samson Jr.

i mag no. 3
Dennis Letbetter

i monogram created for *eyemag.org*
by Michael Harvey © 2010
Jack W. Stauffacher © 2014
Set in Nicholas Kis types digitized
by Hildegard Korger
and redesigned by Erhard Kaiser.
Designed by Dennis Letbetter
Published by *eyemag.org* in July 2014

Acknowledgements: Jim Faris, Nazila Ghazi,
Shelley Hoyt, Hope Kingsley, Jack W. Stauffacher,
Rachel Stewart, Solomon Rino.

eyemag.org
1256 Masonic Avenue
San Francisco California 94117-2917
www.eyemag.org
dennis@eyemag.org

eyemag.org ® 2014
Dennis Letbetter © 2014



“The only exact knowledge there is,” said
Anatole France, “is the knowledge of the date of
publication and the format of books.”

Walter Benjamin

