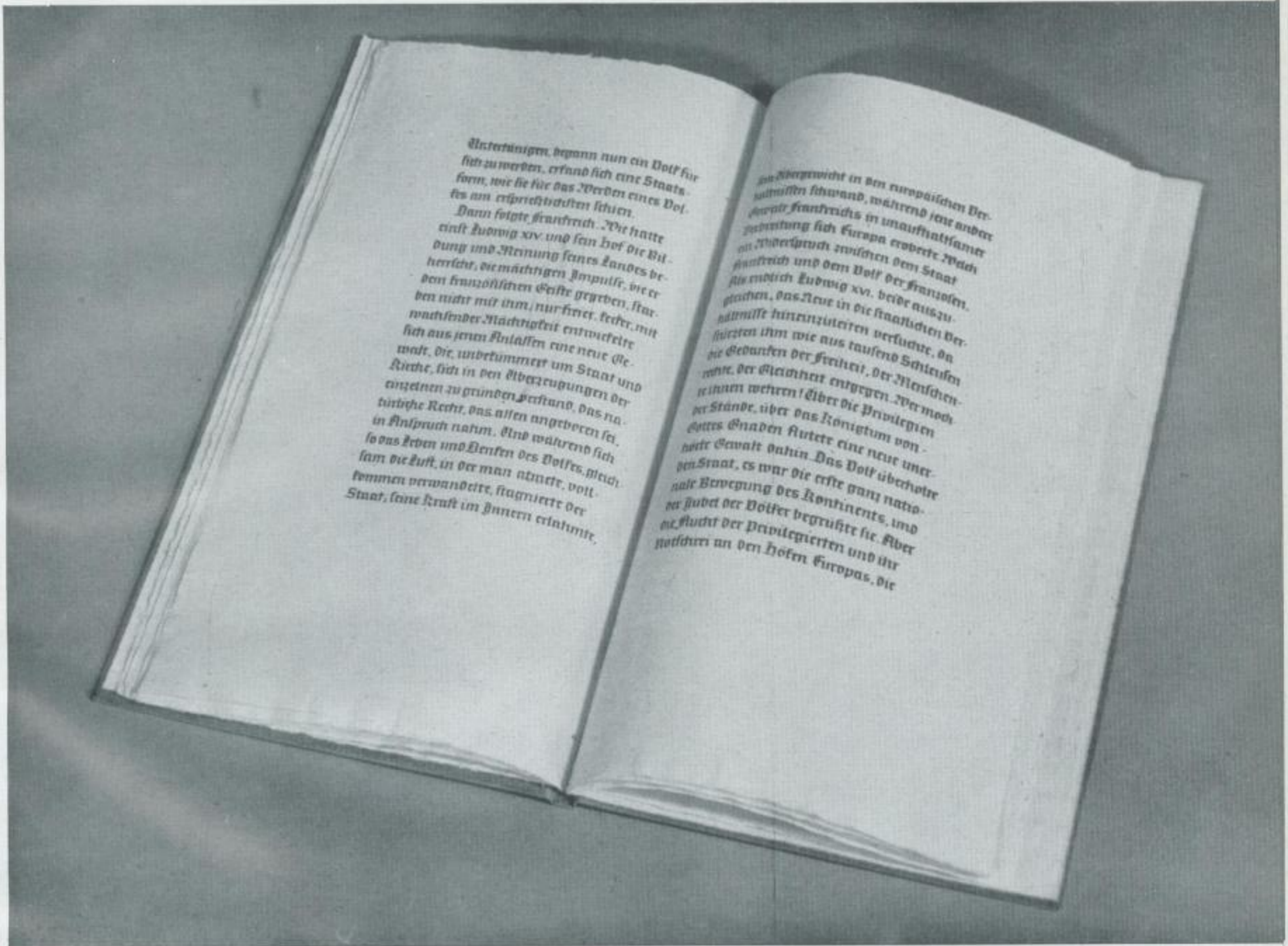


Two hand-written books

At first one is perhaps startled that handwritten books should be made in our times. Then one is pleased. The more progressive and matter-of-course the work of the machine becomes, the stronger is the effect of a handicraft that was being fast forgotten. But the value of a handwritten book is not that of a curio. It is true that its very rarity demands a more attentive scrutiny; one only arrives at a personal estimate gradually and by the devious ways of memory and renewed discovery. Last not least the handwritten book is a personal achievement.

If we retrace the development of our varied modern print we arrive at a type



SPEMANN

of handwriting, for the culture of which our eye, generally speaking, no longer seems a fit criterion. Whoever regards written characters merely as a convenient means of passing on thoughts or news, and after the development or rather standstill of our powers of expression in script, sees no more than that, will be amazed at the wealth of possibilities for expression that lie in the handwriting of a trained and versatile penman with a sense of form! The fraternity at least have an idea of the beauty that lies in expressive print; the conception of the beauty in handwriting is confused and dulled even in those who have once learned to write.

In Spemann, striking specimens of whose writing are here reproduced, a penman presents himself whose penwork is adapted to the text in the most astonishing degree. In this exquisite finish and purity of style which is evident to the very last letter, in this clarity and vigour is far more than mere accuracy of workmanship—to use the word “workmanship” in its accepted and regrettably all too limited sense. One becomes a penman out of a love for words, but to be a good