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460 Bryant Street
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WORKING TOGETHER: COLLABORATION IN THE BOOK ARTS

Different styles of book art collaboration are explored through fifteen vignettes of the author's work with various contemporary artists including Robert Motherwell, Jasper Johns, John Baldessari and Jim Dine as well as the architect Robert Graves and photographers Michael Kenna and Lou Stoumen. These vignettes are anchored by an introductory description of collaboration at the Arion Press and the fact that the author was a given in each creative, interpersonal encounter.

Andrew Hoyem, publisher, typographic designer and fine printer, is president of Lyra Corporation and its two divisions, Arion Press and M & H Type, in San Francisco. Arion's productions have included a series of *livres d'artistes*, original publications such as *Grayson's Birds of the Pacific Slope* and *Le Désert de Retz*, and a large quarto edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses* with forty etchings by Robert Motherwell. Hoyem's drawings have been exhibited at the Legion of Honor Museum in San Francisco and he is the author of five books of poetry.

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From the beginning of printing from movable type in the mid-fifteenth century, the making of books has been a group effort. (Even before that, scribes and illuminators teamed up, and labors were divided.) The movement at the end of the nineteenth century known as the "revival" of fine printing was coupled with socialist ideals, however much the personal wealth and strong personalities of the founders of the presses may have been responsible for the survival of those enterprises and for the remarkable volumes that issued forth in the forty years from the Kelmscott Chaucer to the Grabhorn Whitman. Aside from the anachronism of the great Rogers Bible of 1934, fine printing scaled back during the Depression. Not until the 1960s did that activity significantly increase. Again, it accompanied a social movement with ideals that verged on the utopian. By the late 1980s computer technology had enabled Everyman to be his own publisher. Some of us continue to use old methods for the aesthetic effects that can only be achieved when inked, leaden letters sink into handmade or mouldmade paper. Regardless of the method there is a tendency today for people to be by themselves when they attempt to make artistic books.

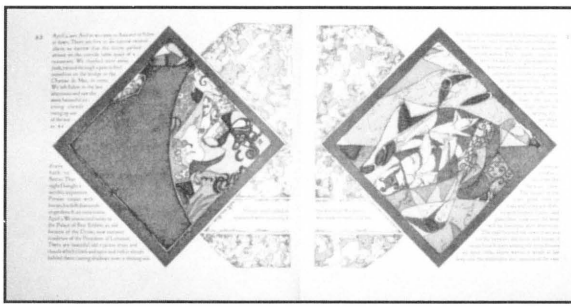

Figure 1
A Travel Book *by Fred Martin, with drawing and linoleum color blocks by the author/artist, pages 22–23. Arion Press, 1976, an edition of 200.*

I argue against isolation. The book is a complex object, perhaps too complicated for one person to accomplish well. It is true that a single individual may learn to write, draw, make paper, set type, prepare plates for illustrations, print on a press, and bind an edition. William Blake serves as an example. But then there was Mrs. Blake. Matisse's *Jazz* is a one-man band, but he had sidemen to achieve in pochoir the colors of his cut-paper collages. This paper urges working together in the book arts. To what extent such involvement constitutes collaboration may be realized only after the fact. Work comes first.

At the Arion Press, I work with a team of craftsmen to make books. This is something I learned how to do. With my first partner, at the Auerhahn Press in 1961, I was very edgy, determined that my self-expression not be compromised by the style of another. So I insisted that he and I trade off, alternating ultimate responsibility for all decisions on succeeding books. As a tyro-typographer I was defensive and insecure, which made me all the more assertive. Five years later, when I went into partnership with Robert Grabhorn, my attitude changed.

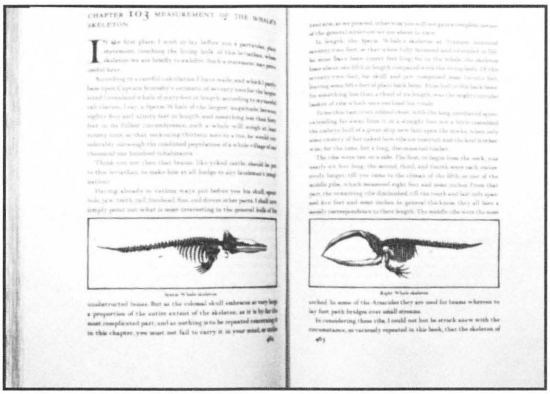

Figure 2
Moby-Dick *by Herman Melville, with wood engravings by Barry Moser, pages 462–463. Arion Press, 1979, an edition of 250.*

The difference in our ages was thirty-five years. Robert Grabhorn was a scholar of printing history, particularly of the development of types, and was one of the country's foremost book designers. His knowledge was freely shared; his willingness to improvise was matched by his receptivity to ideas from others. In our free exchanges as we solved problems of layout, materials, and means of production, I often forgot the generational gap, because it had been bridged by his assurance and generosity.

After his death in 1973, I changed the name of the press from Grabhorn-Hoyem to Arion, after the Greek poet of legend who was saved from the sea by a dolphin that had been charmed by his lyre. The number of associates at the press has varied from four to eight, with more hired during bigger binding operations. Currently, seven people are employed at Arion and four more at our other division, M & H Type, the foundry and composition service.

Among us the functions of editing, printing, binding, marketing, bookkeeping and sweeping are shared. Who decides which books the Arion Press will publish and how they will appear? The answer is that I do—with the caveat that many others influence these decisions, most of all those with whom I work on a daily basis, though some excellent suggestions have come from friends, customers and advisors of the Press. Contrary to the common assumption that limited editions are only reprints of the classics, Arion Press has issued several original publications. Our editor Glenn Todd has had a hand in each of these. He and I have worked together for over twenty-five years. He is the Corrector of the Press, in sixteenth-century usage of the term. His education, curiosity, wide reading, and keen memory have been indispensible for the quality of the contents of our books.

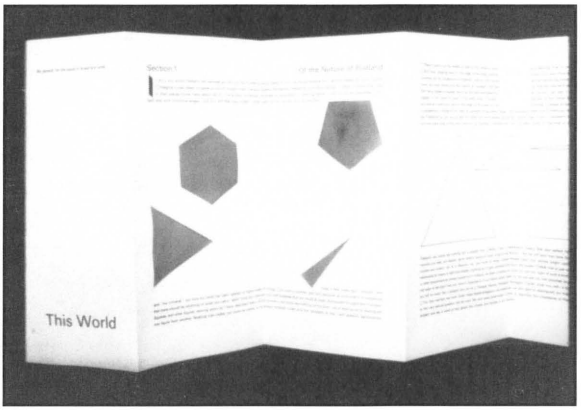

Figure 3
Flatland *by Edwin A. Abbott, with diagrams and die-cut, hand colored illustrations by Andrew Hoyem, section 1. Arion Press, 1980, an edition of 275.*

In designing the books, the opinions of press members are solicited as proofs are prepared. Gerald Reddan, who has worked at the Press for over ten years, takes the main responsibility for production coordination, and it is with him that I work most closely on the arrangement of type. He carries a catalogue of our library of typefaces in his head and can recall the names and point sizes available. After years of working closely together, our communication is almost unspoken, as if one intuits what the other is about to say. We review the faces that seem to be suited to the text at hand, consider the choice of paper, set a trial page, and refine spacing.

Solutions come faster than they did when I was beginning. We do not belabor problems. If one approach does not seem right and another is not immediately apparent, we work on something else—perhaps the drudgery that comes along with the more exhilarating aspects of the project. Some of my best ideas have occurred while I was distributing type or adding a column of figures for an estimate or sweeping up. In the afternoon we pause for a cup of coffee or tea, and in these informal gatherings the current activities of the Press are discussed, and projects are hatched or hashed out. Every person who works at Arion puts in his or her two-bits worth. The place and the printing are the better for these contributions.

This is a self-supporting business, not a grant-subsidized atelier. Everyone employed is aware that we must must produce efficiently and sell what we make in order to survive. In-house projects may be conceived and executed with available people and facilities, but collaboration with an outside artist means additional investment and greater risk. Books containing original prints are more uncertain ventures, dependent upon the unpredictabilities of artistic temperaments, high costs for subcontractors, and the erratic international marketplace of the art world, which is very different from bookstores and mail-order catalogues where bibliophiles shop. Books do not command the staggering prices that prints do. In a market for artworks that are obvious in their presence, the book, which, after displaying its graphic qualities, closes itself discreetly and then unobtrusively rests on a shelf, hasn't the currency and doesn't command the cash that comparable works by the same artist do if those pieces prominently hang on a wall or sit on a pedestal.

My first attempt at a book with an invited artist was an unmitigated pleasure in its making, just as the initial response by our clientele was nearly an unmitigated disaster. In 1976 the book world was not ready for a revival of *livres d' artistes* in an unfamiliar form. I'd long admired the work of Bay Area painter Fred Martin, who was dean of the San Francisco Art Institute. On first meeting, we shook hands and agreed to concoct a book together. He provided a diary of a journey he had taken more than halfway around the world to sites of the origin of civilization, written in the manner of a nineteenth-century travel journal and including excerpts from published

writings of that period. I edited his text to fit pages that were embellished by drawings he had made, both of us working back and forth so that a dialogue was established on each spread between the pictures and works and so that the layout of the pages changed throughout the book. Both of us cut linoleum blocks to color the drawing he had made on mylar so that photo-engravings could be taken directly from the images. Martin was a model collaborator—ever enthusiastic and cooperative, adaptable, and considerate of the constraints of time and money—even though I nearly went broke bringing our vision to pass. The title was *A Travel Book,* and I never regretted the trip (*see figure 1*).

The next year I began to plan for our handset folio of Melville's *Moby-Dick,* which was to appear in 1979 with 100 wood engravings by Barry Moser. Moser at that time was just coming out from under the influence of his teacher Leonard Baskin. *Moby-Dick* was his first big book commission. I insisted that the characters of the novel not appear in the illustrations, so the reader could conjure their features from Melville's descriptions. Instead, I asked Moser to depict those things in the story that the reader might not be capable of visualizing: the places visited, the ships, boats, tools of whaling, and the creatures, though sperm whales were not to be mistaken for the White Whale. We started by researching the whaling industry at the time Melville went to sea, just before whaling became more advanced in the middle of the nineteenth century. This was an important distinction because the experts would fault us if we showed one too many sails on a mast or a harpoon developed after the date of the story.

The artist was working in his studio in Massachusetts; I wa coordinating from the West Coast. Moser's blocks had to be cut at a pace with our handsetting and printing, at the rate of sixteen pages a week, with delivery far enough in advance that I could cast off the pages to place the prints at the point in the story where the subject was first mentioned. When he was late I became irate; when I demanded he became demented; when he lamented I lambasted; when I was mutant he was mute. Somehow the book was finished; everything fit, from the opening wave that rolled over the capital C in "Call me Ishmael," based on a sketch I had sent to Moser, taken from my memory o Hiroshige's breaker, to the still seascape calculated to fill

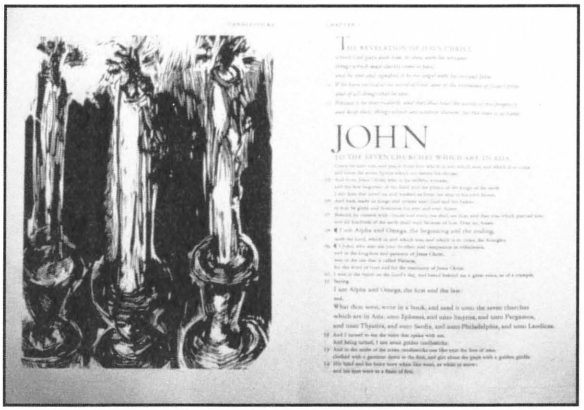

Figure 4
The Apocalypse *with 29 woodblock prints by Jim Dine, chapter 1, Candlesticks. Arion Press, 1982, an edition of 150.*

out the last page, with a conceit Moser provided—a subtle dark patch on the water that might be taken for the whirlpool where the Pequod went down. If we made our peace later, it was as though we had each on opposite sides of the country taken a symbolic puff on the tomahawk pipe Queequeg wields in the Spouter Inn of chapter three. The blade still had an edge (*see figure 2*).

My next encounter with an artist was entirely satisfactory. For Edwin Abbott Abbott's 1884 precursor of science fiction, *Flatland,* I had invited the Los Angeles artist Ronald Davis to join us. *Flatland* is a social satire about a two-dimensional world populated by plane-geometrical figures, one of whom, a square, tells the story of how he learns of the third dimension from a sphere and suggests that we who inhabit it ought to know of the fourth and higher dimensionalities. During a meeting with Davis at the studio-home the architect Frank Gehry had designed for him in shapes that resembled his geometrical plastic paintings, the artist unexpectedly pulled his expensive watch from his wrist by its metal expansion band and hurled it against a distant wall, shouting, "There goes your space-time continuum!" The timepiece ricocheted off the radically juxtaposed ceiling and another wall before it smashed on the floor. A continuity had definitely been shattered. The night after Davis' resignation, I woke up with an idea for an accordion-fold book with die-cut illustrations, so that the citizens of *Flatland* would live within the volume, infinitely thin yet casting shadows, their edges glowing. The publisher was pleased with the artist, his other half (*see figure 3*).

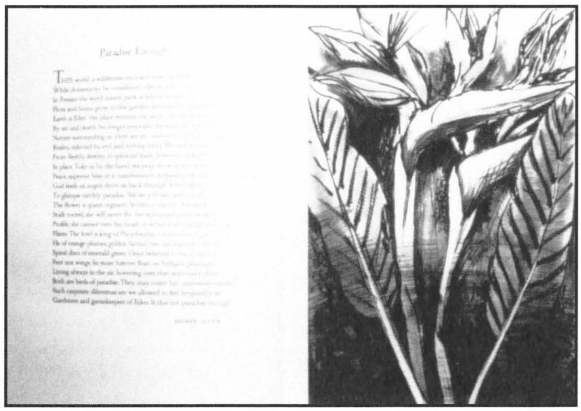

Figure 5
The Temple of Flora,
edited by Glenn Todd and Nancy Dine, with 28 drypoint-engravings by Jim Dine.
Arion Press, 1984, an edition of 150.

Despite the hazards of artistic licensing, I wanted to propel the French tradition of incorporating original prints into books toward a further expression that would be unmistakably American. These were not to presume to the grand lineage of illustrated books that would include the *Hynerotomachia Poliphili* of Aldus from 1499, nor were they to be volumes that merely served as typographically unrelated containers for a suite of etchings or lithographs The goal was to fully integrate text and graphics with the hope that the whole might be more than the sum of parts. What better then, than to start with the *Revelation of Saint John the Divine*—a new *Apocalypse.* This was the daring choice of the artist Jim Dine when he and I discussed the list of possible titles I had prepared for him. He was going up against Dürer and a host of antecedents.

Dine and I were introduced by way of mutual friends. We met by telephone, and he immediately recalled our literary connections from the late 1960s when he lived in London. We clicked. I knew his work well but was unprepared for the immediacy and intensity of his engagement once committed. To say that we worked fast would be an understatement. I chose a French handmade paper, set a page in Garamond Bold, using 14-point for the account of the saint, 18-point for the louder voices from on high that inform him, breaking the King James version into phraseological lines. This proof was sent to the artist with guidelines indicating that he could use any part or the whole of the area designated for the text, so that the margins would conform. Dine cut the woodblocks in a matter of a few weeks, while he was laid up with a bad

back. As has become a standard operating procedure, we sent Dine masses of background information on the book, researched by our editor, Glenn Todd, as much for our own edification as for that of the artist. With the history of the illustrated *Book of Revelation* before him, Dine relied on his own impulses to enter a serious contender in what some ominous handicapper might darkly call a horserace.

Dine was very trusting of me. That trial page was all he saw of the book until it was printed. He even sent his blocks to us unproofed, so well did he know as a printmaker what would come from the wood. Of course we conferred often by telephone, and I cleared with him the sequence we had assigned to the images and the excerpted words and phrases we had taken for titles. Full of trepidation, I showed him the bound book. He was entirely approving and said that he would like to do a series of books with Arion Press (*see figure 4*).

In 1984, we published *The Temple of Flora,* patterned on Robert John Thornton's magnificent botanical folio by that title from 1806. Dine used its color mezzotints as models for his drypoint engravings, which were printed in black. The text also followed Thornton's provision of poetic and botanical accompaniment though ours, we hope, is less florid. Modern poems with reference to the plants depicted were chosen, or contemporary poets were commissioned to write with a certain flower in mind. Botanists aided us in the preparation of the notes that were both scientific and literary in scope (*see figure 5*).

More books continue to come from my collaboration with Jim Dine. In 1989 we published a series of poems by Nobel laureate Czeslaw Miloscz, graced with an intaglio portrait of the poet by Dine. During 1990, Jim Dine and I worked together on a large-format presentation of the last long poem by the late Frank O'Hara, *Biotherm.* The text was handset in 22-point Spectrum, and the pages were proofed. Then Dine made drawings in ink on mylar, clear plastic sheets placed over the proofs, which enabled him to arrange the images around the typographic blocks so that the poetry and art are interwoven. From the mylar drawings lithographic plates were made directly, without screening. The book is unbound, with the series of forty-two prints stacked in a portfolio box.

In addition to *The Temple of Flora,* Arion Press issued two other publications with artists in 1984. The poet and art critic John Ashbery used to write for the international edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* from Paris, and I met him there in 1961. When his long poem *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror* was published in 1974 in *Poetry* magazine, I was impressed with the work and thought it worthy of a special edition. It seems that the seeds for books have often germinated for a decade. I contacted Ashbery in the early 1980s with the proposal that Arion set this piece for accompaniment by several artists who would make prints in various mediums. Ashbery liked the idea, and together we invited artists who were close friends of his or whose work he particularly admired though he did not know them well. The list of acceptances was impressive: the photographer Richard Avedon and the painters Elaine and Willem de Kooning, Jim Dine, Jane Freilicher, Alex Katz, R. B. Kitaj and Larry Rivers. I set the poem on a round format, 18 inches in diameter, with the lines radiating out from a hub containing the page number, like spokes on a wheel, so that the reader literally turns the page while reading—an effective if not efficient way to read (the eye travels with ease back to the center starting the next line, though the pie-shaped space between lines is an extravagant use of paper). Ashbery was delighted and said, "Why didn't I write the poem that way in the first place?"

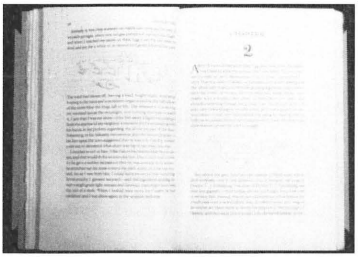

Figure 6
The Great Gatsby *by F. Scott Fitzgerald, with drawings by Michael Graves, pages 28–29. Arion Press, 1984, an edition of 400.*

The eight artists were given only one restriction: that their images must fit within the 18-inch diameter of the paper then being made by hand in rounds at the Twinrocker Mill in Indiana. I arranged with printers to edition the prints, allowing the artists to work at printmaking studios of their choice. Arion printed Dine's woodcut, and we contracted with Magnolia Editions in Oakland to print Avedon's photographic portrait of Ashbery by continuous tone process. Kitaj's etching was printed by Aldo Crommelynck in Paris. Various printers in the east took care of the lithographs for Freilicher, the de Koonings and Katz. Rivers' photogravure with hand coloring was editioned at U.L.A.E. in West Islip, New York.

The architect Michael Graves does delightful drawings on a small scale to record historic buildings he fancies, or as inspiration comes to him for new structures, or to give his clients a preview of what he might build. A friend who

is an architecture critic suggested that Graves would be perfect for F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* because (she recalled from some article) he rereads it every year. In his office in Princeton, Graves admitted that *Gatsby* is a favorite book, but was mystified by the report of his annual obeisance. Nevertheless, he agreed to do drawings for our book. I asked him to regard me as a Jay Gatsby commissioning him to do a large estate, so that he would depict the landscape and architectural features of the novel, the furniture and fixtures, the automobiles and cocktail glasses. We sent him long lists of possible subjects, and Graves chose one hundred. We placed them where they were referred to in the text. Every time a telephone rings a different instrument appears, its receiver begging to be answered. Some of Graves' buildings are hinted at, others are fantasies that may one day be built (*see figure 6*).

The photographically illustrated book entered our program in 1985, with the landscapes of Michael Kenna, taken on the English moors for *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* This talented young Britisher, who lives in San Francisco, had made a series of photographs on Dartmoor, where the hound pounces, and in the neighboring wilderness. The scenes were straight out of Conan Doyle's descriptions of nature, menacing rocks, foreboding skies. Kenna had taken the pictures; because of them we had decided to do the book. What was left to do of a collaborative nature? A selection needed to be made and put in an order. He had more than enough good negatives. I hit upon a plan to have a small photographic image appear on the lower half of every other recto, or every fourth page of the book. When fanned (like a "Big-Little" book from my boyhood), the viewer would see a sequence of shots that carried its own dramatic line. Kenna was involved at every step, from the sorting of prints to the checking of press proofs for the duotones. He persevered in his darkroom until the prints for reproduction satisfied him—even though these would have no commercial value, since his exhibition prints must have different qualities from those used for halftones. Throughout he was invariably cheerful, as if he had already solved the mystery.

Another photographer with a sunny personality was behind the camera that illustrated Raymond Chandler's *The Big Sleep,* in the edition we published in 1986. This was

Lou Stoumen, who is best known for his pictures of Times Square in New York City, taken since the Second World War. I had seen a book of his, published by Aperture, then met him in the unlikely spot of a crowded aisle at a convention. I asked if he might be interested in shooting stills from a movie never to be made, a new cinematic interpretation of Chandler's hardboiled detective novel that would move the reader but never flicker on the screen. He knew people in Hollywood; he had made films, was teaching at UCLA. There were friends in the motion picture business, actors, producers who had been actors, students, who could be enlisted to play the parts. He became very excited. Costumes, makeup, props, lights, camera, action!

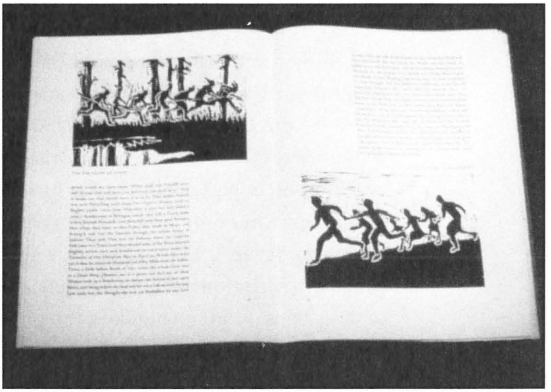

Figure 7
Captivity Narrative
of Hannah Duston,
as related by Mather, Whittier, Hawthorne and Thoreau, with 35 woodblock prints by Richard Bosman,
"The Foe Close At Hand."
Arion Press, 1987, an edition of 400.

The art dealer Brooke Alexander and I met in Boseman, Montana, at a printmakers' conference. He and I discussed the potential for a new strain of *livres d'artiste* and then kept in touch, occasionally talking about projects for his artists. Eventually I found one for Richard Bosman, an idea that had lingered on the Arion list but until then had no publishable focus. Captivity narratives were early tales of settlers taken hostage by Indians. One of the most captivating is the story of Hannah Duston, who was captured in 1697, along with her newborn baby. The child was murdered by the marauders, and later Hannah killed and scalped ten members of the Indian family to whom she had been assigned, most of them women and children, none responsible for the death of her baby and all converts to Christianity. The moral quandary is unsettling to this day. Bosman made woodcuts

without direct reference to the story, which we arranged into a pictorial story line that paralleled four accounts of Hannah Duston's ordeal by Cotton Mather, John Greenleaf Whittier, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry David Thoreau, each with a different interpretation. This was collaboration by intermediary, because Brooke Alexander was very helpful in interpreting me to Bosman and carrying messages back from the artist, as well as offering his own keen assessment of my placement of the blocks when I wasn't sure of Bosman's intentions. The result looks planned in advance. It was not. The book was arduously figured out as we went along. Perhaps if we can make solutions look easy, that very deception is part of the success of a book (*see figure 7*).

The book of ours that has set records in the auction rooms because of the skyrocketing stock taken in its artist was the least collaborative. Jasper Johns agreed to make an etching for the selection of Wallace Stevens poems we published in 1985. As it turned out, the print he made for us was the first public exposure of any of the images from his famous autobiographical series of four paintings called *The Seasons*. The etching preceded the paintings by many months. Had time allowed and had not an accident on a ladder intervened, we might have had the whole series of four images. I believe that Stevens would have been proud of this tribute from a great artist who holds his poetry in high esteem. Ironically, Stevens' name is hardly heard as the gavel bangs. Some of the prints have begun to appear in frames, the book discarded (*see figure 8*).

One of the first books I read after I came to printing was *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* by Laurence Sterne, the eighteenth-century novel that is so experimental it puts to shame all modern attempts to do something new with the form of fiction and, with no shame on Joyce, puts *Ulysses* in its shadow. Sterne used typographic tricks as well as literary ones, and this intrigued me. Ever since then I had wanted to print an edition. We did so in 1987 with the artist John Baldessari. A gentleman friend had a lady friend who was a friend of Baldessari, and she reported that this was the number one book on his hit parade this week, last month, for the past thirty years or more. I wrote him; we talked on the telephone. He agreed readily. He knew the book backwards and forwards. Our editor studied the Shandean intrica-

cies. I visited Baldessari's studio in Santa Monica, bearing the usual background material and lots of suggestions for topics Baldessari could address in his chosen medium, photo-collage. Partway into the project, I decided to separate the illustrations from the novel since it has such a strong visual component. The photo-collages were removed to an accordion-fold volume where they were joined by excerpts from *Tristram Shandy* that carried on a strange and amusing conversation with the often humorous visual material.

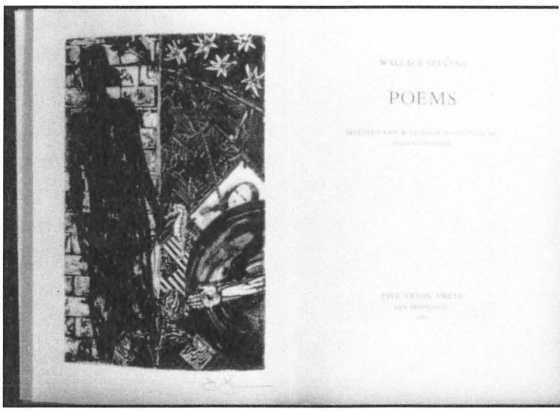

Figure 8
Poems *by Wallace Stevens, selected and with an introduction by Helen Vendler, with a frontispiece etching by Jasper Johns, title page. Arion Press, 1985, an edition of 300 copies.*

Baldessari sent us rough layouts for the collages, photocopies to indicate reductions and enlargements, but not finished works. The works of art first made their appearance in book form—after they were printed by photolithography. We collaboratively made the prints with and for the artist. He, of course, saw proofs along the way, but when the final colors were laid down during press checks, I alone, with the trust of the artist, was the one to approve the prints.

Many of these images have since been made by Baldessari into larger works. Arion issued five as lithograph prints. Others, the size of a whole wall, were part of a retrospective of the artist's work mounted by the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles that travelled to other institutions around the country, including the Whitney Museum in New York. The Arion book was part of the show (*see figure 9*). Which came first? Art comes first; process comes second; procedure comes third; and so on

In 1984, I wrote to Robert Motherwell proposing *Ulysses,* knowing that he had already made prints for lavish books with poetry by Rafael Alberti and was working on one with Octavio Paz, and that Joyce was his favorite twentieth-century author. A print entitled *Mulligan's Tower* had caught my attention, and I noticed that he had named many works with quotations from Joyce. We met that year at his home and studio in Greenwich, Connecticut. Soon he agreed to attempt the project. Other obligations, such as a major retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum, postponed this commitment, and the artist was sometimes daunted by such a large undertaking and worried that he might not be capable, given his age and uncertain state of health, of doing credit to a book that had meant so much to him.

Yet his creative stamina and the challenge of *Ulysses* sustained him. Eventually, Motherwell came to be satisfied that he had provided an acceptable graphic counterpoint to the novel. A series of drawings, done at his summer studio in Provincetown in 1982, proved the necessary inspiration to drive our project forward. By the end of 1987, with the assistance of his intaglio printer, Catherine Mosley, more than forty etching plates had been prepared and proofed.

Motherwell's background, by education, experience and inclination, has made him an acute appreciator of the book as a means to the expression of art. He has been an innovative artist of the book, and his accomplishments in Alberti's *A la pintura* and *El Negro* are among the most noteworthy in twentieth-century *livres d'artistes.* His articulateness and sophistication about the structure of a book and about Joyce's writings were of inestimable value to the project.

Sure of his own gifts, Motherwell entertained my own and others' suggestions and often adapted his approach to new propositions or practical necessities, while maintaining an inspired line through the sequence of prints. Over the intervening four years, he and I corresponded about the project and met several times in Greenwich and in New York City to exchange ideas for the illustrations. These were enjoyable occasions; this venture was in the best sense a collaboration.

Having established a vertical format of $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $12\frac{3}{4}$ inches for the folio page, I invited Motherwell to do etchings on a scale that would allow margins as generous as those afforded the type block. Though he first thought he would prefer to work in lithography, he acceded to my desire for the incised impression that could be achieved from copper plates of etchings as a companion to the engraved character of the type I had selected, the Perpetua of Eric Gill. When proof of the etchings arrived, I was satisfied that the typographi decision was correct. But how were we to identify Motherwell's marks? He gave no clues. And how were the to be placed in the book? Some of the images, such as the tower and the name Molly, were easily recognizable; many are abstract, relying upon the impulse of the artist for their relevance to Joyce's work. Robert Motherwell is a painter who draws improvisationally and intuitively, depending upon a retrospective recognition. Sometimes long after the creative act, out of chance encounters and the reactions of others, may come the titling of works.

I studied proofs of the etchings for weeks and consulted Joyce scholars. My solution came from Joyce's "Schema," the diagrammatic key he had provided to friends who were early readers of the manuscript, giving for each of the three parts and eighteen episodes the name temporarily assigned (the book was published without headings) the scene, hour, organ, art, color, symbol, technique, and Homeric parallels. Out of these eight categories I picked one entry for each of eighteen images. These were placed on the verso, opposite the opening lines for each of the episodes. On the preceding recto appear Motherwell's reinvention of roman numerals, I through XVIII.

Then I proposed that a series of colors be used for the backgrounds of the images (not for the roman numerals) Motherwell has often used *chine collé,* colored paper applied over the plate area. However, I knew of a process used by the printer who was to do the editioning, Robert Townsend of Georgetown, Massachusetts, that gave a rolled tone of colored ink behind the black-inked image with one impression. After I held proofing sessions with Townsend to show the possibilities of this method, Mosley added a few typical Motherwell colors to the series so that we had different hues for each of the eighteen plates.

Again there were conferences in Connecticut, and on the floor of his studio Motherwell arranged the proofs in various sequences until we agreed on an order that was visually pleasing and related to the literary contents.

Having settled the key aesthetic questions on how to connect relatively small but not insignificant works by a major artist to the major novel of the twentieth century, all that remained to do was the typesetting, the printing, and the binding – the labors of crafts that require constant attention to their own aesthetic demands. *Ulysses* was published at the end of 1988, but we worked well into 1989 to complete the hand binding of the 175 volumes in the edition (*see figure 10*).

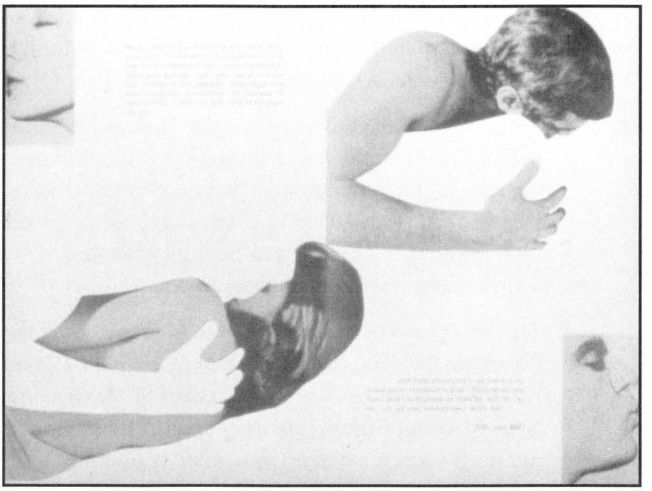

Figure 9
The Life and Opinions of Tristam Shandy, Gentleman *by Laurence Sterne, with 39 photo-collage illustrations by John Baldessari,* "No More Sin." *Arion Press, 1988, an edition of 400.*

Richard Diebenkorn is a "local" artist of international fame. I had marvelled at his paintings for years and had wished that his printmaking abilities might be applied to an Arion book. But it took the urging of Helen Vendler, the Harvard professor and critic who was editing a selection of poems by W. B. Yeats for the Press, to get Diebenkorn to join the project. Yeats is his favorite poet, and his familiarity with the poetry is evident in his choice of subjects for the prints.

Diebenkorn made six etchings, drawing on the plates in his living room, where he could see two of his own works adjacent in a corner. One was a drawing he had made during World War II of his Marine tunic on a hanger

hooked over an open closet door. The other was a new painting, an abstract in his "Ocean Park" style, with an archway or tombstone as the main image. These were recombined in five of the prints, a series of empty coats c hangers, which stand as a recapitulation of Diebenkorn's career from representational figuration to spare abstraction to a rich rendering that may signal a new direction for his art. The sixth print is a double map of Ireland, a positive/negative of that divided land. Quotations from Yeats face each of the etchings.

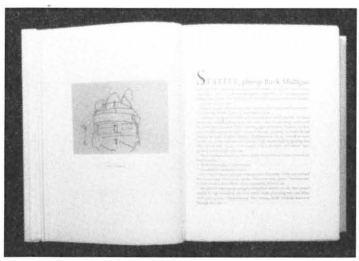

Figure 10
Ulysses *by James Joyce, with 40 etchings by Robert Motherwell,* "The Tower." *Arion Press, 1988, an edition of 150.*

I picked a small quarto format and suggested plate dimensions and margins to Diebenkorn that he found acceptable. Then there was no more contact between us, other than my sending him trial pages as we at the Press went about trying out different body types and various titling faces, until the etchings had been proofed and he was ready to deliver the plates to me for editioning.

In the fall of 1990, the University Art Museum at Berkeley held an exhibition of the book and the prints. For the opening night, the English Department sponsored a lecture on Yeats by Helen Vendler, where she remarked on how the coat is changed by both the poet and the artis from a real garment into a metaphysical form.

This brings us to the spring of 1991. We have just completed *On Certainty,* the last writings of the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein, with twelve prints by Mel Bochner. The artist went back twenty years to rework a series of minimal/conceptual drawings named "Counting Alternatives: the Wittgenstein Illustrations, 1971." Over a grid that is a double-crossed square, Bochner wrote (he claims, not drew) numbers in a dozen regulated schemes of irregular patterns.

For him, art is more important as process than as produc and that attitude extended to our joint effort. He wanted to be consulted on every aspect of the book. I was rather surprised at his insistance that the typography, the layout of pages, the selection of materials and method of bindin were somehow an extension of *his* art, not an artful housing I was providing for it. Might his concepts, rendered graphically, be misperceived if even an element of their surroundings was not exactly to his taste?

Here I have been preaching cooperation; but when my territory was invaded, I again became defensive. This was

my area of expertise, yet I hadn't the patience to explain the reasons behind all my choices or to deliver a discourse on the history of printing, which held determinants for the myriad decisions that must be made for a book to be well designed and produced. Now that *On Certainty* is finished, I will admit that some changes I made reluctantly to satisfy the artist were better than my first impulses and that the edition was probably improved by the struggle. I'll even confess to enjoying the arguments.

Collaboration has begun to take on an aura in the arts. The concept isn't fancy: working together is a way to get things done. In art, two heads aren't always better than one. Solitary geniuses can get along quite well without getting along with others. However, people in the arts of the book do need each other, and that includes visual artists if they are to be involved in the project. Teams need individual talent and experience but must have the mutual trust that encourages creativity. I am grateful for the engagement I have had with those mentioned here—and others unnamed who have contributed so much to the Arion Press. Books can become more than utilitarian objects when a publisher has such colleagues.