

THE RED OZIER:

A LITERARY FINE PRESS

History and Bibliography 1976-1987

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The New York Public Library
The Yellow Barn Press

INTRODUCTION

A CURIOUS phenomenon took place in America during the late 1950s. Throughout the country hundreds of individuals, most of them unknown to each other, established their own small presses. Virtually all of them were started for what appeared to be the same reason, the desire to publish original, serious literature which they felt was being ignored by the major commercial publishers and literary journals.

The causes of this sudden burst of press activity have never been seriously explored, though one economic factor is often cited. The 50s and 60s were a time of changing trade technologies, and commercial printers abandoned letterpress and metal types for offset and photo-composition. The result was a market-place glutted with inexpensive proofing presses, like the Vandercook, which was a perfect machine for small press editions, as well as with type and all the other incidental equipment needed for letterpress printing. People who couldn't afford a new printing press at \$12,000.00 found they could afford a used Vandercook for \$200.00 to \$500.00. Inexpensive equipment was available, so people with literary aspirations could start their own presses.

Small press activity reached its peak by the end of the 70s, though there is no way of knowing exactly how many small presses actually existed. Still, there must have been many hundreds, all of them actively pursuing some literary dream.

Since there was no network joining them together, and no common ground among them beyond a desire to publish worthwhile literature, the presses were determinedly independent. Each published writers who appealed to the taste of the printer-publisher. While this helped expand the outlet for writers, it also created a large, diverse, and uneven body of work; some of it was superb, some was terrible, and most of it was mediocre. The formats these publishers chose for their books fell into the same categories: a few of them

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produced beautiful handmade books, some of them issued ugly ones, and the majority, however they were printed, were marginally acceptable. It was typographic skills rather than budgetary constraints that usually determined a book's look. Still, in those days there seemed to be an audience for everything. Book collectors, readers, and libraries were excited by the flood of new work, and their purchases kept the presses alive for quite some time. Ultimately, though, a more defined set of literary and typographic standards came to apply, and many of the presses, because they couldn't meet them, ceased to exist.

Red Ozier was started in 1976, during the period of contraction. Though there were still many literary presses in existence, the competition for an audience was contested on a higher plane. The success of this new imprint was a mark of the editorial skill of its founder, Steve Miller, and the typographic skill that he and his future partner, Ken Botnick, were able to develop. Miller was motivated, like other small press owners, to print and publish what he believed was work by worthwhile writers, and his taste, luckily, was good. Yet he also wanted to produce books whose craftsmanship and design were meticulous. For Miller, this latter aim was formed during a period of study with Walter Hamady, whose Perishable Press was in the subset of small presses which Miller wanted to emulate, a group I will call, for lack of a better generic term, *literary fine presses*. At the time Red Ozier was founded, most of these presses were active either in the Midwest or the Far West.

American fine printing descends from the Arts and Crafts movement in England and William Morris' achievements at the Kelmscott Press and T.J. Cobden-Sanderson's work at the Doves Press. The Americans Thomas Bird Mosher (1852-1923) and Elbert Hubbard (1856-1915) were contemporaries of Morris and are generally considered two of the early pioneers of fine printing in this country. Their interests in making books were similar and yet distinct: Hubbard was a disciple of Morris and created books that were ornately

and excessively illustrated, while Mosher's books, like Cobden-Sanderson's, were characterized by a cleaner, less complicated design. The titles they published were mainly reissues of the texts considered a part of the canon of Western literature. Their books, and the books of their followers, appealed primarily to collectors because they were well-made, expensive, and limited in number; there was no mistaking the sense of exclusivity attached to their volumes.

The interest in finely printed reissues of the classics continued into the early part of the twentieth century and was championed by printers like John Henry Nash, Robert and Edwin Grabhorn, and others. All of them made beautiful books, but they were more interested in manufacturing books for clients than they were in publishing original work. A good example from the period is the Grabhorn Press, which printed a number of Robinson Jeffers' books for Random House and others. It wasn't until the Depression that someone thought to publish contemporary writing in finely printed formats.

Carroll Coleman established the Prairie Press (1935) in his hometown of Muscatine, Iowa to publish Midwestern writing. There were other small publishers active at the same time in the Midwest, for example the Torch Press in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, but Coleman had different plans for his press. He wanted to use his knowledge and appreciation of fine printing to publish serious writing. His intentions were similar to those of other small presses, but he wanted to go one step further and make physical books that reflected the good taste of centuries old traditions of bookmaking.

In 1945 he moved to Iowa City to direct the newly formed Typographic Laboratory at the University of Iowa where he taught design and printing. He was succeeded by Harry Duncan (1956-1971) who was by then an established fine printer. Together the two of them, but especially Duncan, encouraged a number of aspiring publishers to become fine printers. (There were also printers in the Far West who were engaged in similar activities, including Ward Ritchie, William Everson, Adian Wilson, Kermit Sheets and others.)

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The growth in literary fine printing seemed to spread more rapidly in the midlands because of Duncan's position at Iowa. He was in daily contact with student writers and artists, some of whom became interested in publishing. One of his many successful protégés, K.K. Merker, founded the Stone Wall Press while a student of Duncan's (1956) and now directs the Windhover Press at Iowa. The two of them epitomize the important contributions made by literary fine presses to contemporary writing. Between them they have published the work (many of them first books) of the established poets in the modernist and post-modern eras, and they have earned recognition as bookmakers of distinction.

Duncan encouraged another Midwestern bookmaker, Walter Hamady, even though he was not a student at Iowa. Hamady became interested in making books while teaching art at the University of Wisconsin. Inspired by Duncan, he offered a typography course at Wisconsin and attracted interested students. Steve Miller was living in Madison and got his first taste of bookmaking through Hamady.

Miller saw an exhibition of Hamady's Perishable Press work in 1974 and in 1975 Hamady agreed to admit him as a guest student in the typography class. At the time Miller was a former landscape architecture student who had no particular plan for his life. He had a lifelong interest in poetry that kept him involved in the poetry scene around Madison, but by 1975 he realized that his interest in writing and his vocation as a landscape architect were at odds with one another. When he saw the exhibit of Hamady's books, he recognized that bookmaking might offer a way of merging his interest in design with his love of poetry. As he has confessed, he was overwhelmed by the possibility for making books, since it was an activity which ". . . pulled together everything I was interested in." He began his study with Hamady and produced a broadside of one of his poems, *The Balloon People Poem*. The excitement he experienced through creating something beautiful and artistic with his hands encouraged him to make printing the focus of his life.

Steve, his friend Jess Anderson, and a little later Bob Neal, talked of establishing a press together. And though it was Steve who created Red Ozier, work at the press was done collaboratively as friends and other artisans contributed their talents to the production of the early books. The spirit of collaboration reached a high point when Ken Botnick and Miller became friends. They met in Madison after Botnick, who was an undergraduate, saw a Red Ozier book and talked with Steve about the handmade paper used for *Wild Night Irises*. Ken was interested in making paper by hand, and shortly after their meeting the two of them joined forces and made paper for other Red Ozier projects. In two years' time their enjoyment of bookmaking deepened, and they decided to move to New York City and work together.

The original plan was to set up a paper-mill and a press in New York City; Ken would work as a landscape architect, the two of them would make paper, and Steve would run the press. Shortly after their move East bookmaking started to take precedence over everything in both their lives. They were at a crossroads in their plans when Ken quit his job and the two of them became full partners in the operation of the press. They decided that bookmaking would become their life's work.

Their partnership was similar to the rich collaboration between Harry Duncan and Wightman Williams. Duncan formed the Cummington Press in 1939 to publish contemporary writing, and was joined in 1944 by Williams. The two of them shared a mutual passion for bookmaking, Duncan in writing and Williams in art. They became renowned in the 40s and 50s for the quality of the texts they published and the books they made, highlighted by Williams' unique illustrations.

Critics agree that the achievements of the Cummington Press were remarkable, but the range of collaboration at Red Ozier was more extensive. Most of the illustrations at Cummington were provided by Williams; Red Ozier used a variety of artists to illustrate books and

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broad­sides. Beginning with Jamie Miller's drawing for *The Balloon People Poem* and continuing through Richard Mock's provocative drawing for Octavio Paz's *Homage and Desecrations*, Ken and Steve sought a varied and interesting visual element for their productions.

The early titles published by Red Ozier were distinct from other small press productions in part because of their illustrations. Perishable Press books were the only examples of fine printing that Steve encountered in the early years. As a result he was influenced not only by Hamady's impeccable printing, but also by his artistic sense of book design. Miller decided that he, too, would incorporate illustration with text, and would print Red Ozier books equally well, using the best types on mouldmade or handmade paper.

Although the design of Miller's books seemed more focussed on art and less on typography, not every Red Ozier title was orchestrated around illustrative material. The Ginsberg, Wakoski and a few other early titles were typographic designs. But much of the most interesting work from the press integrated image with text to create books that were stimulating, often provocative, and usually very attractive.

Wild Night Irises, the second Red Ozier production, is a good early example of this integration, combining Miller's poetry and Paul Dromboski's drawings. The publication of *The Wounded Breakfast* added a new dimension to the press; it brought together Russell Edson's surreal poems with Steven Applequist's equally surreal drawings. The other-worldly mood of the poems is suggested by the title page drawing of a winged, lion-like beast, and later in the bizarre doughy figure of a dead person accompanying the poem "The Sculptor." The book is a masterful production that maintains the delicate balance of combining forceful text with powerful graphics.

The art used in Red Ozier books depended on the text. Miller's *Hurricane Lake* is accompanied by Marta Anderson's realistic images; the title page of Robert Bly's *Visiting Emily Dickinson's Grave* is graced by a small garland of flowers that represents the mood of mourning

in the title poem. Miller and Botnick's goal in designing their books was to choose appropriate images that would complement the text at hand.

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These early titles used art created by friends of Miller's in Madison. When the press was moved to New York, the opportunity to use artists was dramatically increased, and it was Botnick who made most of their contacts. There were affiliations with renowned artists who worked in wood like Antonio Frasconi, Barry Moser, John DePol and Fritz Eichenberg, established artists like Isamu Noguchi, Larry Rivers, John Digby, and Ellen Lanyon, and a host of less well known artists. The art was varied and ranged from Lanyon's memorable drawings for Bly's *Mirabai Versions*, to Moser's quiet woodland scene in Galway Kinnell's *The Last Hiding Places of Snow*, and on to the powerful representational engravings by DePol for William Faulkner's *Father Abraham*.

There were also quixotic matchups of text with illustration. Howard Buchwald's scratchboard drawings seem to have no association with the text in William S. Burroughs' *The Streets of Chance*. John Digby's collages for *A Sound of Feathers* demonstrate him at his surreal best, as does his image for Aimé Césaire's *The Woman and The Knife*. There were even examples of Botnick's art in two Red Ozier titles. Perhaps more than anything else it was this artistic variety that made Red Ozier titles among the most striking press books of the 80s.

There were times, though, when working with artists created problems, not successes, especially when the finished art did not fit Botnick and Miller's own interpretation of the text: "Sometimes there were real ego problems because of the people involved. We really wanted to work with them, but it was a battle. There were several times we just got tired of trying to work art into the book because of haggling over the design decisions. So we'd go typographical for a while, but always come back." (Miller) Another problem came from paying the artists, as well as the writers, for their work with copies of books. Authors received ten percent of the edition as their royalty

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payment, but a variable number of the books also had to be given to the artists involved. This reduced the number of copies for sale and ultimately the added expense of the artist's copies as well as the occasional argument with them reduced Red Ozier's use of illustration. Toward the end of their partnership Botnick and Miller relied more on making typographic books.

The collaborations at the press were not limited to artists, but included bookbinders, type-founders, and papermakers. The contributions made by John DePol, Claire Maziarczyk, Bill Anthony, Pat Taylor, and even their Madison friends who helped move the press equipment to New York in an old milk truck, were central to the life of the press. Each project pulled together a number of talented hands, like the collaborative effort between DePol, Norma Rubovits, and bookbinder William Anthony that resulted in William Goyen's *Precious Door*. But perhaps the most memorable and complex collaboration involved the production of William Faulkner's *Father Abraham*.

Ken and Steve taught introductory courses in bookmaking at the New York Center for the Book, the New School, and other venues, to help supplement their income. In 1982 they gathered together a group of advanced students who wanted to further their studies and produce a substantial literary text. Botnick and Miller approached Francis Mattson of the New York Public Library and discussed doing a book from the unpublished manuscripts in the Berg Collection with the proceeds going to the Rare Book Collection at the Library. The New York Public liked the idea. Agreements were made, and an unpublished Faulkner piece was given to them. With manuscript in hand, Botnick, Miller and the students turned to the task of making the book. They spent hours transcribing Faulkner's holograph manuscript into a readable typescript. Once they had a legible typescript the group keyboarded the Emerson type at Pat Taylor's Out of Sorts Letter Foundry, pulled proofs, and made corrections.

There were activities that went beyond the physical preparations for making the book that were designed to give everyone a more

objective sense of the project. One evening Joseph Blumenthal spoke to the group about the creation of his Emerson type and its eventual casting. John DePol attended another session to talk about the illustrations he was doing for the text. When his engravings were completed the group discussed placement of the images within the text, the texture and tone necessary for clean reproductions, etc. They also talked about the binding structure, as well as the papers used to cover the boards: DePol's patterned paper was rejected by the group in favor of a paste-paper designed by Claire Maziarczyk. They discussed Anita Karl's calligraphy for the title page, and the colors used to reproduce it. When the production issues were settled, the book was printed in equal shares by members of the group guided at each step by Botnick and Miller.

Father Abraham took over a year to complete, but it was an effort that produced a volume of lasting importance, and also was, as Ken Botnick has noted, "... a very moving experience." The book is an affirmation of uniting a significant text with a high level of production and taste, and is one of the finest press books produced in the 80s.

Some of the collaborations at the press had nothing to do with production or the press itself, but instead reunited old artist and writer friends. The composer Ned Rorem and Larry Rivers worked together again on *Paul's Blues*, as did Charles Henri Ford and Isamu Noguchi for *Om Krishna III: Secret Haiku*. Whatever form the connections took, the collaborations provided a spark of energy that made Red Ozier books unique.

Collaborative work generates creative energy that can result in remarkable physical productions. But the ultimate measure of a literary press is the writers it publishes, and over the years Red Ozier amassed an impressive list. When Miller founded his press, which he originally called Orion Press, he published his own work and the work of his friends. The appearance of Diane Wakoski's *George Washington's Camp Cups* marked a departure from publishing local writing

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to issuing titles by writers who were known nationally. While he was still in Wisconsin Steve solicited work from established poets he admired, Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Robert Bly and Wakoski. He also chose writers less well known, like the surrealist Russell Edson, and the weirdly imaginative William S. Burroughs, Jr., the son of novelist William S. Burroughs.

Early in the work of the press Miller realized the need to get his books before a wider audience. With *Wild Night Irises* in hand, he flew to Washington and New York and sold copies of his books to the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, the Gotham Book Mart, and the Phoenix Book Shop. These experiences convinced him that if he could make and sell books in Madison, he could succeed in Manhattan where there were greater possibilities for meeting authors and artists.

The first few titles issued in New York, by Wakoski, Bly and Galway Kinnell, had been solicited by Miller in Madison. Clayton Eshleman's *Our Lady of the Three Pronged Devil* was the first Red Ozier manuscript acquired in Manhattan. Manuscript acquisition is one of the most intriguing functions performed by a small press. Sometimes a literary small press offers an established writer the opportunity to publish non-commercial/experimental work that a commercial publisher might feel is unprofitable. However, most small presses do not publish established writers and concentrate instead on issuing the work of emerging or unknown authors. As a small press compiles an interesting list of authors like this, other writers, regardless of their reputation, will want to be associated with a press which has an established editorial reputation. A good example of this was George Hitchcock's success with *kayak press*. If a press demonstrates sound editorial judgment and also issues beautiful books, that press can acquire manuscripts from nearly anyone. Most writers are delighted to see their work reproduced in finely printed editions because they appreciate the care a fine printer takes to produce a book. Miller learned this lesson in Madison and he and Botnick put it to good use in New York City.

Ken and Steve were not shy about approaching people in New York for manuscripts. They attended a reading by Jayne Ann Phillips in 1980 at the Y. That night they were more impressed by William Goyen's reading of the short story *Precious Door*, and eventually asked him for permission to produce it. This kind of experience was repeated often and enabled them to secure work from William Burroughs, Paul Bowles, Octavio Paz, Charles Wright, Ned Rorem, Guy Davenport and Richard Howard: "In New York you could go up to a reader at a gathering that had an audience of 50 people and have easy access to the writer." (Botnick) However, none of the texts they acquired, particularly the Faulkner, would have materialized if they had not developed a reputation for the quality and variety of their books: "It's why we didn't repeatedly publish a particular author or artist. We might go back if we were passionate about their work, but we were on a path of following a developing theme in literature." (Miller)

Acquiring manuscripts also involved a certain amount of networking, and they were generously aided by the Parisian Surrealist poet and essayist Edouard Roditi: "Edouard became a great friend of the press. Whenever he came to town, he would always stop and spend time with us and give us the latest news on different authors. He'd suggest authors and talk a lot about art and artists." (Miller) Roditi knew everyone in the United States and abroad who was connected with Surrealism. Since Ken and Steve were interested in Surrealist writing, Edouard was a valuable conduit through which a number of writers later became Red Ozier authors.

Roditi was invaluable to the press, but there were other intriguing connections that resulted in Red Ozier books: Charles Henri Ford was introduced by William S. Burroughs; Octavio Paz came to the press through the translator Eliot Weinberger, who himself was suggested by Clayton Eshleman; Guy Davenport was recommended by Bradford Morrow; there were a number of similar affiliations that the checklist details. It was exciting to live in New York and constantly meet new people from a broad creative spectrum. One ex-

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perience in particular symbolized the limitless creative possibilities available to them. Ken and Steve attended the opening of a Noguchi retrospective at the Whitney Museum and took an elevator to the reception: “. . . the door opened and standing directly in front of us, with their arms around each other, are Noguchi, Buckminster Fuller and Martha Graham. . . . These three people had a history that was incredible. . . . That’s what living in New York can be about.” (Miller)

Much of the literary success of the press was due to Botnick and Miller’s enjoyment of a wide range of writing. The variety of their author list, especially after the move to New York, speaks for their eclectic tastes. The core of Red Ozier’s productions involved the work of writers who appealed to Ken and Steve, and they published many authors whose work had a surrealist slant. Steve Miller was fascinated with Surrealism at a young age, particularly the work of Roditi, which helped shape his literary interests. Furthermore, Surrealist texts suggested exciting possibilities for illustrations and design; a good example is Antonin Artaud’s *Chanson*. It would be inaccurate, though, to conclude that Red Ozier issued only surrealist texts. It’s more appropriate to conclude that the press was willing to take risks with work Botnick and Miller felt deserved a public audience. The gambles they took were appreciated by their readers and helped to attract other writers to the press.

Red Ozier published quality writing and this made them a successful literary press. But they were also a fine press and the superior execution of their books appealed to readers and devotees of fine printing. They succeeded as designers because the typography and production of their books reflected the substance of the work. Every text was different and no two books looked alike. Their books avoided the look of a house design and remained as fresh as the texts they published.

Red Ozier published dozens of titles that are distinguished examples of the physical book. One book, *Paul’s Blue’s*, deserves mention for its combination of solid typography and interesting art. The text

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reproduces songs that the composer Ned Rorem wrote based on lyrics composed by Paul Goodman. In the introduction Rorem discusses his association with Goodman and how the songs were written in 1947. Following the introduction is a reproduction of Rorem's fair-hand manuscripts for each of the three songs, the printed lyrics of the songs, the composer's journal entries from around the date of Goodman's death on 3 August 1972, and an afterword by Rorem. The manuscript is a complex mixture that is both solemn (Rorem's tribute to his friend) and entertaining (the songs themselves). Ken and Steve solved the textual complexity by choosing a straightforward, elegant typographic presentation. The only adornment in the book is Rivers' energetic title page which addresses the creative collaboration between poet and composer; in an almost excited way it prepares the reader for the text that follows. The finished product is a masterful job of keeping all the elements of the text in perfect balance and harmony. It is a high point of production from the press because it combines, with almost disarming ease, classical typography with a new technology (the title page was reproduced by color Xerox and transferred to the sheets).

Some readers were attracted to Red Ozier books at a time when artist books were becoming popular. But if it is unfair to say that they only published surrealist texts, it is equally short-sighted to conclude that Ken and Steve made *livre d'artiste*. The focus of artist books is on the art; text is often of secondary importance. At Red Ozier the text was the important component in a book and art work merely highlighted the author's words. Furthermore, as artist books were gaining in popularity, Botnick and Miller made fewer illustrated books and more typographic ones. Several of their later titles, those by William Bronk, Guy Davenport, Charles Wright, and Richard Howard, are memorable for their use of typographic elements to create effects formerly achieved by images: "I wanted to take control of all those elements, type and rule and space. . . . I was starting to become skeptical about putting pictures in books. . . . We had a desire

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to do more explosive things with different, non-pictorial elements.” (Botnick)

The books they designed in the last few years of their partnership were notable for the manipulation of type, white space, and color. The result was a more confident and competent imposition of type on the page in relation to white space, the elusive *mis en page* typographers struggle to keep in balance. Their changed attitude toward design is also evident in the presentation of title pages: rules, space and color are used in the place of images. The title of Guy Davenport's *The Bicycle Rider* is enclosed in a dramatic series of black rules, squares, and rectangles colored blue, red and yellow. It is evocative of Mondrian and suggests the colors that recur in the text. Several books, *Father Abraham*, *Hellenistics* by Richard Howard, and William Bronk's *Careless Love and Its Apostrophes*, used calligraphic title pages. Equally as interesting is the title page for Charles Wright's *Five Journals*, which is highlighted by a rectangle printed in varying shades of black, blue and grey on grey Amora paper. Two shades of blue are used alternately for the titles of each of the five journals. This subtle typographic effect prepares the reader for the contrasts between light and dark in Wright's text.

The gradual shift to making typographic books was an interesting development for Botnick and Miller as designers. In the early years of the press they had only the examples of Walter Hamady to guide their thinking about design; consequently, they created books which favored an artistic presentation. Living in New York exposed them to a wider range of books, and they began to embrace typographic approaches. It's almost as if they worked in reverse, moving from the nominal contemporary influence of art integrated with text (Hamady), back to the more classically based typographic designs of literary fine printers like Coleman and Duncan. The change in their design was partially due to the frustration of working with artists, but it was more the result of their increased awareness of the history of the book.

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Although the design of their books became more typographic, art did not completely disappear from Red Ozier editions. *Homage and Desecrations* by Octavio Paz is a pleasing example of integrating typography with art. The title page, which incorporates printer's rule and ornament, and the text are combined comfortably with Richard Mock's bold illustrations. The Paz was the last book from the press and it is ironic that just when Botnick and Miller had mastered a broader dimension of possibilities, and had more options available to them for designing books, they decided to suspend production and close the press.

One other distinctive aspect of Red Ozier books were the papers Botnick and Miller used for their books. They intended to use handmade paper in all the editions they produced, but the move to New York deprived them of the papermaking facilities they had used in Wisconsin. The void was filled by Susan Gosin, a friend from Wisconsin who had established the Dieu Donné Papermill on the lower East side. They rented space at Dieu Donné and made handmade papers for many of their editions, often collaborating on projects with paper artists like Paul Wong. Although Ken and Steve worked together making much of their own paper, and dreamed of establishing their own mill, they eventually stopped using handmade sheets because of the cost. Like so many other components in the construction of their books, making paper became a prohibitive expense which they had to minimize if they wanted to continue publishing.

A fine printer is faced with many decisions when designing a book. But once these questions are settled and production begins, the finished books in an edition all look the same. However, variant copies do occur and their appearance often causes distress for bibliophiles and book sellers. For example, the wrapper of Salvatore Quasimodo's *The Tall Schooner* appears in three colors, a maroon Canson paper which wraps the majority of the copies, and blue or green handmade Tidepool paper; the text of Diane Wakoski's *Overnight Projects With Wood* is printed on either Frankfurt White or Frank-

furt Cream paper. Variants often befuddle collectors and bibliographers, but there was usually an economical reason for them at Red Ozier: Miller and Botnick often did not have the money to purchase enough sheets of a particular paper to complete an edition, so they used what was on hand. Ken and Steve were sometimes more concerned about getting books in print with the materials available to them than they were with making certain that all the copies looked alike.

Any book's presentation might vary because it is handmade, and fugitive elements like color, or the patterns of a pastepaper, will change from copy to copy. This is an unintentional variation and can't always be controlled. But a variant can be the result of a willful act, and there are several of these in the Red Ozier oeuvre. One example is the flower that appears on the title page of *Visiting Emily Dickinson's Grave*. When he lived in Madison, Miller walked beside a railroad track on his daily trip to the press at the Washington Hotel. There were flowers growing alongside the track that varied in color from yellow to a bluish-purple. When he started to print the Bly title page he decided to make the flower yellow; but as he printed the rest of the edition he was reminded of the flowers next to the tracks and added touches of blue to the original ink to create a gradation through the edition from yellow to blue. One can only see the evolution of the flower's coloration by looking at several copies of the book. And the effect is lost since most readers own only one copy. However, the motivation for coloration was an artistic decision intended to provide a subtle touch to the book's production.

At other times variation occurred in an attempt to improve the book's final appearance. An example of this was noted in a recent bookseller's catalogue that listed a variant copy of *George Washington's Camp Cups*. The cataloguer noted that the cover lacked the usual blindstamping of the poet's name and the initials of the title, and contained endsheets that were different from the rest of the edition. The bookseller carefully pointed out that since all copies in the

edition were press-numbered and this copy fell within the edition size, it was safe to assume that it did not exceed the stated number of copies for the edition. (God forbid!) Yet, why was it different from the rest of the edition? Steve Miller had a simple explanation: he was bored with the design of the cover and wanted to try something different to make the book more satisfying. It was a conscious experiment in the middle of the press run, not a mistake the printer tried to pass off to the public.

The checklist also lists artist proof copies, which were not variants in design, but were occasionally issued in addition to the stated edition size: "In many cases, especially when we did press numbering, we'd do the number of copies we intended then we'd do five or ten AP's. . . . They were used to pay the author, or artist, or ourselves so that we could reserve the numbered copies for sale." (Miller) In some cases proof copies might also be used for experimental bindings, as in the case of Galway Kinnell's *The Last Hiding Place of Snow*. But, for the most part artist proofs were issued out of series and did not represent earlier or later versions of a text.

Manhattan was an exciting and stimulating place to live for two people interested in making books. In addition to the authors and artists they met, Ken and Steve had access to rich repositories of books like the New York Public Library and the Morgan Library. They met people who collected books and who shared with them examples from their own libraries. All of this helped change the shape and design of the books they produced. Their lives were enriched through the experiences they had and the friendships they formed during the years in New York.

The most satisfying product of the Manhattan years was the body of work published at Red Ozier. Steve's suspicion that their books might appeal to readers had been confirmed. By 1986 Red Ozier had attracted a faithful clientele (they had many standing order patrons), had received a number of grants, and had been the subject of favorable reviews and feature articles. The fellows from Madison had made

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their mark in the book world and seemed to have a bright future ahead of them. Why, then, did they decide in 1987 to dissolve their partnership, and close the press?

The cost of living in Manhattan played a major role: "We had gone for so long with so little money coming back that it started to drain my excitement about making books." (Miller). Botnick and Miller were not extravagant and most of their energy was focussed on producing books and keeping their lives simple. But, New York is an expensive place and they faced that reality daily. To offset their living expenses they kept production costs of the books low by binding their editions. In addition, Ken and Steve were extremely energetic people and often had two presses working simultaneously on separate projects. At the height of their work they issued as many as ten titles a year. Yet despite their output and their willingness to forego material pleasures, there were other factors working against their financial stability.

The prices they charged for their books did not provide enough income to meet their living costs, and that was frustrating. Even though handmade books are expensive to make, and are limited in number, if a book is too expensive there is the potential for losing buyers. Sales had always been brisk at Red Ozier and most editions sold out, but that did not guarantee enough income to cover their costs. Added to this was the fact that by the mid-80s the audience for buying finely printed books had dwindled: "Our production was winding down because the small collectorship that was there in the beginning had been cut in half. It was difficult surviving in the early years and we had, but there was really no way that we could make ends meet now. We were concerned with health care, supporting a family, and being more independent." (Botnick) Ken and Steve have mentioned how frustrating it was to present the New York Public Library with checks totalling \$24,000.00 from sales of the Faulkner book when they didn't know how they were going to pay their next month's rent.

Another limiting factor was the lack of consistent time they could spend at the press, which ultimately reduced the potential for income. For example, they weren't protected by health insurance and simple illnesses meant lost time. Or, in order to meet their expenses they worked part-time teaching classes in bookmaking, and paid for type by keyboarding at Pat Taylor's type foundry. These arrangements provided needed supplementary funds, but they took time away from completing projects at the press.

In addition to their financial burdens, working in New York caused other frustrations in their lives. When they first moved to Manhattan Botnick and Miller were willing to forego creature comforts so that they could make books. But over the course of time their lives changed; Ken got married and began working part-time to support his family. He and his wife Karen moved into the loft on 22nd Street where the press was located, and Steve moved to an apartment on the upper West side. It took more money to support these moves and rearrangements; Steve took a job as proof-reader for a law firm, and Ken began to work part-time for Yale University Press. Both Ken and Steve began to realize that there were too many obstacles to living in Manhattan, and unfortunately the press did not provide the means to overcome them.

The expectation and glamour that inspired their move to New York was eventually displaced by the grind of daily life in the City. One incident near the end of their partnership exemplified the frustrating distractions they encountered. After Ken was married they moved the press to a loft in a converted warehouse on 25th Street. There was a sound studio beneath them and the noise levels were often disturbing; it was not unusual to hear (and see) David Bowie, Sting or Tina Turner practicing. For a period of several days in 1986 someone played music loud enough to shake the floor in the press-room. The distraction became intolerable: "At first I thought it was this second or third-rate Jagger imitation group, but they kept getting better. Then Ken saw a limousine arrive one day with Mick Jagger in it."

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(Miller) The presence of famous entertainers might have added to the glamour of living in Manhattan, but it became irritating and distracted them from their work: "It was not very fun and was too noisy. There were days when the type would be bouncing on the galleys because the noise was so bad. It was really not fun at all." (Botnick)

Shortly after the appearance of Octavio Paz's *Homage and Desecrations* Steve and Ken began long discussions about the future of the press. They had to renew their lease for the press, and they were faced with a number of mounting debts. Both of them were working more regularly (Ken was commuting to his job in New Haven), and the New York Public Library had recently bought the archive of Red Ozier Press. The two of them felt a sense of loss and lack of direction: "I remember being really depressed about having all that stuff go because . . . [the archive] was like an old friend leaving the shop. . . . It was a big part of our lives that we sold." (Botnick) About this time Ken and his family moved to Middletown and a shorter commute to his work at Yale. They even discussed the possibility of Steve's moving to Connecticut and expanding the mission of the press to include doing design work for others. But everything was decided when Steve was invited to run the book arts program at the University of Alabama. After eleven years of work that produced over seventy titles, they decided to close the press.

Although Red Ozier ceased as an entity, Ken and Steve remained affiliated with publishing. Ken produced two titles at his private press in Connecticut. He remained with Yale University Press and taught courses in typography at the University until he became director of the Penland School of Arts and Crafts (North Carolina) in June, 1993. Steve went to Alabama in 1987 and he and his students have produced a number of titles under the university's Parallel Editions imprint. He has issued occasional work through his own Red Hydra Press.

While it is difficult to estimate the overall contribution Red Ozier made to the history of publishing and fine printing, they did realize

a number of accomplishments. They were certainly one of the best known literary fine presses of the 70s and 80s, and this was due to their sound editorial judgment and the design of their books. It was always exciting to receive the latest Red Ozier offering. There was a freshness to their books that was evident in the texts they chose, and the designs of the physical books. In this sense their productions were constantly evolving, which enabled them to avoid the sameness that made many other press books seem stale and unimaginative. Joining art with text was an important part of that evolution and made them precursors to the current fascination for Artist's Books.

They also managed to survive as an independent literary fine press for a considerable time, though Steve founded the press at a time when the audience for press books was at its peak. Sadly, though, the story of Red Ozier also demonstrates that it is very difficult to succeed as a fine literary publisher unless there is external support. Most fine presses are now affiliated with universities and depend on institutional assistance. This is appropriate since the audience for fine printing is in a period of contraction and the craft needs external support in order to survive. The success of Red Ozier serves as a role model for bookmaking that an academic connection can encourage, and which Steve has furthered through his affiliation with the University of Alabama, and Ken with Penland.

Ken and Steve also distinguished the press by the body of work they produced. Their designs were lively and diverse because the texts they published suggested variety and they were visually open to change. They fulfilled their mission and brought new and important writing to their audience.

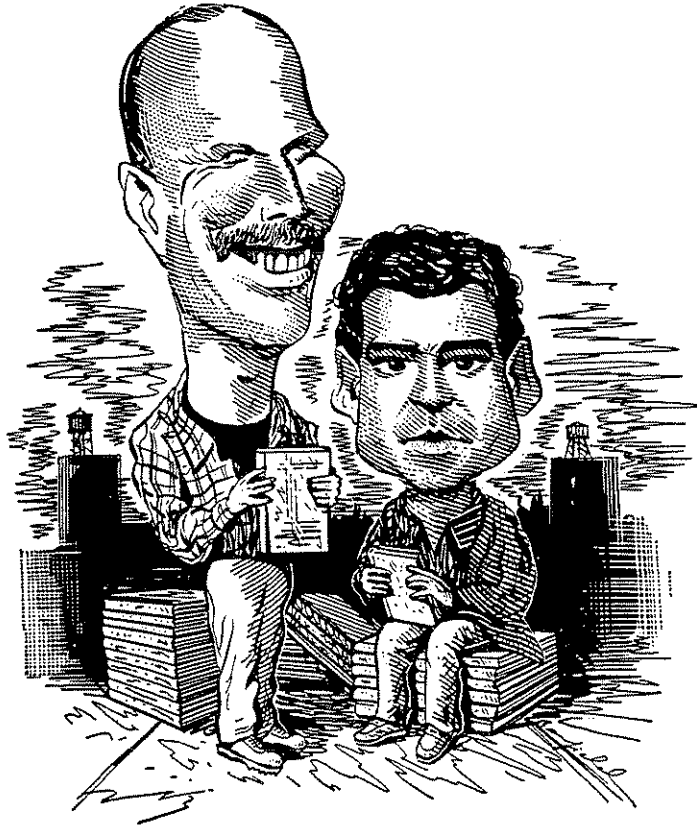
Finally, Ken and Steve achieved a level of craft that few people ever reach. For many years every phase of a book's construction was completed by them and reflected the meticulous attention skilled craftsmen bring to their work. They cast type at Pat Taylor's, made paper at Dieu Donn e, printed the sheets at the loft, and bound each volume by hand. The finished books were fitting testimonies to the

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care and attention given to their construction. There were economic reasons which encouraged Miller and Botnick's hand production, but in an arena where an artist's ideas are turned into a physical object, the hand method seemed the most appropriate vehicle for production. In this realm they were enormously successful.

The body of work produced at Red Ozier came at a time when it was exciting to publish new writing in finely designed editions. Although the audience has decreased over the years, there are still readers who enjoy well made books of contemporary writing. And despite a diminished readership, literary fine presses continue to spring up, which suggests that there will always be people who want to transform their dreams of publishing into the reality of making finely crafted books. For them, and for the generations of readers to come, the achievements of the Red Ozier Press will serve as an inspiration and a valuable contribution to the history of bookmaking and small press publishing.

MICHAEL PEICH
WEST CHESTER UNIVERSITY



Elliot Banfield, caricature drawing of the printers, Miller left, Botnick right

RED OZIER: A RECOLLECTION

IN 1974 I saw an exhibition of the handmade books and broadsides of Walter Hamady and his Perishable Press Ltd. at the University of Wisconsin Memorial Union. The show had a powerful impact on me; I had never seen books made by hand. I imagined my own poems beautifully printed by letterpress and wrapped in interesting bindings; I returned to the show every day it was open.

At that time I was attending graduate school in landscape architecture at the University of Wisconsin and living in Mineral Point, an early Wisconsin mining town. There I met the late Bob Neal, historic restoration artist and restaurateur, who talked with me about setting up a printing press to publish a French missionary's tale of the early exploration of Wisconsin. Though nothing ever came of it, I seriously thought about printing presses and making books for the first time.

On one long late-night walk, Jess Anderson enthusiastically suggested the idea of starting a publishing enterprise. It was under the hugely glowing constellation of Orion that we plotted and a plan began to emerge. Although Jess himself never printed, he has been a strong supporter of my work in these years, and has copy number One of every book of the press, except one.

At the time Jess and I discussed our plans, I became friends with the poet Diane Wakoski while she taught at the university for a year. She was a friend of Walter Hamady's and would come back from Walter's farm with stunning books and ephemera just off his press, which additionally inspired me to make my own first book. Just before she left Wisconsin, I gave her a pewter replica of one of George Washington's camp cups and a few months later she returned with a poem. Eventually I made *George Washington's Camp Cups* into a chapbook which sold out at publication and paid for my first printing press.

1975 was a year of writing poems furiously, organizing poetry

readings, hosting "The Poetry Connection," a program on the state radio network of poets reading from their own work, and waiting on tables to pay the bills. I quit school and was doing what I really wanted to do. In order to publish a book of poems I needed to learn how to print.

Walter Hamady took me on as a guest student in his typography class at the university because I wanted (needed) to make a book of my own poems. The first assignment was to print a broadside, and I made *The Balloon People Poem*. When I pulled a proof at the press from metal type I had set of a poem I had written, well, it was like being struck by lightning. The act of printing/publishing encompassed everything I found exciting—literature, design, color, artwork, and working with the hand as well as the mind.

When I finished binding my book of poems, *Wild Night Irises*, I flew to Washington, D.C. and New York City to see if anyone else was interested. The Library of Congress purchased a copy, and the Phoenix Book Store and legendary Gotham Book Mart each bought copies. Returning to Madison there was nothing I wanted to do more than to make books, so I approached other authors and started lining up manuscripts.

That winter I bought a Vandercook Number 4 proof press in Chicago and rented a room for it on the second floor of the Hotel Washington, then a flop house near the railroad tracks. It was a magical place where the first books were printed and many friends visited. I would finish printing a book, and by candlelight and a glass of wine sew its signatures together.

Before setting up shop in the Hotel Washington I met Ken Botnick. He saw a copy of my first book, introduced himself and wanted to know all about the handmade paper wrappers. He was entranced with the process, very enthusiastic, and helped make most of the handmade paper for the first few books while he was still a student in business at the university. He bought the first small papercutter for Red Ozier, or I would have continued trimming paper by hand with a knife. He went with me to Chicago to pick up the Vandercook

press, and drove back to Wisconsin in the dark after we discovered the headlights didn't work! After we had become close friends Ken left Madison to go to landscape architecture school in Massachusetts, and I missed him.

When I visited him that winter in Conway we had long talks and decided to work together, probably as partners in a papermill on the East coast. We eventually decided to move to New York City and share a loft space. In the meantime I would work on several titles for release prior to the move. Ken would finish school and move to the city to search for a place where we could live and set up shop. New York City seemed to be the next logical step: from publishing authors and artists through the postal service, to going to where art and literature was happening, and seeing what would happen.

The move finally did happen. A group of friends helped load a large white milk truck with all my earthly possessions, including the thousand and one items of the press, and we set off. Two days later we arrived in front of the loft on Warren Street, exhausted and exhilarated. Ken was there to meet us and we moved everything up the five flights of stairs. After unpacking I assumed that I would need to find some kind of bartending or waiter job to keep things going financially as I had in Wisconsin. What happened was that we worked hard setting up the press, supported minimally by money coming in from books made in Wisconsin, and started on a book by Galway Kinnell which sold out at publication. And then we began another book....

Ken had an interesting job working with a sculptor who designed parks, but things were starting to move quickly in the shop. The excitement level was building and Ken was getting more involved in all aspects of the press. He learned about letterpress printing as we were making the Kinnell book, and we bound it together. We had no nipping press, so when we finished casing-in a book we put it on the floor between boards and stamped on it. Again we sat down and had another long talk about the future, because it was clear to both of us that he wanted to make books full time. We decided to become part-

ners at Red Ozier, equally sharing in all the work, the glory and the poverty.

The Warren Street loft had a huge half-round window at the street end which went from wall to wall and floor to ceiling. That is where we set up the Vandercook 4-T proof press. I rigged a tent nearby and slept there. Ken won the toss and got the one bedroom in the back. We worked hard, and when the weather was good we went to the roof to eat sandwiches in the shadow of the World Trade Center towers, watching ships plow up and down the Hudson River.

A couple of years later the press and I moved to a less expensive living/working loft in Chelsea and Ken moved to the East Village. Later the separation of home and work was complete when we moved the shop into a warehouse building next door on West 25th.

Wherever the shop was located, we hosted poetry readings, lunched with authors and artists, worked hard and played. The years in New York were action-packed much of the time, with new book projects, new and old friends stopping by, or an occasional class to teach at the South Street Seaport, the New School, Center for Book Arts or City College. Ken and I always team-taught such classes, which helped pay the rent for we were nearly always broke. Most of the money that came in went into purchasing materials for upcoming books, and the materials used in any particular book were as good as we could afford at the time.

Red Ozier was always an eclectic publishing venture. We were attracted to many of the same authors, and had differences about others. Most of the time we were in agreement about who and what to publish. Though we both made suggestions about prospective authors or artists, Ken really had a terrific eye for artwork and knew many artists, while my main interest and awareness was with authors and manuscripts. One or the other of us would be responsible for a particular book, working with the author/artist and generally printing it, but at times we worked together on a project from beginning to end. We both did the bookbinding, which meant clearing all possible surfaces in the shop and binding for a couple of

weeks. We bound most of our own books to save money and, because we had a larger stake in the results, we did a more thorough job.

A couple of extraordinary bookbinders with whom we did work come to mind. Early on I knew about William Anthony and his edition bindings for the Perishable Press. His work was the best I have ever seen, particularly the finishing details over the course of an entire edition. I sent him twenty-eight copies of my second book of poems, *Hurricane Lake*, which he quarter-bound half with green leather and half with red leather spines. It was the first time any books of the press had been hardbound and it was tremendously exhilarating to pick them up from his studio in Chicago. His perfection in detailing influenced how Ken and I thought about craftsmanship in our work.

The other bookbinder who had a major impact in our shop was Claire Maziarczyk. She is better known for her decorated papers, but is a fine binder as well. In terms of collaboration she was one of the most sensitive artists with whom we worked. Claire would get a copy of a manuscript before we even started setting type, and would begin a dialogue with us about color and design for the decorated papers and the binding. She would make the pastepapers, and when we were ready to start the actual bookbinding would spend a couple of days with us in the shop getting the binding process moving. They were fun-filled and productive days.

We worked with many artists and our choice of what kind of artwork for a particular book was always based on a close reading of the text. We would choose artwork either to complement or oppose a text. John DePol was one of the first artists we met in the city. He had retired from the commercial book and typography world and only cut wood engravings for the books he wanted to illustrate. He gravitated to us as much as we loved working with him. He was and still is great fun and a tireless worker. One of the memorable events at the press was the year-long work with our advanced printing students on the William Faulkner book, *Father Abraham*. And one of the most interesting elements of that book was working with John to choose places in the text for illustrations; we watched him work through

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successive stages of preliminary drawings and then cuttings of the blocks, after which we printed the powerful engravings.

The time at Red Ozier was special for most everyone connected with the press. Particularly wonderful for me were the many friendships that sprang up as a result of our collaborative approach to the work. We engaged our authors, got right down in the trenches with the artists, papermakers, bookbinders, paper decoration artists, type founders, collectors and students. An example of one such friendship that allowed Red Ozier to flourish was Pat Taylor, insurance executive by day and type founder at his Out of Sorts Letter Foundry nights and on weekends. Earlier on Terry Belanger, another friend of the press, introduced me to Pat. In exchange for helping him at the foundry on weekends Pat cast type for our books. Without him we could never have afforded new type during the first years in the city. He was a true friend of the press and even lost a fingertip casting cases of Optima on the Thompson for our William S. Burroughs book.

I think one of the best things that could be said about the Red Ozier Press is that it was a *collaborative* adventure. Ken and I didn't know for certain where we were going or where we would end up, but we worked with many very talented folks along the way. We liked putting together the team of author, artist, calligrapher, papermaker and bookbinder, or some variation on that theme, and guiding everyone through the planning and production of a book. We enjoyed the challenge of making something different every time, and of approaching each text with fresh eyes. It was a wonderful time.

STEVE MILLER
TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA

A SHORT AND TRUE ACCOUNT

ONE day in the very early winter of 1979 I received at my post office in Conway, Massachusetts, a package from Madison containing a copy of the book *Hurricane Lake*. My copy had a green leather spine, incredible paste papers, and fit perfectly into the palm of my hand. When I finally opened it I saw the papers that we had made before I left Madison, and words I had written to Steve in a letter now used in the dedication. The book took my breath away. And I realized only then that the trip we had taken the year before to Boulder to have Allen Ginsberg sign the colophon sheets of *Careless Love* was the beginning of a plan that was already set in motion. Months later, on hot summer nights, I sat on a fire escape in lower Manhattan, the World Trade Towers soaring above me, and reported by phone to Steve, in Madison, on the progress of finding a home for Red Ozier in New York. Nearly ten years of work together followed.

In looking back over these years, one book, *Precious Door*, by William Goyen, comes to mind as emblematic of all the work we did, and of what we were about. We went one evening to hear Jayne Anne Phillips read at the 92nd Street Y. I had not read anything by the first reader, William Goyen. His first story was a funny one entitled "The Principesa di Texas," which was enhanced by Bill's Texas drawl. For his second story, "Precious Door," that drawl dropped down low as he described the storm that overtook two brothers. Then the low drawl became a whisper as he read the line, spoken by one of the brothers, "We had a plan."

Those words resonated in my head the rest of the evening. I knew they must have for Steve, too. The story seemed to represent a great deal of what our relationship was about. I wrote to Bill after the reading, (a fan letter, really, not a request for a manuscript) and he immediately called and asked if he could come over to our shop. He said he just had to see what a place called Red Ozier looked like! We became good friends. Months later Bill came to our loft to see the

first bound copies of his book, *Precious Door*. After a bit of visiting, Bill, Steve, John and Thelma DePol, and I gathered in a small circle at the sunny end of the loft and listened to Bill read the story again. After the reading we all marveled at the creative effort that had been devoted to the book's creation. John DePol contributed the wood engravings, Katherine and Howard Clark at Twinrocker made a special run of paper, Norma Rubovits created the extraordinary marbled papers, and Bill Anthony bound the book in his understated and masterful way. All these hands contributed to produce this slim little volume.

Slim is right! In fact, the book was so slim that quite a few dealers rejected it at the price and questioned us for spending so much time and money on this little story. *Precious Door* was expensive, and yet not expensive enough. I don't think it ever occurred to us not to spend what we did to produce a book that measured only 3 x 5 inches and was an eighth of an inch thick, and yet there was no way we could really recoup our investment at the price we sold it. We were sent a message that this was not what a certain segment of the market wanted. At the same time we received a good deal of positive response to what our press was doing. As we did so often, we paid our bills as best we could, and moved on. Like so many of the books we made, we loved that story, and we had a plan; I am glad that we made the book the way we did. It feels as fresh today as it did then.

I first worked with the press in Madison by making paper. In planning a move to Manhattan our goal was to have our own papermill, since making paper was central to Red Ozier books at that time. The first New Year books were printed on paper made at Dieu Donné, but as our books grew in length we found we could purchase good book papers less expensively than we could make them, even at Dieu Donné's discounted studio rental rates. At the same time a developing relationship with Pat Taylor brought us directly into the type founding process, and consumed much of our time. Our papermaking ended with making covers for the Roditi book, as did our post-

papermaking dinners of calamari on Mulberry Street. Our work was now focussed on type casting, printing and binding.

The authors we published were an eclectic group and the list of titles would seem to defy classification. There was never a discussion about a type or school of writing. We liked a lot of different writing and were always passing books back and forth to one another, going to readings, and talking about new writing. Our custom was to present a new author with our latest book. Occasionally authors didn't like each other and we'd find ourselves in an odd position. When we presented *Mirabai Versions* to William Burroughs, we heard back, "Oh, no, I don't want that. He just referred to me as the devil." Then we went back to shooting blow darts across Burroughs' loft. But many times the publication of one title led directly to another; even though we knew all of them independently, Burroughs led to Ford, Ford introduced us to Roditi, and Roditi to Rorem.

The idea of collaboration itself was of special interest to us. Michael Peich introduced us to the partnership of Wightman Williams and Harry Duncan through the Cummington Press edition of Alan Tate's *The Hovering Fly and Other Essays*. The crispness and energy of those pages deeply affected the way we thought about our books.

Cycles would develop whereby old friends were brought together again through the work of the press. After reading Charles Henri Ford's manuscript of haiku, we decided that a group of drawings we knew of by Isamu Noguchi would be perfect for the illustrations. It turned out that Ford and Noguchi had worked together many years before while Charles Henri published his magazine *View*. Similarly, the Ned Rorem, Paul Goodman, Larry Rivers collaboration reunited old friends from nearly forty years before.

There was no division of labor at Red Ozier. We shared each and every task and did most of them together, including our daily ritual of walking to our post office, doing our little money dance, and opening up the box. The dance was not wildly successful.

We agreed to agree on a work before we would accept it for publica-

tion. Sometimes, rarely, the agreement was a bit begrudging on one side or the other, but we were usually excited by the same things in writing. This was something we had shared for a long time. I remember sitting at the Empire Diner on 10th Avenue and sorting through 400 haiku by Charles Henri Ford. We had each made a list of our favorite 100 and were now comparing them to see which were common to both lists. An amazing amount were, and we argued the merits of the rest on our list to make up the 100 for publication. These sessions of talking about manuscripts generated an energy which we carried into the production of the books.

Our mutual disengagement from Red Ozier happened in a kind of strangely informal way, but it was clear to both of us that things had to change. Our shop on 25th street had a new neighbor downstairs, a rehearsal space for rock-n-roll bands. During the printing of the last book we made in that shop, the *Paz Homage and Desecrations*, the type rattled in the galleys while the Rolling Stones played below us. The day we moved the presses up to Connecticut we had to ask Mick Jagger to get out of our way as we unloaded the elevator. The glamour of New York had become an obstacle more than anything else and the necessities of life had pulled us in different directions.

In our shop on 25th street we had two presses positioned at right angles, fairly close together with equal access to the ink marble. Quite often, we would have two separate books in production and the air in the shop was electric. We would be printing, listening to music, and talking all day, at least when we weren't threatening to throw a galley of type at one another. It was the love of this time in production together that motivated me.

Our work days, often long and quiet, were punctuated by forays into the crazy Manhattan streets. In the evenings we'd leave our building together and walk toward Tenth Avenue, sometimes to wonder at the cerulean blue winter sky, occasionally to curse a cab driver relieving himself on our deserted block, and other times to try

and avoid an unusually active street person. Whatever the situation, through our dialogue (and Steve's wild imagination), it was woven into the fabric of our lives and became part of our plan.

*A Short
and True
Account*

KEN BOTNICK
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT