1981

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The Making of a Book

Fredric Brewer

The ledger I keep for my private press shows that on 15 January 1975 I spent sixty-eight cents for a package of envelopes. Thus was The Raintree Press born, named for the mythical Indiana county memorialized more than three decades ago by Ross Lockridge, Jr., in his novel, Raintree County. Several months passed before enough money was saved for Raintree’s first press, a small and hefty hand-operated six-by-ten-inch Kelsey Excelsior which I no longer have, and six trays of type. In October 1975, Raintree’s maiden book was completed, a collection of poems, Moving into the Light, by the Hoosier poet Richard Pfum.

Pfum’s book is a slim volume, twenty-four pages long, printed for the most part on stark white watercolor paper and sewn into covers of buff-colored construction paper, the kind children draw on for art class projects. Eight pages of the book consist of a toothy, light tan Ingres paper intended for charcoal sketching, and the reason for this is simply that I ran out of the watercolor paper. The book is either over- or under-inked depending upon which page one chooses to examine. Each page had to be wiped with a slightly dampened sponge before it would accept ink. The volume also is a curious mixture of type faces: American Garamond, Monotype Garamont, Twentieth Century medium, and Hadriano Stonecut.

One hundred ten copies of Moving into the Light were printed; I have but one copy left, No. 88. What happened to copy No. 1 puzzles me. In fact, an accounting can be made for only a handful of the chapbooks, and beyond that their dispersal is a mystery. Two were dispatched to the United States Copyright Office and one was airmailed to a purchaser in Switzerland who must have heard about the book through mental telepathy. Fifteen copies, at two dollars each, were sold by Indiana book dealers who kept 40 percent of the selling price. Pfum was given five. Where did the rest go? I have no idea. What I do know is that the paper cost $40.28 and the copyright registration $6.00. How much was doled out for glue and thread to patch the chapbook together, or how
much money ticked off for ink and type wear, heaven only knows.

After this maiden venture into publishing, I decided the advice of an accountant was essential if The Raintree Press was to have a future. My wife knew a fellow who had an accountant friend and a meeting was set up. The financial side of my press was put into what seems to be reasonable order and except for my first year, a financial disaster by any economic consideration, Raintree has operated at a modest profit. In 1980, receipts came to $7,355.10 of which approximately $1,000.00 were mine, before taxes, to keep.

Raintree publishes books, most in soft cover, broadsides, and ephemera such as “A Tea-Party Ephemeron,” distributed at the 1980 conference of the American Printing Historical Association, and “Factotums,” mailed to the 150 letterpress buffs who make up the Amalgamated Printers’ Association. Now and then, Raintree tackles special assignments. In 1980, for example, a large portfolio and memorial certificate were printed for Indiana University’s president and chancellor who carried the items to Africa and presented them to H. Kamuzu Banda, president of Malawi, on the occasion of his nation’s sixteenth independence celebration. Raintree also prints business cards, stationery, posters, wedding invitations, and other what not, but none of these items extensively.

My press has published more than twenty books, most of them small chapbooks, but there have been at least three of somewhat impressive physical nature: Norman Corwin’s long epic ode, Jerusalem Printout, Willis Barnstone’s complex and mystical Overheard which consists of fifty seven-line poems which Barnstone, a well-known academic poet, wrote in a twelve-hour period, and Willis Carl Jackson’s The Log of the Carla Mia. Unlike the chapbooks, these three publications are case bound—Corwin’s book is quarter-bound in black morocco with hand-marbled paper covered boards; Barnstone’s book is done in a combination of black cloth and gray paper; and Jackson’s book has sail cloth on the spine and a tough, dark blue parchmentlike paper, called Elephant Hide, on the boards.

Each item that has been printed at Raintree has presented problems, each of which needed solving before going on. The Log of the Carla Mia, the most lengthy book I have done—ninety-three printed pages—taxed me with thorny problems nearly every day I spent on the project. Some problems were mechanical, some were financial, and a few were meteorological.

In 1977, I printed for the Indiana University Libraries 5,000
holiday greeting cards, at no charge, which the library staff sold to aid their special projects fund. During this project, I became acquainted with Carl Jackson, who was then dean of the library system. In the course of my several conversations with him, Jackson expressed his love for the sea and told me about his sailboat, a thirty-foot long auxiliary (with motor) ketch whose home port is Louisville, although the vessel at that time was moored at Norfolk, Virginia. I had no idea that Jackson was secretly planning to sail solo across the Atlantic, and not until late June 1978 did I learn of it. That month, Jackson moved his boat from Norfolk to a boatyard on the Patuxent River, Chesapeake Bay, and was readying it for the crossing.

In September, Jackson returned to the campus. By now he was considerably lighter in weight, his body burned to the color of brown shoe leather, and he was sporting a bristly beard that would have been the envy of Herman Melville's Captain Ahab. Behind him was a storm-tossed Atlantic crossing of about two months in length. I was soon on the phone, asking him if he had kept a log and, if he had, could Raintree publish it.

All the ship logs I had examined previously were rather sketchy accounts made up mostly of star and sun sightings and such laconic notes as "Second mate fell overboard." Jackson, however, had crammed into each page of a small, thick notebook not only the astronomical mathematics of his sail but also extensive descriptive observations and commentary that revealed the stresses of his adventure.

Now private press proprietors submit themselves to considerable tediousness, but after turning the many pages of Jackson's log, I realized that handsetting those pages into metal type would occupy the greater part of a year. The solution, of course, was to have the log set either by Linotype or Monotype, each an expensive proposition for a garage-based publisher. Jackson suggested that he could put up the funds if sales of the printed log were handled through advance subscription, thus assuring him that his investment would be returned.

Having the log set by Linotype would be cheaper but I did not favor the rigidity of all those lines of type, each line set on a slug. Any spacing or word changes made just prior to printing would necessitate a trip to the typesetter, and in my case the nearest Linotype service is fifty miles from home. Furthermore, Linotype metal is the softest of type metals. Damage that could occur to a
line during printing would mean another visit to the typesetter.

I decided to use Monotype. The Monotype machine—actually two are involved, the keyboard and the caster—spews out type in individual pieces called sorts. These line up neatly just as if they were handset. Also, Monotype metal is harder than Linotype metal.

Before I could get a cost estimate, I made up a rough design of the book, deciding what the page size was to be, the line measure, and the type face and its size. At first, I decided upon Bembo as the type, for it has a particularly lovely face, when printed by metal, as romantic as a full moon above a calm sea. But that was a problem as well. Bembo was too romantic. Jackson’s solo voyage had not been cakes and ale. I then considered Bulmer, a somewhat staid English face that was initially cut in the latter part of the eighteenth century by William Martin for William Bulmer, a London printer and publisher. Alexander Lawson in his book *Printing Types* describes Bulmer as “distinguished letter” that “retains some of the warmth of the oldstyle heritage.” Daniel Berkeley Updike, in his monumental *Printing Types: Their History, Forms, and Use*, judged the Bulmer face as “very handsome, very clear—and very modern.” Since Bulmer is one of Raintree’s three principal house types—the others being Spectrum and Garamond—I realized that by using Bulmer I would have access to display sizes without having to have these cast for me by the Monotype people. With Bulmer, I could also use my Normande italic, a German type, for chapter headings and the title. This face is a copy of those fat faces, about half as wide as they are high, that were popular more than a century ago. Bulmer coupled with Normande would add a dash of the past to the book, a past when sailing ships plowed the seven seas.

A prime consideration for any bookmaker is readability, and Bulmer is a most readable face. Furthermore, the type must be set in a comfortable size, show no eccentricities in design, and be set on a line that is easy to scan—and the book itself should not be overbearing in size if it is a book to be read. After all, many people read in bed. I decided on a page size 4 3/4×7 1/2 inches, approximating the size of the original log, and a text type size of 10 points on an 18-pica line with a one point lead, or space, between the lines. A point is a unit of type size equal to 0.01384 inch. Approximately 72 points equal 1 inch. A pica is 12 points, or about 1/6 of an inch. To arrive at a comfortable reading width for the line length, the formula \( O = \text{lca} \times 1 \ 1/2 \) is used. \( O \) is the optimum
line length; lca is the lowercase alphabet length (the lca of the type face and size being used). You can reduce the width the formula gives you by 25 percent and still fall within the comfortable reading range; you can increase the minimum by twice as well. In the case of 10-point Bulmer, an 18-pica measure will give the reader no discomfort. A simpler formula to use is to allow no more than ten words to a line. If the reader is bored by what he reads, however, printers have devised no formula to solve that problem.

Assisting readability is what is known as the x-height of the individual letters. The x-height is the height of the lower case letters that do not have ascenders (b, d, f, h, k, and l) or descenders (g, j, p, q, and y). Bulmer has sufficient x-height to make its letters quite readable in even smaller sizes than 10-point. On the other hand, Bembo has a much smaller x-height, and 10-point Bembo strikes most persons as rather difficult to read.

In January 1979, I delivered a typed copy of the Jackson manuscript to Typo Service of Indianapolis, and requested an estimate for Monotype setting. The estimate was $2,236 for typesetting plus 75 cents a pound for metal rental, the latter amount to be returned when I took the type back to the company. There would be about 500 pounds of metal used, or $375 worth.

Originally, I intended to publish an edition of 300 books; I estimated the bindery cost at $5 a book. This figure, fortunately, was entirely incorrect. For 250 books, the edition run, the binding cost was $525.

I planned at first to use Arches laid paper, a beautiful French paper, all rag and manufactured by the mould process in which a large wire cylinder turns ever so slowly in a vat of paper pulp. The cost of Arches proved prohibitive, though; so I searched for a satisfactory substitute. With the rapid rise of offset printing in the past twenty-five years, paper for letterpress work, at a price that won't strap small printers, has become increasingly difficult to acquire.

Before the fifties, good commercially produced book paper, with an excellent receptivity for ink, abounded in the United States. Among them were fine papers with such names as Oxford Laid Eggshell, Worthy Sterling Wove, and Warren Olde Style, the latter only recently discontinued much to the sorrow of letterpress printers. There are, however, still at least three good text papers: Permalife from the Howard Paper Mills, Superfine from Mohawk, and Ragston from Curtis. Permalife and Superfine are formulated
from wood chips; Ragston is partly wood, partly rag. Permalife and Superfine are especially good to use for both papers have been buffered against acidity and meet the specifications for permanence and durability as stated in the American Library Association's *ALA Bulletin* (October 1963). These papers will last for centuries, a heady thought to the private publisher.

When the time came to start printing the log, I had on hand a carton of Permalife, some 1,100 large sheets in eighty-pound weight. On 2 January 1979, the paper cost $101.36. Figuring in other costs—ink, art reproduction, travel, mailing and postal insurance, typesetting, binding—an edition of 300 books would cost $14.58 per book. Leaping inflation caused me to change the intended selling price of the book from $20 to $35 and to reduce the edition size to 250. The actual cost per book was $12.67. At $35 per book, it would appear that I would profit rather well, but this is not so. Some 20 books were distributed free; 16 books were sold at cost; four bookdealers handling some sales took 40 percent of the selling price as their commission. When I brood over these figures, there is a secret hope in my chest that some motion picture producer will come along and buy the movie rights. Really, I don't think this will happen.

Although I had received the typesetting estimate in early 1979, no work on the book was done that year. In July 1979, I began printing the Willis Barnstone book (on Arches paper, incidentally), and this project occupied me until early autumn. Meantime, Jackson rewrote the opening chapter to the log. This chapter, "Preparation," contains background material about the voyage and is not part of the actual day-by-day log. In December, Jackson received word that the *Carla Mia*, in drydock in Scotland, had been knocked over by a storm and severely damaged and was not salvageable.

The news from Scotland put a crimp in my publishing plan because Jackson was going to advance some of the funds to get the type set. We decided, however, to struggle ahead slowly, and in February 1980, I printed 400 copies of a prospectus with an attached order blank. We mailed close to 250 of these; Jackson also passed out the prospectuses at library conferences he attended. By the end of April, there were 160 orders as well as four requests for free copies from individuals neither of us had ever heard of. Of these advance orders, only five persons failed to honor them.

In late May, Jackson decided it would not be financially wise for
him to invest in the book because of the loss he had sustained on the Carla Mia. Happily, when he got to Scotland in the late summer, he found his ketch was repairable; he plans to cross the Atlantic east to west, possibly this year.

I decided to bear the cost entirely myself. With a deep dip into my savings, and with the help of a check I had received for writing a freelance article about volcanoes and plate tectonics, all seemed well until Typo Service gave me the unsettling news that Monotype setting costs were now 15 percent higher. I went over Jackson’s manuscript carefully, making extensive cuts in the “Preparation” chapter, and also cut out a considerable portion of the star and sun sightings in the log section, and, of course, I lowered the edition from 300 to 250. I also decided to handset all the log entry dates myself, thereby saving some $60. Still, the typesetting charge was higher than the original estimate—$2,436 instead of the $2,236 estimated.

In mid-June, the prepared manuscript was sent to Typo. Ten days later, the copy matter was in metal and Jackson and I went to Indianapolis and trundled a quarter-of-a-ton of type aboard his van. Fortunately, we hit no bumps on our return, and the twenty-seven long galleys of type were soon stacked on the floor of my garage.

When I plotted out the size and type size for the book, I also considered what art I wanted. At first, I decided to use small anchors, printed in blue, on each page. Unsuccessful in locating such anchors, I asked David Churchman of Indianapolis, a letterpress buff and collector who sells what he doesn’t want to people like me, if he could track down some. On a trip to Chicago, Churchman stopped by a printing shop which had a casting machine and queried them if they had an anchor matrix in ten-point size. The owner assured him he had and cast off five pounds of “anchors” for me. When I examined the type I found the anchors were actually the zodiac sign for Sagittarius, the archer, and only if you half-close your eyes, does the sign look like an anchor.

In the university library, I came across a history of marine navigation. Among its illustrations was a reproduction of an Atlantic sailing chart which originally had appeared in the first (1561) English translation of the Arte de Navegar by Martin Cortes. I photocopied this chart and it appears on the log’s title page. From the third edition of the Handbook of Early Advertising Art by Clarence P. Hornung (New York: Dover, 1956) came a nineteenth
century wood engraving of a bearded sailor lounging on a deck and gazing wistfully out to sea. This illustration is reproduced on the book’s dedication page. The dedication reads, in part: “... to all who have reached or passed middle age and still have a dream.” For a tailpiece to close off the book’s text, I found a small cut among my ornaments that showed, within a circle, a small sailboat passing a lighthouse. With a sharp knife, I trimmed away the circle and the lighthouse.

An artist friend, Charles Snyder, drew a picture of a ketch at full sail beneath a sky of scudding clouds. He made his drawing look like a wood engraving. I had two metal linecuts made, one with the vessel headed right for printing on the verso pages (left-handed pages), one with the vessel bearing left for the recto pages (right-handed). Snyder’s drawing appears five times in the book as chapter headings, and is printed in blue. Two other illustrations dot the book: an anchor (which I found while rummaging through a cigar box filled with printer’s dingbats or ornaments), and which I used on the title page, and a small, antique wood engraving of a tree which I used above the colophon material on the book’s last printed page.

Twenty-six of the twenty-seven galleys of type contained the book’s text; the twenty-seventh galley was filled with sorts, one full line each of all the letters, numbers, and points (punctuation) I would need for any changes to the set metal. I distributed these sorts into three cases: one for roman letters, one for italic, and one for small capitals. From them, I also set the dates for each daily log entry, the folios (page numbers), and the running heads. Running heads are those single lines one often finds on the pages of a book, usually just a slight distance above the blocks of text; they state the title, or author’s name, or chapter title, or combinations of these.

Each of the twenty-six galleys remaining contained the reading matter and they were sequential in order. Typo Service had numbered each galley so I would know where everything was, and had provided two sets of galley proofs. Jackson took one set and read it for any numerical errors. I initially read my set for typographical errors in the text and, mercifully, there were very few. I also noted where the date lines were to appear. Each date took up space equal to three lines of type.

The next thing was to mark off the beginning and end of each page, thirty-seven lines to a page except those pages starting and ending chapters. I allowed twenty-four lines for the chapter starts
since the Snyder drawing and the chapter name had to go on these pages. For the chapter ends, I simply wished that they would terminate with at least five lines; they did. The page divisions were initially ruled off with a light pencil line. This task sounds not so formidable but often I would come to where a date appeared either at the top or at the bottom of a page; the bottom line date was particularly objectionable since it introduced nothing but the blank margin underneath. Also unsightly was the not-too-rare problem of the “widow,” a term used to describe a line at the top of a page and containing only one or two words. A printer wants the top line to go full measure.

To eliminate widows and to bury the dates within the pages, it was necessary to readjust the text, moving type around to add or subtract lines. By resspacing, these adjustments can be made. I marked on my proof where I would have to tinker with the type, and then made a final ruling, this in red ink, for the page divisions. The red lines, not the penciled ones, guided me when I locked-up the type into the chase, the metal frame which bears all the letters and spacing material. Wedges called quoins are used to secure this material in the chase.

After marking off the pages, I made up a dummy book, separating the book into four signatures. A signature is a section of a book made by folding printed sheets so the pages follow in the correct order. The first three signatures consisted of six twice-folded sheets; the last, of six twice-folded and one single-folded sheets. On the dummy, I noted where the folios were to appear since blank pages do not have numbers even though you may count them. The first actual text page of the book proper should, by tradition, be a recto page. Recto pages always are odd numbered, another tradition. In The Log of the Carla Mia, the start of chapter one is page nine. I also noted on the dummy what was to appear, if anything, on the unnumbered pages; for example, title, copyright, dedication, and so on. A further notation was made as to what galley contained the type for that page.

On unfolding the dummy pages, the printer finds his or her order of imposition, or sequence, in which the pages are to be printed. Since I printed four pages at a time, turned over that sheet and then printed on the back another four pages, my imposition was not too complicated. On one sheet, for example, I printed pages 75, 78, 91, and 94; the backside carried pages 76, 77, 92, and 93. When you open up your numbered dummy pages, you find
many figures upside down. They are supposed to be, and they guide you as to which direction to point your type when locking up the metal in the chase.

As I proceeded along, the galleys were moved one-by-one to my stone, the printer’s working area, and the type slowly pushed off the galley. Although I did not scramble any type, several times I pushed the type off unevenly causing lines to stagger. Staggered lines look like a staircase seen from the side, a part of one line nudging down into the next line, and so on. Each time this mishap occurred, I would call a coffee break, and then return to the ornery task of getting the type re-lined. Normally, to re-line the type, very patient and gentle shoving worked. Once, however, nearly half a tray was so intricately staggered that I gave up on the shoving and reset by hand the entire mess.

Several sets of the running heads were made up, but lines containing the dates and folios were composed as I went along since these changed after each press run. Fortunately, I made no folio errors; the page numbers flow smoothly from 9 to 95. Unfortunately, I got in two wrong dates, on page 75, and did not discover these errors until more than a hundred sheets into the press run. I stopped printing, corrected the dates, placed the sheets with the wrong dates aside, and resumed the run. Afterwards, I set two lines reading “Date error. Should read 12” and “Date error. Should read 13” and locked these up so they would print to the left of the incorrect dates. I printed these corrections in blue at around four o’clock in the morning. I felt miserable about this mishap but William Cagle, director of Indiana University’s Lilly Library, cheered me up when I told him about it. “You have a variant,” he said in a way that made me feel that I had done something important. At any rate, there are two versions of the log, at least as far as page 75 is concerned; and as slight as the variance is, I hope there are a few private press book collectors who will not rest well until they have both versions on their shelves.

Ink control probably is the printer’s major concern and no printer can evade the problems inking can cause, whether he or she be professional or amateur. The colophon of The Log of the Carla Mia contains this statement: “Printed in Bulmer and Normande italic on Permalife text under trying weather conditions which severely affected inking. O! to live in Oregon!” The reference to Oregon will be clearly understood by anyone who has lived there. West of the Cascade mountain range, it seems to rain most of the
time which, of course, means there is not only considerable dampness in the air but in everything else including paper. Properly dampened paper is a letterpress printer's glory for the paper prints beautifully.

During the printing of the log, my air conditioner broke down—at the very beginning of the 1980 heat wave. My paper became quite dry and I despaired of ever getting a good impression. Dampening the paper did not succeed in the 100-degree heat that flooded my garage. The paper simply dried almost as fast as the moisture hit it; furthermore, it curled up and wouldn't straighten out. My only solution was to smear additional ink on the press's rollers and pray for the best. Even then, inking was still slightly spotty. About three-quarters of the way through printing the book, I realized that the rollers on my press—a used Vandercook SP-15 that I had acquired in May after a similar press I had bought in March fell off the truck and was destroyed—might not be true cylinders. With a handmade caliper, I carefully moved up and down the ink rollers, noting any irregularities. The forward roller turned out to be ever so slightly elliptical. A new set of rollers was ordered from Chicago; they arrived on the day the air conditioner repairman showed up. It was a day for celebration.

The main printing of the log was done on the Vandercook. This machine actually is a glorified proofing press used to turn out printed material to be photographed for reproduction on an offset press. Blue ink laid down on the log was done on an ancient Chandler and Price platen press. Although much faster than the hand-cranked Vandercook, the treadle-operated Chandler and Price balks at doing a good job of printing when the chase is crammed full of type, and it is necessary to spend hours pasting tiny bits of tissue paper on the Chandler and Price's tympan sheet wherever a letter refuses to print well. A platen is a clamshell affair, the type coming up to smack at once the paper. The Vandercook wraps the paper around a large steel cylinder and the type meets the paper point by point so you have few impression problems.

Raintree owns a huge paper cutter that was built more than a century ago. It is a dangerous machine, and I am scared to death of it. Its only safety is a two-by-four inch block of wood shoved into its lever's connecting rods. To cut a pile (or lift) of paper, I lower the knife to the paper, jump onto the inclined lever, about five feet long, and ride the lever down. The draw of the knife through the paper makes the cut sheets on the top differ in size from those on
the bottom of each lift. When printing on two sides of a sheet, you need to remember this if you want the back side to "back up" the front side precisely; that is, lines on the back should exactly cover the lines on the front when you hold the printed sheet up to the light. During printing of the log, I had to make numerous microscopic adjustments to the Vandercook's paper feed guides whenever backing up.

The paper came in sheets 23-by-35 inches, and each sheet yielded four 10-by-15 1/2 inch sheets, the size I fed into the press. Ideally, I should have cut only three sheets from each master sheet for this would have allowed the small sheets to have their grain running in the same direction. I did not have enough paper, however, nor could I wait a month to receive another shipment. William Robbins, of Roachdale, Indiana, and the book's binder, called me during binding and told me that the books would be a little stiff to open because some pages have the grain going east and west; some, the grain traveling north and south.

After printing was completed, I removed the slip sheets—to prevent ink transfer from one sheet to another—and collated and folded the signatures by hand. Each signature was triple-checked before I folded to be certain I had not picked up an extra sheet or had overlooked one. Folding was done with a bone folder, an oblong wedge of bear bone from Germany. Gutenberg's apprentices undoubtedly employed similar folders for they have been in use for centuries; bear bone leaves no mark on the paper. Jackson dropped by to sign each bastard title page, the first printed page in the book. The books were numbered in india ink after they were bound.

On 11 August I drove the signatures up to Roachdale along with a bulky package containing the main sail from the *Carla Mia*. This sail had been laundered twice to get all the sea salt out. The Robbins bindery chopped the sail into strips for wrapping around the spine of the books. As far as I can determine, *The Log of the Carla Mia* is the first printed log to include sail from the vessel the log is about.

While Robbins was binding the books, *pro forma* invoices were printed to send to subscribers, as well as dust jackets and address labels. Fortunately, I did not need to buy mailing bags; the bags used were recovered from wastebaskets in the Indiana University Libraries acquisitions department.

On 7 October, Robbins phoned to say the books were ready; I
picked them up that very day, numbered them, and tucked them into their jackets. The next day I packed the books to send to institutions that had subscribed, and to persons who had sent along checks. On the ninth, I took the packaged books to the branch post office in the university's Union Building. The clerks were somewhat miffed when they saw all the packages for a slip had to be written out for each one since they were to be insured. They told me to return several hours later—with cash. Raintree's October postal charges came to $142.65.

If I were to redo the book, would I handle anything differently? Of course. Part of the challenge of private publishing is to come up with a new idea for everything one prints. I find a number of things about The Log of the Carla Mia that dissatisfy me. If reprinted, I would do something about those 30-point initial letters that start the chapters. Too much white space beneath them. And the title page looks cluttered. And assuredly I would cut the paper so the grain all ran north and south. And I might put more space between the text lines. And . . .

But there are new projects: that volume of poetry I intended to do last year, that planned set of broadsides, and those three thick notebooks filled with folklore about dandelions—might there be a book there? Smudged with ink, his or her fingers prickly and aching from hours of handsetting type, a private press proprietor ends each day with the pleasant thought that on the morrow the process refreshes itself with the dawn.

POSTSCRIPT: After spending a half-year on repairing his ketch, Carl Jackson, in April, 1981, sailed from Scotland. He intended to make his way to the Canaries and then sail across the Atlantic to Florida. On 10 May, a section of the Carla Mia was found washed ashore on the northern coast of Spain in an area known as El Ferrol. Five days later, the Carla Mia was found in thirty feet of water about a mile offshore. Her nose had been ripped away as though the craft had been struck by a larger vessel. There was no trace of Carl Jackson.

NOTES