



Royal College of Art
Printmaking 2012



Matthew Benington
Lily Cain
Joe Drakeford
Agata Dymus-Kazmierczak
Sian Gledhill
Elizabeth Gossling
Sofie Grevelius
Colin Henderson
Kirsty Hendry
Dokyung Lee
Ho Kyu Lee
James Lewis
Roman Manfredi
Cian McConn
Chris Mercier
Matthew Pagett
Jessica Rayner
Alessa Tinne
Madalina Zaharia



with
Jonathan Allen
Nigel Rolfe
Jo Stockham
Eva Weinmayr



23 COMPONENTS FOR A BOOK

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

PRINTMAKING 2012



Royal College of Art
Printmaking 2012

23 Components for a Book

(in alphabetical order)





Acknowledgements

Roman Manfredi



MONICA
ALAIN

A

Author

Jessica Rayner



B

Bibliography

Ho Kyu Lee





Binding 29 30

Matthew Pagett

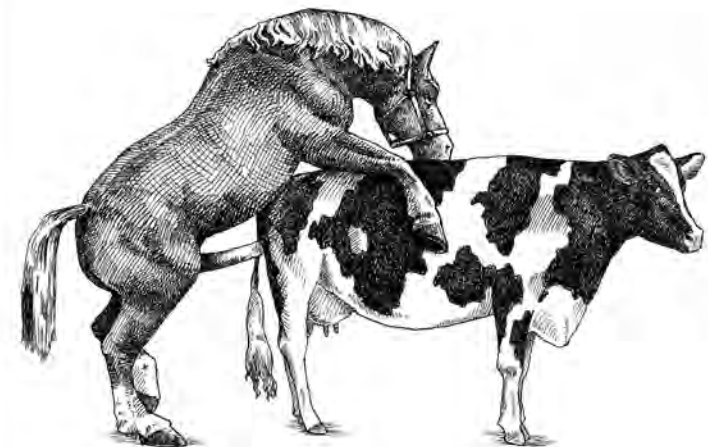


FIG. 8

The adapted bovine femur teases and forces the pulped wood into a series of convenient folds. These creases are then jammed into order by a slathering of boiled, shuddered horse. This is known, technically, as 'perfect binding'.



C

Contents

Nigel Rolfe

Contributor

James Lewis

How to participate and contribute to the discussion of ideas.

- At the appropriate time in classroom discussions don't be afraid to voice your opinion, even if you differ from your professor or classmates. Your opinion can and should be based on the text, other readings, class discussions, library sources, experts in the topic, as well as your own experience.
- In class, listen carefully to what a professor or other students are saying.
- Mark or make notes of the points you wish to answer, discuss or question. Remember: a question is as valuable as an opinion in the course of discussion. It shows that you are trying to understand others, as well as be understood!

C

- Introduce your contribution with a quick summary of the discussion or point... "As I understand it..." Restating the discussion/author's main idea shows that you are trying to understand and demonstrates where you are in understanding. It is very likely that if you have questions or information, others will share them.
- Be certain it is clear to the class and professor when you are summarizing and when you are giving your opinion.
- Try to keep your comments to the point and don't hesitate to refer to your notes: logic is not a speed test...
- In making an argument, begin with examples from the author or teacher (imitation can be a form of flattery), but generally use your own examples to show your agreement with their point of view. This demonstrates independent thinking which should be valued in an academic setting.
- After you have spoken it is appropriate to ask for feedback, if others understand what you have said, if others agree or disagree with you.
- Demonstrate openness and dialogue.

E

Editorial

Cian McConn

OBJECTS
POSE
AND
HAIRSTYLE
CHANGES....

...REPLACE
THE FACE-
LESS
OPINIONATOR
WITH AN
OPINIONLESS
FACE.



Colin Henderson

F

Font

Chris Mercier

`<P>`

To compose and publish a text I need to choose a font not only to be able to see what I am writing, but also to transport my thoughts from oral articulation to their delivery and enunciation on the printed page. The font I choose might for example represent the timbre of voice I wish to hear or speak. The authority of my utterances are possibly enhanced or hindered by my choice of font. On a subliminal level my selection or non-selection of a suitable typeface could speak volumes about my socioeconomic status, my education, sexuality, age and demographics.

In this very document that I am typing I have chosen Courier. This is the font that electronic typesetting equipment would default to if a font had not been chosen or was not licensed and installed on the system. It was also the preferred font of screenwriters and journalists because it is the font belonging to the IBM typewriter. This is about as neutral as I can go, perhaps even more neutral than my own handwriting; or not?

Johanna Drucker in her book 'The Visible Word' discusses the device of "marked" and "unmarked" text. Marked text is where the speaker, the recipient and the context is considered in the choosing of a font. Observe for example, the use of fonts in advertising. However, with "unmarked" text the content possesses an assumed authority that speaks for itself without the need for intervention by the author, publisher or printer. Consider The Bible or the encyclopedia where the choice of font conveys a sort of generic neutrality.

Whether a neutrality is achievable is questionable. We, the newly print-franchised general public or we as writers, artists, publishers and designers, have access to a vast resource of free or cheap fonts. This either makes their utilization and deployment on a metonymic level a very potent tool or just a frivolous decorative device.

Prior to the desktop computer however, the purchase of a font for a jobbing printer would have been a major investment. It would have come cast in metal from a type foundry, weighed a tonne, and would have needed considerable storage space. This would certainly temper the printer's choices. Frivolity in one's choice of font was not realistically an option. So for a publication such as this, you might have had only two or three choices for delivering the main body of the text.

Today, with electronic or digital publishing one assumes we have more control to choose. However there is the phenomenon where you might go to great lengths to enhance your text with exactly the font mark-up that contextually expresses each

F

and every nuance of the text you are about to publish, only to find that when viewed on a different web browser or e-book reader the font has been substituted for another. Thus the luxury of choice for the font obsessed semionaut, for now, still remains within the realms of the printed page.

However, the more contributors there are to a collaborative publication such as this, the more the final choice of font will become subject to an interesting process of elimination and reduction and hopefully a certain synchronicity will deliver us a typeface.

</P>



F

Foreword

Eva Weinmayr

fore·word (fôrwrđ, fr-) n.

A preface or an introductory note, as for a book, especially by a person other than the author.

The earliest known usage of the word is in the 19th Century, thought to be derived from the German word *VORWORT*, which also translates as 'preface'.

If this book includes an introduction (something a foreword does not automatically imply), its author may choose to include a definition of 'introduction'. For reasons I hope will be obvious, this is not the place for such a definition. However, in order to understand the concept 'foreword' it will be necessary to delineate both what it is and what it is not with particular reference to items with which it is most similar and therefore most likely to be confused. The primary and sole item meeting this criterion seems to me to be the term 'introduction'.



F

In a book with chapters, any forewords, prefaces and introductions precede the chapters and are, unlike them, not numbered. From this we can see that they stand outside the main body of the book like sentinels at the gates of a castle. Generally, however – to draw another key distinction – and it would be interesting to encounter an exception – they are there to welcome the reader and prepare him or her for the experience of the interior, not to bar entry to the unsuitable. Perhaps this convolutedly unprepossessing foreword itself might be the forbidding exception:

IF YOU ARE IRRITATED BY OBSESSIVE PEDANTRY,
GO NO FURTHER.

I have found no lapidary criteria for distinguishing the two items, so I will make it my business here to chisel them out myself: an introduction is meta and a foreword is meta-meta. The introduction says, 'Here is some general, overarching content about the content. ['This book seeks to trace the main constituents of a publication: from the most obvious and vital, to the ones that are so embedded in its framework that they could easily be overlooked.']' The foreword says, 'Here are the circumstances of this content having been pulled together in this form at this time. ['Back in early 2012, the graduating

F

students of RCA Printmaking invited me for what turned out to be a riotous four-hour lunch at the Oyster Bar in Greenwich Village. I think it was during this delirious afternoon that the ideas that would eventually form the content of this book began to coalesce in our minds like the gaseous swirlings of some primordial universe.']'

This foreword then is failing in its traditional duties, so much so that it is surely legitimate to question whether it is really a foreword at all. In mitigation, it may be pointed out that is hobbled by being meta-meta-meta (and, in this self-diagnosis, meta-meta-meta-meta) and that this is in the nature of this book. However, by saying this, I am venturing dangerously into expository activity that is properly the domain of the introduction, to which, if there is one, I will now give way.

G

Glossary

Sofie Grevelius

STAND

UNDER

UNDER

STAND

The Library of Babel

which the divine Library has not foreseen and which in one of its secret tongues do not contain a terrible meaning. No one can articulate a syllable which is not filled with tenderness and fear, which is not, in one of these languages, the powerful name of a god. To speak is to fall into tautology. This wordy and useless epistle already exists in one of the thirty volumes of the five shelves of one of the innumerable hexagons - and its refutation as well. (An *n* number of possible languages use the same vocabulary; in some of them, the symbol *library* allows the correct definition *a ubiquitous and lasting system of hexagonal galleries*, but *library* is *bread* or *pyramid* or anything else, and these seven words which define it have another value. You who read me, are You sure of understanding my language?)

The methodical task of writing distracts me from the present state of men. The certitude that everything has been written negates us or turns us into phantoms. I know of districts in which the young men prostrate themselves before books and kiss their pages in a barbarous manner, but they do not know how to decipher a single letter. Epidemics, heretical conflicts, peregrinations which inevitably degenerate into banditry, have decimated the population. I believe I have mentioned the suicides, more and more frequent with the years. Perhaps my old age and fearfulness deceive me, but I suspect that the human species - the unique species - is about to be extinguished, but the Library will endure: illuminated, solitary, infinite, perfectly motionless, equipped with precious volumes, useless, incorruptible, secret.

I have just written the word 'infinite'. I have not interpolated this adjective out of rhetorical habit; I say that it is not illogical to think that the world is infinite. Those who judge it to be limited postulate that in remote places the corridors and stairways and hexagons can conceivably come to an end - which is absurd. Those who imagine it to be without limit forget that the possible number of books does have such a limit. I venture to suggest this solution to the ancient problem: *The Library is unlimited and cyclical.* If an eternal traveller

Labyrinths *Repetita di Jordan*

were to cross it in any direction, after centuries he would see that the same volumes were repeated in the same disorder (which, thus repeated, would be an order: the Order). My solitude is gladdened by this elegant hope.*

*Letizia Álvarez de Toledo has observed that this vast Library is useless: rigorously speaking, *a single volume* would be sufficient, a volume of ordinary format, printed in nine or ten point type, containing an infinite number of infinitely thin leaves. (In the early seventeenth century, Cavalieri said that all solid bodies are the superimposition of an infinite number of planes.) The handling of this silky *vade mecum* would not be convenient: each apparent page would unfold into other analogous ones; the inconceivable middle page would have no reverse.

Translated by J.E.I.

KEEP YOUR PARTS FLAT

The great value of EVERYBODY'S ENQUIRE WITHIN will be appreciated when the work is complete and the parts are bound into volume form. But that the books may be worthily bound for permanent use it is essential that the parts be kept perfectly clean and flat. The best plan is to lay them, when read, in a drawer, or place them between boards till the time of binding.

BINDING ARRANGEMENTS

The publishers have made arrangements by which readers' parts can be bound into volume form as inexpensively as possible. Full particulars of the binding scheme will be given in the part after next, and readers should have their parts ready so that Volume I can be bound as soon as it is completed.



THE ILLUMINATED PAGE

An osmosis of meaning occurs between image and text, it percolates from one to another, endowing each other with significance and authenticity. One is always seen in light of the other.

'Illustrate' has its origins in the Latin 'Lustro', meaning 'light up'. On the printed page, the image is a beacon of enlightenment; it casts its light across the solitary body of text, leaving us with a retelling laced with its gloss.

Within the context of the page, the image becomes a translation device, as the image carries inherent within it a plurality that text does not. The image has the capacity to say many things at once, for coiled up within it lies an endless possibility of myriad interpretations waiting to be unfurled by the emphatic nature of text. Here text becomes a catalyst, inducing a shift in perception where transformation burgeons.

FIGURE 1

- FIG. 1 An image of an image of a mountaintop in Saint-Marc, Haiti
- FIG. 1 An image of an image of a sand dune
- FIG. 1 An image of an image of a slagheap in Denby
- FIG. 1 An image of an image of an aerial view of a coastline
- FIG. 1 An image of an image of specimen sample of the mineral Beryl
- FIG. 1 An image of an image of the Cahokia Mounds in Southern Illinois

FIGURE 1





the Sheetrock in that empty house – ' I stopped. 'Never mind,' I said.

'Finish the sentence, Rabo,' she begged.

'That was as close as I'll ever be,' I said, 'to feeling what my father must have felt when he was a young teacher – and found himself all alone in his village after the massacre.'

Slazinger was another one who had never seen me draw, who wondered if I could really draw. I had been living out here for a couple of years by then, and he came by to watch me paint in the potato barn. I had set up a stretched and primed canvas eight by eight feet, and was about to lay on a coat of Sateen Dura-Luxe with a roller. It was a shade of greenish burnt orange called 'Hungarian Rhapsody.' Little did I know that Dorothy, back at the house, was slathering our whole bedroom with 'Hungarian Rhapsody.' But that is another story.

'Tell me, Rabo – ' said Slazinger, 'if I put on that same paint with that same roller, would the picture still be a Karabekian?'

'Absolutely,' I said, 'provided you have in reserve what Karabekian has in reserve.'

'Like what?' he said.

'Like this,' I said. There was dust in a pothole in the floor, and I picked up some of it on the balls of both my thumbs. Working both thumbs simultaneously, I sketched a caricature of Slazinger's face on the canvas in thirty seconds.

'Jesus!' he said. 'I had no idea you could draw like that!'

'You're looking at a man who has *options*,' I said.

And he said: 'I guess you do, I guess you *do*.'

I covered up that caricature with a couple of coats of 'Hungarian Rhapsody,' and laid on tapes which were

supposed to be pure abstraction, but which to me were secretly six deer in a forest glade. The deer were near the left edge. On the right was a red vertical band, which to me, again secretly, was the soul of a hunter drawing a bead on one of them. I called it 'Hungarian Rhapsody Number Six,' which was bought by the Guggenheim Museum.

That picture was in storage when it started to fall apart like all the rest of them. A woman curator just happened to walk by and see all this tape and flakes of Sateen Dura-Luxe on the floor, so she called me up to ask what could be done to restore the picture, and whether they might be at fault somehow. I didn't know where she had been the past year, when my pictures had become notorious for falling apart everywhere. She honestly thought maybe the Guggenheim hadn't provided proper humidity controls or whatever. I was at that time living like an animal in the potato barn, friendless and unloved. But I did have a telephone.

'One very strange thing – ' she went on, 'this big face has emerged from the canvas.' It was the caricature, of course, which I had drawn with filthy thumbs.

'You should notify the Pope,' I said.

'The Pope?' she said.

'Yes,' I said. 'You may have the next best thing to the *Shroud of Turin*.'

I had better explain to young readers that the *Shroud of Turin* is a linen sheet in which a dead person has been wrapped, which bears the imprint of an adult male who has been crucified, which the best scientists of today agree may indeed be two thousand years old. It is widely believed to have swaddled none other than Jesus Christ, and is the chief treasure of the Cathedral of San Giovanni Battista in Turin, Italy.

My joke with the lady at the Guggenheim suggested that

it might be the face of Jesus emerging from the canvas – possibly just in time to prevent World War Three.

But she topped my joke. She said, 'Well – I would call the Pope right away, except for one thing.'

'What's that?' I said.

And she said: 'You happen to be talking to somebody who used to date Paul Slazinger.'

I made her the same offer I had made everybody else: that I would duplicate the painting exactly in more durable materials, paints and tapes which really *would* outlive the smile on the 'Mona Lisa.'

But the Guggenheim, like everybody else, turned me down. Nobody wanted to spoil the hilarious footnote I had become in art history. With a little luck, my last name might actually find its way into dictionaries:

kar · a · bek · i · an (ˌkar-a-'bek-ē-an), n. (from Rabo Karabekian, US 20th cent. painter). Fiasco in which a person causes total destruction of own work and reputation through stupidity, carelessness or both.

P

Page

Lily Cain

When I get nervous my feet won't move.
I breathe, listening to my breath as it passes
in and out like the quiet hum of the wind on
long bladed grass. I open the windows – the
curtains smell of tangerines and whiskey.
I remember you would always sit down next
to the fruit bowl and make a drink after
something had happened. Hearing the subtle
chime of ice in the glass, you would turn and
touch the edge of my dress. Running your
index finger and thumb over the hem, inspect-
ing the cotton stitches – it was as if you were
reading, caressing the book's leaf as you
were getting ready to turn the page. I could
never hear your thoughts. I knew that as long
as it anchored your mind, you were adrift
to me. Memories of you come and go. They
alight my mind like the passing of the sun's
warmth when the sky is saturated with too
many clouds. The existence you leave behind
lingers and the behemoth shadows prevail on
the paths not taken. In moments of panic, I
press my ear to the stone wall in hopes that I
can hear you and you will tell me what to do
through the fractured rifts. There is only one

P

voice. There has only ever been one voice. I
am nothing, if not out of context with this ab-
sence of past and future. Every psychological
altercation is an initiation into reality that pro-
vides more to be written. And the words that
fill the mason jar have yet to be pinned in the
glass case among the other insects you have
collected. As for now, there is still air around
me. When I close my eyes, the centricity of
your presence creates the connection I need
– and with that, I am able to move.

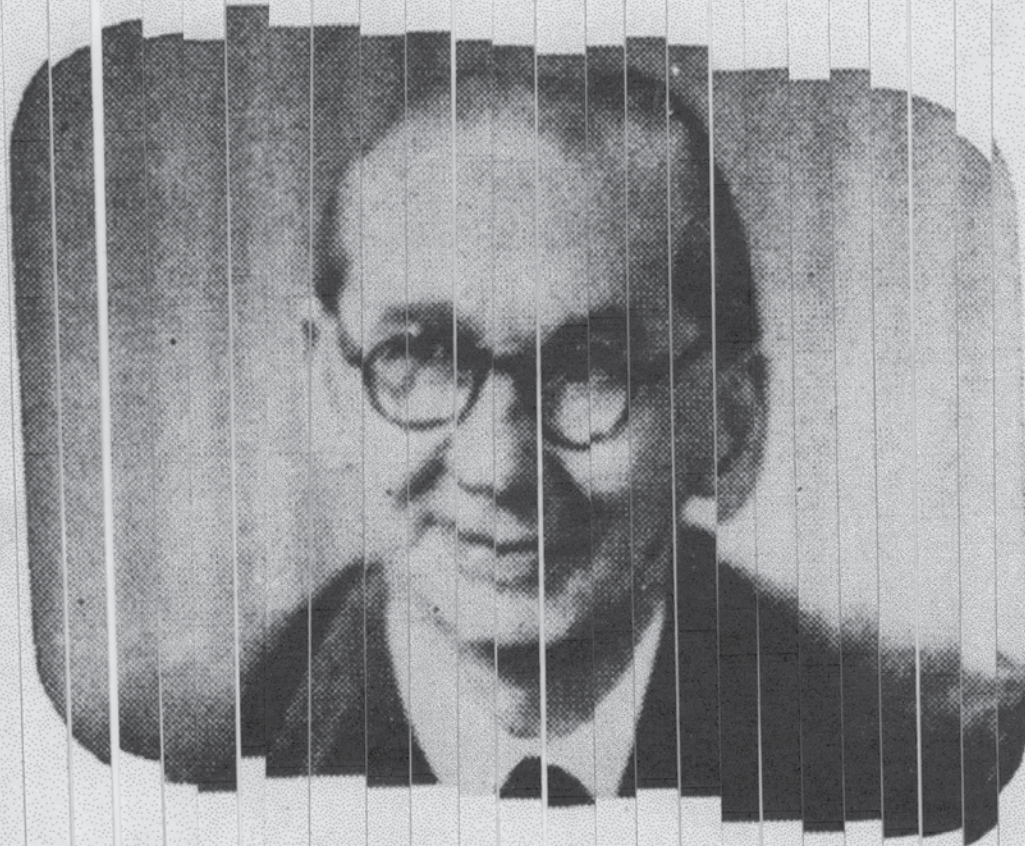


The page is a singular presence among many. It is the permeable
membrane that exists as a connection between the past and
future. Just like love in the roman myth of Pyramus and Thisbe
(who fell in love through a wall's orifice) the page is a hole that
fastens the whole. It is the surface that is folded, caressed and
torn. It is the physical act of turning a page that represents a
need to go further and the want to move ahead. The page is the
relationship to the former and the sustainable platform that allows
us to transcend.



This page intentionally blank

That page unintentionally blank



JOHN CURRAN

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

P

Paper

46

Elizabeth Gossling

P

Print

Jo Stockham



Verb List Compilation; Actions to Relate
to Reproduction for Others.

48

To print	To frottage
To stamp	To impress
To proof	To set
To tear down	To bleed
To blot	To blind emboss
To stencil	To butt
To press	To crop
To incise	To peel
To ink up	To counter proof
To burnish	To collate
To emboss	To drop out
To de-boss	To die cut
To varnish	To highlight
To engrave	To select
To cut	To blend
To mask	To spot varnish
To transfer	To comb-bind
To pull	To blow up
To format	To dither
To paste	To flop
To glaze	To trim
To collage	To match-print
To drag	To scan
To peel back	To saddle stitch
To wash down	To score
To stencil	To spec

To punch	To register
To ground	To perfect bind
To grind	To French fold
To polish	To kiss cut
To rock	To wash-up
To paste up	To strip
To bevel	To make-ready
To score	To bond
To block out	To offset
To develop	To overlay
To copy	To separate
To drop on	To ghost
To merge	To knockout
To clone	To burn
To flatten	To flood
To etch	To stamp
To screen	To impose
To wipe	To laminate
To rack	To guillotine
To gum	To mock up
To mark up	To mottle
To sheet feed	To tumble
To montage	To mis-register
To tack	To patch
To saturate	To justify
To process	To mirror

Proof

Joe Drakeford



Punctuation

Alessa Tinne

ÉLLEIPSIS or Falling Short

O¹

(here enters the breath)

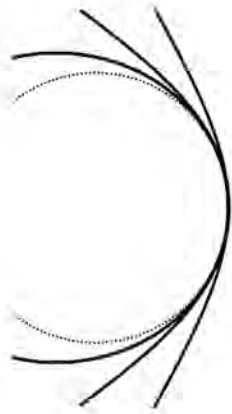
Over eight sentences hardly a hesitation a voice persisting the voice persists...

O pronounces the great and the sorry and the trailing...

O the figure, an absolute ink stroke known as Ensō, a word meaning 'circle'.² The full circle that contracts down to a needlepoint, the final score, the full stop, a mark of completion

It was once discovered that the planets do not typically travel on a circular path, the celestial plane fell short on a perfect axis.³ Space extends too, the comets pass in and out of oblivion surely, or someday to return, or less frequently on some unfathomable course.

X is the prefix for those without meaningful missions...⁴



- 1 In reference to the use of O in the concluding chapter of 'Ulysses' by James Joyce
- 2 Japanese calligraphic stroke, sacred symbol in Zen Buddhism.
- 3 See Kepler's 'Mysterium Cosmographicum' and the platonic model of the solar system
- 4 Of the elliptical and hyperbolic trajectories of comets, those designated with an X prefix are believed lost, never to complete an orbit back into our own system



T

Text

Agata Dymus-Kazmierczak



T

If you are very ill and nothing seems to help,
there is always one more option — fire cupping.
If you have a horrible cough and fever, I
promise this will help (or so I was taught to
believe).

At first it is not a pleasant sensation. You
lay down with your back to the ceiling and
expose your back to the cold air. In Poland,
whoever in your vicinity has them — whether
it is your uncle, grandmother or a neighbour
— brings the cups. The cups are like small jars
and their shape reminds me of the candles
we light when we visit the graves. It is a bit
scary but before the cups are placed on your
back somebody needs to heat their insides
with fire. As the air inside the cup cools, it
contracts and draws the skin slightly inside.
The hot air makes the cups suck your skin and
pull out all the sickness from inside of you.
I was never so sick as to need the fire
cupping. I would like to try it because
everybody says it is quite relaxing but I am
quite frightened that beside the illness the
cups would suck all my special powers of
tapping into memory of others. To lose that
special connection with the past would be too
big of a loss.

T

Title

Matthew Benington

The title would:

Inform you of the meaning
Rationalize illogicality
Work, and therefore
Leave you redundant
Free to scan peripheries

The title is:

P
etrified in the act of s pitting
An ˘ ˆ / ˆ ˆ
 ˆ ˘ ˆ / ˆ form stapled to the present
A Cave and a husk comprised of dead signage
Partial vision through an impartial disclosure.



23 COMPONENTS FOR A BOOK
Royal College of Art
Printmaking 2012

EDITED BY

Sian Gledhill
Colin Henderson
Kirsty Hendry
James Lewis
Cian McConn
Matthew Pagett
Alessa Tinne
Madalina Zaharia

THANKS

Jonathan Allen
Nigel Rolfe
Jo Stockham
Eva Weimayr

DESIGNED BY

An Endless Supply

PRINTED BY

Tuckey Print, Birmingham

PUBLISHED BY

Royal College of Art

© Individual artists,
contributors and
Royal College of Art 2012

Printmaking Department
Royal College of Art
+44 (0)20 7590 4426
printmaking@rca.ac.uk
www.rca.ac.uk

ISBN 978-1-907342-55-4

This publication is the result of critical discussions developed over two years within the Printmaking programme at the Royal College of Art. This year's graduates have made two publications:

23 COMPONENTS FOR A BOOK and CASUAL TIES, the latter produced in collaboration with this year's Critical Writing in Art and Design programme graduates.

23 COMPONENTS FOR A BOOK has been driven by the recurring questions for students who choose to work within the field of Printmaking. What constitutes a publication? How is it assembled and how is meaning generated by the interaction of its parts? Each student and four guests were invited to respond to a specific word pertinent to the production of publications.

Whether to print and what to print, issues of collaboration, distribution and value are at the very heart of the history of the subject. This publication has been driven by the urgency of these questions in times of scarce resources.

Colin Henderson
and Jo Stockham

