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Julie Fawcus: Recollections of Trianon Press

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Jarrell: This is Randall Jarrell and I'm at Rita Bottoms' house to interview Julie Fawcus. It's November 12, 1990 and it's a little after 10 am in the morning. Julie, to start a little background of your life and history. You were born in Chicago in what year?

Early Life History

Fawcus: 1925.

Jarrell: And where did you grow up?

Fawcus: I grew up in a small suburb of Chicago called River Forest, which was next to a rather grander suburb called Oak Park where I attended high school.

Jarrell: And then, to pass over those years while you were a young adolescent, you ended up going to Carlton College. Is that correct?

Fawcus: That's correct.

Jarrell: Did you find what you were looking for there?

Fawcus: At that time I wasn't looking for anything. I took a pre-med course, though I didn't really want to be a doctor. However at least it was an objective and it has been useful since. I would have been better off as a history major.

Jarrell: So you graduated from Carlton and that would have been what year?

Fawcus: I think it was 1947.

Jarrell: And then at some point after that you wound up in the San Francisco Bay area, is that right?

Fawcus: Well—about five years later.

Jarrell: About five years later . . . '47, the early 1950s.

Fawcus: Yes, late 1951.

Jarrell: So you were still living in the Midwest.

Fawcus: No, after graduation from Carlton, one of my roommates and I went to the University of Oslo summer school in Norway. We decided that while we were in Europe we might as well see something of the different countries. My friend knew some people in Holland who got us work in a small hospital, mostly maternity work, and after about four months we split up. We got jobs working *au paire*—housework and minding children. She was in Amsterdam and I worked for a family in Ardenhout, a suburb of Harlem. The Olympic games were held in St. Moritz in 1948, so we took those in. My friend returned to Holland and I got another *au paire* job with a family in a village on a hill overlooking Geneva. This lasted until the end of June when I rejoined the friend, this time in Montpellier where we attended a summer school course in *Civilisation Francaise*. I remained in Montpellier until June of 1949. By that time I knew some people working for the Marshall plan in Paris and they helped me get a job as a file clerk in Food and Agriculture. I needed the money and besides it was a golden opportunity. There were a lot of bright young people with lowly jobs in that organization. It gave you the chance to live in Paris.

I met Arnold Fawcus in November, 1949. He was, as usual, looking for someone to do his typing, and a mutual friend suggested that I might have some free time. As usual, he hoped that the work was going to be done on a voluntary basis, for the glory of art and the Press.

Jarrell: I see. All right. So you worked for Trianon Press for . . .

Fawcus: About three months. A very brief stint.

Jarrell: With no salary to speak of.

Fawcus: With no salary to speak of.

Jarrell: Just the ego-gratification of working for this . . .

Fawcus: . . . fascinating man. He convinced you that you wanted to do this. Although on sober reflection afterwards you began to realize that perhaps you didn't. Of course, there were perks. I had the privilege of packing him into a (unheated) Army jeep in January, 1950 and driving to Grindlewald where he was going to train the British ski team. He was a beautiful skier.

Jarrell: So from Paris you came back to the United States to California.

Fawcus: After a year working for the Marshall Plan, I realized that I couldn't go on being a file clerk forever, so as the Plan was cutting back on personnel, I got my job abolished and was sent to California via the mid-West. The friend, a native Californian, wanted to work in Berkeley, so we shared a house. I found a job as a file clerk for the Veterans Administration which was housed in a wooden shed on the University campus. I appear to have spent a lot of time as a file clerk—a bored file clerk.

My grandmother died in April 1953, so I spent a few months in the mid-West with my grandfather. I decided that perhaps a teaching credential would get me out of the files, so in the autumn, I returned to California, this time to San Francisco and entered San Francisco State, at the old campus in town. I worked part time, got my credential and spent a year teaching first grade out at Hunters Point. I was not very good as a teacher.

Return to Paris and Trianon Press

Fawcus: While I was in France, Arnold had borrowed some money from me. In the spring of 1956, he suggested that he send me a round trip ticket to France for my summer holiday, in repayment. By the time I had spent a month in Paris, I was totally involved in the office, and as I did not enjoy teaching anyway, we decided I would stay. From 1956 until now, I have never returned to California.

Jarrell: I had no idea. So when did you and Arnold become interested in each other aside from the work?

Fawcus: I was never all that interested in the work. We had begun a relationship back in 1949.

Jarrell: I see. And then what year were you married?

Fawcus: In 1979 when Arnold was in the hospital in London.

Jarrell: So you lived a very . . . for that time, a very unconventional lifestyle.

Fawcus: Totally unconventional—but perhaps not for Paris.

Jarrell: Very normal and usual today. But in that era less orthodox.

Fawcus: Certainly for the Middle West. I didn't have a very orthodox childhood. Perhaps one thing leads to another.

Jarrell: Yes. So this gives me a lot of clarification in terms of your chronology because I had thought that you went to France after San Francisco and I see that you went back and forth. And I see how you met Arnold. And then once you went back in '56, you became associated with the Press again, is that correct?

Fawcus: Yes, indeed. You couldn't be associated with Arnold without being associated with the Press.

Jarrell: And what was your association, your role in the 1950s, let's say.

Working at Trianon Press

Fawcus: My job was general dog's body. I did the jobs no one else wanted to do. He had a very good assistant at that time.

Jarrell: And who was that?

Mary Laing

Fawcus: Her name is Mary Laing and she's now working for the Metropolitan Museum in New York in their publications department. She is a top editor, though not perhaps always very tactful. She also helped with the production of the books, supervising and acting as a sort of hatchet man. Arnold didn't really want to antagonize his suppliers. So, if something went wrong he would loose Mary on them.

Jarrell: Right, she was the heavy.

Fawcus: She was the heavy. And he was the light, protecting them from Mary. Very useful role. Tough on Mary.

Jarrell: And what were her strengths as an editor?

Fawcus: Meticulousness. Any editor worth their salt has to be meticulous. And she was. Nothing passed.

Jarrell: I have her name. I know that Rita wants to contact her.

Fawcus: Mary would be an excellent source.

Jarrell: Yes. And also just generally in the mid-Fifties when you arrived there, what was the general ambiance, what was the flavor of the press. Was this when it was in Montparnasse on the avenue du Maine?

Fawcus: Yes. It was the first permanent office Trianon Press ever had, at least in France. Up until 1955, the Press occupied a small amount of space wherever Arnold happened to be living. At times in an apartment borrowed from a friend, once in a very small studio he purchased and which was subsequently used to house Mary. The Sterling Jerusalem was launched in a sun-porch in an apartment on the rue Guersant, the first edition of Rouault's Miserere in a small, cluttered hotel room (the Hotel des Allies on the rue Berthollet). It contained an enormous double bed, a big, glass-fronted armoire, a wash-stand, and a table piled three feet deep in files and papers. A portable type-writer was

shoved underneath. It was difficult to get into the room; some parts you had to negotiate side-ways. Of course, much of the lay-out and the correction of proofs was done on the surface of a table at a café, where, for the price of a cup of coffee or an occasional glass of wine, you could spend the morning. Not any more!

So, it was a big change to be renting a whole house with a lot of space. It was a 19th century 'pavillon' at the back of a more recent (1930's) apartment block which fronted the street. A drive-way passed through an opening in the apartment house, past the pavillon, to a garage where the proprietor made custom-tailored seat covers for cars. This was very popular at the time. Some—leopard skin (imitation) or red plush—were way out. All day long there was a stream of cars, driven into or backed out of, the garage, about a foot from the house. Fortunately, at the beginning when the seat-cover business was in full swing, no one worked on the ground floor.

There were two rooms on the ground floor, one on either side of the stair. The room to the right, the buanderie (or wash house), was eventually used for stock: paper, books, prints, etc. The room to the left accumulated the overflow of staff who couldn't fit into the space upstairs. The composition changed with the years, but assistants, like John Sidgwick and Sebastian Carter worked here. Lee Burket had a desk. In the late '60s, at the period of full expansion, there was Arnold's French secretary, his English secretary, the French accountant, the English accountant, and sometimes a playpen with a baby, and a standard poodle and a dachshund who jumped into the playpen at tea time and stole the baby's cookie.

Jarrell: What was the accountant's name?

Fawcus: Ann Ayres. By a strange coincidence, she now works for the accounting firm that prepares Trianon's tax returns.

At the top of the stairs there was a tiny landing. To the right was the door to the ante-room where, at various times, Mary, I, Joan Drucker, Dinah Swayne and other secretaries and production people worked. From here, you entered Arnold's office, a long, double

room with two windows and a lot of light. The only sunlight that was ever seen in the office came through these windows. At first, until we moved to an apartment, there was a couch against one wall that let down at night as a bed, and next to it, a drop-leaf mahogany table at which Arnold worked. The surface was usually invisible for the papers. There was another table at the other end of the room near the window which could be opened out for lay-out or lunch. To the left of this window there was a closet with a wash-basin and a shower. To the right, a door led to the W.C. and the kitchen. The kitchen's function changed a lot, over the years. In the beginning, there was a flat porcelain sink, a table with a two-burner gas ring and a coal stove that heated the water for the central heating. The coal had to be fetched in a bucket from the cellar of the apartment house next door, and the ashes dumped in the metal garbage pail. Refrigerators were not current in France at this time, so in summer you queued up at the coal merchants to buy a big block of ice, to keep the milk from spoiling.

Then, through friends at the American Embassy, Arnold was able to buy a gas stove, a refrigerator and a washing machine. When these arrived in the kitchen, there wasn't much room left. When we moved into an apartment, these went with us, and room became my office.

It was all too convenient for Arnold to live in his office. He was someone who liked to have a nap after lunch, and he would wake, fresh and vigorous, around four o'clock, ready to go on until 8:30 or 9 p.m. The rest of us had been working all day and were ready to slow down about 5:30. This could cause resentment. Most people are willing to work late hours in an emergency, but not as a daily routine, especially if you have plans for the evening. To alleviate the imposition, there were often interesting people to meet, and parties or picnics. But these diversions did not quite make up for the loss of a private life.

Jarrell: And then the workshops were in the vicinity.

Fawcus: The collotype and pochoir workshops (Hourdebaigt and Crampe after 1958) were quite close. You crossed the avenue du Maine, down Maison Dieu (where, in the

late '60s Mary had a small office to herself), to the rue Asseline, which ran into the rue Didot. After a block you hit the rue Pernety. The workshops were on the rue Pernety on the other side of rue Raymond Losserand, another block away.

As the building no longer exists—it has been replaced by a shiny, new office for EDF/GDF (Gas and Electricity of France)—perhaps I should describe what it looked like. Fronting the street, about fifty feet across, there was a ten foot wall with a pair of iron gates in the center which were closed at night. Passing through the gates, you were in what had once been a large paved courtyard. But empty space has always been at a premium in Paris, so wooden buildings (almost shacks) had been built against either wall. On the left were the premises of Sunlite enterprises who produced exterior finishings—rather like stucco—for walls. To the right, neatly painted white, was Crampe's workshop. In front of you loomed a storey and a half building, built around the turn of the 19th century, the wood weathered to a dark grey (it probably hadn't seen paint for over 40 years). Above, the wood had begun to disintegrate. I have been told that it was used as a laundry at one time. In the early 1900's the whole ground floor was owned by a collotype printer (Jacomet ?) with many big machines. Now the ground floor was divided in two, one part occupied by a paint wholesaler and the other by Monsieur Hourdebaigt. From looking at the staircase, I would not have thought the upper stories were safe.

To get to Hourdebaigt's door, you went down a dark passage, past two small rooms belonging to a painter and a sculptor respectively who certainly didn't have enough light to work on the premises. The paint dealer was to the right, Hourdebaigt to the left.

The first room you entered was used for storage. Paper on pallettes, a table with tirages wrapped in brown paper, and in the corner a giant paper-cutter which was so ancient it no longer cut straight.

Jarrell: Paper cutter. Oh Carter talks about that rusty paper cutter in his article. That's where it was.

Fawcus: Yes. With time it had acquired piles of many things, until it was almost a work of art.

Then through a couple of sliding panels and into the workshop proper. This had a glass roof which in the late '60s began to cause trouble. The building next door had defective guttering and when it rained, a waterfall hit the glass which began to spring leaks. Attempts were made to repair this, but never very successfully.

There were four machines in the workshop. Two, very small, I never saw used. The larger machine was used for big formats, like the Gray; the medium-sized machine, for ordinary formats.

The room was heated by a coal stove which had to be stoked over the week-end in the winter. Monsieur Hourdebaigt insisted on the coal even when offered something more efficient and modern. He felt it maintained the humidity at the right level.

This might be a good time to say something about collotype, that difficult and exasperating process. It became popular in the mid-19th century along with photography. Photosensitive material is mixed with gelatine and spread as an emulsion over a thick sheet of glass. This plate is dried and then exposed to a light through a photographic negative, the emulsion side next to the negative, so there is no distortion through the thickness of the glass. The white parts on the negative will expose the gelatine so that it will absorb ink and print black; the black parts will repel ink and print white. And the shades between will give a fine range of greys.

Various chemicals can be applied to modify intensity while the plate is on machine—up to certain point beyond which the gelatine disintegrates. That is one of the problems with collotype. Gelatine is a living, sensitive substance and reacts to temperature, humidity, chemicals and the mood of the operator.

The negative may also pose problems. They are not ordinary negatives. They must be clear and of high definition. And they are often retouched, particularly when the collotype plate is to be used as the base for a series of colour applications. For areas on

the plate to print really white (around the written parts of a Blake page, for instance), the negative must be opaque. For lines to be really black, the negative is cut with a stylus or a knife, to reduce the thickness. Various degrees of masking can be used from totally opaque gouache, through a film of sanguine, to various pencils on either side of the film. On a really complicated collotype negative, it is often difficult to distinguish the subject.

Rag paper is also sensitive to changing humidity levels and can expand or contract several millimeters overnight. This can make register on a doubly printed plate a nightmare.

Monsieur Hourdebaigt had been apprenticed to this difficult craft at the age of twelve. By now, he reacted to humidity instinctively. Hence the coal stove.

To the left of the work room was a an alcove with a sink, water tap and drying rack for the glass plates. At the far end (unglassed and dark) was a corner where Monsieur Hourdebaigt had his desk and files.

A turn to the right and through a door brought you to a very dark hole indeed, the very heart of the mystery. This was where the gelatine mixture was cooked up in a pot on an electric plate, spread on the glass and dried. This is where the plate was exposed. Considering the uncertainties of the process, I wonder—did Monsieur Hourdebaigt mutter incantations as he stirred? In keeping with the presence of mildly photosensitive materials, the room was badly lit. The equipment was ancient. The drier for the plates was a long wooden box heated by naked electric filaments. The apparatus for exposing the negative worked very slowly. This had its advantages. A modern type with a more intense light source will expose the plate in between five to ten minutes. Hourdebaigt's took forty minutes to an hour. This gives you lea-way. Five minutes one way or another out of an hour is not going to alter the exposure much, either over or under. If you only have five minutes, seconds count.

Jarrell: You couldn't fiddle with it.

Fawcus: You couldn't fiddle with it. I've often thought that inspired fiddling was the key to good collotype. Attempts were made in the '70s to modernize the process—air conditioning, improved chemicals, equipment, etc.—but the quality diminished.

Jarrell: So there was a deterioration as you increased the efficiency.

Fawcus: Yes.

Jarrell: What about Crampe?

Fawcus: The difference between night and day. Even to a physical difference. Monsieur Hourdebaigt was a Basque, a big, mountain of a man (the Germans had sent him to work in the salt mines during the war), quiet, brooding, even morose. (Considering the nature of his work, he had his reasons!) Monsieur Crampe was shorter, fine-boned, neat, always clad in an immaculate white cotton coat, precise, sharp. They were the best of friends. Monsieur Crampe kept an eye on his big friend, and often helped him with his estimates.

Everything was tidy and well-ordered in Crampe's atelier. From the fore-court, you entered an ante-room where tirages were stacked and Crampe had his light-table. Part of his work consisted in retouching collotype negatives—who better than the colourist to analyse the original and decide on what collotype, where? Leaving this twilight zone, you arrived at the bright, clean work-shop proper, where Crampe's girls, perched on stools before slightly slanted tables (like old-fashioned school desks), dipped their brushes in saucers of colour and brushed them over the stencils. Crampe also had a pot-bellied coal stove, but the sky-lights chez Crampe did not leak.

Jarrell: When did Arnold Fawcus begin working with Hourdebaigt?

Fawcus: After 1955 when Arnold broke with Duval who had done the collotype for the two Songs. Hourdebaigt did the collotype for *The Book of Urizen* (1958) and Beaufume the colour work. Then Arnold broke off relations with Beaufumé and the team Hourdebaigt and Crampe was born.

Actually, Arnold may have been working with Hourdebaigt without knowing it as long ago as the Sterling Jerusalem. Jacomet was supposed to be doing all the collotype for that book, but there were a lot of plates, so he farmed some of them off.

Jarrell: The Jerusalem was published in 1951. Sterling copy?

Fawcus: That's right.

Jarrell: So maybe that was the first Blake production that—

Fawcus: That was the first Blake production, ever. It all started with that.

Jarrell: Arnold Fawcus seems to have had trouble getting on with his printers.

Fawcus: Until he discovered Hourdebaigt and Crampe, he fell out with everyone, eventually. It is an impossible process and Arnold always demanded too much of it. Of course, sometimes you get extraordinary results, so you overestimate the possibilities.

Jarrell: What was . . . if you have to assess Arnold's technical knowledge of the process and appreciation of its subtleties . . . how was Arnold in that department?

Fawcus: Do you mean in relation to collotype and stencil? Or as a publisher? In the beginning, he didn't know anything about either. Of course, he had an apprenticeship with Bordas. And, as he rarely appreciated other people's difficulties, he discovered that if he drove them a bit harder, he would usually get a better result.

Jarrell: Because I was amazed to discover that he came in and he really was ignorant. He learned as he went.

Fawcus: Don't we all. It helped that he was a very clever man. And, of course he didn't have a whole, organized view, as if he had majored in the subject at college. It came in bits and pieces which he fitted together as best he could. Difficult to teach.

Jarrell: So he couldn't communicate this to someone else.

Fawcus: With difficulty. It seems to me that if you worked for Arnold, you had to figure things out for yourself. Certainly Mary did. She was better at copy editing and marking up a page than he was. But he could arrange a text so that it read well and was coherent and not too long-winded.

Jarrell: Content editing.

Fawcus: Yes.

Jarrell: Now, in this early period, you've mentioned some of the, you've mentioned I think everybody who worked at Trianon Press?

Fawcus: A lot of people worked for Trianon Press over the years. I think it would be easier if I gave you an annotated chronology.

Jarrell: Just one person who worked briefly from 1963 to 1965. Sebastian Carter. I've read his article and you knew him.

Fawcus: Yes.

Jarrell: How would you assess his accuracy, his take on Trianon as a very eccentric and imaginative institution?

Fawcus: It was spot on. It has been several years since I read the article, but I remember recognizing the atmosphere of the press.

Jarrell: He characterized Arnold Fawcus as the last of the buccaneer publishers.

Fawcus: I suppose it depends on what you mean by buccaneer. Certainly unconventional. Arnold was incapable of anything conventional.

Jarrell: So it always had this flavor of eccentricity, of hand-to-mouth.

Fawcus: Expediency.

Jarrell: In your talk, Julie, if I can just find my notes here—in the talk you gave at Special Collections, you talked about the ‘expediencies, stratagems and defensive retreats of the early press that were too complicated for a talk.’ And your talk, of course, focused on the development of Arnold’s character, really. The expediencies, stratagems and defensive retreats . . . did you have anything in particular in mind?

Fawcus: In part, the ‘expediencies, etc.’ flowed from Arnold’s character. In part, from the fact that he was hopelessly undercapitalized, unknown, and working in a foreign country.

Jarrell: I have a sense that on the one hand there was the William Blake Trust that was an ongoing relationship that kept the presses rolling.

Fawcus: More or less.

Jarrell: On the other hand there were numerous trade books and very individualistic projects that emerged over the years that were sui generis.

Fawcus: Let’s go back a bit, to the beginning when Arnold left the army. He didn’t want a 9 to 5 job, and he fancied himself as an authority on art and literature. He fell in with Bordas who was doing a series of ‘fine’ art books then, famous texts illustrated by famous artists which he set up himself. The formula appealed to Arnold as what a ‘real’ publisher did. There was no question of market research. You had a vision and you went for it. Unfortunately, if you are undercapitalized, unknown, and working in a foreign country, stratagems are sometimes necessary, to achieve the goal.

Some of the things Arnold and his first partner, Pat McLeod tried, to stay afloat were pretty incredible—and impractical. Christmas cards. Yosemite Scenes, the Dartmouth Campus in pochoir. And a ghastly photograph of the royal family, with colour applications, destined for the Australian market!

Another way was to find someone to sponsor the book. As with the Blake Trust. And the book on the Fitzwilliam Museum. It was funded by someone called Guy Knowles, an

alumnus of Cambridge, who wanted to do something for the library of his old school. He was an engineer, either Rolls Royce or perhaps Bentley, and had quite a lot of money, enough, anyway to finance the book. It was assumed that the book would sell over the years, and the proceeds would go to the Museum. Probably the Director would have preferred the cash. However, Mr. Knowles got in touch with Arnold who was, of course, delighted. The contents would be chosen by Carl Winter, the Director of the museum who would write an introduction and commentary. Arnold would buy the paper, do the layout, reproduce the illustrations, print the text, bind the book. Not all by himself, but supervising. Arnold gave Mr. Knowles an estimate which should have covered the work plus enough for overhead and profit for Trianon. The trouble was that Arnold always wanted the work so much that he underestimated the costs, thus producing Sebastian Carter's fingernail-to-mouth effect.

Jarrell: So that, for instance with the Fitzwilliam project, the estimate covered the production costs, but since the profits went to the museum for the copies sold, there were no royalties or anything else coming to Trianon.

Fawcus: That's right. That's the trouble with a sponsored book.

Jarrell: I know that Rita is very interested in exploring the genesis of each of these projects outside of the William Blake Trust publications. I would very much like to go down some of these publications and ask you how they came about, their origins, etc. For instance, I'm very interested in the two Robert Graves publications in 1955 and how these came to Trianon.

Fawcus: Through a friend, Noma Rathneer, who was also a friend of Robert Graves. She took pity on Arnold, and introduced him to Graves. Arnold went down to Majorca, looked through the unpublished manuscripts, and decided on two—Graves' translation of Alarcón's *The Infant with the Globe* and the idea for a book which Graves worked up into *Adam's Rib*. This was illustrated by another friend, James Metcalf. Noma really believed in the project; she and another friend, Roberto Assumpsao, actually invested \$750 in it in 1953.

Noma was a great supporter. Later, after she had married Bill Copley, they financed the Duchamp book. And she got Arnold a job managing Magnums after Robert ? Capa's death. This lasted a matter of months; management was not Arnold's strong point. (Arnold always thought that getting an outside job might be the solution to his financial problems. The early days of the press were financed on his G.I. bill, and he kept on looking for possibilities. As he had more than enough trouble handling the work at Trianon, how did he ever think he was going to manage another full-time job on top of it?)

Arnold became quite good friends with Graves, but their friendship did not last. He had trouble selling the books—distribution was always a major problem. They came out in 1955, distributed by Faber & Faber, but Arnold was unable to find anyone interested in taking the sheets destined for the American market.

Then, early in 1957, he heard from an American publisher, Yoseloff, who was trying to sell the sheets of a book of his own—Jean Sans Terre French poems by Ivan Goll, which had been translated by various American poets. Arnold wondered whether a swap might be arranged—Goll for Graves. Yoseloff was interested.

Arnold, who was no judge of poetry, circulated the Goll book among friends and acquaintances, including Graves himself, who was ill at the time and irritated at being disturbed. As was often the case with Arnold, he began to think of improvements—of the translation, of the design and contents, of the printing. Soon he began to think of it as his. The translation passed from hand to hand, changing beyond recognition. Finally, someone suggested that it might not be very good poetry in the first place, and Arnold got cold feet.

But Yoseloff was still interested in Graves' *Adam's Rib*. After a certain amount of dickering, a price was agreed, and Yoseloff was sent the books. In November, 1958, *Adam's Rib* got a rave review in *Time* magazine and Yoseloff, hoping for an increase in sales, wanted to reprint. Arnold, who had kept the type, wanted to reprint in England; Yoseloff, who was in a hurry and wanted to cut costs, wanted to reprint in helio, in the

US. Without Arnold's permission or knowledge he printed an edition of 2,000 copies in December. What Arnold seems to have forgotten and Yoseloff probably never knew, was that the contract with Graves covered the sheets from original printing only, not a new edition. When Graves found out, he was furious.

Jarrell: Graves blamed Arnold for the pirate American edition and it didn't have anything to do with Arnold.

Fawcus: Yes.

Jarrell: Let's see. I think I'd like to go to the next publication here. Rita is very interested in the projects with the Abbé Breuil. How did these originate?

Fawcus: As a backed book. But in not quite as straight-forward a way as usual.

Perhaps I should give you some background, as the story is going to be complicated. The Abbé was a French pre-historian, better known in France than in England or the US. He is best known for his association with cave paintings—Lascaux in France and Altamira in Spain.

After the Second World War broke out, the Abbé received an invitation from the South African government to come to Africa to inventory and make relevés of various rock paintings.

Jarrell: And a relevé is?

Fawcus: A relevé is a tracing. When the Abbé began his work at the end of the 19th century there was no colour photography and only lamp light in the caves where he was working. A way had to be found to record what was on the walls so it could be studied outside. Tracing paper is held over a section of the wall or rock and the outlines of the figure or figures painted underneath are traced in pencil. Then colour samples are made to match any colour appearing on the figure, and each sheet is keyed into the next, until the whole surface has been covered. Afterwards the tracings are assembled in a studio

and transferred to sheets of heavy paper—like kraft—and coloured, following the samples. They can be reproduced as single plates, or fitted together as a collage to represent the entire surface. Usually reduced. In Africa, there were back-up photographs in black and white of all the relevés to provide documentation.

Jarrell: Now how did Arnold meet the Abbé?

Fawcus: It's a long story. The Abbé returned to France in the late '40s, having completed his assignment in South Africa and he wanted to publish the work he had been doing. He had already written monographs on all the sites for the S.A. government, but he wanted large (and if possible, beautiful) reproductions of the relevés and an expanded text, of the quality of the volumes published under the aegis of Albert of Monaco between the Wars.

The South African government owned the relevés (they had, after all, financed the expedition) but they were willing to let them be reproduced and further agreed to a grant upon the completion of each volume.

I suppose I should bring in Miss Boyle at this point, as it is impossible to think of the Abbé without her. She had been his secretary, companion, translator and friend for over forty years. She had been with him in Africa. She was one of the few people who could decipher his writing. They could bicker like an old married couple and Miss Boyle had independent views—she remained a staunch Protestant while he was a Catholic priest who said his Mass every morning—but nothing could shake the affection and respect they had for each other. There is a story there, if only I had the skill to tell it.

But to return to the Abbé and his search for a publisher. He had saved up a bit of money and some friends loaned him some more. He was looking for someone to do the work. As the grant from the S.A. government was offered on the condition that the text be in English, the search naturally began in England. A commercial publisher would be wary of a series of books of this kind, as 100 copies is about as many as you can hope to sell and that is not economical.

In the autumn of 1951 the Abbé was introduced to Mr. Synge as a man of independent means, interested in publishing pre-history. The introduction came from an impeccable source and the Abbé had no reason to be suspicious. He asked Synge to arrange for the publication of the series and turned over plates, text and some money to begin the publication of the first volume, *Southern Rhodesia*. Synge began to produce not entirely successful maquettes.

Miss Boyle was not so trusting. Synge had been criticising her translations of the Abbé's texts. I think it is fair to say that he was not the only one. The bright sun of Africa had almost blinded Miss Boyle, and she sometimes confused little words like up and down (sus et sous)

The Abbé continued optimistic, however, and in November 1952 he was rash enough to write Synge a letter of agreement which the Abbé thought referred to *Southern Rhodesia* but which Synge took to mean the entire series. By now, Synge, who had heard of Trianon Press, approached Arnold with a proposition. Would he like to take over the printing of these important books. Of course Arnold was immediately fired up with enthusiasm. He had not yet met the Abbé, and he took Synge for an important patron for Trianon Press.

It may have been Arnold who suggested that a Trust (like the Blake Trust) might be useful for channeling money to finance the series. At any rate, in April 1953 the Abbé Breuil Trust was constituted, with the agreement of all parties (including the S.A. government) and the backing of the Consolidated Diamond Mines. The Abbé was unaware of what he was letting himself in for; it was a period of inflated optimism, only slightly clouded by the first statement of account the Abbé had received from Synge. He was horrified to discover that almost all of the money he had so painfully got together had gone into overheads and salaries for Synge and his wife, and not into producing his books.

Arnold continued to believe in Synge. In December 1952 he had signed a conditional agreement to produce the books, and in July 1953 a draft agreement was drawn up

(finalized in October) in which Macleod and Fawcus agreed to manufacture, publish and arrange for the sale of the books—Arnold assumed that Synge had world rights to the whole series. The Breuil Trust (under Synge's direction) would pay production and publicity costs and retain final approval on all details of the production.

Arnold began work on *The White Lady* in July. He thought the plates were more interesting than those of Southern Rhodesia, and therefore a better choice for opening the series. By November, the work was well under way. Many questions arose during the course of printing and it was easier to consult the Abbé on the spot in Paris, rather than pass through Synge in London. They began to compare notes. Abbé began to realize that Synge was an expensive luxury, extraneous to the work in hand, and he would be much better off working directly with Arnold. In the spring of 1954 the Abbé began to complain that his text was being revised and meddled with by Synge and he wanted to deal directly with Trianon on the printing. By July Arnold also began to complain that plates and text were slow coming from London. By September the Abbé was in full revolt, and he tried to revoke the two letters in which he had given rights to Synge and the Trust. He complained of interference with the text 'incapacité technique', and inflated overheads. He was backed by Miss Boyle, and, perhaps imprudently, by Arnold, who was growing fond of the old Abbé. Of course, it was too late, as they all had signed binding legal documents which took away their rights and limited their field of action.

The coup de grace for Trianon came over the binding of the book. Arnold had submitted several estimates, but the cheapest consisted of a 'thermoplastic binding', a process for which Arnold held great hopes. It was new then, and if it really worked, it would have avoided the slow guarding of each leaf, and the sewing afterwards. It was a sort of plastified glue painted on the assembled leaves; it was supposed to be supple and last forever. Of course it didn't, and the batch slapped on the *White Lady* was particularly defective. Now Synge had approved the use of Thermoplastic binding and somewhere there was a paper that proved this. But by now he had no reason to be tender with Trianon, and he conveniently forgot his responsibility. He attacked for breach of contract.

So, in 1955 the great Breuil War began—resembling the statue of Laocoon with the snakes. The Abbé and Miss Boyle were struggling to get out of the toils of the Breuil Trust, and Arnold was struggling to get rid of Syngé. The money and time spent almost bankrupted Trianon. Mary spent months in London preparing and fighting the case. She once calculated that legal expenses ran over 1000 pounds—a 1000 pounds which Trianon could ill afford to spend.

Jarrell: What happened to the law suit?

Fawcus: It seemed as if it dragged on forever. Remember there were two separate, but related, issues—Trianon's responsibility for the defective binding of the White Lady (Syngé vs. Trianon) and the Abbé's right to his own material (Abbé and Miss Boyle vs. the Abbé Breuil Trust). The Abbé was into his '80s and I expect the opposition thought that with a little stone-walling, time would resolve their problems.

I don't have the details on the judgment, but by 1966 Trianon had possession of the unbound *White Lady* sheets (this time they were guarded and sewn) and reissued the book.

Jarrell: I see. I saw that and I didn't understand why there were two editions.

Fawcus: The other law suit was probably resolved around the same time, as Southern Rhodesia went into production in 1965-66. Unfortunately, the Abbé was dead by then.

Jarrell: I notice other books came out in he meantime. Philip Cave Tsisab Ravine. What about them?

Fawcus: The Abbé and Arnold were more resilient than the opposition thought. In June 1955 they got together and drew up a form of agreement in Paris in which the Abbé revoked Syngé's right to publish his documents, with the exception of S.W. Rhodesia on which Syngé had already taken up option. The Abbé reiterated his rights to the works in question and his freedom to entrust his rights to publication to anyone of his choice. Of

course, this probably wasn't a legal document—at least not in England. But all the material—plates and text—for the remaining books was in France.

I think I mentioned in my talk that Trianon Press consisted of two companies, Trianon Fawcus Publications Ltd., an English limited liability company set up by Arnold and an old school friend, Pat MacLeod. Then in July 1955, Trianon Press (France) was incorporated as a limited liability company in the Jura, with Arnold and Peter Kendall Bushe as partners. About the same time, Peter bought out Pat's shares in Trianon Fawcus, and Pat emigrated to Canada. Trianon Fawcus Pubs. Ltd. had signed the agreement with Synge to produce books for the Abbé Breuil Trust. Trianon Press (France) signed the agreement with the Abbé.

The Abbé and Trianon pooled their resources—the Abbé for 2000,000 Frs. and Trianon for 500 pounds (Peter had brought in some much needed capital) and work began on Philip Cave. I don't know whether you noticed, but this book isn't as lavishly produced as some of the others. The plates were printed in collotype and stencil in France, but the text and binding were done in England. By the autumn of 1957, the book was completed. In August Synge slapped an injunction against its publication in England.

Jarrell: What happened then?

Fawcus: I'm not sure. I think the book was sold out of France; some copies were smuggled back. But for the other books in the series—the texts and the binding were done in France.

Jarrell: Where did the money come from for the other books?

Fawcus: Various sources. The Abbé managed to get the support of the Caluste Gulbenkian Foundation for Tsisab Ravine, Anibib, and the plates for Spitzkopje (Spinx Shelter) and the Singer Poulignac Foundation funded Southern Rhodesia. Trianon assumed the cost for completing Spinx Shelter which came out in 1975.

Jarrell: So each one had a separate funding source.

Fawcus: And the lavishness of the book depended on the source. The print run fortunately diminished over the years. There is a terrible temptation to print more than you can sell and this means complications with binding and storing of unbound plates and texts.

Jarrell: So, for instance—for *Anibib* and *Tsisab*—what size run did they have?

Fawcus: *Tsisab* had an edition of 1,000 copies and *Anibib*, 800 copies. When you consider that none of the books ever sold over 100 copies, that was too much.

Jarrell: But the trade books, of course, had larger runs than the Blake books, which were special, limited editions.

Fawcus: There were even too many of some of the Blakes. And you really couldn't call the Breuil trade books. They weren't profitable. O.K. costs were covered, but Arnold was really doing them out of a sense of obligation and loyalty to the Abbé.

They were a lot of work to produce. Synge had been right about the texts—they were in bad shape. Mary fitted the bits together, and checked, and rewrote, and handled Miss Boyle and the Abbé. The *Tsisab* was more or less written by John Sidgwick. Hours and hours were spent.

Jarrell: So the profit was not Arnold Fawcus' concern.

Fawcus: Well, he would have liked to make a profit but that wasn't the dynamic.

Sur Marcel Duchamp

Jarrell: Sur Marcel Duchamp 1959. There were English, French, American and German trade editions and a limited edition. A limited edition and also trade editions.

Fawcus: The Duchamp was the first of what eventually became Arnold's formula. He began with a limited edition with the trade editions as spin-off. And then he tried to

organize exhibitions—sometimes a travelling exhibition—which would give publicity and would sell the trade editions.

Jarrell: How did Arnold become involved with the Duchamp book?

Fawcus: Noma Rathneer who had introduced Arnold to Robert Graves had subsequently married Bill Copley. Copley was part heir to what was rumoured to be an extensive newspaper fortune in the USA. Gossip said his family had given him an ample allowance to get him away from the business. He had pretensions as a surrealist artist and he knew some of the crowd in Paris. He and Arnold became friends through Noma—he even loaned his apartment to Arnold for a while, and when he acquired a house outside of Paris, Arnold made himself useful. Bill decided that he wanted to sponsor a couple of books on surrealists, and gave Arnold the choice between Duchamp or Max Ernst. Arnold chose Duchamp.

They decided that Bill would put up half the cost of the book, Trianon the other half, with a ceiling of \$11,000. If costs went over, they would think again. The deadline for publication was going to be December 31, 1957—they signed the agreement in June 1955—and Bill was supposed to be artistic advisor for the project. The last two points were potentially disastrous.

Jarrell: Why?

Fawcus: Arnold found it almost impossible to surrender artistic control to anyone. And he had trouble with dead-lines. If he didn't have one, he didn't get down to the work. On the other hand, his projects were accident prone. Things went wrong. Besides, this was his first 'trade' book, and he had things to learn; colour offset—where to print. And there were the foreign editions to organize. And sell. But the real problems were the text and translation.

Jarrell: Why was the text a problem?

Fawcus: Lebel kept changing his text and revising the catalogue raisonné beyond the last minute, but that's normal for authors. The real trouble was the English translation. Arnold had a friend, Bob Wernick, who had worked—perhaps free-lance—for Time magazine. Arnold thought he would turn out a lively translation which would appeal to the American market, so he commissioned him to do the work. Unfortunately, neither Copley, nor Lebel, nor Duchamp liked the result. So the search was on for a new translator. It was June 1958 before Arnold received the new George Heard Hamilton manuscript.

Jarrell: Did Arnold himself aesthetically feel an affinity to the work?

Fawcus: Yes. That was why he chose it. And of course he got to know Duchamp during the course of production and that also helped.

Jarrell: So there was a relationship with Duchamp?

Fawcus: Arnold worked with him on the design of the de luxe book, which changed and expanded over the years. The two 'originals'—Duchamp coloravit (the Grande Verre) and Duchamp dechiravit (the profile) were not part of the original plan. And Duchamp was charming. It would have been difficult not to have a good relationship with him. He was very intelligent, very smooth, with a keen sense of humour. He could distance himself—step back from his own life and organize it from the outside. Like a chess player, calculating five or six moves ahead. He made a public point of not taking art very seriously but I later learned from Ecke Bonk who wrote a book about Duchamp's Boites en Valise that he took these very seriously indeed over a number of years. And it is curious how all his paintings wound up in the same museum.

Of course there were some furious letters from everyone—Duchamp, Lebel, Copley, Barney Hodes, Copley's lawyer—during the last year and a half before the book actually came out—complaining that it was late. Arnold was doing other books at the time and there were problems. Arnold didn't find an American publisher until April 1959, and there was trouble over the colour reproductions of the pictures.

The de luxe appeared before the trade in time for some exhibitions: at the Sidney Janis Gallery in New York and La Hune in Paris in May, 1959 and at the ECI in London in September. Duchamp was present for the London opening. We (the Duchamps, Arnold and I) were invited by some literary friends to take coffee after dinner to meet C.P. Snow and his wife, Pamela Hansford Johnson. It was the kind of evening where the men lingered over the port while the women chatted in the drawing room—well, Pamela Hansford Johnson discoursed. When the two sexes were finally reassembled, the conversation grew abstract. Someone would begin a sentence and someone else would finish it. Lots of literary allusions. Duchamp was very quiet; I expect this surprised his hosts who were expecting brilliant repartee. After we left, Duchamp turned to Arnold, ‘Do you know what they were talking about? I didn’t understand a word.’ And neither did Arnold!

Gislebertus

Jarrell: Virginia Jansen’s talk about *Gislebertus* provided some interesting background about how the book came to be published. But I would certainly like your point of view on its history—it was pioneering because nobody had really recognized the significance of this sculpture. How did Arnold become involved in it?

Fawcus: Arnold was always looking for something that might make a book. Every exhibition he saw, every holiday he took produced a notebook full of notes. And an accidental visit to Autun cathedral convinced him that the sculptures might be made into something interesting. Abbé Grivot, in charge of the choir school, was a keen amateur photographer and his postcards of some of the capitals were on sale at a stand at the entrance to the church. Several collections of his photographs and poems had appeared in book form. He had the idea that *Gislebertus hoc fecit* carved under the feet of Christ in the tympanum meant that someone called *Gislebertus* was responsible for most of the capitals in the church. This was not an idea generally accepted by French medieval art historians at the time.

Jarrell: Certainly. It was always the workshops.

Fawcus: And the Abbé Grivot was in charge of a choir school, not a member of the establishment. So his ideas didn't count for much. But Arnold saw the post cards, and tracked down the Abbé who expounded his theory about the unique authorship of the sculptures. And Arnold thought, 'Hey, this is a great idea!'

Over a number of years, whenever Arnold was driving south, either to ski or to spend some time at his house in the Jura, he would make a detour by Autun to see the Abbé and encourage him to write a text. I don't expect the Abbé thought Arnold was serious at first, but eventually he produced a manuscript. Which Arnold—who had a tendency to choose texts by consensus—circulated among several art historians in the Paris area. And, of course, being members of the 'workshop' school, they were very dismissive. After all, this Grivot is a priest in charge of a choir school and he knows absolutely nothing about the question. And they offered to produce a better text themselves. But Arnold remained fond of the original idea. The trouble was that the Abbé's text wasn't really all that professional, and it wouldn't translate very well into English.

I don't remember who referred Arnold to Louis Grodecki, who was a well-known authority on stained glass. At that time he was in charge of a fascinating, but rather obscure, little museum in Les Invalides called Galerie des plans en relief which contains scale models of French fortifications going back to the 16th century. Before there were proper maps. Anyhow, Arnold explained his problem, and Grod suggested that Arnold get in touch with George Zarnecki, an art historian friend of his at Oxford University in England. Which Arnold did. He also sent him Grivot's text. Zarnecki was not as horrified by the idea of a single sculptor as the French establishment and agreed to do the book. He came over to France in the summer of 1959, stayed at the recently purchased and extremely primitive chateau in Burgundy and visited Autun. Then he went back to England and began work on his text. Due to various family problems, this was slow in coming, and it wasn't until the spring of 1960 that bits of text began to arrive in Paris. These had to be translated into French and checked; it took a while to finish the book.

Jarrell: Now who did the photographs?

Fawcus: The photographs were taken by an Italian/French photographer called Franceschi, who was, in my opinion, largely responsible for the success of the book. They were beautiful photographs.

Jarrell: Stunning.

Fawcus: But not so considered in academic circles because they were too contrasted. They preferred neutral sculptures, balanced greys showing plenty of detail, but without drama or excitement. But that wouldn't have sold the book.

Jarrell: No, it's the contrast and the texture.

Fawcus: The contrast, how the shadows fall, the texture, the point of view. Apparently Franceschi returned to the cathedral again and again to get the light from a certain angle. With a highly successful result. On the basis of the book, he got a commission from the Swedish government to go around Sweden taking pictures of carved stones—runes and such things. There are a lot of them in Sweden.

Jarrell: So this was the beginning of his career, really, in that genre.

Fawcus: He was a pretty well-established photographer before he photographed the cathedral. But perhaps not known for architectural photography. Arnold later got independent proof of his quality (I don't think Arnold always appreciated him as much as he should have done.) There was a project for a book by Francis Salet which had as subject the possible relationship between sculptures at Cluny and Vezelay. A local Vezelay photographer took the tympanum and the capitals (what are left) at Cluny. They were good, clear photographs, grey, even, with a lot of detail. But dead. Useless for a book for the general public.

Jarrell: Yes. And then of course there's the whole story of the exhibition that grew out of the project.

Fawcus: And eventually travelled over Europe and the United States.

From the very beginning—even when he was associated with Bordas and Jacomet and doing the Cezanne book—Arnold recognized the importance of having an exhibition to center the publicity for a book. And, if possible, to have something to sell at the exhibition.

Jarrell: And was he hands-on involved in designing it?

Fawcus: Arnold was always hands-on. That is, he had the ideas and he supervised the execution. Other people did the actual work of ordering the enlargements and the boards, doing the mounting etc. But Arnold vetted the results.

Jarrell: Right. And pre-visualized it.

Fawcus: Not really. I think Arnold may have had a great deal of trouble pre-visualizing. But he could always recognize what he wanted when he saw it. He might start with some exterior shots which he would have blown up and then bits of the tympanum which he would move around and around until everything fell in place. He was maddening to work with.

Jarrell: I see. He seems to have had such a fine, acute sense of taste. But how he arrived at it . . .

Fawcus: I think a sense of taste—at least his sense of taste—is innate.

Jarrell: Yes, I think so. But to actualize it, to see it realized.

Fawcus: He knew what he liked, but he had to see it first.

Jarrell: And once he saw it, he knew.

Fawcus: Yes.

Jarrell: Yes. So the dream, the ideal, the sense of what it's going to be and the human actualization working with all of the workshops and the people involved—OK—to the

final plate, to the final piece that met with his approval, was quite a circuitous route and quite remarkable.

Fawcus: It was almost organic; it grew and he shaped it as it grew. He couldn't give detailed instructions but when something appeared out of the general mass, he recognized it and it led to something else. There were a lot of mock-ups and maquettes. And one of the reasons Trianon wasn't terribly commercial was that a lot of things had to be redone.

Jarrell: And the execution was not in his own hands.

Fawcus: No.

Jarrell: That's the part of it that makes—he was an artist.

Fawcus: He had elements of an artist—the sensitivity, for instance—but without the techniques or the patience.

Jarrell: Himself in his own hands. That's right, yes. So I'm getting more of a sense of these productions and how they depended on the execution of others and of all kinds of human relationships and cajolings and enthusiasm. I mean—the triumph—as you titled your talk—the whole idea of enthusiasm over reason.

France An Essential Location for Trianon Press

Fawcus: Yes, he seemed quite successful at managing people. Perhaps it was easier in France. The French have an intellectual side and a sense of craft and if you get them interested in a project—make them think it is really important—you can get a lot out of them. Whereas I get the impression that an English craftsman was there because he was being paid but he didn't really care all that much for what he was doing and he might be capable of wrecking the work just for the hell of it.

Jarrell: But I read somewhere in preparing to talk to you, either you or Arnold or someone said 'Trianon Press could not have existed in any other country but France.'

Fawcus: No, probably not.

Jarrell: And you're talking about the culture of craft and abiding tradition that goes back so many hundreds of years.

Fawcus: And the quality of the collotype and stencil workshops.

Ben Shahn: *Haggadah for Passover and Ecclesiastes*

Jarrell: Well, maybe to close up today you could also talk about Ben Shahn and the two publications, the *Haggadah for Passover and Ecclesiastes*. I've read several recountings of this. But were you involved in these negotiations and in the whole process?

Fawcus: You might say that I came in on the ground-floor. This was shortly after we purchased the chateau in Burgundy. It was a ruin and you couldn't live in it. We came down to work in the garden but spent the night at the Hotel de l'Ecu at Vitteaux, a neighboring town. This particular evening in April 1958 we were in the dining room eating dinner when we overheard the conversation of a couple and their three children at an adjacent table. They were Americans. In those days I was a bit shy of Americans but Arnold was soon talking to them and Ben's name came up which Arnold recognized. He invited them to drop by and see the chateau the following morning and during the course of the conversation Arnold revealed that he was a publisher of art books and facsimiles and gave Ben the address of the office. When we had all returned to Paris, Ben dropped by and Arnold showed him some samples of Blake, a few Fitzwilliam plates, the Chagall, etc. I assume he was impressed.

They began to discuss the possibility of working on some projects together. On Arnold's next trip to the States, he visited Ben and looked through his portfolios. Then Ben mentioned some water colour illustrations for the *Haggadah*—which he had done many years ago and which had been purchased by the Jewish Museum. Arnold looked them up. And liked them. They decided to construct a book around the illustrations. Arnold borrowed the plates from the Jewish Museum which arrived in Paris in April 1959. The

work on the first six plates was completed by February 1960 and Shahn was pleased. So far so good.

But there had been a basic misconception from the very outset. Ben needed to be thought a kind, disinterested man, defender of the underdog, but underneath there was suppressed anger, a lot of artist's pride, some class resentment and the feeling that money was a measure of success. He was not averse to sycophants. He took Arnold for a reasonably wealthy man, of a certain class, out to extend the prestige of Ben Shahn. Arnold took Ben for a beneficent artist, willing to make sacrifices for Arnold and his struggling publishing company, which no real interest in material gain.

There was also conflict over artistic control. Shahn felt that as he was the famous artist, he should make all the decisions on design, and he began to produce dummies and try to sell the book. For Shahn, Arnold was only the printer. But Arnold, as publisher, had always given artists orders.

As so often with Arnold, the project changed as it grew, and pretty soon the ceremony of Passover—as expressed in letterpress in Hebrew, English translation and extensive notes—began to take on more and more importance, overshadowing the drawings. Cecil Roth who wrote the notes and supervised the presentation of the text, was dismissive of the Hebrew Shahn had written in the eye of the illustrations, and found 'The Only Kid' sequence (which Shahn had added as new material) trivial. Shahn had produced a frontispiece (but not the final one) with which no one was satisfied, grumbled over supplying the coloured headings and refused to consider any new material to oblige Roth.

In the middle of the Haggadah production in early 1962, the idea of Ecclesiastes came up. This originally had been a project Shahn was doing with Joe Blumenthal, but he apparently decided that he wanted Trianon to print the illustrations. As this was Blumenthal's project, and seen by him in terms of typography, it was not fair to bring a third party in, particularly someone like Arnold, who, once the enthusiasm began to bubble, was impossible to stop. He took over the book.

Up until 1964 Ben and Arnold had been getting along all right, and most of their agreements had been of a very informal sort, indicating mutual confidence. But with 1964 and the nearing completion of the de luxe Haggadah, the question of the trade editions began to arise. And the underlying ground of mutual suspicion began to reveal itself.

Arnold, as publisher, considered that he had the right to negotiate the agreements over the trade edition. Ben, as artist, thought he should be consulted and his preferences given priority. Arnold entered into an agreement with Little Brown without informing Shahn. Shahn found out and felt betrayed. Suddenly he wanted a lot of money. And the Shahn War began.

Shahn's lawyer attacked Little Brown. Arnold, in New York at the time, was cornered by Shahn and his lawyer in a drug store and bullied (Arnold was very sensitive to this—it brought back memories of prep school. And Shahn and his lawyer were big men.) A new agreement with Little Brown, excluding Trianon, was drawn up. Trianon was pursued by Shahn's lawyer to make a new contract for the Haggadah luxe and the Ecclesiastes. By 1965 Shahn is reported to have said that 'Arnold is a great printer but I don't want him to have anything else to do with the Ecclesiastes.'

And then there were the rumours! Actually, this is very interesting. I was able to piece together the foundation for this with the help of a friend who is writing a biography of Shahn (and who apparently was not very well treated by the library at Santa Cruz).

The source was Shahn's eldest daughter, Judith, who had been living in France with her husband and had spent a couple of weeks at the still-not-very-comfortable chateau in Burgundy. Arnold was trying to be polite to Shahn's daughter and he invited her to the office to look at some of the books. Now Arnold could not resist the temptation to show off and although he was perfectly aware that he was only one client among several others in Hourdebaigt's workshop, he often referred to it as 'our' workshop. Nor could he resist showing Judith a set of plates (which he thought very fine) of high quality Japanese erotica which Hourdebaigt had produced for another client and which Arnold

had begged off him. Judith returned to York and informed her father that Trianon Press was into pornography. Shahn repeated this extensively and soon, on both sides of the Atlantic, it was said that Trianon Press had made a fortune out of dirty books. Shahn never inquired whether there was any truth in this, he just spread the rumour. And then he published another version of the Ecclesiastes with Joe Blumenthal. No wonder their relationship soured!

Jarrell: But there was no subsidy for either of these Ben Shahn volumes.

Fawcus: No.

Jarrell: They were both going to stand on their own.

Fawcus: And for that reason Shahn couldn't have big advances or large royalties out of the trade edition. Trianon didn't have that kind of money.

Jarrell: And Trianon had subsidized the whole thing. Up front.

Fawcus: Yes.

Jarrell: Now to go way back, I would like to ask you several questions about Sir Geoffrey Keynes and the role of the William Blake Trust in the evolution of the Trianon Press. You can start with Sir Geoffrey or you can start with the Trust, whichever you like.

Fawcus: Sir Geoffrey and the Trust go together.

Jarrell: Yes. You're right. I didn't know how to divide it into two questions really.

Fawcus: Do you know why the Trust was set up?

Jarrell: Yes. I've read in Sir Geoffrey's autobiography the genesis of the Trust as a way of financing, subsidizing the facsimile production of those great works of Blake.

Fawcus: But at the beginning, the immediate object was to reproduce the Sterling copy of Jerusalem, the only coloured copy of Blake's last illuminated book. There was talk of a

sale to the US and Sir Geoffrey wanted to produce some facsimiles before it was lost to the UK. He couldn't decide on the process to use, but then he ran across a copy of the Trianon Cezanne book in a Boston library and it looked promising. On returning to Europe he hunted down Trianon Press which then consisted of Arnold and his friend Pat MacLeod. I base the following version partly on Sir Geoffrey's verbal account, partly on correspondence in the files at Santa Cruz.

On 29 January 1948 Sir Geoffrey wrote asking for an estimate for reproducing 500 copies of Jerusalem. Arnold and Pat got in touch and made an appointment to see the book. Arnold was confident that Jacomet would have no difficulty with the technical side. On returning from his interview with Sir Geoffrey, Arnold drew up a sort of prospectus, in which he outlined various proposals:

1. Trianon would produce and sell the book, either on commission or for a fee.
2. Profit from the sales would go into something to be called the Blake Fund. He suggested that it might be possible to set up a non-profit association for the purpose of reproducing Blake's works and funded from the Blake Fund.
3. He suggested subscriptions at 500 pounds each to form working capital.

This was very brave of Arnold, considering that he was at the very beginning of his publishing career and there was a lot he had yet to learn. But this might be the breakthrough that would lead to a future.

Arnold described the work to Jacomet who did not have enough information to make a proper estimate—after all he had not seen the book. So Arnold arranged to borrow Jerusalem and took it back to France with him. Needless to say, he did not declare it to the Customs (or anyone else) but tucked it away unobtrusively in a suitcase. This was to cause embarrassment later on. This was in March. Time passed. And passed.

Sir Geoffrey began to grow anxious about the credentials of these two young men to whom he had entrusted a priceless treasure. He made inquiries. No record at the bank

whose address he had been given (they had changed banks). No reply from English address. (Pat had moved to the country). In desperation, on the 4th of June he wrote to Jacomet, inquiring whether he had seen the book. On the 8th of June, Arnold finally replied, enclosing the first estimate from Jacomet. This was probably on the low side as Jacomet also wanted the work; besides, the stencils were to prove more difficult than an initial examination suggested.

As to the finance, Sir Geoffrey was a trustee of the late W. Graham Robertson estate, and since Graham Robertson had been a Blake collector, Sir Geoffrey thought that it would be appropriate to get a grant from the estate to reproduce Jerusalem. He discussed the question of the charitable trust with business friend, George Goyder, and they decided it would be a good idea.

The Trust Founders assembled for the first time on the 22 October, 1948 to discuss Jacomet's latest estimate. Pat MacLeod was appointed Secretary, thus representing Trianon and publishing in general.

So, in a way, the association between Sir Geoffrey and Trianon existed before the Trust and the Trust was a result of the association. It was a natural symbiosis between Sir Geoffrey who could get copies of Blake's illuminated books, and subsidies to reproduce them, and Arnold who could produce the facsimiles but who needed someone to finance the operation. The Trust was middle man between them.

Jarrell: And was the Trust set up in the United States or in England?

Fawcus: In England, although with time, there were American Trustees like Mellon and Rosenwald who either lent books or donated money.

Jarrell: So over the years the Board of Directors of the Trust changed but was Sir Geoffrey the most influential person?

Fawcus: To all intents and purposes, Sir Geoffrey and Arnold were the Trust. Not ostentatiously, of course. But the other Directors were academics or business men. They

didn't know much about the difficulties of book production. And Geoffrey pretty much got his own way when it came to choice. Except for that disastrous meeting he didn't attend, when they decided to do the plates illustrating the Bible. I think that was George Goyder's idea.

Sir Geoffrey and Arnold would get together before a meeting and map out the agenda, Sir Geoffrey from the Blake angle, Arnold from book production. Arnold would show choices and samples, and Sir Geoffrey would decide. Then at the meeting Sir Geoffrey would moderate in such a way that his decisions were adopted. Those Directors with strong opinions rarely came to meetings. It worked pretty well over the years.

Jarrell: There was the cachet of being on the Board—but the actual thinking and designating each project—

Fawcus: Had been done before-hand.

Jarrell: Can you talk a bit about Geoffrey Keynes and what kind of man he was?

Fawcus: I am not perhaps the best person to ask about that. I didn't need a father surrogate, and certainly not one like Sir Geoffrey. He was always very kind to me, but I found him irritating. I didn't have total faith. Besides I was a female.

Well—to start with, he was a surgeon. I've always felt you needed to be very sure of yourself to take a knife and cut someone up. The word 'arrogant' was used by some of his colleagues at Barts.

He was proud of his work as a surgeon and a Blake scholar and disciplined to consider a point of view that differed from his own. Not a lot of empathy.

I expect he considered women as trivial. At Lammas House, his home, women were not allowed in his study where serious discussion took place among the men. They were relegated to Margaret's study. Margaret, Geoffrey's wife was a very intelligent woman and she defended herself nobly, but it was a pity that this was necessary. In all fairness, I

must admit that I gained entrance to the inner sanctum eventually, and it was very interesting.

He was a bit of an autocrat in the home. His interests always came first. He was capable of temper.

He could be charming in company and he made and retained many friends, some illustrious. He enjoyed hob-nobbing with 'artistocrats' and the 'gentry'.

He appreciated Arnold. It took a strong character capable of detachment to do that. I can only think of two others, the Abbé Breuil and Lessing Rosenwald (and perhaps Peter du Sautoy) who managed it over the years. Weak men hated Arnold. Of course, he was very careful in the way he handled Geoffrey—no outright disagreement, for instance. I think there was genuine affection between them. I'm glad Arnold is buried in the same country cemetery near him.

Jarrell: So it was a sort of partnership between Arnold and Sir Geoffrey?

Fawcus: Arnold genuinely admired Sir Geoffrey and I think Sir Geoffrey was amused by and had confidence in Arnold. They worked together well.

Jarrell: Did Sir Geoffrey come and stay in your chateau?

Fawcus: Yes, both of them—the one in the Jura as well as the one in Burgundy, several times. And two of their sons, Milo and Stephen. And Stephen's family. Arnold had learned the importance of 'relations' in France, and the chateaux served as hotels to entertain important or useful people. They weren't particularly comfortable, but then, neither was Lammas House.

Jarrell: And then did you or Arnold go and stay at Lammas House?

Fawcus: Arnold usually spent the week-end before a Blake Trust meeting going over the position of the work and the agenda with Geoffrey. If I was in England, I went with him.

Jarrell: Is it in London?

Fawcus: It is in a small village called Brinkley, roughly between Cambridge and Newmarket.

Jarrell: Now when Arnold died in 1979, I've read in some sources that there were perhaps 25 titles in progress.

Fawcus: Not being produced for the Blake Trust. By then, all the illuminated books that could be reproduced had been completed. Besides, Hourdebaigt and Crampe had died in April, 1974 within 11 days of each other, and it was difficult to do colour. There weren't that many other collotype and stencil workshops in Paris—apart from Jacomet, of course. That was why Arnold began to produce work in black and white. When Geoffrey died, there were only two works pending, Illustrations for the Book of Job and Samuel Palmer. All the plates had been printed for both, but they were problem books.

Jarrell: The illustrations had been completed but everything else remained to be done. What were the problems?

Fawcus: Blake's illustrations for the Book of Job had already appeared in 1935 in a multi-fascicled, boxed volume produced by the Pierpont Morgan Library, with text by Laurence Binyon and Sir Geoffrey. In addition to the engravings, there were facsimiles of the pencil sketches for the engravings and the plates of the two watercolour series Blake had executed for Mr. Butts and John Linnell respectively. But there was also the New Zealand set, coloured drawings which had recently come to light in New Zealand, some of which Sir Geoffrey affirmed 'could not have been produced by any other hand but Blake's.' With the passage of time, this had become much less evident to others, but not to Sir Geoffrey who insisted on his original opinion. Then there were the coloured engravings. It was Arnold who ran these down in the US and indeed the originals are very beautiful. But there was no good reason to attribute them to Blake himself. And lastly, there was the text. Sir Geoffrey wanted to write most of this, but Arnold had been

'editing,' i.e. rewriting or composing his texts for a number of years and I was incapable of matching Sir Geoffrey's style. Besides I disagreed with him.

After Geoffrey died it was possible to group all the colour under the title 'Colour versions from the circle of John Linnell' making no false claims, and to bring in contributions from other authorities on specific questions, like interpretation, or states, while using an old text of Sir Geoffrey's, suitably annotated. But before, there were problems.

Jarrell: And so this was completed by the Blake Trust which was headed by Steven Keynes.

Fawcus: Yes.

Jarrell: And then what was the other work?

Fawcus: Samuel Palmer.

Jarrell: And was that also completed by the Blake Trust?

Fawcus: No. The book was a real mess. It had grown out of control, and it was difficult to see what could be done with it. I have heard that some of the elements were being sold off piecemeal by the Trust. I doubt if it will ever be published.

Jarrell: A vision recaptured. According to your list, 1978.

Fawcus: That was a catalogue for an exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, a sort of trial run for what might have been the book if Arnold had lived long enough to revise it.

Illustrations of Dante

Jarrell: And then, 1979—*Illustrations of Dante* by William Blake.

Fawcus: That was the last book Arnold did. The binding was being completed while he lay dying in hospital.

Jarrell: And that was Arnold's last production.

Fawcus: That was the last book that Arnold saw through to the end.

Constable with his Friends in 1806

Jarrell: How about *Constable with his Friends*?

Fawcus: The book was Arnold's idea, after a suggestion from Graham Reynolds, I think. He did the text. And Arnold supervised the printing of the plates. I completed the book—that is, I organized the printing of the text, the proof reading, and binding. I chose.

Jarrell: In 1981?

Fawcus: That's right.

Jarrell: So *Constable with his Friends in 1806* was the last publication of Trianon Press itself?

Fawcus: That's right.

Jarrell: And what about those twenty-five other projects I've read about?

Fawcus: That was the so-called Engraving Series. After Hourdebaigt's death, Arnold took over the work-shop and the machines were used to produce the Dante, the Illustrations for Job and Samuel Palmer. But there were 'holes' in the printing schedule, when there was nothing of Blake to be put on machine. So Arnold began to print other things on his own account. Although he was never able to buy the workshop (there was a contested estate among the Hourdebaigts going back to 1935), he began to consider the place as his own. Well, in a way, he always had.

So, the Arnold who ran the work-shop looked to the Arnold who was the publisher for work and the Arnold who was the publisher looked to Arnold at the work-shop for cheap printing. It was a vicious circle. He never had time to complete anything for sale, but was always looking for new work to feed the hungry machines.

Jarrell: I'd never understood that part. That after the two artisans died, Arnold provided work for himself.

Fawcus: I think it gave him a lot of worry. That he was putting time and money into something that he couldn't sell. There was no one competent on the editorial side, and the texts weren't right. After 1975, there were little signs of the illness to come. Loss of concentration. Loss of memory. Loss of enthusiasm.

Besides the publishing scene had changed by then. It was almost as if he had gone back to the beginning again, where he started.

Have you ever seen the plates?

Jarrell: Yes. Many of them.

Fawcus: They are beautifully printed and interesting but not homogenous. There isn't anything to tie them together as a series. As I discovered when I tried to sell the plates. If, for instance, he had concentrated on Dutch engravers of a certain period, it might have made more sense.

Jarrell: For instance, there were some Breughels?

Fawcus: Yes. Vices and virtues. Ships. But a lot of other things from different countries, periods, artists as well.

Jarrell: But they were never published?

Fawcus: They were never finished. And it would have been difficult to sell them.

I forgot to mention that Arnold tried to set up a charitable Trust called Trianon Facsimiles Ltd., to finance both the Constable and the Engraving Series. It would have enabled him to create a fund out of which he could pay the work-shop and the office. Unfortunately, the definition of 'charity' had changed a lot since 1948, and he was unable to get authorization.

Jarrell: I think I neglected to ask you about Abram Brown published by Trianon in 1955.

Fawcus: Another backed book. The author had tried commercial publishers with his manuscript and had been turned down. So he decided to have the book produced for his own account.

There were two genres Arnold was incapable of judging; poetry and children's books. This book was for children.

Arnold first heard from Mr. Phibbs in February 1954. Terms were agreed and the book went into production. There were no problems over the printing of the text, but Mr. Phibbs was very particular about the illustrations, especially one dish with seven cherry pits around the edge. Several illustrators were tried and rejected. Finally, Arnold, impatient and without Phibb's agreement, decided to ask Philippe Jullian whether he would be willing to do them.

Philippe Jullian was a popular illustrator of the romans feuillion appearing in the newspapers of the period—a kind of fore-runner of the B.D.'s. Jullian was very French, quite sophisticated and inappropriate for a child's book. Good artist though, as Arnold, trying to placate Phibbs, wrote: 'the designs are interesting in themselves.' And the jacket is an unusual use of collotype which didn't work too well at first.

But Phibbs was interested in the illustrations for his book and he disliked those of Jullian intensely—and repeatedly. He was particularly irked because Jullian never seemed to have read the text.

The book was distributed through Collins who were handling Trianon books then, but it never sold very well. Eventually, Phibbs decided he was being cheated and wanted to take over the books himself. Arnold was reluctant, because the percentage he got on sales represented the only real profit he made. In May 1959 Phibbs began a law suit, citing, among other things, the unsuitability of the illustrations. Arnold let him have the books.

Distribution

Fawcus: There is something we haven't discussed yet—the distribution of the books.

Jarrell: Does it mater? I mean, does it add much to the idea I am trying to get of how the press worked?

Fawcus: It was certainly important for recuperating capital for the Blake books. Initially, it revealed a startling degree of naiveté and later on the ease with which it operated was a good indicator of the health of the press.

I'm not talking so much about the trade books like the Duchamp or the Gislebertus where foreign editions were sold as a block. Using the exhibition as a lever, there were quite a few direct sales of the French Gislebertus but usually Trianon used a traveller who knew the book stores.

There was nothing Arnold enjoyed more than selling a de luxe book to a wealthy client but distribution of an expensive book requires organization and contacts; you specialize. There was a lifetime search for the ideal distributor ahead of Arnold.

The first time this problem arose was in the early days of the Stirling Jerusalem. In their contract with the Blake Trust MacLeod and Fawcus assumed responsibility for sales and those two innocents in the thickets of publishing didn't foresee any problems. They planned to print up a mailing of prospectuses with a subscription price and a closing date and, with a bit of publicity, the orders would come rolling in. But they forgot to consider the unexpected. For one thing, the content, presentation and publication date of

the book changed dramatically several times after the first mailing of the prospectuses had been sent out, and they no longer described what was being offered. Then, with Pat at Cobham and Arnold in Paris they were inclined to act without clearing with each other. Arnold, ambition exceeding his grasp even then, thought he could handle the American market out of a mailing address at the Philadelphia home of his war-time sergeant. Neither of them had adequate staff to make the necessary lists and records or reply to letters. And who was going to pack and mail the books?

The story of the production of the three Jerusalems often approaches farce. But the selling was a comedy of errors. To begin—the US market and the Grey Falcon Press, Arnold's private subsidiary left over from the first beginnings, out of which he hoped to distribute Jerusalem. It was originally physically located in his Aunt Evelyn's apartment, and, after she left for California, a trunk in the cellar belonging to Phil Poskanzer, Arnold's ex-sergeant and a very patient man.

The prospectuses had indicated Grey Falcon press as US distributor and there was soon correspondence which circulated client to Phil to Arnold to client to Phil and so, on and on. Two rare book dealers began to show interest in the forthcoming edition. Both of them wanted to take on US distribution and both were confused by the presence of the 'American agent in Philadelphia' who was supposed to be supplying the book. Echoes of the confusion began to reach Europe. The friendship between Arnold and Sir Geoffrey almost came to an abrupt end when Sir Geoffrey wrote a stiff letter to George Goyder (who passed it on to Arnold), complaining about the way US sales were being handled. 'It was disconcerting to find that your agents in the USA—the Grey Falcon Press—knew absolutely nothing about it (i.e. Jerusalem) up to a few weeks ago.'

One of the rare book dealers in the US was P.C. Duschnes. Arnold had tried out a proposition for exclusivity on him in the spring of 1950 which Duschnes found unrealistic—Arnold wanted him to take 100 books on subscription terms. He hung on to his order for five at the subscription price, however, and in June 1951, on a trip to Europe, he passed through Paris and saw Arnold. Possibly Arnold had begun to realize he needed help. Anyhow, he made a deal. Duschnes was to have exclusivity for the US

edition of 250 copies, beginning with an outright purchase of 175 at \$80 less 40%. As for the orders Arnold had already taken (there were over 60 of them) Duschnes agreed to dispatch the books for 10% commission but he refused to be responsible for collecting the money on Arnold's behalf (Duschnes suspected the other dealer was about to default and he was right).

The letter Duschnes wrote describing the arrival of the books in 500 lb. cases, too large to enter his shop, while the rain fell in sheets is very amusing. Pat, in England, apparently unaware of the agreement, saw Duschnes' advertisement about exclusivity and protested indignantly. 'This is not correct.' 'Why don't you boys get together?' suggested Duschnes. 'Hope things get simpler soon. You produced a magnificent book, one of the finest I have ever seen, but your sales methods are a little less than perfect.' Although Arnold tried other dealers from time to time, this was the beginning of a long-lasting and occasionally acrimonious (Fanny, Phil's wife once described Arnold, accurately, as having a 'whim of iron') relationship.

Meanwhile in Cobham, Surrey, Pat was having his own problems. The subscription prospectus had been sent out in 1949 and he had begun to receive orders and money. But the book was developing a life of its own and the explanatory text suddenly became a book in its own right. And there were second thoughts about binding, so the subscriber was to be given a choice (always dangerous) as to which, of two, he preferred. And the publication dates kept receding into an ever more evanescent future. Pat was obliged to keep track of all and try to explain what was going on.

Such trials concentrate the mind. When Pat decided that there was no future for him at Trianon and left for Montreal in June 1952, Arnold began to think that it might not be a bad idea to let the professionals do the work.

When Pat left, Peter du Sautoy succeeded him as Secretary to the Blake Trust. I have a blind spot here. I don't know who suggested Peter or how it came about that Faber and Faber, for whom Peter worked as editor, became English distributors for Trianon Press

and the Blake Trust. Possibly through Sir Geoffrey. At any rate the distribution remained with Fabers until 15 September 1956.

Sailing was not smooth. Mr. Crawley headed Fabers' sales department. With house publications under his control, it had probably been simple to arrange for the spring and autumn lists, place the advertising and dispatch the books. He seems to have been efficient, if somewhat inflexible. I don't expect he was overjoyed to be handling the sales of an inexperienced outfit like Trianon, especially as publication dates were proving unpredictable. By the spring of 1954 and the completion of the Wicksteed, he began to show signs of losing his cool. The Wicksteed was complicated. It was to be sent free to original subscribers of Jerusalem and those who had purchased it subsequently for 33 gns. But not to those who had paid 30 gns. And there were two different weights of paper. He obviously needed as much information as he could get on Jerusalem sales, but this was in Paris and he couldn't pry it out of Arnold. Well, filing had never been one of Arnold's strong points.

Worse, Synge (from the Abbé Breuil Trust) had learned about the Faber connection and began to make inquiries about the White Lady. Arnold told Crawley not to pay any attention to Synge. After all, Trianon was supposed to be selling the book, according to the contract with the Abbé Breuil Trust. The White Lady appeared in Faber's autumn list, about the same time as the Abbé declared his independence.

Early in 1955 Arnold took a small skiing party to the Alps. It consisted of Peter Kendall Bushe, Mary, and an editor of Faber's children's books in whom Mr. Crawley was apparently interested. Shortly after their return, Mr. Crawley presented an ultimatum: Fabers could no longer handle Trianon books after the end of 1955. Things were smoothed over temporarily, but Mr. Crawley began to issue defensive memoranda: complete working stock at Fabers five weeks before the publication date, including total de luxe editions with specifics laid out (i.e. number of copies, how many signed, how many complementary, etc.) What a hope!

In May the binding started on the White Lady and anxious letters and telegrams began to arrive in Paris. 'Publication postponed owing to imperfections in the binding of the book.' 'The binding does not work. The whole of the book itself hangs away from the binding case.' '432 ordinary and 81 limited edition White Lady on order.' The book was sent to another binder and the orders were filled. There was a further flurry of excitement over imperfections in the 'perfect' binding for Songs of I & E at the end of the year. This time Mr. Crawley insisted. Trianon must leave by June 1956 at the latest.

On the 9 August an agreement for the distribution of Trianon books was signed with Collins and the books were transferred in September.

I don't know why Collins accepted the books. Through Raleigh Trevelyan who worked there and who replaced Peter du Sautoy as Blake Trust Secretary (Peter was elected Director shortly afterward)? Raleigh was a sort of cousin of Peter Bushe. Relations were smoother—after all Trianon had learned a lot by now, but there was still irritation about delivery of books and publication dates. Collins were not set up to sell a Trianon sort of book and didn't put much effort into it. Besides, there was a lot of extra book-keeping involved in the reports to the Blake Trust on sales and stock—I don't think they ever counted the books physically, so there were bound to be errors and complaints. Eventually Collins, also, decided that the books were more trouble than they were worth. By the autumn of 1960, John Ford, head of Collins sales, intimated to Arnold that Trianon should make plans to move. Arnold managed to hang on until the beginning of 1962 when the books were transferred to Quaritch.

For over ten years, Quaritch proved a perfect solution to Trianon's problems. For one thing, they were set up to handle de luxe books and they knew how to sell them. They were prepared to purchase approximately half of each new Blake Trust edition outright, which meant a quick return of capital. And, under Ted Dring, the atmosphere was relaxed. He viewed his clients as a fisherman does a trout in a stream—he was patient and persistent and he sold his book in the end. And he got on well with Arnold. During the 60's the books sold and everyone was happy. Then in the early '70s Dring fell ill and began to retire from active participation in the firm. And Arnold began to listen to one of

the staff who had big ideas. Up until then, editions ran to around 400 copies—380 ordinary and 20 luxe. The books were quality Blake with lots of colour work, but by now Trianon was reaching the bottom of the barrel. And it was now, when interest was less, that Arnold was tempted to increase the edition. And the market in fine art books as beginning to slow. Quaritch continued to purchase half the edition, but couldn't sell them. And, according to the terms of their contract, until they sold out, the other half of the edition was blocked—Trianon couldn't sell to anyone else.

The final blow came when Quaritch changed hands and a new broom swept through the management. Cost accounting was a key word. And Arnold developed a personal aversion to the new owner and director. By 1977 the relationship had deteriorated to the point that they needed the personal mediation of Peter du Sautoy. By December 1977 Quaritch ceased to handle Trianon Press books, but of course those titles they had purchased but still had unsold, could not be made available to a new distributor. Maggs, through initially enthusiastic, were soon reluctant to handle the Dante which appeared in early summer 1979.

It is possible that Arnold was already feeling the first signs of his illness in 1976-7—the physical symptoms appeared in January 1978 and the cancer was already advanced by then. But the world had changed as well. Organisation, efficiency, hard-headed business practice was coming in with the ruthless 80's, and you could no longer run a company by inspired muddling through.