

The Fine Press Book Association is an international organisation supporting and promoting the creation, study and collection of contemporary fine press books that aspire to the highest standards of craft and design.

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Parenthesis: An Appreciation of Sebastian Carter's Contribution

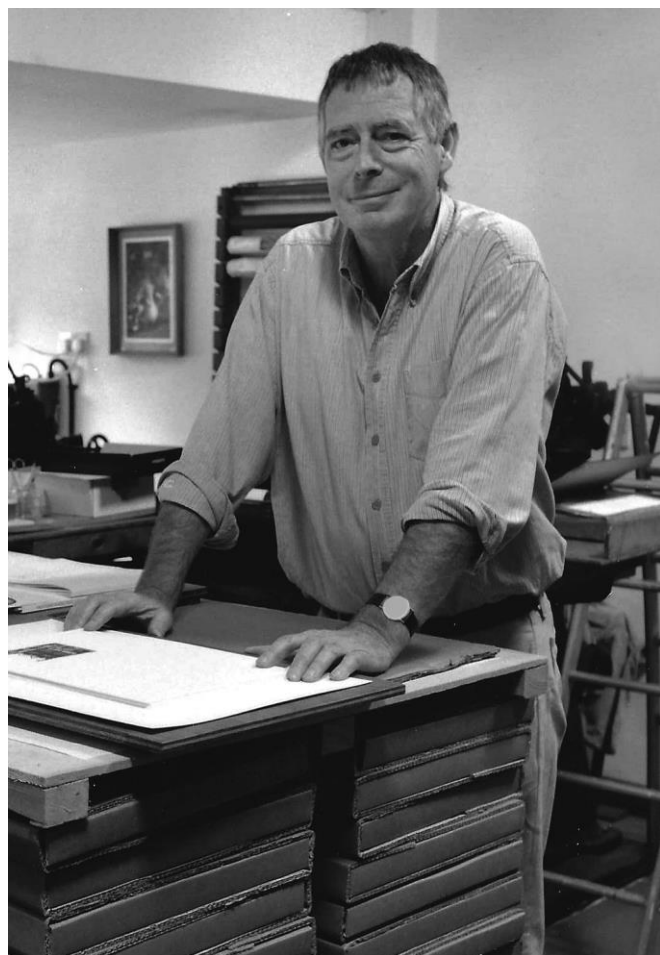
Martyn Ould

Editing *Parenthesis* is a tremendous task, one that cannot be undertaken lightly. The major starting point is surely finding the authors and subjects that not only keep our readership – our members – reading and subscribing, but also bring a breadth of coverage that reflects the world of fine book production. This requires from our editor not only a good working knowledge of the field but also the contacts that make it possible to make the call or send the email that will extract a promise to provide a good text and some pictures, either for an article or for an insightful review, and then no doubt to be able to gently chivvy the straggling contributor as a deadline approaches.

We have been fortunate to have had two excellent UK editors of *Parenthesis*, both steeped in the business of printing and publishing limited edition books. Dennis Hall, he of the myriad Parrot Presses, kicked off the whole series, giving us issues 1 to 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12, all with that gentle slant towards his own predilection, illustration, finally handing over the UK reins to Sebastian Carter for issue 14. Sebastian has brought decades of experience and perhaps above all, and importantly, contacts in the world of printing in particular through his work at the Rampant Lions Press and his scholarly writing on all aspects of typography. The respect with which he is held was demonstrated recently by the inclusion of his book *Twentieth Century Type Designers* (first published in 1987 and reprinted numerous times since) in the Grolier Club's exhibition *One Hundred Books Famous in Typography* and the substantial catalogue (reviewed in this issue of *Parenthesis*).

From issue 14 he has edited all the even-numbered issues to number 40, a total of 14 running from 2008 to 2021, issues that have given us a consistent flow of profiles of presses and portraits of individuals, the contemporary as well as the bygone, and the all-important book reviews. A notable addition to the fare has been the regular piece from Sebastian's correspondent Swithin Crumb.

It could be argued that the contents of *Parenthesis* define what the fpba is all about, drawing the boundaries of its interests. Just what the fpba is all about has been a topic for discussion from the day it was inaugurated at an Oak Knoll Book Fest in New Castle, Delaware. Some sort of boundary must be drawn, albeit blurred and mobile, if it is not to be so broad that readers find no more than a small proportion of an issue of interest to them – the 400 pages of just brief notes each year in issues of the *Book Arts Newsletter* (from the Centre for Fine Print Research at the University of the West of England) bear testament to how broad the scope could be if unconstrained. Under Sebastian's hand there has been a natural drift in emphasis towards the typographical, but quality in execution and practice have remained central themes.



Some aspects of the journal's design have remained the same: the practice of introducing a different typeface for each issue has continued, as has the plain cover design bearing free-standing images back and front started by Dennis Hall in 10 and 12 and the two-column format into which the motif from the Rampant Lions Press regularly found its way, crowned by headings framed with thick coloured bars.

Of course, once all the contributions have been corralled they must be turned into a magazine, and here is where the labour is: words and images must be muscled into pages that retain sufficient familiarity from issue to issue and meet readers' expectation of the same level of quality that they might look for in books. We have not been disappointed.

Sebastian finished his editorship with number 40, a double milestone and one which we marked with a bumper issue of 80 pages rather than the usual 64. He wrote 'I can't think of more to say about the editorship than I put in my editorial: a privilege, sometimes a slog, and a delight. The last two aren't mutually exclusive.'

It's to the credit of our editors on both sides of the Atlantic that *Parenthesis* – and the fpba – has flourished for coming up to a quarter of a century. The baton in the UK has now passed to another established expert in the world of typography and printing and books, David Jury, and we look forward with confidence to more exceptional reporting on the world of the fine press book, past and present.

Chairman's Letter

I am writing this in October 2021 – perhaps six months before you read it. Is anything certain today? The dates of the (now) 2022 Oxford Fine Press Book Fair have just been announced and it should have taken place in March, shortly before this issue reaches you. I do hope it has. When I wrote my Letter for *Parenthesis* 40 in July 2020 I could say that 'the pandemic is easing in Europe' and the Fair had been, in hope, postponed from March 2020 to the November. Since then it has been moved to November 2021 and again to March 2022. Once more, as I write, things do seem to be easing. An exhibition of private press books at Josie Reed's gallery in Bath and a press book fair organised by Ludlow Bookbinders and the Oxford Guild of Printers are taking place in the coming month in the UK, the first opportunities presses and collectors have had to meet for far too long.

I think we have all missed the conversations, and there is no substitute for handling the goods. That said there are several ways in which the fpba can help presses put their books in front of potential buyers, at least at a distance, so a few words here to act as a reminder. Firstly, having a book reviewed need not mean that a copy has to be surrendered from an expensive limited edition; contact one of the editors and discuss the details of its return. Secondly, by filling in a simple form at www.fpba.com a book's details can be announced in a subsequent issue of *Parenthesis*; a free advert consisting of up to 200 words and an image can be emailed to fpba members. We really encourage presses to make use of this free facility.

A hearty welcome to our new UK Editor, David Jury. You are reading his first of what we hope will be a long and successful run of *Parenthesis*. As a writer on matters bookish and typographical and a printer and publisher himself, he brings his own experience and motivations to the task – we have much to look forward to.

Finally, my usual plea to UK-registered members: if you find a membership renewal form included with this issue it means it's time to send more money to secure your copies of issues 43 and 44. Our long-suffering secretary begs you to cough up today and thereby avoid those reminder emails from her.



Editorial

Martyn recently reminded me that I had suggested in a previous edition (number 15) that 'as articles grow in scope and length [in *Parenthesis*] the current use of a two-column grid might, when appropriate, be dropped in favour of something more expansive'.

I had not forgotten that article, but when I sat down to design this issue I quickly realised that 'more expansive' – by which I had meant a single wider column – would result in far fewer words on each page. The utilitarian appearance of the current two-column arrangement is not only an excellent foil for complex images, it is also fiercely economical. Even so, I was unable to include all the material that has accumulated over the past six months and quickly found myself envying the extra 16-page section Sebastian had been granted for his final issue of *Parenthesis*; a special farewell treat! Lest you were wondering, he also received a case of his favourite wine.

The first time I saw John Furnival's unique visual poetry, or 'wordscapes', they were spread across two large pages of an underground newspaper in the late 1960s. This was an anxious time because I was 18 and worried that I had made a terrible mistake in choosing to study graphic design rather than fine art. Ironically, Furnival had studied fine art and was drawing letters. His work is narcissistic, intentionally complex, often funny and aberrant; all characteristics I had been warned a typographer should avoid at all cost. Naturally, I ignored this advice and by the time I realised how little Furnival's wordscapes had to do with typography it no longer mattered, I had been captivated by letterforms and everything associated with their use and making. However, it was Furnival who opened the door.

The 1930s and 40s were an exceptional time for publishing. The quality of scholarship and printing was often excellent. Impelled by Valerie Holman's account, 'Fine Press Publishing and Modern Art Publishing', I bought a copy of what is considered the best book on Henry Moore's work ever published, *Henry Moore: Sculpture and Drawings* (1944) co-published by Lund Humphries (also the printer) and Zwemmer. My copy, a first edition, cost just £20 and is, indeed, magnificent: Herbert Read's introduction is a masterclass in critical writing whilst Moore's sculpture, especially the frontispiece on tinted paper, is impeccably printed and with sufficient gusto to convey the weight and monumentality of its subject.

The book is in perfect condition, despite almost 80 years of handling, so I was surprised to find a bookplate proclaiming it to have previously been the property of a public library. Such places once aimed to be hubs of essential and authoritative information but this seems to have changed of late. Apparently, my book was considered too dour and yes, too serious, and so had to make way for something less substantial and wrapped in a more cheery cover.

Apartheid may be officially over, but its scars remain visible above and below the skin of South African fractured society.

This week for the first time, there is a probing beneath the surface of the skin of South Africa's shame. The primary cancer will always be and has always been apartheid. But secondary infections have touched many of apartheid's opponents and eroded their knowledge of good and evil. And one of the tragedies of life is, it's possible to become that which we hate most—a ruthless abuse of power and a latitude that allow our deeds to resemble the abuses we fought against. (Antjie Krog, *Country of My Skull*, 1998 p. 342)

And the two go hand in hand. The one cannot be without the other. If people don't get reparation, they won't forgive. If people are not forgiven, they won't offer reparation. Or rather, this was my thinking. (Krog, p. 170)

I am on a train travelling from New York City's Pennsylvania Station to Washington DC's Union Station for the 1999 Pyramid Atlantic Book Arts Fair and Conference. It is a bleak November day, and the weak, low sun highlights the thousands of naked trees as they flash past. I am passing the roughly three and a half hours of the trip by reading the South African author Antjie Krog's recently published analysis of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission's effects on post-Apartheid South Africa, titled *Country of My Skull*. The trc was a court-like body, established by the new South African government in 1995, to help heal the country and bring about a reconciliation of its people by uncovering the truth about human rights violations that had occurred during the period of apartheid. Its emphasis was on gathering evidence and uncovering information – from both victims and perpetrators – and not on prosecuting individuals for past crimes. One of the reasons for me being in New York, as the recipient of an Ampersand Foundation Fellowship, is to hand-print my artist's book *Re: A Negotiated Truth* during a Keyholder Residency at the Lower East Side Printshop. At the time of my trip to Washington, I am unaware of this title and, in fact, the content of the book that I am to return to New York to print, roughly a week later.

Sitting in that Amtrak train compartment, Krog's text is having an almost numinous, revelatory effect on me. Besides the harrowing exposés of apartheid's institutional violence, perpetrated on disenfranchised black bodies, I am beginning to understand the visual relationships and contradictions that I had previously etched into five shaped zinc plates and brought to New York to print into book form. On the pages, it is the repetition and indexical nature of the many 're-' words – beyond the obvious term reconciliation – that I find utterly profound. I am excited by the import of Krog's revelations, and by the time I return to New York, I understand my imagery, fully, for the first time, and, concomitantly, the way in which I should design and print the book so as to advance the content of my imagery.

As the sunlight flickers between the skeletal maple trees, what comes into focus are particular words: Reparation, Redistribution, Rehabilitation, Reconciliation, Responsibility, Resolution, Restoration, Resignation, Resistance, Retribution, Retaliation ... Being far from home seems helpful in providing the required distance to productively grapple with the contexts in which each of these terms is vividly described. I reflect on the inescapable truth that, despite apartheid being officially over, its scars remain visible above and below the skin of South African fractured society.

Krog (p. 57) describes the heightened emotions that often accompanied the commission's hearings, and a particular extract begins to conjoin the affective and physical body with these 're-' words, and the larger South African socio-political environment in which I had developed my imagery:

When the hearing resumed, [Archbishop Desmond] Tutu started to sing: 'Senzeni na, senzeni na ... What have we done? What have we done? Our only sin is the color of our skin.' I was at a meeting once where anc leaders rejected this song because it perpetuates the idea of being a helpless victim. But when it was sung this morning, I cried with such a sense of loss and despair I could hardly breathe. (Krog, p. 57)



Dichotomy 350x933mm (largest opening) (2017). A collaboration between five artists and designers on the theme of division and contrast in book-form. The author's contribution (shown) contrasts pop-up structure, digital, intaglio, screenprint, and laser-cut processes.

Country of My Skull becomes the connective tissue between the images I had already etched into zinc plates and brought to New York, and their possible meanings I am tacitly exploring. Not only does this fecund tissue begin connecting the images to their possible meanings, the texts also reveal the skin as an affective and productive metaphor that I can explore through various printed substrates and bind into my book. Particular 're-' words jump off the page, resonating with me, as they seem to galvanise the space between my imagery and the post-apartheid world in which those images were made and which Krog so richly describes. I am beginning to understand the complexity of my own imagery.

The trc's remit was to lay bare the violence perpetrated by whites upon black bodies by negotiating the complex issue of acceptance and rejection of culpability. Its lofty goal was an impossible mix of finding suitable restitution and reparation for the losses of so many families and communities. It hoped to establish some sort of social reconciliation to take forward into what trc chairperson, Tutu, naively called 'The Rainbow Nation'. This remit suggested a dialogue between black, white and translucent pages as metaphors for the skins of the body politic. However, the power of collective rage accompanied by threads of hope needed to bite into the skin of the paper substrate in the same way as apartheid's fear and loathing had bitten into the skins of its victims.

Conceiving and designing the book

I had the bones of the book's material and structure but the most revelatory aspect of Krog's text was its ability to forge a deeply affective relationship between these 're-' words and the complex, contradictory and seemingly loosely related imagery held within my five shaped intaglio plates. Into my first plate – a thin vertical rectangle measuring 400x95mm – I had etched a figure that I had seen out of a car window whilst driving through the Johannesburg cbd. I had caught sight of a stooped figure, shuffling along the sidewalk, who had installed a complex device around his head that held tubular objects in front of his eyes. This elaborate viewing device seemed homemade, and his slow and uncertain progress along the sidewalk suggested that it was not very effective. The inner city of Johannesburg is home to thousands of homeless and indigent people for whom the passing of apartheid meant little to their everyday struggles. Clearly, here was a man who had no access to the ophthalmological care he so desperately needed, choosing instead to rely on his own ingenuity and Heath Robinson contraption. The image of this visually impaired and vulnerable man spoke powerfully to me and I etched my memory of him also wearing kneepads and wielding a cane. This inability to see was made profoundly more complex when

reading PW Botha's response to being summoned to appear before the trc. Botha was apartheid South Africa's last Prime Minister and first executive State President, known locally as Die Groot Krokodil (The Great Crocodile):

In the setting sun the old crocodile stretches his jaws in a tirade against the Truth Commission. 'I will not appear before the Truth Commission. I don't perform in circuses. ... I won't allow myself to be threatened. The Truth Commission is tearing Afrikaners apart. I am not asking for amnesty. I never authorised murders. I will not apologise for the fight against a Marxist revolutionary onslaught.' (Krog, p. 347)

The ex-president's attitude has never been rehabilitated and neither, I suspect, has the eyesight of that old man in central Johannesburg. The commission was organised into three committees: Human Rights Violations, Reparations and Rehabilitation, and Amnesty. Both Botha's refusal to cooperate and the old man's plight, became symbolic of the magnitude of the trc's and the nation's task of rehabilitating the entrenched attitudes and embedded positions of the perpetrators, along with the physical, spiritual and economic rehabilitation of South Africa's majority. Krog (p. 218) states that:

The Reparation and Rehabilitation Committee could make or break the Truth Commission. It will help little if the transgressors walk away with amnesty, but the victims, who bear the appalling costs of human rights abuses, experience no restitution. No gesture of recognition or compensation.

In that train compartment, I had found the connective tissue that helped make visible the tacit content with which I had been grappling in this series of intaglios.

Some years before, I had become interested in coleopterology, a branch of entomology involving the study of beetles. I had collected over 500 images of beetles in a Pinterest board and, more recently, facilitated the making of a collective artist's book titled *Dichotomy* (2017) in which my contribution explored the beetle in various states that included translucent overlay, intaglio print, laser cutting and a pop-up structure (opposite).

The etymology of my contribution to this book had its roots in *Re*: where the activities of beetles played a symbolic and ambiguous role as bioindicators, fertilisers of the earth, but also, more ominously, as secretive undertakers, burying the bodies of mankind inside the earth as acts of retribution, disremembering, and concealing. The *Rehabilitation* plate from *Re*: was my first attempt to explore beetles' ambiguous roles and this ambiguity seemed to have become a rich metaphor for the battle between political hegemony and the psycho-social needs of the South African body politic: a signifier of trauma, either buried under or attempting to burst from within our communal skin.

Upon my return to New York, I purchased the black and white Fabriano papers I needed for the role of the 'skins' upon which I would print the intaglios. The gravity of their meanings was now driven by the 're-' words I had extracted from Krog's text. Heavy grammage black Fabriano Tiziano, white cotton Fabriano and heavy-duty translucent Mylar

was required for this task, as I decided to blind-emboss and/or screenprint selected 're-' words in direct dialogue with the intaglios. Buried in the workshop of Brooklyn-based sculptor and friend András Böröcz, I carefully cut the wooden letters that I would use as the title on the front cover and the 're-' words I would emboss into the 'skin' of selected black pages (below).

The first word, 'Rehabilitation', opens the narrative by acknowledging the trc's recognition of a rehabilitation process needed within the metaphorical skin of black South Africans. Krog (p. 350) describes the other side of this rehabilitation of the skin thus:

Botha is subpoenaed a third time. Again he ignores it. Now the Truth Commission lays criminal charges with Frank Kahn, the attorney general of the Western Cape, and a summons is issued for Botha to appear in court. We don't expect him to tell the truth, but we would at least like him to feel the new South Africa where it hurts most: on his skin.

The intaglios were printed on a white 50% cotton Fabriano, and seemed to point towards the causal actions of apartheid's white minority. On the reverse of each white page, the paper reveals the embossed trace of the plate as a silent shape on the skin. The re-words blind-embossed into the skins of the black papers or printed onto the translucent Mylar, however, point towards the traumatic and affective experiences of the silenced black victims of the apartheid regime. Upon turning these pages over, however, the word is reversed, inverted and overturned. This seemed fitting, given the difficulties of the trc in making headway in appeasing the families of the dead and missing whilst convincing the perpetrators of the need to testify, show remorse, take responsibility for their actions and agree to work towards reconciliation.

The trc's was a difficult and often fruitless task. One policeman's father stated: 'Don't be afraid, my son, don't disgrace your skin, you are Boer in bone and marrow, what more can you ask?' (Krog, p. 122), while:

[F W] De Klerk and his hostile delegation leave. The room and passages are filled with rage. People swamped with fury and desperation. Dejected, the commissioners stand around. Archbishop Tutu's skin hangs dull and loose from his face. His shoulders covered in defeat (Krog: p. 168).

Armed with my substrates and cut letters, I claim my key from Dusica Kirjakovic, Executive Director of the Lower East Side Printshop, and for the next two weeks, between midnight and early morning, work alone to realise the book that I had titled *Re: A Negotiated Truth*.

Image and text in dialogue

Three intaglios (opposite and following page) are narrow vertical rectangles whilst two are vertical isosceles trapezoids (the second of these is shown on page 9).

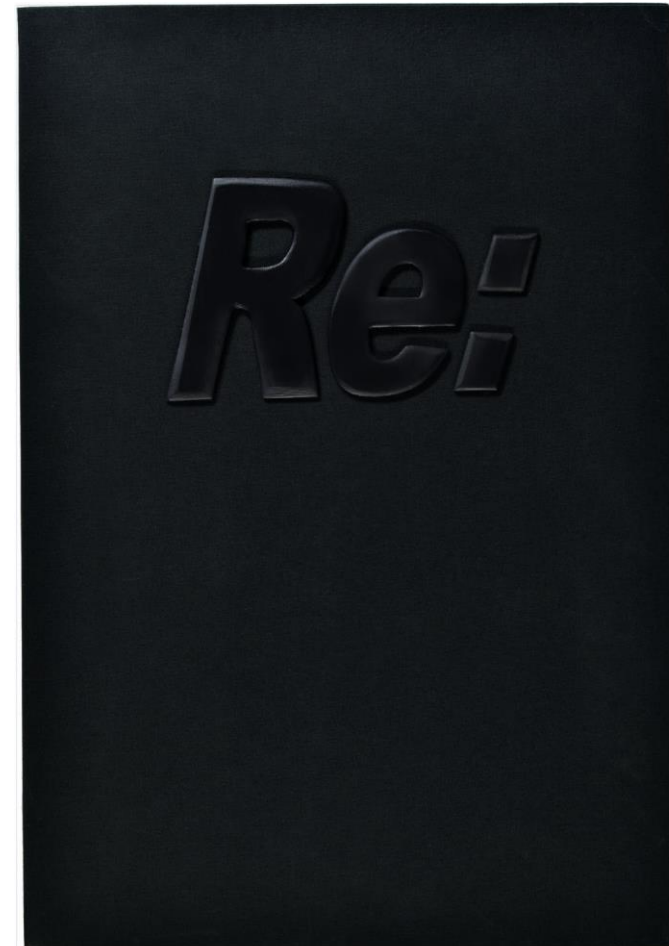
The first of the latter intaglios on the recto white Fabriano Rosaspina page, titled 'Vespa Crabro', is accompanied on the verso page by the word 'Resignation', blind embossed into black Fabriano Tiziano paper.

The print depicts the head of the European Hornet (Vespa

crabro) the largest of the eusocial wasps and native to Europe. The hornet head sits in a spherical frame towards the bottom of the print and accompanies the figure above, in a bed with blanket and pillow, who seems extremely aware of the wasp's presence, even as a symbol, by looking down towards it with wide, white eyes. As in *Rehabilitation* the theme of seeing and sight is emphasised. This time, however, the figure seems in possession of all its ocular faculties.

It would be fatuous to claim that I was completely aware of the political implications of this image when I etched it a year prior to my New York fellowship, but it was made within the milieu of a post-apartheid South Africa in which both the Nelson Mandela presidency (1994–1999) and the trc's work were coming to a close. This was not a particularly comfortable time. The euphoria of the fall of apartheid and the election of Mandela to the presidency of the first democratic government in our history had been overtaken by concern and a realisation that, despite the changes to government, almost nothing had changed for the majority of South Africa's economically disadvantaged population. Desmond Tutu writes in 2010 that:

A key weakness of the commission was that it did not focus sufficiently on the policies or political economy of apartheid. The failure to examine the effect and impact of apartheid's policies resulted in the need for the perpetrators, or the 'trigger-pullers', to bear the collective shame of the nation and let those who benefitted from apartheid



Cover of *Re: A Negotiated Truth* (2000). 780x406mm. Produced in the studio of András Böröcz, Brooklyn, New York City.

Rehabilitation. Various intaglio print processes.

to escape responsibility. The link between racialised power and racialised privilege became obscured. The legacy of the commission was also compromised as the post-Mandela government was slow to implement the trc's recommendations, including the reparations program. There were wasps to be found in the comfort and safety of our beds. Discomfort and danger seemed to lurk in seemingly safe spaces. This danger spilled over into my personal life and the last years of the decade were, for me, extremely difficult, fraught with emotional and familial disintegration, and characterised by fundamental change and personal loss. Both I and the country seemed caught up in the resignation of failure and uncertainty.

Occupying the center of the publication is the provocative word 'Retribution', screenprinted on translucent Mylar. It accompanies the intaglio plate (p. 9) containing an image of ubiquitous burrowing beetles above a figure of a trapeze artist swinging in space above a bar whilst being hooked to cables that descend from the loam of the beetle, egg and pupa's domain above. There is a precarious reading here:



being supported while swinging in space or being buried beneath the earth in a dark, insect-filled space. Whilst the beetle's life cycle goes on above, the precarious protagonist seems blissfully unaware that he is, in fact, being lowered into a tomb. Fear of obliteration of the white minority at the hands of a liberated black majority occupied much time in the discussions of the body politic before, during and after the dawn of democracy in South Africa. Thousands of fearful whites emigrated, mainly to Australia, the UK and Canada, at the same time as bitter Afrikaners formed paramilitary units to save *die volk* [the Afrikaner] from being overrun. The fact that neither black on white nor white on black retribution ever occurred is one of the miracles that gave the country's trc an aura of success, encouraging over 40 other nations (Ibhawoh, 2019) to suggest or follow Truth and Reconciliation Commissions in their own countries.

Given my ambiguous acrobatic protagonist, it seems prescient that, like P W Botha's tirade, stated above, Krog (p. 23) evokes another circus act in reference to the single mention of retribution in her text:

Most of the candidates are clearly conscious that they may face political pressure and that they will be walking a tightrope between victims and perpetrators. Van der Merwe says that punishment is an inherent part of the moral and legal codes of this country and perhaps one should regard the transparent and open process of the

commission as already a kind of punitive method. If Magnus Malan, our former minister of defense, says he feels humiliated being charged in court for a massacre in KwaZulu-Natal, that is already a form of retribution. The threat of retribution proved a thinly veiled and transparent trope in post-apartheid South Africa. Yet at the time of its making, neither I nor any other South African could be sure of this. No one dared 'see through' the threat of retribution as anything other than bodies being lowered into mass graves, to be eaten by insects.

The second, vertical isosceles trapezoid print (opposite) titled 'Stemata', is printed in conjunction with the screen printed word 'Reparation'. Here, our bed-ridden figure is beset by fleas. The flea's head and stemmata, or simple eyes, look upward, from its spherical frame to the unsuspecting figure, who, this time, looks out at the viewer. There is little to indicate if the figure is a bed-ridden victim in need of the promised reparation that never comes, or the perpetrator, seemingly comfortable in bed, unaware of the need to admit culpability or plead for forgiveness. In either case, the issues are transparently plain: most South African victims are still economically disempowered whilst most South African perpetrators see beyond any personal culpability for reparation.

Charlayne Hunter-Gault, in her introduction to Krog's book (1998: xi-xii) mused on this very issue: And while some victims and survivors of the apartheid government say their agony won't end so long as perpetrators get amnesty and victims get next to nothing (reparation, for those who qualify, comes to less than \$200 per victim), others say that learning how and where their loved ones met their end has provided a certain closure, a measure of peace.

The final image in the book 'Reconciliation' (opposite, far right) depicts a female figure, wearing her own ocular apparatus. She scrambles hesitantly over the head and shoulders of another figure who crouches behind, and is mostly hidden by a pair of protective cricket pads. The image exploits a series of seemingly bizarre and absurd figural and spatial relationships. The dominant messages delivered by these bodily positions are hesitancy, limited vision, protection and hiding. These messages are often communicated within post-apartheid's white community, fearing what reconciliation might mean for them economically, politically and socially.

Krog (p. 172) describes the compromise needed to move forward in a post-trc South Africa, stating: A massive sigh breaks through my chest. For the first time in months I breathe. The absolution one has given up on, the hope for a catharsis, the ideal of reconciliation, the dream of a powerful reparation policy . . . Maybe this is all that is important - that I and my child know Vlakplaas and Mamasela. That we know what happened there.

True reconciliation in South Africa, however, remains elusive. Economic disparity, corruption of the political class and an absence of social justice are daily reminders that the hope 'that restorative justice would provide greater healing than the retributive justice modelled most memorably by the Nuremberg Trials after the Second World War' (Ibhawoh, 2019) is an illusion. Many have felt that the trc fell far short of its mandate, 'benefiting the new government by legitimizing Mandela's anc and letting perpetrators off the hook by allowing so many go without punishment, and failing victims who never saw adequate compensation or true justice' (Ibhawoh, 2019).

For many black South Africans, reconciliation has been a one-way road, having to endure the illusion thereof like a blind embossing into the skin as a marker of their own tolerance, acceptance or perhaps capitulation. For many, exorcising this marked reality from the nation's skin might ultimately find expression in acts of retribution rather than the false promises of reconciliation.

Conclusion

'Re-' words populate the pages immediately after the translucent title page and immediately before the translucent colophon page. In this way, imagistic texts are visible from start to finish, implying that these words are important, support the title and suffuse the book with associative content. These words are to the images what the images are to the book's title. Without them, the book would have become a simple portfolio of five prints, to be framed and

hung on a wall. It seems fitting that a train journey, undertaken far away from my homeland and lending the sharp focus that distance often ironically facilitates, helped expedite another form of travel into the conceptual processes that exposed the tacit meanings of the images I had made. It seems serendipitous, yet not unexpected, that one book should give rise to another during both of these journeys.

Key texts

- Hunter-Gault, C, 1998. 'Introduction' in *Country of My skull*. Johannesburg, Random House, ix-xii.
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Title page, text screenprinted grey. The 'ghost' image of 'Re' aligns with the the same letters on the preceding translucent page.

'Stemata', intaglio print with the word 'Reparation' screenprinted on Mylar overlay.

Intaglios: 'Retribution' and 'Reconciliation'.

