

Zephyrus Image

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

by *Alastair Johnston*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROB RUSK

ZI

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"THE LAW IS WRITTEN IN THEIR HEARTS,
THEIR CONSCIENCE ALSO BEARING WITNESS."

— ROMANS, II, XV



'Wild Wind, which art moving everywhere'

*Have you left something out:
Negative, says my Gunslinger,
no thing is omitted.*

— Ed Dorn, *Gunslinger, Book I*



ALL GOOD THINGS COME IN THREES. This book completes a trilogy of bibliographies that covers the flowering of the book arts scene in San Francisco and includes the works of significant American poets of the post-World War II era.

Zephyrus Image was a unique enterprise, quite unlike the Auerhahn or White Rabbit Presses (subjects of my earlier bibliographies), the vision of Holbrook Teter and Michael Myers who, with unerring accuracy, lampooned the foolish and attacked the *status quo*. They produced beautifully illustrated literary works with discerning taste and high production values. Their interest in format, structure and paper-engineering was unprecedented.

The Zephyrus Image story begins in the early 1970s; Richard Nixon was President, Ronald Reagan was Governor of California, the Vietnam War was raging, and the cultural climate of the USA was changing rapidly. Only one press in the USA was responding to these events with a consistent vision, and that was Zephyrus Image. Not surprisingly their publications were created and delivered in an unprecedented manner. Even their name was different. Most presses followed White Rabbit in having "Critter of color" names, like Black Sparrow or Grey Fox; the name Zephyrus Image conjured up Burne-Jones' wood engravings for Kelmscott Press — but nothing could be further from the reality of their work.*

The works of Zephyrus Image appeared mysteriously and spontaneously and became an echo of the times: the 1970s. Dedicated political activists, artists and craftsmen, the principals in Zephyrus

*According to Bulfinch's recounting of the Greek myth, Apollo took a fancy to a Spartan prince named Hyacinthus and made the West Wind jealous, so Zephyrus — the West Wind — blew Apollo's arrow off course and killed the youth. Graves says the means of death was a discus and mentions the story as the first account of gay love.

Image would have a field day with the current state of affairs in the USA. Their publications were, by design, ephemeral and are now close to being forgotten.

Employing mainstream tactics like bumper stickers and posters was only part of their approach. They created merchandise like the *Gary Snyder Brand Pine-Nuts* package that they took into convenience stores and mixed in with similar items. They printed survey forms on Presidential outrages and inserted them into unsold newspapers in vending machines giving the White House as the (postage paying) return address. Teter took to the streets (in his best suit) and handed out leaflets in front of Grace Cathedral on Sunday morning, or sold books for change on Castro Street.

The result of this direct approach was that no one received all of their ephemeral items: they were created for a specific purpose and given away as quickly as possible for a timely impact. Their literary publications – books and broadsides – were given away to their friends and to the authors, and also mailed out to a wider audience. They had a network of bookstores distributing poetry broadsides for free. These literary works tended more often to consciously well-crafted books in terms of typography and quality of paper and binding.

My partner in Poltroon Press, Frances Butler, and I have, at various times, attempted to write something about Zephyrus Image, so we have letters and taped conversations with Teter which I have used here. As our peers in the Bay Area book arts scene, Teter & Myers gave us copies of their works. Frances was the first to write of the work of ZI, in a review in *The San Francisco Review of Books*, but typically critical acclaim was not accorded them for their innovative work at the time. Art curator Ruth Fine, selecting the “Printer’s Choice” show for the Grolier Club in 1979, included their safest, most traditionally “fine press” title (William Wiley’s *Suite of Daze*) but privately bought multiple copies of their cheap artworks, like the *Dade County Bible*.

One winter afternoon in February 1985, Teter came by Poltroon Press in Berkeley and we tape-recorded our conversation. [All unattributed quotes from Teter cited in the text are from these tapes.] One of the tapes begins with Frances addressing what she felt was the main feature of Zephyrus Image as an “Outsider” operation, not oriented solely towards literature:

HT: We did a lot of stuff that wasn’t literature but had to do with a response to an immediate situation: political situations, or *Folger’s*: a literary comment, that wasn’t literature *per se*.

FCB: A lot of the work you did was material criticism or visual criticism which however made a point that crossed over all the ways of knowing: reading and seeing and moving through political structures, as well as simply the literary way of knowing. People who think about small presses tend to put them into that one little format and market them or collect them then as a literary movement.

Spicer and the White Rabbit Circle were just like you or Poltroon in that they did these things because they were interested in them, they didn’t do them to make them into major cultural landmarks. Later people came along and then made their own lives out of propagating that point of view. It does make everything seem much more grandiose and heavy-handed than it really was intended to be. It was intended to be part of life at that moment.

HT: That’s right. A lot of stuff we did – the method of distribution – would have to do with the nature of the object. It wasn’t fit into some distributory mechanism that was already in place.

I kept up contact with Holbrook after he had retired from printing and gone into social work full-time, and decided to write up his press for *The Ampersand*, the quarterly journal of the Pacific Center for the Book Arts that I edited. On 9 VII 97, I interviewed Teter before a standing-room-only crowd at the San Francisco Center for the Book, and showed slides of his work as a printer and publisher. Many of his old friends came out of the woodwork for the occasion; sadly, it was the last time most of us saw him.

Many of us in the small press scene were in awe of Holbrook Teter and Michael Myers for their combination of creativity and technical skill. While others are hailed as pioneers of the new era of book artists that emerged then, particularly in the San Francisco Bay Area, Teter and Myers were quietly subverting all the predictable notions of what constitutes a book, and using the press for its greatest purpose – to prod public awareness or even effect social change. As author and editor Bob Callahan says:

No one before or since took a publishing press like they had founded and threw it into the hole and created lightning like they did.

Psychedelic Times

Zephyrus Image existed from 1970 to 1982, a violent period of social upheaval in America coinciding with the Vietnam War, student unrest, the Kent State killings, the Attica prison uprising (that resulted in the deaths of 29 inmates and 10 guards), the bombing of Cambodia, the Watergate scandal, the Black Panthers, the beginnings of the Women's Liberation Movement and the Gay Liberation Movement, as well as the right-wing backlash. There was the Zodiac killer rampaging in California, and here in Berkeley, the People's Park uprising and the kidnapping of Berkeley art history major and heiress Patricia Hearst by the Symbionese Liberation Army.

The SLA was a radical group of mostly white, middle-class, college-educated kids committed to murder and terror who fantasized that they were glamorous Latin-American-style guerillas. Bobby Seale, co-founder of the Black Panther Party, saw them as "a clear government set-up to discredit the positive revolutionary movement we were leading." (Interview in *Contra Costa Times*, 20 1 02.) Fortunately the SLA were rather inept and many of their bombs did not explode. But they did murder Oakland schools' Superintendent Marcus Foster and an innocent woman who was a bystander during a bank-robbery in Carmichael. The kidnapping of Patty Hearst was a dramatic piece of theatrical terrorism unparalleled until Al-Qaeda. As ransom, William Randolph Hearst set up a program called People in Need and thousands lined up for the hand-outs of free food. The revolutionaries made their demands in letters to the *Berkeley Barb* and in cassette tapes that were broadcast on community radio station KPFA in Berkeley. Their leader, Donald DeFries ("General Field Marshal Cinque"), carefully constructed his media personality so the tapes began with the Average White Band's tune "Way Back Home," and ended with Cinque's dramatic declamatory motto: "Death to the Fascist Insect that preys on the lives of the people!" William Randolph Hearst, desperate for news of his daughter, tried to use Sara Jane Moore as a go-between. Moore was well-known in the left as an FBI informant who knew "Popeye" Jackson, a black radical. She denounced Jackson who had made a deal to keep his parole and he

was murdered. Moore then attempted to assassinate President Gerald Ford on the steps of the St Francis Hotel on San Francisco's Union Square. Another nutcase who tried to assassinate Ford was Lynette 'Squeaky' Fromme, a member of the Manson Family. Both would-be assassins fired wildly, far from the target.

During the 1970s, the Bay Area – which had been the home of the peace-and-love Hippie movement of the '60s – experienced a bombing on average every two weeks as the New World Liberation Front, Weather Underground, & others went after corporate and police targets. When BART, the rapid-transit system, finally opened (three years late and 12 times over budget), there was a curfew and people were scared to go out. The "Summer of Love" (invented by *Life* magazine) was over almost as soon as it began. Drugs and violence undermined any thoughts of peace and love.

A huge oil spill in the Santa Barbara Channel in 1969 and PG&E's attempt to build a nuclear plant across the San Andreas Fault at Bodega Head kick-started California's environmental activist movement. After the first "Earth Day" (21 April 1970), the ecology movement began to spread from Hippie wistfulness to national consciousness.

On the American literary landscape, the National Endowment of the Arts funded a small press boom that manifest in a flood of cheaply produced self-published poetry chapbooks on the market.

Commercially, letterpress gave way to photo offset-lithography while photocomposition signaled the demise of another technology: hot-metal typesetting. Concomitant with the spread of cheaply made perfect-bound chapbooks was a sudden increase in young entrepreneurs buying up scrapped letterpress equipment to produce their own works inexpensively. The small press efflorescence that dates from this technological shift is the result of experimental play in the arena of a traditional craft. While Graham Mackintosh at White Rabbit Press – ZI's immediate predecessor in San Francisco – had done innovative work with structure, he mostly produced conventional books and broadsides (in addition to jobwork). Notable exceptions in Mackintosh's output were Jack Thibau's 1967 *Open Letter to Che Guevara* and Richard Brautigan's *Please Plant This Book* (a folder of poems printed on seed packets, given away in 1968). Zephyrus Image did nothing conventionally: their works were subversive guerilla statements, and often the distribu-

tion was a form of street theatre. Certainly most of it was given away free and the last thing either of them wanted was a bibliography or attempt to make sense out of their enterprise. Nevertheless that is the task I set myself. Through phone interviews, e-mails and letters I have elicited memories from those who worked closely with Teter and Myers to provide a picture of their work.

Contemporary Arts

ZI was original, but its antecedents developed in other art forms and arenas of the time. In the high-art world, the "Fluxus" movement was underway in America. Artists Ray Johnson, George Maciunas and others circumvented the gallery system by mailing their work to a network of peers. Dieter Rot in Iceland and Hansjörg Mayer in Europe were producing work that eventually impacted small presses and book artists.

Two North American presses stand out as predecessors of ZI. Coach House Press in Toronto, funded by the Canadian government, played with format, paper, sequencing and the other elements of the book to produce innovative work. It launched about the same time as Asa Benveniste's Trigram Press in England, a key small press publisher of the 1960s, and *Tish*, a little magazine published in Vancouver that felt the pulse of the times. On the East Coast, Something Else Press published the work of Dick Higgins, Alison Knowles, Emmett Williams, and other concrete poets who were soon to redefine themselves as "performance artists" or part of the Fluxus movement. Their immediate precursor was perhaps the Berkeley-based press of physicist Bern Porter who produced an interesting body of work with Dadaistic overtones.

Critic Peter Frank commented: "Fluxus art sought to change political, and social, as well as aesthetic perceptions." Though they never allied themselves with any movement, this statement characterizes the aim of Zephyrus Image press also. That, and their stated intention to "print books that trees would be proud of."

Vienna "Actionism" was another major art movement in the early 1970s. Thinking that rock music, film and comic strips were more vital than elitist art-for-art's-sake, the young Viennese tackled contemporary problems outside the galleries. By taking their work

directly to the public, Teter and Myers also created their own art form and subverted the gallery system and even eliminated the notion of the "worth" of their efforts. Consequently, their work had little impact on the fine press world, though it inspired the small presses that appeared in its immediate wake as part of the exploding artist's book scene.

The Instigator: Holbrook Teter

Holbrook Teter was absurdly well-educated, with eclectic studies ranging from languages to political science to social work. He received his B.A. in International Relations from Stanford in 1952, graduating *summa cum laude*, Phi Beta Kappa. He did some writing for the school newspaper and took time off to circumnavigate the Mediterranean with two friends in a broken-down old Citroën. He then attended the University of Geneva and the London School of Economics. He did post-graduate study in social sciences at Johns Hopkins and Harvard Universities. Moving to the Bay Area he received a Masters in Social Work from U.C. Berkeley and took further post-graduate courses at San Francisco Psychoanalytic Institute. He took community college courses in languages, social work, computer language and alternative culture issues. He was fluent in French, Spanish, Arabic and the Iraqi dialect, and had some knowledge of Italian, German, and Danish, as well as Urdu, Hindi, Latin, Ancient Egyptian and Akkadian. He studied Sanskrit, and in the 1980s took up the study of Russian.

Teter's daughter, Olivia, characterizes him thus:

I think of Holbrook as having possessed a very evolved mind, able to make connections between things with great subtlety and depth. This ability allowed him to integrate his varied areas of expertise and apply great intelligence to any task at hand.

In the 1960s, Holbrook and his wife Joan went to France where they worked in an orphanage in the Midi, and then in Paris with Moroccan, Romanian and Egyptian refugees.

For the American Friends Service Committee, they set up a model community in Lahore, Pakistan, a large urban city near the Indian border. Also, Teter taught at the University of Punjab.

Thus, in 1970, began the collaboration that was manifest in three imprints: Spring Creek Typesetting, which was Teter's business for hot-metal composition to support the other work; Hermes Free Press (named for the Greek messenger God), a joint venture which donated its services to worthy causes; and Zephyrous Image (as they spelled it at first), a publishing house that issued the individual and joint works of the press. They operated out of Burke's Collins Street studio and worked under his supervision.

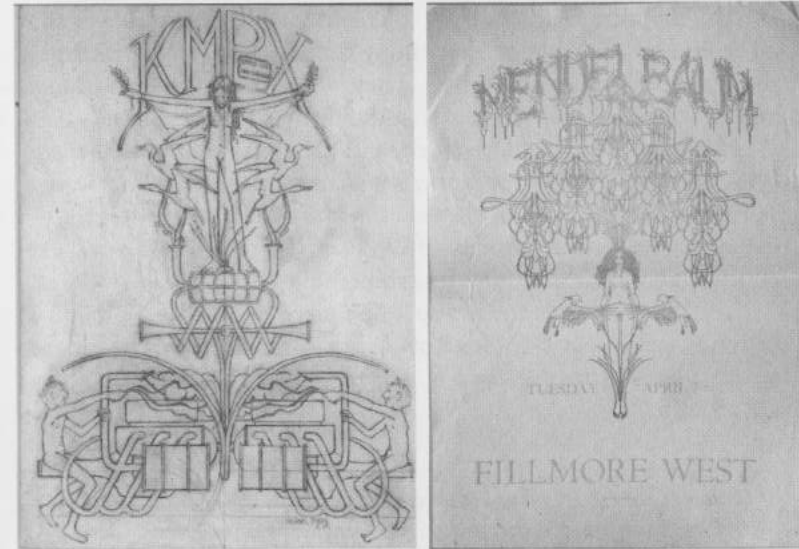
Progressive Radio

Myers was doing artwork for rock posters, and had been hired by radio station KMPX to do artwork in 1967 or 8.

Tom Donohue had started the progressive radio revolution in 1967 with free-form album-oriented rock music at KMPX, before moving eventually to KSAN. KMPX, a commercial station with a social conscience, took an editorial stand on political, ecological, and social issues and refused advertising from any corporation they felt was connected with the war effort. The disk jockeys had complete artistic freedom and were encouraged to voice their opinion on current events to provide a broad spectrum of views.

Tom Trunnell, Donohue's successor, hired Michael Myers to produce artwork for the station and featured it in ads and on the station's letterhead. Myers produced a series of linocuts including one of a naked couple wearing headphones, surmounted by an angel. Loudspeakers and the letters KMPX were worked into the design. (The naked pair resurfaced as the cover of Tom Raworth's book of poetry, *Cloister*, 1975. See page 114.)

In 1970 the station sent out a folded Christmas card with its motto "Gentle ways are best" and a poem, "Hear Me Lord" by George Harrison on the front, within an elaborate border by Myers. Inside was another of Myers' dense drawings featuring Bob Dylan and a baby. The radio station was known as "The Quake" and commissioned the *Household Seismometer* that Teter and Myers concocted in 1971 (and was "refuted by Chuck Richter" to whom Teter sent a copy). Three further issues of the popular toy followed including one "presented to Survivors of the Quake at the annual reunion of diminishing returns," as Teter called it.



Let's Go Bowling!

*Only he who has eaten poppy
with the dead, from their poppy,
will never lose even
his most delicate sound.*

— Rilke, translated by Robert Bly

One of the earliest works of Zephyrus Image is *Nixon Gutters Bungle Dish*. In 1971, after a fortnight-long war, Bangladesh declared independence from India. This work commemorated Nixon's failure to recognize the new nation. For this Dadaistic outing, ZI employed some of the more than 100 wire service photos of the President that they had swiped from the library of *The San Francisco Chronicle*. They reprinted the pictures of Nixon in his private bowling alley, which he had installed in the White House basement, as an accordion fold pamphlet, and added the caption "May Allah preserve our Bengali brothers."

While they had the requisite skills for fine printing, Teter and Myers were not connected to the channels of distribution available to private presses (such as dealers, librarians, a network of collec-

HEADPHONES
RAWORTH

tors). They were not interested in creating collectables: they wanted to effect social change, something for which the press, if turned to that end, is eminently suited. They would mail copies to friends, and choose a suitable venue to hand out their latest creation.

However they did fully understand the appeal of the well-made book and their first major work, *The Totem Protectorates* (1972), is a self-conscious example of classical typography in a large format (produced under the auspices of Burke at Cranium Press), calculated to make the viewer think it is something important.

The Totem Protectorates is also a fine piece of environmental activism, calling on U.S. Senators to act as protectors of endangered species. Attorney Zack R. Stewart wrote to Cranium Press on 16 XII 71:

Gentlemen:

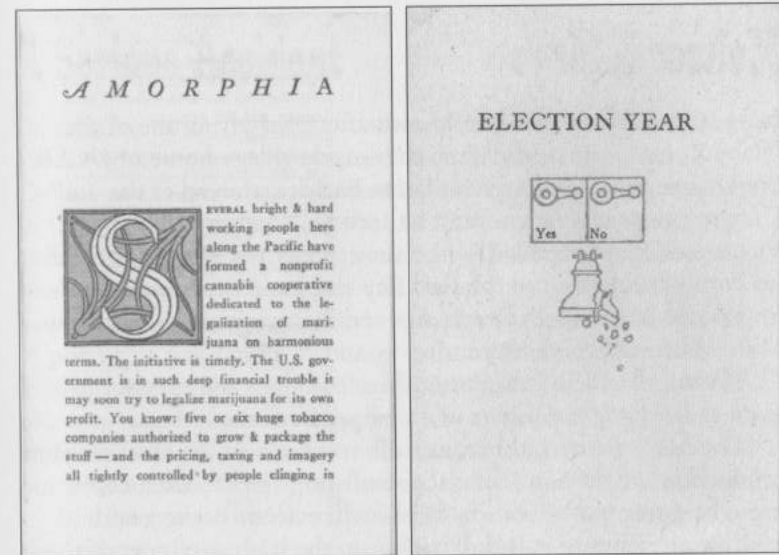
A few months ago we assigned the members of the United States Senate "totem protectorates." Keith Lampe, Mahina Drees, Gary Snyder, and Betsy Flack called the assignments from the lecterns of Grace Cathedral on the autumnal equinox accompanied by the chanting of Allen Ginsberg.

I'm enclosing a copy of the totem assignments in the hope they might be set in type and printed so that we could send them to all the Senators, arrange to have them read from the floor of the Senate, and incorporated into the Congressional Record.

We ain't got no money but we'll do all the work and pay for the postage if you feel like making a beautiful printing of it as a single broadside or whatever is correct.

Teter did the work himself, absorbing all the costs that he estimated at \$750 for materials. *The San Francisco Chronicle & Examiner* had written up the Grace Cathedral reading as "A Vigil for Everything," and ran a photograph of the event. Each Senator was sent a copy of the publication in the hope that his conscience if not his vanity would be provoked to action. Examples are "The Junior Senator from Indiana, the Honorable Birch Bayh, totem protector for the INDIANA BAT," and "The Junior Senator from Minnesota, the Honorable Hubert Humphrey, totem protector for the COMMON LOON."

Keith Lampe (who later adopted the name Ponderosa Pine) was an early environmental activist. Using the pseudonym Tex Ro-Non-So-Te he wrote two small pamphlets that were published by



ZI's labor-donation arm Hermes Free Press in 1972. These were *Election Year*, and *Amorphia*. *Amorphia* was a Mill Valley-based non-profit organization hoping to legalize marijuana. It planned to raise money through the sale of cigarette papers and was the first to apply for a trademark on the name "Acapulco Gold."

Election Year stated its aim, to disrupt the Republican convention in San Diego in August, far in advance of the event. Ponderosa Pine (now living in Thailand) blames Timothy Leary (the pioneer LSD researcher) for the movement's bad end:

I did know Leary somewhat through Yippie in NYC in '68. He gave us \$500 in January – but then in March (or so) without checking with anybody, told the press we were gonna shut down all the runways at O'Hare Airport in Chicago in August prior to the Demo convention there; that provided the police with an excuse for their treatment of us.



while later I brought the subject up with Holbrook, as so much work had gone into it already. He seemed to affirm that the press would one day get back to it but I don't think he was at all enthusiastic anymore, and I did not bring it up again.

The book, *The Fifth Season*, was proofed in 1971. The proof copy has Cranium Press as the imprint and proofs of Myers' linocuts tipped in. A complete dummy has this colophon: "Five hundred copies | in Aldus and hand set Palatino | on Curtis papers. | Designed and printed by | Michael Myers | at Cranium Press, San Francisco. | June 1971."

The style (shape and typography) are very reminiscent of Walter Hamady's work from that period. Not surprisingly, since most of Hamady's former students' work bears his unmistakable stamp.

Activism

Hermes Free Press was ever ready to help a cause. When some writers wanted to try to get into Tibet, Teter and Myers created official letterheads, press passes, and all the documentation necessary to fool the Chinese authorities. Still extant in the archives is a convincing-looking letterhead for the President of the Guggenheim Foundation with his New York address, for falsifying letters of recommendation.

Holbrook was a Universal Life minister and performed wedding ceremonies for friends. He also donated typesetting to the Shrader Street church of Saint Procopius. On Tuesday July 25, 1972, in an article headed "Unorthodox Pastor Makes Odd Appeal," the *San Francisco Examiner's* religious reporter wrote up the church. The article discusses the letter of appeal and appended list of local free services mailed out by Father Lawrence Gerard and mentions:

On the opposite side of this diversified service catalogue are listings of whiskey, from Old Smuggler to King George – together with wholesale prices.

When asked about this unusual admixture of abortion, whiskey, and Catholic fund raising, Father Gerard replied:

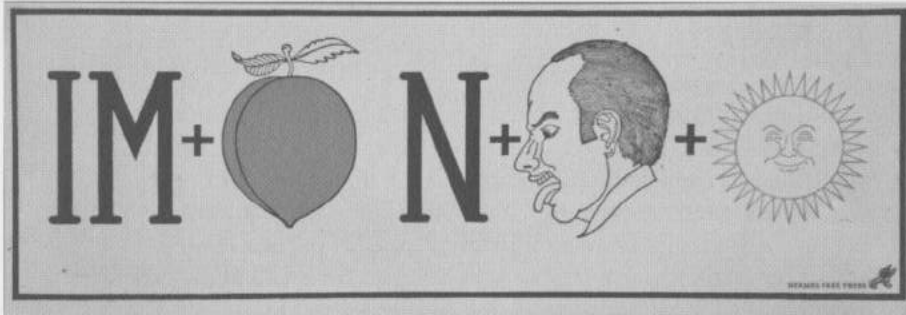
"Oh, that was done on recycled paper. We can't afford to buy paper, so our printer donates it."

Father Gerard declined to identify the printer.

The article says that the local diocese had asked for the resignation of the priest, who lived with another man and five dogs but insisted he was "not running a gay church." He was offering sacrament in Latin to nuns in addition to Episcopal services.

In 1976 Teter and Myers discussed their tactics as part of a lecture series called "Art & Politics" at Intersection, the North Beach church hall that was a locus for much of the poetry activity of the '70s. As a bit of explanation, they read two passages from Edward Abbey's 1975 novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang*. Teter:

In one of them they're sitting around talking: "Do we know what we're doing and why?" "No." "Do we care?" "We'll work it out as we go



along. Let our practice form our doctrine.” – That’s a sure and concise theory of coherence.

Teter and Myers were unrelenting in their attacks on the Nixon White House. Broadsides and bumper stickers criticizing his actions were hurried off the presses at each new Presidential outrage and scattered throughout the Bay Area.

Eileen Callahan recalls:

In the midst of the Watergate hearings, I took the Nixon rebus [bumper sticker] to Washington with me, with my baby on my back, and went around to various Senators’ offices in the Senate Office Building, where they were holding the hearings. I taped a copy onto the door of the Senate Judiciary Committee (which was locked) and then I stood in the basement of the Senate Office Building as all the senators came back to answer a roll call, giving out the rebus to anyone who would take it. I gave one to Hubert Humphrey and, to his credit, he stopped and read it. After a few seconds, his face registered what could only be called “extreme mirth” and he laughed uproariously. I loved that moment: and when I told Holbrook and Michael about it, they were extremely pleased.

One of ZI’s most subversive acts was a flyer headed “A Personal Opinion Poll,” and beginning:

The 1972 landslide winner affirms that when a president does it, it’s not illegal. We want your opinion, according to your own personal code. Please check the True or False column after each crime and mail it to us.

When the President commits the following alleged crimes, he is not a crook ...



*Detail of Myers’ block for the “Impeach” rebus bumper sticker, shown actual size.
PHOTO: ROB RUSK*

This is followed by a list of "Crimes against Mankind, Nature, The Code of Hammurabi, etc," that includes serious and trivial acts, augmented by TRUE or FALSE boxes to check.

Adulteration,
 Associating with known felons,
 Cambodia,
 Cheating at Golf,
 Hiring non-union plumbers,
 Ketchup on cottage cheese,
 Secret bombing to promote peace,
 Serving cheap wine to guests, etc.

The polls were surreptitiously inserted into daily papers in newspaper vending boxes, for readers to fill out and return postage-paid to The White House. Teter recalled,

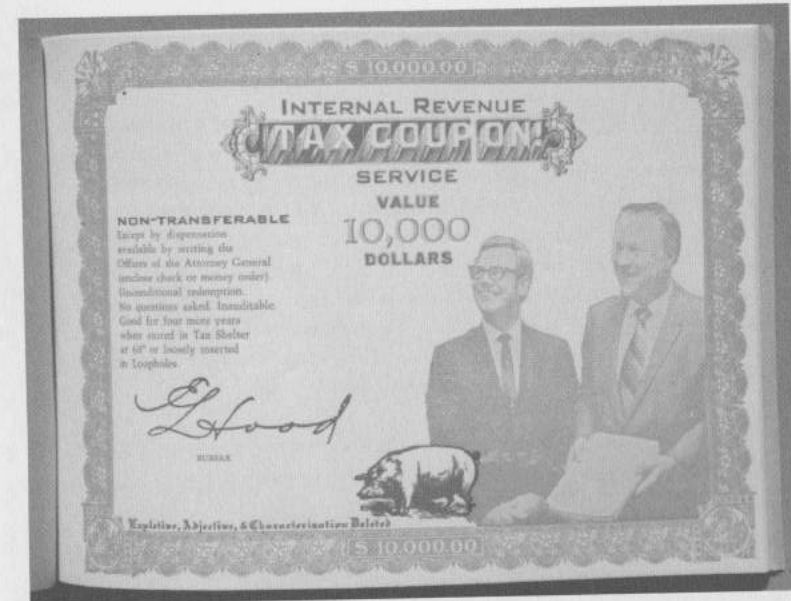
We'd open up the newspaper boxes and stuff each paper with one of these polls. We did a lot. Just the two of us. Sometimes we got our family to help out.

During the Vietnam War, Teter refused to pay income taxes, arguing that the money was being used to kill innocent civilians. The FBI visited his home and interviewed him, and the IRS followed up with fines and threats. Teter's response was to print up Internal Revenue Service *Tax Coupons* worth \$10,000 each. They look quite official, printed in four colors and employing the type of stock security border cuts used for printing bonds and certificates, until you get to the small print: "Expletive, adjective and characterization deleted. Can be loosely inserted in loophole." Another masterpiece of subversive humor (with smiling Watergate conspirators!). Teter said, "We wanted to bring relief to people."

Rob Rusk writes: "Holbrook sent an envelope of the *Tax Coupons* to my father in Petaluma, and found out later that my Dad had discarded it as junk mail!"

Rusk recalls another incident:

One night Holbrook and I went out with the "B52" poster, which was printed on Clifford's big cylinder press, and we were putting them on telephone poles up in Nob Hill when the police came. They ran our driver's licenses and I had an old ticket that I had taken care of, but it



hadn't been entered on the computer. They took me to one of the station houses and Holbrook had to go home and get money to bail me out. He was a little annoyed because when he got there I was chatting with the cops.

The more than 200 items that can be identified as published by Zephyrus Image or Hermes Free Press can be divided into literary works (such as broadsides by poets like Robert Creeley, Fielding Dawson, Ed Dorn, Mary Norbert Korte, Joanne Kyger, David Meltzer, Simon Ortiz, Tom Raworth, and John Thorpe, among others), politically subversive works (like the "Dick & Pat Flyswatter and Fan" and the "Impeach Nixon" rebus bumper sticker), and works of pure fun (like "The Original Household Seismometer"). The latter were often inspired by readymade images from zinc cuts found in newspaper and job-shop discards.

As Hermes Free Press, they donated their skills to worthy causes. Peter Berg, of the Haight-Ashbury Diggers, recalls: "We were heavier in terms of commitment than most of the people they hung with so they didn't charge us."

Hermes frequently produced work for the Diggers' *Planet Drum* publications and the brochure for the first bioregional con-

ference, "Listening to the Earth" in the early '80s. Berg remembers:

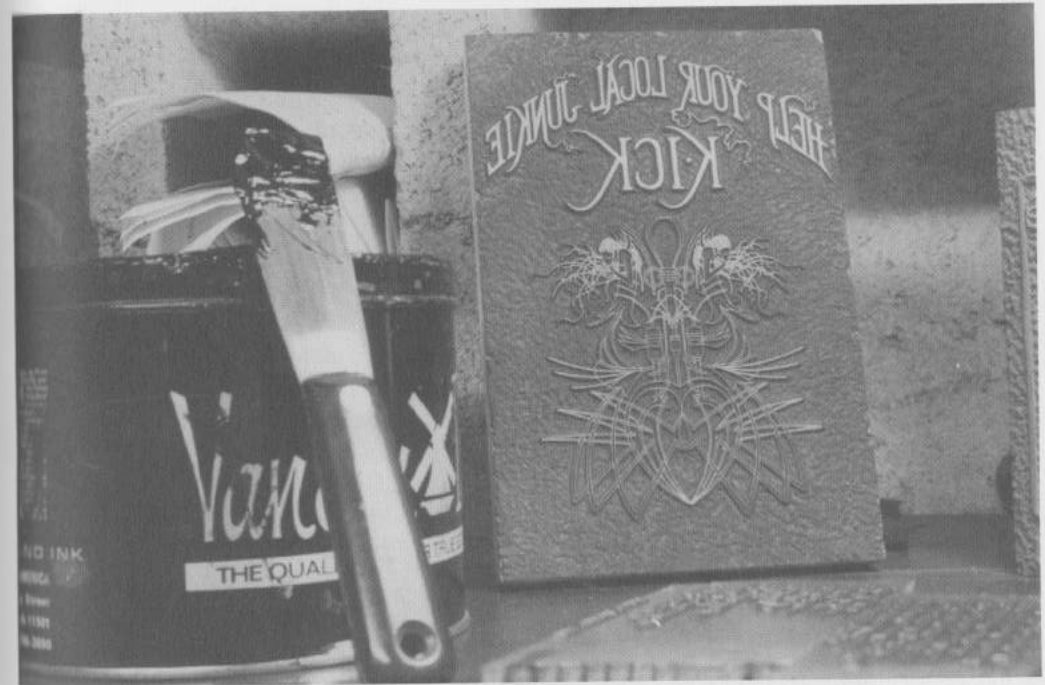
They helped execute a broadside poem of Peter Bluecloud on a large 18 x 24 piece of paper. The back of it has the bottom of a turtle shell; the cover is a piece of paper you can see through that has been silkscreened with an impression of the top of the turtleshell. I asked them how we could put these things together. They made a rubbing of the shell, and that was silkscreened and tied with an alpaca wool strand, sewed onto the top of it, so it's like a turtle sandwich, and the poem inside is the turtle, because Peter Bluecloud signed it "Turtle." It's off-center of the main stream of their work. It's a piece in the Planet Drum "Continent Congress" *Bundle*.

Teter's vast network of friends and acquaintances from his many walks of life, as political activist, psychiatric counselor, social worker, as well as printer and publisher, meant that he could draw from a wide base of ideas and see the impact of his work over a broad spectrum of society. *Declaration of Independence for Dr. Timothy Leary July 4, 1971, a Model Statement in Defense of the Philosopher's Personal Freedom Proposed by San Francisco Bay Area Prose Poets' Phalanx* is an 8-page pamphlet printed on recycled paper. It was signed by a "who's who" of San Francisco writers. It demonstrates the influence Teter held in the community, though probably didn't aid the psychedelic guru's attempt to get out of jail.

When such approaches failed to have the desired effect, Zephyrus Image used guerilla tactics.

Sutro Tower was built to improve broadcast signals over the San Francisco area but was seen as a horrendous eyesore by many. Myers produced a broadside reading "Detonate Sutro Tower," showing machine guns, dynamite, and Molotov cocktails, urging the populace to revolt. The same lino cut was used for another poster reading "Liberate Berkeley." "Berkeley was trying to liberate the world, so we thought we should liberate Berkeley," mused Teter.

Myers produced two bumper-stickers to celebrate Chief Davis of the LAPD. "Crazy Ed" Davis oversaw the Watts riots in the late '60s and continued to be a public pain-in-the-ass. Poet/historian Steve Lavoie writes:



Ed Davis was Chief of Police during the '60s ... and he was a true fascist. ...He busted heads ruthlessly, worked with COINTELPRO to get Geronimo Pratt, and had Ruben Salazar killed during the Chicano Moratorium. He was propped up by Mayor Sam Yorty, the last Dixie Democrat.

One sticker, in the shape of a police badge, showed Senator Hayakawa with Mickey Mouse (representing Davis), the other read .SIVAD CUFF - I assume it was for the front bumper so it would be read in the rear-view mirror of the car in front.



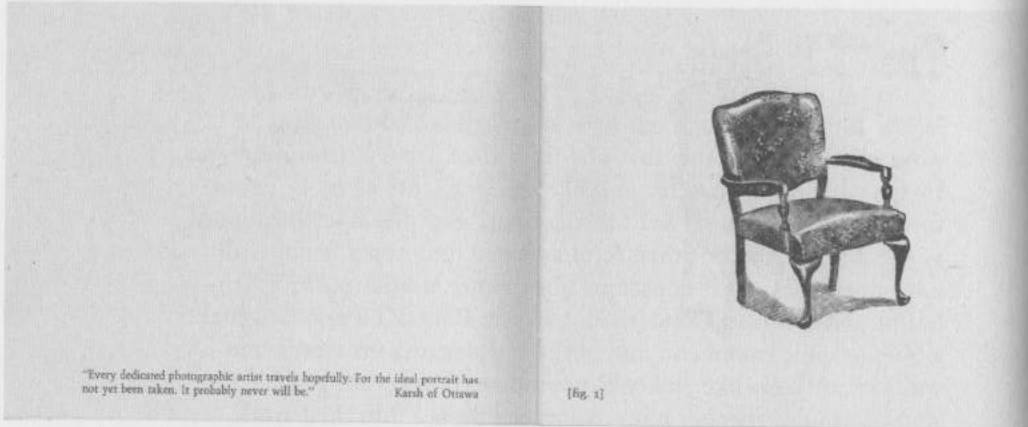
The "ZI" Style

While Burke's influence can be seen in much of the small press work of the era (notably that of Arif & Five Trees Press), Zephyrus Image were more anarchic and liked to mix fonts with no regard for historic compatibility. In fact, looking over the ZI collection of types, it seems evident that Teter amassed junk types from small job shops that no self-conscious fine printer would touch: Typo Script, Cheltenham Condensed, Cloister Bold. ZI was out to make a bold graphic statement, and perhaps the team's greatest talent was a chameleon-like ability to assimilate mainstream graphic styles from newspapers and commercial design into their work. They also took a delight in the Dadaistic randomness of the "found" cuts that frequently adorned their work, bought from print shops going out of business or acquired through friends.

Creative use of structure and format was a major component of the output of Zephyrus Image, long before this was seen as the key to what became known in the 1980s as "artists' books."

One year, for a Christmas greeting, Myers took a group of advertising cuts showing accordions and printed them on a strip of off-cut. He then folded it accordion-style and altered a picture of Ted Mack by adding a golden halo (which has slipped down a little). The cover title was *Accordion to St Luke*; the greeting inside included a beautiful two-color French *lettre tourn e* initial. Joan Teter says, "I don't know if Michael knew Holbrook loved and played the accordion. He [Michael] thought it was such a funky instrument."





"Every dedicated photographic artist travels hopefully. For the ideal portrait has not yet been taken. It probably never will be."
Karsh of Ottawa

[Fig. 1]

This Surrealist approach to everyday items was a rich vein for Teter and Myers. They sought out junk lots of newspaper cuts, crude 65-line halftone images used to illustrate news items or clearance sales and then discarded. The sudden inexplicable appearance of a formal-looking bank president in the middle of a book of poetry has a Dadaistic shock. They questioned our assumptions about bookmaking, about content, about sequence and most of all, about the meaning of things.

Thinking about the origami-like form of ZI's works, poet Stephen Vincent says:

In a way ZI was, on some level, about the unraveling of text: figuring out its puzzle by working through it as if it were a mental labyrinth – most apparent in the rebus work. In the paper constructions, the act of taking them apart (and/or getting to their opposite sides) in search of their meaning expands the mental process of working through the text into a playful, physical one. The reader and ZI make a certain kind of tactile claim on each other, a reciprocity of effort that has something to do with a politics of play. Instead of making simple, and, perhaps, predictable didactic and dictatorial pronouncements, the pieces are seductive & fun, gradually engaging the interpreter's respect, as well as pleasure, without ultimately losing sight of the target or issue at hand.

Fireside Book of Gurus, 1973

When the lights are switched off I feel limp and exhausted, bappy & spent...
– Karsh of O.

The finest manifestation of their Dadaist aesthetic was a book titled *Spirit Photography: The Fireside Book of Gurus*. The plain cover has plainer typography (in Parsons, a rather banal and certainly dated typeface from the late Victorian era), on coated white card stock. On browsing through it, the reader sees armchairs, sofas, and other groups of furniture: images recycled from newspaper ads. Each page has one of these vacant chairs and nothing more. The curious reader then turns to the introduction and learns that these "spirit photographs" were made of famous gurus who did not allow their images to reach the negative. It's a brilliant visual pun on the Victorian albums of manipulated photographs purporting to contain ectoplasmic images of the deceased.

The book's introduction explains:

A.B. Dick reports, in a previous issue, that famed Swami Askanazi sat for a group portrait but was the only member of the group who refused to allow his image to reach the negative. Little did this Western photographer know that many a swami and guru has defied the delicate waves of photography, as the following pages reveal ...

The book is divided into "Lounge & Parlor Gurus," "Dining Room Gurus," and "Bedroom Gurus." Among the first group is Swami Ribber, among the second, Four Doiley Lamas, and among the bedroom gurus is Krashnamurty. The zincs came from a haul of cuts from a printshop that was going out of business. There are quotes from Karsh of Ottawa, supplied by Rob Rusk. "Such bullshit!" exclaimed Teter, "So, first it's Karsh of Ottawa, then Karsh of O, then he becomes just Krash! Someone read this and said, 'Whoever wrote this really knew about photography!'"

The work concludes with two pages of technical information that contain many more groaners, then, listed as forthcoming, *Memories of Mercator*. Teter had accumulated a collection of zinc cuts of maps, including battlefields of World War II and parts of the SF Bay Area. On the backs of envelopes he scribbled ideas for



Raworth enjoyed the early morning hours in the shop, playing with the trove of found zinc cuts, and occasionally setting up a text, like a birthday poem he wrote for Myers. He remembers:

[It is] uncollected anywhere else ... I think composed "in the stick" so to say. There was a lot of stuff like that ... either drug (I remember those days as a pleasant haze of everything from smoke, through acid, to piles of C and H) ... I mean it was a blur of activity in a smell of hot type-metal. Probably written as being set and a few copies run off immediately.

In April 1975, Raworth set up the text "DEPRESSION ISSUE" in 6 point small caps and overprinted it onto some one-dollar bills. He recalls:

Holbrook then exhibited it (slyly) among the objects on the wall at the Hanson-Fuller Gallery, which caused a fight between Michael and some sculptor who used to do decorated wooden horses.

Patty Hearst Ident-i-Kit, 1974

Visual puns allied to subversive messages mark the finest flowering of Zephyrus Image. One of the most timely and ingenious appeared in 1974 after kidnap victim and newspaper heiress Patricia Hearst re-emerged as "Tania," a soldier in the Symbionese Liberation Army. In captivity, Hearst was brainwashed into joining the slim ranks of the SLA and posed with a shotgun in a black Che Guevara beret in front of their banner. After the SLA ranks were largely decimated in a shoot-out in Los Angeles, they went underground in the Bay Area, avoiding all attempts at detection. Hearst's *San Francisco Chronicle* published artist's renderings of how the fugitive heiress might have changed her appearance with wigs and glasses. Hermes Free Press used the press photos to produce *Hours of Fun*, a cleverly structured miniature book with pages that fold over one another to show the permutations of Hearst's changing identity. Raworth recalls that he had the idea in one of those *What if?* conversations with Michael after a liquid lunch, and the team sprang into action, turning the book out overnight. The Zephyrists' delight can be sensed in the byline: "Hermes Free Press, a Government Agency," that celebrated their \$4000 NEA grant.

Gary Snyder Brand Pine Nuts, 1975

Myers had already demonstrated his contempt for the Hippie movement with his "FOOL" block, showing a Hippie as the Tarot figure, about to walk off a cliff. When poet Gary Snyder received a Pulitzer Prize nomination, the Zephyrus Image crew derided his marketing of Zen consciousness and the back-to-nature lifestyle (through Snyder's commune, lectures, and books) with their issue of *Gary Snyder Brand® Pine Nuts ... as eaten in Turtle Island*. (Turtle Island was an American Indian name for America.) The plastic bag contained a meager one or two pine nuts and the label included "Ma Nominee's Favorite Recipe" and the indication that it was packaged in Salmonella, Idaho. The trademarked signature on the package ridiculed the Lloyds Reynolds style of calligraphy practiced by Snyder and other Reed College graduates. Made to look

like peanut snack packages, the finished items were taken into Geary Boulevard corner stores and casually mixed in with the other nuts on the vending racks.

Myers gave me one at a North Beach poetry reading; it is bourbon-flavored due to a spill in transit. Fine press publisher Andrew Hoyem wrote a fan letter to Holbrook after receiving a package (5 x 75):

Dear Holbrook,

Your latest has caused me an hernia, so I hope your firm is well insured. Judy and I tried out the recipe and, low and behold, found ourselves transported (despite the heavy metal rusting in our stomachs) to the Veterans Auditorium where a brand of Gary Snyder was passing out retired colonels of corn candy last Thursday night. After eating your flaming dessert we were belching smoke signals in the balcony which the poet interpreted from the stage in sonorous tones. The word "heap" occurred many times in his translation. Could he have been referring to the 1936 Pontiac, the essence of which (save the steering wheel) we had just consumed at home?

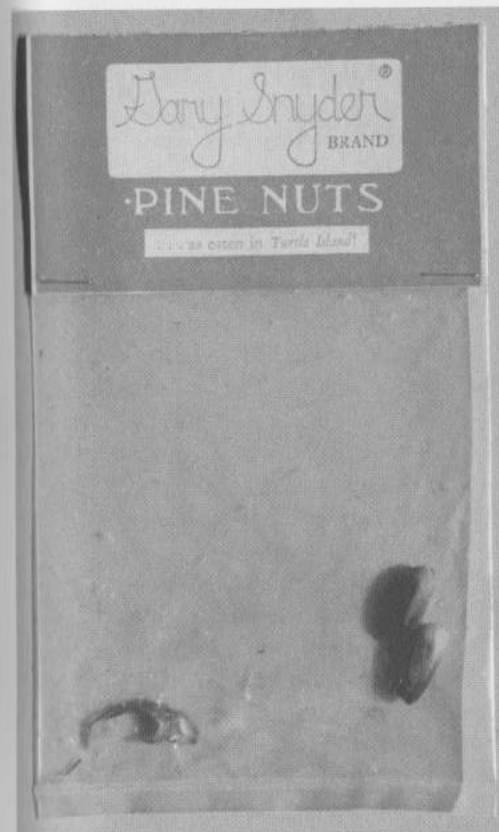
Andrew

Snyder was an easy target. Raworth also produced a spoof on Snyder by juxtaposing one of his statements on ecological consciousness with an advertising image of women gossiping.

The *Pine Nuts* also inspired another of Burke's young would-be apprentices, Kathy Walkup, who now runs the Book Arts program at Mills College in Oakland. She remembers:

As one of the legions of twenty-somethings tumbling into the storefront shop of Cranium Press at the edge of the fog belt in the 1970s, I was given what I now suspect was the standard entrance exam for erstwhile apprentices: a trip to the unventilated basement to clean the rust from a Sisyphian pile of metal galleys. While I scrubbed away, the Rube Goldberg contraption in a darkish corner caught my eye. As an offset printer I was familiar with the hulking presences of Chief 20s and horizontal litho cameras but not with Linotype machines. A bit of prying in the general vicinity of this beast and I came across some odd bits of printing, I don't remember what now, but I did remark on the imprint: Zephyrus Image. The stuff looked so exotic with its classy black type and tendrils as thin as pencil lines forming the images.

At some point my lungs began to give out from the solvent and the lack of air. I have a vague recollection of staggering up the wooden



stairs into the daylight of the storefront and heading, decidedly green around the edges, to the front door, mumbling something about returning next week.

Before catching the bus back to the sunny side of town I headed for the nearest corner grocery for cigarettes or M&Ms or whatever minor vice I was enjoying in those days. As I stood at the counter waiting for the Chinese proprietor to organize my purchase, I idly turned the spindle of the counter-top display. Suddenly I froze and looked closer at the assortment of cellophane packages of dried mushrooms, peanuts and White Rabbit candies hanging from the rack. Did that red label really say *Gary Snyder Pine Nuts* in clean white script? And below the name the slogan, "... as eaten in Turtle Island"? The clear plastic package held a small handful of the kind of pine nuts that looked as

if they had been collected under the trees in Golden Gate Park. In the corner of the label was the price: 25¢. There was no other information on the package.

When the clerk handed me my change, I fished out a quarter, took the pine nuts off the rack, and left the store, wondering whether he was in on the joke. I wasn't sure what I had just encountered, but I was fairly certain that it had something to do with my afternoon's adventure, and I knew I wanted more. I heard later that Clifford Burke had stood in the doorway of the storefront remarking, as I reeled away, I guess that's the last we'll see of her. He clearly hadn't figured on the pine nuts.

Italian newspaper were chosen at random to illustrate the text; the last one turns out to be Bela Lugosi.

There's a full-page illustration of a salt shaker and feathers, another linocut by Myers, representing what Teter called "a common sense proverb: The way you catch a bird is to salt its tail."

A further broadside appeared from the press using the salt shaker artwork alongside a found poem by physicist Michael Faraday that Raworth had sent Teter.

Raworth wrote (14 v 79[sic]):

Dear Holbrook:

The repro and pre-repro proofs are perfect. I needed a russian after looking at the animated SALT agreements: I understand that limitation means increasing the unequal until they agree. Deuce!

Friday.

Dear Sirs: Thank you for your plain wrapper. Now I can fearlessly read anything undetected. Only one addition to my collection of amazing Insights – Candour ... that country to the north – which is:

If the oppressed nation in fact, before embarking on its struggle for independence, had to wait until the hegemonic State allowed it to organize its own army in the strict and technical sense of the word, it would have to wait quite a while. (A. Gramsci)

No ... I lie ... next time you duck BOOOOOOM into a Safeway ... look up the entry "addition" in the 49c Fuck and Wagtails. Masterly. "He has a lovely apartment"

S-Vincent.

(S F Review of Books)

My masterpiece this week has been the TWO DOLLAR BILL: I think it successfully combines idealistic visionary pragmatism with neo-high-tory anarchism. *If laminated it should open *any* door.

love,

Nihilob Stadt

(yassuh!)

I mentioned to Raworth Teter's explanation that there was a certain stigma attached to reading poetry in public, hence the idea of doing a poetry book that was disguised as a cheap Woolworth's notebook. Raworth e-mailed me:

Part of the idea might have spun off a habit I had at one point in the early seventies of using those small rainbow notebooks to write in (they had a more interesting cover in those days). There are a couple of pieces called "From the Rainbow Notebooks," I think in *Lazy Left Hand*.

In addition to a curiosity about materials like wood veneer and mýlar, Teter and Myers explored techniques such as foil-stamping and thermography (the patented process of the latter is called Virko-type). Such explorations became a key part of the blossoming artist book movement of the 1980s.

But a major set-back to ZI's operation came when they moved the printshop up the mountain. The 1500-pound Linotype machine fell off the drayage truck on the steep road and never worked well again.

It's Mountain Grown!

But the luck had failed, the mines petered out; and the army of miners had departed, and left this quarter of the world to the rattlesnakes and deer and grizzlies, and to the slower but steadier advance of husbandry. It was with an eye on one of those deserted places, Pine Flat, on the Geysers road, that we had first come to Calistoga. Vixerunt nonnulli in agris, delectati re sua familiari.

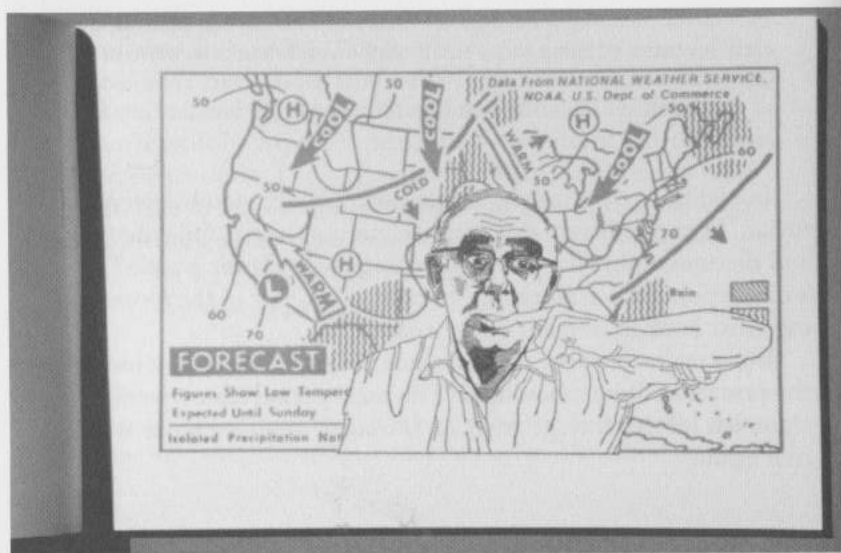
– Robert Louis Cicero [1975 postcard from Raworth to Teter]

The move to the mountaintop put the Dorns in closer proximity to Holbrook and Michael, and at first they seemed to have fed off the mutual energy.

Typical of a protégé who outgrows his teacher, Dorn wearied of the adulation now accorded to Charles Olson (an influential figure in American letters because of his teaching, but a difficult poet).

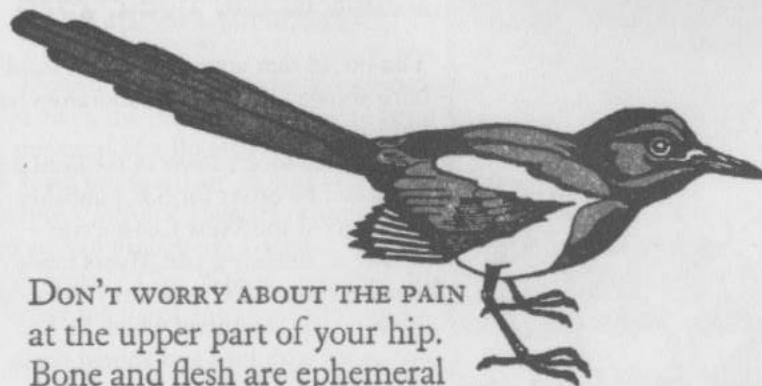
The first inkling of unrest in the ranks was a broadside of Raworth's poem, "The Auction of Olson's Head":

a critic bought it
he thought it
was his head



Raworth related to me the amusing tale of his visit to the Olson Archives at the University of Connecticut. As he was shown around in hushed and reverent tones, the curator reached the collection of childhood artifacts, including the toys that Olson had played with as a boy. While Butterick wasn't looking, Raworth stole a small blue marble. (No doubt this revelation will lead to a hue and cry over the recovery of "Olson's Lost Marbles"!)

A peak was reached with a truly silly work that is a comment on literary cultism. *Folger's* is a flip book with a bright red cover imitating the logo on cans of Folger's coffee. The very tenuous connection was that Folger's slogan was "It's mountain-grown" (*ergo* Black Mountain), and their television spokesperson was a motherly housewife called Mrs. Olsen. The book (entirely done from Myers' artwork) shows Charles Olson in front of a weather map rubbing his index finger over his lip in the gesture that people make to amuse babies. It was a massive amount of work for a one-line joke. Zephyrus Image was skilled at concocting such puns, but turning them into beautifully crafted artifacts belied the whimsy with which such notions usually appear and disappear in conversation.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE PAIN
at the upper part of your hip.
Bone and flesh are ephemeral
in the count of centuries after all,
and your life is intermittent.

Other poets fed material to the press also. In January 1976, Joanne Kyger forwarded "A Birthday Kid Poem" by Simon Ortiz with the note:

Simon Ortiz wrote this poem.

I thought it would make a good broadside for you. Lewis [MacAdams] just picked it up at the Acoma pueblo ~ He is an Acoma Indian and only 3,000 people speak those words at the end. And now he is already in San Francisco again. How time flies.

Tell me what you think,
Love, Joanne

Myers cut a realistic linoleum block of a bird to illustrate the poem. He also cut tint blocks that are carefully registered to give depth to the artwork. For me it is one of his best pieces. This beautiful broadside prompted a quick response from Tom Raworth, who wrote on 26 11 76:

Wasn't that one of the leaflets we dropped on Hanoi?
Yours truly
William Childs Westmoreland

PHOTO: STEPHEN VINCENT



Dade County Bible, 1977

1977 also saw the publication of the *Dade County Bible*. As lesbian and gay rights groups became vociferous in American politics, television evangelist Anita Bryant began an anti-homosexual crusade. Using the flip book format again, Teter and Myers created the *Dade County Bible* (*Containing the Same Old Thing, Translated by Wagging Tongues*). This small

square book has a picture of a white crucifix that, as you flip the pages, mutates into a black swastika. It was simple and effective. The cover was gold-stamped in blackletter, and the book even had a sewn-in red fabric book-mark. Teter took to the streets in the heart of San Francisco's bustling Castro neighborhood and sold the booklets from a tray around his neck for 50 cents apiece. He said:

I went to 17th and Market, near Castro. I had this white-painted box like a cigarette girl wears in a nightclub, and it comes round the shoulders. It had three oranges, and plastic leaves coming out of the oranges, painted on it; on the front it said "Dade County Bible." Michael made this, and it was full of *Dade County Bibles* and I was selling them out of there for 50 cents. It freaked people out. But the gays didn't even stop, they thought I was from Dade County and they were offended right off the bat. So it was more straights that stopped. Somebody ran out of the donut shop and bought one. But the people who actually stopped and looked were delighted. And there were some religious people that stopped and were impressed because they thought I was actually selling Bibles.

Stephen Vincent, on hand to document the event, recalls:

The public distribution of ZI works was often conceived as street theater. *The Dade County Bible* was no exception. Anita Bryant – the former Miss America and spokesperson for Florida's frozen orange juice industry – was also the vocal leader of an infamous anti-gay campaign in Dade County, Florida. At the time, I lived on the edge of the Castro neighborhood, which only recently had become proudly and openly gay, as well as nationally identified as the western home of gay liberation. Harvey Milk, who then had a camera and photo development shop on Castro Street, was running as the first gay man for a seat on the Board of Supervisors. His combined shop and campaign office was on Castro near 18th Street.

Though I was not previously aware of the Bible project's conception, Holbrook called me one morning and said, with a somewhat mischievous tone, that he was coming over to the neighborhood to sell Bibles. Did I want to come along and could I bring my camera? Sure!

At 10:30 in the morning, I met Holbrook near the intersection of Castro and Market. Flipping the Bible's pages, a black cross transformed into a swastika. It was funny and a little spooky. Michael had made the drawings, which had been turned into zinc blocks & printed.

"They're 50 cents," Holbrook announced. He was wearing dark sunglasses, a white buttoned shirt, and his rumpled, denim coat. He hardly looked like an advocate for gay liberation. In fact, if it were not for his familiar voice, he frankly looked a little sleazy, if not like a dirty old man. Oranges, at that time, were the provocative symbol for Bryant and her homophobic attacks. The Castro was still a tense place and very much under attack by periodic gay bashers. And Bibles, especially ones from Dade County, were probably most identified with the evangelical preachers who stood on local corners and ranted at all hours of the day against homosexual behavior. No matter the anti-fascist content and dark humor of ZI's Bible, Holbrook was clearly loading the dice in ways that seemed open to misinterpretation and, perhaps, an unfriendly reception.

Holbrook – the former social worker – had no trouble engaging pedestrians. He would kindly offer to share with them the experience of flipping through the book, laughing and making some sales. I was not sure, however, what Holbrook was expecting in response to the Bible. Sales, if that was his objective on that relatively quiet morning, were not exactly a smashing success.

"Let's go try sell one to Harvey Milk," I suggested. "It will be interesting to see what he says."

When we entered the front offices of Harvey's shop, there was a

sudden, palpable tension among Harvey's three campaign workers. The sight of Holbrook in dark glasses and oranges, I suspect, must have immediately set off Anita Bryant alarms. No, they were not at all interested in seeing the Bible. In fact I sensed we were about to get pushed back out onto the street. I had a sense that Harvey was listening in the back office behind an open door for he suddenly appeared, looking as if he had been interrupted from some serious matter, but nevertheless as if it was his skill, at least, to extinguish a potential fire. Holbrook handed him a Bible and said, "You should flip it," while he laughed to try to break the ice. Harvey, who had been a comic, flipped through the pages and gave the book a quick nod and a tight-lipped smile of approval.

"How much are they?"

"They're 50 cents each," Holbrook said.

"I will take two," Harvey said. Whatever he thought, Holbrook and I were deeply impressed by Harvey's skill in defusing the tension in his office and getting us back out on to the street at the mere cost of a dollar.

To this day I am not sure what Holbrook wanted to achieve by selling the Bibles in the Castro, particularly in the theatrical way in which he went about it. It was one of the few ZI items ever nominally put up for sale, though Holbrook and Michael, as usual, ended up giving most of them away. I suspect Zephyrus Image, as was typical, was rolling the dice – Bibles and oranges and sunglasses – in setting out to challenge the boundaries and demons within highly charged, public spaces. It was in confronting that kind of space that Michael and Holbrook clearly thrived, though it was interesting that Michael avoided this particular event.

Eighteen months later, in November 1978, after learning that both [daughter of the President] Susan Ford and Patty Hearst were engaged to their bodyguards, I came up with the phrase, "Bodyguards Make Better Lovers." Michael followed through and made a bumper sticker with the gun from the cover of *The Ballad of Artie Bremer*. The day after it was printed, Harvey Milk was assassinated with a pistol – 11 months into his first term – in his Supervisor's office by Dan White. Suddenly it was an inappropriate and awkward time to circulate the sticker.



Wiley's Suite of Daze, 1977

Of all his commissions, Teter was proudest of his work on William Wiley's *Suite of Daze*, published by Landfall Press of Chicago in 1977. Commemorating the event, *The Santa Rosa Press-Democrat* for 6 1x 77 reported:

ARTIST'S WORK PRINTED IN HEALDSBURG

A limited edition book of etchings by Bay Area artist William T. Wiley has been printed in Healdsburg by Holbrook Teter.

Wiley and Teter will attend a formal showing of the book, "A Suite of Daze" on September 6 at the Art Institute of Chicago. "A Suite of Daze" has 14 etchings by Wiley, his poetry, and passages from "I Ching."

Fifty copies of the large leather-bound volume will be sold for \$2,400 each.

Type for the book was handset by Teter in various formations at his press, Zephyrus Image in Healdsburg. The etchings were printed by Landfall Press of Chicago.

Wiley, a resident of Forest Knolls, has been called the leading participant in Bay Area Funk art. Showings of etchings included in "A Suite of Daze" have been held in galleries in San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Dallas, Paris, and Bologna.

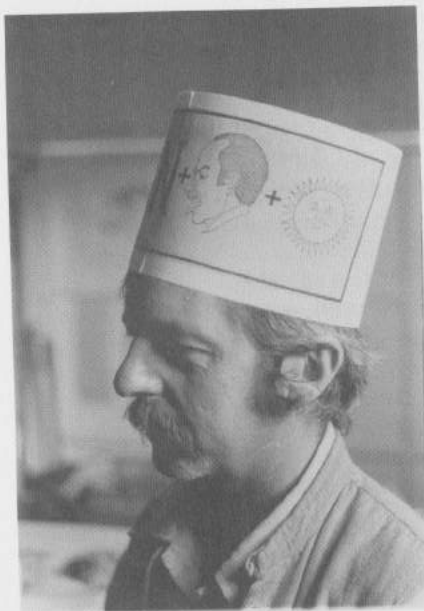
Wiley's work has also been shown at the Art Institute of Chicago.

Teter has printed Wiley's books "Ship's Log" and "Sayings of Lout Sue."

Wiley sent Teter notebooks full of his sketches and musings, both philosophical and sophomoric. The writings consist of linguistic puns breaking down words into quasi-homonyms ("linguistic cruiser-fiction"), and using folksy talk in the style stretching back through Pound to Twain and Charles B. Lewis. He recalls:

Suite of Daze was a big project. When I got to the text I thought to ask Holbrook to take that on, and I turned it over to him. He added his whole vision in the type design elements. For me it was just working with another artist on collaboration: he was a genius on many levels.

I was thinking of Paul Repts' statement, that his one ambition while he was here was "to try and land a human being on earth." Well, I thought, Holbrook came as close as I know to being a whole human being: His dedication to humankind and creativity, despite his condi-



tion – his humbleness in the face of all that – just what he was willing to walk off into and try to help or amend. ... It was always a joy and inspiration to see what was on his mind or where he was going.

In our phone conversation I mentioned his resemblance to Holbrook. Wiley replied:

I was doing small paintings. There's a picture of him on the cover of your magazine *The Ampersand*, and I did a black and white painting in charcoal with ampersands all over and, as I did it, it kept looking more like me than Holbrook. I kept trying to turn in back into Holbrook. I can see the resemblance.

In 1993 By No Means Press in San Francisco published *Byelorussian Supplement to the Mental Health Promotion Manual, a practical response to the Chernobyl Tragedy* by Teter, detailing his visit to the radiation site. His book inspired Wiley to a series of artworks, which were exhibited at the Rena Bransten Gallery in San Francisco in October 1994.

More Activism

While in Kazakhstan, Teter had managed to help a young man, Kostya, move to the United States and find work and a place to live, frequently staying with Teter in the mountaintop site. Teter grew increasingly outspoken and critical about World Vision, the organization that had sponsored his trip. He decided to return to Chechnya on a fact-finding mission there and took Kostya as his translator.

Showing her husband was not the only one with clever motivational ideas, Joan Teter began a career in civic involvement. She had been laid off from a city social work job by three men named Worm, Grub, and Wimp (a fact that made Herb Caen's column in the *SF Chronicle*). At loose ends, she decided to hold an afternoon tea (like those in Pakistan) in order to network. Her office in

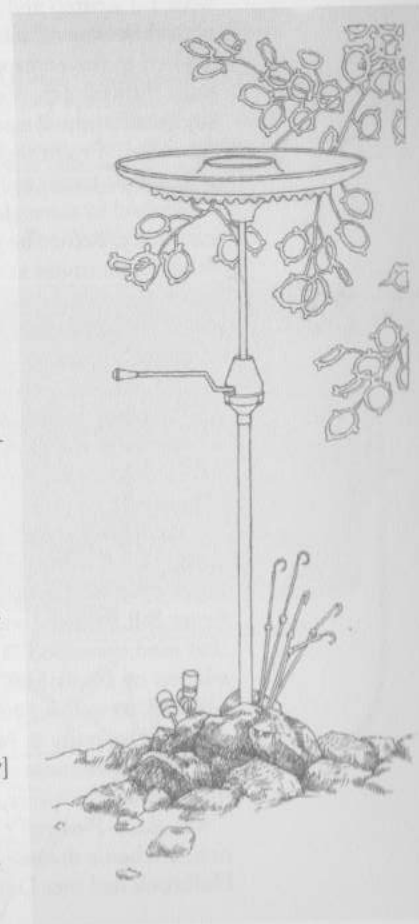
Canon Kip was a mess, so she moved it outside and created a roof garden. She invited The Salvation Army band to play, asking them to come in uniform, thinking it would add a kitsch note to the proceedings. Holbrook printed up invites on embossed rag paper, making it seem like a very fancy event. The Tea was attended by Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Diane Feinstein with about 300 other guests from various City agencies. It was a great success, and later Mrs Teter was given \$50,000 of city planning funds to start a neighborhood beautification project, planting trees and gardens in the Tenderloin.

Bill Barich

Bill Barich, who knew Holbrook and Michael since their earliest days, moved up to the Alexander Valley around the same time they did. A longtime *New Yorker* contributor, he wrote his first book, *Laughing in the Hills*, a classic account of racetrack life, while living in the valley. (Rob Rusk took the jacket photo for *Laughing in the Hills*.) He tried to hook up Michael with Viking's art director to do some illustrations, but alas it was "too great a stretch for corporate publishing," he says. He continues:

Michael did not present an immediately apprehensible picture of the artist as organized person. I did once get him an assignment from *Outside* mag: he did a line drawing of a hubcap bird feeder, i.e., how to recycle your spare parts & save the environment. Don't think it ever ran, but he got paid for it, anyhow, & immediately spent his bounteous \$25 or so celebrating at the [Alexander Valley] bar.

Barich recalls his first meeting with the ZI pair:



Back to the Front

With the entire burden of the Healdsburg property on their hands, Teter worked as a counselor in a drug and alcohol rehabilitation program and Myers took a part-time job in Fairchild's factory to make ends meet. In order to get to work, Myers had to learn to drive. Several people thought this inadvisable, given his temperament and tendency to get as far out of his body as possible whenever there were drugs or alcohol around.

The job was also soul-destroying: factory nightshift in a camera & instrument fabrication plant for minimum wage. On the back of his pay stub for July 1979, Myers jotted down ideas for sketches:

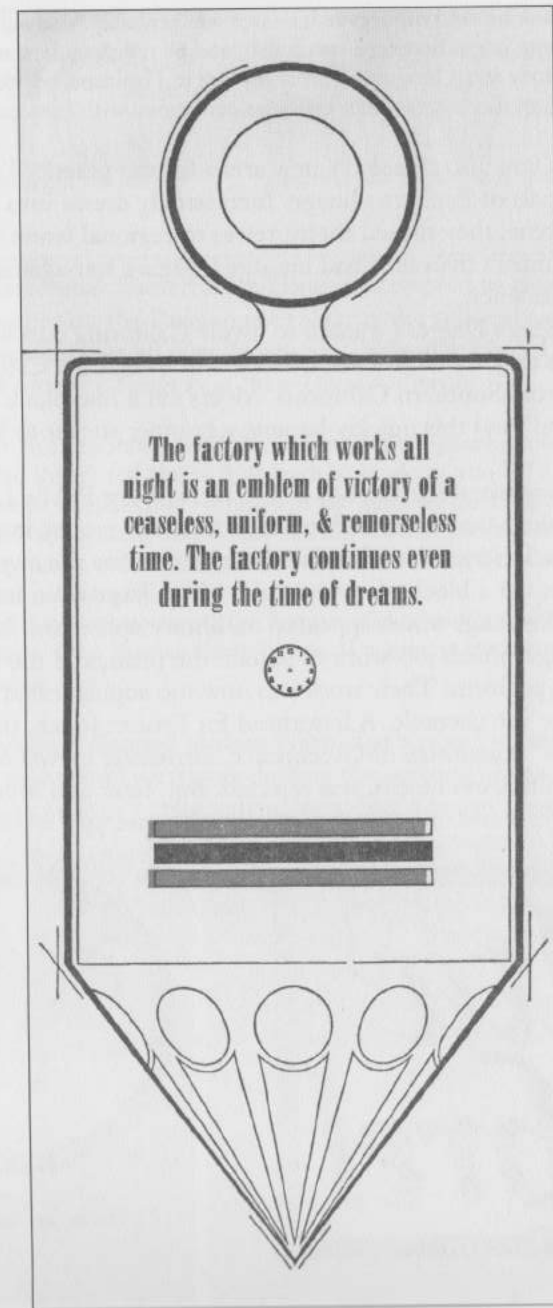
VILLAGE IDIOT & METER MAID
 PIMPLY TEEN WITH MILITARY RADIO
 CHINESE FIREDRILL
 VEGETIC
 SURPLUS ARMY DUCK
 GENERAL MACARTHUR
 ANDREW WYETH

He created a broadside of a John Berger quote in a frame of a machine part to commemorate the place. It also shows a marked change in his style of illustration.

Rob Rusk recalls:

We were both working at Fairchild materials plant. I worked in a different department but we'd see each other at "lunchtime." We both worked the grave shift. It was so taxing to be sleeping in the day. Michael did a quote from John Berger, "The factory never sleeps." It was supposed to be cut out as a door hanger - that was my idea. He also did a bumper sticker for his department, which was the crystal-growing department, from which slices were cut, and then in my department they were polished. Then they went on to become chips. This bumper sticker said "I got the perfect tail," which refers to when the crystal has been grown and it's slowly pulled out of the solution of silicon and it tapers off as it's pulled out. Michael gave a stack to his supervisor.

Holbrook once complained to me that after Michael got the job at Fairchild he never thought of helping contribute to the general fund.

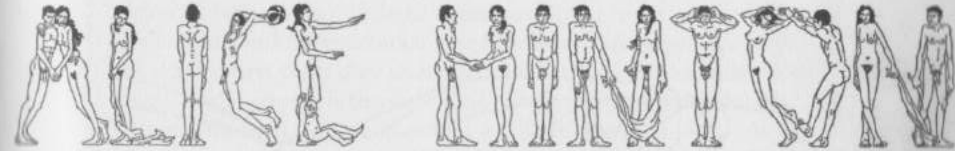


But I think he kind of forgave him as it was probably Michael's first real paying job in his life, a steady job, and he didn't understand – he gave money away, he spent a lot at the bar in Healdsburg – he didn't understand there were other expenses concerned with the site.

Healdsburg also signaled a new arena for the practiced wit of the principals of Zephyrus Image. Increasingly drawn into the local political scene, they turned their presses to regional issues – having a greater impact than they had managed waging war against the Nixon presidency.

Peter Berg's Digger's wanted to divide California into bio-regions (as they stated in *Planet Drum*) with Northern California seceding from Southern California. Myers cut a lino block reading "Alta Libre!" and this quickly became a bumper sticker to be given away.

Teter organized the Friends of the Healdsburg Public Library in his "copious free time" and invested time and money in producing posters, letterhead, and collateral ephemera for the organization. Myers cut a block of a young girl with a large open book on her back like wings which appeared on library ephemera. But there was no longer much job-work to sustain the press, and the duo ran into a new problem: Their work was now too sophisticated and complex for the clientele. A letterhead for Project Jonah, the "Save the Whales" committee of Greenpeace, intricately carved out of registered linoleum blocks, was rejected. But Teter and Myers could always count on acclaim for their self-generated works.



A conservative named Alice Hinton attempted to close the nude beaches on the Russian river. Her name suddenly appeared on bumper stickers all over Northern California. Gaye LeBaron, a columnist for the *Santa Rosa Press-Democrat* wrote:

WHAT ELSE IS NEW? Well, Alice Hinton is indignant again. The Russian River's red-haired Matriarch of Modesty who led a successful legislative foray on nude sunbathers last summer has been the recipient of some anonymous mail. What she has is a bumper sticker spelling out her name with sketches of nude bodies. A thing like that could become a collectors' item.

The note accompanying the bumper sticker said it came from "Friends of the Russian River." Alice, as always, is leaving no stone unturned.

Developers planned to dam Warm Springs and create a resort, a move that would inevitably destroy the ecology of the river. There was general public outcry, including a poster from Zephyrus Image reading "Warm Springs Damn!" They produced another piece by Xerox in order to get it out quickly and plentifully while the Linotype was broken, and pasted it up around the county.

This was followed by a "cootie-catcher," a folded puzzle game (printed from linoleum blocks). 12-year-old Olivia got involved, showing Michael how to fold the cootie-catcher. Whatever number you picked you got bulldozers and construction.



The Blackbirds Turn White

Growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of the cancer cell.
 – Edward Abbey, *A Voice Crying in the Wilderness*

ZI's finest act of civic involvement saved the day for another struggle against developers wishing to eradicate the sleepy landscape of Healdsburg and lure in more tourists. A developer named Larry Wilson planned to take over the downtown plaza and gentrify it. Teter spent a lot of time researching Wilson's background before deciding he was bad news. Zephyrus Image began the counter-offensive with *Plaza Plague*: broadsides that read "Condemned!" and "Quarantined!" pasted around downtown. (Myers is shown opposite, top, with the flyers in a sequence of photos by Rusk.)

Wilson appeared on the front page of the *Santa Rosa News-Herald* (2 vi 76) holding one of the posters that had been glued to his office window. "Feelings In Healdsburg Are Very, Very High," ran the headline. But this did not deter the developer, who said he would only quit Healdsburg when the town's blackbirds turned white.

Sure enough, invoking *Macbeth* could only lead to grief. The *Santa Rosa Press-Democrat* for 6 vii 76 broke the story: "The Day Healdsburg Saw White Blackbirds," with a photo of 150 white blackbirds, captioned "An Early Morning Surprise." Teter and Myers stayed up round the clock creating origami blackbirds out of white paper, with the slogan "Bye, Bye, Larry!" on them. Rob Rusk remembers:

The white blackbirds were folded at my house in Windsor on Old Redwood Highway. Present were Holbrook, Michael, Olivia, [my girlfriend] Betsy, Rachel and David Young, who was staying at the site at the time. He was, I think, editor of *Field* quarterly from Oberlin. He helped Michael build his little house at Healdsburg. I think the cops got them before Healdsburg woke up but I got some dark photos of blurry figures planting the bamboo sticks in the turf of the plaza.

In the middle of the night the plaza was filled with white birds. The *Press-Democrat* (8 vii 76) ran this article with two photos:

BIRNAM WOOD TO DUNSINANE HILL?

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be until / Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill / Shall come against him."

So said the ghost to Macbeth. And as readers of Shakespeare know, Macbeth's confidence that that would never happen was badly misplaced.

Perhaps with that in mind, some locals – who have tenaciously kept their identity secret – spread these white blackbirds near the offices of Larry Wilson Associates at Center and Plaza streets last week. "Bye, bye, Larry, bye, bye" the white-paper origami creatures proclaimed on their wings in protest to Wilson's announced goals of restructuring the downtown to attract tourists.

"I could have done this (the development) in any city I please. Those who think I'm going to pull out had better watch the skies. When they see white blackbirds," Wilson is quoted by the Santa Rosa News Herald as having said, he will be gone.

A caller to the Tribune said the signs, with lines reminiscent of the song, "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," were placed in protest to Wilson's plans to turn Healdsburg into a "boutique, touristy place like Sonoma or Carmel."

Meanwhile another sign – this time on bumpers – has also appeared, again in reference to Wilson. He had been quoted in the San Francisco Examiner as saying he preferred Hawaii to Healdsburg. So the bumper sticker protestors suggest that he "do it to Hawaii"[]

Wilson has protested that he has no intentions of damaging Healdsburg with his plans for redevelopment. He was not available for comment on these latest attacks against his "Plaza of the Flags" proposal.

The accompanying photos show a truck with a "Do it to Hawaii Larry" bumper sticker and the white blackbirds. This act had the desired effect and drove Wilson away, saving the day.

Change is inevitable. Today Healdsburg is succumbing to the Disneyfication that has turned the Napa Valley into a string of boutique wineries jammed every weekend with a funeral cortège of tourists getting away – to be stuck in traffic in the countryside instead of the city. Through their activism, Teter and Myers perhaps hoped to guide this inevitable urbanization along more sane lines but the demand for California wine has led to large tracts of the countryside being converted to viticulture. Along with the tasting rooms and tasteless *faux chateaux* have come designer outlet malls and other disasters of urban sprawl, and gradually the small landholders are being displaced.

Caxton's Menu Appendix, 1979

The final book from the press appropriately spoofs the fine press tradition in grand style. This is *The Menu Appendix taken from W^m Caxton's Original Cookbook*. It is presented as pages in laminated plastic pockets in a sleazy plastic "wood-grain" binding, like a diner menu. Myers's border artwork and the use of Tell Text for titling are right on target. I have no idea where the type came from, perhaps the Smithsonian historic type recasting program. Originally called Morris Romanized Black, the type is a very rare face cut in imitation of William Morris's types by Barnhard Brothers & Spindler and issued as Tell Text in 1895.

The title refers to the first English-language cookbook, which was printed by Caxton at Westminster. Andrew Hoyem had recently finished a cookbook project started by Robert Grabhorn, *A Commonplace Book of Cookery*, which appeared in 1975.

In 1978 Hoyem sent out a prospectus for his forthcoming edition of *Moby-Dick*, illustrated by Barry Moser. Frances, my partner, had bought an early book from him, so she received the announcement. When it arrived, we sat down and wrote a spoof prospectus for an edition of *Mein Kampf* (from the Bad Ems manuscript!), printed it up, and mailed out copies the next day. Because most people who received Hoyem's announcements were on the bulk mail list, they received our spoof concurrently with his *Moby-Dick* prospectus. Like the man said, Timing is everything! Teter was amused and wrote us a congratulatory letter (10 v 78):

Mssr & Msdm,

Kindly reserve for me at least 10 copies @ 999.95 (\$ U.S.) It should nicely complement my Moxton-Caxton De Gillknet broadside and my signed H.D.-by-Spice cabinet Dovescote chap-piece.

May I *safely* presume that this by-rote Master work (they *all* are) is hand-set on a hand-fed foot trundeled hand press in handsome hand-made half-notes from Handel's handkerchiefs and handily hand pressed in heavy Helvetica half-boards and houndstooth end leaves hand tooled by handmaidens in Hannover (1492) with hand-hewn Hamilton handles hand rubbed? Hans Christian? American-type foundry?

Fundamentally yours,
Trad. Planner, *Primmer*.



Shrimp Shrdlu, Koch au Vin, Ground Roxburgher, Platen au Gratin, Corn-on-the-Cob Sanderson, Business Chard, and Chandler & Rice, and for dessert: Butterscotch Roman, Stephenson Cake, and Franklin Mints. To drink: Zapfindel. Full marks if you get all the in-jokes!

Teter, Dorn, and Myers contributed to the spoofing of the fine press world with their *Menu Appendix*. The menus for breakfast, lunch, and dinner are collections of puns related to printing and printers. Among the breakfast items are Kerned Beef Nash, Fish Heads Sans Gill, and Eggs Palatino. For lunch they offer Smorrisbord, Ultra Bologna, Deep Dish Dene, Swash Kebab, Water Cresci, and Stauffacher Jack Cheese. For dinner there's Bembo Gumbo, Pied Pica,

Our Own Fine Printer

In May 1979, Mildred Howie reported (rather breathlessly) in the *Healdsburg Tribune* "Healdsburg has its own Fine Printer":

... Healdsburg is a community which has reached cultural maturity! And the man who has helped elevate the city to that status is a quiet, studious gentleman – a bit of a rabble rouser – and dedicated fine printer, Holbrook Teter.

Perhaps to bolster the claim, the article was accompanied by Rob Rusk's photo of the pair, leaning louchely on their Vandercook. Teter took a class in design: "Art 48: History of Design" with Toby Cowan at Santa Rosa Junior College. It was surprising that a man of his erudition felt the need to study a subject he was thoroughly immersed in, but his detailed notes and A-graded papers are extant. This may also have been the groundwork for a proposed book on typography (for which he applied for an NEA grant). His folder of notes is titled *Typographic Distinktions whereby through 3 exhibits it is scientifically shown that Good Typography is Bad & Bad Typography is Good*

- 1a. The Good Book Bad
 - b. Vice is Versus
 2. Fine Priss
 3. Amidst ornate surroundings
- Typographers eat their words.

This material, which also might be background for the *Menu Appendix*, has a comparison of Bruce Rogers' Lectern Bible with Robert Estienne's 1532 folio Bible, notes on the "Use of Utility as a Criterion for Judging Design," a detailed discussion of Times New Roman (showing contradictory statements about its utility and beauty), and a collection of quotes including the following:

- "We have so little to do and so much time" – Willie Wonka
 "The suspense is killing me and I hope it lasts" – ibid.
 "Democracy spawns bad taste" – Berkeley graffiti
 "There is no trusting appearances" – Sheridan, *The School for Scandal*.