
Honors Theses

Honors

2020

“Woe is Me”: A Response to Life in Farmington During COVID-19 Isolation

Sylvia Schulze
University of Maine at Farmington

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umf.maine.edu/honors_theses

Recommended Citation

Schulze, Sylvia, "“Woe is Me”: A Response to Life in Farmington During COVID-19 Isolation" (2020). *Honors Theses*. 7.

https://scholarworks.umf.maine.edu/honors_theses/7

This Creative Project is brought to you for free and open access by the Honors at Scholar Works. It has been accepted for inclusion in Honors Theses by an authorized administrator of Scholar Works. For more information, please contact sotley@maine.edu.

“Woe is Me”: A Response to Life in Farmington During COVID-19 Isolation

Sylvia Schulze

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the University Honors Scholar

Designation

May 26, 2020

Table of Contents

Artist's Statement: <i>And Things Can Change</i>	2
<i>A Change in Plans: On Book Arts, Community, and Worth</i>	6
Poems written as part of <i>Printing Farmington</i>	19
Prints (and their wood blocks) included as part of <i>Printing Farmington</i>	28
Photographs of my personal workspace	30
<i>WOE: An Artist's Book</i>	31
Reading List`	33
Appendix: <i>Printing Farmington</i> Interview Release Form	34

And Things Can Change

May 26, 2020

As an artist, I want to be flexible.

I've sat in front of this screen for about ten minutes, terrified to write a single word because an "artist's statement" feels like something I'm not allowed to change. But as I change and grow, my art should change with me.

When I first began studying book arts, I did not think of myself as an artist. I thought of myself as a writer, and I did not think that the roles could be one and the same. I think I was drawn to book arts (and later printmaking) particularly because it was a form of art that combined visual design and text. Book arts felt like a "practical" art, because books are not just to be looked at, they are to be opened and read. I could use technical skills I learned in my Book Arts class to publish my own writing in just the way I want it, without going through anyone else. I was raised thinking of art as paintings or objects that were pretty, but book arts is the medium that showed me that art is more than that.

Now, I admire books for their multidisciplinary as well as for the fact that they exist in multiples and require movement. The multiplicity of the book is something that also exists for prints. Both books and prints are made in editions. The artist creates more than one. This allows for greater access to the art/text/book, as more than one person can own the book or share it with their friends. The movement of the book is something unique to it. In order to experience the book, to see it or feel it, a person needs to open it. The book itself requires human interaction.

The three elements of my Honors project (an essay, my Wilson project, and an artist's book) have been brought together due to the fact that in the time of this Coronavirus pandemic,

human interaction is not possible. This led to me having to be flexible, and having to accept that what I meant to produce may not come to be. From the time my Honors project was conceived to the time it was completed, the project evolved from being product-based to process-based. This, I feel, was ingrained in the project from the beginning, but I just failed to see it. The texts I had written for *Printing Farmington* were all about process: taking words from other people and refining them and refining them until I got something new, and something strange. Taking after Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons*, I created poetry focused on sound and word play rather than being narrative or lyric poetry. I started to experiment with my poetry, and that also led to experiment with the concept of a book.

But what even is a book?

A book, to me, is a container for information (whether that information is words, text, images, music, feelings, colors, anything) that is bound somehow (thinking of “binding” more loosely than with needle and thread) following or in context of or while thinking about the history of the book and book arts. This makes it difficult to think of the book outside of the codex form, which is the most common and generally “standard” book form. It is part of my wants as an artist to experiment with and stretch the book as a form.

It is hard for me to think of books as doing/being more than containers. If books do not contain, then they at least hold things. Books are things held together by a binding. But “binding” as a concept can be loose. Heck, I’m a person that left business card-sized WOE prints around a town and called it a book. What bound the prints together was the town.

Another link between the elements of my project is the town of Farmington. I chose not to leave Farmington when the Pandemic became serious and a stay at home order was released because my work on *Printing Farmington* was so ingrained in the town. Staying in Farmington led to the essay, *A Change in Plans*, as well as the artist's book, *WOE*, which was quite literally bound in Farmington. But a concern of mine throughout my project was the accessibility of it. Taking people's words and making it into experimental poetry, while poetry is already a medium people are intimidated by, made me afraid that the people it was made for (people who love and know Farmington) would have trouble with it. But the texts of *Printing Farmington* share with the poems in *Tender Buttons* two things that make them more accessible: they take the shape of prose (and are not lineated like most poetry) and they have humor in them. Just the writing of the poems themselves was what I imagined for the entire book: bringing together academia and the town, two separated things that exist in the same space.

As an artist, I want to be flexible.

My work this semester has taught me to be willing to change plans. My usual approach to my study and my work has been overturned by the COVID-19 pandemic. But before the university campus closed in March, I was already learning to be more flexible with myself. When making my technical examples of a pamphlet-style binding, I made sure I had enough paper for extras. This was beneficial, since I ended up needing to replace a marred book with a new one. I discovered how to cut Japanese paper with water and that I shouldn't underestimate how long it takes to fold pages for a stab-bound book. The books I had meant to make as part of *Printing Farmington* have changed because of my loss of access to work space and materials.

How I understand myself in relation to book arts now is that book arts, like all arts, reflect in them the lives of the people creating them. As I change, as the world around me and the place I'm living changes, my books will change and my concepts of what a book is could expand, too.

My art can change as I do. And with any kind of change in plans, it means the product may not be what I expected. But that's alright. What's most significant about my Honors project is what I learned and accomplished during the process of drafting each element. In writing the essay, I practiced discipline, writing two pages every day for five days. While working on *Printing Farmington*, I communicated, appropriated and experimented. In making *WOE*, I got out of my comfort zone while placing art around town and expanded my thinking about the book as a medium. All of these things are experiences I can take on in my future practice as a writer and artist.

A Change in Plans: On Book Arts, Community, and Worth

Tuesday, January 21, 2020 was the first day of classes in the Spring semester of my final year at college. It was a briskly cold day and just a little cloudy as I walked from my apartment on High Street to the Fusion Center on South Street. That afternoon, I met with Éireann to set up the book arts classroom. We pushed a black rolling cart full of books and binding cradles from her office in the Fusion center, past Mantor Library, and into Ricker Addition. Ricker Addition Room 210 wasn't meant to be a classroom; it used to be some kind of faculty lounge. In the cabinet below the sink, there were still boxes of herbal tea. There was a closet containing two standing fans and a collection of rags used by the custodian. I cleared shelves above the sink of some leftover items (including two pairs of speakers, for some reason) and stood on a chair while Éireann passed me the binding cradles. Class wouldn't happen until the next day, but I was already excited to be a part of it.

Éireann and I shifted the tables around, then I got to work setting some books out on a little ledge in the corner of the room that went from the window looking west toward Old South Church and the Psychology building, to a shaded window into the other classroom. It was such a surprise the next day to find that the window looking into the other classroom was covered up by a whiteboard. This dusty junk-filled ex-teachers'-room was on its way to becoming our book arts space. Soon, the waist-height abacus and old transparency projector were removed from the space, and I helped Éireann bring two paper cutters in.

Later in the semester, not long before we would have to return to the room to remove all of our book arts supplies and equipment, we even managed to borrow a press from the

MakerSpace club. I never knew presses were so heavy. The usually short walk from Mantor to Ricker Addition felt like ten years when Éireann and I carried the press to the classroom.

Before we had to make and then leave that room, I never really thought about the amount of physical labor that goes into making a space where we could make prints and bind books. I realized this because our classroom was a space we had to *make* because the University had no existing space for us. (Book arts being a weird meld of writing and art, we couldn't quite fit into either space, it seems.) Book arts did not have a space to fit, both physically and conceptually, at the university. There is no department that it seems to belong to, but it is still a class here. We had to adapt and take Room 210 as our own, creating a space where book arts can belong.

When I first took book arts, in Spring 2018, it was called something like “Small and Independent Publishing.” Back then, we had class in a third-floor room in Preble Hall, one of the science buildings. Éireann had filled a big gray metal cabinet on the left side of the room with books and paper. It was in that class I learned about the history of the book and the versatility of book arts. We read a different small-press book every week of the semester, and wrote little sticky notes about what we liked or learned from them and kept the notes in the books. Over the course of the semester, we learned to make codices bound with pamphlet stitch and Japanese stab-binding, as well as accordion books, case-bound books, broadsides, chapbooks, and artist's books. Reading small-press books and practicing bindings taught me how I could take publishing into my own hands, and that there isn't only one way to publish or get published. While making books, I would come upon technical challenges. For example, I had to ask myself how to make a book in the shape of a wheel and how to print text in a book of that shape. I could not find a practical way to print digitally, so I adapted and carved my own set of moveable type. When

approaching bringing a book design to reality, there is trial and error. Discovering this in my Small Press class has helped me come to terms with changing my Honors project as the need arose.

Book arts was the combination of writing and art that I never knew I always wanted. I went into college to study Creative Writing, and essentially forgot about/gave up/didn't focus on visual art which I *also* loved. I could make books that were beautiful but also served a purpose, as opposed to visual art on its own, that I had been raised to believe would not get me anywhere, because it "doesn't make money." Book arts allowed me to make art that was more than just pretty: I think that's how I felt back then.

*

On Wednesday March 11th, 2020, an official email was sent to students confirming that future classes would be conducted online. It was sent to faculty while I was taking the midterm in Book Arts class, and by halfway through the class other students had received it as a forward from their teachers. I had walked into the classroom that afternoon assuming that after Spring break our schedule would pick up as usual, only to find out that this would be our last time meeting in person. I was overwhelmed with a heavy, awful feeling behind my eyes, like I needed to cry but it wasn't coming out. I sat after class for an hour to help brainstorm what we could do to keep a studio arts class like this running without a studio space, but it seemed hopeless. I had to duck out into the hallway twice because both my parents called to confirm the news and to

figure out where my sister and I would be during isolation. It felt like the entire world shifted in just a few hours.

Now that the campus is closed, I am finding joy in miniscule things. I wake up every morning between 8 and 9am. I make my bed, shower, and open my curtains. I watch Griffin McElroy stream Animal Crossing while I eat buttered bread and drink tea (or coffee). This is the beginning of a structure I have created for myself, in replacement of the academic and artistic community that once helped me make art and find meaning. I blast Legally Blonde the Musical soundtrack while I do my dishes. I check my mailbox every day in hope something comes. I go on voice call with online friends while making dinner or playing video games. I rearranged a corner of my sister's vacated room into a print shop. One day I made a doll. Some days what keeps me going is the bread and Magic the Gathering cards I receive from Éireann and Matt, in paper or plastic bags placed on my doorstep or hung on my doorknob, or passed to me as I keep one foot in my apartment and a hand on the outside door of the apartment building. I am lucky to have such kind professors, because going day by day like this, without the structures I once had, I struggle to find meaning in my art. I wonder why I make art at all. But these small things, like eating breakfast and doing chores and receiving gifts, are my artistic process now. I am attentive to these things. I look at them and write about them.

But I miss my two friends, and the Spring days two years ago when we would drive twenty minutes to Strong just to eat at the White Elephant because they serve breakfast all day and have fresh cut french fries. They were Spring days just like today, where the air is crisp but the sun is warm and the sky is blue. I wanted this Spring's days to be filled with joy in the same way. I want to buy garlic bagels from Java Joes on Friday afternoons with Zoe during art class. I

want to go to the Sandy River Farmstore and buy frozen custard and have tea and english muffins. I want to go to the free Pancakery brunches at Old South Church and eat pizza paninis and wait so long for my drink order I never receive it. I want to go to the Fiddlehead Festival and buy daffodils, armfuls and armfuls of daffodils. These were all things I did, and parts of the life I lived here in Farmington. These were moments and memories similar to those I wanted to capture in my project. My project is a record of living in Farmington, as it is. Although I cannot do the things I did while living in Farmington two years ago, I can live and do and make a record of what life is for me in Farmington now.

*

The Spring 2020 book arts class keeps our community going through Instagram and Google Classroom. We share pictures of each other's personal workspaces and the art we make, comments with questions and feedback and ideas. It's wonderful, and also hard for me to keep up with. And there is something different about meeting with people in a shared space and working together. Book arts relies on community. In class, we worked in a shared space. We gave each other tips and participated in critique. We shared our work with one another to help each other improve. Books themselves are objects meant for people and are between people. Like books, towns are geographical spaces that are shared as well as conceptual things made between people, which is something I have thought about in the process of my project.

Community was one of the big ideas I wanted to think about, write about, and encompass in my Wilson project *Printing Farmington* as well as in the additional books which I proposed as

part of my Honors creative project. But how can I share my art and my skills and everything I've learned in the process without being able to meet with the community I've written about? How can I possibly make a book about experiences and things I overhear on a campus that has been evacuated?

Farmington feels like a ghost town compared to what it was like a few weeks ago, in the middle of the Spring semester. I walk down Broadway on a weekday, where parked cars used to line both sides of the street, to find maybe three cars and a dozen white lines. And I find that even when I do pass people on the street, I avoid looking at them.

I worry that because I am comfortable in solitude, I don't have a right to talk about what community means. Who am I to write about Farmington when I feel like I have barely experienced it? (But I have, haven't I? I've been here for four years, certainly I've experienced something). Why do I feel like I am not allowed to claim this place?

As a student at the university, my residence in Farmington is impermanent. There is an assumption I feel from others that, as a student, my only goal is to go to school here, and then to leave. I feel the assumption that I will have no attachment to or care for the town. Maybe it's because of moments like the one this past Fall at the Farmington Fair, when my friends and I bought pie from the West Farmington Grange Hall and the woman serving us immediately asked if we were college students. She could tell because we were new faces, everyone else she's seen before. It didn't matter that I had been to the Winter Farmer's Market at the Grange Hall nearly every Saturday the Spring before, or that this was my third time coming to the fair (although it was my first time really appreciating it). How much does it take to be more than a student?

Because I'm not sure, I think that's why I still feel like I am not allowed to write about Farmington or take part of it as my own.

There is a division between the university and the town (a class division? an economic division?) that occurs despite the fact that the university and the town physically, geographically, run into each other or are on top of one another. I experience myself as being on the between of this division: I go to the university, but the people in the town are people like my family. This division is something I explore in *Printing Farmington*, in part by bringing together University members' and community members' experiences of places in Farmington in the space of one book. I am trying to make a space where other's words and my words, university perspectives and town perspectives, art and writing cannot be so easily divided.

The immense changes in the semester because of Covid-19 have had practical effects on the production process for the book. There are parts of this project which it is impossible to complete without the specialized space and equipment which I shared with my peers and teacher in the book arts classroom. Nevertheless, although the book cannot be completed right now, I have completed a great deal of the work that will allow me to complete it once I have access to equipment and space in the future.

This preparation includes hours of interviews (with eight community members) and transcriptions of those interviews. From these interviews, I developed a process of generating recombinant texts using Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons* as a model. These texts were workshopped in February. At that point, I had already begun making dozens of sketches for the woodcuts I planned, teaching myself about composition, color, and value. These sketches were based on photographs I took on site visits during and after my interviews, and became the basis

for my woodcuts. My visual work continued throughout February and March, and I completed five woodcuts while also finishing redrafting the recombinant texts. In addition to my artistic work, I also learned to manage my own large-scale project. I made, managed, and revised a work schedule. I made and managed a budget. I sourced materials and gained experience doing things like placing phone orders that I find very uncomfortable. Even before COVID-19 closed our campus, I had learned so much and done so many things I never would have without this project. Throughout this time, I did writing and art (two things most people assume are done by a writer or artist in lofty solitude) collaboratively. I worked with other people—community members, classmates, professors, suppliers—the entire time. I made texts from and with others' words. I allowed others' relationships to Farmington to direct my decisions about which places to include. I worked in a classroom that was shared, sharing materials and equipment and knowledge with the people around me. So although I do write alone and I make prints alone, I was never doing this alone, was I? I built the entirety of my project around working with a community. And I worked with and in a community the whole time.

*

What I was trying to do with my Wilson and Honors projects was make art out of what I knew, but now that life as I knew it has been tilted on its side, it has been hard for me to come to terms with the fact that there are parts of them I won't be able to finish before the school year ends. It has been hard for me to make new decisions and to turn my plans in new directions, when I spent so much time learning to make decisions, believe in my plans, and set out after

what I wanted this past year. So before I go on, I want to set out a record of what I have done, and what it has meant to me as a student, writer, book artist, and printmaker.

First: I applied for the Wilson Fellowship in the Fall, and after receiving the \$700 scholarship, the Provost selected my project for further funding, promoting me to a Wilson Fellowship. I was in the car with my mother when I received the email with the news. It was November, and mom was taking my sister and I out dancing. Even though I spent the night anxiously watching a guy fiddle with a straw wrapper, I was also giddy as hell. Having institutional approval of my project made me feel like my work was interesting and made sense to other people. It made me feel that even with a project that blurs departmental lines like book arts does, it belonged in Farmington and so did I.

Second: I had an idea for a book, made a plan to create that book, and have been following my plan (and adjusting it as necessary). I reached out to community and university members, scheduled meetings and had conversations with them. I worked with the texts of these conversations to make poems. I read Gertrude Stein to learn new ways of doing this. I worked with peers and professors to revise these poems. I learned new techniques and used new materials—I had never made a woodcut print before this, and I had never used oil-based ink. I called a bulk artist's paper supplier in New Mexico to order \$500 worth of paper. Making phone calls takes a lot out of me and makes me extremely anxious. I had also never spent \$500 on any one thing before, which added to my anxiety. But I *did* it. I made plans and carried them out, even when I was uncomfortable or afraid.

Third: Even though I will not be able to get the books I had planned printed or bound before the end of the school year, I have been able to change my plans to adapt to the changed

semester. I have written this essay to try to understand what I have gained and what I have lost. I have made plans for new, smaller book projects to present while I wait for access to the materials, equipment and space I need to complete *Printing Farmington* as it was originally planned. And the prose poems, each about a place in Farmington, exist, too. Weeks of scheduling, conversations, drafting, and revision went into these poems. They are waiting to go out into the world!

I have also finished five woodcut blocks and made prints from them. Three more are planned. The work behind these woodcuts: taking walks, going outside, taking pictures, sketching, experimenting with value and color, transferring images to wood blocks, carving and carving and carving. The blocks and prints exist.

I am overwhelmed with the feeling that because I won't be able to finish my project as planned that it was all for nought. I did research, wrote a book, and created art. But I feel like it doesn't count, or that I've failed. I am afraid of "getting in trouble" and disappointing the Wilson Fellowship board, the Provost, my advisor, and myself. I am worried that what I have produced was not worth the investment in me.

Why did the university invest in me? Was the investment in the physical products or my conceptual and learning goals? The conceptual goal of *Printing Farmington*: to bring together town and institutional history in Farmington; to bring attention to the divide here; to practice taking oral histories, synthesizing research, and talking about my work with a broader public; to learn to make prints and to improve at making books.

How do I stand in relation to these goals, and how did I change or adapt them? I'll start with the easy answers. Yes, I took oral histories from people, and in the process of that I had to

talk about my work with the broader public. I arranged meetings and recorded our conversations. There were bumps in the road along the way. I struggled trying to find participants not associated with the university. I arranged to have a press release sent out and I emailed three local schools, but got very little response from either. But I learned that collaboration takes a lot of time and effort.

Did I synthesize research? Yes: I took the oral histories I heard and I made them into prose poems, influenced by Gertrude Stein's *Tender Buttons*. I went to the places nominated by each participant and I took pictures, then I sketched these pictures multiple times, changing the medium and the scale until I found something I could use for a print.

Did I bring together town and institutional history to show their geographical proximity but community divide? I'm not sure. I think that goal is still in progress. I have the parts—the woodcuts and the text. But because they haven't been bound together, I'm not sure. But, at the same time, I think I have begun to address this divide by even just proposing *Printing Farmington*. I am a student who was not born in Farmington coming here and using institutional funds to try and make part of Farmington mine. I want to be part of Farmington. And I am.

The scrolling book I had proposed was primarily a technical piece: I wanted to learn to work with wood and to construct a wooden mechanism to drive a crank. The text for this book is written. But I could not fathom exactly how I would make a wooden hand crank that could move paper, which led to me setting this project aside. Because campus is closed, I can't use the sculpture lab anymore, and I do not have the space or tools in my one bedroom apartment. What I am doing for this book in the interim is research into making the scrolling mechanism. I will

continue by drawing up a proper schematic for it so that when I have access to tools I can build it.

The third book project was supposed to be an edition of zines filled with found language and last impressions of Farmington. These books were meant to be something easily distributed and accessible. I had started collecting language at the beginning of the semester, and then was so swept up in work I barely took time to observe and enjoy or remember what campus was like with people on it. And now I can't make zines as easily because I no longer have access to a printer or a copy machine. I now plan to make a record of Farmington as it is during the shut-down of campus due to COVID-19. In an attempt to emulate the accessibility of the zine, this book will be photographed and posted online for viewers anywhere to be able to look at.

This book is not a book in the traditional sense. The binding for this book is the town of Farmington itself. Following Gertrude Stein, who supposedly printed calling cards with the word "woe," I have done the same. In the first week of isolation, I carved a relief print the size of a business card with just the word "WOE." Doing this felt like a productive way to express the grief and sadness I experienced during the sudden shutdown of campus. I printed one hundred WOE cards in various colors, and placed them around Farmington. I took pictures of locations where I placed them. I have taken my woe and bound it in Farmington. This is a record of my shift in plans, a testament to being flexible with myself when retaining my initial goals letter for letter is impossible.

What makes something worth doing? Why do I write and make prints? Because I want to do it all the time. Because it helps me make sense of the world. I like making things and giving them to people, and I want to make things that can mean something to me as well as mean

something to other people. Books and prints are both things that come in multiples; they both are made in editions. They are meant to be shared with others and with one another. Printmaking and bookmaking space itself is almost always shared, as certain equipment, like presses or paper cutters, can be expensive for just one person to own. I think I was drawn to these mediums because of their sharedness. There is something utopian in thinking about how what I write or make could be shared and spread throughout the world, to think that I can play a part in shaping the world.

Poems Written as Part of *Printing Farmington*

John Frank Stevens Memorial Rock w/Benches

Crunch crunch crunch crunch benches yep benches through the snow. There's that light in front of a screen. I sit right there's no one around Halloween. Geology probably should've worn shoes with a back.

Franklin Hall

Torn down town foot down dorm. A very good place for me, a very good place for me doesn't exist anymore. A strain in relationship boils my blood code violation.

Back Staircase of Merrill

Glorious, the floor will fall out. Caution signs in residence, a box of junk sitting in front of a locked door for seven years. A staircase with balusters that will never happen again.

Remains of the Dowel Mill on Fairbanks Road

Busted the sun. A blue heron always except for one little piece.

Work hard and produce pigeons.

Twice Sold Tales

A legacy of eclectic weird things: ceilings and floors and penny candy and ramps and walls and junky paperbacks.

Ricker Addition

Most jobs have their cubbys daycared from the windows. Feel better, Creative Writing House.

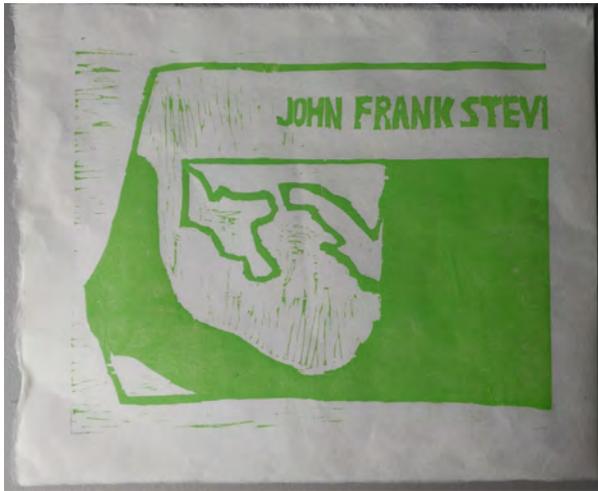
148 High Street

Seven an ice shack with two knobs. This very opulent door, I hope she likes living here. Scrap street smashed together.

115 South Street (Creative Writing House)

Three floor doors in a green lattice coffee table. Fliers for soapless chalkboards and packets of naps make the stairs nervous.

Prints (and their wood blocks) Included as Part of *Printing Farmington*





Photographs of My Personal Workspace



WOE: An Artist's Book

Inspired by Gertrude Stein, WOE is an artist's book using the town of Farmington as a binding. WOE takes the concept of what a book is and stretches its boundaries. According to Ross Wetzsteon's *Republic of Dreams: Greenwich Village: The American Bohemia 1910-1960*, Gertrude Stein's "remedy for her mood swings was to print up hundreds of black-bordered calling cards embossed with the single word "Woe," gaily declaring, 'Woe is me'." Early on in COVID-19 isolation, I carved a relief print the size of a business card that simply said "WOE" in grave capital letters. It was my productive way of expressing my grief and sadness in the sudden shutdown of campus and isolation from my family. I chose to stay in Farmington, rather than go home, because my work was specific to Farmington—I couldn't do it elsewhere. However, due to the virus, Farmington as I knew it had changed completely. Campus was near empty, so I decided to fill the empty space with my WOE. I printed 100 cards of WOE in various colors, and placed them around town, and photographed them. Included in this document are five pictures of the project, as well as a Google Drive link to the folder containing additional photographs.

Google Drive Link:

<https://drive.google.com/drive/u/0/folders/1MW4fF2wUcqHKJmlnOk9LuM-PMxwKF-MP>



Reading List

- Cleeton, Glen U. and Charles W. Pitkin. *General Printing*. Revised by Raymond L. Cornwell, Liber Apertus Press, 2006.
- Goldwater, Robert. *Rufino Tamayo*. Quadrangle Press, New York, 1947.
- Grossman, Jill. *Revelations of New England Architecture: People and Their Buildings*. Grossman Publishers, 1975.
- Katsushika, Hokusai. *Hokusai: Beyond the Great Wave*. Edited by Timothy Clark, Thames & Hudson in collaboration with the British Museum, New York, New York, 2017.
- MacPhee, Josh. *Paper Politics: Socially Engaged Printmaking Today*. PM Press, Oakland, California, 2009. ProQuest Ebook Central, <https://ebookcentral-proquest-com.ursus-proxy-6.ursus.maine.edu/lib/umf-ebooks/detail.action?docID=473792>
- Merritt, Helen and Nanako Yamada. *Woodblock Kuchi-e Prints: Reflections of Meiji Culture*. University of Hawai'i Press, Honolulu, 2000.
- Miliotes, Diane. *What May Come: The Taller de Gráfica Popular and The Mexican Political Print*. The Art Institute of Chicago, Yale University Press, 2014.
- O'Gorman, James F. and Lorna Condon. *Drawing Toward Home: Designs for Domestic Architecture From Historic New England*. Tilbury Publishers, 2010.
- Polk, Ralph W. *Elementary Platen Presswork*. Letterary Press, 2009.
- Prelinger, Elizabeth. *Käthe Kollwitz*. With essays by Alessandra Comini and Hildegard Bachert, National Gallery of Art, Washington, 1992.
- Ramos, E. Carmen. *Tamayo: The New York Years*. With contributions by Beth Shook. D Giles, London, 2017.
- Schmid, Jenny. *Bikini Press International: The Artwork of Jenny Schmid*. jennyschmid.com. Accessed 26 September 2019.
- Smith, Keith A. *Non-adhesive Binding: Books Without Paste or Glue*, vol. 1, Keith Smith Books, 2005.
- Smith, Ray. *The Artist's Handbook*. DK Publishing, New York, 2003.
- Stewart, Basil. *A Guide to Japanese Prints and Their Subject Matter*. Dover Publications, Inc., New York, 1979.
- Thompson, Deborah. *Maine Forms of American Architecture*. Published under the auspices of the Colby Museum of Art, Downeast Magazine, 1976.
- Williamson, Caspar. *Low-Tech Print: Contemporary Hand-Made Printing*. Laurence King Publishing, 22 Oct. 2013.
- Yonemura, Ann. *Hokusai*. Freer Gallery of Art and Arthur M. Sackler Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., 2006.

Appendix: *Printing Farmington* Interview Release Form

I understand that _____ (the Author) is preparing, writing, and will publish a work on the subject of _____, which is currently titled _____ (the Work).

In order to assist the Author in the preparation of the Work, I have agreed to be interviewed, to have my voice recorded, and to provide information and other materials to be used in connection with the Work, including my personal experiences, remarks, and recollections as well as any photographs and documents that I may choose to give to the Author (the Interview Materials).

I hereby grant and assign to the Author and their licensees, successors, and assignees the following rights in connection with the Interview Materials for use as part of the Work or any advertising, packaging, or promotional materials for the Work, in any and all editions, versions, and media, in perpetuity and throughout the world:

1. The right to quote or paraphrase all or any portion of the Interview Materials, and to generally use and publish the Interview Materials, including my experiences, recollections, incidents, remarks, dialogue, actions, and information, as well as any photographs and documents that I may give to the Author.
2. The right to develop, produce, distribute, advertise, promote, or otherwise exploit the Work as a book or any other Work in any manner that the Author or their assignees deems appropriate. I understand and acknowledge that the Author or their assignees will be the sole owner of all copyright and other rights in and to the Work.

I understand and acknowledge the Author has the right to choose to use or not to use my interview, and that my interview is not guaranteed to be used in the Work.

If my interview is used in the Work, I would like to (please check the option you prefer):

- be credited by name
 remain anonymous

In order to enable the Author to develop the Work in any manner that the Author may deem best, I hereby release and discharge the Author and their licensees, successors, and assignees, from any and all claims, demands, or causes of action that I may have against them by reason of anything contained in the Work, or any of the above uses, including any claims based on the right of privacy, the right of publicity, copyright, libel, defamation, or any other right.

In consideration of the foregoing, the Author has agreed to provide me with one free copy of the Work in its first edition upon publication. I acknowledge and agree that I am not entitled to receive any other form of payment from the Author and/or their licensees, successors, and assignees.

Agreed and confirmed:

Signature

Date

Name (Print)