



THE HONOLULU CLUB OF  
PRINTING HOUSE CRAFTSMEN

*presents*

## The Story of a Book: *Ke Anuenue*

THE FIRST BOOK PRODUCED IN HAWAII TO BE SELECTED  
BY THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF GRAPHIC ARTS  
AS ONE OF THE 50 BOOKS OF THE YEAR

*Guests of Honor*

JULIETTE MAY FRASER

*Artist-Author of Ke Anuenue*

JEAN CHARLOT

*Professor of Art, University of Hawaii  
Artist, Author, Illustrator, Book Designer*

THOMAS NICKERSON

*Director, University of Hawaii Press  
Publisher of Ke Anuenue*

WILLIAM S. ELLIS, Jr.

*Manager, University of Hawaii Press  
Designer and Producer of Ke Anuenue*

REINHOLD W. JULICH, *Chairman of the Evening*

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### ELECTION OF OFFICERS

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The guests of honor will discuss the development of *Ke Anuenue* from an idea to a published book, as sketched briefly in the following pages. Exhibits will illustrate the art and production phases of the talks. All craftsmen and friends of the graphic arts are cordially invited to attend the dinner meeting to be held at the Elks Club on Thursday, May 14, at 6:30 p.m.

**JEAN CHARLOT:** It was a pleasant surprise to have May Fraser register at the University for my class in book illustration. It would be disingenuous to pretend that the impact of my personality or the wisdom of my counsel had much to do with the birth of *Ke Anuenu*. The roots of this work grew as one with the soil of these islands in such a way that no visiting professor could—or should attempt to—feed, or add to, or pare away any part of it. It was, however, of extreme interest to watch the birth of *Ke Anuenu* and perhaps to help a bit, not as regards its indomitable spirit but as to the form it took when this spiritual reality, this alter ego of May Fraser—so to speak, a guardian angel of her own doing—took a body. ♦ The approach to book illustration that I fostered in class, and that I practice as well, is not substantially different from the mural approach that comes to one with the practice of fresco. The book is an architecture; type and drawings are material means to be welded in an organically unified whole. To make our little group type-conscious and to reform what incipient Bohemianism was still rampant, I invited Meiric Dutton, master of formats, to talk to us and show his collection of "old masters" of typography. It was then, it seems to me, that May—with characteristic humility—decided that her beautiful prints were worthless without a facing text to dam their exuberance within architectural confines. There was the little matter of writing a text, if the whole was to become a book. There was also the more recondite matter of typesetting. I treasure my copy of the awkward first try at format, both for its strength and its weakness. More than an esthetic document, it is a human document, one that reminds me of how the path of the creative artist is never easy, and stumbling will always be the lot of the true pioneer, however enjoyable in its final form be the "discovery."