



*Anni Albers at Tamarind Lithography Workshop,
Los Angeles, 1964. Photographer unknown.*

PROCESS WAS HER ELIXIR.

Anni Albers invariably had, from the start, a concept for the goal of the journey—a design that would, at least, figure in the end result—but, above all, she relished the progress of the print from that seminal idea to an artwork that might surprise not only its viewers, but could astonish even her. For it was in the making that the print grew in the ways that mattered most.

Anni oversaw every detail with her discerning eye, attuned to the weight of colors and the desired movement or stasis of the individual elements, but what thrilled her to the bones was the absorption in technique. She happily let the acids of etching or the translucency of inks applied through a screen take her in unchartable directions. She delighted, even, in the capabilities of photo-offset, so far from the domain of less adventurous artists. For Anni saw things in an unusual way, and tried what was new with the deepest pleasure. She felt reassured when she was guided by technicians, and by the medium and the materials, and knew that with that immersion she could end up in a new and beautiful territory. Each of her prints is the result of a journey; at the same time, it remains a journey in its finished form, because it retains the adventure with which it was made.

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THAT ANNELISE ELSE FRIEDA FLEISCHMANN had been uniquely attuned to the visual had been clear from the start. Her earliest childhood memory was of waking up on her third birthday to a garland of flowers strung around the bedposts; she never forgot the joy of the brightly colored assortment of shapes suspended above her. Born on June 12 in the last year of the nineteenth century, she would remember for the rest of her life how as a child, whenever she went to the family box at the Berlin opera, which adjoined the box of the German

Impressionist painter Max Liebermann, she and her younger sister wore black velvet dresses with white Irish lace collars and cuffs made by the dressmaker who came to the house. That crisp counterpoint of black and white and the play of textures retained their charm for her forever. They would become a leitmotif of prints she made when she was in her eighties. But even more than the clothing, what impressed Annelise the most in those opera performances was the orchestra tuning up, of greater impact than what followed when the curtain rose. The preparation and anticipation, the working of the tools, constituted her favorite moments. Later in life she recognized this as a sign of the way she was more fascinated by process, by considering how components join to achieve the end results, than by the finished product. Anni would become as intrigued by thread and its interlacing, and by the processes of printmaking, as she had been by the sound of the violinists tightening their strings and testing the results with their bows.

Transformation, and the working of components, were her nectar throughout her childhood. When her parents gave costume parties in their Berlin apartment, she was riveted at the sight of the usual furniture being taken away and the painted scenery brought in, just as she was fascinated by the return to the norm after the party. For the family's formal flat to become the Grunewald, the vast area of parks on the outskirts of Berlin, large canvases of landscapes were installed. The idea was to make the cushy interior a relaxed setting for a picnic. Guests entering the verdant paradise were met by a simulated boat, constructed on a bed frame on wheels, which ferried them a few feet through the entryway, as if they were crossing one of the lakes of the Grunewald. For another party, with a motif of a railroad station, Annelise's parents installed murals of sausage stands, ticket booths, and information desks. The young onlooker was mesmerized by the possibilities of the imagination and the way

these fantasies heightened human spirits. She also had a feeling for the bizarre, such as her mother's performance on the occasion with the train station theme: arriving at her own party screaming because she had lost her child, and then running out the door as a child looking for her mother. Annelise's quirkiness, her interest in what happens around the corner where other people are not looking, would figure in the compositions that flourished in her printmaking.

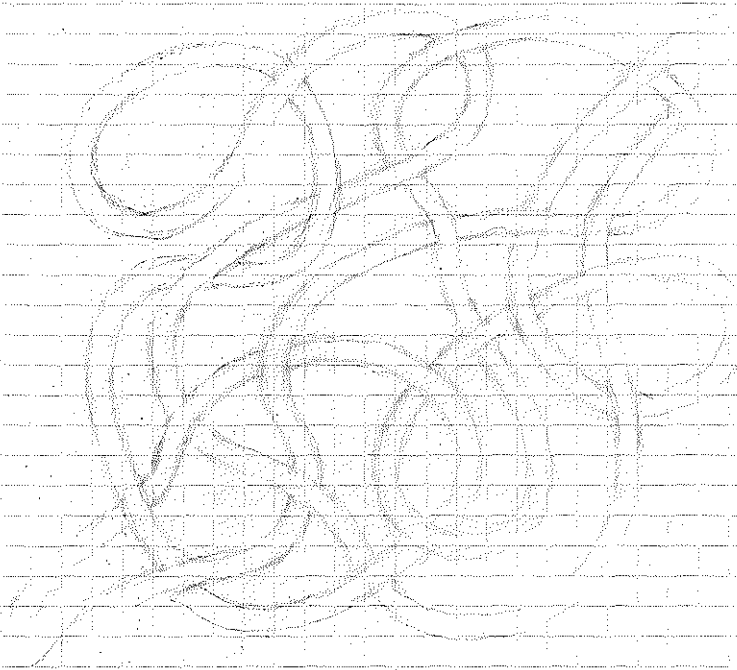
From the affluent childhood she went, at age twenty-two, to the Bauhaus; in 1925 she married the brilliant artist Josef Albers. She cut her hair and shortened her name, and, although she had not intended to be a textile artist, accepted the weaving workshop as the only one open to her, and let threads and looms and textile technique become her new guides. Like Josef, she embraced abstraction, and that lifelong love would, much later on, underlie her printmaking as well. Straight lines and right angles had a correctness and dependability that the world lacked; complex ideas of formal balance, of equilibrium that allowed for playfulness and variability, diverted her from the harsh realities of inflation and the rise of Nazism, and afforded her the solace and sense of richness offered by art alone. She made wall hangings that were charged with rhythm, that were visually as light as Mozart's symphonies—and as intelligently diverting.

In 1933, after the Bauhaus was forced to close once the Gestapo had padlocked its doors, and the Alberses went to the US, Anni continued to weave at Black Mountain College, but she also began to draw in new ways. In gouache, she allowed threadlike forms to meander and loop freely in the air as they could not when they were obligated to hold together a textile. Then, in the fall of 1963, by which time she and Josef were living near New Haven, Connecticut, where he had gone to head the Department of Design at Yale, she began to relish

that new freedom in yet another way when she was introduced to printmaking. Josef was working on a print series at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop in Los Angeles. June Wayne, the workshop director, had an instant empathy for his patient wife who was essentially just accommodating her husband, and suggested that Anni, who Wayne knew to be a great textile artist, try her hand at printmaking. She made *Enmeshed I* and *Enmeshed II*, spectacular prints in which she allowed threadlike forms to continue their adventure in which they broke out of the horizontal and vertical structures required by weaving. In these and in *Line Involvements*, a series she made when she was asked back to Tamarind to be a fellow there herself in the following summer, she retained the interlacing of the threads by moving them alternately over and under each other, but achieved additional qualities now possible in her newly chosen medium. By printing the lines twice, first positive and then negative, off-register, she produced an effect resembling an incision in stone—a splendid irony given the actual lightness of thread. Anni used acid to produce a cloudy background.

Although she had retained the thread image, these prints were by no means transpositions from another medium; rather, they were celebrations of the possibilities of her new realm. In 1947, in her essay "Design, Anonymous and Timeless," Anni had declared, "The more we avoid standing in the way of the material and in the way of tools and machines, the better chance we have that our work will not be dated, will not bear the stamp of too limited a period of time and be old-fashioned some day... And it will outlast fashions only if it embodies lasting, together with transitory, qualities." In her first prints, she achieved these objectives, as she would in her graphic art forever after.

In her mazelike *Meander* series of 1970, Anni was content to use a form that had fascinated her

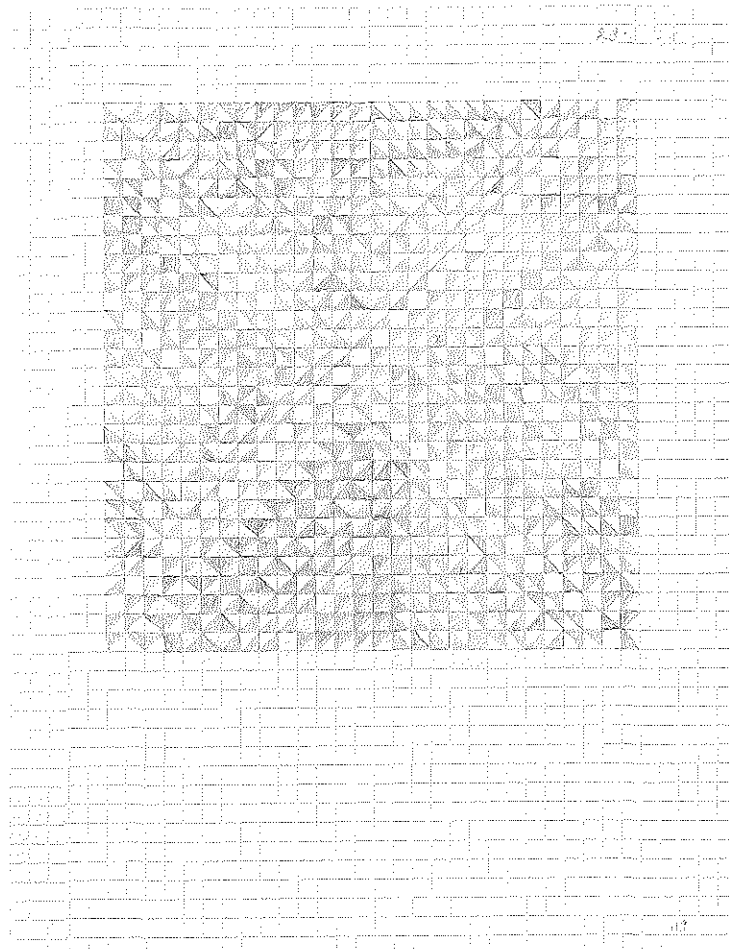


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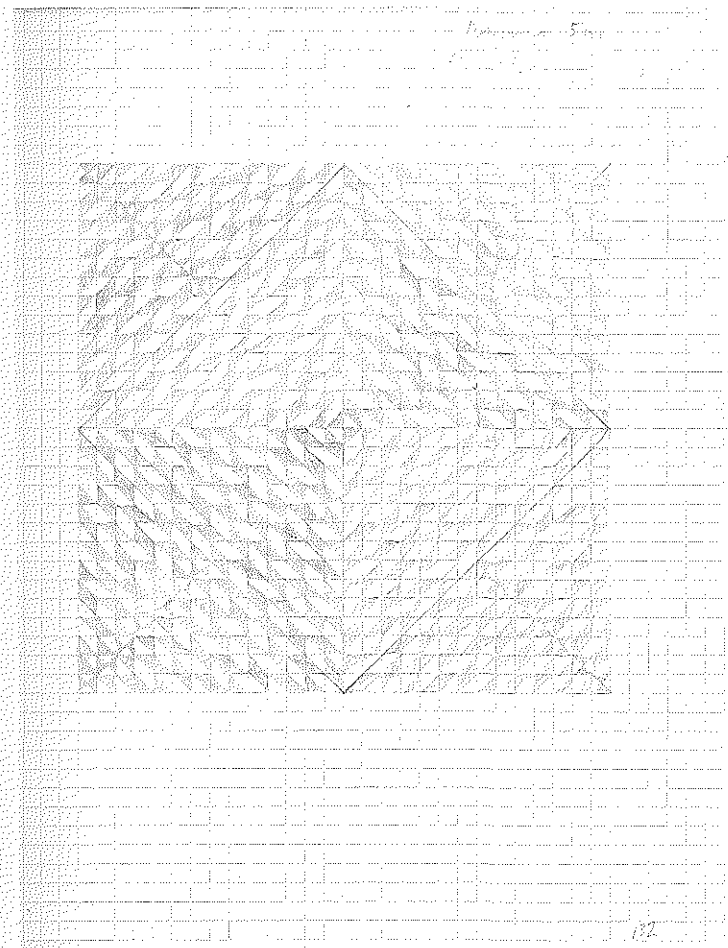
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in ancient Mexican art, and which she had made the basis of a single weaving, but again she used printing techniques to achieve results not possible in another medium. Each of these screenprints went through the press four times, first with a background screen that laid down a solid color, then twice with a design screen in two different positions in the same color (the color becomes deeper each time it overprints itself), and finally with the design screenprinted in another position in a brighter, dominant color (of limited choice because it had to be simultaneously strong and translucent and therefore could contain no white). The endless meander is full of motion on the surface and in depth; it appears to have layers of shadows that imply many light sources. None of these results could have been achieved by drawing or watercolor; they were the unique product of that moving around of screens and the altering of positions. Subtle juxtapositions made in an unprecedented approach to the medium brought about results unlike anything ever achieved before. Submitting herself to the dictates of her craft, Anni was entirely original and inventive.

Early on, a favorite form in her graphic art was the triangle. Anni had explored that three-cornered shape in weaving, but the limitations of textile art had meant that its diagonal lines were never entirely straight but were, rather, composed step by step from the vertical and the horizontal. Anni as a printmaker took a visceral delight in the pure perfection of the triangles she could make with ink. She used small triangles as the individual elements from which to build entire organisms. By reducing the elements and then carefully organizing the like components, she worked to create the sort of order that touched her in the music of Bach and Mozart, in Seurat's drawings, and in paintings by Paul Klee, her instructor at the Bauhaus and also her artistic hero. Even more than Klee's lectures, his art, which she studied firsthand, instilled in her a taste for



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1. Study for a Line Involvement lithograph. Pencil on graph paper from Anni Albers's notebook. 10 x 7 ¾ in. (25.4 x 29.7 cm.)
ACC. NO: 1994.10.160
 2. Study for an unexecuted screenprint. Pencil on graph paper from Anni Albers's notebook. 10 x 7 ¾ in. (25.4 x 29.7 cm.)
ACC. NO: 1994.10.119
 3. Study for a screenprint from the Domberger series. Pencil on graph paper from Anni Albers's notebook. 10 x 7 ¾ in. (25.4 x 29.7 cm.)
ACC. NO: 1994.10.132

using a minimal number of elements and an intentionally limited vocabulary to build complex artworks.

Preparing to make her *Triadic* prints, Anni carefully weighed and arranged the components in study sketches, the first small ones often done on graph paper. She organized the surfaces without ever allowing repetition or symmetry. Her constructions are full of variation, and have a subtle sense of balance that never yields a formula, and that provides continuous visual exercise and diversion.

Anni employed subtle systems to strengthen her constructions. She allowed the rigorous rules of a well-ordered world to guide her toward her goal of clear composition. Like Klee, she depended for her guidance on certain processes in nature. Systems implicit in botanical and biological growth preoccupied her. She longed to escape human anxiety in her art; she had no wish to reflect whatever anguish she might have felt, either because of personal or worldly issues, and in that way was very much the opposite of many of the other artists of the era. As a student, having always believed that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe had an aura about him, she had been deeply impressed by his *Metamorphosis of Plants*. That treatise is an inquiry into an underlying system of regularity with modification in which like units, repeated with variations, make up the structures of entire organisms. Anni did not set out to illustrate these laws in her prints, but, having absorbed them, she transmitted the sort of patterns she had gleaned from the writing that excited her so much.

I HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE to observe Anni Albers firsthand when she took her printmaking into unexpected regions. The woman who had loved watching the transformation of her

parents' apartment and preferred the sounds of the orchestra tuning up to the final performance responded not just sensibly, but viscerally, to the dictates of the machinery. She derived satisfaction from the logic, the straightforward course of cause and effect, of the process. That reverence for machinery, and the desire to be inspired by it, so vital to Bauhaus thought, became understandable to me in 1973, when Anni expressed an interest in making some prints at my family's printing company. Since this was a commercial shop, it was an unusual move on her part.

It had not occurred to me that my father's shop would offer anything to either of the artistic Alberses. Fox Press, some forty-five minutes from their house, mostly churned out booklets and brochures for insurance and manufacturing companies; it was known for high-quality color-process printing, not for the sort of work that bears an artist's signature on each sheet in the tradition of limited-edition lithographs, etchings, and screenprints.

But Anni made her proposal with the same eagerness and openness with which she entered the vast domain of her local Sears Roebuck store (ten minutes from her house) and embarked on a course of what, with her lilting Berlin cadences, she enthusiastically called "rah-reasure hunting." At Sears she would extol the merits of plastic containers and polyester blouses, declaring that "all this emphasis on handmade" was nonsense, that machine processes were a wonderful thing and that synthetics were among the marvels of our century. Now, with the unusual idea of grappling with the technology of photo-offset printing to produce artwork, she became a little girl eager to embark on a marvelous adventure. The eyes of the often dour septuagenarian lit up with expectation. As when she had, half a century earlier, gone to the Bauhaus at age twenty-two, she was entering her favorite realm: that of the unknown.

This austere woman, dressed in her inevitable whites and pale beiges, her hair sensibly cut, her only makeup a hint of lipstick and maybe some powder, sparkled like an eight-year-old in a party dress. Alice, perhaps: an unbridled enthusiast about to enter the magical kingdom.

Printing had been the starting point of my relationship with Josef Albers. He wanted to dispose of certain objects that were burdening him as he approached the end of his life, and he gave me books of typefaces. Since I shared his passion for typography and graphic design, he taught me that the initial reason serifs had appeared on letters was because, when they were carved into gravestones, the stone cutter invariably left little lines at the end of each chisel stroke. He was delighted by the way that those additions which had appeared on letters inadvertently and as a result of a technical process had the unanticipated effect of enabling the eye to move along through the words while one was reading.

This was one of the essential issues at the Bauhaus: the relationship of form to the mechanics of its making and to its intended purpose.

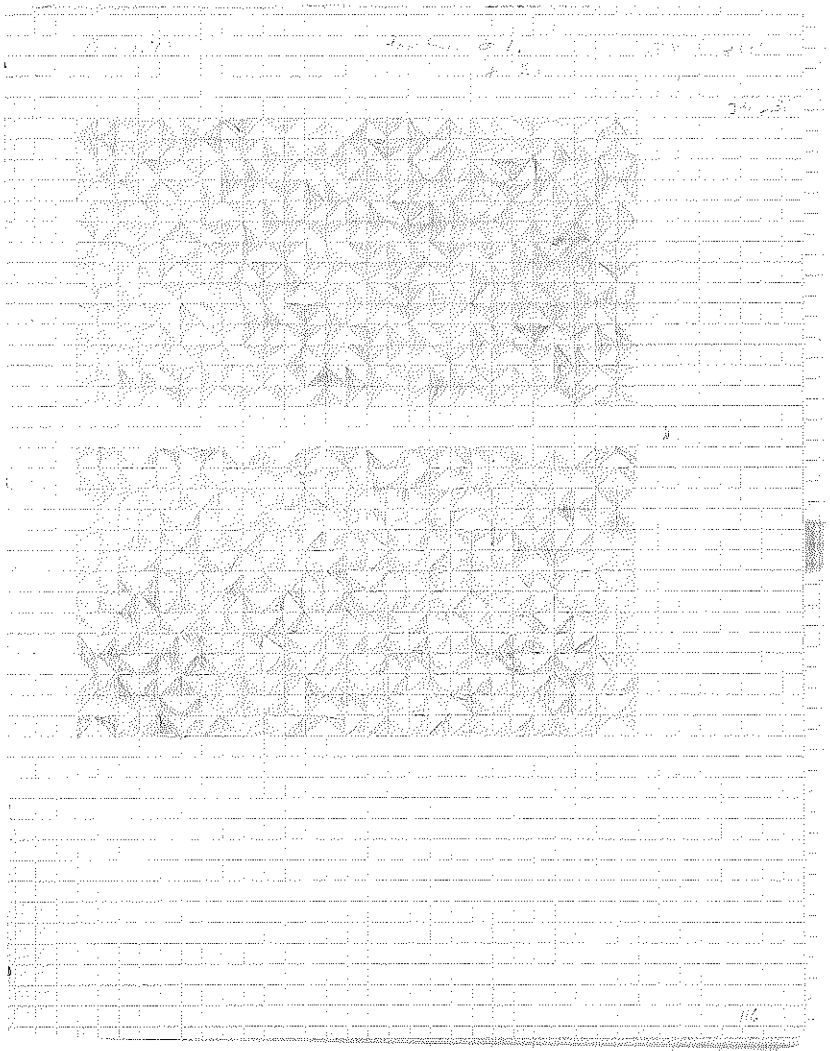
The effect of serifs was for Josef a splendid example of the acquisition of life-altering knowledge as the unintended by-product of proper attention to a mechanical act. The practical—in this case the issue of readability—was of far greater importance than was anything deliberately arty—like the use of sans serif type for long texts. Helvetica Light was fine if used sparingly, but setting anything substantial in it was "too much *design*"—the last word being uttered disparagingly.

Anni had similar standards—and the same preference for legibility and for what was real and not pretentious. Photo-offset, she determined, would enable her to reproduce her own deliberately irregular pencil work, allow crystalline edges, and facilitate a reversed mirror image with the click of a switch rather than her having to execute it herself as had been the case with weaving.

Anni made a sketch of a sequence of triangles which were to appear in flat red, the ink coverage consistent with the various grays, distinctly handmade with the side of a soft pencil, photographically reproduced in the voids left between the meandering triangles.

The photographic reproduction of her gray markings had never been possible in the print mediums with which she had previously worked—lithography, etching, and screenprinting. The technology of her new medium enabled her to obtain a desirable irregularity and suggest mysterious communication of the sort that fascinated her in hieroglyphics and other ancient forms of writing where her incomprehension was an asset, not a deficit. She liked undecipherable language.

The sequence of triangles was enlarged by a simple mechanical process and cut on a rubylith—a bright plastic sheet of two layers—in the stripping department of the print shop. Anni was fascinated by the rubylith itself, by the precision with which the top layer could be cut and removed from the bottom one, and by the six-foot eight-inch tall deep-voiced “stripper” named Gary Thompson. She appreciated the irony of his being called a stripper, admired his professionalism, adored his deference to her and wish to accommodate her desires, and, she told me, relished the Americanness of his name. Before she had even met him, when Anni had first given me the sketch for the pattern to be made in solid red, I had asked Gary to simulate her handwork exactly. My erroneous assumption was that she wanted the finished work to have the imprecision of her sketch, similar to the gray pencil strokes. It had taken Gary days to cut a rubylith that perfectly resembled Anni’s drawing—only to have her respond by saying that she hated the handmade appearance. She meant her drawing only as a guide to the design; what she wanted were exact, crisp lines and impeccable triangles with the points just lightly touching. Gary had then



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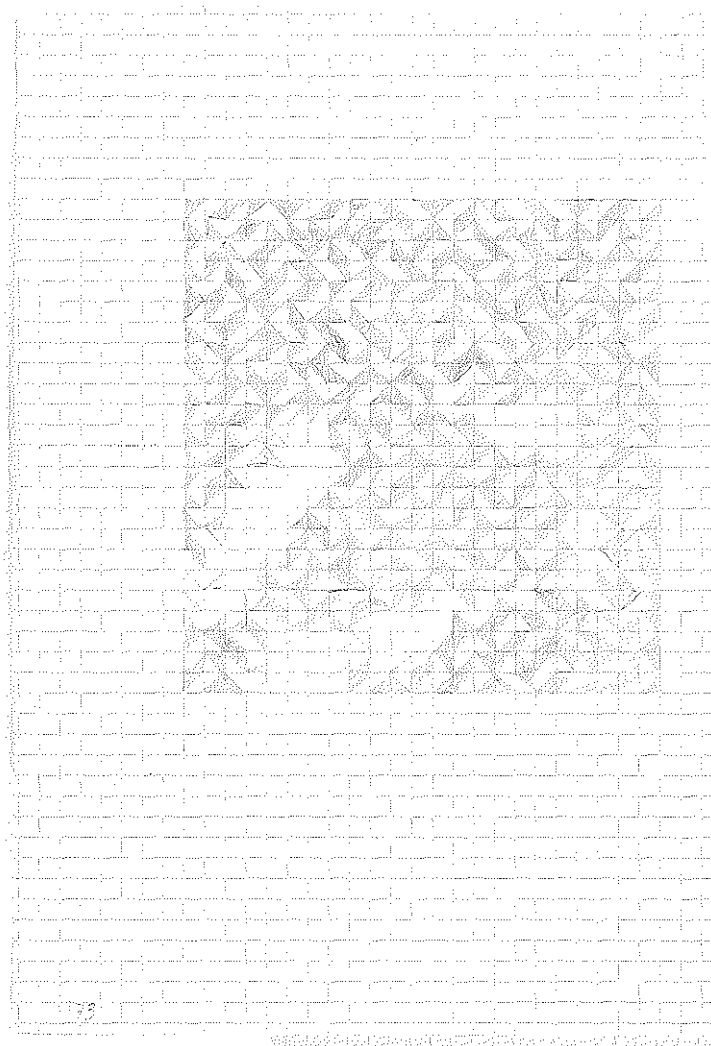
4. Study for Fox I. Pencil on graph paper from Anni Albers's notebook. 10 x 7 ¾ in. (25.4 x 29.7 cm.)
ACC. NO: 1994.10.116

developed a grid from which he cut the triangles with that precision.

These preparatory stages had taken many months, during which my regular visits to the Alberses had exposed me to greater devotion to art than I had ever thought possible.

ONE OF THE THINGS the “miraculous” Gary did was the instant reversal of Anni’s design, so that what was in flat red on the top panel of this two-section print was a foamy gray below, and vice versa. Where there were solids above, there were pencil strokes below; where there was pencil on top, unmodulated red on the bottom. Anni’s learning, from Gary, about the photo-mechanical process, was what had led her to make the grand scheme of her print depend on her having to produce only a single panel of the wavering gray: in her eyes a delicious economy of means.

The elusive fuzziness against the crisp purity of machined forms was, for her, the realization of a dream. And the idea that, with a flick of the wrist, she could make what was negative in one rectangle positive in the other permitted the sort of interplay with which she loved to divert the viewers of her art. Anni was grateful to the technology for having opened new visual possibilities—as if it, not she, was the responsible party. Now she could, in new ways, achieve the sort of contrast and unpredictability, the mixture of the personal and the impersonal, the coincidence of order and spontaneity, and the playfulness and elements of surprise intrinsic to her work. She told me, quite simply, that all of this was in keeping with the fundamental values of the Bauhaus, and with Walter Gropius’s goals when he founded the school that had changed her life. Art and industry functioned in tandem, not as opposite camps. A creative person “listened to the voice of the



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5. Study for an unexecuted screenprint. Pencil with eraser marks on graph paper from Anni Albers's notebook. 10 x 7 ¾ in. (25.4 x 29.7 cm.)

ACC. NO: 1994.10.173

materials and the process, and learned from the skilled laborer," rather than trying to impose all sorts of demands or ask the people executing the work to achieve something unreasonable.

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THE OCCASION OF Anni's meeting Gary was a trip to Fox Press that she said she needed to make to watch the actual printing. It was essential for her to be on the spot in order to determine the intensity of the gray as it rolled off the press and to make sure that the opaque red trapped it exactly, containing the pencil without any unwelcome white space around it.

After I drove Anni the forty-five minutes from her house to the printing plant, she gave her entrance there the quirky charm that she lent to the most simple actions. She invested simple acts with magic, at the same time that she appeared deliberate and purposeful.

Proportioned like one of Alberto Giacometti's striding figures and walking with the aid of her plain stick, Anni was striking both for the dignity of her thick dark hair and her stately manner. The tone set by their clothing was of considerable importance to both of the Alberses. Josef was most often seen in solid-colored, straight-collared shirts and khaki or gray wool trousers. For her Fox Press outing, Anni wore a simply cut, rather severe khaki skirt that ended just below the knee, a silky white crepe blouse, and a pure-white cable-stitch sweater. Not yet knowing her well, I assumed that the sweater was expensive, handmade, and imported—that someone of Anni Albers's stature would wear nothing else—but, once I really understood her and the Bauhaus, I realized that it was machine-made, synthetic, washable, and from a discount store. I was still to learn that Anni preferred the practical products of mass production to most luxury goods, and regularly instructed weavers who championed

the handmade and belittled machine-work to look at their own shirts.

Anni's plain, inexpensive clothes acquired a rare elegance on her, in part because of the way they fit and hung; her suits from Alexander's (a department store noted for its cheap merchandise) might have been Chanel's. (When asked whom she considered to be the greatest artist of the twentieth century, she was inclined to answer "Coco Chanel.") Along with the whites and tans that day, Anni had a brown suede jacket, a shimmering brown scarf, and heavy brown suede shoes; the balances were of color as well as of texture.

When we walked into the pressroom, I told the woman who by then was the last surviving Bauhausler that when my father had built Fox Press, he had considered buying *Standing Lithographer* by David Smith, a seven-and-a-half-foot-tall sculpture in which a steel type-case suggested a man's chest. I lamented this with the collector's usual woe over the art masterpiece almost bought, explaining that the ten thousand dollars needed to buy it had ended up being required for a fire door. (The Smith had recently sold for one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, a detail I considered too vulgar to mention but of which I was keenly aware. Even in 1972, art had begun to assume its current role as a commodity.) Anni was surprisingly unmoved by what I considered a misfortune. Without missing a beat, she simply pointed to a large Swiss two-color press in front of us and declared, "You see that machine? *That*, that is far more beautiful than anything David Smith ever touched."

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ANNI POSITIONED HERSELF carefully on a wooden chair next to the thirty-two-inch single-color press where her print was to be run. She exuded a sense of importance and rectitude, as well as grace, but was mercifully free of the self-consciousness of

a grande dame. She was, quite simply, an honest worker trying to do her job as best as she could. There was nothing of an old lady about her; she was neither a “character” nor a “person of importance,” and her age and gender assumed minor roles. What was remarkable was her quiet brilliance; the humility that accompanied her originality. As the pressman adjusted the speed and the pressure with which the suction cups would pick up her prints—they were being done on Rives BFK paper, heavier and thicker than the usual stock—Anni spoke, as if she were experiencing an epiphany, of the wonder of the machine and of the artist’s need to respond to the capabilities of the equipment.

Anni was curious about the flexible plate that was being locked onto a roller and wanted to know more about how it was made. The pressman fetched the platemaker, who suggested that we go into the prep department to see exactly how it was created. Observing the chemical processes and fit of the halftones, Anni marveled at the accuracy of mechanization. As she exulted in the technology, the woman who at the Bauhaus had worked alongside Klee and Kandinsky fifty years earlier somehow made this printing plant in Connecticut an outgrowth of Bauhaus thinking and life. What she evoked of that great and pioneering art school was not its complicated politics or the rivalries that so often sullied its atmosphere, and which she and Josef made sure I never forgot, but, rather, its crisp thinking and marriage of creativity and technology.

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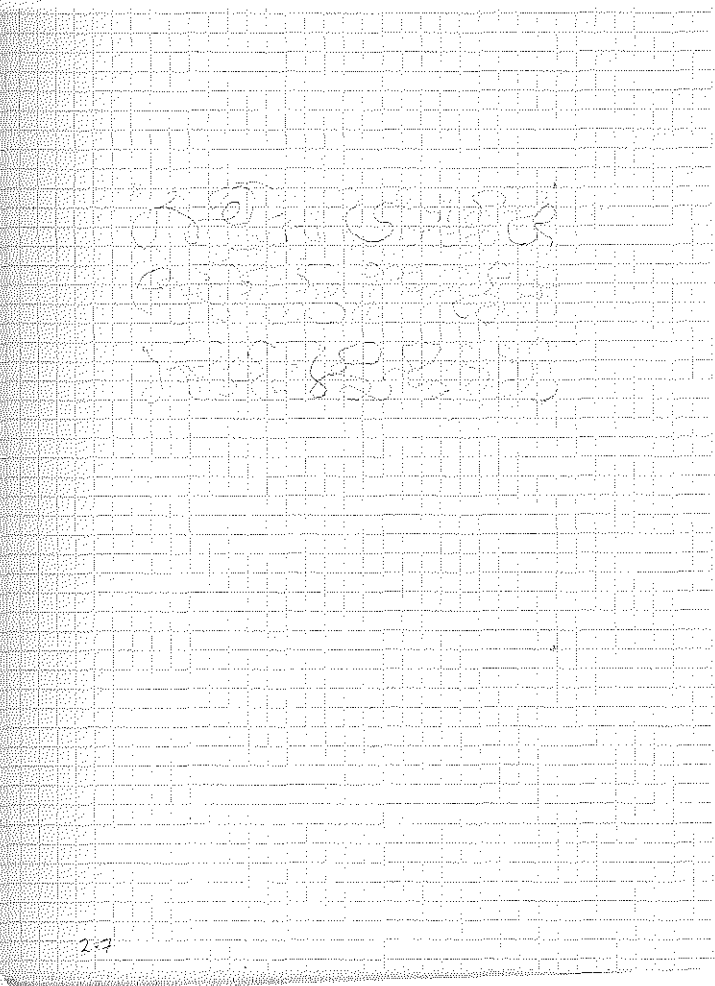
WHILE IMPRESSIVELY HUMBLE in her demeanor, Anni had a degree of politeness that suggested the ranks of true noblesse. Shaking hands with the men at the plant, she smiled graciously and told them that she admired what they did. “Craft people,” Anni complained to me in an aside, suffered from their inability to use machines; again she reiterated

her favorite point that they should simply look at what they were wearing to understand the value of mechanization.

Watching the first few prints roll off the press, which was usually used to fire off brochures by the thousand, Anni was riveted—as she had been while the parts were clamped into place and the rollers inked. This was consistent with the passion for preparation and process that she had often voiced to me.

Trial and error—the essence of process—never seemed to frustrate her. By the time of the visit, she had had to redo the handmade pencil part of her print three times before we discovered that these gray units had to be larger than she intended them to be in the final print so that they could be totally trapped, as Anni wished them to be, by the solid design on top. Now, as the first prints began to roll off the press, Anni saw that the gray of the upper half was darker than at the bottom. She insisted that this was her fault; she had done the two parts on separate occasions and had applied too little pressure the second time. As with her work in weaving, certain issues were paramount: the knowledge of materials, the degree of force or laxity, the wish for deliberate balance as a setting for irregularity, and the adjustments required to proceed from the initial concept to an end result that was still completely fresh.

The foreman joined the pressman in discussing the problem of the two different gray tones and Anni’s wish to regulate them. They determined that a press adjustment would enable them to lighten the top gray. Anni was thrilled to use the machine to correct her mistake. She explained to all of us that the printing was as important to her artwork as was her initial design concept. The role of the equipment, she added, had been equally important when she started textile work at age twenty-two. She took comfort in tools that were meticulously fabricated and properly maintained. She respected sheets of paper as she had spools of thread: they did



what they were supposed to do. The materials that performed so well, the Jacquard cards and flexible steel printing plates, were not just dependable, unwavering in their charms, and therefore to be treasured as anchors in the storm of life; they also had souls.

She asked the two men if they had ever heard of an art school called "the Bauhaus." They said they had not. She told them what it had been, and said that this was where she had learned to respect materials and mechanical technique, and that her admiration for, and compliance with them, had been a mainstay of her life ever since.

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WITH THAT SAME PRINT DESIGN, Anni's receptiveness would take her even further. One day I wanted to show her a glossy black and white image of her print. A negative of the same image, equal in size, was on top of it. The pairing was inadvertent; the negative just happened to be there, and it had fallen on Anni's work table so that it landed about half an inch to the left of and on top of the shiny image underneath it.

Anni marveled at the juxtaposition. Could she have a second print that had all these same forms, the marvelous sequence created by the translucent film on top of the opaque image? Only in this case the two rectangular panels should read vertically; they would look much better than if they were stacked as they were in the first print. And now the colors should be brown and black.

And so her alertness to a stage of the process, and her willingness to go in unexpected directions, led to a splendid print that makes people ask if she was influenced by Native American art, and Navajo blankets in particular. Another engaging, mysterious abstraction was born.

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6. Drawing study. Pencil on graph paper from Anni Albers's notebook. 10 x 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. (25.4 x 29.7 cm.)

ACC. NO: 1994.10.207

FOLLOWING JOSEF ALBERS'S DEATH in 1976, Anni had vast obligations as the widow of a world-renowned artist who had left an estate requiring a lot of management; she also became seriously ill herself. But it was not long until, following an extended hospitalization, she began making prints again.

Contrary to all of her doctors' predictions, Anni regained her energy, and when she was in her eighties, she began to attend the Salzburg Festival in Austria in the summers. When she returned to Connecticut, she again used photo-offset technique to make abstract prints, only now the main motif was a four-sided unit, of which she made many variations, that resembled a piece of sheet music flapping in the wind. She gave the series the title *Orchestra*. On some level, she was remembering that first awareness of all the instruments tuning up when she and her sister had attended the Berlin opera over seventy years before; she made the print in black accented in white that distinctly recalled the velvet dresses with their lace trim. Other works in the series suggested, in entirely abstract form, numerous bows all being stroked at the same time. And then came a splendid print which was, again, made from the overlap of a negative over a positive image. All of these works were accentuated by Anni's use of the machinery to apply ink on two separate press runs, making that black as rich as possible and adding varnish to it on the second run through.

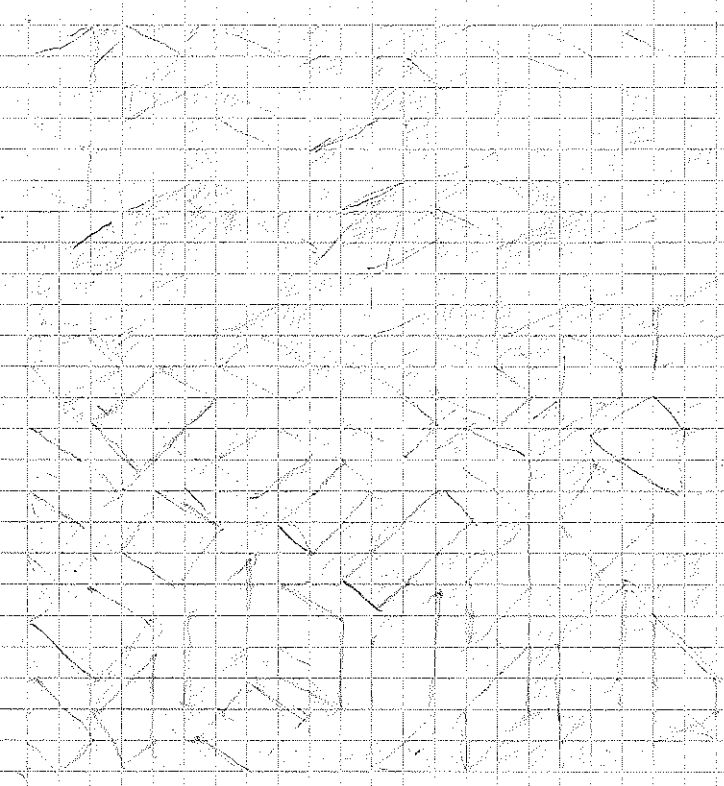
Where would her mind not take her? Anni's hand developed a severe tremor; she could no longer draw easily. Even signing her name was arduous; her fingers were hard to control, her hand muscles weak, and she could not easily navigate her most vital of tools—her own hand—as she wanted. "Utilize it!" she said to herself. And so Anni let the shake determine the lines with which she made two more abstract prints, one very roughly resembling an old-fashioned Connecticut stone wall she often eyed from her bed, another resembling a stack of wood, seen from the side, so that the cut ends were piled up. She had seen this wood pile in the Austrian Alps and found it one of the most beautiful sights imaginable.

Such were the tools and inspirations of her art: strings being tightened on cellos, acid swirling on an etching plate, a commercial printing technique whereby images were easily reversed, the unexpected placement of screens or images on top of one another, the tremor of her hand. Anni Albers had an extraordinary ability to see and create in the most original of ways, and printmaking was her second lease on life, a chance, after years of weaving, to be guided on new travels. Life was an adventure for her, the making of art the most sacred of activities. As this catalogue raisonné shows, and as its accompanying texts point out, etching and lithography and screenprint and photo-offset were taken into unprecedented worlds because of the imagination and discipline of this unique and intrepid artist.

7. Study for an offset print from the *Orchestra* series. Pencil on graph paper from Anni Albers's notebook. 10 x 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. (25.4 x 29.7 cm.)

ACC. NO: 1994.10.206

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