

*Three Burnt Books:*  
*An Unconventional Conservation Narrative*

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*[Volume iv]*

*Degree of Doctor of Philosophy*  
*The Glasgow School of Art*  
*School of Fine Art*

*The Imprint*  
*(or the Book-That-Was)*

*I*

Walking into the Mackintosh is strange. To be permitted to cross the threshold of hoarding and scaffolding when so many cannot – when *I* could not – inspires a cocktail of sensations: anticipation, exhilaration, privilege. Although, it is not *carte blanche* access. I am restricted to an object held within the building.

Stepping over the threshold of the east-wing entrance, I turn left, stomp down some gritty steps, turn right, shuffle up the narrow dark-stained staircase that twists onto a bare landing.

The landing opens onto an assortment of small office spaces temporarily occupied by the Restoration Project team.

I have been given use of a between space: a storage–space–come–print–room–come–antechamber, which I share with a photocopier, a printer, a broken printer, a shredder, a spiral-binding machine, an industrial stapler and most of the filing and organising accoutrements that support these contraptions. The door into the space has

neither knob nor latch nor lock in its empty cavities. The fireplace is blocked, bricked and plastered, and the hearthstone removed, but above (where a fireplace once was) perches a glossy white mantelpiece.

It is sleepy early morning, and the suite of offices is stretching itself awake. From the next room, I hear the metallic scrape–scrape–scrape of a spoon against the ceramic curves of a bowl, then three rapid sneezes followed by a heroic blow of the nose.

I sit amongst the clutter on an ordinary dining chair at an ordinary office table with the open door at my back. The stomping and shuffling on bare stairs and narrow floorboard slats vibrate into my core. The tinkle of mugs, the clearing of a throat, a hummed melody, and now the frooing and clatter of a vacuum cleaner against the hard wooden floor filter up the stairs, across the landing, into my borrowed lair.

To my left is a locked door.

This door marks a threshold. It is a prohibition and a provocation. Painted treacle-toffee brown, eleven circular vent holes course a lackadaisical line above a grid of rectangular leaded windows: five rectangles across, four rectangles down. The glass ripples thick and opaque and is mottled by thumbprint-sized dimples.

The glass fuzzes the faces upon the stream of hard-hatted, high-vised traffic that climbs the staircase. There is a moment when sunlight shafts through the south-facing window and plumes within the dense lens of a pair of

glasses, then funnels onwards through the fat glazing, dazzling me. There is a laboured hoisting of limbs and the scrape of boots on polished concrete. Ragged words spit through heavy inward breaths and outward breaths.

The step of the counter flow is a lighter, quicker downward tumble.

The flow of bodies displaces the air within the shaft of the staircase, and the air pushes against the plane of the door and squeezes through the gap between door and frame, rattling the door on its hinges and its latch.

I feel the presence of the Mackintosh Library pressing against my shoulder. A commanding whisper in my ear:

*I am here.*

A photograph, murmured a rumour, had been taken in the pitch of the Mackintosh Library months after the fire and a little while after the archaeologists had completed their excavation. The library is cast in darkness, but for a dull orange backlight and the bright white circle of torchlight. The torchlight illuminates a ghostly purple rectangle with orange lettering that seems to float over the surface of an upright-standing wooden structure: the remains of a book cabinet side panel.

That object was removed, and now lies upon the table in my little room, shrouded in white.

The bubble-wrap packaging is taped down with hand-torn, casually arranged vanilla strips of masking tape.

Taped on the packaging are: two 'DO NOT PUT ANYTHING ON THIS OBJECT' labels printed in red ink; a pea-green Post-it note with 'KEEP THIS WAY UP' handwritten in pen; an A4 sheet of paper in a plastic sleeve that has a photograph of the object arranged in a generic office setting with its official identifier, 'LIBRARY BOOK SHELF PANEL' and 'VERY FRAGILE PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH', also printed in red.

My fingers are already dirty from pencil graphite and construction dust. Carefully, I peel away the masking tape from the bubble wrap, but as I pull, the adhesive tugs at the bubbles, tearing the fragile plastic, expelling trapped air and leaving round traces upon the sticky side of the tape. Never mind. I pull the wrap away, opening it out as a mattress for the object.

A peppering of charcoal squats in the tissue folds and clings to the curling tape. If I were to pull at the tape that binds the tissue it would tear, so, *in lieu* of a pair of scissors or a blade, I gently rip at the tape and fold back the crisp white tissue to expose a blackened thing.

I am conscious that the panel may be sensitive to the artificial light above; to the chill of the room; to the oils of my skin; to the warmth of my breath; and despite the disembodied voices from behind the staircase door and within the conjoining offices and the clutter of the room and the presence at my left shoulder, suddenly I feel a moment of intimacy with the panel.

I roll vinyl gloves over my hands. They strangle my dexterity. My fingers feel stymied. I become conscious of physical barriers:

Me. Packaging. Panel.

Me. Glove. Panel.

Me. Door. Mackintosh Library.

I test my ability to perceive by touch by lightly placing fingertips on the surface of the panel. The restriction is tolerable.

I feel the uneven surface of the panel, the tiniest abrasives that flatten and give under the gentlest pressure. The lighter my touch, the better I sense the shift of unstable particles. The firmer I press, the better I feel the mass of the object pushing against my own. For a millisecond the panel and I compete for the occupation of space. I forfeit and lift my hand away. Dusty residuals cling to my gloved fingertips. I press index finger against thumb and momentarily enjoy the friction between two scrubby layers of dust clinging to vinyl.

The panel is:

300mm wide at the base and is intact (it is identified as 'the base' by its flat edge and the legible orientation of letters at the centre of the panel).

55mm deep at the base and with negligible variation along its length.

952mm long from base to the library side (as opposed to wall-side, identified by the legible orientation of the

inverted lettering and that the spine of the book would have turned its back to the library).

The wall side is shorter.

The top, severally fire damaged, runs a ragged diagonal from library side to wall side.

The panel is winter-morning grate black, pre-scrubbed casserole-dish black, with hints of my father's circa-1980 casual-suit brown highlighted with baked-bean red.

There is an awareness of an entire library missing from the jagged top edge, either burnt away or swept away.

## *II*

I am an unchallenged curiosity. I amble into the Mackintosh. Down the steps. Up the stairs. I cross the landing to my room and sit in my chair at my table. We are left alone.

## *III*

I had anticipated the smell of bonfires and spongy, rotting wood on unwrapping the panel, but there is no acrid singeing of the nostrils or a tickle at the back of the throat, and I suspect the panel has been lightly conserved since I interviewed the AOC conservators who had spoken of meetings in the Mackintosh and viewings of the panel.

The panel consists of two snugly sandwiched lengths of timber, now the front and the back of the object, which formed the either-sides of a cabinet.

Since this examination space is so congested, rather than turn the object, I manoeuvre myself in my chair to what remains of the top end of the panel. The timber has bloated into cubed char. The volume of charred timber is greater while its mass is less than that of unburnt timber. It has a brittle, fibrous, aerated texture, not dissimilar to lava stone, and has similar hoary tones. The charring swells into rounded hillocks. A char hillock is separated from another char hillock by a dry fissure that takes severe ninety-degree redirections. Some fissures are deep and wide, while others are no more than gentle wrinkles. In places, the surface cubing has rubbed away or burnt away from the denser, less damaged under-layers, revealing the shimmering woodgrain, exposing a rare screw head and half of its shaft.

At its most damaged, the timber has split. The split runs through a vacant nail-hole. The fire has nibbled at the circumference of the hole. I wonder whether it was the fire that caused the splitting wood or whether this was an earlier harm, an injury caused by the tearing of the nail through the fibres of the wood during construction. It seems it may be that the fire took advantage of the split, chewing down its length, spitting out the nail.

Chiselled into both sides of the panel are slim welts that run parallel up the length of it, with a deeper channel embedded at their centres. These channels would have had fixed strips of metal, tracks that would have supported the cabinet shelving.



These tracks are gone. Twisted away in the inferno or maybe pulled away later for safety. The oxidisation of the metal has left a trail of russet crumbs along the furrow. Vacant screw holes evidence how the tracks would have been fastened into the timber.

Burning is most prominent at the edge that would have been closest to the wall. This edge would have been fastened to a frame or batons pegged into brick.

I return to my original seating position with the open door at my back and the locked door to my left and look across from the wall side and the panel's backbone towards the library side.

Two additional lengths of thin wood, 12mm wide and 35mm deep, run either side of the plank-sandwich. A shallow groove has been cut into the side nailed against the planks and would have faced into the wall. Midway, sitting within the groove, I can see the remnants of felted wool. Felt is an excellent insulant of sound and impact and would have been beneficial in reducing wear and tear caused by the constant opening and closing of the book cabinets. Wool smoulders rather than ignites when burnt. The exposed surface of the fibre is blackened, but the burns are superficial on the whole. Even where the wood is entirely burned away, whiskers of felt fibres remain.

A reinforcing length of timber is nailed into the backbone. It is 30mm deep and 30mm wide. As in the case of the panel, its overall length has been radically reduced by

flame. It is nailed in with square-cut nails whose heads are visible and rusty from oxidisation.

I move my chair for a third time, towards the base of the panel.

The archaeologists and conservers had marvelled at the intactness of the library floor. That intactness is evidenced by the integrity of the base of the panel which is untouched by fire. Underneath the foot are nail-holes, slim and oblong. I try to make sense of the direction of impact. I shine a light into each hole to see whether it was the shaft of the nail that was oblong or whether the hammer blow was at a diagonal. I peer in and observe the cast of the shadow in the channel of the hole. The nails were driven upwards with the confidence of a single blow, but the aim lacks precision. I comprehend that this is not from a deficiency in craftsmanship exactly, but from an acceptance that investing in detail on an unseen area of the panel is inefficient. The force of the driving steel has caused tiny splits in the timber.

I can see a separation between the plank-sandwich which may have occurred long before the fire. Even in construction, there was damage, reinforcing that the opposing forces of creation and destruction are constant companions.

A fine line, 3mm from the base of the panel, divides the varnished from the unvarnished surface, suggesting that the panel stood on a skirt or toe-kick. If the cabinet toe-kick was still intact after the fire – which is likely since the

floor was discovered mostly intact – it explains how this panel could have been found standing upright.

I stand and tenderly, tenderly lift the panel away from its mattress of tissue and bubbles. Supporting it in my rotating arms, I gradually, gradually turn the object 180 degrees. The cubing on the panel's underneath stops abruptly. This was undoubtedly the demarcation of a shelf jamming horizontally into the panel. The vanished shelf outlines the point where fire could burn and could not burn. The burning mezzanine and furniture store had crashed to the floor, blanketing the lower levels. The fire, suffocated and soaked, would have died here.

Gently, I reverse the rotation of my arms and lay the panel down on its dusty white bed.

It may be possible to distinguish and categorise areas of the panel through the depth and severity of material changes caused by the fire: the base is untouched, just a little soiled; what remains of the top section is heavily cubed with char falling away to expose relatively lighter-damaged surfaces; between is a middle section that now draws my attention.

The dark coating has reacted to heat, blistering away from the surface. The *craquelure* effect runs from a sickly brown to a slick black. At the intersection between the shelf and the cabinet, there is a horizontal strip of some kind of coating, wax or varnish perhaps, that has the appearance of raised pockmarks. Otherwise, the molten coating seems to have poured down the cabinet like volcanic lava. Now

cooled and solidified but irredeemably transfigured, it has become a diseased lichen squatting on the surface.

My gloved fingernail taps the panel: the base makes a dull, dense, low-pitched thud; the mid-section – upon which sits the imprinted, *craquelure* section – makes a similar thud, but with a subtle key change, a slightly higher pitch, a slightly lower volume. The vibrations feel different. The taps are absorbed into the timber rather than pushing against me as they did at the base. Where the char is silver running through black, my delicate pecking produces the squeals of finely milled grit. I desist. I do not care to dislodge a cube of char or even a flake of ash.

The Mackintosh Library has had some modernisations over the last century, but the Restoration Team assure me that this panel is an original piece of Mackintosh furniture. The panel was found in its original position upon the east wall of the library. There have been no alterations to the cabinets in that section (except where the librarian's office was built in the south-east corner) since C.R. Mackintosh completed the library for the west-wing extension in 1909.

This piece of a cabinet is fortunate to have survived the fire, then the excavation, and then the dismantling of the lining of the library. Liz Davidson confirmed that it was her colleague, Sarah MacKinnon, that made the discovery, or at least realised that it was a significant find.

MacKinnon explained that when she had started in her role as MRP Project Manager:

‘[I]here were still remnants of the bottoms of some of the bookcases. While the remaining books and things had been taken away, these vertical bits of bookshelf were sticking up and I remember thinking – because [the imprint] was brighter then as well, so there was much more life and colour to it – I remember looking at that and thinking that it was an extraordinary thing and we needed to look after it.’<sup>21</sup>

I asked whether she had been the first to see it.

‘No, I’m sure other people had noticed it.’<sup>22</sup>

But, they had never ... I started.

‘I don’t think it had dawned on anybody that it was something particularly important.’<sup>23</sup>

Why had she felt it was important?

‘Because ... I suppose because it was the only thing in that room that made you realise that it had been a library.’<sup>24</sup>

#### *IV*

I have described the top of the panel, its middle and its base; I have written about the back and the front; and the wall-side and the library-side. Each orientation derives from a single feature: the imprint.

The cover of a book has pressed into the heart of the panel, and the panel has captured the likeness of the pressing as a mirror image.

However, the book is gone. It is no more. What remains is a ghost.

The imprint is 235mm high and 155mm wide and is ideally positioned between the shelving support furrows and the missing shelves above and below. The demarcating shelf lines are sharp despite the weeping *craquelure* of the varnish.

Bringing my face close to the panel, I survey its plane, taking care to avoid physical contact. However, on an out-breath, ash is seized by and carried away on the current of the expiration.

The weft and warp of the binding cloth can be perceived as a cross-hatching effect. Coming up for air, I breathe in, hold it, and stoop down again. My naked eye cannot distinguish any undulation across the surface of the image to ascertain whether the image is a genuine imprint of texture or a direct transfer of dyes.

I lightly press a vinyled finger against the image, moving across the cheerful letters, tracing their immaculately inverted forms.

**R. Caldecott's  
Picture  
Book N°2**

Three lines:

*R. Caldecott's Picture Book N°2.*

The hand lettering evokes the *fin de siècle* nursery. An age of innocence. They are pressed rust-red into a boiling

glaze. I speculate whether this vibrant shade happened because of an oxidation process since the russet hue is a match for the rusting of the screws and nails embedded in the panel, or whether it is a direct transfer of the printer's ink dyes.

There is a sense of an impression. The letters of the original book would have been pressed into the corpus of the object, yet that same effect is replicated upon the panel as if the letters were pressed into the timber, which to me seems nonsensical.

There are bright blurs of other forms: a human figure; a curling French horn or perhaps a hunting horn; suggestions of stylised foliage. I trace the fine black outline of a circle (a ball, perhaps, or a bauble) and the vanishing san serif script:

2002  
-01

Where I could not see a difference in depth between lettering and plain surface, I can feel that the black lines are gauged deeper than the amber. The first printing would have been a light pressing of sections of orange ink then an overprint would have produced the defining black outlines.

The pale fringing at the top edge recalls the remnants clinging to the tacky side of sticky tape ripped away from an unstable surface. If the varnish was the *tape* and the binding cloth was the *surface* in this scenario, that may

suggest that the fibres or dyes of blonde buckram transferred onto the hot varnish.

The black freckling of mould growth at the edge of the pale fringe suggests a snug gap between timber and book. Water may have seeped in between and created the perfect habitat for colonisation.

A smattering of feathery fibres can be seen on the outside periphery of the imprint. I tickle them with the point of my pencil. I am put in mind of the splatter of a road-kill carcass.

The conservators had offered their own hypothesis to how the imprint may have occurred. Gretel Evans from AOC proposed that the environmental conditions of dampness and compression under fire debris for many months created the effect. Evans compared the process to the transfer of print from a wet magazine:

‘I have definitely seen [a similar effect], probably reading something in the bath and it’s got wet and then you put it somewhere and you’re like, “Oh, damn, it’s gone all over that,” [B]ecause it looks literally like some kind of plastic covering, or something like that, was sitting on the surface of the wood, like a distinct layer, so it was almost like something that has come off the cover and transferred.’<sup>v</sup>

Emma Dadson from Harwell concurred that the effect was most likely caused by the damp:

‘[That effect] wouldn’t happen if that item was dry, you wouldn’t expect there to be that sort of impression left. The transfer has happened because there has been a thin



film of water that's been sat there [...] Then the pigment has kind of transferred from the volume onto the wood, but honestly, I've never seen anything quite like that before ...<sup>vi</sup>

The book was squeezed tight against the side of the cabinet, nuzzled perfectly between the rungs of the shelf tracks. As the temperatures began to rise, the coating melted and in its hot plastic state acquired the likeness of the book. After the fire had been put out, the goo solidified with the book's characteristics pressed into it. In the weeks and months of abandonment, oxygen and water and organisms began to decompose *R. Caldecott's Picture Book N°2*.

The evidence intimates that in 2014, the cloth binding was either exposed or protected in a transparent plastic film, but if the book had had a paper dust jacket, that had been shed long ago. Beneath the imprint, caught like wings on flypaper, is the remnants of a second book. If *R. Caldecott's Picture Book N°2* had still had its jacket on, this and not the impression might be the trace that remained.

What remained of the original book may have been a putrifying sludge by the time it was excavated in the autumn and early winter of 2014. Four scratches claw across the surface where the second book had been pressed – but not *impressed* – against the panel.

The archaeologist removed stacks of bonded books from the library that the conservators would then process. Gretel Evans described the phenomenon:

‘[The books] were stuck together. A lot of [the cause] would’ve been the water and sitting there for however-many-months as well and things not really drying out, just getting squished into each other.’

Perhaps the archaeologists prioritised a section of potentially salvageable books over an unrestorable piece of book cabinet. As the lumpen mass was prised away from char, fibres were torn and characteristics transferred.

## V

With the library consumed, a deep silence fell. The book unravelled and memory lingered in the residue.

The atomic shadow falls upon the ground or against a wall like any other shadow. It is the absenteeism of the shadow-caster that renders the darkening of the brick uncanny. In children’s literature, an autonomous shadow may indicate its originator as extraordinary, as Peter Pan is, or may represent the unconscious drive that overpowers the conscious aspect, such as Hans Christian Anderson’s *Shadow*.

Peter Pan is the boy that will never grow up. A lost boy. A dead boy. One evening as he observes the Darling children, Peter is separated from his shadow. The following night, he returns to retrieve it from a drawer. Peter’s attempt at reuniting shadow and person with soap is in vain. Fortunately, Wendy’s sewing skills make Peter whole again. J. M. Barrie implies that the shadow is made of fabric that can be stitched with needle and thread.

In the Disney animated version of *Peter Pan*, Peter's shadow is as much a free spirit as the boy himself. Moreover, if a dead boy can surpass the vigour of a living child, then it is rational that his shadow, an extension of himself, would also be more-than-alive.

It is Peter's distress at the separation that intimates that the endurance of the shadow severed from the person is dubious. Even the shadows caused by the atomic bombs have faded with time. I wonder at the durability of the imprint for Sarah MacKinnon said that the brightness had already begun to fade since its discovery in the library.

It is a sinister shadow that survives its shadow-caster. In *The Shadow*, Hans Christian Anderson presents a learned, idealistic young man who travels south to experience something of the world. One evening he directs his shadow to investigate the apartment of an intriguing woman. The young man waits expectantly for information, but the shadow does not return. Eventually, the young man leaves for home and resumes his life, although it is a life tainted with disillusionment.

One night, a stranger comes knocking at his door. It is his old shadow, although much fleshed out and better dressed than he had been in the man's service. The shadow has experienced and learned much and has grown into an impressive figure.

The man and shadow continue their acquaintance, but as the years go by, the shadow becomes ever more ambitious while the man's circumstances diminish. The shadow tells

the man he intends to resume his adventures and invites the man to accompany him, *as his shadow*, on condition that he will never reveal to anybody the origin of the relationship. The man reluctantly agrees.

The charm and intelligence of the shadow win him the hand of a far-sighted far-away princess. He realises that the man has become a liability that may expose his impersonation, so promptly arranges for the man's execution.

To be afraid of one's own shadow is to be fearful of everything, meaning that an aspect of the self should cause no harm. However, while it is only in fairy tales that the unconscious manifests as a treacherous persona, the covert unconscious can also play its tricks.

There is something dreadful about shadows, especially for the imaginative child: monsters under the bed; ghosts in the closet. The darkness can conceal potential threats to a child's mortal existence.

The Mackintosh Library fell into darkness after the 2014 fire. Things happened in there: unwitnessed, undocumented things. When the library was eventually reclaimed, it seemed that what had once been matter was also turning to shadow.

I cannot read the jolly, inverted lettering impassively. It is not that the actual comprehension is hard, because the visual system allows the brain to rotate the words and remember that they are mentally rotated; it is that one becomes attentive to the materiality of the letters before

one becomes involved in their meaning. Tangibility supersedes rationality, not unlike in the improbable reality of Wonderland.

As Alice steps through the looking glass into a skewed version of the real world, she reflects upon its strangeness. Things do not behave as they should.

The ability to pass through the silvered glass as easily as plunging through the surface of a lake is absurd. The reflected world should be an illusion of duplication and depth. It is an echo of the moment, not a spectral arrestment as the imprint is.

## VI

Liz Davidson said that *R. Caldecott's Picture Book N°2*, 'Was kept [in the library collection] for its cover rather than for its contents really and I asked Alison [Stevenson] about it 'cause I said, "Why do we have a book on nursery rhymes in the library?" and she said, "Oh, it was because of its binding and the graphic work.'"<sup>vii</sup>

## VII

I believe a book is more than the ideology of the author, more than the materiality of the maker. Once off the printing press, each book is an individual, and once a *book* is gone, it is gone for good. However, books have siblings: same materials, same printing press, same print run, same printer. Therefore, to understand the imprint better, I seek out a sister. I find another *R. Caldecott's Picture Book N°2*.

This book was never squeezed into a Mackintosh cabinet, was never in an inferno, was never abandoned in a stagnant stew of dampness and dust and mould and maggots.

This book is 236mm high, 209mm wide and 14mm deep. A slim book. It has a ragged, pale dust jacket, torn at the spine's neck, at the foot of the spine and the corners. I remove the jacket to get a better look at the binding cloth. It is bound in a blondish taupe buckram, stretched and gummed tight over the cover board.

I paw at this object more aggressively than I ever handled the panel. Dragging my fingers across the surface, pulling them into a soft fist, the friction draws a deep, dull growl.

Black lines give definition to blocks of orange. The press of colour has forced a slight indentation. The black overprint has scored shallow lines and dry beds over and deeper than the orange. On the lower right-hand corner is the name of the publisher: 'FREDERICK WARNE & Co. LTD' printed in black on a band of orange. I trace upwards to the hand-lettered words that tell me the titles of rhymes within the short anthology: 'The Farmer's Boy', 'SING-A-SONG for SIXPENCE', 'The 3 Jovial Huntsmen', 'The Queen of Hearts'.

A bucolic scene spans the book cover. In the foreground, a queen, dressed in a bright heart-strewn, ermine-trimmed gown and a bareheaded lad in a countryman's smock stand arm-in-arm with their backs to me. The three of us are spectating a trio of eager riders, dressed for the hunt. Their

fat horses leap over a shallow brook and gallop out beyond the confines of the cover in search of quarry. Shy flowers are scattered about the lady and her companion's feet. Two trees stand in the middle ground, sentries to the high-towered citadel beyond. Above the city walls peeks a palace, or perhaps a cathedral. Away in the distance, an undulation of bare hills.

A sixpence hangs from a branch in blossom in the manner of a Christmas bauble. Upon the branch is pegged a freshly washed sheet, and upon the linen is drawn,

*R. Caldecott's*  
***Picture***  
***Book N°2***

The tree is thick with blackbirds. While some dark shapes fluff their feathers and flutter their wings, others perch upon the washing line, breasts swollen and beaks wide in soaring chorus.

*VIII*

2018 has been a hot summer.

Take-away Styrofoam containers, trampled cans, plastic bags and bottles – the residual aggregate of street life – burrow into the smashed surface of Sauchiehall.

I stand on the corner of Douglas Street and look across and over the clutter of Sauchiehall Street. I look up the

slope of Dalhousie Street. Netted barriers zigzag across the slope, braced for a catch. A buttress constructed of a dense network of galvanised pipes leans into the east gable of the Mackintosh Building.

The highest windows are filled with blue sky. The roof, the ceilings, the floors, have all crashed down to the basement and now spill out of the lowest windows.

My antechamber is here somewhere, twisted, broken. The steps and the staircase, lost. The locked door, gone. The whispering library, silent once more.

Yet –

I look upon the east gable. In my mind, I map the office suite as it was. I trace the lines of the stairs and the landing, both doors, the chair, the table, the closed-up fireplace, photocopier, broken photocopier and as much of the composites that constructed the ecology of the space as I can remember. I am there and I write it down. I draw out its ghost. I burn its shadow upon the page.

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<sup>i</sup> MacKinnon, Sarah (2017). 'Interview Transcript: Sarah MacKinnon', vol. 1 of this thesis, p. 172.

<sup>ii</sup> MacKinnon, Sarah (2017). 'Interview Transcript: Sarah MacKinnon', vol. 1 of this thesis, p. 172.

<sup>iii</sup> MacKinnon, Sarah (2017). 'Interview Transcript: Sarah MacKinnon', vol. 1 of this thesis, p. 172.

<sup>iv</sup> MacKinnon, Sarah (2017). 'Interview Transcript: Sarah MacKinnon', vol. 1 of this thesis, p. 172.

<sup>v</sup> Evans, Gretel (2017). 'Interview Transcript: Gretel Evans', vol. 1 of this thesis, p. 320.

<sup>vi</sup> Dadson, Emma (2017). 'Interview Transcript: Emma Dadson', vol. 1 of this thesis, p. 246.

<sup>vii</sup> Davidson, Liz (2017). 'Interview Transcript: Liz Davidson', vol. 1 of this thesis, p. 289.





**Plate 4.1** The imprint of *Caldecott's Picture Book N°2* (credit: Ruudu Ulas)





**Plate 4.2** Detail of the imprint of *Caldecott's Picture Book N°2* (credit: Ruudu Ulas)





**Plate 4.3** Detail of the imprint of *Caldecott's Picture Book N°2* (credit: Ruudu Ulas)



**Plate 4.4** Detail of the imprint of *Caldecott's Picture Book N°2* (credit: Ruudu Ulas)



**Plate 4.5** Detail of the book cabinet side panel (credit: Ruudu Ulas)



**Plate 4.6** Detail of the book cabinet side panel (credit: Ruudu Ulas)





**Plate 4.7** Detail of the book cabinet side panel (credit: Ruudu Ulas)



**Plate 4.8** Detail of the book cabinet side panel (credit: Ruudu Ulas)