

**‘Don’t Believe the Papers’:
Tales of Everyday Life Interpreted and Told through
Narrative Illustration Practice**

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Abstract

‘Don’t believe the papers’:

Tales of everyday life interpreted and told through narrative illustration practice.

This practice-based thesis presents illustration practice as a transferable research tool to interpret and describe socio-cultural narratives both past and present. Rather than the grand narratives, the histories of interest are the anecdotal and informal stories that belie the experience of the everyday.

As an illustrator-researcher I am positioned in the role of involved witness; a subjective researcher, interpreter and raconteur. Auto ethnographic delivery is used to contextualise the research interests leading toward the identification and interpretation of the central case study; the Holloway prison diary and life writings of the Croydon Suffragette Katie Gliddon, held by The Women’s Library, L.S.E.

Narrative illustration practice, both written and visual is used to present a story world of interrelated sociocultural narratives describing what is known of the past and how this resonates with concerns of the moment. Here illustration practice is defined as a holistic process including a series of strategic research methods, creative outcomes and dissemination to various audiences. The thesis also addresses how stories that are continually developing might be tangibly recorded in such way that also allows them to remain lively. Furthermore, it is argued that illustration practice due to the qualities of the discipline, such as the explicit intentions to communicate and engage, provides an appropriate tool through which to interpret and describe human relations and their social contexts.

This PhD consists of a fully illustrated written thesis and a body of creative practical outcomes. These include physical print based illustrative artworks and an online component.

The thesis intends to function as a visual communication artwork, an interpretation of Katie Gliddon's memoirs, a research study for future social researchers and a contribution of new knowledge to the field of illustration research. The intention is to define a transferable signature creative practice employing the defined methodology to work with archives, heritage centres and communities. The research includes various participatory workshops which are discussed in relation to testing the transferability of the methods used.

Prelims

This illustration practice-based PhD was produced between 2016 and 2020 at Kingston School of Art under the supervision of Geoffrey Grandfield and Fran Lloyd. The research was funded by the Arts and Humanities Research Council through the London Doctorial Design Centre (LDoc).

Theme

PhD inquiry explores how illustration practice, as an immersive and empathic communication arts discipline, can be applied as a tool to interpret and describe socio-cultural histories both past and present.

Research Questions

- How can illustration be used to make informal quotidian histories physically present?
- How can illustration strategies be used to examine, interpret and share sociocultural narratives?
- How can illustrative outcomes contribute to socio-cultural documentation?

Research Aims

- To establish the use of illustration as a transferable research tool through identifying discipline specific interpretative practices, such as, creative interpretation, communication, storytelling through text and image, participatory practice, collaboration, exhibition etc.
- To contribute to the understanding of how illustration can be utilised to document and extend historical knowledge.
- To develop a model of engagement and participatory illustration practice to collect socio-cultural narratives.

Case Study

A 20th century archival collection is used to test the hypothesis: the papers of Kate Gliddon, held by the Women's Library, London. The collection contains the prison diary and life writings of the Croydon suffragette who was imprisoned at Holloway goal in 1912 for taking part in the mass glass smashing campaign. While detained she penned a record in the margins of a compendium of poetry by Percy Bysshe Shelley and on her release continued to develop her testimony. Illustration practices are used to explore the themes and stories emerging from this historical narrative. These investigations are then used to engage contemporary audiences through public exhibitions and engagement activities. The phrase 'Don't believe the papers' is taken from a letter Gliddon wrote to her sister while detained in Holloway to warn that the news was being misreported. It is used here as a title as reference to the changing nature of stories and a reminder that what is recorded is seldom the version of events understood by all.

Site

The research project is location specific as the subject emerges from people's stories and the environments they inhabit. The settings for this research and the primary site of interest is the London Borough of Croydon, specifically the Whitgift Shopping Centre and the Museum of Croydon. This research also recognises the archive as a site inhabited by narratives. The Bishopsgate Institute and the Croydon Borough Archives have both greatly informed and provided a context for the thesis.

Audiences

This thesis is intended for several audiences. They include:

- The illustration research community and other professional illustrators for the model of illustration practice presented.
- Archivists, librarians and heritage sector professionals, for the treatment of archival research and public engagement.
- Communities local to the sites of interest, as well as the wider public interested in heritage and memory studies through engaging with the thesis as an illustrative artwork and/or engagement activities.
- Future social researchers investigating subjects and themes addressed within the case study.

Methods

There is no one chapter solely dedicated to explicitly describing the methodology used in this inquiry. My working process is detailed at length to support the arguments posed in Chapter 3, Illustration as Research Method, with further discussion and analysis of methods dispersed throughout the document. Just as the subject emerges so too does the methodology, adapting ad hoc to suit the concerns at hand. These developments are then detailed at appropriate points as part of the unfolding narrative. The written component is not merely a contextualising framework but forms part of the overall realisation, demonstrating the processes; dialogic, narrative, autoethnographic, as well as providing the rationales for their use.

Narrative Illustration

The model of illustration presented here is not concerned with the creation of images that offer literal representation of the themes and narratives explored. Here 'illustration' provides the tool with which the inquiry is made; a holistic process in which a series of strategic research methods are used to conduct and represent an

investigation. The creation of pictorial images is certainly prominent within this process but doesn't encompass entirely what is here referred to as 'illustration'. Neither should the making of these artefacts be considered the 'result' or 'end point' of the project.

Visual creative responses have been made throughout the inquiry. They have led it forward, performing at once as a method of interpretation, sense making and the means through which knowledge can be presented to engage others. The visual outcomes are multiple; mostly print based, collage and mixed media. No greater importance is placed on one over another. Made in series although not always presented as such, the images are revelatory of particular points in the research journey; of interpretations and understandings at specific moments. As individual images they are able to stand alone as fragmentary details of a wider project. They are, however, intended to perform as a body of work within which various written texts and constructed images come together to describe a series of interwoven stories. The narratives are non-linear, formed through associations created through clusters and groups. This mode of presentation reflects the subject matter; the evolution of anecdotal narratives and reoccurring thematic concerns across different historical times. This thesis in its entirety should be understood as a work of illustration.

While the research methodology applied in this inquiry is integral to my work as an illustrator, I do not intend to assert an ideal precedent or make claims for all practices. This thesis does however argue the same rigour and depth of consideration is present in illustration but remains under recognised due to a current lack of formal analysis within the discipline. These arguments as well as greater detail of my own practice and positioning as an illustrator are elaborated in Chapter 2.

Becoming

While a Suffragette narrative dominates the central case study it does not define the research subject. Rather, the subject develops throughout the inquiry. This thesis is the story of an investigation and the discoveries that were made. As the narrative develops so too does the subject. The thesis opens with a contextualising mise-en-scene introducing the impetus for embarking on the PhD; a fascination with stories of lives lived, unfixed and ongoing and their legacy within the sites of experience. Stories I know about the people and places I know. Truth and fact are secondary to imagination and wonder. Never was this research project intended to result in the creative retelling of a Suffragette's story, compelling though it is. This thesis tells of how through the creative interpretation of a Suffragette's story my own biography emerged too as a subject of the inquiry, responsive, affected and entwined within a narrative phenomenon. The relationship and symbiosis recognised between narrative inquiry and illustration are discussed fully in Chapter 3.

The Creative Component

This thesis is constituted of a creative and written component. While they inform and refer to one another they can be encountered independently and still communicate as intended. Both elements within the thesis are presented with integrity to the methods with which they have been produced; the written thesis is a digital document and the illustrations featured are facsimiles. All artworks within the creative component are originals.

The creative component is realised as a body of work simulating the archival deposits that have informed the research as well as being the documentation of an independent narrative inquiry.

The creative component consists of a scrapbook, a diary and handmade publications presented within a bespoke archival box. This is accompanied by a number of paper diorama boxes. The scrapbook contains the various print based and mixed media illustrations and posters made at various stages of the investigation. A copy from the same edition of the anthology of Shelley's poetry Katie Gliddon used to write her prison diary is rebound to include illustrated pages. The handmade publications draws together excerpts of various texts and images. The diorama boxes are made using copies of archival photographs to depict 3D narrative scenes inspired by Gliddon's writing. Further detail and rationale of the visual outcomes is given in Chapter 9.

The Creative Component as affected by Covid-19

The mayhem the pandemic brought also took its toll on this thesis. Previously the creative component had been a solely analogue affair only to be engaged with physically. This had felt appropriate throughout the PhD until touch became illegal and potentially life threatening. From these frightening circumstances emerged a new development. Initially prepared for examination purposes I compiled a digital record of the content I had available. The educational tool Padlet has been used to present disparate images in a continuous scrolling webpage. What revealed itself was another form of record, a scrapbook of sorts, of the creative process outcomes produced.

This document is a new facet of the creative component not previously considered. Unlimited by physical boundaries this component of the thesis can be viewed and shared with the click of a link. The appendix includes photographs of the book artefact, a rebound edition of *The Complete Poetical works of Percy Bysshe Shelley* and the Padlet showcases images of the physical illustration artworks. A more detailed account of how this thesis has been affected by the Covid-19 pandemic is detailed in the Addendum following the conclusion. The Padlet, which I recommend viewing after reading this thesis, can be accessed via this URL

<https://padlet.com/k1652337/g06kxkxm5gngmyn6>

Author

This thesis is delivered entirely from a first person perspective. All that is written should be understood as recounted by me. An autoethnographic tone is used both as an analytical interpretative device and to consolidate this work as an act of self-historicisation. The writing attempts to capture a sense of the oral traditions that have informed so much of this research; the chatter, conversations and anecdotes. I write as I speak, in long discursive sentences with the words of Benjamin in mind;

[...] experience which is passed on from mouth to mouth is the source from which all storytellers have drawn. And amongst those who have written down the tales, it is the great ones whose versions differ least from the speech of the many nameless storytellers (Benjamin 2006, p. 363).

Writing

This thesis presents writing as a form of illustration. The written content serves as an interpretative device as well as a means of representation through narrative delivery. Due to the symbiotic relationship between text and image in illustration, particularly within my own practice, I argue that writing produced by illustrators belongs to a distinctive genre. This argument is detailed in Chapter 3 where illustrative writing is proposed as a Creative Analytical Process (CAP); a new species of both ethnographic and illustration practice that is in, and of itself, a valid and desirable representation of the social (Richardson and St. Pierre, & St. Pierre 2008, p. 477).

Tense

The thesis writing is performative. The tenses used alternate from past to present to illustrate the mobility of these stories across time. Part I opens in the present moment describing the events of the past leading to the point at which we embark on the PhD Inquiry and yet the chronology is not linear. We begin at a time before knowledge of Katie Gliddon but the narration hints at an awareness of what is to come. There are frequent backwards, forwards and even sideways glances that form a story world within which multiple and simultaneous narrative lines co-exist. This mirrors Gliddon's own life writing which flits across time in an attempt to return to the original moments spent within the prison walls but with the clarity of post rationalisation.

References

Reviews of literature feature throughout the thesis as appropriate to the concerns being discussed. References are wide ranging moving between theoretical writings across various disciplines, fictional literature, popular culture and current affairs. The diversity of these references reflects the multifarious ways in which illustration performs in this study. Here illustration is used as the research tool, the means for representation and a communication art able to inhabit several arenas and engage both specialist and general audiences.

Footnotes

Footnotes are used playfully as a creative device to extend narratives digressing from the main body of the text. This use of this formatting is a further illustration of the wider theme of interwoven stories. The content of the footnotes should therefore be understood not as surplus content but as part of the wider research narrative. Many footnotes contain excerpts from my edit of Katie Gliddon's writings. Where appropriate the quote is contextualised with my annotations given in square brackets.

Illustrations

The images featured in the written thesis serve as visual aids to support the content of the writing. Many are reproductions of artworks created as part of the research and are used to elucidate ideas or give example to descriptions of process. These same images are also to be found in their original form in the creative component where they perform as documents in their own right serving to constitute the thesis. Other images featuring in the written document include family photographs and photographs taken by myself throughout the research. Some images have been shared or found on social media in recognition of these platforms as sites for propagating personal stories. All images are credited where possible.

Transferability

Creative workshops and public exhibitions have been held thorough the research to gather feedback and test the transferability of the method. The artworks produced by participants during workshops do not inform the thesis but are featured along with consent forms in the appendix. Workshop activities are detailed in Chapter 8.

An Expanded Practice

This thesis focuses on a specific case study to test and assert the arguments made; the interpretation of the prison diary and subsequent life writings of the Croydon Suffragette Katie Gliddon. However, many projects

and activities ran in tandem during the research period serving to inform its progression through providing opportunity to trial ideas and tentatively voice hypotheses, both creative and theoretical. When appropriate these activities are referenced in the writing, but many do not feature explicitly and should be acknowledged as integral to the realising of this research. They include creative illustration projects, conversations, interviews and various formal academic presentations. A summary of these activities with images, as appropriate, is provided in the appendix.

Manifesto

Chapter 2 features extracts of *The Manifesto for Illustration Pedagogy* (2018) interwoven within the text to further support and highlight the arguments made. The manifesto, co-authored with Rachel Gannon, was first published in 2018 in *The Journal of Illustration*, 5 (2), following a presentation made in the same year at the Icon 10 illustration Conference in Detroit, MI. The manifesto was then further developed for the academic text; *Illustration Research Methods* (2021), co-authored at the same time as conducting this doctoral research. While all are distinctly different bodies of work, the manifesto, book project and PhD have been mutually influential and fundamentally call for an acknowledgement of the varied capabilities of illustration and the distinctive methods through which it can perform. This argument is described fully in Chapter 2. The complete manifesto and accompanying introduction as published by the Journal of Illustration can be found in the appendix.

Thesis Structure

The written component of the thesis is presented in three parts. Each part comprises individual chapters building upon one another to construct a narrative describing the research development while also providing the arguments and rationales necessary to defend the premise of the inquiry. Broadly the structure describes the trajectory towards identifying the major case study (part I); the encounter with the archival collection (part II) and the ensuing interpretations of those findings (part III). A summary describing the overview of each part and the chapters within is detailed below.

Part I: Mise-en-Scene

The premise and motivation for the research leading to identifying the case study is introduced. The tone of delivery is set; descriptive, autoethnographic narration with an integrated literature review and methodology.

Ch.1 An Introduction

Research interests are oriented through analysis of key themes; personal biography, local history and anecdotal 'everyday' narratives. My creative practice is contextualised with insight into previous projects and broader methodology and aligned with publishing practices and popular street literature.

Ch.2 Illustration; the problems of attributing a name

Discussions surrounding critical debates about contemporary illustration practice. A working definition of illustration is established in order to position my own practice and methods.

Ch.3 Illustration as Research Method

Qualitative research literature is reviewed in relation to illustration interpretative practices.

Methods used in this research project are examined and discussed with reference to non-representational ethnography and narrative inquiry.

Part II: The Encounter

The major case study is introduced with an overview of the events leading towards identifying the writings of Katie Gliddon as a subject for inquiry. The archival research methods are detailed with description of the findings that will form the basis for creative and critical interpretation.

Ch.4 On how I came to meet Katie Gliddon

This presents an overview of the research period at The Women's Library. The process of engagement with the archival materials is described with alignment with narrative research methods.

Ch.5 Eruptions

A discussion of stories and themes emerging from the Gliddon's manuscripts with a review of feminist writings and narrative research methods.

Part II: Representations

This section describes the period of research post direct engagement with Gliddon's collection at The Women's Library. The transition into visual interpretation is analysed while the overall subject develops through further exploration of the emerging themes of interest. An overview of the Research residences and engagement activities at the Bishopsgate Institute, Turf Projects and The Museum of Croydon is presented.

Ch. 6 Croydon

Description of the period of research conducted at Croydon, including details of two residencies - the first being at Loft, hosted by Turf Projects and the second at the Museum of Croydon. A rationale is given as to the choice of location and its impact on the research narrative through addressing a historical narrative in its contemporary content.

Ch.7 The Bishopsgate

An overview of the research residency at The Bishopsgate Institute in collaboration with interpretations manager Dr Michelle Johansen. Description of findings resulting from using the collections to contextualise Gliddon's account within the wider historical moment.

Ch.8 Parallel Narratives: engagement activities report

Workshops designed and delivered to test the transferability of illustration as a research tool are examined with reflection on participant response and feedback.

Ch. 9 Don't Believe the Papers: creative practice report

Insight into rationale, processes and methods used to produce the creative visual responses that form the creative component of this thesis.

Conclusion

Closing commentary on the significant findings resulting from the PhD research with regards to the research subject; the social narratives that emerged as well as the use of illustration as the instrument of investigation. Potential themes for further research are acknowledged with insights into other literature and perspectives which were identified during the PhD but not fully explored as beyond the remit of this project.

Appendix

The Appendix presents an overview of related projects and activities, including exhibitions and events. These include a sample of creative outcomes produced by workshop participants; participant feedback of the *Croydon Voices* performative event; published writings produced during the PhD and photographs of rebound Shelley book artefact.

Contribution

The contribution to knowledge can be divided into three main components; the contribution to the illustration research community, the contribution as a distinctive and innovative example of illustration practice, and the application of illustration as a transferable research tool.

I entered the research knowing that there was little legacy of formalised research and dedicated critical theory in relationship to illustration practice. The work of my colleagues and peers in the research community have greatly informed this project and given impetus to its realisation. Thus, the contribution is foremost offered to them, our research community, as an example of a practice-based research outcome that comments on the ontology of illustration for the benefit of future researchers, students and the professional practices it may inform.

This thesis addresses illustration as a discipline as part of its subject matter and in doing so contributes a body of literature on illustration. I have identified and considered my own methods against what are here argued to be distinctive qualities, behaviours and strategies of illustration. These Interpretative practices are also critically examined in relation to existing literature, appropriate to the subjects and methods of inquiry, to ensure they are informed, rigorous and valid.

Theory and practice are synthesised throughout. The thesis aims to communicate a compelling narrative, to be enjoyed as a work of illustration as well as serving as a scholarly resource. As an academic monograph it demonstrates how the means and methods appropriate to illustration can and have been used to share knowledge of the discipline, for example, through the use of performative narration, visual artworks, visually informed writing and exhibition.

As an example of an innovative illustration practice, the thesis demonstrates how illustration can be utilised outside of commercial applications where it so often professionally resides. The model presented here is driven and informed by subject matter, not stylistic consistency or art direction.

Here the influence of the illustrator in an authorial role is acknowledged and deliberate in forming the subjects addressed and messages conveyed. More specifically, it is applied as a social research tool, establishing a model of illustration practice performing as a creative interpretative process (CAP) rather than a final outcome. The suitability and aptitude of illustration practices to conduct social research is supported with review of qualitative research literature. The practice demonstrates the argument that illustration, due to its inherent

qualities, is able to make a distinctive contribution to sociocultural knowledge and in the documenting of anecdotal, quotidian histories that might otherwise go unrecorded. The illustrative artworks produced as part of this thesis then contribute to material culture and social documentation to be used for posterity. As a discipline illustration is still primarily associated with ephemeral transient outputs commissioned for commercial or functional use for example, as part of a publication, packaging, advertising etc. Here illustration is produced with the archive and the future in mind.

The thesis also impresses that sophisticated methods are not only present but intrinsic to the realising of an illustration project. The methodology applied to the case study is transferable within my own practice but it can also be used as an adaptable model by others whether illustrators or not, and applied to different subject matters. The ultimate ambition is that the interpretative practices presented within the thesis will be recognised and used by researchers working within the humanities and social sciences. In demonstrating the potential for illustration as a research tool this thesis is also the first major study of the life writings of the Croydon Suffragette Katie Gliddon.

Legacy

Post examination copies of the written thesis accompanied by a diorama box will be donated to the institutes whose collections were used during this research; The Women's Library, L.S.E, The Bishopsgate Institute, The Museum of Croydon and Kingston School of Art as well as copy for the family archive kept under my bed. Here they will live on for future posterity.

People

Many people have informed this thesis, some of those named below are directly referenced, others have lent their support and knowledge.

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Jenny Morgan
Gillian Murphy
Lindsay Ould
Edna Paes
Lina Peterson
Richard Roberts
Amanda Schiff
Louise Szpera
James 'Jim' Walker
Jane Wildgoose
Nicola Wright

Disclaimer

All might not be as it first appears

Facts change

Names, dates and locations are unfixed

I don't always mean what I say

You will have to look for clues

There will be digressions

Nothing is definitive

We will meet again but not as we parted.

Part 1. Mise-en-Scene

Ch1. An Introduction

Before we continue there are some things you should know.

This study did not begin in the Women's Library with a collection of writings penned by a Suffragette. By the time Katie Gliddon stepped fully into frame, I was already a year in. I had been searching for a case study, a term I would not have used before now. Let me rephrase, I was searching for a *story*. A story through which I could begin to examine my practice as an illustrator and pull apart the methods and nuances that underpin what I do and ultimately prove my hunch that it could have value in social research.

This is not normally how it happens.

I don't have to search for stories, I just seem to find myself in them. When I entered into the PhD, I did so with a history of my own and a catalogue of works I thought to be disparate, fragmentary and incomplete, but of course there were patterns and purpose in all of it. There always are.

So, let me set the scene and begin by explaining

I Was Born in Tooting

Introductory conversations about my work and myself tend to begin this way. Before any descriptions of pivotal educational experiences, the awakening of my creative practice or the developments of my research interests, it feels only appropriate to explain *I am the daughter of immigrants and am of this place*. As if by orientating my origins much is explained, without actually being explained.

Tooting is where all the Indians are, my Indians, living in narrow and impeccably clean terraces, streets apart from each other in a way, we joke, that mimics the layout of their ancestral village. My ancestral home; *The Châteaux Fauchon*, is a ground floor maisonette in Balham, where 40 years post immigration my mother still puts old newspapers on the floor to guard against wear.

My father is British, an ex RAF photographer. That crisp crease in my school shirt sleeve was never fully appreciated. Quiet, introverted and slightly otherworldly, he is estranged from the family that formed his original bloodline. I don't probe, perhaps not all stories are to be told. My mother is Indian, Goan, from the smallest of rural villages with a large sprawling family, mostly women, endless talking. *The Tribe*, my father calls them, with the echo of a colonial humour for which only he can be forgiven. He is now so old, after all.¹



¹ Footnote image 1. Unknown photographer, c.1957, 'Bobby Fauchon'.

Having followed nomadic paths neither of my parents have much to evidence their lived before meeting later in life to have a child and settle in South West London. They both have that customary trait that comes from being transient; of chucking out anything surplus to requirement. My understanding of myself, the precursor of my own personal narrative, the histories of my parents, how I came to be in this place at this time, was constructed from stories and 'once a story is told, it ceases to be a story; it becomes a piece of history, an interpretative device' (Steadman, 1986, p. 143).

And as an only child, another formative circumstance, there is no one else to corroborate or dispute anything I remember.

Balham, Gateway to The South

Now well into my third decade I'm just old enough to say; things around here have *really* changed.

The Wholefoods was an Iceland,

the Waitrose was a Safeway.

You can tell a lot about a place by their supermarkets.

Aldi opened last month.

Sainsbury's is eternal.

You couldn't get a cup of coffee round here, and you wouldn't have wanted to, Mum says. Mrs Patel who runs the corner shop is always complaining the new bus has taken all her business away.

My work is about stories, stories of everyday life and everyday concerns. Everyday life has its own particular experience of time and space, its own modes of thought and its own specific use of language. It is always situated and begins with the person living it. And as everyday life is always experienced in relation to the immediate environment, my stories are always inextricably attached to places (Wright 1985, citing Heller 1984). My interests never lie in the bare bones of a landscape, if such a thing exists, but of the folk present and past living within it and amongst one another, and what they have brought to the dirt, brick and grit. The figure of the master storyteller cast by Walter Benjamin (2008) is not a just worldly-wise traveller with stories of exotic places but also one who is rooted within their community, making an honest living and able captivate listeners with their knowledge of local tales and traditions.

I have always been most fascinated by *own* places, where I feel able to say *I am one amongst you, and, this tale is mine as much as it is yours*. But my method can travel, as long as there are, or have been folk there'll be something for me. I am what remains constant wherever I go. A Londoner, that apparently rare bird, a townie, a city dweller. I was born in the peripheries and it is in the peripheries that I feel most at home.

Rows of houses,

Blocks of flats,

Double glazing, honeysuckle and crazy paving.

Residential, familiar, ordinary.

Is this ordinary?

One never knows the goings on behind closed doors.

Especially the doors around here.

I grew up just down the road from Ambleside Avenue, number 32, that infamous *House of Cyn*. If you're from round here and can remember the 1970's, you'll know what I'm talking about. I went there once, across the common, up Bedford Hill, just to stand outside and look².

Just imagine, all those (respectable) men, the vicar, the solicitor(s), the statesmen.

She was still alive then,³ Cynthia Payne, mistress of her manor, who as it turns out, was also a Holloway goal bird. But at that time, I was embroiled in another story, a mystery, in another Balham. Balham 1876, where a



2

Footnote image 2. Fauchon, 2016, photograph of Cynthia Payne's house, Ambleside Avenue.

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Brothel keeper Cynthia Payne dies

15 November 2015

Cynthia Payne, the brothel madam whose life was immortalised in film in the 1960s, has died at the age of 82, her family has said.

Mrs Payne hit the headlines when police raided her home during a sex party involving elderly men in 1978.

She served time in prison after a 1980 trial. At a further trial in 1987, she was cleared of controlling prostitutes at her home in south west London.

Her life was depicted in film in *Personal Services* with Julie Walters.

The book *An English Madam* by Paul Bailey told the story of her life. The 1987 comedy drama *Wish You Were Here* was also loosely based on her story.

Mrs Payne stood for Parliament twice, but failed to win 1% of the vote.

'Big heart'

Family friend Kevin Harkin described her as "a national treasure" and an "extremely colourful archetypal English eccentric".

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3

man died in a house that looks like a castle, and everyone thought his wife did it, poor Florence, but no one really knew, except her. That house is still there, on Bedford Hill. Irregular, odd and older than all others, set back from the pavement, shielded by sycamores. I can just about recall, as a child, seeing women walk that Hill. Where did they all go, I wonder? Perhaps their business was carried away by the buses also.

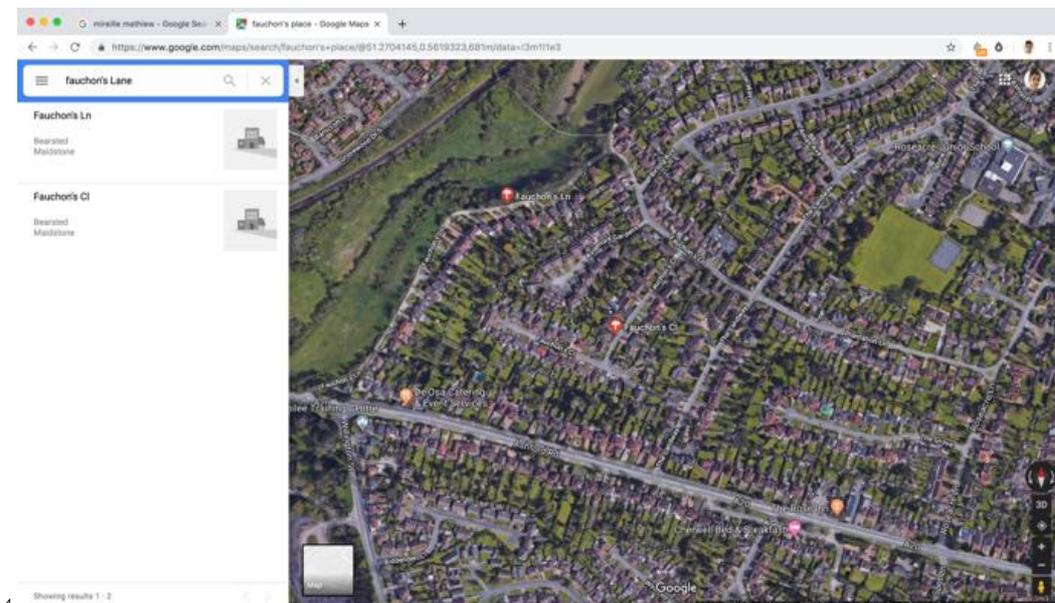
I'm Always Being Asked About This Bloody Name

and how was it acquired by a mixed: White and Asian woman reared in the grey of 1980's Lambeth (not Wandsworth). Mireille Fauchon at odds with *Mireille Fauchon*. Mireille, the fiction. It's a curious thing to feel your title uncomfortable in your own mouth. If anyone comes to know my name before we meet I've come to expect an exclamation of surprise.

Of course, they think I'm going to be French.

Fauchon: Huguenot London, old London by way of Kent⁴, or so I think. Somewhere, around that way, is an Uncle and his sons I never knew. Legend tells the Fauchons were once milliners for the Pope. My dad told me this but how he came to know it, I don't know. He is 79 now and forgetful. I like the story but feel no need to dig deeper.⁵

Footnote image 3. Screenshot by author, 2015, BBC News: 'Brothel keeper Cynthia Payne Dies'.



Footnote image 4. Screenshot by author, 2019, Google map showing Fauchon's Lane, Maidstone.

⁵ I did once, however, search my father's name at the National Archives and discovered that Robert Fauchon is a murderer, but therein lies another story.

My namesake is the French singer Mireille Mathieu⁶. My dad is a massive fan, hers were the only records we had in the house growing up. Beautiful, iconic hair, but she is no Francois Hardy. I met another Mireille, only once, at a wedding. Thin as a pin, with razor sharp cheekbones and the blackest skin. She was French, demure and not in any way interested by the coincidence. Everyone called her *Mimi*. When I was at school everyone called me *MER RAY*.

Asians were thin on the ground at the local Roman Catholic all girls comp. Goans were once Portuguese, the Portuguese are still Christian. The three, including me, were singled out only once in year eight, when the time came to have the routine BCG vaccination. Girls crying in corridors. We three escaped. Despite being from different cultural backgrounds we were all naturally immune to tuberculosis.

As well as grappling with past participles, Hooke's Law and puberty, school was also a place for mythmaking. There are networks of tunnels under Streatham and Tooting, they run between the old asylums so crazed inmates could roam freely without disturbing the sane living in the healthy, hustle and bustle above. I heard this first sat cross legged on the damp concrete of a basketball pitch, awkward in a nylon kilt too tight about the waist.

That adolescent wisdom, which came by word of mouth from older siblings, had been left in the nineties, along with friendship bracelets and CK One, only to resurface when I was grown and sat in an archive reading a sad tale about a woman who lived in a house, that looks like a castle, which was said to have been built on the site of a C13th Priory, beneath which there is also a tunnel.



⁶ Footnote image 5. Found photocopied image, unknown origin, Mireille Mathieu.

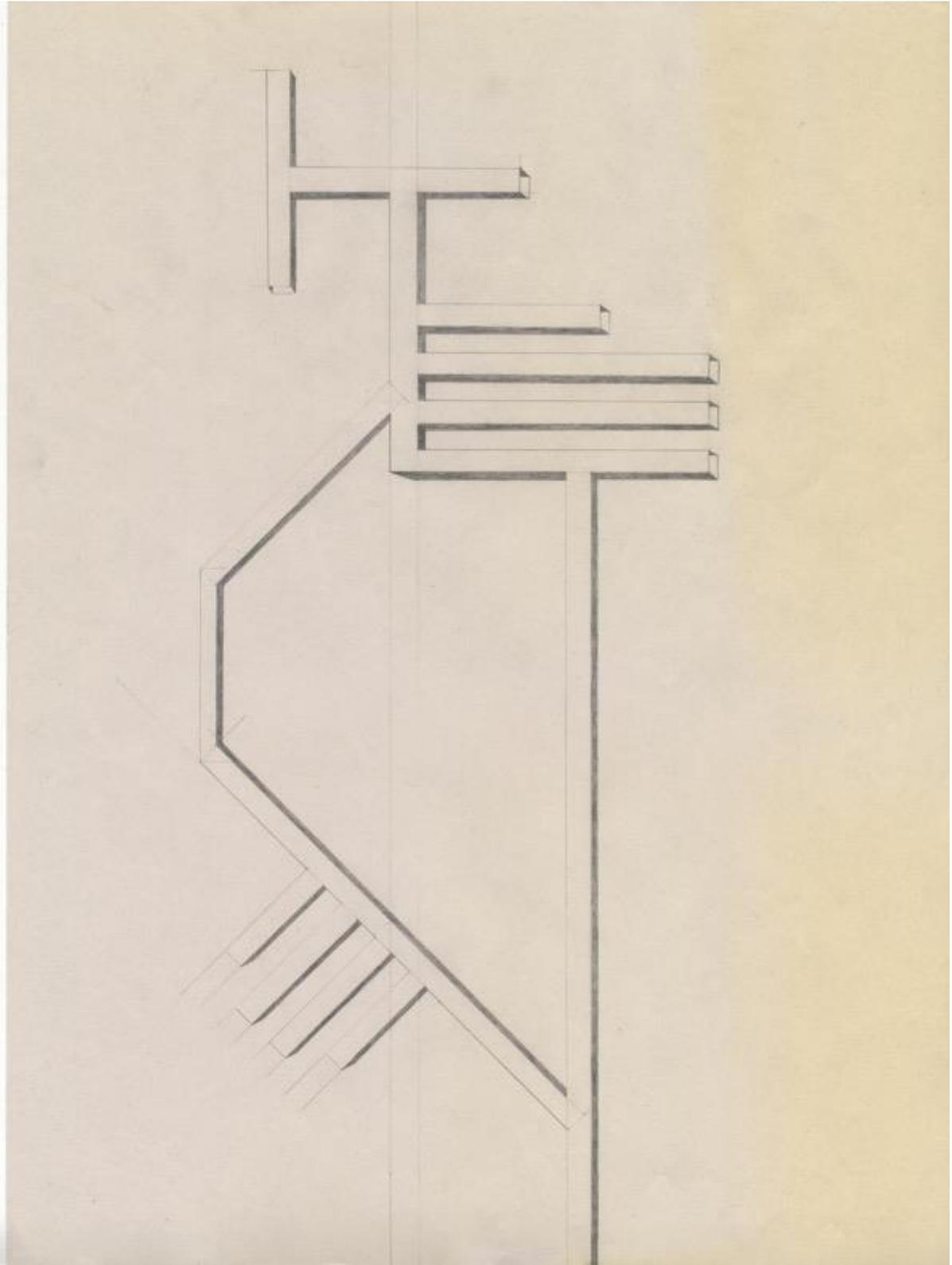


Image 1. Fauchon, 2016, 'The Priory Tunnels', drawing on paper.

This Is Not True

Well, not entirely, as I would later discover while confronted by a bricked-up archway in a crypt deep below the Streatham traffic. There was, however, something within that teenage fantasy that spoke a knowledge of a subterranean past easily dulled. 'If the subject of history is the record and residues of the past, then legendary history is a legitimate a field of inquiry...' wrote Raphael Samuels in *Theatres of Memory* (1994). School girls are indeed trusty memory keepers. Even when working without awareness or intention and the facts that are recalled are not quite as is, or as was, a duty has still been done. And besides, I was never a stickler for logic. I am not a formal historian. Or a historian at all. I'm an illustrator, a storyteller and my preferred realms are those of popular memory and unofficial knowledge (Samuels, 1994);

the gossip shared while sipping steaming cups of tea,
the chit chat over the garden fence,
the *well...you'll never guess what?*
and *the did you hear what happened?*

Mine are the stories we tell each other to make sense in the most immediate here and now, of what happened today, yesterday and the day before immemorial. I can be captivated by a crack in a wall as long as you spin a good yarn of how it got there, and I will almost certainly not fact check you.

Discussing 'everyday historical consciousness', Patrick Wright (1985) refers to Agnes Heller's analysis that everyday life has its own forms of historical consciousness (Wright, 1985, citing Heller, 1984). Rather than being concerned with establishing 'the way it really was', historical conscious is the consciousness of historicity. Here Heller equates historicity as referring to fundamental existential questions such as; 'where have we come from', 'what are we' and 'where are we going'. These ruminations are the concerns of everyday life and thus govern everyday historical consciousness. 'In everyday life we are all historians' (Wright 1985, p. 15, citing Heller, 1984) but not in the formal academic sense but rather a sense of history and historicity is maintained through narratives;

Everyday life is full of stories and these are concerned with being in the world rather than abstractly defined truth. Even when they are told of times past, stories are judged and shaped by their relevance to what is happening now, and in this sense their allegiance is unashamedly to the present [...] Stories play a prominent part in the everyday activity of making sense. They help to bring things into order of our world – to thematise events, making them explicable in a way that which also defined our relation to them. (Wright, 1985, p15, citing Heller, 1984).

Like Wright, and Heller before him, Samuels also recognised history was far from the prerogative of the historian; 'it is a social form of knowledge which at any given instance might be the work of a thousand hands' (Samuels 1994, p. 8). Popular memory, forever entwined with oral traditions, is described as Samuels (1994, p. 6) as 'a higgledy-piggley form of knowledge' which wells up from the lower depths of histories nether-world, where memory and myth intermingle and the imaginary rubs shoulders with the real. Samuels knew tapping into popular memory requires a different order of evidence and a different kind of enquiry to that of the historian. The starting points might begin with autobiographies which are rich in family lore, the stories children learn and at the knee of their grandparents and the peculiarities of landscape. We all know dense woods and empty

houses are haunted places, local people are soon transformed into characters and stories can be found to transform fragments into mysteries and signs which then coalesce as local legend (Samuels, 1994).

Everyday Marvels

Stories situated in the local and the everyday, or at least those that purport to, are to my ear, the most enchanting because of the tangibility that comes with contemplating this [may have] happened here. The connection to a familiar surround grants access to the wonderful and even miraculous. And the miraculous can and does occur, sometimes in the most humble or unassuming ways and all that's needed is merely a passage of time for it to be recognised.

As an illustrator I have always considered my practice as stemming from the lineage of early street literature particularly those popular fictions and pleasant histories captured in the chapbook and broadside ballad. There are several kinships with both materiality and subject matter.

John Ashton (1990) identifies the subjects of 18th-century chapbooks as being broadly classed as religious, diabolical, supernatural, superstitious, legendary, historical, biographical and criminal. While Mashburn and Velie (1973) write that ballads of the 16th century 'celebrated and mourned all the extraordinary events of life; illicit love affairs, witch trails, robberies and murders.' The popular fictions within ballads and chapbooks even when made fantastic told of recognisable everyday realities which audiences would have recognised. With little deviation these themes are or have been the very same subjects explored in my own projects.

While the topical content differed across different forms of street literature; chapbooks being longer and more narrative based while the ballad was shorter and more lyrical, the narratives took 'the habits of the common people as a subject for enquiry' (Spufford, 1981, p. 5 citing Bourne, 1725).

Furthermore, my practice has always been preoccupied with printmaking and publication, stories told through image and texts. My preferred process is relief printing, by which an image is produced directly from inked substrate. I am also no stranger to the linocut, a close relation to the woodcut, which is after all, just the editorial illustration of the past. I work quickly and produce in volumes. I have my own letter press and I'm also partial to a photocopier. I never award any prestige to an 'original'. I favour papers that are cheap and not just for the economic benefits, although it helps, because of their ephemeral quality; that coarseness so particular to sugar paper, the acid yellow tinge brought on by exposure to light. In my opinion nothing holds the treacle black of oil-based ink like newsprint. Understanding chapbook and ballads as works of illustration doesn't require much of a stretch – they were a means of mass communication, embedded within popular culture and placed within everyday spaces of congregation. Woodcuts were pasted to the walls as decoration in the early domestic home, ale houses and churches and reaching audiences far beyond those who bought them (Samuels 1994). They also found their way into the privy to be read before serving another function as loo paper (Spufford, 1981). Illustration is indeed multifunctional.

There was also a deep symbiotic relationship between the phenomenon of popular literature, the landscape and oral folksong traditions. The historian Margaret Spufford (1994) describes print pedlars as being amongst the humblest social classes on the vagrant fringes of society. Travelling across England by foot they sold and

sung their wares in the streets, market places and fairs and in doing so were responsible for the diffusion of news, ideas and stories. And in the late 17th century a great many ballad hawkers were women (Wittenburg, 1992).

Chapbooks and ballads evidence that print and the oral tradition were mutually influential, permeating one another to form hybrid cultural narratives (Spufford 1994). Citing Roberts Thomson's study of English folksong (1974) Spufford claims at least eighty per cent of folksongs gathered in the major collections of the early c20th were derived from printed broadsides and over ninety songs gathered by folksong collectors can only derive from broadsides printed before 1700 (Spufford, 1994, citing Thomson, 1974). Further consolidation of this mutual development is evident in a 'suggestive series of maps which show the alignment of the regions of England in which folksong collectors worked when overlaid with the routes taken by chapmen working in the 18th and 19th centuries (Spufford, 1994). The printing of ballads didn't stabilise their narratives. Although cached in print the ballads were designed for oral presentation and were sung by the hawkers that sold them much like a form of musical journalism (Shepard 1973, p. 21). In this respect reception of the audience was a social affair, those who heard were not necessarily those who bought them and what one hears is easily repeated.

Writing in her book *Disorderly Women and Female power in the Street Literature of Early Modern England and Germany* Joy Wittenburg (1992) suggests singing pedlars would have undoubtedly chosen to remember portions of songs that pleased them and forgo others that did not, while devising their own replacements according to their desires. The narratives embedded in the printed texts may have already undergone several degrees of adaption before being met by the audience; printed words returned to song. Rather than stabilising meaning the printed text merely preserved the audiences starting point. While the authors of street literature drew on common language and public assumptions in the production of their texts, meaning was not fixed by their authors' intentions. Wittenburg (1992) writes that the performance and reception of street literature texts brought forth new versions of the ideas they borrowed and embodied. In terms of disseminating narratives of popular culture, as stories travelled across geographical locations they would have been received by different audiences. The ideas and opinions they described would have held different cultural significances amongst different social groups and communities, which would ultimately alter their meanings. While texts had the potential to influence audiences the reverse was also true (Wiltenburg 1992).

Stores Are Not Stable, And Narrators Are Not Reliable

Stories mutate, passing from mouth to ear, from page to reader, colliding with a myriad of other stories; people, things, entities, histories and happenings. Happenings of the minute, the hour, the year, the century and beyond. Even when a story is stalled in flight, made to stand for a little while to be pondered and retold, pressed with ink on to a page, the processes is not halted. There are no dead ends, only new divergences, trajectories or lines of flight with unforeseen consequences. When stories come crashing into my story world they bring hints of others and the elsewhere and when passed on they come filtered through my own determination.

Benjamin (2006) writes that half the art of storytelling is to keep a story free from explanation as one reproduces it. This is how the extraordinary and the marvelous can be related with the greatest accuracy without forcing the psychological connection of the events on the reader. The audience is left to interpret the

narrative details as they understand them which allows stories to achieve an amplitude lacked by information. The craft of storytelling, and its greatest threat lies in its distinction from information. Information must be plausible, whereas storytelling is inclined to borrow from the miraculous. This is how we can be so bombarded with worldly news and scholarly facts but be so utterly deprived of a good story. There is no space for wonder and projection when too much is explicit.

The storyteller doesn't simply relay facts in a way that attempt to convey the 'pure essence' of what they describe. This, Benjamin writes, is the mandate of information or the report. Rather that which is described is immersed within the life of the storyteller, in order to be brought forth again; 'thus traces of the storyteller cling to the story the way the handprints of the utter cling to the clay vessel' (Benjamin 2006, p. 367). The storyteller speaks from experience - their own or the reported to them to them by others. They are immersed within their narrative recounting of how they came to acquire their knowledge. The storyteller's skill is to turn the tale of their own experience into the experience of those listening, theirs is not an exclusive knowledge (Benjamin 2006).

The Past Remains in Progress

While I'll admit a penchant for local history publications, the kind dense with sepia photographs of omnibuses on old high streets with titles like *Days Gone By* and *A Trip down Memory Lane*, I am not nostalgic (there are worse things one can be) and I certainly don't live in the past. Rather my fascination lies in the continual on-going-ness of the before in the here and now and the texturing of these stories as they permeate one another.

In any one place at any given time a multitude of relations across time are present. All those different people, experiencing differently, remembering differently, encompassed within different stories and all telling their own versions of how exactly it was. How do places retain that information? How is it held in the mortar and in the soil as new folk continue to come and go, producing and reproducing, all the while leaving the debris of their lives behind.

From Doreen Massey I finally understood what I first experienced amongst those musty catacombs; the past is not static but ongoing and lively in the present. What remains, those relics and remnants continue their stories through their interrelation with the here of today. There and then is always implicated in the here and now (Massey, 2005). Massey's descriptions of space resonate with my readings of the places and dwellings that inform my creative practice. Just as I cannot conceive of place as independent of people; their lives and stories, and the lives and stories that informed them, space for Massey is also product of such interrelations.

Never static or inert space is constituted through interactions of multiple trajectories, of stories so far. When Massey refers to stories, she does not, as I do, mean interpreted histories, of narratives told, but rather 'things' in motion. These 'things' are not always living entities but could also refer to a scientific attitude or a social convention (Massey, 2005). Despite the different connotations, I understand the premise to be the same; never finished and never closed, space is a simultaneity of storylines in motion.

Writing in *Being Alive* (2011) Tim Ingold directly discusses Massey's address of space;

Both of us image a world of incessant movement and becoming [...] woven from countless lines of its manifold human and non-human constituents as they thread their ways through the tangle of relationships in which they are comprehensively enmeshed (Ingold 2011, p. 141).

As an anthropologist Ingold in agreement with Massey in all but terminology. What Massey, as a geographer, describes as *space* is, for Ingold a *life world*. I too struggle with Massey's phrasing, although I too align with her notion. As an illustrator, I understand the places, and the narratives that make them what they are, as a *story world*. The Balham I know, indeed all the places I know, are constructed from stories, stories that, as both Massey and Ingold write, are constantly in motion. The story world, as I term it, is ongoing, forever expanding.

Ingold also proposes that we not think of people whose identities are fixed in advance of their life in this world as loci of ongoing actuality without beginning or end (Ingold 2015). By this premise we too are also in development as is the story world we are entwined within. The me of yesterday, the schoolgirl listening to stories in a playground, is just the forebearer of an illustrator sitting in an archive.

Massey describes space as never a closed system, because if it were all potential interrelations it would eventually be exhausted and we would finally arrive at an end. Space, life worlds or story worlds, depending on your disciplinary leanings, are ceaselessly creative. Places, as I understand them, are situated points where these stories meet and apex before dispersing again, and when I move between them, travelling away to return even if only hours later, things are not quite the same. New stories have coming into being. There is a sense of chaos in it all or 'happenstance' as Massey describes it;

[...] the sometimes yes and sometimes not, that is the result of a multiplicity of trajectories [...] In space [or story worlds] otherwise unconnected narratives may be brought into contact, or previous one may be wrenched apart' (Massey 2005, p. 110).

This is why there can never be one story, or a simple one to one happening, of histories lined up in a chronological queue. No story is ever complete. The past remains in progress. Just yesterday as I sat snug in the research room at The Museum of Croydon typing this, a round robin message came through into my student email account. A forgotten bomb from the Second World War has been unearthed on a building site in Kingston. School is closed, don't come back for now. Before I was a student, I was an academic. Sat in the safety of Croydon Museum, I smiled to myself thinking of the sublime chaos.⁷

I must say, I do tend to err on the side of the marvellous. I can't help it. I was raised by father who was born at the dawn of WW2, tell me does your dad remember Spitfires in the skies above Tooting? Because mine does.⁸ And (constantly) in the other ear was a mother with a dialect heavy tongue who told stories of bewitched lakes and haunted woods. Snakes can speak, and the restless dead can speak through you, if you're unlucky. And she was unlucky once but it's the only thing she never talks about.

⁷ Don't worry, it was detonated. No one died. Life resumes.

⁸ He also remembers the surrender of a German E-boat in [Felixstowe](#) and lonely wives sat around tables with Ouija boards.

Those experiences gained when lives are lived across times and borders don't stay buried in the past, even after death. With renewal, assimilation, adaption, cordless phones, broadband and digital television also comes a haunting from before. *We carry the genes and the culture of our ancestors*, Hilary Mantel, the historical novelist, tells us in the first of her 2017 Reith lectures; *and what we think about them shapes what we think of ourselves, and how we make sense of our time and place* (Mantel, 2017). Back in Balham if you know where to look you can still find chocolate hidden in bookshelves. There will always be twenty pound notes at the bottom of the rice pot. 'Where is the place that you move into the landscape and can see yourself?' asks Carolyn Steedman (1986). How could my landscape ever be one singular place? It was and remains a farrago of multiple and simultaneous historical times, cultures and rationales.

The Illustrator in the Archive

Once an interest has taken root, I'll soon be in an archive of some sort. Whatever deviations in methodology this is consistent. As my inquiries are always location specific, I look to resources situated within that place. I just need a way in, a snippet of information to wayfind; a location, a name, a date or an event. The services I use are very particular; heritage centres, records offices, borough archives and museums, usually maintained by the local council as a resource for residents. Great insights have also been yielded from the humble local history shelf of a public library. The more specific or limited the content the better. I need restriction. The vastness of big institutional archives leave me panicked. The more comprehensive the collection the less I'm inclined – where do you begin in The National Archives when the leftovers of a millennia are available to you? There is always a more comprehensive collection, where just a few catalogues searches put a mystery to bed. But this is not my intention. The agenda is never to acquire as much information as possible or to identify the most likely scenario. In fact, I guard myself from it. This is not to suggest I advocate poor scholarship. The rigour in methodology is entirely dependent on the nature of the inquiry. My inquiry concerns the partial view, the limited perspective, personal and distinctive. A mystery appeals precisely because it cannot be fully known; 'what matters is not the precise location of the original story, even if it could be identified, but the protean character of the myth' (Samuels, 1999, p. 15). Therein lies the mystery's greatest resource; the endless creative potential in trying to 'make sense' and what those conjectures, imposed rationales and justifications reveal to and about us. Even though I champion the validity in informal or irregular ways histories are preserved I still attach a sense of authority to institutionally maintained collections. This is why I always return, because of an unshakable desire for an 'official' resource, a place I can go and someone I can speak to so an inquiry can be formalised, even if that inquiry seems somewhat heretical.

The search in the archive is for a form of evidence but not necessarily of the phenomenon or event. The subject of inquiry is the influence of the ensuing human corollary, absurd and distorted though they may be. This is where my creative practice is situated, not in the quest for origins but in the muddling and collisions with the narratives of the day as well as in the decades and even centenaries following.

There is a type of material I am drawn to; any ephemeral print or paper-based documentation, reports, records, local history notes, transcriptions – anything that is able to capture, in print, a personal or distinctive voice. This is not necessarily the voice of an individual but also the mood or character of a group. Local press clippings are a favourite; snipped extracts describing the specific and very urgent concerns of the local community, the quibbles and disturbances, the triumphs and disgraces. The fragmentary nature of the clipping is

also another intrigue, plucked out of context and suspended in the ether. There are the chance counter narratives that find themselves accidentally preserved along the way; the slither of a horoscope, a lonely heart column or the local business advertisements. These partial views that so often tell of desires and needs, all be they mundanely practical, provide just enough context around which a whole world (or London borough) can be imagined.

The thrill, for me, in archival research is the finding of a particular kind of 'proof' that can only really be satisfied by a print document which provides a tangible evidence of what, at one point in time, was said or thought. This might be the sideways logic of a rumour, a salacious bit of gossip or a clumsy bit of journalism that reveals that those links between school yard stories, underground tunnels and Victorian murder mysteries were being made as far back as the 1970's. I don't suggest capturing a whisper of hearsay in print or any other form gives the content validity as a truth claim, but it does make tangible a form of knowledge that dwells in the realms of oral / aural communication. The 'proof' provided is that when these words were printed, however long ago that be, someone somewhere uttered this.

The experience in the archive is always multisensory. 'Reading' is never a solely ocular act. The physical feel of the records, the waft of bleach from a newly mopped floor somewhere in the building intermingled with the musty scent of an old book all play a part in informing the experience.

The materiality of collections is as revealing as the content of the record; bleeding typewriter ink; bygone stationary branding, a document that exists only as a faded photocopy of a photocopy of a photocopy. These physical details speak of other storylines; of specific points in time, available technologies and systems of categorisation.

Collections are not only loyal to the happenings they endeavour to preserve, they also evoke a sense of the countless others participating within that effort; those who penned the report in the first place, and later those who transformed these things into archival materials. Each crease and tear, that dog eared corner a little hint of the others who have consulted the collection before our arrival, each with their individual and specific agendas. Just like in the days when library loaning systems would mark every borrower with a stamped return date and you could contemplate the different readers across the decades. These anonymous figures also pay their part in the unfolding archival narrative.

And then there are the other people, not the historical figures represented in the collections but those living, breathing, working in the same space. You are never alone in the archive. In fact, independence is near impossible. A key holder is required, sometimes literally. There is always a necessary engagement with the individual who allows access to, who knows the material; the archivist, librarian, volunteer. Their input is always influential; they not only point the way but they mediate the content. Even if the process does is not so obviously collaborative what is discovered is always a joint endeavour. Even in the most studious and formal of reading rooms, silence can be never fully maintained. I have found the person who comes to the records office looking for the history of their house, will want to tell you about it. Sighs, mutters and exclamations will only be stifled for so long. Eventually we are all caught out when that longed for detail finally catches the eye just as they have begun to dim and a little yelp escapes reminding us that the archive is a social space. We are all in it

together. While we may not be engaging with one another we are amongst one another albeit immersed in our own private encounter but I don't begrudge a bit of distraction. I don't go to the archive for solitude, perhaps because I'm there to find things so I can share them with others.

I can Talk to Anyone, Even The Dead

Dialogues, which I feel more at ease describing as conversations, have been constant, multiple and integral in the realising of this work. These conversations have occurred in different ways and between various peoples; some real, others once but no longer. Some interlocutors have been entirely fictitious, or, like you, imagined. But that hasn't stopped me talking to them or stopped them talking back. Regardless of their status, living or dead, not one speaker has been arbitrary.

In short, my method is dialogic, or more aptly put, *conversational*. Regardless of semantic quibbles I recognise the dialogic forces at play within this study to chime in accord with Bakhtinian principals. This work is a series of conversations, of dialogues and utterances. As you will hear people are constantly speaking to and through one another, although they might not always know it. And I have been here throughout, listening in, recording and relaying. At times these dialogues, or conversations, have followed familiar conventions; people physically meeting, sharing words before parting. Some exchanges prearranged, with me most likely the instigator and after something more subtly disguised as meeting for a chat. Indeed, it was conversations that brought me to refine my subject matter, to recognise the themes and understand the threads of associations. It was a conversation that led me to Katie Gliddon.

The most pronounced dialogue, into which all others here coalesce is that between Gliddon and I, or more specifically between myself and the writings Gliddon left behind. When I entered the archive, I brought a dialogic methodology with me, although it wasn't fully comprehended at the time. What has always been tacit in my creative practice was realised in conception there in the researcher's room as I began to navigate through the records.

Gliddon's writing is not to be read but listened to.

Second Faun. Ay, many more which we may well divine.
 But, should we stay to speak, noontide would come,
 And thwart Silenus find his goats undrawn, 90
 And grudge to sing those wise and lovely songs
 Of Fate, and Chance, and God, and Chaos old,
 And Love, and the chained Titan's woful doom,
 And how he sits on the earth
 One brotherhood with cheer 95
 Your solitary
 To share the

SCENE III. *ASIA and PANTHEA.* LONG MOUNTAINS.

Panthea. Hither the sound has borne us—to the realm
 Of a mighty portal,
 A breathing chasm
 As hurled
 Wandering their youth, 5
 Of geni
 e, wh
 gs they drain
 and plif
 like Maenads who cry loud: Ev
 The voice which is contagion t
 d. 10
Asia. Fit throne for such Magnificent!
 How glorious are the Earth! you be
 The shade of some spirit love
 Though evil stain its work, and be
 Like its creation, we'll ye beat 15
 could fall down and worship tr
 I've known my heart glor
 Took sister, ere she apo
 Length is a wide plain of billow
 As a lake, paving in the morning
 With azure waves which first in
 Some Indian vale, Bhol
 Under the cardling woods, and islanding
 The peak where n was stand
 midway, around, 25
 dence
 dark and blooming forests,
 lam
 and stream-illumèd caves,
 and the
 shape of wandering mist;
 and the
 the keen sky-cleaving mountains
 from
 like radiance fling
 the l
 Ocean's dazzling spray, 30
 from
 it scattered up,
 bang
 with lamp-like water-drops.
 The re
 with their walls, a howl
 of cat
 ever shaw-cloven ravines,
 stiate
 ing wind, continuous, vast, 35
 Awful
 ank! the rushing snow!

93 doom B; illumed B; illumined 1820. 26 illumed B; illumined 1820.

Image 2. Fauchon, M, 2019, 'Listening', mixed media collage on paper.

Before I interjected with my own contribution, the account was richly textured with a multitude of voices, some explicit, others less so. The dialogic forces are manifold. Gliddon's writings are littered with the words of others, quotes and references both read and heard⁹ and the poet Shelley is forever present, his verse providing the literal substrate for her experience. I heard the women that surrounded her in prison, conversations she was party to and those she overheard.¹⁰ There were also silent and alternative codes of communication, the kind devised when speaking is forbidden or dangerous; knockings on walls, words mouthed or silently drawn by finger in the air,¹¹ and of course, illicitly written memoirs.

The tone and use of language carried signatures of her historic position; echoes of an irretrievable position in place and time. It was also impossible to isolate Gliddon's account from the ephemera it was accompanied by, and not least for fear of confusing the collection under the watchful eye of the staff. The materials; scrapbooks, newspaper clippings and Suffragette mementos contextualised her writing offering material evidence of the social intercourse it was informed by. Later when researching at the Bishopsgate Institute for a better understanding of these social dynamics consciously and/or subconsciously influencing Gliddon it would be clear that from within the margins, quite literally, there was much to be read between the lines.

⁹ Time is immutable as death, George Bernard Shaw (Gliddon, c.1912).

¹⁰ March 31st 1912

I wish it was morning

If you get off & they cop you down again it means 3 months

That's the best of the music halls you can do what you like there

It makes you feel worse than anything when we are in a place like this

It don't do you no good

If we get off we'll go to the music halls

This is enough to make you commit suicide isn't it

No I wouldn't do that

I thought I would be worse than I am in here

Doll do you remember the night you said you'd never been in prison?

I'm not work than any girls here

I'm [illegible]

The suffragettes don't get ordinary prison food,

They probably get better.

I wouldn't be a suffragette,

I'm bothered if I would

I'd join their union for £1000 and break a window and come back here for a couple of months.

O I wouldn't

There's a lot of them got away

How many thousands pounds been done?

£4000 damage?

Don't it make you wish you were dead.

I wish I had a cigarette

[overheard conversation between two prisoners; Doll and Lill] (Gliddon, 1912)

¹¹ 30 March 1912 —we have always been on our guard against her because she flirted with the police at Bond Street. I wrote spy in the air and I could see Leslie Lawless understood [Gliddon suspects a spy in the hospital] (Gliddon, c.1912).

Extending Bakhtin's notion that all communicative acts are an utterance, I recognise all the various communicate acts that have informed this research, be they spoken or written exchanges, presentations or showcases, have too been utterances. From the outset I have continuously exposed the development of this research, seeking out and speaking with others in eagerness to learn more and understand better. There have been many talks and presentations, always tinged with nervousness, during which I have spoken through the research, forever in progress. Audiences have been as varied as their backgrounds diverse, such is the attraction of Gliddon's text, there are so very many points of interest. Each presentation and showcase of this research is a dialogic exchange. Even when the premise or the content has remained broadly the same, each new situation requires a retelling, shifts in emphasis and reflective reconsideration. Each reiteration has prompted new consideration in light of a changed audience or context and each audience has brought their own perspectives and with them new and unforeseen connotations.

Outside of these formally curated situations there have also been the impromptu, and not always invited, conversations and casual exchanges. Some have directly referenced or been discussing the research, but others have been entirely independent and brought into the fold because of the resonances I recognised while Gliddon's narrative lingers in mind. I have found there is no way to compartmentalise my being as researcher and person living in the world. Neither have all of the dialogues informing this research been spoken. Many have occurred through written correspondences; emails, SMS texts and even Facebook messages, before I deleted my account. Once I even received that great rarity; a letter in the post. It contained a clipping from the *Guardian* with the heading 'Pankhurst paintings of women at work acquired for Tate'. Someone I spoken at an event with had thought of me.

Communicative acts, or utterances, are social phenomenon. They take on their specific force in particular situations. Each utterance is historically unique and is informed and responsive to the context within which it is realised; the time environment and the audiences to whom it is addressed (Dentith, 1995).

No matter how many times I have presented this research I can never deliver by rote. I always look out for response and reaction before the customary 10 minutes designated at the end for closing questions and the same spiel never comes out the same way twice. There are always different emphasis, accents and inflections depending on the context. Intonation betrays mood, opinion, emotion, confidence, distractions etc. And when the shoe is on the other foot I find being an obedient audience member difficult. By the time is it acceptable to speak my thoughts have lost their poignancy and taken flight. The moment is past.

Regardless of what decorum dictates, every utterance expects a response. Listeners are never passive, they actively assimilate or challenge the preceding word. Meaning is not formed in isolation but arrived at in collaboration with others at specific moment of conception in the social environment. Meanings emerge in society, between interlocutors each with their particular knowledges and idiosyncrasies and since society is the meaning of each and every utterance is variable (Dentith, 1995).

The same is true for displays and exhibitions of the creative outcomes, the illustrations can't contain or consolidate meaning within themselves, they are dialogic and relying on audience engagement to achieve agency. Furthermore, illustration practice is a communication arts discipline; illustration *speaks*. My creative responses, while informed by Gliddon's writing, are essentially expressions of myself and all that has informed my interpretation. They too are

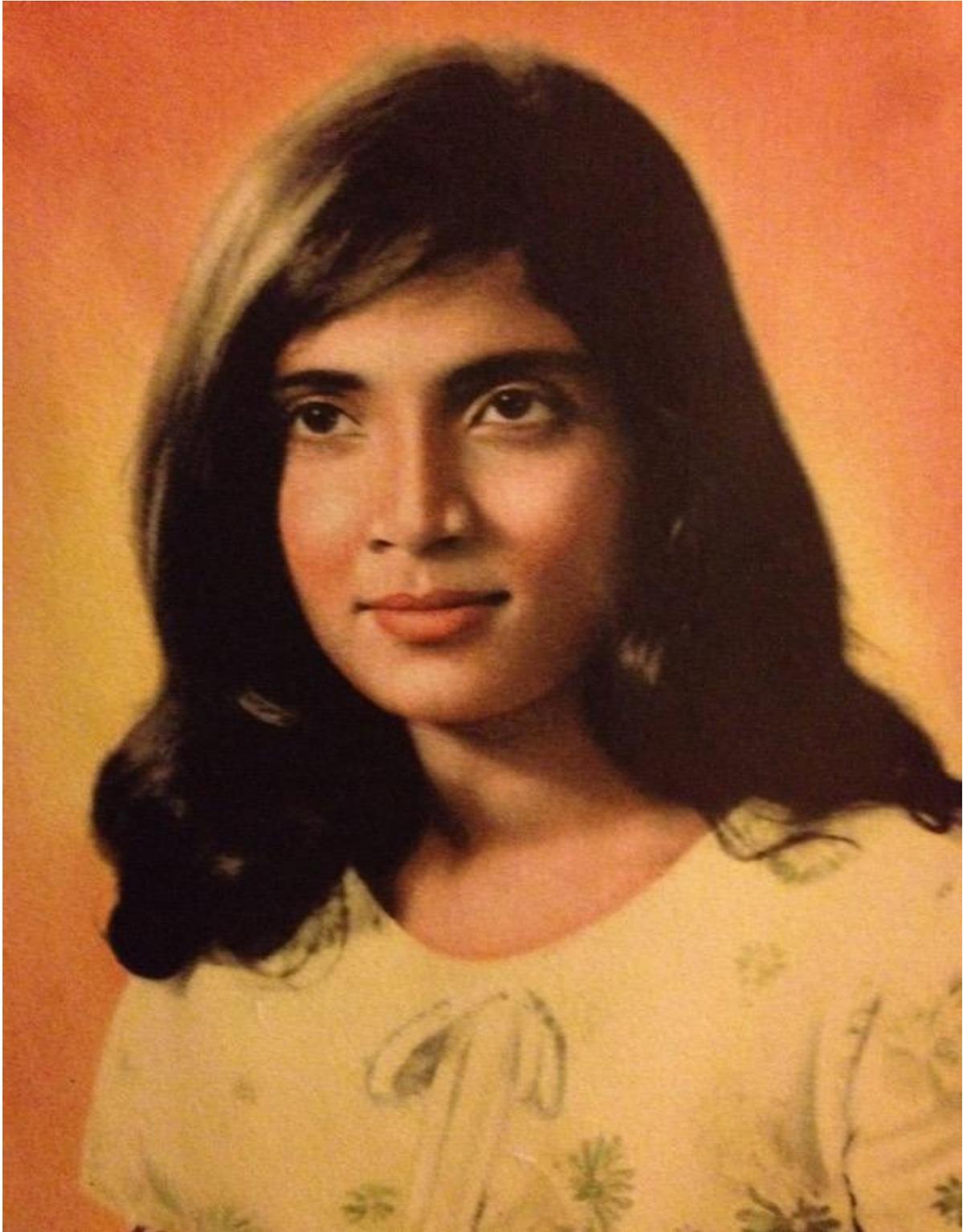
utterances. Dialogues, or conversations are a creative act, and for me a method of investigation and discovery. Nothing can be known in isolation. knowledge is negotiated and exists between people somewhere in the crosshairs of a dialogic discourse.

You Look Like Your Mother,

I've been told many times. This refers to an opening slide of a now generic PowerPoint presentation. While the slide show is always tailored, edited or reorganised, to suit the concerns of the event at which

I am speaking it always invariably begin the same way; a colourised photograph of my mother¹², young, younger than I am now. Accompanying her is Cynthia Payne, the 19th century (suspected) murderess Florence Bravo and a medieval anchoress sitting in her chamber and a 17th century woodcut of three hanging witches.

12



Footnote Image 6. Unknown Photographer, C.1963, painted photograph of Bolly Fauchon.

They are all interconnected, I explain. There are chains of associations that continually resurface in my work.

Women, home, transgression, disorder, power, taboo.

Even before we get to the Suffragettes the dialogue has begun.

It always feels entirely necessary to begin this way, if it doesn't seem immediately relevant. But it is relevant, it explains something of myself, who I am, my background, my place in the world, the interests that govern my attraction to Gliddon and my approach to her story. I also find it makes me relatable to the crowd; it situates myself and the research into a wider context and sets up a feeling of familiarity particularly when audiences might be approaching from an entirely different position, and they often are.

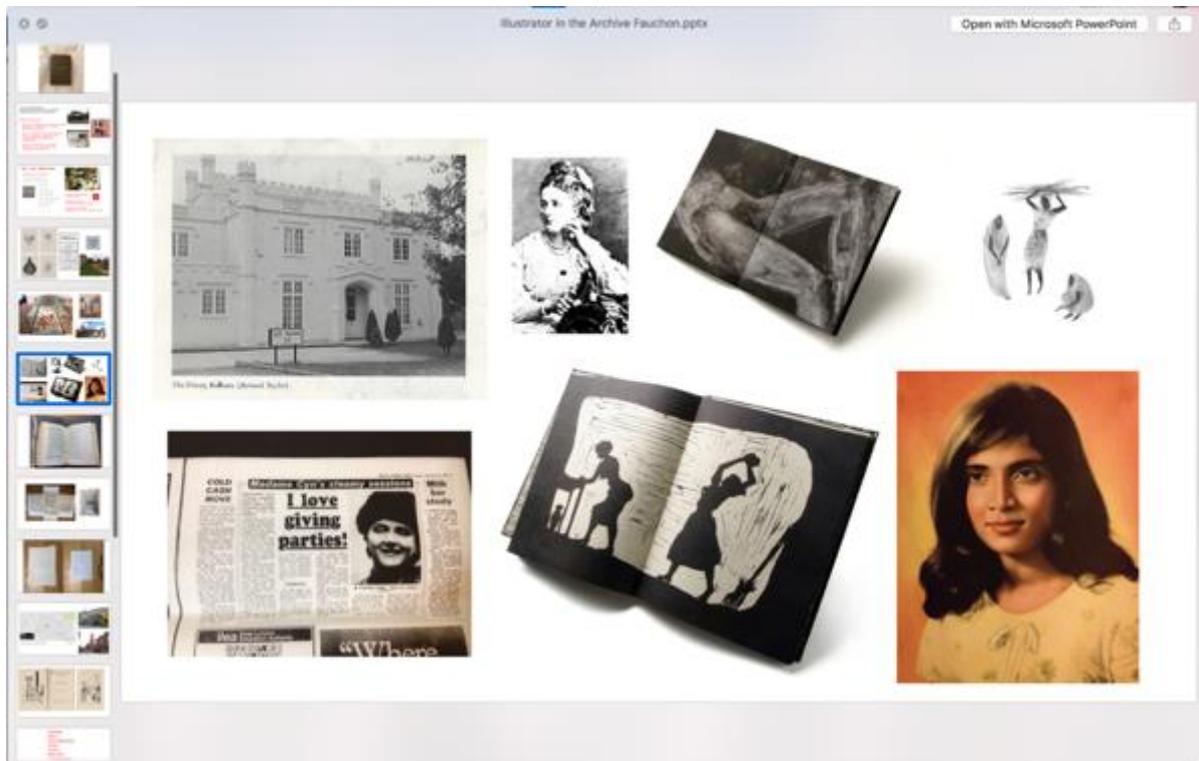


Image 3. Fauchon, 2017, symposium presentation slide 'The Illustrator in the Archive'.

For Bakhtin the social aspect of the utterance is not only related to immediate social situation but is already inherent within the speaker. The images of these women illuminated in darkened rooms, and all they reveal and represent are visual clues to what Bakhtin's term heteroglossia or 'multispeakedness' refers to the multiplicity of meaning that are present by speakers of any language (Dentith, 1994). When we communicate, we do so in languages which parody the multiple social positions we hold and are informed by. While a 'normative system' of language is used to communicate to one another, i.e. a 'common' language that allows to be comprehended at a fundamental level, our use of language, the vocabulary, syntax, the form, content and delivery may relay a multitude of insights. When communicating we do so in multiple languages; these are the languages of culture, profession, social class; the

language of generations, formal and colloquial. Our language may reflect codes of conduct, the language of occasions, custom, expectation, background and breeding.¹³

Each utterance is informed by a combination of factors, all that we say, write or claim, is located within a dynamic intermix of languages that are always in tension. The normative system of language we use to communicate also bares the semantic meaning of the words; the choice of language is always specific to the occasion. The same words can thus carry entirely different meanings at different time in different situations. Simultaneously we also speak in negotiation with the various languages contained within the hetroglossia.

Language is inherently creative. It is a continuous generative process realised through the social interaction of speakers in discourse. Be it face to face or in writing, all exchanges and what is understood of them is informed by the various and multiple social positions of the speakers (Dentith, 1994). Furthermore, Bakhtin asserts no words can be spoken without an evaluative accent. This carries further meaning through revealing attitude and opinion. This evaluative accent is not directed just towards the words in their generative process, but also toward the other interlocutors. This then is added to the milieu of meaning, of how speakers feel toward one another in that specific historical moment as well as their topic of conversation.

Furthermore, words are never neutral, they come to us marked by history, carrying traces of their previous uses. So, when using words, we become involved in negotiations that position us in respect to the social histories that lies behind them. We can then either continue, deflect or contest those meanings. Meaning is not stable but is constantly changing and evolving. All words, in all their various configurations and forms are charged with multifarious and conflictual meanings (Dentith, 1994). This is why dictionary definitions are so pointless, meaning can never be anchored.

Herein lies the difference between theme and meaning; what is said and what is meant. Essentially, as I have learnt over the course of this project, nothing said, written overheard should ever be taken at face value. For example, this study surely does concern a Suffragette but it is not about the Suffragettes as a political cause or even really about Katie Gliddon, just as Gliddon's writing is not merely a description of a prison experience.

Gliddon wrote to her sister from prison; '*don't believe the papers*'. She knew that language is misleading, it can colour events and betray agendas and her mother would worry. Things are simply not always or entirely as we say they are. I appropriate these words using them as a title for this thesis and the various showcases of this research as a reminder, to myself and my audiences to always read [or listen] with a discerning eye [or ear].

Forgive me mother, for associating you with witches, murders and a madam.

That line usually gets a giggle but I'm finding more and more its only people over a certain age that know the tale of a south London suburban home where Green Shield Stamps could be exchanged for personal services.

¹³ 30 March 1012

[Gliddon in Chapel on looking at the ordinary prisoners]
remembered that 10% of them were in fact prostitutes (7KGG)

So, what when words are left to history and the dialogising background that lent them their poignancy is lost? Historical distance becomes an opportunity for creativity, for the springing forth of entirely new understandings.

Here distance; the forgotten or never known provides the potential of meaningfulness, as it is precisely the space within which dialogues occur, where contradictory and complex historical moments can to come into contact and negotiate with one another (Dentith, 1995). Words from the past are taken on by their interpreter, who here is an illustrator, who then re-accentuates them and charges them with an entirely new value. Under changed circumstance and set against new dialogic backgrounds, words come back into their own and remind us of their innate creative possibilities. They shed their original parodic accents and take on new meanings in light of their new contexts. The process of re-accentuation emphasises the living potential of words and the myriad of ways they can be made to speak independent from the author's desire. It is also a sobering reminder to those of us that go digging in archives to not attempt to reconstruct the original moment of a text's reception as a way of discovering the truth. That original moment was never stable in the first place.

A sense of the dialogic has been present in all aspects of my methodology. Yes, most obviously in the various correspondences but it has also been present when there was not so obviously an *other*.

A fissure was created the moment I came to Gliddon's writing. Into this crevice I whispered my questions and exposed my personal judgements. I could not help but make association between the events of the year, the day, even those occurring around me in the archive while I worked. Even when musing by myself, I have never truly been alone. My inner thoughts have always been in discourse with what I'm surrounded by, interacting silently with the environment, what I was encountering, seeing, hearing, feeling. I know translating these thoughts into writing have consolidated them with words, they now have potential to be indefinitely revalued, made to have other meanings, that is, should anyone ever read them.

***POST SCRIPT**

If you could live anywhere where would it be?

My boyfriend has lived in London longer than I've been alive and is getting itchy.

Tooting, I say.

He laughs. He thinks I'm joking.

Ch 2. Illustration: The Problems of Attributing a Name

My practice as an illustrator is essentially about storytelling.

The way I tell stories is with text and images [pause] bringing them together to make narratives.

I work a lot with print, typography and printmaking and often make publications.

(Self-description given during presentation at Croydon North Labour Party event, 2018)

I never waver from describing myself as an illustrator. At times this has resulted with being called upon to defend my position. As can be expected explanations vary depending on who I'm talking with. Regardless of the ease of my rehearsed delivery there is always a brief moment as I wait for the response that will reveal whether more explanation will be necessary. I make this point not to ridicule others, after all creative processes are mysterious, but to highlight the point that definitions of illustration are problematic. There are many ways to practice as an illustrator and I do not claim mine to be an archetypal model. There is no singular description that can encompass all that illustration may be and to attempt one would be as thankless a task as it would be redundant. This is no different to any other discipline within the visual arts or beyond. The necessity I feel to explain what is entailed within my practice as an illustrator belies a deeper predicament; a general lack of recognition or awareness of it as an independent discipline. Illustration has formerly been taught and practiced without the subject specific theoretical dialogue and formal historicisation long established within other disciplines.

Writing in 2010, in an article now oft cited by illustration academics, design writer and critic Rick Poyner highlighted what he described as 'the missing critical history of illustration' acquainting much of the writing published about illustration as being 'invariably how-to guides or visual surveys' (Poyner, 2010). While the observation was well made it was the provocation at the heart of the piece that stirred feathers; 'how seriously should we take illustration?' (Poyner, 2010). Poyner's assertion was the lack of analytical dialogue undermined illustration as a discipline conveying it as a subject without need of 'thoughtful consideration by writers...and that most illustrators aren't [weren't] sophisticated enough to want this anyway' (Poyner, 2010).

Similar sentiments were expressed in 2012 by designer, educator and former illustration agent Lawrence Zeegan in a review of 'Pick Me Up', the annual graphic arts fair hosted by Somerset House, London. The article published in the design magazine *Creative Review* somewhat contentiously questioned;

[...] where is the content? Where is the comment? It's all about the materials, rather than the message. It's all about the quantity rather than the quality. It's all about design doing rather than design thinking. It's all style over content, function following form. Illustration has withdrawn from the big debates of our society to focus on the chit-chat and tittle-tattle of inner-sanctum nothingness (Zeegan, 2012).

Writing in an early issue of *Varoom magazine* Stephen Heller (2007) preceded these critiques challenging the overall relevance of illustration. Voiced from the very particular position of a commissioning designer he questioned;

[what does] illustration contributes today, if anything, that other art forms do not? In other words, what are illustrators saying through their work? How are they saying it? And if they are saying anything meaningful, are they pushing boundaries that need pushing?' (Heller, 2007).

This scrutiny, although troubling, is timely and the result of the tensions arising as parameters shift and manifestations of illustration become more experimental. If understood as emerging from the wider field of graphic arts and/or design illustration it may be more familiar as an applied art form. While illustration could once be recognised as producing often highly representational images, commissioned often by designers – a note-worthy point in terms of understanding internal hierarchy – to be employed within commercial contexts such as publishing, advertising, packaging etc. The illustrated image is also frequently associated with accompanying text or written sources in print form —rudimentary dictionary definitions still describe the term 'illustration' as 'a picture illustrating a book, newspaper, etc' (Google search definition 2017). However, changes within industry; the reduction of budgets and commissioning opportunities (Vormittag, 2014 citing Denis, 2012) has resulted in skilled practitioners seeking new ways to apply their skills. Met with the development of illustration as taught as a subject independent from and not beholden to graphic design has brought about much enquiry from those working within as to how the principals of illustration, as defined by its historical origins can be further utilised.

There is at present just one dedicated peer reviewed journal; *The Journal of Illustration* (JOI) the inaugural issue was published in 2014. The journal is sister publication to the *Illustration Research Network* which, operating from a base in the United Kingdom, draws together smaller international clusters and academic programmes. While there are concerted efforts to establish critical frameworks through which to discuss and examine contemporary illustration (an acknowledgment subsequently made by Poyner in 2016) the woeful lack of research and critical discourse is widely acknowledged within the illustration academic community, many of whom have been prominent in steering the JOI, diligently presenting and publishing critical writing and research informed practice. (Black 2014, Calvert 2015, 2016, McCannon, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, Grove, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, Evans, 2015, 2018, Holmes 2014, 2015, 2016).

Poyner's article, was indeed a provocation calling illustrators to mobilise, contemplate and articulate a defence of their subject and in doing so directly informed the theme of the sixth Illustration Research Symposium held in 2015; "The Illustrator as public intellectual". Writing in the opening editorial of the subsequent issue of the *Journal of Illustration*, Volume 4, Number 1, illustration theorist Jaleen Grove (2017) championed the burgeoning 'intellectual turn within the field'. Drawing on Alan Male's (2016) description of the illustrator as polymath Grove described the growing movement of illustrators who are 'not just picture makers, but engagers and intervenors, team players and social innovators' (Grove, 2017). This transition is a result of 'a sea change' in higher education in the U.K and worldwide that has witnessed a sharper emphasis on contextual, historical and critical study has caused a research-based culture to manifest (Male, 2016).

While acknowledging the growing impetus of research based illustration Grove also gave credence to Poyner's criticism highlighting 'in the United States and elsewhere illustration schools have historically neglected courses in

theory and criticism'. Grove warns to neglect this development is tantamount to refusing illustrations the mantle of 'intellectual', (Grove 2017) stating that the ability to articulate critical analysis to public audiences verbally, in writing as well as through imagery will establish the recognition of illustrators as intellectual practitioners and showcase the agency of the subject. As well as developing their nascent inventiveness and creativity, illustrators must also possess an intellectual rigour and criticality, as well as, the confidence to articulate their rationales (Grove, 2017).

At the time of writing we are in the midst of another historic achievement within illustration scholarship, the recently published *The History of Illustration* (2018). Edited by Susan Doyle, Jaleen Grove and Whitney Sherman and published by Bloomsbury, it claims the title of 'the first ever text book on illustration (Doyle, 2018), and at 592 pages long, a honourable first attempt at a genealogy of the discipline. Discussing the *History of Illustration* (2018) in a paper published by the JOI, co-editor and American academic Susan Doyle described the tendency to elide scholarship in illustration as 'endemic' (Doyle 2018, p. 181) and acknowledged one of the challenges facing those involved in writing the history was the absence of a legacy of thinking about illustration or even what is core to the field' (Doyle, 2018, p. 178).

To return to then to the problematic of naming illustration, as of yet there has been no standard history that has been developed for thinking and talking about illustration. It is this same lack of theoretical discourse and historical benchmarking that lies in the unease that can arise from self-defining as an illustrator. There is simply no consolidated lineage to refer to, be it to align with or dispute. The explanation of my practice relies not on my audience's awareness of a general knowledge of illustration, as such a thing does not yet exist, but on their personal association with illustration which may vary wildly. This can be expected by a general audience and is no source of irritation, knowledge should never be taken for granted and I am often in a position when I am speaking about illustration to those with little or no experience of the visual arts. However, Doyle candidly reveals this disconnect is often experienced much closer to our proverbial home, she writes; 'I have been asked repeatedly by colleagues [within academic arts education] as to what distinguishes illustration as a discipline, or even more negatively; 'is it a discipline?' (Doyle 2018, p. 186). Doyle attributes this ignorance in part to the uncomfortable positioning illustration occupies when situated amongst other programmes that are defined by their material practices (i.e. painting, sculpture, printmaking, etc.) (Doyle, 2018, p. 184). Illustration, she states, is not material based, this can lead to uncertainties regarding 'the process of creating an audience-specific image.' (Doyle, 2018, p. 186) This met with the 'foggy' literal definitions of the word illustration and the tendency to encroach into neighbouring territories, using tenets more frequently associated with other disciplines; fine art, design, photography, printmaking etc., results in a broadness that can leave its identity unmoored.

Manifesto, Principals: Point 1.

Illustration is a collaborative discipline.

It does not operate independently; it is made with the intent to engage.

'Illustration' is a result of participation.¹⁴

¹⁴ The manifesto points interspersed within Chapters 2 and 3 are taken from *The Manifesto of Illustration Pedagogy, a lexicon for contemporary illustration practice*, co-authored with Rachel Gannon and published by the Journal of Illustration, 2018.

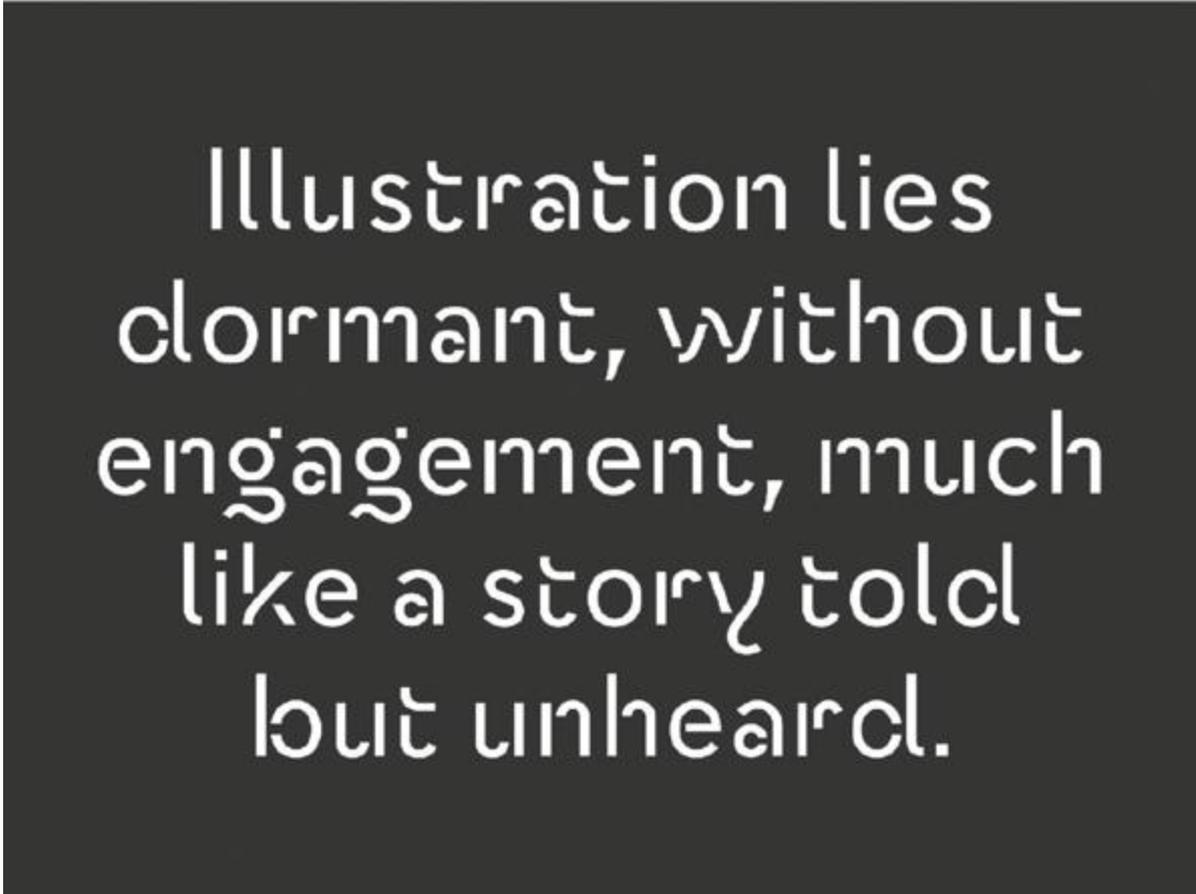
A text-based illustration consisting of a dark grey rectangular background. Centered on this background is white text in a clean, sans-serif font. The text is arranged in six lines, reading: "Illustration lies dormant, without engagement, much like a story told but unheard."

Illustration lies
dormant, without
engagement, much
like a story told
but unheard.

Image 4. Fauchon and Gannon, 2018, text based illustration taken from 'The Manifesto for Illustration Pedagogy'.

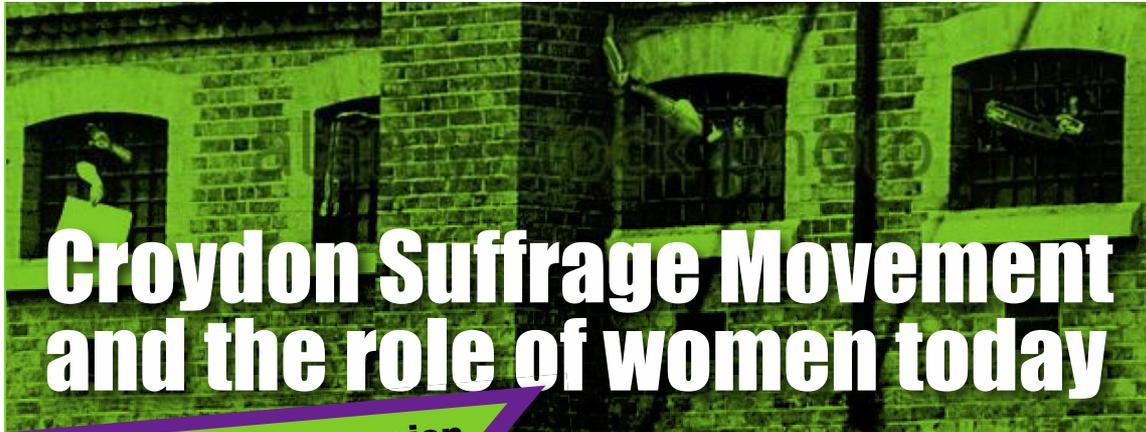
The Lone Illustrator

Throughout this study I have frequently presented my research in progress, through creative showcases as well as presentations at conferences and symposia. The audiences I have engaged with have been diverse and experts in various fields (historians, archivists, artists, literary theorists, archaeologists, occultists and members of the Labour Party). I am always the lone illustrator in the room. This is no cause for lament, the opposite in fact, reaching to diverse and public audiences is within the mandate of this research. Furthermore, a central principal of illustration is the consideration of an audience and how best to reach them. In this sense, I have enjoyed a distinct advantage in attempting to engage those outside the field.

Croydon North Labour Party is hosting a celebration of Croydon suffrage movement

Saturday 10 November • 2.30pm

Ruskin House, 23 Coombe Road, Croydon CR0 1BD



Croydon Suffrage Movement and the role of women today

Speakers & discussion

Councillor Hamida Ali, Croydon Council Cabinet Member for Communities will be facilitating a panel discussion with Mireille Fauchon and Sean Creighton, followed by a Q&A session, refreshments and networking. There will also be a small exhibition on Croydon Suffrage Movement that includes some pen portraits of local people involved in the movement.

Mireille Fauchon on Croydon Suffragette Katie Gliddon Mireille is an illustrator and practice-based PhD candidate at Kingston University. Her research explores the use of visual storytelling to describe social narratives.

Sean Creighton on putting Katie Gliddon's experiences into the Croydon context. Sean is a local historian whose main interests are the working class and British black history.

5pm: showing of the film Suffragette

▲ *Suffragettes at the windows of Holloway Prison*

▼ *'My Cell in Holloway' by Katie Gliddon*



Admission

Afternoon session

(including refreshments): £5

Concessions £3

Film: Suggested donation £3

For more information or to book tickets:

https://croydon_suffrage_movement.eventbrite.co.uk
or pay cash or cheque on the door

Suffragette, (2015) is a British historical period drama film directed by Sarah Gavron and written by Abi Morgan about the women's suffrage movement in the UK. The film stars Carey Mulligan, Helen Bonham Carter, Anne-Marie Duff, Ben Wishaw and Meryl Streep.

Image 5. Croydon North Labour Party, 2018, poster advertising Suffrage event.

Manifesto, iii Principals: Point 4.

Illustration is assimilated into popular culture and everyday experience. All have opportunity and most will have engaged with illustration. There are no specific places of encounter for illustration. Illustration is applied and belongs within everyday contexts.

Point 5.

This accessibility serves to make illustration as a means of artistic expression tangible and less culturally elusive.

As an illustration practice-based researcher looking for meaning and validation I have felt the most resonance with works outside my discipline. This no cause for concern, the nature of research being to seek new knowledge, but what I have felt at times is a certain disciplinary otherness. Reading further into the work of Doris Salcedo having encountered and admired her work as part of an exhibition produced by Art Angel, 'Inside Reading Prison' (2016) I was struck by the explicit disassociation made between her practice and illustration. Tanya Barson (2004) writing in a Tate Paper describes Salcedo's sculptures, part of *Unland 1995-8*, a creative response to testimonials from victims of the civil war in Colombia, as 'never an illustration of these narratives'. I was intrigued and disquieted by this remark as paradoxically I recognised a strong kinship with the processes and intentions that Barson attributed to Salcedo. As an illustrator, also working in response to personal narratives, I too desire to create 'material testimonies', avoid 'explicit imagery' and have a tendency 'towards poetic representation, abstracting the experiences recounted to her [me] by using simple materials indicative of the environment' (Barson, 2004). What then lies at the core of the quandary? Is it too defensive to assume Illustration is still widely considered too crude an art form to offer an interpretive, expansive creative response beyond literal depiction?

A Lexicon For Contemporary Illustration Practice

My own published writings, often co-authored with fellow academic and illustrator Rachel Gannon (2018), argue insufficient subject specific discourse has resulted with illustration being often and inadequately described as interdisciplinary. My identity has always been that of an illustrator and not of an artist. This detail is likely due to my training which was delivered at university level from within the schools of design and visual communication. Discipline distinctions are political. This is certainly true in art school where they form the basis of formative creative identities. I felt it as a student and recognise it as an educator. Distinctions infer specialist knowledge and expertise; they describe a landscape within which we position ourselves while acknowledging a lineage and legacy. As with all disciplines there is no one method, process, form or concern. However, this does not mean illustration is hybrid and to describe it as such leaves illustrators insecure with no home to inhabit. Illustration has its own distinctive strategies and languages; these are not as it were 'interdisciplinary' – as in moving between various disciplines but are particular to illustration practice. Any discipline practiced with innovation will look towards other specialisms but this is not to deny that illustration carries signature methods with which it too can trade.

Manifesto, i Knowledges: Point 1.

Illustration is not the image, the slogan or a product.

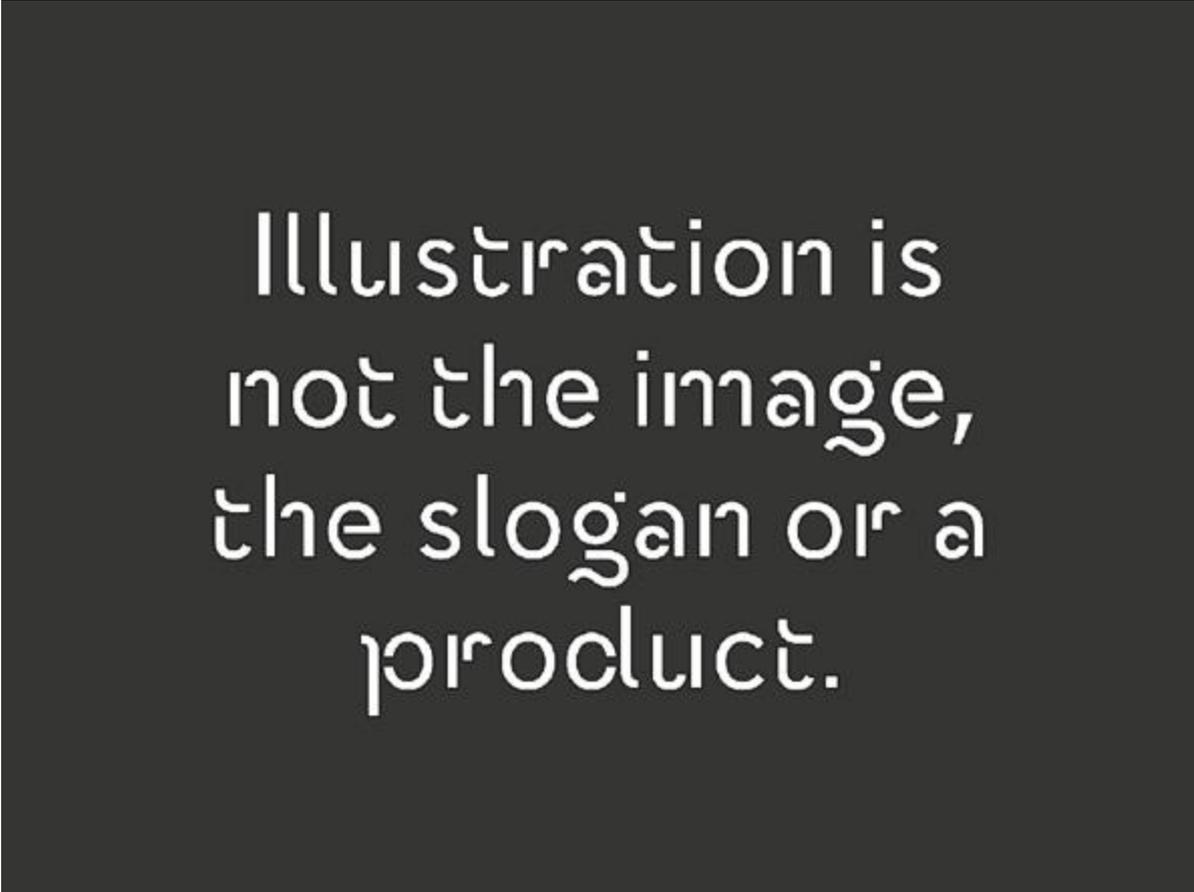


Illustration is
not the image,
the slogan or a
product.

Image 6. Fauchon and Gannon, 2018, text based illustration taken from 'The Manifesto for Illustration Pedagogy'.

What is needed is recognition of these distinctive behaviours and a vocabulary through which to discuss illustration as an independent subject. The most pertinent line of questioning is not, as Heller (2007) asks, about what illustration contributes. Rather, we must ask, what *can* illustration contribute? And, moreover, what is illustration today and how can it operate? (Fauchon and Gannon, 2018). Alongside this doctoral research I have also been engaged in another parallel project, distinct but strongly entwined in ethos. *Illustration Research Methods* (2021) co-written with Rachel Gannon is an academic text that explicitly addresses the mechanisms of illustration, drawing attention to the often under recognised rigour of methods and processes both theoretic and practice based. Not methods borrowed and mimicked from other fields but those we recognise as appropriate and recognisable within illustration practices.

In 2018 the project was presented to our international peers during the annual illustration educational symposium ICON 10 through the prism of 'The Manifesto for Illustration Pedagogy' (2018). The Manifesto; 'a lexicon for contemporary illustration practice', subsequently published by the JOI (2018), asserted the ways in which we as educator practitioners were committed to working and considering the subject; 'addressing the 'hows' and 'whys' that underpin the ways the most ambitious of illustration practices could operate and perform' (Fauchon and Gannon, 2018). The emphasis was placed not on anchoring a simplistic definition but acknowledging principles and considerations we recognised to be fundamental and particular within illustration. Within our paper we argued;

to be able to understand and develop the subject we needed to unpack the processes through which illustration is determined: the means of production, the rigorous processes and considerations, and the most seemingly miniscule of decisions. (Fauchon and Gannon, 2018)

Manifesto, ii Thresholds: point 12.

Production is research. Making will inform and expand ideas.

*Clarity comes from integration of making, reflection
and evaluation of the outcomes.*

The Principles of Illustration

My role as an illustrator is positioned as that of a research-based practitioner acknowledging the methodological approach to be not only integral to the realisation of an illustration artefact but intrinsic within the holistic creative outcomes (Fauchon and Gannon 2018). This doctoral research project exemplifies an illustration methodology; here applied as a social research tool.

My PhD argues that illustrative strategies are transferable and carry the rigour of acknowledged qualitative research methods. In order to state this claim, and in the light of hazy distinctions, it is necessary to offer a working model of the principles of illustration. This will also serve to position my practice firmly as that of an illustrator.

Developed in collaboration with Rachel Gannon and drawing from research and teaching aids devised within my own practice as an educator the following diagram offers a working understanding of the mechanisms operational within illustrative works regardless of their final form or the subject matter addressed.

Principles:

- **Social / Public** – practices often involve social engagement with people or a public, this may refer to research methods depended on personally engaging with other, creative collaborations or more pragmatic negotiation with professional partners and commissioners.
- **Audience Specific** – audience reception is considered.
- **Communicative** – works that actively seek to engage and be understood
- **Multiform** – Illustration is not defined by material boundaries and can manifest in any, including sculptural, time dependent or virtual forms.
- **Intentional** – Practices are conscious and informed by motive, even if the knowledge sought or the results gained are initially unknown. For example, intentional practice may be exploratory, diagnostic or convey information.

Common Strategies:

- **Narrative** – storytelling and narrative as a method of engaging, communicating and/or presenting information and content.
- **Creative Interpretation** – use of fiction or imagination to extend knowledge and/ or to relate and engage with audiences.

- **Participation** – works that rely or incorporate audience engagement in order to be fully realised. Examples of participation could be physical engagement with a work, such as reading a publication, public showcase to gauge reception or involving audiences within activities such as workshops or performances. Participation may occur at any stage within an illustration project.
- **Responsive** – Illustration methods are responsive and adaptable. Methodologies are tailored to the task at hand; the environment, people and situations the illustrator is engaged with.

Behaviours and Traits:

- **Subjective** – often describing personal or specific viewpoints or positions.
- **Empathetic** – engaging through use of emotion, e.g. humour, compassion, anxiety etc.
- **Persuasive** – able to inform and influence opinion or decision making.
- **Provocative** – used to prompt consideration or challenge preconceived notions
- **Transferability** – works that are mobile or adaptable to contexts and audiences, for example illustration contained or realised in book form are portable; screen based works can be disseminated via the internet. This is often linked with impermanence and/or widely reproduced ephemeral works.
- **Accessibility** – works that are open and/or particularly targeted to diverse audiences. This may be also understood as works that engage groups who are not traditional audiences of the arts and/or who may not consider themselves to be engaging with an art form. Accessibility can also be inferred by context, e.g. through operating or being encountered outside of traditional art venues.

Manifesto, Thresholds: Point 13.

Show, don't tell.

A Portrait of an Illustration Practice

I'm an illustrator.

My work doesn't try to sell or advertise in the corporate sense.

It is not a commercial practice in this regard.

I don't often find myself working with art directors.

In short, I'm rarely directed creatively.

I don't have 'clients'

But rather I 'collaborate',

'work with' or am 'supported by'

When commissioned the work tends to find me by way of a canny knowing not of just what my work looks like but of who I am and the ideas my work address. You can indeed have a distinctive illustrative practice that is recognisable beyond a stylistic visual identity.

Often my projects are self-initiated and research intensive.

They take time,

practical creative outcomes appear early on

and they always usually keep coming

I never produce a single image

Collections, series, reiterations, variants, repetitions, returns.

There are certain themes and subjects I'm interested in.

Local and personal histories,

location specific,

Peoples' stories in their places,

what, why how we remember

And how this knowledge lingers within sites of experience.

My projects are about never seeking truth or conclusions

The thrill is the discovery of stories.

I seldom find resolve, but then again, I never go looking for it.

The places of interest are often urban or residential areas

Usually places I know well.

Mundane, familiar, mine.

My projects begin with the seeds of knowledge;

a location,

a rumour,

Something I've heard

Or read,

Or know, without really knowing how I've come to know it.

The placement of my work is important

Because my work is about place and people

They belong in the places where things have happened,

Or said to have happened

I don't return stories to their places of conception
Because they haven't gone anywhere

Or give them voice
Because I don't think you can give voice to someone else's tale.

They are an acknowledgement
A processing
An interpretation
A retelling
A reimagining

Publishing has always felt natural for my work.
As I tend to work in print;
Printmaking,
Ink on paper,
Papers that can become pages,
Words and images arranged to create stories.

I have always been bookish, a reader, inspired by literature.
For years I illustrated poetry for the literary Journal *Ambit*.
You'll find me in every issue from 2008 onwards.
And now I am the commissioning illustration editor
Four issues a year, I invite two illustrators to respond to short stories
I always ask student illustrators
Their work is the most exciting, unpredictable.

I also write about illustration
I write as an illustrator
I write critically about illustration.
Someone has to.
And I have always taught.

Manifesto, vi Liberators: Point 16.

Everything is your practice.

Ch 3. Illustration as Research Method

Outside of the educational environment analysis and critique rarely extends to examine the ways of working, theoretical or practical, used in the creation of illustration. In professional practice attention is seldom paid to anything other than the 'finished piece' which is often reproduced and applied in a mediated context; within a publication etc., where it is alienated from any sense of forbearing influence. In my own practice the 'finished' piece is less obviously identifiable, if indeed it ever truly exists. When it does, it is never entirely independent from the research informing its realisation. Creative responses; the visual results, are only part of an inquiry in operation. Residue from this evolving illustrative process; archival documentation, notes, ponderings, influences, writings and so forth, refuse to be side lined. Visual responses are produced in waves, peppered within and not isolated from the research process. Making creatively is part of the transitional process, pushing ideas forward. They are the evidences of cognition, thinking through making or what Ingold terms the *art of inquiry* (Ingold, 2013) whereby knowledge grows 'from the crucible of our practical and observational engagements with beings and things around us' (Ingold, 2013, p. 6, citing Dormer, 1994; Adamson, 2007)

Rather than being merely preparatory works in readiness for a finished outcome, they are the integral components of the illustrative narrative. The illustrative 'work' then emerges as a compilation of investigative practices, of 'workings out' in real time. Every work is an experiment between 'ideas in the head' and facts on the 'ground', the materials think in us, as we think through them. Just as Ingold puts it; *I try things out and see what happens* (Ingold 2013, p. 7).

These tests, trials and visual musings are made visible to audiences who, in turn, bring their own readings of the materials. In essence, my illustration practice is an active research process comprising various methods that are inherently exploratory and investigative.

This PhD study calls for a consideration of illustration, particularly my own practice, as an active exploratory process (as opposed to an outcome or artefact) and furthermore intends to examine and demonstrate its application as a research methodology. With discipline specific critical discourse in infancy illustration methods have never been formally process framed in academic language. To add to this haze methodologies are often highly individual informed as much by the practitioner as the project. In absence of a common working framework there is little precedential discourse as to how illustration methods might and do perform.

Illustration as Inductive Research

An early, and sorely needed, discussion was penned by Steph Black and published by the JOI in 2014. The article identifies and scrutinises a selection of illustration research practices in relation to established research literature. Adopting Henk Borgdorff's distinctions between research *on*, *for* and *in* the arts, Black bases the analysis on illustration research she identifies as performing as the latter category; 'when research unfolds in and through the acts of creating and performing' and uses the practice as the 'methodological vehicle for the study' (Black 2014 citing Borgdorff, 2010). Black identifies such research as practice-led utilising Carole Gray's definition as;

research which is initiated in practice, where questions, problems, challenges are identified and formed by the needs of practice and practitioners; and secondly, that the research strategy is carried out through practice, using predominantly methodologies and specific methods familiar to us as practitioners in the visual arts (Black, 2014, citing Gray, (1998).

While I draw distinction here of this study as practice-based research, whereby results manifest in practical outcomes, the above description is congruent with my own approach. Black draws from her own experience as a practice-led researcher to identify examples of illustration research practice, here summarised as; field work with emphasis on observational drawing on location; the sketch book as a vehicle for ideational drawing and explorative exercises; reflective practice through display and contemplation of trials, reviews and adjustments in her studio (Black, 2014).

Aligning with Rudestam and Newton's description of qualitative research as 'constructivist'; 'with knowledge constructed rather than discovered', Black asserts that illustration methods, and the results yielded, are commensurate with inductive research (Black 2014 citing Rudestam and Newton, 1992). Citing writings by Collins (2010) and Barrett (2007), Black explains inductive research to be responsive to data that is continually emerging and receptive to a variety of explanations (Black, 2014).

The exploratory nature of illustration is likened to inductive research in that it begins with a phenomenon of interest, the illustrator then attempts to understand the various contexts within which it sits, this actively informs the direction of the study. Furthermore, Black builds on grounded theory as defined by Kathy Charmaz as 'both the practice and the product, wherein qualitative data collection and conceptual analysis take place in an iterative cycle and result in theoretical conclusions' (Black, 2014, citing Charmaz, 2005). Black equates this to the ongoing analysis that takes place when interpreting qualitative findings gained through illustration research. Using her own practice as an example, she describes this as reinterpretation of materials collected through field work, sketchbook exploration and creative experimentation. Black also describes the use of visual displays

showcasing works in progress and research materials so they can be viewed alongside one another. This opens opportunity for comparisons and links to be identified as well as allowing for materials to be edited or discarded 'in the ongoing negotiation of aims' (Black, 2014). The 'results', knowledge or explanations arrived at through illustration methodologies are, as with inductive research, from the outset unfixed and indeterminable. New theory is continually emerging throughout the research process with findings impacted by the researcher's reactive decision making (Black, 2014).

This is certainly true of my own practice. There are familiar methods, habits of practice likely to arise in some way in all projects. What can never be fully anticipated are the ensuing discoveries, interests and apprehensions that will go on to propel the investigation forward. While they can't be anticipated, these chance findings are expected and enjoyed. As the inquiry becomes more nuanced, methods shift as appropriate, tailored specifically to suit the task at hand. This is how a research project fundamentally about quotidian social narratives led me to specifically address the unpublished and largely unstudied writings of a suffragette from Croydon.

Black also draws similarities between her identified illustration practices and broader research paradigms; positivism, post positivism, critical theory and constructivism (Black 2010, citing Gray and Malins, 2004) as well as Haseman's performative paradigm for creative practice (Black 2010, citing Haseman, 2006). In drawing these comparisons Black concludes, and I concur, that illustration appears to shift across paradigms with ease as necessary to the needs of the research project. When benchmarking my own beliefs, feelings and patterns of evaluation against interpretative paradigms detailed by Denzin and Lincoln (2008) I recognise traits moving across several models;

Constructivist: Type of narration – interpretive case studies, ethnographic fiction.

Feminist: Criteria – gender, lived experience, dialogue, emotion; type of narration – essays, stories, experimental writing.

Ethnic: Criteria – lived experience, dialogue, caring, race, class, gender; type of Narration – essays, fables, dramas (Denzin and Lincoln, 2008, p. 33).

Black's article, read during my own independent review of research literature, is a welcome entry into a discourse barely begun. Harmonising with my own findings it offers a foundation from which to build. Most significantly it substantiates illustration as a viable research practice. Citing Candy and Edmonds, Black writes;

'[illustration practices are] fundamentally exploratory, involving innovation and risk in ways that are familiar to researchers in the broader community', a key characteristic of practice that lends itself to research (Candy and Edmonds, 2010 cited by Black 2014, p. 126).

The Illustrator as Bricoleur

My own study more specifically explores my practice in relation to qualitative research theory with particular focus on methods used in disciplines with related topical concerns; the social sciences, ethnography, anthropology and human geography. Here, within the literature of other expert fields, I would find descriptions

of myself. Those tacit understandings, the never before articulated rationales, *my* processes, the methods of *my* making and thinking, staring back at me from within the printed pages.

These were, unknowingly, writings on illustration.

Take for example, the 'initial, generic definition' Denzin and Lincoln offer of qualitative research. It is, with the most minor of editing, here inserted for emphasis, a fitting description of my own illustration practice;

Qualitative [illustration] research is a situated activity that locates the observer in the world. It consists of a set of interpretative material practices that make the world visible. These practices transform the world...into a series of interpretations. These presentations may include 'field notes, interviews, conversations, photographs, recording and memos to the self' (Denzin and Lincoln, 2008, p. 4).

Denzin and Lincoln's enigmatic figure of the researcher as bricoleur the 'Jack of all trades', 'the professional 'do-it-yourself', could very well be an illustrator. The bricoleur is a 'pragmatic, strategic and self-reflective' researcher navigating their phenomenon of inquiry using a make do and mend multi methodological approach. Their choice of interpretive practices responds directly to the needs of their investigation as and when required. This is congruent with Black's assessment of illustration practices as inductive research. As illustrators, we too are adept in using 'the aesthetics [illustration visual outcomes] and material tools [creative practices]' of our craft' and also 'assemble our methods 'from a wide range things' [...] 'deploying whatever strategies, methods and empirical materials are at hand' (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 5).

Like the qualitative researcher, illustrators are 'inherently multimethod in focus', our tools are also responsive and adaptable; 'dependent upon the questions that are asked and [these] questions depend on their context, what is available in the context and what the researcher can do in the setting' (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 5).

I would argue the Illustrator to have a heightened sensitivity to context. As a visual communication art form, often applied and mediated, *context* is more readily understood as the situating and placement of the work. Illustrators are always urged to consider to whom it is that they intend to *speak* and what information they intend to convey. They are innately audience and context aware; anticipating variability of reception and response and thus tailoring their methods of engagement accordingly. This concern is not limited to the latter stages of an illustration project at which works become public facing. This receptivity, so deeply ingrained within the ontology of illustration, to setting and people and how best adapt to requirement, is at play always. Ingenuity is a principal expertise of the illustrator. The illustrator is a bricoleur; when faced with the need 'to invent, or piece together, new tools or techniques, he or she will do so' (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 5).

Denzin and Lincoln inform the researcher as bricoleur may approach from many positions; methodological; theoretical; political. Those most redolent of my own practice is a combination, a bricolage if you will, of two positions; the *interpretive bricoleur* and the *gendered, narrative bricoleur*. The gendered, narrative bricoleur understands researchers to be storytellers recounting the worlds they have studied while the *interpretive*

bricoleur research is as an 'interactive process shaped by his or her own personal history, biography gender social class, race and ethnicity and by those in the setting (Denzin and Lincoln, 2008).

Interestingly, in their discussions of the *bricoleur* Denzin and Lincoln look to the creative fields to describe the dynamism within qualitative research practices and materials. Metaphors are found in montage, pentimento and improvisational jazz all of which 'create the sense that images, sounds and understandings are blending together, overlapping, forming a composite, a new creation' (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 6).

Film montage 'invites viewers to construct interpretations that build on one another...interpretations are based on associations' (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 6). Audiences perceive and interpret *simultaneously* rather than *sequentially*; 'the viewer 'puts the sequences together into a meaningful emotional whole, as if glanced all at once' (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 6). Similarly, the qualitative researcher as quilter 'stitches, edits, and puts together slices of reality together' bringing 'psychological and emotional unity – a pattern—to an interpretative experience' (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 5).

These creative devices are not only appropriate analogies due to their inventive systems of interpretation but are also fitting modes of representation to describe the multiplicity within qualitative materials. The *bricolage*; the product of the *bricoleur's* inquiry, is 'an emergent construction that's changing and taking new forms as the *bricoleur* moves across tools, methods and techniques of representation and interpretation' (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 4). They produce an 'emotional gestalt effect', allowing for multiple representations; 'different voices, different perspectives, points of view, angles of vision' (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 7). These research texts are dialogic, able to 'move between from the personal to the political from the local to the historical and the cultural.' Space is left open for interpretation by an active audience with the understanding that objective reality can never be captured. A thing can only be known through its representations (Denzin and Lincoln 2008, p. 7).

Within this description I recognise my own tacit concerns made explicit. My instinct is the *bricoleur's* expertise. Different bodies of knowledge; the material evidence and debris of investigations are collected and positioned alongside one another to identify patterns and correlations. This is also a creative interpretative act that forms a narrative relaying the story of what I have found.



Image 7. Fauchon, 2016, 'A Trial of Women', photograph of work in progress studio display.

Even the creative technique of collage, which later would come to the fore as a device for creative making, is a direct act of bricolage. Archival documents, images of my own making and ephemeral remains originating from widely different sources as could only be found within this particular study, are spliced to create entirely new self-contained assemblages. When grouped, as they inevitably will be because as I always work in collections, they become assemblages of assemblages open to infinite interpretation.¹⁵

The ultimate bricolage is this thesis. It's not only the visual artworks that are collaged, spliced and reassembled; so too are the texts, thoughts, theoretical literature, writing styles, creative practices and interpretive methods amassed along the research journey. In assuming the figure of the bricoleur I also find reassurance and rationale regarding all the unforeseen twists and turns that have brought me to be amongst people engaged in ideas and perspectives so seemingly far from my disciplinary home. These are not tenuous digressions, but actions following concerns pertinent to the evolving investigation. The ability to move between perspectives, methods and empirical materials in a single study is, for Denzin and Lincoln, a strategy that adds rigour, breadth, complexity, richness and depth (Denzin and Lincoln, 2008).

Illustration Practices as Inventive Methods

Lury and Wakefield's (2012) novel social research paradigm *the inventive method* gives opportunity to redirect analysis more directly toward how illustration methods perform, not in relation to other established paradigms, but as distinctive interpretative practices in their own right.

The inventive method describes interpretative practices that are explicitly orientated to investigating 'the open endedness of the social world' (Lury and Wakefield 2012, p. 2). They are not bound to any disciplinary field but when applied demonstrate particular behaviours and/or operate with particular concerns. Indeed, they needn't be methods in the strictest sense, they may be devices, apparatus or things more readily familiar within everyday practices of gaining or organising knowledge.

Lury and Wakefield stress that methods in social research used to address the full actuality of the world cannot be indifferent or external to the problem they intend to address. The inventive method is responsive to the dynamic, mobile social environment and furthermore strives to introduce 'answerability' to the concerns identified. Here inventiveness does not refer to being original in use but the ability to enable change and be impactful.

¹⁵ Happy New Year to you too, Mireille!

I loved the poster – simple, but very effective. It interested me especially because of the contrast of the apparent airy fairy (literally!) subject (Queen Mab of the fairies) in the background but the words about tyrants and bleeding victims with the image of the woman bowed in submission to a judge and possibly hard work in for example a prison laundry. Queen Mab also has a special significance for me – my mother was christened Mabel Queenie because her older sister insisted that should be her name because she had just been reading about Queen Mab (my mother never forgave her for foisting the name on her!) – you have a genius for picking ideas which resonant with my family history!

Very much looking forward to seeing you and seeing the exhibition next week.

Best wishes,
Carol

Fundamentally, the inventive method enables the *happening* of the social world; 'its ongoingness, relationality, contingency and sensuousness' (Lury and Wakefield, 2012, p. 2).

Manifesto, i. Knowledges: Point 2.

Illustration cannot exist in isolation.

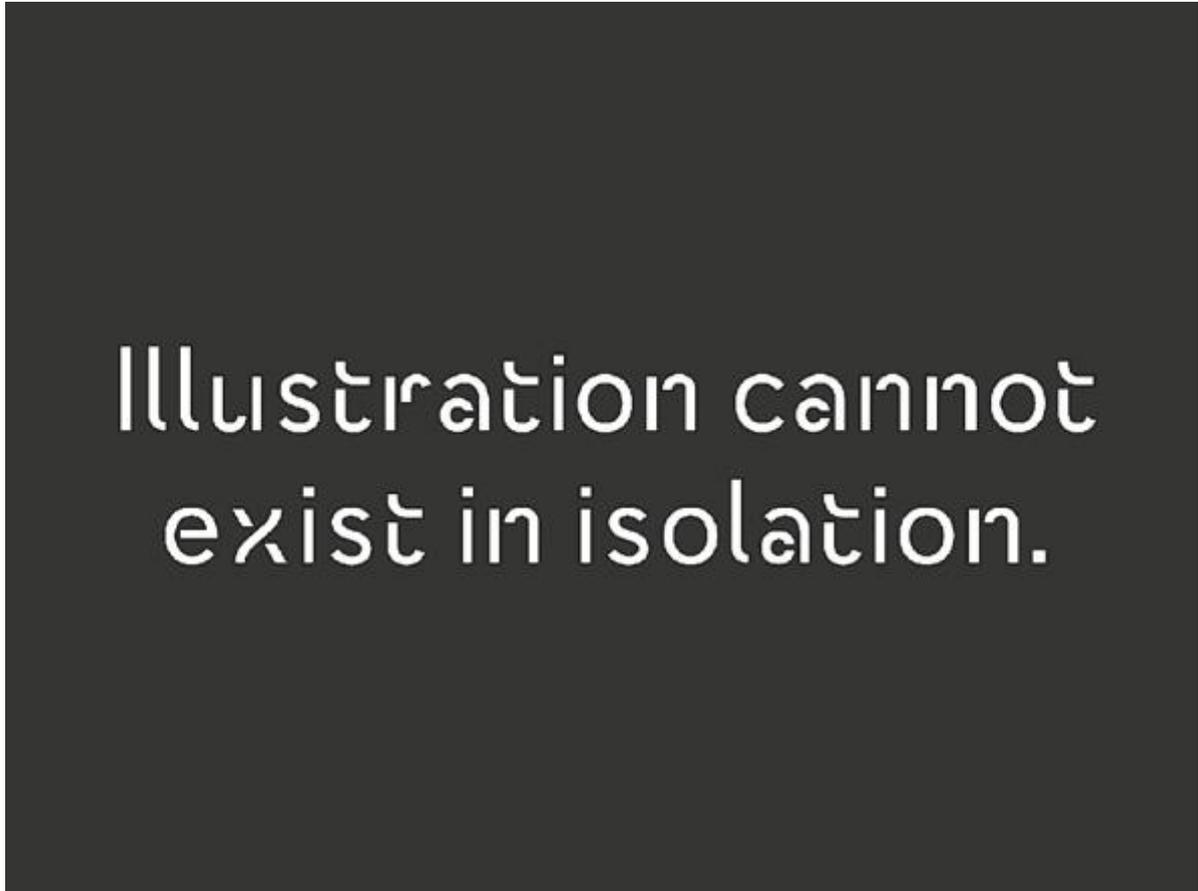


Image 8. Fauchon and Gannon, 2018, text based illustration taken from 'The Manifesto for Illustration Pedagogy'.

Illustration methodologies are eligible to be considered as inventive, as described by Lury and Wakefield, because illustration is a socially dependent discipline. Illustrators work in anticipation of their efforts being situated within a social environment where it will operate with the explicit intent to engage; the performance and success of illustration is always being negotiated within a social dynamic. Even if the making process is solitary, an illustrator's practice is inherently social; it always involves and considers other people from the outset. The people and groups involved in this project have been multiple and diverse;

local historians,

social historians,

archivists,

academics,

And just people,

cultural key holders,

passers by,
residents.

People always talk to me.

I've often said in this life I'm always sitting next to the right person.

Research begets conversations,

conversations yield knowledge.

Knowledge is sometimes just a story you haven't heard before.¹⁶

For Lury and Wakefield inventiveness cannot be accounted for in advance but arises in the relation between two moments; the addressing of a method to a particular problem and the capacity of what then emerges in the use of that method to change the problem. Answerability is intrinsic within this study because illustration, no matter how poetic it's rendering, has a functional impetus. The illustration practices used within this study strive to be impactful because from the outset they are consciously informed by multiple motives;

illustration to explore,

illustration to reveal,

illustration to connect,

illustration to describe,

illustration to share.

Throughout the research process this reiterative cycle has prompted chains of impact; the sharing and discussing of research through residencies, exhibitions, presentations and engagement activities this study has resulted, even at times with great deviations, in a little-known Suffragette from Croydon being better known amongst a spectrum of audiences. This study has fostered communities. I have seen people previously unknown to one another return and regroup for various engagement activities in interest of the developing research narrative.

16

Footnote image 7. Visitor feedback, 2017, from exhibition: 'The Priory Tunnels' at Wandsworth Town Library.

Lury and Wakefield (2012) call for social researchers to reflect critically upon the value, status and significance of knowledge today. The devices, tools and methods they offer as examples at first instance do not all so obviously belong within the social research cannon. Neither are they particularly beholden to academic inquiry but are more familiar as ad hoc practices of everyday life through which we obtain and organise knowledge such as the list or the anecdote, two examples not indifferent to this study.

The devices most instrumental in furthering this research are not those so obviously associated with illustrative practices. They are logistical 'hinges' between or resulting from creative acts without which the most fundamental of developments would never have been realised;

The inevitable google search

The word document

The emails, sent and received

The Correspondences

Making appointments to visit archives, libraries, museums

The introductions and referrals

Speaking with people who know more, or different things, than me about the subject

The invitations to talk, write about and showcase the research in progress

The chance encounters because I or my work were in a specific space at a specific time

The numerous conversations held in cafes, staff rooms, stairwells and over buffet finger lunches.

These meetings develop into partnerships

Partnerships turn into projects

Joining forces

working together

Sharing knowledge and expertise.

Manifesto, i Knowledges: Point 4.

Illustration thrives on a network of active collaborative relationships.



Image 9. Fauchon and Gannon, 2018, text based illustration taken from 'The Manifesto for Illustration Pedagogy'.

Lury and Wakefield describe also inventive methods as multifarious instruments with variety and variability of purpose. There is a multiplicity of performance inherent within illustration interpretive practices; they are able at once to engage with, interpret, represent and disseminate the phenomenon of interest. Take, for example, the collaged illustration artworks resulting from this study. The sourcing, collecting and/or creating the components which will inform the artworks is an act of engagement with the subject. Time will be spent in the archives searching, sifting, reading, isolating and photocopying materials. Field work will be conducted, locations visited, encounters will happen, conversations will be had or overheard. Things, objects, debris and ephemera of interest onsite may also be discovered.

The isolating and extracting of information in collected archival documents (photocopies), production of visual responses (usually using print process) and creative writing are all methods of interpreting and negotiating the knowledge within the research materials. The result is a collection of disparate elements, plucked from their original contexts and united as relevant to the individual study.

The collaged artwork is a physical reassembling of these elements into a new curated form. Images and words are brought together creating a narrative text that operates through prompting contemplation of the connections observed. The resulting illustrations are a representation of research findings and also a visual communication tool for dissemination.

During the installing of the exhibition at the Museum of Croydon a passer-by stopped to point out, while I stood spirit level in hand propped against a wall, that amongst the grainy textures rendered in greys and blacks the only instance of colour in my display was a single image of black female netball players energetically leaping in reach of a goal accompanied by the first line of a Shelley verse ARISE ARISE ARISE.

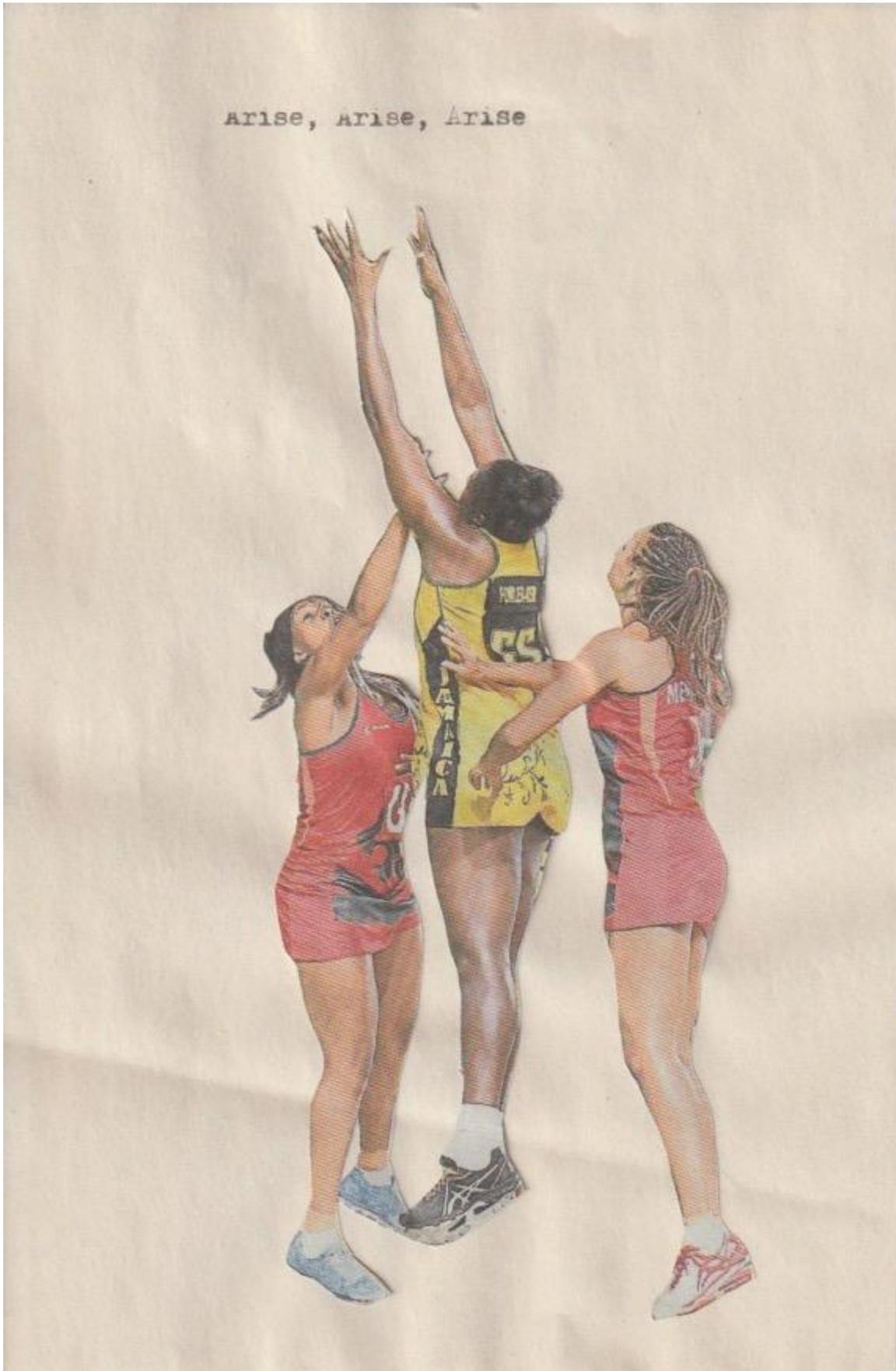


Image 10. Fauchon, 2018, 'Arise, Arise, Arise', mixed media collage on paper.

Inventive methods are never able to operate in isolation, they perform within the social – ‘they are something that happens that make something happen’ (Lury and Wakefield, citing Suchman 2012, p. 9). It was only in that moment and as a direct result of feedback, did I notice the significance of that image within the entire body of work.

Manifesto, ii Thresholds: Point 3.

Illustration comes full term through participation.



Image 11. Fauchon and Gannon, 2018, text based illustration taken from ‘The Manifesto for Illustration Pedagogy’.

Non-Representational Illustration

Instinct, sense and feeling feature heavily in my methodology. My research is always location and environment specific. When conducting fieldwork I am lead by intuition and a holistic interconnected sensory awareness.

Touch,
smell,
looking,
the spoken,
the heard,
what I feel in my guts and beneath my feet.

This is true of where ever I am, the reading room in an archive is as much the 'field' as a partially dilapidated high street. My reading of the environment and my interest within it are entirely subjective and can be stirred, turned and directed in the blink of an eye. This is also true of my visual response. Making happens retrospectively after a passage of time has allowed memories form and intermingle. There is an active resistance to literal depiction. I feel no sense of loyalty to replicate what I have seen; knowledge is not reproduced by reproducing the surface (Balsom, 2017).

While my illustrative interpretative responses are visual, within the research process ocular perception is not necessarily the privileged sense in the realms of knowing. Rather, I prefer to get a *feel* for things. This *feeling* is then what I attempt to evoke in my audience; a multi-sensory, emotional reading of the research encounter. These illustrations are, to use phraseology adopted from the field of human geography, *non-representational* (Thrift, 2007).

Moving across social sciences, humanities and cultural studies non-representational theory appeals for experimentation with new ways of articulating the findings of the embodied researcher that feel coherent with the world as encountered (Vaninni 2015, p. 319).

Within non-representational practices the researcher's physical being is an instrument for research; engaging, navigating and gaining insights into research subjects and their geographies (Paterson 2009, citing Crang, 2003, Longhurst *et al.*, 2008).

Moving beyond what is immediately visible the non-representational researcher engages *the haptic system*; 'an apparatus by which the individual gets information about both his [her] environment and his [her] body. He [she] feels an object relative to the body and the body relative to an object. It is the perceptual system by which animals and men [women] are literally in touch with the environment' (Patterson 2009, p. 768, citing Gibson, 1966, feminine emphasis added).

Here *haptic* does not refer to only touch but is more broadly applied to describe internally felt bodily sensations. In his writings on haptic knowledges Mark Patterson (2009) provides the term 'somatic senses' to describe the multiplicity and the interaction between different internally felt and outwardly orientated senses.' Cognition, or perception of a social situation emerges from pre-cogitative instinctive readings, for example, assessing body language, a sense of ambience, gauging tension, mood, or hearing the intricacies in spoken conversation (Thrift, 2007).

These somatic senses respond to the immediate lived experience before any reflection can take place, before full perception takes hold and prompts rationalisation. The knowledge resulting from these instinctive readings serve as guidance allowing us to theorize other's states and how best to navigate a situation without have any prior knowledge or full-blown beliefs (Thrift, 2007).

Or rather, I am sat on a bench in The Whitgift Shopping Centre eating a M&S wrap too quickly while a small Sri Lankan woman tells me she was once a professor of medicine at Cambridge and not to study too much. This meeting will stay with me and later it would be incorporated into my writing describing the residency at LOFT;

Hunger

Public eating

Awkwardness

Chrome, tiles and artificial glare

Ease with a perfect stranger

The need to keep moving

Move

Movement is the leitmotif of non-representational theory (Thrift 2007). Human life is based on and in movement and there can be no stable, taken for granted, human experience. The real world is in motion and constantly changing and when we move within it we do in relation or in 'joint action' with the other entities, human and non-human, we encounter. Everyday life is filled with a multitude of potential events, how they are perceived is entirely subjective and propelled by the situations in which we find ourselves.

The train to West Croydon that terminates unexpectedly at Sydenham putting me 45 minutes behind schedule.

The young man who is I suspect is unwell who strokes the walls as I install my exhibition at the Museum of Croydon.

Catching my foot on a loose paving stone and skinning my knee which leaves me sore and feeling a little shaken all day.

The world is happening, moving in chorus with all we are surrounded and confronted by. What is understood within any specific encounter is influenced by a wider web of simultaneous joint actions. The researcher, here myself, is also part and integral within this dynamic, having impact and influencing the twists and turn of events as they unfurl. In short, no illustrative depiction can make claim to a general view of how things were then, or are now. All that be offered is *this is how I remember it to have been then*.



Image 12. Fauchon, 2018, photograph of Croydon North End.

This is why I find drawing from observation on location, a convention of the reportage illustration (Embury and Miniciehhello, 2018) wholly inadequate to my intentions. It describes what is seen but cannot extend beyond it. Reportage illustration often places the emphasis on the urgent drawn response, but with that comes the issue of positioning. Even when physically situated within an environment; the considered act of observing and recording creates a barrier between the observed and the observer.

The limitations of representational reportage illustration are equivalent to those recognised in traditional academic written studies by non-representational social researchers. In order to visually represent an environment as seen conclusions must be drawn, this then fixes meaning. It lacks the ability to capture the multiplicities at play within a fluid social dynamic; senses, instincts, reverberating actions. It anchors movement.

To return then, to 'instinct' and 'feelings' when researching, I go to places significant within case studies, just to "be there" and "get a sense" of what they're like and be amongst those who inhabit that environment. Usually I bring no apparatus with me to record. To attempt to document in the moment is a distraction – documenting is a form of cognition; it requires judgement and conclusive decision making which then interrupts the immediacy of the encounter. And in the urge to record what will be missed? I prefer to just be, attune to feelings I can't quite put my fingers on. The scholarship is sensuous, not reflective in a cognitive sense but appreciative of the meaningfulness of the sensory experience of the world (Vannini, 2015).

Research trips are not conducted with the intention of formulating conclusions or assumptions on site. I go to capture a sense of the place and what that might reveal of the social dynamics present at that moment. The stories that lead my research are often anecdotal and quotidian. They may concern events from the distant past but are contained and accessed within the here and now. And, the point of interest for me is their specificity to that place and the current social dynamics present at that time.

I also make my visits to know better the environment my illustrations will sit within and the people I hope to engage. A storyteller must know their audience and to gain an understanding of a social environment you have to move within it, inhabit it with sincerity, even if only for a brief time. If I'm in a shopping centre 'doing research', I'm going to shop, have a browse and probably a coffee.

I could never just observe at a distance anyway.

It is inappropriate in a social space, not only because of the moral and ethical implications of 'othering' through a discerning gaze, but because it is ineffective. Consciousness is a window of time, fifteen seconds at the most in which just a few things can be addressed (Thift, 2007). This is a long time to stop and stare when in the hustle and bustle and I have no desire to make myself the spectacle through drawing attention to myself and in doing so disrupt what would otherwise be, more or less, customary behaviour. To make people uncomfortable or disturb the norm, whatever it might be at that time, would be counter-productive.

And while I embark on my travels with an agenda, I don't regard this method as being covert exactly. Covertness, to my ear sounds too akin to spying, being divisive or taking something from an unsuspecting party. Nor do I go about striving to engage with everyone, this is also socially rather odd. Visiting a location of interest to investigate, "have a look" and "see what it's like", is a normal practice of everyday life not only beholden to an academic researcher but anyone who is inquisitive. It is a social practice.

David to Museum of Croydon. Over.

Receiving. Over.

Is it ok if I go on my break now? Over.

Yes of course David. Over and out.

Animation

Addressing non-representational theory from the perspective of geographical ethnography Phillip Vannini (2015) describes non-representational researchers to consider their work as 'impressionistic'. While researchers are inspired by their work in the field 'they do not claim to be able, or even interested, in reporting on those in an impersonal, neutral, or reliable manner' (Vaninni, 2015 p313). Rather Non-representational styles strive to *animate, rupture and evoke* rather than simply mimic or report.

Vannini's discussions, although framed with specificity to his own field, encapsulates concerns and intentions paramount to this study and more generally to my practice as an illustrator. To do research non-representationally is to emphasise the 'fleeting, viscous, lively, embodied, material, more than human, precognitive, non-discursive of spatially and temporally complex life worlds' (Vannini 2015, p. 319).

To further highlight the relevance of aligning ethnographic inquiry to this particular research project; Vannini describes ethnography as ‘people focused emic research which makes sure of data collection methods such as participation, observation and interview, and which unfolds by way of thick description and contextualization (Vannini, 2015 p. 318). For Cook and Crang (2007, p. 1) ‘the purpose of ethnographic methodologies is to understand parts of the world more or less as they are experienced and understood in the everyday lives of the people who ‘live them out’. While I maintain my research is that of an illustrator and not an ethnographer, there are methodological similarities (albeit with differences in terminology, I would use ‘conversing’ rather than ‘interviewing’ etc.) which are fundamentally driven by an interest in people; their experiences and stories, and their perceptions of these experiences with all the various inconsistencies and logics this might encompass.

Taking the liberty then to apply Vannini’s assertions to my own cause non-representational illustration attempts to describe empirical narratives that are inspired by, and feel coherent with, the world as encountered (Vannini, 2015). The real world, particularly in Croydon, is messy and precarious, apt to change and impossible to generalise. Acknowledging the vivaciousness, impulses and novelties inherent within everyday life, non-representational research calls for methodological strategies able to *animate* the world as encountered rather than deaden its inherent vitality. Through *animation* non-representational approaches or ‘styles’ aim to ‘enliven, render, resonate, rupture, re-imagine, and to generate possibilities for fabulation’ (Vannini, 2015 p. 320).

Vannini’s use of the term *animation* strikes a chord. Its use is as familiar and integral within non-representational theory as it within illustration practice. Illustration and animation have long been bedfellows; to illustrate is to articulate, to animate is to bring to life. Ignoring the more rudimentary association of animation to illustration as referring to filmic moving image, animation, or rather *re-animation*, is a principal motif within this study. Historical narratives are brought to life; to *this* life. The interrogation of the historic accounts within the present means they can hold no partiality with the past; they are bound to become entangled within the here and now. The point of illustration is to address what then ensues. The intention of this study has never been to recount a tale of events as *told* in visual form. In the case of Katie Gliddon’s prison testimony (as will be more fully described later), to simply illustrate, or ‘represent’, the events as described would fail miserably to capture the true complexity of the account. These complexities are revealed more so, if not as much, by what is implicit, incomplete or entirely absent within Gliddon’s archival collection. These absences allow for conjecture, re-imaginings and re-enactments to come into play. A literal illustrative approach would also neglect the intrigue, wonder and sheer excitement as read through the Gliddon’s writings.

My own approach to direct creative interpretation of research findings is to use thematic keywords. These describe the message, emotion or understanding I intend to capture and evoke in audiences. These keywords can change and shift as the investigation progresses but also provide guides to highlight connections and guide interpretations.

Shatter

Muddle

Entwine

Becoming

Confine
Stifle
Oppress
Contain
Belonging
Struggle
Kinship
Collectivism
Contrast
Infiltrate
Hide
Disguise
Interject
Femininity
Allure
Identity
Aspiration
Debris
Residue
Memory
Trace
Fear
Queer
Difference
Otherness

Non-representational research strives to awaken senses, stirring in the audience a sense of the same embodied encounter; *feel I have, know as I do*. And yet there is also an understanding that this is a paradox; the same experience can never be replicated. Non-representational research is not only sensitive to affect but also affective. Instead of reviving something past new encounters relevant and responsive to the here and now ripple forth. Non-representational illustration is forever adaptable and becoming something else, something originally unplanned with lovely capacity to affect change and participate in political life (Vannini, 2015).

Throughout this study the research in progress has been continually made available to public audiences through action research; exhibitions, residencies and presentations. These showcases have provided opportunity for insight and feedback to develop my interpretation. The pushing forth of research narratives into the world, allowing them to relay in real time amongst those who happen to be coming and going, who may or may not engage with them, have also let them spin away uncontrolled to be caught by the imagination of others. Having been taken into flight, they are no longer beholden to me. Their journeying through storytelling is independent, unpredictable without boundaries or ends (Vannini, 2015).

As non-representational theory is resolutely interdisciplinary with social researchers looking to the performing and creative arts to find ways of making their findings suitably comprehensive, the resonances might be expected. However, non-representational ideas resound with particular emphasis when aligned with illustration practices because it is a communicative arts discipline. The illustrator's methodology is especially formulated to find the most affective ways to communicate the desired message, knowledge or narrative. The illustrator's research process is specifically tailored to this task; to acquire sufficient understanding of the phenomenon of interest in order to 'illustrate' it in such a way to be comprehensible to others. The strategies and behaviours illustrators employ in their modes of description and delivery strive to evoke bodily senses, emotions and empathy.

There can be no crisis of representation in illustration practice.

The Illustrator as Narrative Researcher

The aligning of my method with narrative inquiry is further detailed in part two of this thesis which describes the period of archival research during which I came to know and work with the writings of Katie Gliddon. It was during this formative point in the research process, when buried deep in Gliddon's manuscripts that I also began to seek out discussions and writings on feminist methods in the archive.

In doing so I became acquainted with narrative in a way different to how I understood it as an illustrator; yes, a means to engage and communicate but with emphasis of it as a creative craft that dwelt on the details of visual delivery. By way of the social sciences, narrative was revealed as a multi-faceted tool of inquiry capable of operating with distinctive possibilities. The revelation contextualised my narrative instincts in a new methodological light repositioning my practice as an illustrator firmly as that of a narrative researcher.

As an illustrator, I am a teller of tales.

I have an ear for a particular kind of story and an eye that scans.

I have always trusted my gut.

This study is wholly concerned with stories and when in the role of researcher, it is stories that I'm listening, looking and feeling out for.

Stories of the everyday;

rumour,

gossip,

lore.

Stories told to explain what happened just now or ages ago.

Stories just be to be known and understood.

Stories as I tell them are illustrated with text and image, which when brought together form narrative situations. Linear sequencing has always been uncomfortable, as if to commit to a chronology would be too prescriptive, too definite. It is as if I resist commitment to any one version. I prefer modes of presentation that invite flexible reading such as multiple sources able to be viewed simultaneously.

Of course, there is always a leaning or an emphasis, after all I am the teller of the tale shaping, editing, and often directly constructing the materials presented. The audience can then interpret freely; *this is what I can tell you, make of it what you will, I say*. This approach has been a tenet of my work always and is likely informed by the nature of the narratives that attract me; anecdotal, fragmentary and fleeting. While the creative component of this study may be more obviously recognisable as a narrative illustration work; this thesis is also a narrative text and a work of illustration. It describes the rationale for this study and relays the research journey as experienced;¹⁷ the discoveries, encounters and the knowledge amassed along route. The narrative instinct is strong in illustration. Storytelling is the common strategy to lure and speak to audiences. It would seem only fitting then that an illustration thesis, particularly one taking personal stories as its central concern could be anything other than a story told. And while illustration is more readily associated as a creative narrative medium, as opposed to a mode of academic delivery, any form of reporting research is just a way of 'telling a story' (Rabbiosi and Vanolo, 2017).

Narrative researchers within the social sciences treat narratives, be they oral or written, as distinct forms of discourse through which to interpret and understand the actions of others as well as ourselves. This study has never been interested in generalisations or smoothed over commonalities. This is not a study of the Suffragette movement of which much has already been written. This isn't even the story of a single Suffragette, although she does frequently wander into the scene.

While partial and self-referential, narratives are able, because of their limited perspectives, to describe the uniqueness of each human action. A story when told describes a unique version of the self, experience and reality (Chase, 2008). Narrators edit and select, stress or dismiss from the entirety of their knowledge and experience as relevant to their purposes. As a form of retrospective meaning making narratives organise events into a meaningful whole. The shaping and ordering of past experiences allow connections to be made between the consequences of actions and events over time (Chase, 2008)

Within this PhD study this is as true of the research subject as it is of the researcher. The archival collection at the epicentre of this project, the papers of Katie Gliddon, is in itself a narrative text. The collection consists of various ephemeral materials which replay from various perspectives; autobiographical and journalistic writings, collected newspaper clippings and Suffragette literature, a viewpoint into an epiphanal moment within Gliddon's life story.

The self-defined ordering of Gliddon's experience are most explicitly evident in the part of her collection this study is most concerned with - her extensive writings detailing her prison experience. The continually revised, reordered and edited accounts which over time also interweave other sources of information emphasise that the truth is indeed slippery. There is no single 'truth' to be discovered (Rabbiosi and Vanolo 2017).

'Fiction' as I refer to it here does not imply the opposite of 'non-fiction', as in the work of pure invention, although the validity of this is also arguable when considering all fantasy is ultimately informed by the real word (Rabbiosi and Vanolo 2017).

¹⁷ Or, as I would have you think it was experienced.

Rather the position held is that there is no possibility of establishing absolute 'scientific' knowledge concerning the past, and that history is ultimately 'a form of fiction-making' (Rabbiosi and Vanolo 2017, p. 268 quoting White, 1978). Any reporting of past events, recent or long distant, is an interpretative practice and will be subject to power dynamics and control.

However, the factual nature of the Gliddon's statements are not called into question here. It is not what this illustrator-researcher has gone in search of. The interest is in what these discrepancies imply. They tell of longings, shame and pride, a developing social awareness and her own process of sense making. In this respect Gliddon's account is not fictional per se but it does remind us that a story told always belie an intention and those intentions may provide unintentional insights (Rabbiosi and Vanolo, 2017).

There Is Only One Storyteller

Narrative researchers position themselves as narrators, communicating their inquiry and findings from their specific viewpoint all the while emphasising the relevance and value of what they report (Chase 2008). The delivery of this study both in the written thesis and within the creative component are explicitly autoethnographic. This mode of delivery seems entirely appropriate seeing that while in the role of storyteller I am also the protagonist of this tale. Within a study which reveres the anecdotal lived experience the reporting of knowledge cannot be removed from the experience of acquiring it. Body and voice are inseparable from mind and thought (Holman-Jones 2008, p. 210).

The inner monologue translated into writing and image serve as tools for both analysis and representation. The workings of the mind are made manifest, sense-making is exposed and made tangible as material evidence. An autoethnographic inquiry is never fully stable. It is continually vulnerable to influence knowledge as the study progresses.

The autoethnographic method uses the personal voice, here my own, to describe in the first person the process of interpreting the events and actions of the research process. The rationales, methods, findings and analysis are curated and interwoven by narrative description so as to be as coherent, compelling and convincing as possible. And while this study is recounted from a subjective perspective, social researchers remind us that all stories, regardless of how they are presented, are partial (Rabbiosi and Vanolo 2017) and furthermore reassuringly, even having 'a partial, local and historical knowledge is still knowing' (Richardson and St. Pierre, 2008, p. 476).

While introspective and self-conscious, this narrative is far from insular. This is a tale that strives to connect with others, pulling together ideas, contexts and others' stories as a means for creating dialogue. The autoethnographic milieu is a dynamic discursive space binding together the myriad of experiences; intellectual, emotional and personal all specific to this unique research project. Here the personal voice holds together fugitive, shifting and unsteady storylines (Richardson and St. Pierre, 2008, p. 566). Autoethnographic texts are a balancing act (Holman-Jones, 2008). Contained in these pages are deliberations, vehement beliefs and speculations bound together in a concoction of autobiography, theory, method and continual inquiry. Within this tale time and space are also unstable, we move between months, years, decades and centuries whilst always

thinking of the future. Amongst the theory, methods, findings and analysis sacrosanct of the PhD project you will also find people, characters and personas, dead and alive, all claiming their part in the unfolding research narrative.

There Is Also You To Consider.

You too are now part of this tale.

Personal texts [as also true of illustration] never act alone (Holman-Jones 2008, p. 206). And I have no intention of embarking on this project for it to remain unknown and allusive. Narration is always a relational experience, even if the recipient of the story is an imagined one (2008, p. 289). The autoethnographic approach is a direct form of address, a *speaking to* another who is invited into the inner sense making process.

Narrative researchers, like illustrators, know narratives to be socially situated interactive performances (Chase, 2008). Stories are transferable but with that also comes variability and flexibility. The apparently same story will always differ when relayed within different contexts and to different audiences (Richardson and St. Pierre, 2008). While this study was still unfolding, before any of its findings had been organised and scripted, it was a story already moving, travelling, changing. The research narrative took on new meanings in all the various contexts it was positioned. The shopping centre, the local heritage centre, the labour party meeting, the multiple conference presentations, exhibitions and workshops. In all of these situations, regardless of the format of delivery it was really only ever a story I was sharing. Stories are reciprocal the audiences, people in the here and now, or, in the then and there, too became implicated in the narrative web (Holman-Jones, 2008).

People responded emphasising their own points of interests, they shared what they knew and related the themes within my project to their own personal memories and experiences. In doing so they took on a role within the work. You may even find traces of them snuck in the margins, hoping to have their say.

In keeping with my non-representational approach, the interconnected narrative texts that form this PhD research project hope to evoke a plausible and visceral lifeworld charged with an emotional atmosphere (Richardson and St. Pierre, 2008). The reader is beckoned into the archives to discover with me. I want those who have never been, nor will ever go, to the places mentioned here to understand something of them. Come, step inside the Whitgift shopping centre. As I type I know by the time you read this it will no longer exist. Of course, be welcome at my side, but I also expect you to participate in this story both within and outside of this work. Join the conversations and then bring them to the contexts of your own lives and contemplate their meanings long after you have left these pages, as I did while sitting on the top deck of a London bus in the sweltering summer heat. This story is purposeful. Stories help us create, interpret and change our social, cultural and personal lives. Autoethnographic texts point out not only the necessity of narrative in our world but also the power of narrative to reveal and revise that world (Holman-Jones, 2008 p. 210).

Already I know, this story has had impact in the world, even if just in a humble, quiet way. My email inbox proves it. Contained there are messages from people previously unknown to me who have sought me out in earnest to share their own stories inspired by the research, to give me their thoughts and to inform and advise.

A specific, perspective and limited vantage point can 'tell, teach and put people in motion' (Holman-Jones, 2008 p. 206).

To Write As An Illustrator

Within this PhD the practice of writing has come to the fore as a method of inquiry. I have always written. I write as a way of relaying narratives, but not as I imagine an author of novels or short stories would. That is quite mysterious and feels other to this. I write from the position of an illustrator. That is to say I regard writing as an illustrative device.

Reading is so inherent within illustration practice, interpretation of some sort of text-based document is so often one of the principle actions of any illustration project, reading a brief, a story, an article or as within this project historical archival documents.

To read a text-based document from the position of an illustrator is a distinctive form of critical analysis. 'Reading' is performed with the explicit understanding that an interpretation will be realised visually. There is an automatic and tacit cogitative process at play, a form of imaginative literacy; the ability to comprehend and deduce details, themes and associations that may eventually inform a creative response. As an Illustrator I read consciously, scrutinising through a lens that filters whilst also drawing together creative resonances from within and outside that particular source material. These interpretations are then coalesced into an illustrative response that hopes to elucidate the 'reading' while engaging and compelling the audience. When I write from the position of an illustrator this same critical analysis is operation. When working in response to an already very visually descriptive text illustrators are always warned not to compete with the visual imagination of their reader, *do not visually translate what is already explicit in writing – you will only ever disappoint*. However, when the illustrator writes they don't challenge the imagination, they directly inform it. Evocative descriptive language strives to bring to mind vivid scenarios which will be uniquely envisioned by each and every reader. Creative word play is used in the same way that visual elements and composition are to draw together and highlight thematic connections.

Narrative delivery and structure are not only applied here for their relevance to the subject matter but also because, as illustrators have long known, for its ability to captivate and communicate to 'non-expert' audiences, who for me are the most desirable (Schlunke & Brewster 2009, Rabbiosi & Vanolo, 2017).

What manner of beast then is this new literary style *illustrative writing*? As an academic form it can, as fictocriticism (Muecke, 2008) does, flit between and entwine poetic delivery with critical argument connecting the theoretical, practical and personal through narrative discourse (Schlunke & Brewster, 2009).

Illustrative writing is able to offer crystallised perspectives of all that becomes encompassed within its address. Simultaneously contemplating inwardly and projecting outwards while growing, changing, refracting and inverting all that it draws from (Richardson and St. Pierre, 2008)

Schlunke and Brewster (2009, p. 394) write that the satisfaction of fictocriticism is not 'being right' but 'being got'. The same is true here, there is no singular 'right' to be declared in any case. Different bodies of

knowledge and the means through which they are acquired here have no hierarchical value; the writings of the celebrated peer reviewed scholar are as much an ally as the overheard conversation. The illustrative writing here entwines precarious and consequential personal, practical and theoretical storylines.

Some storylines appear momentarily and disappear, cut short and irresolute as if caught in their trajectory towards somewhere else, into another story perhaps. Others linger or resurface tainting what all that comes after¹⁸ or seem to resurface in different guises in a cycle of eternal returns.

Each storyline no matter how fleeting is a self-contained world, charged with its own atmosphere, rhythms, forces, relations, and movements (Stewart, 2011). This study does not create one singular story world but a narrative universe containing a series of small worlds serving as a series of dwellings to be inhabited as spaces for thinking about and imagining what might be going on (Stewart, 2011). The sensual worlds presented here are not just those informed by places and locations and what was most affective in the sentience of those situations but also build from the theoretical ideas and topical concerns within the project that undoubtedly provided the analytical lens to much of my experience such as activism, sexism, suffrage, social class, legacy, longing. A world was born from my time in residence in the LOFT, sitting there quite literally in a loft, I thought of hysterical women in attics, quietened and dismissed to confined spaces and yet there I was thinking and writing, illustrative writing, considering another world: Gliddon in which her cell restrained and yet free to think and write. She was also an illustrative writer.

And So, To What Genre Does Illustrative Writing Belong?

Is the illustrator's manuscript a narrative fiction belonging to the canon of creative writing? Is it an interdisciplinary academic form; theory written through stories? (Steward, 2009). As an illustrator, and always context considerate, I cannot conceive of this study, *of this writing*, without imagining where and when it might be read, if at all. Under bedcovers warm and secure and, I hope, with a hot beverage to hand or will it be under the cold lights of a university library? Have you been assigned this task of reading or have you sought me out? Such things influence definitions and identity; academic report, literary fiction, leisure, pleasure, study. All? None?

For Richardson and St. Pierre (2008, p. 566) the distinction is not drawn from the meaning of the text but the claim that the author makes of it. What emerges from illustrative writing is neither fiction, literature nor social research, but a 'cultural poesis' an emergent assemblage, comprising a wild mix of things I propose for illustrative writing to be considered a CAP (Creative Analytical process) that is in and of itself a valid and desirable representation of the social (Richardson and St. Pierre, & St. Pierre 2008, p. 477). Illustrative writing is at once a new species of both ethnographic and illustration practice.

Manifesto, ii Thresholds: Point 1.

The Illustrator can author.

¹⁸ I can't quite forget the man with the mark of Genghis Khan. The thought of him still haunts me.

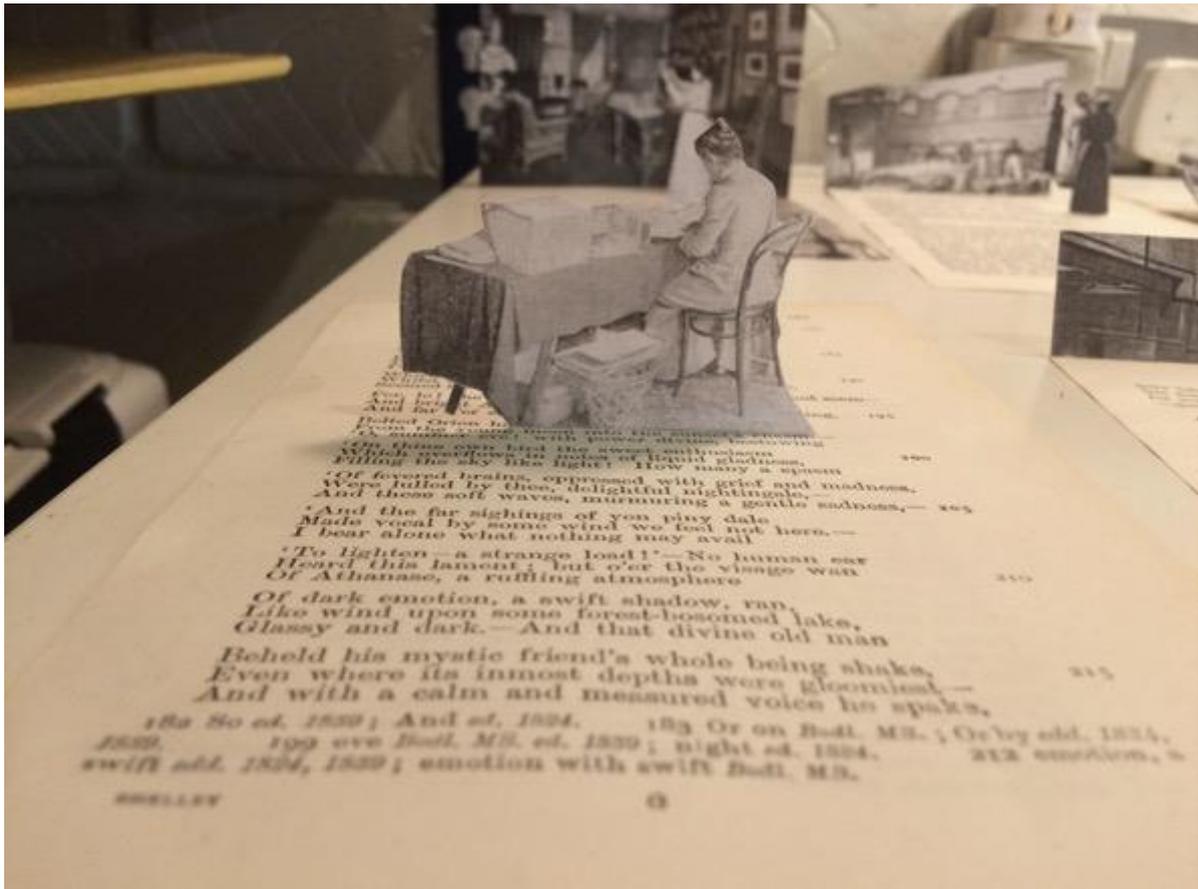


Image 13. Fauchon, 2019, photograph, work in progress, paper diorama.

Part 2. The Encounter

Ch.4 On How I Came to Meet Katie Gliddon

July 2017, I am sat a wide desk in the Women's Library confronted with three boxes containing the papers of Katie Gliddon. As collections go this isn't overwhelming.

I don't know what these boxes hold but know it will be necessary to look through it all – just in case.

I am as yet unpanicked.

It is summer after all.

I have always worked instinctively in the archive. Rummaging has never failed me. But usually I arrive with a certain knowing. However, in this instance the route to this collection has been slightly different. Considering how

little I knew of the contents when the collection was initially requested it is remarkable now to think how fortuitous the discoveries that followed.

My arrival to any archive usually follows a customary chain of events; a process begun with an historical (or said to be) happening, a rumour, a detail from which an inquiry can develop, usually by way of preliminary Google searches. In this instance, it was the archive that was the first consolidated decision and it was an archivist that led the way to the collection.

The previous year I had attended the *Discovering Collections, Discovering Communities* (DCDC) the annual conference organised by the National Archives, whereby heritage sector workers join to discuss topical concerns and best practice in engagement strategies. In her keynote presentation, *Releasing the collections of The Women's Library*, Nicola Wright (2016) head of library at the London School of Economics, discussed the controversial acquisition of The Women's Library, the ambitions for the collection and the response evoked by the contents. Wright's talk resonated strongly, much of her phrasing literally mirroring that used in my initial research abstract. An extract taken during the talk from my notes are recorded as follows;

living collections

giving voice

telling stories

promoting understanding

creating enjoyment

helping us to live better lives

archives are active not passive

Stories which the collections bear witness to,

living collections – must grow, change, evolve.

Another presentation at the same event that deeply impressed was *The Manifesto for Feminist Archiving* by Dr Jenna Ashton founder of the Digital Women's Archive North (DWAN). The overtly feminist mandate echoed my own ethos and intentions; *recognise history, find new narratives, collect the everyday, discard the known* (Ashton, 2016) (see image 14).

1: SELECTION

An archive becomes such because individuals decide that certain pieces of knowledge and data should be collected and retained following initial generation and use. This is a political act: we select material to retain at the expense of other material or data. In selecting certain content we announce to future users that this material holds importance (to someone, for some purpose). Often the identity of the archivist or collector is secondary (or absent).

DISRUPTION:

REORGANISE HISTORIES!!

Find new narratives

Collect the everyday

the dull

the odd

the excluded

the awkward

the unacceptable

the beautiful

the ugly.

Dirty laundry

BE CURIOUS

Reclaim the Hidden

Discard the Known

Keep TRASH

Recycle // reuse

Invite participation & co-creation

COLLABORATE

Ask questions; Don't accept all answers

hang out in new places

get a shoebox and fill it

speak to that person on the street-corner

READ ... READ ... READ ... READ ... READ

feel - touch

L I S T E N

Image 14. Ashton, 2017, extract from 'A Manifesto for Feminist archiving (or Disruption)'.

The DCDC conference was the first point at which I realised the overt resonances between my interests and feminist discussions. On reflection, it is glaringly obvious women's stories dominate my creative practice. It's remarkable I didn't recognise it sooner.¹⁹

With this direction now clear in mind I reached out to Wright emailing to introduce myself. I wrote of the affinity I felt between her talk and my research interests and the now certain knowing that the project should be dedicated to female narratives. Might she be available to meet and discuss the contents of collections?

Entering into the PhD a number of number of projects were active but I was yet to find a new definitive case study through which to fully realise and test my hypothesis that a model illustration practice could serve as a transferable social research tool. Responsive and generous Wright passed my correspondence on to her colleague Gillian Murphy, the archivist at The Women's Library and a meeting was swiftly arranged. Sat with mugs of tea I explained myself through talking through previous projects, pointing to images of my work on the screen on my laptop, hoping to convey a sense of the subjects and themes that seem to be there, are there always in everything I do.

We discussed East Anglian witch hangings; haunted landscapes that maintain in contemporary affairs a sense of previous goings on; the movement of people (women); the enduring impacts of cultural displacement and how legacy will prevail even in the absence of formal documentation. Considering this, *might there be*, I asked, *any areas within the collections that are under explored or that might lend themselves to this kind of inquiry?*

Murphy suggested beginning by *having a dip* in the collections by way of the Holloway prison records and diaries. Setting me off with a few tips as to how to navigate the catalogue, my first generic search threw up a list of matches including the papers of the Suffragette Katie Gliddon, a name and life previously unknown to me. I requested the entire collection.

The First Encounter

The Woman's Library is nestled high up on the fourth floor of the L.S.E library.²⁰ The levels are configured around a large central atrium. You can either walk up a wide and low stepped spiral staircase or take the sheer glass lift all the way to the top. Naturally, students are everywhere, invariably doing what students in libraries do; screen-staring, chatting and snacking. But once you pass through the mechanised barrier through the doors of The Women's Library, you do feel very far away from the hubbub of student activity.

The reading rooms are not beautiful, they are distinctly generic in that modern, functional, fit to purpose sort of way but are in no way unpleasant. The space is bright, the windows bringing in light but without offering any

¹⁹ At the time of writing I was involved in two projects with strong female narratives and inadvertent feminist themes. *A Tryal of Women* concerned the historically significant medieval witch trial of two Suffolk women and *Strange Pilgrimage* where I had begun to explore another medieval social phenomenon; the anchoress. Much like all my work both studies were informed by place, local history, archival research and women, albeit women unknown (the anchoress) and without agency (the accused witches). Having been raised from endless lineage of Indian matriarchs and there are, of course, the many stories of my immigrant mother, the women who is able talk and talk and talk.

²⁰ Troublesome women are always found in attics. The manifesto for Feminist archiving declares 'move all archives to the bottom floor'. (DWAN 2017).

view of the hustle and bustle of central London just outside.²¹ The ambiance is scholarly, serious, not quiet but silent lending a gravitas and formality to the whole endeavour. I do not want to be the person who disturbs this quiet but know sadly so often I am.

On signing in I leave my lap top in my locker to eliminates the risk of the internet and with it the temptation to fact check or cross reference. I had a conscious decision to come to the collection as unknowing as possible to encounter whatever would be revealed from how it is presented within the documents.

There is also the option of taking photographs. This instinctively felt inappropriate, certainly in the first instance. It felt correct to directly engage with what I could be confronted with there in situ, to systematically navigate through the materials. To photograph felt too akin to creating a form of distance, a premature edit before the content had been contemplated at all. The limitations of the space, the hours of opening, the strict codes of conduct would provide restrictions around which to structure a method of navigation.

Treasure

The memory of the first encounter with the Gliddon collection is dominated by the unveiling of her original prison diary. This, of course, was not a new discovery, no finding in the archive ever is, someone at some point has made the decision to deposit or collect, to the keep this safe while discarding something else. The revelation of Gliddon's diary was no less a startling find to someone arriving free from expectation. Truth be told I did not study the record details of the collection when the request was made. I simply picked at whim from the results appearing on screen. I had to start somewhere. This was 'happenstance' come good (Massey 2005).

Opening the first of three boxes, sat snug atop a pile of white card folders was a large block, clearly a book, securely swaddled in white archival tissue. Carefully disrobed and propped up on a support cushion what is revealed is a large and weary looking hardback. Bound in a dull mould green coloured coated book cloth, the cover is smooth, almost glossy to the touch. There is a modest blind debossed border, a little hint of decoration that frames the edges of the front cover. A title in gold gilded lettering with pronounced calligraphic serifs simply reads *Shelley*.

This book resembles any generic antiquarian volume found on the musty shelves of a Charing Cross book shop but flicking through the pages it is not long before you find, towards the back, scrawled in pencil are frantic writings filling all the available blank space surrounding the printed verse.

Katie Gliddon literally hid her prison diary in the margins of an anthology of poetry by Percy Bysshe Shelley. This alone is remarkable without any knowledge of the content of her writing. It is an astounding artefact and gives cause for pause.

²¹ The London School of Economics buildings are dotted around in a village type settlement behind High Holborn. The route into to the library on Portugal Street was one direct bus journey, the 171 all the way from my then home Camberwell, up through Elephant, across the Thames at Waterloo Bridge (you should always pay attention when you cross the river) past the strand and then off at the junction at Kingsway with all the suits. Arrive too early, have a coffee sitting on the sheltered wooded benches where all the student smoke. Building works are going on all around.

For an illustrator who is sensitive to design and typography, who tells stories which intertwine and overlap, who is bookish herself and hides things in books²² this was no less than a perfect find. This visit to the library was only ever intended as a preliminary research session, *the dip*, which would help navigate me what I would eventually find. I hadn't anticipated to arrive there in the first instance.

It transpired that on leaving Holloway Gliddon penned several versions of her prison experience. The original Shelley diary, being the first document produced during the moment of encounter, was followed by several revisions, edits and additions. These subsequent accounts recorded on loose leaves and in numerous notebooks made up the majority of the collection.

I had unwittingly found myself confronted with a unique opportunity to study how a self-authored account might change and develop with each different reiteration and what insights this might offer in revealing the process of 'making sense' of what I assumed would be a highly traumatic and informative life event. Gliddon's collection was also teeming with visual stimulus which too would influence my interpretation. I was instinctively drawn to the physicality of the collection, the colours, textures, the marks of her handwriting. Numerous folders were filled with bundles of fragile 20th century stationery; imperial- sized pages, rust from ancient paperclips. The stationery and materials were unmistakably of another historical time. Some papers were pulled from what appeared to be school notebooks yellowing with age. Other pages were thin, almost transparent like bible paper or glassine which when overlaid revealed infinite layers of writing showing through from the pages below. There was also much, I thought, that was suggested in the accidental design and layout of her written hand, scrawling and hurried in some accounts, controlled and steady in others.

The process of interpretation would need to be documented well. It would be all too easy to fall into panic, to be distracted by the aesthetics of the collection and end up frantic shuffling through the papers in the urgency to know and understand all at once in an archival fear of missing out. The readings must be controlled, calm and strategic. A comprehensive system would be needed to document the process of engagement; reading, transcribing and annotating so that I could then refer back to it later. It was clear that a full transcription would be impossible. Neither would I be able to retain full knowledge of all that would be read. There would also have to be a selection and editing process.

Method

In the first instance the engagement would be analogue, physical and sensory. I bought several A4 soft covered, lined exercise books; the very same used universally by school children.²³ Using the full breadth of the

²² To jump to the present moment, I was recently contacted by a person who had obviously somehow come to know of my work with Gliddon's writing. They emailed to say they had found by chance, some years ago, a book in a Carshalton charity shop a first edition copy of Victor Hugo by A. Maurois which is inscribed Katie Gliddon, 1961. He also bought other books seemingly owned by Gliddon containing fragments of notes, letters and postcards.

²³ Autobiographical account 2 is hand written in Whitgift grammar school exercise books. I feel a kinship. 'The Whitgift' is a renowned public school for boys and the Whitgift name lent by the Archbishop of Canterbury John Whitgift (1583–1604) who established the tradition of Croydon Palace as a summer reside. The Whitgift name features throughout the Croydon's etymology. A notable example being the Whitgift Shopping Centre, a location that will feature more prominently later within this story.

double page spread the left-hand side would be used to faithfully record any extracts that resonated from Gliddon's writing. Immediately opposite on the corresponding right hand page I would keep my commentary; any thoughts relating to what I had read; why I thought it to be of interest and any relationships, associations or resonances. This then became the method for processing all of Gliddon's writing about her prison experience.

With these practicalities decided, determining what was worth documenting and what would be rejected was another hurdle and troubling on several levels. The decision as to what to record and what to omit would potentially determine the direction course of the research. This is a daunting prospect when you're not entirely sure what it is that you're looking for.²⁴

There was also a creeping uneasiness; this record is someone's life writing, why should I assume the right to interject and edit? In the archive there is always the knowledge that you are reading something that was not intended for your eyes (Steedman, 2001). Even if I do know Gliddon did want her story to be told – this I can't be sure is what she intended.

However, in order to proceed and not be stalled completely by a moral conundrum pragmatism would be necessary. I would simply have to make a note of anything that sparked my interest or imagination, even if I didn't yet know its wider significance. To contemplate too long would leave me with nothing. The archive would close in 5 hours and I didn't have forever to complete this PhD. There is a lot to be said for looming deadlines.

I sit with the Shelley and begin.

Illustrative Reading

Thankfully the Shelley diary had already been transcribed, typed and printed by a family member. Beautiful and captivating though it is, the secret writing isn't that easy to decipher. I read through the transcript correlating the original entries and appreciate the amount of work this would have taken, it also occurs that already my interaction with Gliddon's account is being mediated through a translation.

I transcribe chronologically in real time as I navigate through the writing. The result is a sort of hashing of dismembered phrases and sentences caught half way through. At this point I had no inclination the notebooks would ever be seen by another other than myself.

I freely note informal musing and instinctive judgements.

I self-consciously paid attention to dating visits, the parallelisms of self-historicising through journal keeping were not lost on me.

Not knowing what would be revealed as I read, I could not have known the significance of the extracts I chose to record or how they would inform the unfolding wider narrative. However, looking back now I do recognise a

²⁴ The presence of other researchers in the archive is deeply affecting. I develop an emotion I have come to term *Archive Envy* – the feeling that other researchers are engaged in more fruitful, important, interesting research and/or their methods of interrogation are more valid and rigorous.

sense of purpose, an eagerness to find engaging stories and make connections. The edits present a view I recognise as distinctly my own, the details I chose to isolate could only ever reflect my own interests.

I took note of anything that caught my attention; any events, descriptions of experiences and observations recounted by Gliddon that I found moving or interesting. If I read anything that causes me to linger for any reason, I jotted it down and made a note on the corresponding page of what it brought to mind, even if just a few keywords. I did not at any point consider how my notebook entries related to one another in any chronological sense.

It was not only the content of Gliddon's writing but I also pondered the tone, syntax and use of language. And of course, I was searching for anything that would lend itself to visual response.²⁵

I recorded anything I found surprising or paradoxical to what I expected of the Suffragette experience;²⁶ there are observations of Holloway,²⁷ descriptions of the physical place²⁸ but also anything that evoked the atmosphere and mood of the environment.²⁹ I recorded any reference to locations that I could investigate further.³⁰

I was listening in for Katie's voice, searching for insights that revealed something of herself, her character and the personal impact of this experience.³¹ Did she have a sense of the magnitude of the movement she was involved in?³²

I noted the more sober day-to-day details;³³ anything that gave a sense of Holloway in 1912.³⁴

²⁵ 7 March 1912, dare not think of hyacinth woods in the twilight. Apple blossom, white hyacinths and budding bushes in the garden and the lovely little white clouds [Loss of freedom] (Gliddon, c.1912).

²⁶ 4 March 1912, the police man was charming all the time (Gliddon, c.1912).

²⁷ 8 March 1912, this is a holy place for so many wonderful women have lived here. [PLACE, RUIN, LEGACY] (Gliddon, c.1912).

²⁸ 13 March 1912 [Gliddon describes her stage] There is a little pool of water in the place I call my stage and when it is raining I can see bubbles from the rain drops falling on it...The background of my stage is a tall grey wall with an apple tree in blossom peering over the top of it. [She views a stage and players and wait from them to cross her stage 'more eagerly than anyone every waited in the theatre for a famous actress to appear.'](Gliddon, c.1912).

²⁹ 21 March 1912 The fact that one cannot open the door is one of the things a prisoner must not think about if she wants to keep a quiet mind. [Conversation with Geoff. G on visiting a prison] (Gliddon, c.1912).

5 March 1912, we are all looking for one another in here. [kinship, collective action] (Gliddon, c.1912).

³⁰ 12 March 1912, Dr Garrett Anderson took the chair at Park Hall Croydon. [This is the first mention of Croydon] (Gliddon, c.1912).

³¹ 10 March 1912, the cash of that falling glass divided my life into two parts. [She is changed] (Gliddon, c.1912).

³² 8 March 1912, it is so splendid to be living in the storm centre of the earth which at present is Holloway gaol. [The feeling of action. Recognition of place within a historical moment] (Gliddon, c.1912).

³³ 31 March 1912 Sunday, [Hampers sent in from Clements inn] and after having been a vegetarian for a month we had tongue and potted meats for our tea (Gliddon, c.1912).

³⁴ 14 March 1912, Hard labour people had to do needlework. When we were sewing we sat at our cell doors and the ward looked like some tall house in Bruges with lace makers at the doors in the different balconies (Gliddon, c.1912).

Patterns and themes began to emerge. There were reoccurring mention of flowers, flora and fauna, both observed and remembered were clearly a source of solace to her.³⁵

The writing was full of references to the physical appearance of other women often with emphasis on the details she found attractive.³⁶

Gliddon adored her fellow suffragettes³⁷ and was infatuated with the Pankhurst family to the point of hero worship.³⁸ There are moments that tell of the dynamics between the suffragettes and the other inmates³⁹ who I discovered were termed 'ordinary prisoners.'⁴⁰ I sensed Gliddon's curiosity of these women whose lives and circumstances were so unfamiliar to her.⁴¹ As time in Holloway unfolded there appeared to be a noticeable change in Gliddon's attitude, a growing empathy and awareness of the experiences of other women.⁴²

At times Gliddon's tone was almost whimsical, expressing what I read as euphoric excitement in being involved in what she recognised as such a momentous happening. As time progressed this mood darkened and the entries became more sombre and at times enraged.⁴³

Honesty

To tell you I arrived at the collection without any expectations would be untrue.

I knew, after all, I would be reading the prison diary of a Suffragette. This is a familiar and widely reported historical narrative, particularly now. At the time of writing as we are in the centenary year of some women first

³⁵ 31 March 1912, The chestnut buds over the wall are growing bigger...The daffodils in the garden which were fat buds when we came have come out and they look so fresh and gay...The first wallflower was cut in the garden today (Gliddon, c.1912).

³⁶ 16 March 1912, there was a lovely auburn haired Suffragette in chapel I could see her face against a dark shadow the shape of her throat and chin were beautiful and it was such a pleasure to see brilliant coloured hair in this colourless dwelling place. [The significance of other women, curious] (Gliddon, c.1912).

³⁷ Mrs Taylor, Gentle but with the devotion to the cause which martyrs possess [Weariness?] of long days at court. Delicate woman. She felt the ordeal of going from the silence of prison to the sessions (Gliddon, c.1912).

³⁸ 12 March 1912 [Pankhurst] waved to us. I told myself I would gladly have come to Holloway if there I might kisses blown to me by Mrs. Pankhurst. 28 March 1912, I am under the same roof as Mrs Pankhurst even if I am not at the Albert Hall [The romance of being involved] Charming little Christabel...She is magic (Gliddon, c.1912).

³⁹ 9 March 1912, they think we are rather queer to be at all grateful for the food we get (Gliddon, c.1912).

Ordinary prisoners [Distinction here, us / them. Doesn't feel the kinship (yet?) with other women generally] (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁴⁰ 9 March 1912, there is something beastly about the grotesque costumes when one realised the types of women that have worn them. [She differentiates herself. To what other women does she refer? Criminals?] (Gliddon, c.1912).

9 March 1912, for some time, I have waved at them once or twice but I thought they might not like it. [Why wouldn't they? She is cautious of the other women] (Gliddon, c.1912).

11 March 1912, there seems to be lots of varieties of prisoner, I haven't yet been able to find out what the various differences are but they are apparently kept apart from one another (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁴¹ 30 March 1912, [describing an ordinary] She looked a most law abiding person...Then there was one really pretty woman near, she had black eyelashes and dark blue eyes, her hair was done nicely... [What do criminals look like Katie, what's the difference between you and them? Surprising beauty] (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁴² 1 April 1912, What it must be like to be a woman who is not a Suffragette I cannot imagine. [Reading this diary is like witnessing the development of someone character] (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁴³ 1 April 1912, Disease and early death are the only things in front of those 3 girls [Doll & Lill – overhears a conversation between two prostitutes] Yet we shall live, I suppose quiet lives for many years. It is so unfair that their lives should be so miserable and short and ours so happy and full of the joy of life. [This are the things you want to hear her say. AWAKENING] (Gliddon, c.1912).

being allowed to vote in general elections. I came to Gliddon's writing almost bracing myself with eager anticipation for what I expected to be a tense and thrilling read. It wasn't.

Gliddon's writing is engaging and there were certainly hints of drama⁴⁴ but just as a climactic moment seemed near sight the tempo subsided. I sensed there was much just out of sight of the view described.⁴⁵ Much of the details Gliddon did mention were relatively mundane, insightful, yes but just not as visceral as I had anticipated.⁴⁶

Oh well,
I consoled myself,
my work is about people's stories and not all stories are big melodramas,
this is how it is sometimes.

Or, is this is just how people tell it?

Stories Unfolding

As I navigated through the remaining files a much fuller narrative unfolded. Post release Gliddon continuously rewrote, edited and extended her account. I knew from the outset she intended to be published, it is detailed in the introduction accompanying the transcript of the Shelley diary.

I imagined, out of prison in her own environment, in a position of safety with time to contemplate⁴⁷ and write without fear of discovery, she began to work.

The revisions were numerous, and with much repetition, again decisions would have to be made in order to focus the research and contain the study. While I looked through all the materials contained in the collections the areas I specifically address are as follows.

Prison Dairy 1:

The Shelley anthology with accompanying transcript including an introduction. The only account written in situ during detainment in Holloway. Written in pencil penned in the margins of the book. Pencils sewn into her collars and the book specifically chosen because of its wide margins. 7KGG

Prison Dairy 2:

Post release, written on pages ripped from an exercise book. Specifically elaborates on events during the month of March. Pencil on lined paper. Written from memory, scrawled. 7KGG

⁴⁴ 9 March 1912, Mrs Ball faints in my arms, 3/- damage and has left a little child at home. Window of her cell doesn't open and she cries a lot. [She begins to realise the nature of the sacrifice some people have made] (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁴⁵ 15 March 1912, Mysterious things are happening...Doors are left open and we are allowed to walkabout the passages and to go in and out of one another's cells (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁴⁶ Or, if I'm honest, as I had hoped.

⁴⁷ 13 April 1912, When one is in prison it is so difficult to get away from things & think them out. [this is what she is doing – she is not in prison she is thinking things through and making sense] (Gliddon, c.1912).

Notes for Autobiographical Account:

Bundles of paper, loose sheets, notes and memories, reads like the process of remembering, reflective, frantic recording of details not mentioned in the original diary, people, places, conversations. Testing of language and phrasing. 7KGG

Autobiographical Account:

A formalised steady account drawing from previous testimonials. Narrativisation, embellishment, includes an introduction of events leading to imprisonment - beginning, middle, end, framing. Tone is more authorial, confident and dramatic. Loss of timidity. Nuances lost. 7KGG

Autobiographical account 2:

More rehearsed version of above. Easiest to read. No crossings out. Penned in ink in Whitgift exercise books 7KGG/1/6

Each new file I untied revealed swathes of writing; scored, striked through, repositioned. Reading through I read phrases that continually reoccurred, signature statements she was clearly refining.

As the versions matured, they became more nuanced and rehearsed. Clearly crafting a manuscript, Gliddon inserted whole interludes of furious political critique that succinctly punctuated her anecdotes.⁴⁸ As the writing develops the tone also appeared affected; self-aware as she begins to narrate as though speaking to an audience.⁴⁹

Each reiteration brought with it changes, additions. Reading through was like seeing Gliddon's memory manifest, each page brought with it more insight. Gaps were filled in, details extended. I recognised moments from the initial diary only described in far more vivid description. I could hear conversations, personalities emerged, hers included. I read of encounters barely hinted at in the original diary that have been terrifying to experience.

It transpired that the period in April during which her diary entries were most infrequent and sparse were when forcible feedings were taking place. This brought a new poignance to the content of the Shelley, a woman who writes of the beauty of flowers as she can hear women taken away to be tortured. This is when it also becomes clear that she only one of twelve suffragettes who wasn't hunger striking.

Maria Tamboukou

Following a chain of associations while investigating feminist methods in archival research, I arrived at the writings of Maria Tamboukou only after my initial research sessions with Gliddon's collection. The strategies I

⁴⁸ 13 April 1912, The three names Herbert Gladstone, Winston Churchill & McKenna will go down to history as the names of men who thought they could torture the bodies of their country woman so that the spirit of the age, the spirit of progress could be crushed. Whatever these men may do with their lives they will not be able to remove this infamous record from them. (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁴⁹ Our bus crossed Trafalgar Square (in the darkness (omit)). Already at the top of Whitehall a crowd was collecting. Men were covering plate glass windows on the neighbourhood with boards and shutters. I was out on a high adventure but in my mind there was no joy of battle, no thought of those for whom we fought, but only a would fear lest in the end cowardice would conquer and the intended deed would never find form (7KGG /1/4).

used to navigate and interpret Gliddon's writing were devised both intuitively and pragmatically. Reading Tamboukou (2008, 2010, 2011, 2014, 2016, 2017) I found rationale and understanding, and with it solace and conviction in all the decisions I had made. Tamboukou's propositions and discussions of her own research projects so resonated with my own experiences, only positioned within a different discipline I read them described as *narrative research*.

Rhythms

I recognised the charged and dynamic environment of the archive Tamboukou described, a place reverberating with multiple rhythms (2016). I found reassurance in understanding those decisions that so perturbed as to what I chose to retain and dismiss of Gliddon's writing were not shallow or fickle but a necessary system through which to negotiate with the volume of material. I was attuning to the rhythms emitted within the archive; intuitively feeling for narratives, as illustrators are wont to do.

It is through 'prehending', which Tamboukou (2016, p. 153) translates as 'feeling', the rhythms within our environment that we configure meaning. 'What we live are rhythms, rhythms experienced subjectively,' (Tamboukou 2017, pg.79, citing Lefebvre 1991). It is not the subject that possesses feelings but rather through the process of feeling that 'actual entities' are formed.

Tamboukou (2016) draws on Whitehead's notion of prehensions to describe the process of sense making not necessarily linked to cognition. Within this context I understand my position as researcher being that of the 'subject' here referred to and the 'actual entity' being the new knowledge which has been acquired within this study, which is also a story. Tamboukou uses the example of music being heard to elaborate this concept, I have interjected to emphasise the relevance to my engagement with Gliddon's collection;

[...] the audition of this note is a feeling [ideas and knowledge within the collection]...the feeling has first an auditor [me as researcher], who is the subject of the feeling', this subject [me] only emerges through listening to this note [my engagement with the diary], he or she is constituted through the experience of listening to this note of music and cannot be perceived independently of or outside this particular experience [I am changed through engaging with the diary, a new story is created] (Tamboukou, 2016, p. 153, citing Whitehead, 1985).

Nor was it just the themes, ideas and potential storylines within Gliddon's text that reverberated with rhythms. The whole environment in its fullness; the storylines in the writing chose to linger on, the physicality of the collection, the design of the room, the sound of the building work outside and the other people encountered or just present all contributed to the encounter. The archive is not a neutral site. It is charged and dynamic, teeming with multiple rhythmic vibrations all of which potentially hold influence within the research process (Tamboukou, 2014, p. 623).

An awareness of this is captured in my exercise books; distractions and personal thoughts I need not have recorded found their way into my annotations. Instinctively 'making sense' I noted goes on within the room,

details (mostly irritations) concerning other researchers⁵⁰ and anecdotes related to the narratives of that particular day.

It would never have been possible to just encounter Gliddon's manuscripts within a capsule environment, unformed by any external influences (or distractions). Indeed Tamboukou (2014) would argue that the content of Gliddon's collection, myself nor any of the research strategies are not pre-existing entities to only be united in the final forms of the research process, here findings presented in this illustrative interpretation and thesis. Rather we are constituted through our entanglement and interrelation within a narrative phenomenon; the material conditions we find ourselves within, the discourses encountered and all that brought us, human and non-human, together. The work of the researcher is then to acknowledge and map that narrative phenomenon (Tamboukou, 2014, p. 361).

Mireille's Shelley

I arrive at my position as researcher through the practice of an illustrator. The process of interpretation is always informed by attuning to details and themes that will inspire a creative response, even if I don't know it at the time. I refer explicitly to the materiality of the collections, the systems of organisation, piles, bundles, the artefacts themselves; textures, colours, the typography. Here I distinguish between the content of Gliddon's writing, which of course remains always in mind, and the actual mark of her pen, the pressure of her hand on the paper, what might be interpreted how it has been placed on the surface of the substrate, the texture and colour of that paper, the size of the page and so on. These influences are at times tacit, intuitive, the connections (sometimes retrospectively obvious) only being clear after the production of the creative work/s.

Sitting at my designated desk with Gliddon's Shelley, looking at her writing in the margins, I contemplate the multiple ways just this artefact alone is a gift to an illustrator. Isolated from its context within the collection it communicates as a complex narrative text; the poignance of Shelley, the romantic poetic and political radical, a women's testimony hidden in the margins, her writings a paratext to a celebrated male literary figure, the, perhaps, accidental relationships in the meaning of her and the printed verse they sit alongside, the book as conduit for a secret and subversive narrative.

It suddenly occurred to me that this book acquires significance in this context through Gliddon's use of it. Apart from its age there is nothing overtly distinctive about the volume. Might it be possible to find my own copy, from the same edition. A quick search in Abe books online and there is a match; Oxford Edition, *The Complete Poetical works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, edited by Thomas Hutchinson, Henry Frowde Oxford University press 1908. and I order it for £6.06 including delivery. I'm not sure what I'll do with it when it arrives. It gets lost in the post.⁵¹

⁵⁰ Sitting opposite me is a fellow researcher, blonde, frowning, north American accent. Grunting under his breath as he rustles papers, photographs, documents and taps loudly on his PC laptop. He is using all of the power sockets and his wire leads are encroaching into my desk space. He is wearing a Star Wars t-shirt and huffs and puffs constantly, his is working harder than everyone else. This is the backdrop to Gliddon's narrative in the present day. The extract I was annotating at the time: 7 March 1912, I have no physical resistance and I could never hold out. I do not want to do the hunger strike because I have no physical resistance (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁵¹ Undeterred I find another copy, slightly more expensive at £12.76. The parcel sits in my studio post box and I know immediately what it is from the size. I rip it open. It is eerie. The cover is a red leather. Wrong. The cover title type is different. I compare with photographs of Gliddon's Shelley, the page numbers and corresponding text is exactly the same.

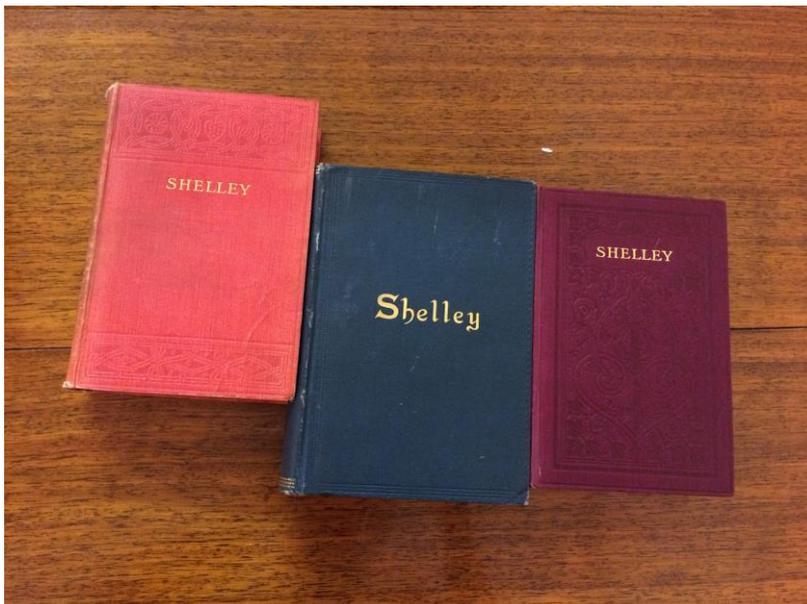
A Story Becoming

Later when digitally transcribing my research notebooks I mimic the original analogue formatting as closely as possible. 'Katie Gliddon Compiled Edit.docx' is now the document I am most fearful of losing in some technological disaster.

On screen Gliddon resides in the main of the page, this is fixed, transcribed as faithfully as my human hand can promise from my original written excerpts, a copy of a copy of a copy. A comments column runs down the right margin. This is where I am. It details my original notes as corresponding to the Gliddon's extracts but is also continuously evolving. I can now search, highlight and copy and paste at ease. I frequently return⁵² to pepper in thoughts, analyses and understandings as and when they occur. Here there are also voices other than my own; theoretical, literary, academic, snippets of conversations and references that have only subsequently become apparent or relevant.

At 56 pages long this document is the most basic example of digital word processing and yet it effectively represents the dialogical encounter between myself and Gliddon that was created when I began to respond to her writings. It a virtual site in which two women within temporal planes of 100 years can join, interact and share meaning of our independent worlds. As this document then became the reference point the research project no longer relied on the collection held by the Women's library. The storylines I had chosen to follow were no longer beholden to Gliddon. Joined by my annotation they had become othered, something new and independent. Transcribing and digitalising Gliddon's writings had transposed the archival document

There's something else that doesn't feel right, it takes a second to register. This volume is smaller, the margins are less wide. The edition is a year out, my Shelley is from 1909. I now have four copies in total, all slightly different.



Footnote image 8. Fauchon, 2019, photograph comparing copies of *The Complete Poetical works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*.

⁵² Only yesterday I took something out I don't want you to know.

(Tamboukou 2016). The extracts acquired a new chronology, not corresponding to the linear time of the events they described. Rather the sequence is a record of my own encounter with the material.

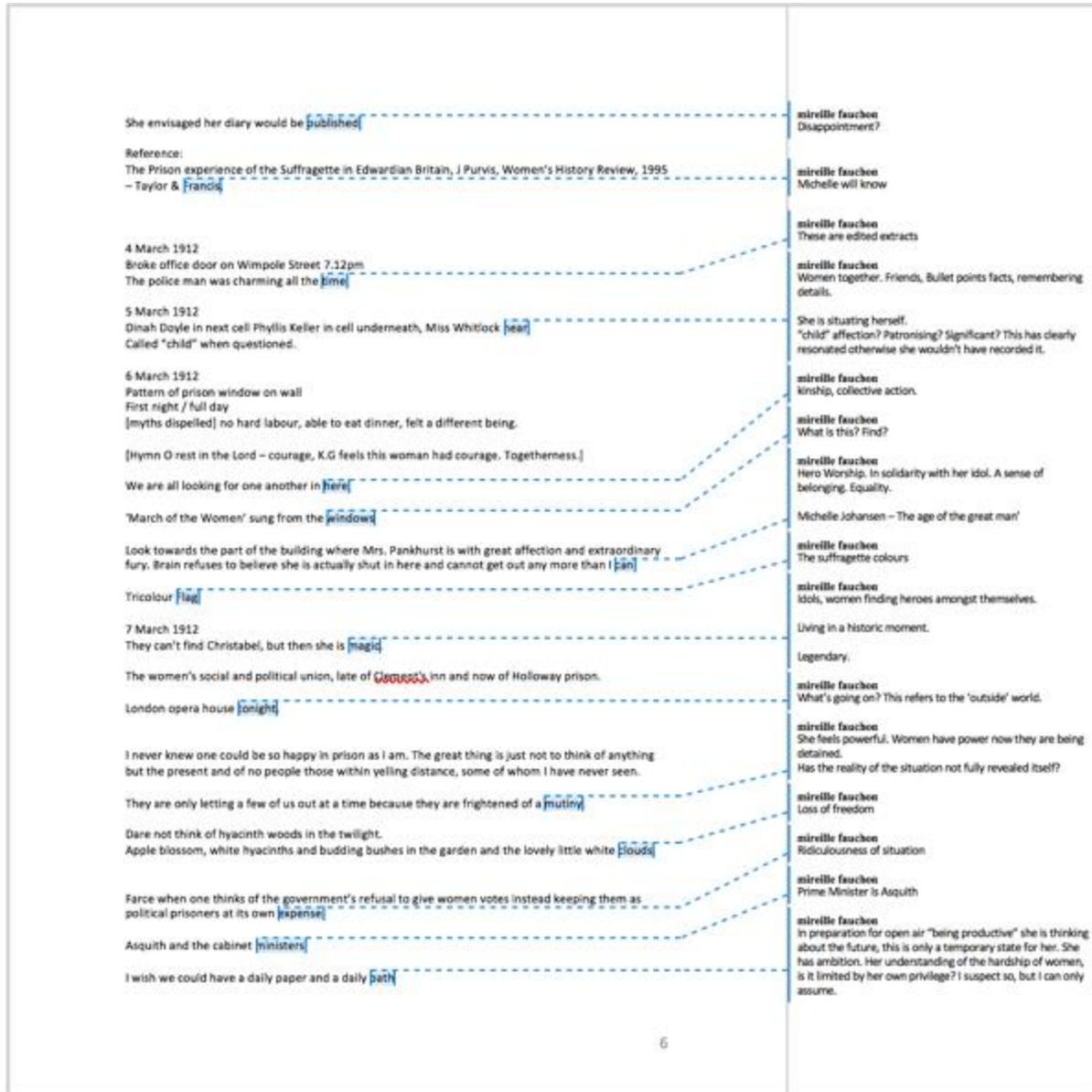


Image 15. Fauchon, 2017, word document page showing transcribed notebooks.

Returning to the transcription of the first encounters in the archive I rediscover a note made early on hinting at an awareness of the impact of my engagement with Gliddon's narrative;

02 Oct 2017

As I begin to type up my notes written in the exercise book I have brought into the archives I wonder whether I'm wasting my time. What is the point of this exercise? Then it dawns on me this is another version of the story. This is a reading of her [Katie Gliddon] diary, it is edited by me. Just as K.G has edited her own narrative, I now edit hers.

Unbeknownst to me at that time I could never simply retell Gliddon's story, I had become situated within it, part of the process of its development;

[...] a story never 'is', but always 'becomes'. It is not that we have, listen to or think of a story and then we tell it or write it; the story becomes in the process of being narrated; it further 'becomes' as we perceive it, although what we narrate or feel can never be the same story (Tamboukou, 2016, p. 151).

I had not discovered a narrative within the archives of The Women's Library but had become entangled within one, part of an inextricable assemblage in which all components, including myself, as researcher and Gliddon's unexpected narratee, had become mutually dependent.

Furthermore, it is not only the storylines, as we perceive them that are altered by this interaction. Tamboukou describes the transformative impact of the reader / writer / listener or in this case, the illustrator's engagement within a story. Not only do we become situated within the premise of the story but are actively 'othered' when we move away⁵³ (Tamboukou, 2016, p. 152).

Sat in the reading room I was fully engrossed within Gliddon's story world, listening to her recount the tale a life lived in 1912 but each evening when the boxes were returned to their lockers thoughts of her stayed with me. I contemplated her on the bus ride across London home, thinking of her taking a not dissimilar journey to Wimpole Street.⁵⁴

I found references to Gliddon everywhere. Gliddon's narrative had now transcended Holloway, not to mention the confines of the LSE library and had become meshed within my contemporary social world. During early morning runs I would notice flowers I remembered her so fondly describing as indicative of the coming of spring.⁵⁵ She entered into my home life. I spoke about her at the dinner table;

How was today?

*The Titanic has just sunk*⁵⁶

Gliddon became the conduit through which to understand the feminist discourses I began to explore. Listening to a lecture at the ICA I hear Ewa Majewska describe a distinctly female form of protest she terms 'weak

⁵³ You and I are both changed.

⁵⁴ *At Oxford Circus the four of us got off the bus. We left the dazzling lights of the shops and wandered up the streets beyond, we all had a vague idea where our destination Wimpole Street Post office lay but we dared not hesitate lest our hesitation should betray our errand. So we walked up Wimpole street and down it again before we asked a woman who diverted us without any suspicion of the strange reason for our enquiry... (Gliddon, c.1913).*

⁵⁵ *7 April 1912, It is sad to miss the lovely spring months, it is just like not existing being here. Yet even we can see the spring, there are fruit trees in blossom over the wall; wall flowers and daffodils, hyacinths, tulips in the garden, all the trees in the land, the chestnut trees green and my four beloved primrose in my water ca. (Gliddon, c.1912).*

⁵⁶ *Monday 22 April 1912, First I had heard of the wreck of the Titanic. It is difficult for the outside people to realise the prisoners [are] absolutely ignorance of all that goes on in the world. They do not realise that there is no communication between prison & the rest of mankind, that newspapers are longer for by the educated prisoner as though they were choicest literature... (Gliddon, c.1912).*

resistance'. Here activism is located in the non-heroic, mundane, everyday resistance of small gestures. The symbols of weak resistance are banal and non- emotive (Majawska, 2017). I thought of the timidity and feelings of cowardice that I read in Gliddon's account. Gliddon did not hunger strike, she kept a diary. The symbol of Gliddon's activism was the hammer she used to break the glass, chosen because she feared 'she could not have thrown a stone straight';

Up our coat sleeves were tucked hammers. Mine has lain for year in our kitchen drawers at home. The monotony of their existence had only occasionally been [broken / woken?] but now they were to become swords & to be used to break off the [illegible] from those who were bound (Gliddon, c.1913).

Speaking at the symposium 'Stories That Matter: Feminist Methodologies in the Archive', held by the ICA, Griselda Pollock describe feminism as constituting a trauma; it is traumatic, i.e., not easily digestible; it is traumatic to its potential subjects – [Gliddon, me]; it is traumatic to women – [in awakening realisation] (Pollock, 2015). My thoughts moved to the change Gliddon recounts feeling on having been sent to Holloway, on how she feels forever othered by the encounter.⁵⁷ An active member of the WSPU Gliddon was clearly politically engaged and astute in her argument but in her prison writings I 'felt' a storyline of feminist awakening, hers and mine, realised together. *Feminism has not yet arrived*, Pollock tells us with similar sentiment to Tamboukou, *it is in a state of becoming* (Pollock, 2015).

Tamboukou (2016) describes the story as both anchoring us to the past as well as being a vector of force that throws us into the future; 'encompassed in the unity of how we remember and recognise ourselves in the present, which is always already in transition'. In reading this I recognised a parallel with Pollock (2015) who poses a distinction between memory as a narrative, i.e., stories we tell of what has been *and* not forgetting that makes it become what it will be. Pollock describes the latter, *not forgetting*, as perceiving the creation of feminism as an action not fully cognisant of what it has been except through what is continually remade (Pollock, 2015).

I understood this as Gliddon's act; her subsequent 'awakening' and the affect of her narrative as a feminism in process, realised though the subsequent engagements with it, mine included, afforded by the record of it as stored in the archive. The event of which Gliddon was part in 1912, is not just located in the past; it is the effect of all the acts which maintain some kind of fidelity to this shock, this trauma. Then as we pursue it, re-enact it and develop it, it becomes of the time with the present in its frame (Pollock, 2015).

Imaginative Extension

Much of my time in the archive was spent simply imagining Gliddon. To illustrate one must have empathy. Sat with her writings, scrapbooks and letters I tried to vividly conjure in mind what it was for Gliddon, a privileged upper-class woman, to be shut in that cell at night. What were the smells, tastes and textures of Holloway? What was going on beyond the words she wrote? I tried to relate as best I could, how might I have felt if in her place? Could I make the same sacrifices for a cause I truly believed in? Would I have gone on hunger strike? I

⁵⁷ *The crash of falling glass divided my life in two parts. For years I just seemed to have just loved of & looked for the beautiful things of life but now was long as I live I shall be a prisoner or ex prisoner (Gliddon, c.1913).*

fantasised about her motives, her feelings towards the other women, what would she think of me and my assessment of her?

Much like Tamboukou (2016) with 'a mood of always feeling as an ethnographer in the archive' my research extended into the streets of Croydon just so I could imagine being here. Croydon is also one of my places, a part of my own history. It now became at once a real and imaginary place. It was Croydon in the early 20th century, the backdrop of Gliddon's life, met with how I remembered it from my own childhood while being confronted with the here and now.

I paid special trips to the locations mentioned in the writing; the site of the West Croydon branch of the WSPU, located just near the train station, St Katharine Street, where the Suffragettes held their outdoor meetings outside the then Town Hall, now a library, museum and borough archives. These places so familiar and previously unremarkable were now changed because I knew she had once been here.

It is customary for an illustrator to use imagination, fantasy and fiction creatively in order to tell stories. To bring this approach into my work in archival research was then obvious and instinctive. However, from Tamboukou's writing I understood imagination as a process through which to access meaning extending beyond that which is available. Tamboukou describes imagination as 'a force that initiates something new in the process of archival understanding,' (2016, p. 158). Imagination leaps from the situated position of a concrete experience. My comprehension of Gliddon's storylines were not bound to the semantic meaning of her words, neither was it taken for granted that what was is as she described.

Gliddon's testimony may be what Tamboukou describes as the 'stubborn fact' of history, but new storylines emerge through speculation and fantasy; 'the word is a symbol, and its meaning is constituted by the ideas, images, and emotions, which it raises in the mind of the hearer' (Tamboukou, 2016, p. 160 citing Whitehead, 1958).

The emotions felt while reading were visceral. I found myself stifling laughter, often at her rather than with her and jolted by sudden emotion, when it became all too apparent I wasn't reading fiction. From Tamboukou I understood these responses were not irrational but important in 'facilitating access to meaning about the social worlds and relations [Holloway 1912] inscribed in the documents under scrutiny' (Tamboukou, 2013, p. 624). A fantasy is just a theory, a way of using imagination to extend beyond the parameters of our knowing. My contemplation of Gliddon in her cell was a strategy in order to have knowledge of something that no longer exists; imaginative extension enriches perceptions; propositions lure us into feelings that then become the component of experience. Stories are then important in congealing this process of imaginative rationalisations, narratives ground those partial or incomplete stories, flesh out ideas and create a milieu where thoughts can emerge from the actuality of the recounted incident (Tamboukou, 2016).

The Katie Gliddon I imagine is not *the Katie Gliddon*, who was after all once a real person. Her collection, that ephemera of her existence, also do not constitute Katie Gliddon but a version of herself left behind, as a friend astutely pointed out, "the version she [Katie Gliddon] wants us to see like a Facebook profile of the past."

Through feeling and filtering the narrative rhythms within her writing a narrative persona has been created informed by my specific inquiry (Tamboukou, 2016).

In my ponderings I have spoken to Gliddon, questioned her. I have also made her speak in response and in doing so have created a narrative persona. Gliddon, the persona is not Gliddon the person but rather a conduit through which to deliberate the questions and concerns I bring to this research; it is through their [Gliddon's] stories that certain concepts, ideas and events can be expressed, rehearsed and dramatized, so that their enactment can create a scene for dialogic exchanges, communication, understanding and action (Tamboukou, 2017, p. 19).

Chance

So much of Gliddon's writing spoke to me directly, or so I felt. I related to her. The coincidences within our lives so seemingly uncanny; she was a young woman, although younger than myself, at the time of her imprisonment, art school educated and an art teacher, same as me. Later I would discover that she was also an illustrator.⁵⁸ She lived in South Croydon, not far from my home turf,

Balham. I maintain an affection for Croydon, that Greater London Borough on the outskirts which so desires to be not London. I had it earmarked as a location of interest long before any knowledge of Gliddon. How could I have known Gliddon's collection would so perfectly appeal to my aesthetic tendencies as an illustrator when I requested it on my very first research visit? Could all these coincidences be reduced to simple serendipity?

⁵⁸ Idly searching for her name in Abebooks.com, I was attempting to find out if I had somehow missed a significant study of her or the publication of her diary. The only significant match was a collection of French children's poetry of which she was credited as the illustrator. I ordered it. When it arrived, I found the dimensions of the publication and materiality of the paper matched almost identically that of the image / text experiments. Contained within the book was also a drawing of Jean D'Arc.



Footnote Image 9. Gliddon, 1938, illustration of Jeanne D'Arc from Watson Bain, A. (ed.) (1948) *French Poetry for Children*. P 51. London: Macmillan and Co.

Tamboukou explains it is the exchange of positive and negative prehensions through which the researcher is able to identify those pertinent details that seem so miraculously coincidental. We edit so we can comprehend and make decisions that reference our own interests, experience and memories. We find what we are looking for, because we are always filtering. These details that align with our concerns are not discovered by pure chance but because we are attuned and they resonate. Here negative prehensions refer to the 'feelings' or information we fail to register and discard and the positive are those that reveal themselves and resonate sparking chains of associations with the pre-existing knowledge we bring to the material. It is this through this interplay of positive and negative prehensions that we 'feel' narratives (Tamboukou, 2016, p. 55).

The preparations began long before I began to engage with the collection, long before the PhD even. Entering my third decade had brought with it a more pronounced feminist identity. Taking part in the Women's March on London on the 21 January 2017 had been my first ever overtly political stance. My previous projects, all with women's stories at the core, had paved the way to realising my subject. The questions I brought with me, indeed everything that had come before Gliddon had shaped the preparatory work for the research and oriented me within the archive (Tamboukou, 2016).⁵⁹

I used the example of these works to explain my concerns to those I sought out to guide me. This study has been dominated by language. It was through writing, speaking and storytelling that I made myself understood in the numerous emails, meetings and presentations. It was language that brought me to The Women's Library, the vocabulary I used to describe my intentions was then the vocabulary listened out for. Now I'm studying words, reading their literal and underlying meanings often whilst trying to decipher their handwritten forms.⁶⁰

Yes, Gliddon's collection⁶¹ was the first I requested but it is also true I had been guided by an archivist who had listened and understood. Considering all this perhaps it is entirely likely that I would then come to work with the life writing of someone participating within arguably the most dominant of feminist narratives within British Politics.

I still consider the Croydon connection to be pure, glorious, good fortune.

⁵⁹ At the time of writing, Jan 2018, we are in the midst of the 'me too' movement which can be heard rippling through social media forums following the highly publicised accusations of sexual assault by the American film producer Harvey Weinstein.

⁶⁰ *mundane, extraordinary, familiar, place, people, lived, ordinary, identity, women,*

⁶¹ Now I can't imagine this work now leading anywhere else other than to Katie Gliddon.



Image 16. Museum of Croydon, 2019, 'The Loss of the Titanic', photocopied newspaper clipping.

Ch.5 Eruptions

I also like to think of the archives as an eruption; because eruption suggests an attack, an incursion, or a sudden and unexpected entry or invasion; for it is in this way that the archives come into their own (Farge, 1993 cited by Tamboukou 2013, p. 627).

Multiplicities of Meaning

As soon as the period of archival research began it was clear my work with Gliddon's account was far from being a biographical exercise, nor was it concerned with piecing together of Gliddon's prisons experiences. Rather the events of 1912 as crystalized within Gliddon's writing gave way to the decades within my own living memory including the affairs in the current moment. From the outset my instinct was to be resolutely subjective in seeking out the concurrences between my own knowledge and the storylines in Gliddon's documents. The recorded extracts represented a series of source points from which new beginnings could emerge.

These new beginnings did not only reveal themselves during the time spent in the archives. New storylines continued to emerge at the research developed. Transcribing my notes, speaking with people, reading

theoretical literature, visualising my research creatively all brought forth new developments, new connections and relationships I could not have anticipated beforehand.

To return to the productive potential of narratives, Tamboukou (2008, 2010) writes stories are able to represent multiplicities of meaning. The storylines within archival documents are capable of describing specific socio-historical and cultural milieus and act as forces shaping the present social and well as our historical understanding of it. These are driven by the researcher's concerns, questions or positions – those singularities and differences that can be imagined as relating or making connections (Tamboukou, 2010, p. 21).

Tamboukou (2008, 2010) argues narratives should be theorised as entities open to constant becoming urging the interest in narrative research should shift to consideration of process rather than sequence. Tamboukou explains; 'process as an organizing plane in narrative analytics derives from a conception of time as simultaneity and duration, an immeasurable concept of time where past, present and future co-exist' (Tamboukou 2008, p. 284). This proposes a 'heretical', by Tamboukou's own admission, rejection of more conventional narrative sequencing and move towards a form of representation that can acknowledge and facilitate how meanings evolve as stories develop.

Nomadic Narratives

It would also seem wholly inappropriate to impose a chronologic structure into Gliddon's narrative which manifests through several reworked testimonial accounts. Time as conveyed in her writings is cyclical forever returning to the two months period of imprisonment, each redraft bringing new deviations including quotes from literature and poetry and recalled conversations and experiences which take place post imprisonment. Despite attempting to adhere to a dated diary structure, the tense in which she writes alternates from present to past.⁶² References to a past tense are at times crossed out in error and corrected showing a desire for the information to read as if being of the moment. The constant revisiting of essentially the same narrative prevents the story from ever finding resolve, instead they continue to develop and become 'nomadic'. The term 'nomadic narratives' is offered by Tamboukou (2008, p. 290) to describe 'stories that need not have definitive beginnings or end but rather unfold in the intermezzo of a variety of literary genres and auto/biographical documents.'

The dual recording of Gliddon's writing with my own musings sprawled across the double page of my note books, connected by a chaos of lines and arrows, was a rudimentary attempt at charting these evolving storylines. I now recognise this 'mapmaking' by hand, and the later digital translation, to be the first actualised visual interpretation of the emerging research subjects.

The Narratable Self

During this period of research, I also recognised in my position as researcher, I too have emerged as a research subject and narratable self and complicit in Gliddon's story. In her theory of the 'narratable self' the philosopher and feminist thinker Adriana Cavarero (2000) follows Arendt's premise that human beings are

⁶² The most awful thing about our imprisonment is the fact that there are spies about. Any means I suppose is justifiable if only the police could find out where the vanished Christabel (Gliddon, c.1913).

unique existents who are constituted through their relation to others. From birth each person is a narratable self, exposed and engaged within the interactive scene of the world. Uniqueness then doesn't not refer to lives lived in isolation but rather, uniqueness emerges from intercourses and interconnectedness within a social environment. This unique identity can be revealed and made manifest through that person's actions and speech; words and deeds that form a unique life story of that person. Who somebody is, or was, can be known by knowing the story of which they themselves are the protagonist. The narratable self is formed through their relationships with others. We can only come to know our life story by being exposed to others and it's from this constitutional milieu that the narratable self comes to desire the tale of their life story to be recounted by others. The narratable self can only be described through the interpretation of another narratable self, described by Cavarero as *the necessary other* (Cavarero, 2000).

Considering this in relation to Gliddon's writing the extensive redrafting of the autobiographical account clearly show a desire for her story to be known. Her writings explicitly describe the impact of this experience which, in the absence of any other knowledge about her life from the collection, I understand to be a pivotal life experience. This life event is, by her own admission, a moment of regeneration, of 'becoming'.⁶³ Referencing Cavarero (2000), Tamboukou (2008, p. 288) writes 'the narratable self emerges within collectivises and carries the marks of multi-levelled differences. The presence of others, mostly women, dominate Gliddon's account and her collection as a whole.

Gliddon's self narrativation is often recalled in reference to the other women she encounters. The ordinary prisoners are a source of curiosity as well as an abrupt confrontation of inequality and social difference. There is at once a sense of collectivity⁶⁴ amongst the fellow Suffragettes and a feeling of distance.⁶⁵ In prison Gliddon is also in the extraordinary position of being situated amongst her idols, the great names of the Suffragette cause. Holloway then becomes a site where distinctions between fantasy and reality rupture. Gliddon's changed sense of self is affected by this dynamic social scene.

Gliddon was diligent in documenting the women she encountered. While working through a bundle of loose papers in a folder titled 'notes for the autobiographical account' I found at a page which simply read 'People —', the translucent paper revealed two hand written columns of women's names on the page below. Gliddon

⁶³ On coming back to the world:

When I have passed very wise & learned looking at people in the streets lately have often said to myself "that man has never been to prison". It has seemed so strange that a long & varied life he should not have known what imprisonment – the standing still of life- really meant. That he should not have known the strange feeling of coming back to the work or realised that the death of the individual means so little, that our friends to whom we thought we mattered so much & and we probably did – but time has rearranged the pattern of their life & we are not in the new pattern, they have fallen in love, painted pictures, written books & those who were their acquaintances where were last worldlings have become their friends we feel these changes keenly by they are unconscious of them. We know too that the spring has shown all her beautiful to the sun; & that the wildflowers have come & gone unseen by us. (Gliddon, c.1913).

⁶⁴ 5 April. It is so strange the way we make friends in prison and how pleased we always are to see one another. We live in a large community yet we are more isolated here than ever before (Gliddon, c.1913).

⁶⁵ 16 April 1912. Hunger strike started. I am extraordinarily near a great many things yet quiet outside of it, O on this suffering house tonight may sleep be given (Gliddon, c.1912).

had compiled a list of the Suffragettes she was detained with. Further on writings in note form are what appear to be remembered details about the named women.⁶⁶

⁶⁶ Mrs Sadd Brown

Forcible feeding

See votes for women & standard

Miss Sheppard

Splendid type. Made to carry her luggage when she had been on a hunger strike for – hours

Mrs Swan

Socialist

Hunger strike. Very ill one night

Some [illegible] had some puffed rice with her hot milk & she was able to take it. The ordinary breakfast of bread & tea she could not touch.

Miss Lomax

Splendid [illegible]

Cheerful disposition

Her unfinished picture.

Daphne Dorian [striked through see image below]

Very graceful used to look so charming in a tight fitting black dress when was walking about the balcony above us. Heart attack. Carried unconscious into the hospital.

I am very worried about Miss Dorian [in?] Hunger Strike.

Miss Haig's sister died of a blow on Black Friday.

Mrs Taylor

Gentle but with the devotion to the cause which martyrs possess

[Weariness?] of long days at court. Delicate woman.

She felt the ordeal of going from the silence of prison to the sessions.

Dr Garrett Anderson

Her calm [illegible] quiet manner gave one confidence. The pretty way she ran always charmed me.

Her slight build. Prison life at first told much upon her.

She gave me a sense of rest because I felt her judgement was perfectly balanced that in difficult situations she could see so clearly. Very

Young outlook.

Miss Katie Evans

Smuggled biscuits [illegible] into my hand. Straight from the Welsh hills

Miss Murphy

Her high spirits

Don't let my sister know

Forcible feeding. Write to her for [particulars?]

Miss Jane Murphy

Lived on milk & [soda?]

In hospital because she was so ill, could not eat prison food. Yet was not allowed to have in [illegible] food sent in.

Mrs Mill

My surmise is that this act of naming and describing is a securing of memory and thus knowledge of the presence of these women. The words act as evidence. Gliddon's writings also feature other women's stories, their experiences as overheard or told to her. Here in the telling of her own story Gliddon acts as 'necessary other' in the relation of others which in turn constitutes the story of her own life; 'we can only come to know our life story by being exposed to others' (Kottman 2000, p. xvii).

To return to the consideration of Gliddon's desire for recognition and Cavarero's premise of the need of others in the narration of our lives brings question of whether Gliddon's had the means, regardless of her failure to be published, to independently recount her own tale. Cavarero describes autobiography as a mistake of desire in which the self is doubled into parody of an 'other' in order to narrate from the distanced position of memory (Cavarero, 2000). However, in writing her text Gliddon has allowed for narrative relations to occur posthumously and indefinitely. Tamboukou writes;

the narratable self is always provisional, intersectional and unfixed. It is not a unitary core self, but rather a system of selves grappling with differences and taking up subject positions, not in a permanent way, but rather temporarily, as points of departure for nomadic becomings (Tamboukou 2008, p. 287 citing Braidotti, 2006).

Contained within the collection is Gliddon as a narratable self – 'an exposed uniqueness that awaits relation' (Cavarero 2000, p. 21). This study then maps a relation within which I too can emerge as both a narratable self and necessary other and together we can, with the influence of others, exchange meaning.

First Visual Responses

The first steps towards a creative response begin early on. When 'making' I am in familiar territory knowing well the many cycles of contemplation, experimentation and ultimately failure necessary before the rupture occurs. I have been pushing bits of paper through a manual typewriter letting extracts from Gliddon's diary fall onto the page all the while considering what illustrative language is needed to describe the various voices, dialogues and imaginings that are beginning to emerge. Gliddon's writing nestled within Shelley's poetry are both rich with visual description. I contemplate how this might enter appropriately while reminding myself I am not illustrating her writing but using illustration to articulate an inquiry realised through a creative practice. *Here illustration is the research method.*⁶⁷

Heart in the night

Wardress without keys. The danger of this.

Nurse Pitfield

is dying of cancer. Before she did her protest she had been told she had only a year to live. It was all the result of a blow on Black Friday (Gliddon, c.1913).

St the vote

[Later I would read more fully articulated accounts which illuminated some of these details, for example Gliddon describes a frightening situation Mrs Mills is on hunger strike and taken poorly in the middle of the night – the wardresses patrolling however have no keys to the cells so if a woman falls ill they can lie unconscious for much time before discovery and if help is called for the wardress are without keys so can't get in anyways.]

Working on loose sheets of newsprint I have started to create several test compositions using the content from my master document, the annotated compiled edit of Gliddon's various testimonies. The file is filled with lurid highlights and notes to myself detailing fleeting thoughts and associations, scrolling through I'm reminded of earlier creative ideas:

Layout: she writes across the page at different angles, fitting in information into the page, as if re-inserting what she can remember. There is a sense of haste. There are corrections and crossings out. This is someone's memory in action [my own notes, 25.11.17].

By way of beginning I select at random short evocative excerpts that encapsulate the fervour of the situation.

Each single sheet features a quote. Her words isolated and dominating the main body of the page whereas before they were pencilled in the margins of an existing text. The papers are pushed and pulled through the machine to fragment the words and letters, the intention to capture the disarray and elation described in the writing. The placement on the page is partially controlled to reflect the meaning of the passage but much of the layout is free form. The results are Gliddon's words shattered, muddled and distorted to reflect a life changed and a disruption of all norms.

I purposely do not keep records of the diary entry dates I choose or from where in my transcription they are taken. This decision was to remove any sense of chronology from the narrative and to reflect Gliddon's writing style; she frequently rewrote the same phrases and reordered her testimony. Some of the compositions incorporate my annotations intermingled with Gliddon's extracts. A simple graphic device is used to differentiate between her writing and my own; Gliddon's words are black while mine are red. These first prints are the first visual responses.

Eruption 1. Who Were You Katie?

30 Jan 2018 - My studio mate texts me late in the night;

*You in tomorrow? Only Coming in if you are.*⁶⁸

No :(I'm in the archives with my Suffragette x

I have arranged a meeting with Gillian Murphy, the archivist, who initially helped me locate the Gliddon collection to update her on the progress of the research and show her the visual response that's beginning to take shape. Even though still in the early stages of development it's one of a series of meetings I have arranged. I'm keen to have any feedback. The most effective way to know if a work of illustration communicates as you intend is to test through sharing.⁶⁹

I've never been precious about my work, I spread out the loose sheets on the carpeted floor in the casual seating area outside The Women's Library. Flicking through the pages Gillian says; *she was quite eccentric, or that what's her nephew said, I'm sure the family would be interested to know you are working with the collection.*

She is able to put me in touch with the family, she's sure they'd be happy to hear I'm working on the collection. This stumps me. Gillian empathises; *it might not be helpful as you've built an image of her in your mind.*

This is certainly true. The mention of her family transforms Gliddon from a historical figure into a real, tangible person. *Who were you Katie?* My most recent concern is betraying Katie through misrepresentation or

⁶⁸ I share my studio with the artist Jasleen Kaur who at the time of writing (Jan 2018) is involved with a project with the Glasgow Women's Library for which she has been collecting oral histories of Indian women. The stories of other women, the mothers of others, my mother's stories, I know, are helping her to navigate her own. My mother and my cousin Edna are meeting Jasleen for the first time. We sit around the kitchen table in my family home eating Indian take away with our hands. My dad is in the living room watching T.V. These two women; Bolly and Edna, aunt and niece, are as thick as thieves. They are close in age and have been allies always. Together they tell stories I have heard several times before only now I hear them differently because a stranger is also listening. My mother cries instantly. I don't intervene, this isn't my project. There is also another woman here who doesn't say a word.

⁶⁹ I met with Sue James the history teacher at Sutton High school for girls whose name came to me through a thread of conversations prompted by this research. My friend also a Croydon artist and art teacher tells her friend about the work I've been making. This friend, who is a teacher at a school in Sutton, suggests I speak to her colleague, a history teacher, who is something of an expert in local Suffragette women and has been creating an in-house archive of inspirational women who attended the school as a teacher aid for the girls. When I initially contact Sue she is excited to meet but humble in feeling her knowledge won't be of value. I assure her the research is concerned with using little known or forgotten social narratives using to inform and inspire which is what she is already doing. We sit at a wide wooden table in a huge communal staff room that features all the typical visual signifiers of high school. There are many of those wide, square teacher seats upholstered in that imperial blue synthetic fabric that you never find anywhere else. I spread the sheets across a table and we chat easily. She doesn't start teaching till 11:30am. When the first morning break is announced floods of teachers pile into the room, busily making teas and coffees. Several come and join us briefly and become involved in the story. An older male, white haired, tweed clad, later revealed to be a geography teacher, strides up and before he is introduced jovially confronts Sue on muddling her references between the Suffragettes and the Suffragists in the assembly address; 'at least you were listening' she retorts. In an email exchange after our meeting she writes;

'Thank you so much for coming and for imparting the story of Katie Gliddon. She has been much on my mind in this last week. She sheds such an original light on a Suffragette's experience.' Sue James, 2018.

condescension. Having spent so long contemplating her writing I feel as though I have come to know her, but I don't and there are others still living who did. They have the power to alter my perceptions.

This is not the first time reaching out to the Gliddon family had crossed my mind. Away from the archive sifting through photographs I had taken collection for visual reference, I noticed something previously missed. The title page of the transcribed Shelley diary (KG7GG) clearly showed a white address label stuck in the top right-hand side of the page. The same family name and an address. I could write a letter? It's not timidity that stops me but an uncertainty of what such an action would achieve.

While I know Gliddon lived into old age this study addresses the written accounts describing her period of detainment in Holloway; the effects of a two-month period that ripples throughout the entirety of the collection. When describing this research to others I am frequently asked a number of questions relating to her wider life, for example, how can I not want to know what her paintings look like?

A conversation with a well-meaning academic who shared many research interests (she had been a genealogist in a previous professional life) quickly led to a search for Gliddon in an online ancestry database. Within moments there were copies of census records in my downloads folder that detailed Gliddon's whereabouts in 1918. It was a kind gesture, but it did not help me.

While this project is not the search for a life akin to a genealogical TV programme, there is naturally a personal and very human interest. That file is still lurking somewhere in the digital undergrowth of my hard drive. The tension between what is known, what knowledge is desired and what is (and should be) revealed is a reoccurring tenet in my practice.

I have known the disappointment of stepping too far across that precarious line, of delving too deeply and losing the allure of mystery that kept you enthralled. 'You may have to decide', Hilary Mantel tells us in her 2017 Reith Lecture, 'at some point between competing evils – too much or too little information – the reader spoon-fed, or the reader needing more' (Mantel, 2017). Like Mantel I'm inclined with the latter.

Google maps reveals the SW1 postcode as the location of a church.

Eruption 2. The Mysterious Case of Charles Gray

Gliddon kept meticulous scrapbooks of newspaper clipping and Suffragette print ephemera.

In order to contain and focus the study research I had curtailed my inquiry to address just a selection of the extensive autobiographical accounts. This kept my attentions focused closely on her personal writings, the diary and the subsequent revisions of her testimony. Now in search of visual reference to inform the burgeoning creative responses I returned to revisit those areas less familiar in Gliddon's collection.

Item 7K66/4/1 is particularly striking. Is it a purpose manufactured cuttings book, the Walkers size no. 4, a pleasing format measuring 307 x 242 mm. It is bound in a pale blue cloth containing 100 ruled and indexed pages. The printed inscription appears to be responding directly to my needs:

Specially prepared for those who desire to conveniently keep their cuttings related to all subjects in book form for ready reference, and who might want to make marginal notes.

Inside are several carefully cut newspaper clippings. Often the cuttings presented together report the same news event but are taken from different newspapers with the emphasis and descriptions shifting. Adopting the scrapbook as a narrative space seems like a fitting framework through which to organise the content I have been creating.⁷⁰

It isn't long before an unexpected and poignant narrative that I can't ignore emerges from the Walker's Century scrapbook; a selection of newspaper clippings describing an attack on Lloyd George by a young student activist called Charles Gray.

Following the 'joy day' meeting on Saturday 14 July 1912 at the Kennington Theatre where Lloyd George is presenting the Insurance Act a young man rushes at him, takes him by the collar. There is a brief commotion and the protester is pushed to the floor and Lloyd George also falls but, from what? I can read, as a result of his own men rushing to his aid.

Charles Gray is Katie's brother.

It transpires Gray was used as pseudonym to protect the family name in the press. In her autobiographic writings Gliddon doesn't refer to herself by name. Having mostly worked with her testimonies which are recounted in the first person I had not realised this detail and might have missed it entirely had it not been pointed out to me by the archivist from Croydon Museum who spotted it almost instantly when I introduced them to the collection.

The scrapbook is filled with accounts of the attack and prosecution from a range of newspapers, the event has reached the mainstream media. Gray is taken to court, he is described in the Pall Mall Gazette as being 21 (another clipping gives his age as 25) and a student at Buckingham Street, Strand. One article describes the statement of a police witness, the defendant and Lloyd George. There are accounts of the court hearing. He is a member of the Men's political Union for women's enfranchisement and is sentenced to two months hard labour. One clipping shows a grainy photograph. I still have never seen a picture of Katie.

There is nothing within the collections to suggest anything but support amongst the Gliddon family - there are letters between sisters and her mother, who also visits her in prison and sends supplies.

However, I cannot escape a feeling of injustice discovering her brother's protest reached such wide while knowing Gliddon so wanted her account to be published. A new storyline did begin, but I decide to cut this one short.

⁷⁰ I have always hidden things in books.

Eruption 3: I wish I hadn't Read This

Back in the archive I arrive at a white card file, no different to all the others labelled simply as 'essay' (7KGG/1/1).

Contained within is a clipping from a *Woman's Own* magazine. The feature is an 82 year old being interviewed having received an award for an essay submitted to the West Sussex Old Peoples literary competition. Even though I know the revisions were made post event, being immersed within Gliddon's testimony, voiced in the first person, has kept my view limited to her own perspective of a two month period in 1912. Reading the article, I was instantly repositioned, no longer seeing through Gliddon's eyes but looking through someone else's gaze straight at her. Gliddon was now elderly, still 'Miss' and living in a care home in Worthing.

The prize winning essay was included in the file and I recognised it instantly as the opening of her refined story describing the lead up to the smashing of the post office door. Sat there, in silence at my table I felt so affected by this; the humility of the situation; a competition for amateur elderly writers.

There were some details that satisfied some of my curiosities. She has chosen to bring the Shelley into to prison with her, she frequently refers to literature and poetry in her writing but here I learnt she 'smuggled in a Shelley with wide margins' and 'sewed pencils into the collar of my coat'. I also learnt she was a Chelsea Art Teacher. But other than this there was remarkably little else I was left knowing of her personality, her character.

The archive only offers a controlled glimpse of a life. That youthful voice, I had become so familiar with, filled with of ambition and vitriol was at now at the end of her days and still so concerned with this moment 70 years on and still striving to be heard. I know Gliddon lived a long life, through two world wars, it is likely there would have been other relationships, meaningful encounters in her life. I wish I had never found this file. I could have happily left Gliddon basking in the sun:

Three days later I lay amongst the grass on a Welsh Hillside gazing at the flowers that grow everywhere, & at the trees, & at the wide sky, but I could see nothing but the high prison wall, that enclosed our exercise ground at Holloway & my companions walking round and round. End (Gliddon, c.1913).



Image 18. Fauchon, 2019, 'Sat on the Hill', photocopy of found photograph in uncatalogued collection held by The Bishopsgate Institute.

Telling It Slant: The Moment I Realise I'm Reading Code

Gliddon wanted her account to be published, it never was. I don't know why. This alone is a great story to seize an audience. A gift from the archive, although Gliddon might not see it that way.

How close was she to being published? Who was the intended publisher? I don't know. There are clues in the collection. Markings in red pen, annotations from an editor but I stopped myself from delving too deep. No matter how intriguing the life, this isn't a life history. It has been comfortable not to assess this failure, to romanticise the disappointment and assume the glory of telling a story that wanted so desperately to be told. A sort of poetic justice achieved within academia, reanimation beyond the grave, reincarnation through illustration.

Initially I thought it quite simply wasn't interesting enough to attract wide appeal. Let me be clear, not interesting enough *then*. All that is remarkable within Katie's account is remarkable retrospectively. It is with the passing of time that 'ordinary' life acquires its exoticism (Samuels, 1999). This is no doubt a pivotal life experience but it pales in comparison to the drama and celebrity of the Pankhurst's portrayed in the press clippings Gliddon so painstakingly preserved in her scrapbooks. But what we have is a young woman writing about personal awakening, flowers and how beautiful everyone is. She isn't even hunger striking when everyone is hunger striking. What Katie's writing does offers us is the ability to imagine *this is what it would have been like for me*. I can't relate to the Pankhurst's, they are legend, but I can to Gliddon; she's from Croydon and I would also be too scared to hunger strike.

However, to analyse Katie's account through the lens presented in Dale Spender's feminist text *Man Made Language* would suggest there to be far more in Gliddon failure to be published than the mundanity of detail.

Gliddon is a woman writing in 1912 and 'women who read [and Gliddon reads Shelley] and more over women who write are in the existing constitution of things a contradiction and a disturbing element' (Spender 1985, p. 192, citing Stuart Mills, 1859).

Spender cites John Stuart Mills the British liberal and advocate for social reform in 1859 some two decades before Katie's birth. This insight is pertinent in highlighting just how subversive the position of the female writer was in Gliddon's social environment. This contextual awareness must be considered when interpreting Katie's writing, it implies women writers would have faced overwhelming hurdles even at the stage of assuming the authority and confidence to pick up the pen. The woman writer by her very being is a contradiction an 'infringement of the dominant definition of reality' not in keeping with the position of a muted group and an 'infringement of the dominant definition of reality' (Spender, 1985 p. 95). Frankly put Dale Spender argued from her position in the early 1980s;

men have a right to write which women do not; they operate from a basis of shared subjectivity which publishers, editor and critics which women do not; they are encouraged and made confident which women are not; they have linguistic resources which enhance their image and support their values which women are not; they can write for men without jeopardizing their human masculine identity which women cannot without jeopardising their human 'feminine identity' (Spender 1985, p. 201).

When first reading Gliddon's writing I was struck by the continual descriptions of physical beauty of the fellow suffragettes. These are not superficial but are made with awareness to consolidate the feminine position of the Suffragettes. Spender supports this stance with insight from Virginia Woolf; who at just a year old older is a better-known contemporary of Gliddon. On the difficulties facing the female novelist Woolf writes;

[...] she will find that she is perpetually wishing to alter the established values - to make series what appears insignificant to a man, and trivialise what is to him important and for that she will be criticised; for the critic of the opposite sex will be genuinely puzzled and surprised by an attempt to alter the current scale of values and will see it not merely a difference of view but a view that is weak, or trivial or sentimental, because it different from his own (Spender 1985, p. 202, citing Woolf, 1972).

I found evidence of this when scanning the Croydon's local papers on microfilm in the early months of 1912 leading to Gliddon's arrest - an advertisement for a play called 'The Perplexed Husband' by Alfred Sutro, the underlying motif of which I subsequently learn is the path of woman suffrage leading to 'the destruction of the household peace and happiness' (Collette 2013, p. 50).

Perhaps had Gliddon framed her writing as fiction this may have been another story. Here women were afforded some grace as the literary domain of the novel operated within the private sphere in which the vast majority of the readership in the 19th century was female (Spender 1985). However, this would have opposed the intentions of the writing to explicitly stimulate readers to towards an understanding of the 'higher goals' (Spender, 1980, citing Walters, 1977).

When women attempt to write in the public domain problems arise, as non-fiction, poetry, essays, philosophy imply a male audience. This is taboo (Spender, 1985, citing Kaplan, 1976).

Spender (1985) writes women writers turned to fiction because it permitted a certain degree of anonymity and even so all literature would have had to undergo male review. This implies even the most celebrated of female authors; Spender names Austen, Bronte, Woolf and Elliot (the well-known male pseudonym of Mary Anne Evans), would have knowingly constructed their content with a masculine readership in mind even then the intended audience was female (Spender 1985, Rich 1979).⁷¹

What then occurs is a complex coding, a system of translation that distorts the messages embedded within the writing to distract against discrimination. This is what Tillie Olsen, after Emily Dickinson describes as 'telling it slant' (Spender 1985 citing Tillie Olsen 1978). What then is needed is a critical re-visioning with the awareness that what we read by female writers of the past might not be as it seems. For Adrienne Rich this revision 'of seeing with fresh eyes, of entering an old text from a new critical direction – is for women...an act of survival...We need to know the writing of the past, and know it differently than we have ever known it; not to pass on a tradition but to break its hold over us' (Rich, 1979, p. 35).

Looking back at the edit I made of Gliddon's writing in light of this perspective, I now recognise the content littered with clues. Gliddon is the contradiction that Mills referred to. Gliddon is a writer, there are several WPSU reports within the collection she is suspected of authoring, she would have known all too well the challenge ahead and persevered regardless. Gliddon's subject is resolutely feminist as we would understand it today. She writes of female experience from a feminist perspective. Her language is not muddled or vague and her tone is explicitly critical. Gliddon is not only a contradiction but a threat and such a position is a "defiant act"...[and] a potential source of danger, for [she is] in a position to articulate a subversive doctrine, and to be heard' (Spender, 1985, p. 192). Although difficult to make legible in the original manuscript my edited transcription details a conversation with Gliddon discussing this very matter, my thoughts contained within the brackets;

30 March 1912

Mrs. C and I had a long discussion on G.B. Shaw [George Butler Shaw?] we talked about Fanny's first play and the idea of the women being the [publisher?], the creator [still having this conversation] (7KGG).

Gliddon is educated and literate. She understands politics and can formalise a piercing argument;

⁷¹ The Ghost and Mrs. Muir was written by Josephine Leslie under the pseudonym R.A. Dick and later made in a film that was a childhood favourite of mine. The plot features a pretty (as pretty as Gene Tierney) widow who can only manage to support her young child and keep her home is through writing the memoirs of a dead sea captain (the uber masculine and enigmatic Rex Harrison) who visits her as a spectre and to recount raucous anecdotes. In a memorable scene Lucy Muir finally manages to capture a publishers attention, after several dismissals owing to the nature of her sex, by pretending these are the writings of her non-existent husband. After many belly laughs she is given a publishing deal, makes lots of money from the book and lives happily ever after (or not quite because she is seduced by a character played by George Saunders who breaks her heart when it turns out he's already married.)

Those who broke glass over the value of £5 – in a few cases valued at £7 were, if first offences, sentenced to 4 months if second to 6 months if you are a man ^ & you live in England where the women are outlaws^ you can assault a girl child in the darkness of a [illegible] & pay a fine of £1 [...]
(Gliddon, c.1913).

Gliddon laments the death of the pacifist journalist and supporter of women's rights W.T Stead in the sinking of the Titanic and notes that both he and Oscar Wilde '*for a few days on remand were all prisoners in Holloway*' (Gliddon, c.1912). Gliddon also associates herself with the legacy of these male writers both known for their radical social opinion; '*at that time, this E ward was a man's prison so they must have been here.*'

And, we know of course, Gliddon is also a fan of Shelley. Her account frequently refers to reading and discussing literature and longing for her books, the choice of which offer insight into her character and the ideas informing her;

The [illegible] said I might have my books. O I was so pleased. Helen [sister?] had sent my [illegible] Treasury a book I have been crying out for ever since I came, In the first days it would have been priceless to me [In the draft autobiographical account, I can read much clearer the books she mentions as Palgraves Treasury, Maeterlinck's Wisdom & Destiny and Balzac's Eugénie Grandet (Gliddon, c.1912).

Katie Gliddon is telling it slant but not in such a way that softens the blow, she writes uncompromisingly, defiantly. As an intelligent woman, I would be surprised had she not known she would be operating from an immediate position of disadvantage. Nor could Gliddon assume any anonymity in her position or intention, she is a Suffragette. The morphing account, the tonal changes, the strengthening of resolve is strategic and a statement is voiced with the intention to command and to be taken seriously. This isn't fiction, *this is real*. The changing of Gliddon's voice is an awareness of her male censors. This loss of fragility perhaps not quite as simple as emphasis of ego or a masking of the shame of her inability to hunger strike. It is not just mimicry of her idols the Pankhurst family, and what a tonic they would have been to a woman desperately seeking role models although I still maintain her newspaper clippings are evidence of her ambition, of what she wished her story to be.

Gliddon has the ability, with all that is implied by that within the feminist analysis, to write. She would have known the adversity ahead, and with no model of success but had come to know and desire difference (Pollock, 2016) and perseveres regardless. This is the Katie's act of courage. The knowledge that Gliddon was a non-mother and never married lingers in the background, perhaps this is how she ensured her legacy; '*this is after all the concern of many single women, whose memory may be lost because there is nobody to enact mnemonic and commemoration practices after they die*' (Tamboukou, 2015, p. 14). Regardless of a reasoning that can't be known but only speculated upon, an evidence does remain, preserved through writing which has been left to read, to decipher and interpret.

Part 3. Representations

Ch.6 Croydon



Image 19. Fauchon, 2018, photograph, The 50p Building, East Croydon.

Croydon Stories

With place, context and people being so pertinent within this research topic appropriate locations had to be found to situate the work in order to test engagement and support development. For me Gliddon's story is, amongst other things, a Croydon story and it seemed correct and instinctual to contemplate her narrative from within that environment.

I wrote to Lindsay Ould, the borough archivist at Croydon Museum, long before I knew I would be working with the Gliddon collection. In the first few months of the PhD I had contacted local heritage centres and archivists hoping to discuss ideas and to enquire as to whether there were under-utilised areas within collections that could form part of a case study. I have always been interested in Croydon a place on the outskirts of London, near to where I grew up in Balham.

But Croydon isn't London. I knew something, without knowing how exactly of its Roman heritage, the name Croydon having associations with the growing of Saffron Crocus. Ancient Croydon, radical Croydon, Rude boys, always wanting to be its own city. And my childhood memories of the gleaming Whitgift Shopping centre.

Having planned and failed to meet on a few occasions we resolved to keep in touch as the research progressed. It was early days then and the conversation I was hoping for was more advisory. I didn't yet know how significant Croydon and specifically the location of the museum would become within the research.

Almost a year on, I wrote to Lindsay again to let her know I was now fully immersed in the writing of a Croydon Suffragette. I was keen to know what further insights might the museum collections bring; perhaps Katie Gliddon was already known to them? Again, the timing was fortuitous. In celebration of the centenary of property owning women being awarded the vote, the museum were preparing a series of events. It transpired that not only did the museum not knowingly hold any materials relating to Gliddon, she was entirely unknown to them.

Katherine Street

The museum is situated in the Clocktower building complex on Katherine Street. The site is owned and managed by Croydon Council and also hosts a public library, the David Lean cinema, Croydon Adult Learning and training and a good café. The space is always busy and is used by many for different reasons. The Clocktower is part of what was once the old Town Hall outside of which the Croydon Suffragettes would meet to conduct their open-air meetings.

Museum of Croydon

The Museum of Croydon is a specialist oral history collection preserving social histories and lived experiences of Croydon in the voices of its people. The displays present items that belong to citizens or are associated with the location alongside recordings describing associated memories and experiences of those objects. My first visit is in early Nov 2017. I'm led through the archives⁷² which are much as you might imagine; low lighting, long suffering carpet, floor to ceiling shelving lined with endless files. There are workers busy rooting amongst the cases who turn to say hello as we pass. The little staff room is brimming with Croydon's

⁷² I'm early for our meeting and take the opportunity to look at the displays in the museum. I've never visited before and am taken aback by the dead man in a glass case. The exhibit caption informs this old Croydonian was discovered beneath a residential driveway during building works in 2014. Carbon dating proved he was an Anglo-Saxon. Such findings are apparently relatively common. With development works over the centuries burial grounds are forgotten and it is entirely plausible you may happen upon an ancient person under your pebble dash drive way. Just imagine; you move through your life, have a name, a family, friends, a role in your community, someone probably hates you, you eat, have habits, mannerisms, a sense of humour, or none maybe never knowing one day I'd be staring at your long dead bones.

heritage. Desks are piled high with papers and precariously towered boxes. One small miscalculation of space and the whole place will come crashing down. Lindsay makes us a cup of tea from a table laden with sweet treats. We sit almost knee to knee as I open up my laptop to show some of the details in Gliddon's account I think will be of interest. I'm aware the museum is preparing a series of Suffragette inspired events. They are taking part in the 100 Banners project run by Digital Drama, funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund whereby community groups in partnership with arts and heritage organisations in greater London have been producing banners to mark the anniversary of the Representation of the People Act.⁷³ Having only been imprisoned a number of days Gliddon mentions a burning desire in the Shelley diary to create a banner;

9 March 1912

I am longing to paint a big poster like this 'votes for women, birds of London, come in your thousands to the windows of Holloway Gaol' (7KGG).

This noticeably delights Lindsay.⁷⁴ She suggests they could even feature these words on one of their banners and it pleases me to think of Gliddon's aspirations being realised after all this time. I have also selected an excerpt taken from the notes for the autobiographical account. The scene describes a meeting of women at Croydon WSPU during which the recently released Suffragette Louisa Gay⁷⁵ recounts a personal prison experience - a conversation had with an ordinary prisoner who tells the tale of the circumstances leading to her



⁷³ Footnote image 10. Museum of Croydon team taking part in the '100 Banners' project by Digital Drama for International Women's Day 2018.

⁷⁴ I also show Lindsay the list of women recorded by Gliddon, one name is the same as a grand relation.

⁷⁵ Some days later I receive an email from Lindsay informing me that Miss Louisa Gay was the first Croydon woman arrested for damaging a pillar box.

imprisonment. My notes record no date, but we assumed the meeting took place post Gliddon's release. I read the story aloud.⁷⁶ This meeting is be the beginning of an ongoing partnership with the museum.

Partnership

I will join Lindsay and her team at The Women's Library where I will introduce them to Gliddon's collection. Together we will go through her writings and find details previously missed by me. When the banners are eventually made and displayed at the Royal Albert Hall on International Women's Day 2018, I am part of the procession representing the Museum of Croydon.

A selection of prints made as part of this research will be included in the museum's exhibition *100 Years... Peace, Protest, Conflict* (April – December 2018) acknowledging Gliddon's involvement in the fight for enfranchisement. A member of the Croydon North Labour Party will visit the exhibition and see my work and invite me to speak at an event celebrating Women's Suffrage. I will stand in a room with anaglypta walls and faded red velvet curtains talking about Gliddon while wearing a Suffragette sash. And Katie Gliddon will eventually be included in the Museum of Croydon collections represented by artworks made as part of this study accompanied with a quote from Gliddon voiced by me.

Stories in Situ

During this PhD I have had two public displays of research in progress based in Croydon at different stages of development. Both showcases are part of residencies, the first hosted by LOFT in April 2018 and the second at the Museum of Croydon in January 2019.

⁷⁶ The Croydon office of the WSPU was crowded with the members & friends on Monday evening to welcome Miss Louisa Gay on her release from Holloway prison. Miss Gay has served a sentence of eight months in the first division. During the

whole of her imprisonment she was kept quite alone never seeing the other Suffragettes prisoners at exercise or even in chapel. Miss Gay said she has few prison experiences to speak about because once one got used to prison all days were exactly the same. She spoke of the futility of the prison system & the ordinary prisoners whom she saw [I know I have read this story before]. There were crimes for which women were sent to prison, drink, prostitution & theft. During her long sentence Miss Gay was w [women] coming in, doing their sentences many young girls were in for drink & nothing else [*How women should behave*] [without exception the women were] on their release not fit to fight the battles of life, in fact they were less fit than when they came in.

Miss gay asked one prisoner aged 28 who has spent 6 years of her life in prison why she did not ask the chaplain to help her.

"I've been to prison too often "was the answer" he wouldn't do anything for me."

Soliciting.

One day a girl of 24 who was cleaning Miss Gays cell told her the story of her life. At 15 she had gone out to service. She was pretty & was seduced by the son of the house who gave her some money to go away. Her child was born it was very difficult for the mother to get work & a girl who was the streets persuaded her to follow her trade. So this 16 year old ~~girl~~ mother went to the streets. Since then she had been to prison 16 times.

Prisoners were sent out to prison without a penny in their pockets, how under these circumstances could they get honest work? They had just been through the dreadful experience of prison life with all its monotony, its unkindness, its solitary confinement, its lack of sufficient air, exercise & adequate food. [These women went to prison and realised the hardship of other women – I see a scene of women sitting together, talking amongst one another, realising together. Consciousness raising] (Gliddon, c.1913).



Image 20. Fauchon, 2018, photograph of exhibition space at Loft, Turf Projects.

RESIDENCY 1: 'Don't Believe the Papers' at Loft

LOFT is a creative community project space available for use by creatives living or working in Croydon. Hosted by Turf Projects and managed by Croydon Art Store, LOFT is located on the top floor of Turf projects, an artist-run contemporary art space which occupies three retail units in the Whitgift Shopping Centre. The residency developed from a relationship with Turf Projects who as an organisation are committed to supporting Croydon artists and facilitating community integrated arts projects.

Situating the research in this specific location is a unique opportunity. The Whitgift Shopping Centre a historical landmark, known to all in Croydon and beyond, is soon to be demolished for the development of a new Westfield shopping centre. In my own memory, the Whitgift made Croydon the shopping destination of choice for my parents, and the parents of my friends and for us when we reached the age to be able to spend pocket or birthday money independently. It is my earliest memory of a shopping centre of that ilk, massive, chrome and shining. Regardless of its impending demise the centre is still much in use and busy with a varied demographic of people. While there are many notable high street retailers, there are also several vacant units.

In the promotional material the residency is described as an active research space and true to this I use the opportunity to display all of my outcomes so far, writing and artworks. The intention is to share and gain feedback but also just to be able to see the work for the first time in its entirety. I title the Residency *Don't Believe the Papers*, this is taken from a letter Gliddon wrote to her mother, reassuring her not to believe all that was reported in the mainstream press. I appropriate the phrase because I feel it apt in capturing the ideas of reading between lines, hidden meanings and unstable stories.



Image 21. Fauchon, 2018, 'Don't Believe the Papers', Loft, Turf Projects, Croydon.

LOFT is literally in a loft which can be entered via a well signposted staircase which leads from the first floor of the Turf Projects complex. The space is a very large sparse vacant retail unit, stripped bare. Despite this it has a pleasant, comfortable ambience, almost cosy. I set up a desk to work from, either writing or making art works. I have basic materials and my typewriter. I also bring a projector and a digital camera. I buy a selection of local newspapers that either relate to the Borough or specific community groups in the area. I intend to use them for research purposes – to explore current affairs locally and for visual material for collage.

The Museum of Croydon has donated a selection of photobooks about Croydon, which I photocopy for visual material. They have also provided a selection of printed pages from the archive's micro reel collections of Croydon's local press in the months leading up to Gliddon's imprisonment.

I bring a selection of books and research literature and set up a library corner with seats where I and others can read.

I print out all 56 pages of my annotated transcript enlarged to A3 and pin them to the walls so they can be read in one long chronological sequence. This uses almost half of the wall space.

I use the remaining space to display all creative responses I have produced so far. At this stage in the project I also have a collection of art works in development, a selection of illustrations on small loose sheets which are similar in format. Some are made using pages taken from my own edition of Shelley's poetry anthology. These

images are made in response to various storylines drawn from Gliddon's writings but do not follow a linear chronology but rather describe themes and motifs. How these individual works will come together as a whole is not yet resolved. They do, however perform, as individual illustrations and can be understood as belonging within a series when grouped in accordance to the ideas they represent. Rather than be too explicit, I display them in grid formation clusters on the walls opposite the printed transcript with the idea in mind that the art works respond to the storylines within the writing. The rationale informing these visual works will be described in greater detail later in chapter 9 but the grouping can be loosely categorised as:

- Shattered glass – featuring prints of broken glass, extracts from Gliddon's writing and my own writing.
- Women – figurative images of women, in groups and alone, depicted on pages of Shelley's poetry.
- Hair – prints made directly from human hair (beauty extensions) featuring extracts from Gliddon's writing describing the appearance of other women, specifically their hair.
- Objects and things – relief prints made from objects that correspond to details mentioned in Gliddon's account.
- Confinement – prints depicting abstracted ideas of space inspired by my own imagining and interpretation of confinement relating to both the physical prison environment as well as emotional feeling.
- Marginalia texts – pages from my edition of Shelley's poetry into which I have typed my annotations of Gliddon's diary entries.

I also display a selection of larger text-based printed banners which feature first lines of Shelley's poems which I feel resonate with the wider suffrage narrative.

For the duration of the residency I am based in the Loft during opening hours, where I will meet people, talk about the research, make new illustrations and write about being in Croydon.

In the mornings I tend to arrive early just to be in Croydon. I spend my time walking around, sitting on benches, listening and sometimes taking photos when it feels appropriate.

I use the LOFT to test ideas thinking of it as a narrative environment where Gliddon's stories can interrelate with contemporary Croydon life forming new resonances and divergences. A new body of experimental work develops during this period reflecting this. Working in situ I produce a collection of mixed media collages and simple booklets drawing together text and image elements from the various sources; Gliddon's writing, images of historic and contemporary Croydon, clippings taken from local newspapers and my own writing and hand rendered images. Throughout the residency, the display evolves to include these new works.

Visitors are welcome to join me in the space, engage with the work, read from the materials and produce artworks if they wish. I have many people joining me who use the FIRST FLOOR SPACE, the free community drop in art studio downstairs.

I also hold two creative storytelling workshops using the themes in the exhibition as a prompt to consider how we can use illustrative methods to document our personal memories and histories. The workshops will be discussed in greater detail further in Chapter 8 but one poignant story emerged when a participant noted her grandmother had been born in the same year as Gliddon and created an illustration showing how parallel and yet different their lives appeared to have been.

The Loft residency goes on to mark a further point of development in the research narrative whereby new stories begin to emerge through placing of the work in a location integral to the subject and engaging people who have a relationship to that place. The stories resulting from this engagement and contemplation further enrich my own comprehension of Gliddon's account whilst serving to introduce Gliddon's narrative to new audiences.



Image 22. Fauchon, 2018, 'Don't Believe the Papers', Loft, Turf Projects, Croydon.

RESIDENCY 2: 'Don't Believe the Papers' at the Museum of Croydon

I am the second ever artist in residence at The Museum of Croydon (MOC). The residency runs the full month of January 2019 and includes an exhibition in the court display, the museum's temporary exhibition space and three public events.

The exhibition space is situated on the ground floor of the Clocktower building in front of the entrance of the public library and the MOC archive and research area. It is a prominent location with much thoroughfare as it also serves as a walkway through the building to the various amenities provided.

The ceilings reach beyond the height of three floors forming an atrium like central space visible from upper levels. This part of the building also features the exposed brickwork of the original building lending an air of historical significance.

The exhibition space consists of a purpose built linear display board and the opposing wall behind which is a staircase leading to the entrance MOC displays. Work can also be suspended overhead from two trapezes.



Image 23. Fauchon, 2019, 'Don't Believe the Papers', Museum of Croydon, Croydon Clocktower.



Image 24. Fauchon, 2019, 'Don't Believe the Papers', Museum of Croydon, Croydon Clocktower.

The exhibition is again titled 'Don't Believe the Papers' and showcases the creative works in progress at that stage in development following the months leading on from the previous residency.

The display consists of again clusters of the smaller illustrations in series intersected with larger prints, including two pages printed large scale from the annotated transcript word document. Long banners of relief prints made directly from large plates of broken glass are suspended overhead from the trapezes and a slide show projects a series of images; including, photographs of Croydon now, archival documents, an illustration of Joan of Arc by Gliddon, a photograph of my mother.

The exhibition also showcases a new body of work resulting from the residency at The Bishopsgate Institute – fully described in Chapter 7. This series is a collection of 2D pop up collages which resemble miniature stage sets. They are made using my own prints and photocopies of archival materials in the Bishopsgate collections, mostly photographs of women of the early 20th century. These paper dioramas are presented in a museum display case as part of the exhibit.



Image 25. Fauchon, 2019, 'Don't Believe the Papers', Museum of Croydon, Croydon Clocktower.

While the exhibition at MOC was again an opportunity to test ideas and develop narratives, it is more formal and public facing than the LOFT showcase. The audiences are far more diverse due to the civic nature of the services available in the building, the majority of viewers encounter the exhibit by chance.

The exhibition and associated events are also supported by the MOC with press releases and promotional mailouts and postings. The three events take place on every Sunday during the month of the residency. The first is an introductory talk given together with Lindsay Ould discussing the research and collaboration with the museum. The second event is a creative storytelling workshop of the same ilk that I have been delivering throughout the research, this is attended by MOC staff as well as public visitors⁷⁷ as a training session exploring creative approaches to interpreting the museum collections. The final event is a group reading performance whereby people are invited to join in or listening to a reading of my transcript of Gliddon's writings. This event, *Croydon Voices*, also marks a point of departure in the creative interpretation of the research narrative. The performance is a unique site specific event developed especially for the museum because it has a dedicated

⁷⁷ Today full of good intentions one of my workshop participants emailed me to share a link to an image she has found online. It is a of a painting of Katie Gliddon by Walter Sickert.

It seems that Sickert's sister was also in the Suffragette movement, she writes.

The threat to my imagination and the image I have built of Katie Gliddon is quite literally at the tip of my finger. I delete it without guilt in a heartbeat before even an inkling of curiosity can rise. Even after I have cleared out my email trash file in my email there is a slight, lingering unease that nothing can ever be lost.

www.artsy.net/artwork/walter-sickert-gliddon

oral history collection and its historical relevance of the location within the Croydon Suffrage movement. Croydon Voices is more fully described in Chapter 9.

Through the period of the residency I am also based in the museum working from the researcher area. I have a dedicated space where visitors are able to reach me should they desire. Many people speak to me during the residency which is welcome and contributes to the research in terms of the sharing of stories. I also recognise as the research was still in development, my presence was needed as part of the experience to discuss the work exhibited.

While both exhibitions have been invaluable in supporting the development of research and testing engagement and communication of ideas, the exhibition format is not the ideal context for this creative work. When complete the creative component doesn't intend to communicate as an exhibited display but as a holistic narrative text; a collection to be physically engaged with; read and encountered as an archival deposit.

The greatest accomplishment of both residences was the opportunity to situate the work in environments what didn't operate as exclusive art spaces with potential to reach diverse public audiences. As well as influencing the progression of the creative outcomes, the residency experiences have also heavily informed Chapter 3 of this thesis which addresses illustration as a qualitative research methodology.

The Research Room

Baked haddock with fennel, lemon and vine tomatoes, thyme

Greens – broccoli, beans

Orzo with herbs and pine nuts

Salad

Bread – from Richard's

The team have set up a desk for me just by the entrance of the research room so I'm easily identifiable by anyone enquiring about the exhibition.

Crisps.

Instead of working I'm writing a shopping list.

Friends are joining us for Sunday lunch,

it's Friday, I'm running a workshop tomorrow but my menu is still as yet unfixed.

Tapenade – anchovies

A robust elderly man walks into the museum and leans confidently on the service desk on one forearm.

He has come looking for himself in the archive.

I was born in 1937 in Croydon on Christmas day. I was the only person born here on that day.

The microfilm reader gets to work.

The new arrival and his mother were warmly welcomed by the Mayoress this Christmas day.

St Mary's Hospital?

I always thought it was called Queen Mary's.

This was an easy find because he knew the date, year and place.

He takes away his print out rolled in a plastic sleeve.

He's just lost his wife and wants to give something to the grandkids.

Banana bread, raisins

Tart – pears, eggs. Coffee.



Image 26. Fauchon, 2018, 'Croydon Women', photograph of wig mannequins.

Ch.7 The Bishopsgate

The library within the Bishopsgate Institute is the actuality of the romantic archetypal of a Victorian library; high corniced ceilings, fluted columns, dark wood and long study tables. Tall glass fronted book cases contain vast volumes of heavy bound directories and studies of the most specific topics of social history and all manner of knowledge about London. It smells like a library. Leaving the main space heading towards the special collections PRIDE banners hang from the upper gallery balcony. Casually propped up in a corner, obstructing the books on colonialism, is a huge Tom of Finland billboard with an oval cut-out so you can stick your head through and pose as a muscled naked man astride a gigantic motorbike.

Not all archives are the same. Here there's giggling and chit chat as well as study. Conversations can be heard in the background and mostly it's the archivists talking;

If I was going to write a thesis I'd write about the how the transgender characters in books are completely lost in translation to film like in Fried Green Tomatoes.

The BFI are doing a Joan Crawford season, I wonder if they'll show Johnny Guitar. She wears a pair of trousers, scandalous.

I love that film and Joanie's big glowing eyes.

It's always a mixed crowd in the researcher's room. This is a place to be mindful of pronouns but I doubt anyone here is easily offended. We've had the hottest summer on record, its tipping 30° outside and inside fans whir constantly. The annual stock take is just weeks away, the reading rooms will close and the team are preparing. There are boxes everywhere and piles of magazines;

Curious the sex education magazine for men and women, number 35 price 50p,

Squatters News,

Shavers Weekly,

Militants for struggle, solidarity and socialism, Solidarity price £1.

A lone researcher is trawling through a mountain of Morning Star's.

Behind the front desk is a massive papier-mâché bust of Richard Branson grinning down from a window sill which is heavily laden with archival paraphernalia. There are bundles of papers, documents, awkwardly balanced office files and curious nick-knacks people have undoubtedly dropped in. I've spotted a dusty bottle of shiraz and peeking out from behind a desk is what might be the case of a musical instrument.

The Bishopsgate attracts regular visitors, people swing by for a quick hello. There is an easy atmosphere. It is welcoming and no one is ever too harshly reprimanded even when they are being asked to stop using their pens. Pencil rubbers are allowed, or rather, if they're not it's not being too heavily policed. Never the less I am discrete when a mistake is made. Once at the Women's Library, before I was allowed through the barriers my disposable automatic pencil was confiscated because of its eraser top. My name was written on a post-it -note

and stuck to it so I could reclaim it even though I told them to just chuck it. Here, out the corner of my eye I can see a pair of scissors. One quiet day I'm even so bold as to put my feet up, shoes off the seats, of course. The researcher next to me has slipped off one of his trainers and is flexing his toes in their white sports sock under the table.

There is a steady stream of visitors donating their placards and protest signs. I've noticed in some, before they reveal their contribution, there is a slight awkwardness as if a rejection might be imminent, as if to ask; *do you really want this?* But everything is gratefully received. Today, the archivist Stefan Dickers, is being interviewed by a postgraduate student writing about the recent Trump protests. I listen in. The Institute are committed to collecting protest signs, he says, there was something different about the marches of late, particularly The Women's March of 2017. There was a creativity; an artistic flare and humour he hasn't seen the likes of before.

An alert, plucky activist always clad in a baseball cap comes in regularly to drop off his protest signs; large hand painted banners, big lettering. He works from a laptop covered in stickers with activist slogans.

Act Up

Sadique Kahn, We Can't

I'm queer, but I can't get in here.

He also feels at home. He spreads his banners proudly out on the parquet floors so he can photograph and ponders them.

Last week a young woman handed over a giant model of a pair of farting, or more aptly put, trumping buttocks. Yesterday a softly spoken, grey haired man came in with a toy effigy of the American president sitting in a pink birdcage. Squeeze the arm and the doll's toupee flies up while emitting a belching sound and choice Trumpian idoms. It's the excitement of the day and soon the subject of a tweet. We hear that farting doll all day.

Come back in 500 years, it will still be here.



Image 27. Screenshot by author, 2019, tweet by @Stefdickers, archive and library manager at The Bishopsgate Institute.

Resident

As a researcher at the Bishopsgate Institute I hold a privileged position. I can pass freely into the staff only area where an abundance of materials has been set aside by Michelle for my perusal. As I approach a hand goes up and waves me in, busy eyes don't move from the screen. On the top shelf of a bottle green librarian's trolley is an unsecured scrap of paper that reads 'keep out for Mireille'. Here there are archival boxes filled with pamphlets; heavy cloth bound books and numerous clipped pages from journals in slippery transparent sleeves constantly threatening to topple. I have one month to work through the materials.

I came to know the social historian and interpretations manager at the Bishopsgate Institute, Dr Michelle Johansen, through attending a series of her short courses which used the institute's holdings to explore London's history. It became quickly apparent that we shared the same research interests and maintained contact as the work with Gliddon's collection progressed. The idea for a residency was born over coffee in the *Bishopsgate Kitchen* with my typewriter, broken glass prints sprawled across the tables, encroaching into neighbouring business bunches. Michelle had just finished delivering a course looking at 100 years of women's history as told

through the collections. Every Tuesday for 5 weeks the same group of women joined together in the Bishopsgate boardroom to sift through archival materials where a vast array of female narratives emerged. We worked in pairs shifting eagerly through the little piles curated by theme; home, work, sex, love, leisure, family, power. There were Victorian pamphlets; heart rendering correspondences between families during the great war; tireless reports from social reformers, educational literature, activist ephemera from throughout the decades, memoirs, letters, publications and many photographs of women. During one session my partner even found a photograph of women she knew who belonged to an activist organisation she was involved with in the 1980s.

One evening as reading homework we were given a photocopied extract from HG Wells's 1909 novel *Ann Veronica*. The scene described the young protagonist venturing out alone on the streets of London. She has fled her privileged but repressive family home to find independence in the great capital. This independent act is at first an adventure but Ann Veronica soon realises her liberty is limited. Walking about she is a spectacle; jeered at, accosted, propositioned and followed. We discussed the reading the following week, sadly all identifying. *During this period, Michelle emphasised, it was not typical for women to go about alone, they simply did not have public lives.* The point, made so emphatically, immediately brought to mind a vignette recounted by Gliddon. Awaiting trial, she and her friend are released on bail in the dead of night and Gliddon recalls the thrill of being on the London streets so late.⁷⁸ The detail appealed to me because of the mental image it conjured; two exhilarated young women alone in the city in the darkness of the night. It was tiny detail, easily passed over as I had passed over several others, but it had captured me. However, the Wells's novel and subsequent discussion revealed a significance more poignant than previously comprehended; just how extraordinary this momentary independence would have been, let alone the more obvious magnitude of the preceding violent action and arrest. The collections presented throughout the course did not directly address Gliddon but each week I left with a richer knowing of her experience. The materials elaborated on a viewpoint that had previously been so insular, read and controlled solely through her gaze.

The intention and point of interest has always been to interpret Gliddon's experience through the information she collected and recorded so as to attempt a sense of being within that moment, confronted with the development of events as they unfolded. This has kept me from researching too deeply into post rationalised historical examinations that would cloud the immediacy of Gliddon's narrative. However, the Bishopsgate collections with their emphasis on radical and local history, could situate Gliddon's account against other timely primary sources, some of which may have directly informed her position politically and socially. I also knew the archives would yield a bounty of visual inspiration; print, publishing, materiality. Considering this Michelle and I devised the idea for a residency during which a selection of the materials could be more closely tailored to elucidate the themes emerging from Katie's writing. In turn, the residency would be an opportunity for Michelle and I to exchange knowledge of our specialist fields. The choice of materials would rest with Michelle who would contribute her expertise as a historian to navigate the archive, her knowledge and judgement would set the parameters of the sample. My role would be to interpret using my knowledge of Gliddon's collection and

⁷⁸ [someone called Mr Mansel Moulin who 'was to stand bail for miss Keller' ends up bailing them all out and they're released at 12:30am. Her and Diana go to a hotel. They hail a 'hansom'] (Gliddon, c.1913).

'We had never been in the streets before as prisoners out on bail and in spite of this we enjoyed our drive through the deserted streets.' [what must the cabbie have been thinking?] (Gliddon, c.1913).

through the lens of an illustrator. Both professional educators we would also develop a one-day engagement activity. Developed from those previously tested during the residency in Croydon, the experimental workshop would be collaboratively delivered and encompass both our methods of interpretation, a union between historian and illustrator. The themes to focus the selection are decided as:

Social insight of the lived experience of women across class in the early 20th Century:

What environment Gliddon lived within? The Suffragettes entering into Holloway prompted the convergence of great social divides and I had read the fascination and prejudices in Gliddon's writing as she pondered the 'ordinary' prisoners; what further insight could be gained about the position of women across social strata?

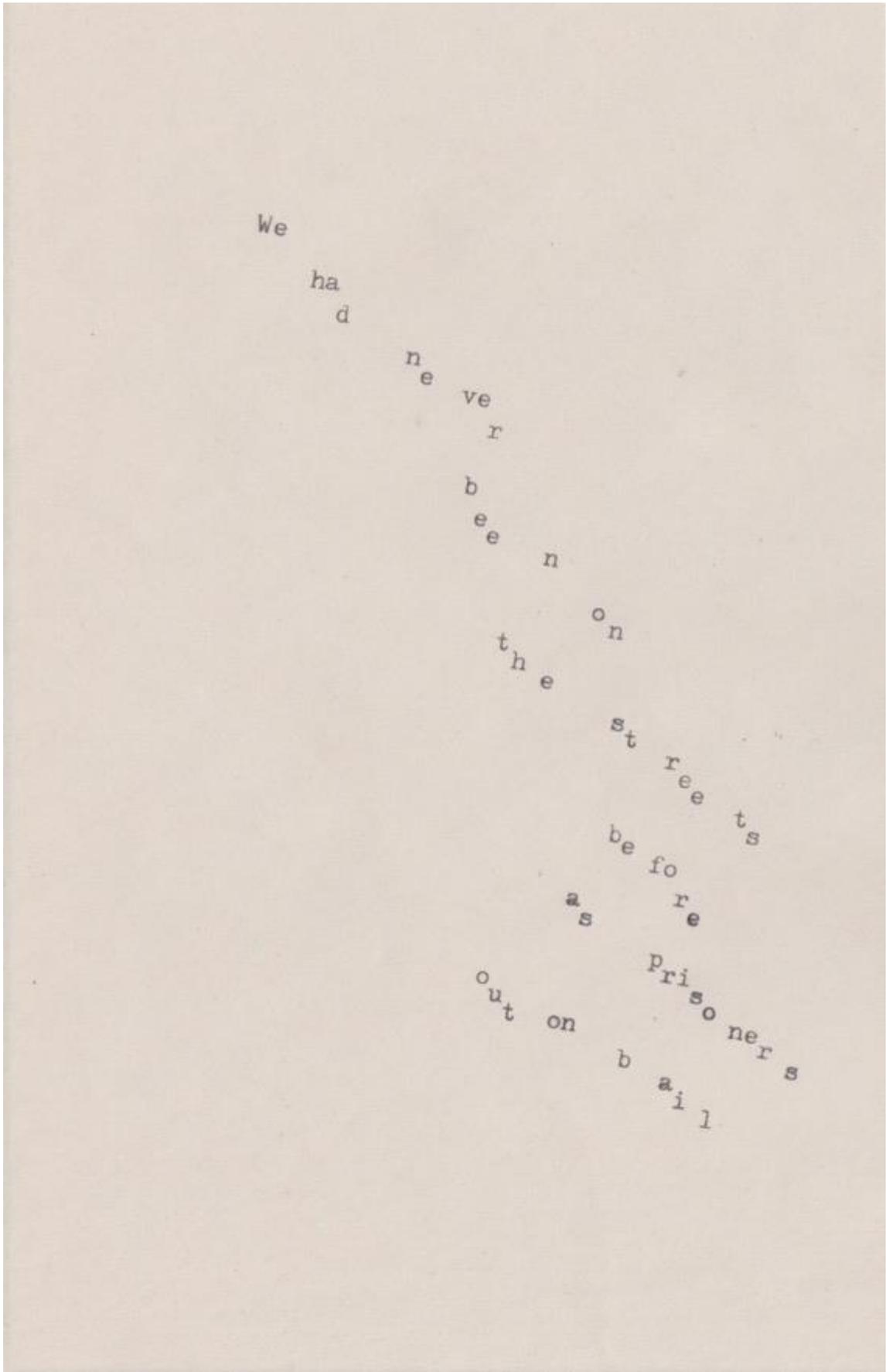


Image 28. Fauchon, 2017, 'Prisoners out on bail', typewriter on paper illustration.

I wanted to position Gliddon's politics into a wider context, hear other perspectives of the day regarding female enfranchisement and the Suffrage movement.

Legacy and parallel narratives within later feminist activist movements:

What endured if anything of Katie's plight, could any semblances be drawn between the concerns within her writing and those of later feminists?

Female narratives and self-historicising within the archives:

With an emphasis on life-writing what were the other ways women were presenting their experiences and knowledge within the collections?

Authority and control / expected education and behaviours of women:

What were the expectations of a woman of Gliddon's position as an affluent upper middleclass woman, how would her interests, ambitions and actions been perceived in contrast with social norms?

Female experiences of prison in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century:

I was sure there was much Gliddon had not told of her time in prison. The extent of the harrowing practice of forcible feedback was not fully revealed until post revisions. Gliddon, at times writes fondly of her cell but is this an accurate portrayal of prison conditions?

Listen

The first thing to be done is make a selection of the selection. I skim through, holding Tamboukou's words close; feeling for rhythms. I'm not sure what will be revealed, the information I'm searching for will present itself to me, because I am attuned, I have never yet not found something of relevance. I have entered the place with specific questions and a sample has been curated for me so half the battle is won. It also occurs this selection of materials is part of an ever-reverberating process. These materials here reveal something of Michelle's interests which are informed by her own research. Recording the references of everything I will work with I loosely organise the materials into groups and set a mandate to refocus:

This is not a story about the Suffragettes.

This is a project about people, places, time and stories across time,

Stories that are shared and left behind;

Looking at stories held within the archives,

What is it to read, research and interpret as an illustrator?

Illustration as a method of archival interpretation.

Visual storytelling to share stories,

To recount and animate,

To place them back into their environments.

Let them spin, change, mutate, be re interpreted.

This is a project about understanding lived experiences.

Which is not the same as documenting how lives were lived.

It not about 'giving voice' to someone else,

But using my own voice to embody these narratives.

This is a line that is easy to say and easy to hear but it's patronising.

Listening

Listen for what isn't recorded, for the other meanings

Illustrators are storytellers

always listening, whittling, re-configuring,

as stories are never finished

and what I have here in the archive are stories caught half way through (Steedman, 2001, p. 45).

half known, half told, half forgotten

We can't remember everything and not everything needs to be remembered.

Presented with these materials I make a conscious decision to bring Gliddon with me. My edit of her testimony is open on my laptop desktop for easy reference. Keeping her close as I read, she becomes the secondary lens in the process of imaginative extension (Tamboukou, 2016). I use Gliddon as a conduit to find meaning in all this information. She may have known these very documents, held them, been hurt by them, empowered, exasperated. I assume her persona, reading as though I am her, imagining what she would have thought of it all. I also know I am searching for her. Not explicitly, she is the phantom figure within it all, but for understanding of who she was within her moment.

I maintain this is not a biographical exercise. I am not using the collections to find out more about Gliddon personally or attempting to verify her account. I am interested in understanding the story world around her in order to contextualise her writing. I want to know more but with enough room to still dream.

Prison Was Beastly⁷⁹

A pulp novel with brittle, crumbling yellow pages is first up. I've fallen for the risqué title and the book cover illustration; a vivid watercolour of a young woman, hog-gagged and being made to kneel at feet of three moustachioed men in tuxedos. *White Slaves in a Piccadilly Flat* by W.N Willis (c.1915) is an expose of the, previously unbeknownst to me, case of Queenie Gerald; a madam sent to Holloway in 1913 for hosting a house of ill repute. Weakly masquerading as a journalistic piece it quickly transpires the book is just a mouth piece for Willis, a self-appointed 'crusader' as he is described by one of his reviewers, to pass moral judgement on the London crisis of prostitution; these women are 'she devils, corruptors, harridans'. The authors' note reads,

[the book has been] written and published primarily with the object of supporting the London County Councils efforts to secure powers from parliament to enable them to clear out the gilded dens of vice and death traps which now permeate every important centre within the boundaries of London' (Willis, c.1915).

Gerald is the target, scapegoat and the pinnacle of damnation and as it turns out, I quite like the sound of her. The book was initially earmarked of interest within the research because of the descriptions of Holloway given by an unnamed but trusted source detained at the same time as Gerald. Despite the attempt to scandalise

⁷⁹ Prison was bleak without spaciousness, and pervaded by a faint, oppressive smell; and she had to wait two hours in the sullenly defiant company of two unclean women thieved before a cell could be assigned to her. Its dreariness, like the filthiness of the police cell, was a discovery for her. She had imagined prisons were white tiled places. (Wells, 1968 p. 264).

audiences, to this contemporary reader Gerald emerges as a defiant figure, strong, independent and uncompromising. Through anecdotes we are told she is unashamed of her profession; she arrives in glamorous attire; refuses to follow prison protocol; remove her clothing⁸⁰ and wig⁸¹, bathe, do the needle work assigned to her⁸². She is stubborn, sassy and problematic.

Despite the slim resemblance any of this may have to actual events there is a sensation of glimpsing into a familiar place but from another perspective. A mirror has inverted the scene. Just as the Pankhurst's stand as icons for the Suffragettes, and certainly Gliddon, Gerald is an icon for the ordinary prisoners with paradoxically similar virtues. There is even a comparison between her and the 'splendid though misguided' Suffragette Emily Wilding Dickinson who is said to be reprimanded more harshly for insubordination⁸³ than Gerald, who appears to be above retribution. Willis's writing is patronising and divisive and delivered in typical Tabloid parlance. Willis presents another vision of Holloway, but here it is presented in a similar vein as a *Carry On* film; a series of comedic vignettes and raucous goings on all recounted by an unverifiable witness we are repeatedly told to have faith in. In essence, this is an exploitation piece, a work of titillation intending to scandalise a privileged reader who can enjoy it from a position of safety with clear conscience under allusions of it being a work of higher moral reckoning.

A Fabian Pamphlet published in 1912, the same year as Gliddon's detention; *Women and Prisons* by Helen Blagg and Charlotte Wilson could not be more markedly different in content and tone. An unassuming document, simply designed and produced, it looks much like all the pamphlets; small and un-showy. However, contained within is a carefully composed essay on the facts and effects of women within prisons with a piercing argument for reform and total abolishment of the penal system. The pamphlet is comprehensive, 32 pages long, it is divided into three sections. Part I opens with an introduction to the development of the penal system placing the current protocols into context, part II prisons outlines the system of solitary confinement, the various classifications of prisoners, dietary allowances and details of penal servitude. Part III concerns crime and criminals looking in greater depth at the statistical differences between male and female offenders, the causes of misconduct and the variations of the different penal systems in place.

The writing is measured and concise. It is referenced with academic rigour, something I will continue to note in the other female pamphlet writing I will read. The report asserts that 'no female prisoner recorded her experiences until suffragettes in large numbers were sent to Holloway (1907 -11)' (Blagg and Wilson, 1912). Following this statement several descriptions of Holloway are detailed. I read of diarrhoea and the inadequacy

⁸⁰ 'when she arrived in all her gay finery... she carried a handbag containing powder puffs, eau-de-cologne and some Egyptian cigarettes' (Willis, c.1915 p. 45).

⁸¹ 'Beneath the large picture -hat that adorned her head, 'Queenie' wore a golden wig with the loveliest little curls straying one over each other' (Willis, c.1915 p. 45).

⁸² when an anecdote is delivered recalling an incident when a fellow inmate suggests she better learn to sew in order to better serve her "old man" on the outside she is quoted as saying "If I made shirts for all my 'old men', said 'Queenie', smiling for the first time, 'I should require a very big factory' (Willis, c.1915 p. 49).

⁸³ 'Strange as it may seem, when the Suffragette, Miss Emily Davidson (the splendid though misguided girl who lost her life on Derby Day rebelled in Holloway, she was treated very differently from this notorious immoral woman. Upon miss Davidson barricading her cell door by pushing her bed behind it, the authorities promptly turned an ice-cold torrent upon her from a hose pipe (Willis c.1915 p. 48).

of the toilet facilities. I had often wondered about such practicalities when reading Gliddon's account. She fails to make any mention of a latrine but now I know she was defecating in her cell. A description of the 'convenience' is given; 'even if it be of a proper size and does not leak... [it] remains unemptied from morning till evening' (Blagg and Wilson, 1912, p. 11). Gliddon writes of her cell with affection⁸⁴, she takes pride in cleaning it⁸⁵ and collects flowers for decoration and comfort⁸⁶. Here another vision is described;

after the prisoner has been locked in the cell all night the air is unbearable, and its unhealthiness is increased by damp...any adequate thorough ventilation is impossible, owing to the height of the windows and the small area that opens, the prisoners are locked into cells again at seven for breakfast, so that they sit in a wet cell and are forced to breath the evaporating moisture which cannot escape. (Blagg and Wilson, 1912, p. 11).

There are also recognisable details; descriptions of the impact of prison conditions on mental health⁸⁷ articulated in the same vocabulary used by Gliddon; 'every endeavour is made to render the life dull, monotonous and dreary; all the surroundings are as hideous as human ingenuity can make them...(Blagg and Wilson, 1912, p. 12).' The chilling punishment cells⁸⁸ are also familiar; 'the loneliness, silence...darkness and cold, sending women mad' (Blagg and Wilson, 1912, p. 12).

The 'modern point of view' advocated by the Fabians really is modern, in fact it's so startlingly contemporary I'm taken aback;

the collective force of society should be used to stimulate and support the exercise of individual will power under a sense of personal and social responsibility, and to make every effort to strengthen and restore it where it is enfeebled or lost...with opportunity for the free exercise in a useful and healthy direction of such powers as the individual may possess (Blagg and Wilson, 1912, p. 6).

Compare this is A.N Willis who also attempts a judgement of the penal system;

Women of the 'Gerald' type should when caught, be punished rigorously and strong examples should be made of such degenerates, once they are convicted, as a deterrent to others...Let all decent men and women of the Kingdom say with Voltaire: "Ecasez l'infâme!" ("clear the unclean thing out") (Willis, c.1932, p. 151).

⁸⁴ I am growing to love my little cell (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁸⁵ I have gathered up the dust on the floor with a [damp?] rag. I suppose as a political prisoner I ought not to have done it but as a political prisoner I refuse to sit up to my ears in dust and there can't be enough ordinary prisoners in the prison to do all the work. (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁸⁶ 7 April 1912. The four most loved primroses in the world are in my little water can on the floor. It is rather nice having them low down like that for I can pretend they are growing (Gliddon, c.1912).

⁸⁷ My intense interest on the other people saved me from the inevitable misery of loneliness, which overwhelms the prisoner as their brain becomes dulled by the monotony & dreary stagnation of life (Gliddon, c.1913).

⁸⁸ April 13. Then followed the torture of suffragette prisoners by forcible feeding. Women kept in handcuffs in Miss Leslie Halls case for nearly three days a night in dark punishment cells, they were put into straightjackets Miss Selina Martin was hog marched down ~~a passage~~ the stairs her head was allowed to be bump on each stone stair... (Gliddon, c.1913).

The pamphlet closes with a prophetic note, read in the contemporary moment the ambition and uncertainty for what is now taken for granted is disquieting; 'it is probable in the future women will be appointed as judges and magistrates as well as summoned to serve on juries; and this us in our opinion, a consummation most devoutly to be wishes in the interests of society' (Willis, c.1932).

I don't understand how anyone could not agree with the Fabians and then I recognise the privilege of my position and how unnatural is it to be sat with materials of the same period offering mutually opposing views. The audiences the Fabians strive to reach are those who think as Willis does, yet, I suspect, the audiences drawn to *White Slaves in Piccadilly Flat* are unlikely to be roused by an earnest humanitarian report.

The Other Kate

There is another Kate in the archive. Kate Denver. London born. She was a rude and precocious child and grew to be an insolent, shallow young woman. While in college she gains a reputation for being outspoken and impudent acquiring the nickname 'The Suffer – gette'. This Kate is also a teacher, working for the L.C.C., and eventually becomes a Suffragette proper. Kate Denver will also endure a spell in Holloway and it too will be the making of her. Sat in her cell, shamed and remorseful, she realises the error of her ways and repents whole heartedly all for the love of a good, patient and forgiving man.⁸⁹

Kate Denver is a fiction character in the novel *The Journey of a Suffragette, From Hampstead to Holloway*. The book is attractive; hardback bound in vivid yellow book cloth, I ponder whether this colour choice is intended to imply salaciousness? The cover features a jovial illustration of a woman running away from the gates of Holloway and the imposing silhouette of a policeman.

Penned by W. Burton Baldry and published in 1909, by John Ouseley Ltd, the book appears to have been written with no other intention other than to undermine and ridicule the plight of the Suffragettes. Baldry's narrative is formulaic and clumsy. The characters are hollow. This is not a work of literature and the writing is not accomplished. It's not a social satire or even a morality piece. It is a strange sort of work, like nothing I've read before. The plot is essentially a series of events carefully strewn together to create narrative situations that are all exemplars of the failings of womankind.

It is so patently misogynistic I'm genuinely taken aback. I came prepared to read about the limitations of women, to read contentious views. It is not the content that shocks me but rather how angry I am when confronted with them in print; 'It's a well-known fact that you can get sand out of sugar, but I think it just beyond from the limit to attempt to get much beauty from the face of a suffragette' (Baldry, 1909, p. 70).⁹⁰

This is a peculiar book. The voice of the narrator is particularly odd. The narrator is at first external. This then changes to a first-person narration. While unaffiliated with any character and removed from the narrative situation the voice of the narrator addresses the reader directly to comment on the story. It is while using this

⁸⁹ 'When the time comes or you to choose between 'women's' rights' and a woman's instinct, let nature have her own way' (Baldry, 1909).

⁹⁰ Gliddon quote on the beautiful women in Holloway.

voice that the most reductive misogynistic criticisms are made. They seem particularly cruel and personal considering the characters are entirely fictional. I start to skim through the plot developments choosing instead to record the narrator's commentary. These assertions about the nature, or rather failings of women, easily stand alone independent of the story that really only serves as punctuation. I cannot emphatically claim these are Baldry's own opinions, but I strongly suspect they are.

'Profusely illustrated' by C.E. Shephard, even the images, rendered in whimsical cartoonish line drawings, are cruel. One particularly nasty illustration depicts an over-weight middle aged woman awkwardly dressed in a man's suit. The image corresponds to the leading male protagonist telling another character that on hearing a forthright woman speaks he likes to imagine how ridiculous she would look dressed as a man.⁹¹

I have not yet seen an image of Katie Gliddon but there is an illustration of Kate Denver who is ugly and big chinned. Much is made of that chin. I feel affronted. This book was written to deliberately harm and what worse is that it's not that well written. Who exactly was the audience for this I wonder? I can't imagine any woman who would want to read this. The whole thing is a work of pretence. The title designed to trick you and there is a note printed in the back to tell you if you have selected this title thinking it will be a heroic testimony, you have been certainly been fooled. Even in the decision to read this book women are mocked. The delivery is a parody of a romance novel, the content is a parody of the Suffragette plight. Kate Denver is a parody of Katie Gliddon and I feel the insult all the more keenly because of the uncanny coincides. I hope Gliddon never encountered this book but I suspect she was too occupied reading the likes of Balzac.

Katie Gliddon and Kate Denver were both women who went to Holloway as Suffragettes. One woman emerges reformed while the other's convictions are fortified. One of these women was a living, breathing person while

⁹¹ "I always think," he said, "with one exception [Kate], when I hear a woman talking like that, that I should like to see her with her hair cropped close, and wearing a stuck up collar and a pair of trousers' (Willis, c.1915, p. 58).



Footnote image 11. Fauchon, 2018, photograph, work in progress in studio.

the other is a fictional character within a novel, yet what remains of them is remarkably similar. Their enduring legacies survive within stories that were written and are now held in archives.

The Great Woman

Early in the residency I shared my edit of Gliddon's diary with Michelle knowing she would pick up on details and names I had recorded without fully awareness of their significance. This is knowledge exchange. She will know things that I don't. Within an hour of sending the file to her via email I have a reply with full links and, later in the day when I'm head down, fingers deep in the Howell Collection of feminist Pamphlets, Michelle appears with a new book to add to my stack; *Prison and Prisoners, Some personal experiences* by Constance Lytton and Jane Warton published by London William Heinemann. Lytton, is a name I recognise. *That's because Katie mentions her* Michelle tells me. I do a word search for *Lytton* in the file and there she is, outside Holloway waving in support to the women inside.⁹² This autobiography was published in 1914, two years after Gliddon's release during the time she was likely editing her drafts. Lytton is a hero of the Suffrage cause and her book fat and weighty. Lytton strikes an impressive figure and this is nothing less than a grand narrative.

Lytton, an aristocrat of English nobility was imprisoned three times. When she suspected during her first detention that she was being given preferential treatment she adopted the false name Jane Warton and assumed the alter ego of a working-class woman, she travelled to Liverpool where no one knew her and following a protest was imprisoned and forcibly fed. She would be forcibly fed 8 times in total. She subsequently would suffer a stroke which paralysed her and then wrote this book left handed.

The book even opens with an impressive, for the time, disclaimer from the publisher;

The publisher hopes that fault will not be found if he disclaims agreement with of Lady Constance Lytton's views expressed in this volume, notwithstanding the fact that he is glad to offer it to the public. He feels that personal disagreement over details should not hinder him from publishing this splendid heroism and unselfishness (Heinemann, 1914).

I read the account of her first imprisonment in Holloway and find all the details I was yearning for in Gliddon's account. Lytton's writing is so accomplished, compelling, so perfectly nuanced. This is a skilled raconteur who knows exactly what we want to know. Which is *what is it like to have been there*.

In Lytton's writing, there are smells and tastes. She tells how the stifling air dries your tongue, how the steely reserve of the prison wardens which is at first amusing soon becomes sinister. This writing is vivid and visceral. It is compelling in a way that differs from Gliddon account in that it is descriptive of minute details of the kind Gliddon never elaborates on; things impolite and undignified. The scum clinging to the bath, the smell of the soap which is akin to dog disinfectant, the stains on the bedsheets, other women's stains, stains that are everywhere. There is a whole page dedicated to just describing prison garbs. We are with her as she dresses, arranging countless layers of clothing. Coarse fabrics and more stains. My face pinches as she explains the

⁹² While we were out in the afternoon Lady Constance Lytton waves to us from a distant house (Gliddon, c.1913).

handkerchief provided to mop up rheum is indistinguishable from one to be tied around the neck so you definitely know at one point your neckerchief was someone else's snot rag.

Women's hair and styling features in this account, just as it does in Gliddon's. Lytton also expresses an admiration for women with well-kept hair. Having explained the difficulties of personal maintenance with the 'utterly inadequate tools provided' Lytton describes the inventiveness of one ordinary prisoner who uses loo roll as curling rags to ensure she has perfect ringlets for Sunday best (Lytton, 1914, p. 89).

There is a confidence in this vulnerability, in the willingness to share the unsavoury or intimate details. Here the tone of delivery remains personal while Gliddon's writing becomes terser with revision. Lytton's autobiography is stirring and a euphoric read in the twenty first century. It is extraordinary to contemplate what she and this work must have meant to women searching for role models while being laughed at and ridiculed by the likes of Bawdry. And yet I can't help but feel a sadness. How could Gliddon ever compete with this? Surely, this is why she wasn't published. Maybe not the exact reason but a part of it. This epic narrative, the overt heroism and inconceivable bravery casts a wide shadow.

The Storm Centre

Michelle has set aside dozens of pamphlets for me. Published by various different leagues and associations, they all date from the late 19th to early 20th and in some respect, address the enfranchisement debate, mostly with the same sympathies but with varying emphasises. There is one I almost overlook. I've spent long sessions in this reading room systematically navigating the materials, do I really need to read another? Impulsively I decide it may be worth it.

The Struggle for Political Liberty, published by The Women's Press is a transcription of lecture given by Chrystal Macmillan on February 16th, 1909 (the day of the opening of parliament, I'm told). I skim read trusting my darting eyes will capture anything that shouldn't be missed. Page two, abrupt halt. I read a phrase I recognise. I've read it before in Gliddon's writing. In fact, I'm certain of it because it has featured in one my illustrations, 'The Storm Centre'. In this pamphlet, it is used as a subheading within the text; the paragraph continues;

But if the agitation for the enfranchisement of women is active in every part of the world to-day, there is no question, as the President of the International Alliance said in 1908, that the storm centre of the movement is in the country... And as *the storm centre* is in this country, so is this day of the opening of parliament and of the reading of the King's speech a reminder that the storm will continue to rage until it's cause has been removed by the places of our bill upon the Statute Book [emphasis my addition] (Macmillan, 1909, p. 3).

Gliddon describes Holloway as the storm centre and the use of this specific language seems too uncanny to be coincidental. Is this the origins of Gliddon's vocabulary? Had she read this pamphlet or even attended the lecture. Is this language borrowed? The paper 'Bless the Gods for my pencils and paper': Katie Gliddon's prison diary, Percy Bysshe Shelley and the Suffragettes at Holloway by Anne Schwan (2013) remains at present time the only published study of Gliddon's writing. The author writes 'since it was written during confinement, rather than post-release, Gliddon's diary offers a less mediated vantage point from which to study

imprisonment in Holloway' (Schwan, 2013, p. 149). The original prison diary was indeed written within the moment of encounter (I would argue the subsequent revisions written in safety, with time for reflection offer a far more elucidatory account), however, the appropriation of Macmillan's terminology does suggest that Gliddon's viewpoint is indeed mediated through the rhetoric of the movement and her desire to be a part of a momentous event.

When I present this discovery to Michelle she remarks that Gliddon is self-romanticising; projecting the image she desires of herself. Discussing stories of feminist imagery Tamboukou (2010, p. 22) acknowledges her interest as a narrative researcher is to question the way in which subjects intervene in the shaping of their own lives as designs that have meaning. Following this rumination, I have also contemplated what Gliddon's collection, if considered in its wholeness as a narrative text, reveals of her desire and ambition for her own life story. Gliddon's idolatry of the Pankhurst family is unabashed, in her writing she uses language that elevates them to religious status, a detail also recognised by Schwan (2013). Her scrapbooks are full of press clippings featuring suffragette testimonies including Emmeline Pankhurst's dramatic accounts of her own prison experience.

Was Gliddon's attempt to have her testimony published inspired by a fandom of the great women of her time and to be acknowledged as being positioned amongst them? If the reiteration of the phrasing *storm centre* was considered, Gliddon literally mimics the words of an eminent campaigner to describe the experiences of her own activism.

The literal meaning of the language used is not of importance here but rather what the use of this appropriated language signifies in the construction of her narrative. This is the act of design that Tamboukou (2010) refers to that shapes the meaning of the life Gliddon wishes to be known, her story of a feminist imaginary in which she is impactful within the impetus of her movement. It may just be coincidence; familiar vocabulary within Suffragette propaganda, heard, read and repeated without awareness. There is, of course, the chance of no connection in this shared turn of phrase and merely the projection of a researcher attempting to support the vision formed of a woman who desired acknowledgment within this historical moment but felt inadequate due to her inability to be fully self-sacrificial.

Gliddon's intent cannot be known but the storm centre within this research represents a series of ruptures. It is used by Gliddon to describe turbulent emotions during an epiphanal life moment. The storm centre is also Holloway prison, the environment which ruptures a fantasy, where she is brought close to and inhabits the same space as her idols. The storm centre that is Holloway prison is also where the speculative future is realised within the present, a liminal space where women can enact their fantasy of the future, a glimpse of living otherwise.⁹³ Finding 'the storm centre' in The Women's Press leaflet is the rupture that brings the absent Gliddon out of animated suspension in Holloway, within the papers at The Women's Library and places her back into the world the materials describe.

⁹³ 31 March 1912 Sunday quaint little meeting under the high wall, it was a quaint sight [,] the little one minute meeting with a vote being taken at the end (Gliddon, c.1912).

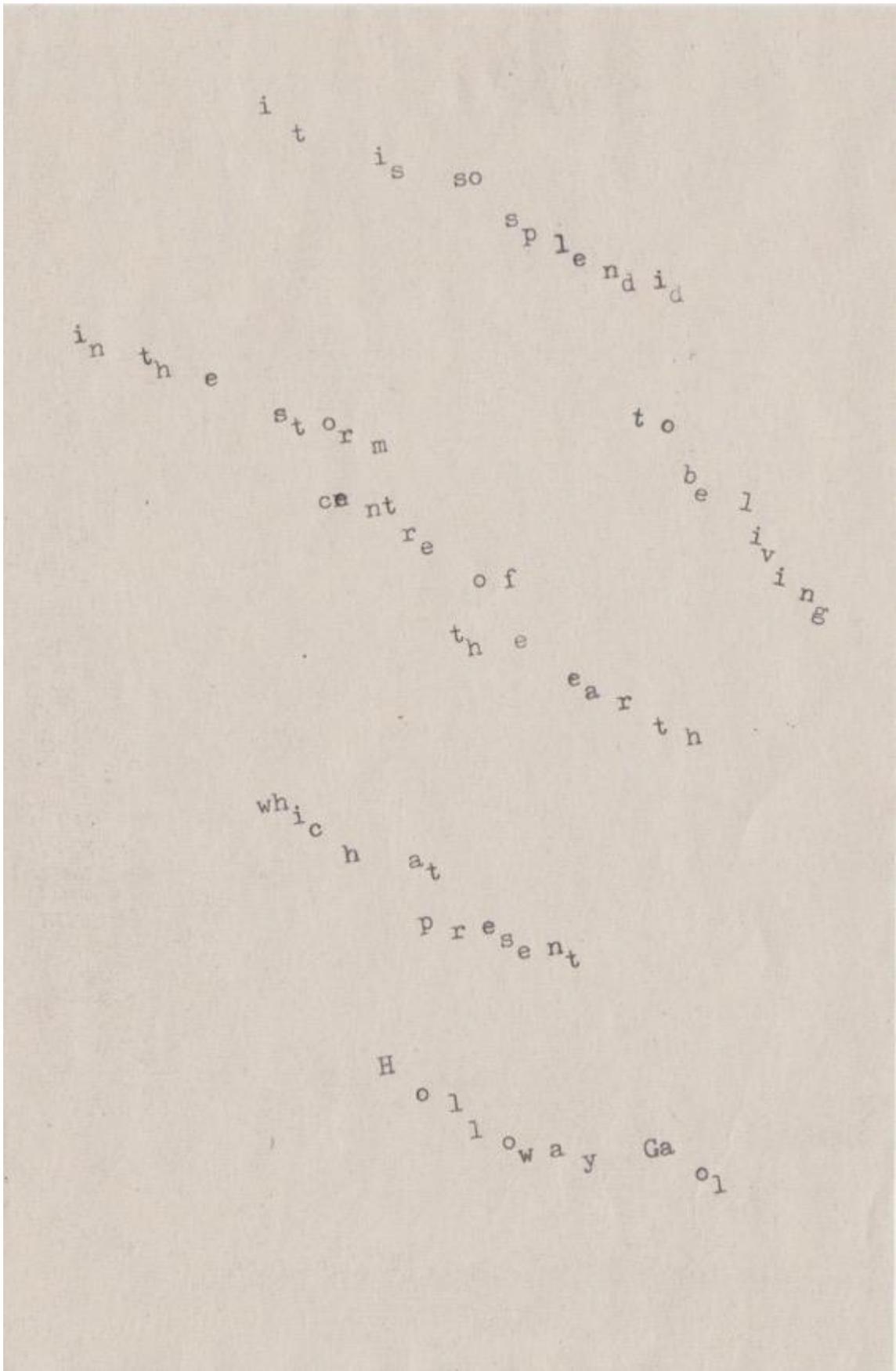


Image 29. Fauchon, 2017, 'Storm Centre', typewriter on paper illustration.

Cut It Up

Today there's a school visit; teenage girls, mostly black, they must be sixth-formers. Their youthfulness changes the dynamic of the research room instantly. It's a busy day, Thursdays usually are, and I suspect this little cohort might just tip the balance of a comfortable working environment. Not so. They are quiet and serious, no distraction whatsoever. From over the shoulder glances I see the materials laid out for them appear to be newspapers dating from the 1980's; tabloids concerning discrimination and over policing of black communities in London. The teacher is pulled aside, *I kept this one back because some of the language is a bit strong, I thought I'd let you see it first.* The materials in the archives can still sting.

Reading feels too passive a way to comprehend.

While I've been here, I've wanted to cut things up,
pull them apart and then physically bring them back together.

Edit, extract and make new.

Comprehension through renewal.

I wonder if these schoolgirls feel the same?

What will they do with what they've learnt here when they've left?

What happens to this information?

When I'm in the archive there is the constant *and what now?*

Yes, I have read, annotated and absorbed but now I want to say it as I see it,
and what does that tell you about me?

The Emotional War

I read countless pamphlets published by various suffrage societies. The arguments for the enfranchisement and the ensuing benefits delivered through emboldening public lectures, statistical evidence and research studies are logical and, in the present moment, obvious. The prevalent tone is serious and authoritative. Much like Gliddon these writers demand to be taken seriously. Yet a point made in a publication written by Robert F. Cholmeley (1909); *Women's Suffrage, the demand and its meaning* gets to the heart of why the battle is so hard won. Women seeking entrenchment are contending with sentimentality that sees them fetishised as Shakespearian 'Juliette's' or beholden to the home as in the 'hausfrau' movement. Emotion, he explains, is far more powerful than reason;

sentiment, however false, is far more difficult to overthrow than argument...in order to move a crowd, you must stir its feelings: and therefore, it is the against the sentiment opposed to Women's Suffrage that the strongest appeal must be made (Cholmeley, 1909, p. 10).

I see evidence of this tension resurfacing throughout the materials; carefully worded arguments that seem impossible to refute, written mostly by women, and then in opposition reductive and often overtly insulting putdowns and criticisms. This is the fight to be heard and taken seriously. I reconsider Gliddon; intelligent, educated and recognise the frustration.⁹⁴

⁹⁴ "I can't endure it," she said. Everyone turned together in astonishment. she felt she had to go on. "no man can realise," she said, "what that pit can be. The way –the way we are led on! We are taught to believe we are free in the world, to think we are queens...Then we find out. We find out no man will treat a women fairly as man to man – no man "think of the mockery! She said. "Think how dumb we find

Finding Katie

I've found a picture of Gliddon in the Bishopsgate archive.

Michelle appears in the reading rooms with a box full of carte de vistes. Hundreds of them, vivid, sepia faces dressed in ornate Victorian outfits. She leaves them with me, perhaps there is something that can be done with them creatively? I decide to look for Gliddon, she's in here somewhere and I'll know her when I see her. I email Michelle, the subject line reads; I FOUND HER!!!⁹⁵

The Modern Woman

I've set aside a few articles addressing the phenomenon of the modern woman. I need some relief. I've been reading about London's poor and by all accounts it's bleak, particularly if you are a woman.

The Bachelor Girl in London, by M. Williams (1911) begins well with the illustrations setting a promising tone; young smiling women, riding bicycles, carefree and gay. This is Gliddon, the new woman and what does the world think of her? I barely make it through the opening paragraphs before the position of the author is revealed; 'is there any difference more subtle than that between the words "bachelor" and "old maid," as applied to a single woman?' (Williams, 1911, p. 514). No respite to be found here then. What ensues is a systematic undermining of the life and habits of a modern girl in which each and every act independent of male influence is attacked. It's an exhausting read; the critique is endless. It is a scathing character assignation and I read it with Gliddon in mind.

ourselves and stifled! I know we seem to have a sort of freedom...Have you evert tried to run and jump in petticoats, Mr Capes? Well, think what it must be to live in them – soul mind and body (Wells, 1968 p. 237).



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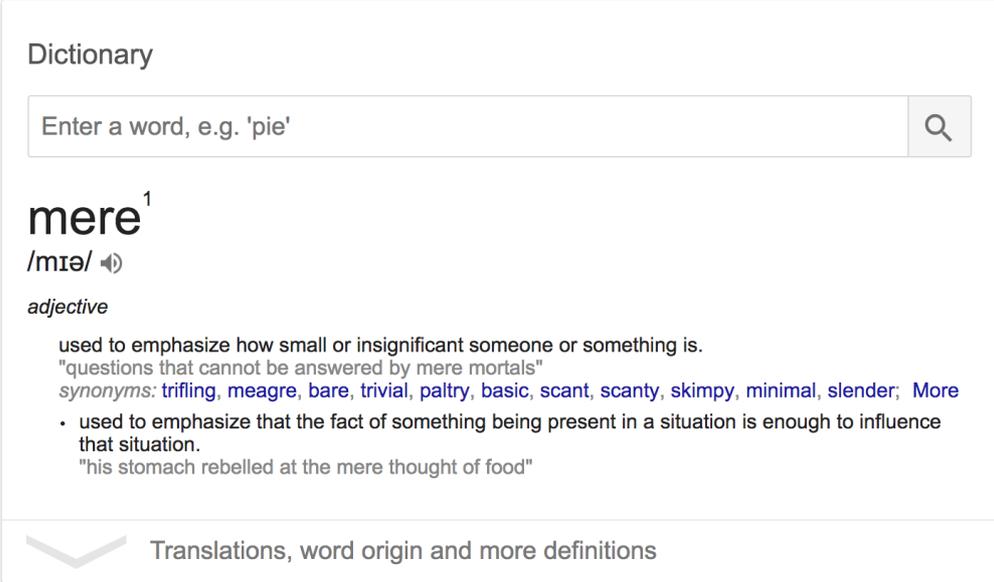
Footnote image 12. "Katie Gliddon imagined", found image in uncatalogued collection held by The Bishopsgate Institute.

Women-only members clubs appear to be a particular target for Williams. I read these are joyless places with the conversation being far too serious;⁹⁶ 'to lunch at one of its tables is an education. Involuntarily one absorbs eugenics with the fish, the latest movement in Scandinavian literature with the entrée' (Williams, 1911, p. 515). *Involuntarily, for whom exactly I wonder? We are told the atmosphere in such places is 'depressing', because 'let us admit it. Woman, thrown upon her own devices, is not a clubbable thing. ...for all their outward appearance of patronage and prosperity. There is no sense of general unity and comfort.'* I make a note this seems a stark comparison to Gliddon's description of a Suffragette gathering during which recently released women group together to discuss their experiences of imprisonment.

This is all rather odd. A female only space is described from an inside perspective is suspicious particularly when the content is so patently misogynistic and reads in such a way that emphasises a gender differentiation. The author's name reveals little but this writer is surely male, in which case how could he possibly know anything of what goes on behind the doors of a women's club? What I read in this article is that everything about the modern woman is threatening. Being too clever or serious is a threat particularly if you keep company with other clever serious women and don't let men in.

The undermining continues in a similar vein when the bachelor girl's home is described. It is at this point that I begin to feel uncomfortable. Up until this point my vexation has all been felt on Gliddon's behalf but as the bachelor girl's home is described I feel uncomfortable. At first it is amusing the flat William's describes could easily be my own;

⁹⁶ *The things you notice can surprise you, I tell Michelle, it seems like the most irrelevant thing to take note of but the word 'mere' just keeps popping up in everything I read.*



The image is a screenshot of a Google Dictionary entry for the word "mere". At the top, it says "Dictionary" and has a search bar with the placeholder text "Enter a word, e.g. 'pie'" and a magnifying glass icon. Below the search bar, the word "mere" is displayed in a large font with a superscript "1". Underneath the word is the phonetic transcription "/mɪə/" followed by a speaker icon. The word is identified as an "adjective". The definition states: "used to emphasize how small or insignificant someone or something is." and includes a quote: "questions that cannot be answered by mere mortals". A list of synonyms follows: "trifling, meagre, bare, trivial, paltry, basic, scant, scanty, skimpy, minimal, slender; More". A bullet point explains another usage: "used to emphasize that the fact of something being present in a situation is enough to influence that situation." and includes another quote: "his stomach rebelled at the mere thought of food". At the bottom of the entry, there is a downward-pointing chevron icon and the text "Translations, word origin and more definitions".

Footnote image 13. Screenshot by author, 2018, Google definition of 'mere'.

Her writing table⁹⁷[...] is a litter of gritty and chaotic papers, strewn freely with tobacco ash. When she goes home in the dark and hunts for matches, she is apt to put her fingers into yesterday's coffee – cup [only difference I don't smoke] (Williams, 1911, p. 516).

And then I read a description of myself; my appearance, life style and habits uncannily described to the finest detail, but written in 1911. This is now personal. I am being ridiculed, not me in the role of Gliddon but me, Mireille Fauchon, insulted from across time.

[...] at home she affects strange and formless garments, a djibbah [exactly how I dress] that puts on in one piece, thus avoiding the necessity of doing her hair, since no coiffure can emerge unscathed from the struggling passage of a djibbah and she condemns all waste effort (Williams, 1911, p. 516).

She is too busy to go out and get lunch, and it is a waste of time to trouble at home. So her midday meal often resolves itself into snatches from sundry paper bags or at best a cup of reheated coffee and a couple of eggs boiled over the gas ring [my lunch staple!] (Williams, 1911, p. 519).

[she] Economises naturally on the things, that seem to her of least importance – her food Lunches on 'sandwiches and milk from a dairy-shop... if she has tea, dinner is not really a necessity [same]' (Williams, 1911, p. 519).



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Footnote image 14. Fauchon, 2018, photograph of my messy desk.

she takes exercise rigorously by the clock, as a matter of principal.' [I am an avid runner, 4 times a week at least ...as a matter of principal] (Williams, 1911, p. 516).

The most cutting assessment of the bachelor girl, who I now read as referring to both myself and Gliddon, is that 'she is not of such profound importance as she had imagined. She is popular enough, but it is astonishing how few people are really interested in her' (Williams, 1911, p. 516). No need for imaginative extension, this insult is timeless and I feel it keenly and in doing so feel a new kinship with Gliddon.

The article closes somewhat predictably with the bachelor girl half dead from self-neglect and wracked with doubt. She recognises the error of her ways; 'Woman is inconsistent; let us be grateful for it. Her inconsistency is her saving-point' (Williams, 1911, p. 520).

None of the articles on the modern girl do provide any respite although the authors are not as harshly tongued as Williams. *The Bachelor Girl in a Great City* by Ether F. Hedde outlines the struggles young Women faces living in London. Its 1898 but the scenarios described are more than familiar, they're almost verbatim of the conversations I've had with friends just without the expletives; 'I couldn't exist out of London no! it has possessed me", describes girls who love the hustle and bustle', 'I'm dreadfully badly off, and I never know a half penny at the end of the month', '[girls] satisfy their appetites on incessant weak tea, and the inevitable stuff of like, eaten hastily in stuffy room. "I come back so tired [after work], I can't eat!"'(Hedde, 1898, p. 861).

Clearly, London has always been difficult.

How The Other Half Live

The Cause of Purity and Woman's Suffrage by Ursula Roberts (1912) explicitly address how and why women's enfranchisement would aid the demise of prostitution. It places the emphasis on the actual change that will be achieved, projecting the conceptual into actuality. The arguments are pointed and rational outlining how ill served women are by legal legislation. Roberts outlines the core causes of prostitution as being the effects of poverty, workplace exploitation, inadequate social care for the disabled, abuse in the home and sex trafficking. Roberts systematically articulates how each phenomenon directly influences vice and solicitation and how legislative reform can directly address each matter. The point being these concerns are not prioritised by male politicians because they are not so directly affected. Women will be better served politically by female politicians. Yet again this is a pamphlet written from a female perspective presenting arguments difficult to rebuff. It reveals the voice of women able to foresee the wider implications of their empowerment with clarity. It is the very antithesis of the assertions made by the likes of Baldry, Willis and Williams.

There are various points of interest within this publication relating back to Gliddon. Roberts challenges common social attitudes regarding the reasons for vice and soliciting rebuffing the misconceptions that men are powerless to control their sexual urges and that prostitutes are driven by their own desires; 'there is a wide spread notion amongst sheltered women that prostitutes carry on their trade to satisfy their own lust' (Roberts, 1912, p. 2). These same opinions are expressed in Gliddon's earliest writings in Holloway where the ordinary prisoners are clearly a source of fascination. I have noted the distinct change in Gliddon's perception of

prostitution, with the later edits featuring much condemnation of the legal systems protecting women and girls.⁹⁸ Roberts's pamphlet further confirms the extraordinary circumstance in which Gliddon found herself living amongst these women who were, as I read in *White slaves in a Piccadilly flat*, much villainised. There is a further point that is familiar from Gliddon's writing, Roberts's description of the inadequate care systems in place for the 'feeble minded' who are frequently sexuality exploited. Gliddon also records seeing 'feeble-minded' inmates in Holloway and is told they have been detained in prison not as criminals but for their own protection.⁹⁹

Roberts's arguments corroborate much of what I have read in other sources, the dire career opportunities, low wages, put succinctly, she quotes a 'Swiss authority on sexual questions' Prof Forel; 'poverty is the most powerful auxiliary for prostitution'. This assertion is further supported by a reference from Charles Booth; '[prostitution] is purely professional moved by neither excitement nor by pleasure' (Roberts, 1912, p. 2).

What I understand in the writing of women of the period, particularly those championing social reform is, that their arguments must be no less than watertight, delivered with clarity and unclouded by emotion. It is far too easy for them to be ridiculed. Roberts makes considerable effort to ensure this information is understood not as opinion but based on verifiable evidence.

Living London

'A breathing pulsing drama of living London' is what we are promised by George R Sims in the prologue of his three-volume anthology, *Living London* (Sims, 1902), its work and its play, its humour and its pathos, its sites, and its scenes. The mandate is firmly established, this London is one of 'flesh and blood' to be understood and studied from the 'living human document of the present' and we will encounter it from the position of 'observant traveller' and not 'from the yellow parchment of the past' (Sims, 1902, p. 6).

The chapters, written by multiple authors commissioned by Sims, describe all conceivable aspects of then contemporary London life. All citizens receive their due mention with equal recognition; the vagrants, the prisoners, the flower sellers, the wigs and gowns, artistic London, cosmopolitan London, loafing London, gardening London, my ladies evening in London. Published in 1902, *Living London* certainly offers a view of the city known by Gliddon, but what is most impressive is the immediacy of the writing, particularly in the chapters penned by Simms. The reader is acknowledged within the narration of the scene and is invited to partake in the events being described in the present tense.

⁹⁸ Prisoners were sent out to prison without a penny in their pockets, how under these circumstances could they get honest work? They had just been through the dreadful experience of prison life with all its monotony, its unkindness, its solitary confinement, its lack of sufficient air, exercise & adequate food (Gliddon, c.1913).

⁹⁹ [Gliddon is outside with some fellow Suffragette inmates exercising and notices 'feeble minded prisoners were walking round the little garden'] The wardress said the feeble minded were here for their own safety. As only by sentencing them to prison could they be kept from danger. They did the gardening so that they might be kept out in the open air & carried the water for the greenhouse[...] I could not find out anything about the treatment of these feeble minded girls & old women. I wondered whether everything was done to make them strong in body as it would be if they were children of the rich & not merely children of the unknown poor; whether they had good food; & whether they were housed in some special part of the prison & cared for physically as they would be in a home for the feeble minded. Criminals are those who are supposed to be dangerous to society. The feeble minded are those to whom society is apt to be dangerous (Gliddon, c.1913).

Photographs, drawings and sketches are interspersed throughout the books. The layouts are playful with lone figures or vignettes nestled within their accompanying text.

Particularly noteworthy is the special acknowledgement Sims awards to the role of the illustrative image [my own phrasing] to indicate the images used in the book that are artists impressions and not photographs. Sims explains 'drawings and sketches [which could be readily understood today as illustration] have been made where the fixing of a camera was out of the question, and the subject was too big and animated for the snapshot' (Sims 1902, p. 6).

Illustration animates.

The Young Woman

Two volumes of the monthly journal and review *The Young Woman* have been selected to offer a view of the conditioning, concerns and expectations of, as the title suggests, young women of Gliddon's affluent middle social class. Bound in dark azure book cloth, the title is gilded in gold decorative type with leaves enweaving between the letter forms. The covers also feature two lilies in full bloom, rendered in delicate lines and debossed in a subtler darker shade of blue. Volume I, contains issues between Oct 1892 and Sept 1893, and volume III between Oct 1894 and Sept 1895. The content is vast; articles, reviews, interviews, moral essays, advisory columns and short stories on any conceivable [or prescribed] topic of feminine interest. The only viable way to process the material in the available time is to flick and scan read. A strategy is needed to guide such a capricious method. Preliminary contemplations as penned in my note book;

Inner world of the young women.

This would have been read in the home, ideas infiltrating the private realm, for women who have time to read. Enter the realm of women.

How can this material be used to understand Gliddon's writing better?

To understand Gliddon better; her motives and convictions but also the tensions and frustrations in her life.

Who is she?

Who is she not?

What is expected of her?

This is a compilation of many voices that tell of the conventions that have informed her leading up to Holloway, which is where her story begins.

Clues

Is all as it seems?

Remember Spender (1979) and Rich (1980), women write in code.

Each spread is densely filled with content; various kinds of articles by different authors and fully illustrated throughout. Leafing through it is clear the subjects of discussion are not markedly different to those within popular women's magazines today; advise on courting, holidays, sports and pastime activities, household tips, interviews and character sketches of notable female figures etc. There are reoccurring columns such as thoughts on the 'The Ideal Woman' which tend to refer to famous (male) writers and poets' musings on feminine

perfection; 'it is well that we should go to Wordsworth for a picture of the ideal woman; none could execute the portrait as well as he. We could hardly expect the hand of Shelley, or Byron, or Keats to give it to us' (*The Young Woman*, c.1893, p. 39).

This is a very carefully edited journal. The prudence emanating from the pages is almost stifling.

'It is the duty if women to make herself [as] beautiful as she can, because her beauty is a pleasure to others...grace is the gift of the woman as strength is the mans' (*The Young Woman*, c.1893, p. 40).

Turning a page I am confronted with a photograph of a sombre looking woman accompanied by shots of elegant domestic interiors. Mrs. [Oscar] Wilde is sharing her tips on home furnishing;

If you have your wall coloured, you can have your curtains patterned, or you can have your chair covering patterned, or you can have your carpets patterned. Personally I find it restful to have as little pattern as possible (*The Young Woman*, c.1893).

I stare at her face and feel very sorry for Mrs Wilde. Some writings are so overtly critical and disparaging in the guise of being advisory I feel genuinely dispirited. This is true of the monthly editorial piece by Mrs Esler: *between ourselves, a friendly chat with the girls*. Each issue a different female affliction or character trait is discussed at length with Esler providing the omnipotent voice of wisdom. On the subject of the 'plain girl' Esler tells us; 'there comes a time when she faces facts fairly, and admits that she is ugly, she is most likely to recognise her condition in youth, when she sees that beauty carries the keys of the world' (Esler, c.1893, p. 69).

Fear not plain girls; 'there is a great deal of life left when we believe cupid has cold shouldered us...there are other weapons than beauty for the conquest of fate, other tributes to her [the plain girl] that the tribute of the eyes'. What a relief. Another subject of Esler's analysis is the self-willed girl; 'there is nothing which certain persons learn more easily than arrogance...the self-willed girl never learn to obey she assumes it is her privilege to govern...' (Esler, c.1893, p. 69).

Imagine Gliddon looking through this as I do now, looking with a curious intellect for any sign of something other, or even as well as, what to look for when choosing drapery or the ideal husband, which is clearly another favourite topic; 'a girl should be ambitious of marrying a man better than herself, one upon whom she can learn, and who will give her moral support' (Esler, c.1893). Reading through the various clever uses for silk handkerchiefs, benefits of woollen undergarments when cycling and ramblings in Lorna Doone country I begin to dull. I discover an article by W. T. Stead on the subject of women and journalism. Gliddon mentions laments Stead's death in her diary, he was aboard the Titanic which sunk during her detainment. Reading the article, it's easy to understand her admiration. It opens with a declaration as to how the sexes should not be addressed separately;

'as long as boys and girls are born into the same family, so long the partitioning off into social cages or cells of the different sexes must be regarded as a mistake. Hence, I am dubious of writing anything

specially for young women or especially young men that relates to their common life, their common work, their common duties' (Stead, c.1893, p. 12).

It is the tiniest bubble of subversion but enough to take note. I attune and find just a few further small hopes. On the genius of the male creative talent: 'is there not in all men of pronounced artistic temperament a strong feminine element making them almost bisexual in their sympathies' (*The Young Woman*, c.1893). On attraction when considering a prospective spouse; '...he might attract us by his appearance; we may revere his religious thought, and yet he may be our inferior' (*The Young Woman*, c.1893).

This is the mainstream popular press, there is nothing near overt transgression, but, in and amongst the tedious feminine protocols and monotonous domestic discussions there are small moments of relief. Interviews with female artists, writers and those involved in noteworthy social work discussing their successes and influences and ambitions (Shelley seems to be oft cited amongst the creatives). Identity politics also rears its head within these features as the liberation movement is clearly beginning to gain momentum. As careful and likely edited or led by editorial influence as they may be, at least evidence of the discussion is visible in print. Even Esler with some narrowing of the eyes can be read anew; 'it is too often assumed by fiction that mothers exist only for their children...many a woman wants a morsel of life on her own account, even if she was reached forty, or it may be fifty years' (Esler, c.1893).

I firmly shut the compendium and gladly end my encounter with feminine domesticity at the turn of the 20th century and ponder those young women sat at home reading this journal month after month. I hope for those who were looking there were, as I suspected, messages of liberation or support concealed within the writing.

Women Against the Vote

The collected leaflets simply titled *The Women's National Anti-Suffrage League. Leaflets*. (1909) has been put aside for me no doubt to enable a wider perspective of the debate but, frankly, I'm attracted to it because of its physical format and design. It is a pleasing size to hold in the hand, with a red card wrap around cover. The document consists of several individual pamphlets bound together with a simple four-hole stitch. Larger formatted pages have been tipped in so they can fold out to be fully viewed. The leaflets feature expressive layouts and bold typography, often sans-serif faces or bringing together several contrasting fronts.

In terms of graphic design, I could have been lulled into believing it to date more recently than the early 19th century, a stark contrast with the explicitness of the arguments it describes. I photograph it from every angle with the eye of a creative practitioner. I have in mind that it may inform a creative response; practically as a binding solution for individual artworks but also conceptually as a device for drawing together disparate elements that together form a cohesive narrative. The leaflets are of further creative interest because of the various experimental modes of writing they feature; there are essays, mission statements, plays, short stories and flyers all with the express intention of making clear the problems of female enfranchisement from a female perspective. The opening leaflet is a manifesto and the arguments, in essence, are no different to the others I have read but it is curious to read them voiced by women and difficult not to be judgemental from the contemporary moment.

In the second of her 2017 Reith lecture series Hilary Mantel cautions against judging the past against the standards of our now everyday: 'when imagining a lost world, we must first re-arrange our senses – listen and look, before judging' (Mantel, 2017). This is a world in which an intelligent, educated woman can question with earnest 'Is Woman Suffrage Inevitable?', as a header of a pamphlets reads in a reproduction of a letter directed to the editor of the *Times*. This past is 'frightening and alien' (Mantel, 2017) with the privilege of knowing full enfranchisement *is* inevitable. This is not known by these women, for them an alternative future can still be realised. Setting aside the rhetoric and pausing to reposition and contemplate these women from within their moment, the moment represented from within these archival materials, their arguments are possible to comprehend. They speak of a recognition of difference; in social roles, physical capabilities, styles of leadership and influence. I also hear a fear of difference, of the disruption it will be brought into their homes, their marriages and to their time. There is the acknowledgement that women could be called to task, they have not been afforded the benefit of training or experience because of difference;

no juggling with facts can rid of the truth on the physical force of men, combined with the trained and specialised knowledge which men alone are capable to get, because women, on whom the child-bearing and child rearing of the world rest, have no time or opportunity to get it [from point 6 of manifesto, Reasons for the fight] (*The Women's National Anti-Suffrage League*, 1909).

In mobilising and recognising strength within a female collectively a feminist gesture has been realised. Paradoxically these women, unlike their political counterparts, have not yet made that further leap to imagine the potentials of change Griselda Pollock describes as coming to know and desire difference (Pollock, 2016).

'The man's mere daily life as breadwinner, as merchant, engineer, official, or manufacturer, gives his a practical training that is not open to the woman' [from point 6 of manifesto, Reasons for the fight] (*The Women's National Anti-Suffrage League*, 1909).

"Mere Males"

I am in a room listening to a group of men talking about women. It is 28 February 1908 and the House of Commons is deliberating the order for second reading of the women's enfranchisement bill. There is yet another striking parallel in this verbatim report; an entirely masculine space where women's rights are being decided yet there is no woman present. Except for me, although it doesn't escape me this is a mediated documentation. The change proposed by the bill cannot be prevented. I know this sitting here in 2018 but they also sense it 1908. It won't be realised for another 11 years but these men know they are on the brink of change.

What is most compelling about this record, the *Women's enfranchisement bill, verbatim report of the speeches in the House of Commons on the second reading of the bill Friday, February 29th, 1908*, is not the content of the arguments, these by now are quite familiar, it is the extraordinary predicament these men find themselves in. The affects resulting from the change in legislation and in the new roles it will afford to women is too radical to comprehend. One of the speakers Mr Mallet (Plymouth) states the lowest estimate of additional voters it would add to the electoral roll of 1,250, 000 'more than double the number of votes added by the great Reform Bill!'. He is against the reform. This bill will initially only mobilise property owning women but they all know it will lead eventually to full enfranchisement and when it does female voters will outnumber men by a million. This

point is made by SIR RANDAL CREMER (Shoreditch, Haggerston) who has much to say about the privileges women already enjoy;

a wife might leave her husband without any risk and he could not compel her to return to him, but if a husband left his wife she could summons him for desertion and obtain an order for his return and her support. The wife might leave her husband, occupy a separate residence, refuse to let him in, and he had no remedy (*Women's enfranchisement bill verbatim report, 1908, p. 58*).

He doesn't like the suffragettes either; 'wearisome, almost nauseating' He is also against the reform. At best the arguments against are fearful, but to attempt to contemplate them from within the historical moment these fears are well founded. The potential of women is simply unknown.

There is also much support for the support of women, impassioned, forceful and rational arguments. It is a welcome relief to read the support for women in the male voice;

MR. REES (Montgomery Boroughs) *This Bill contains within it the germ of a great revolution, and it should not be rushed through the House in this way (Women's enfranchisement bill verbatim report, 1908, p. 64).*

Mr Acland, (Yorkshire, Richmond)

It is an extraordinary thing? that at the beginning of the twentieth century we trusted in heredity aristocracy, which was composed of individuals who knew nothing about a public house and who had never sent their children to an elementary school and would never do so, but that we did not trust the influence of women, who everyday lives were vitally concerned with these tremendous problems (cheers) (*Women's enfranchisement bill verbatim report, 1908, pg.14*).

To the contemporary reader the arguments against are archaic, absurd even and by this point in the residency they are also very familiar to me.

Mr M Levy (Leicestershire) is against the reform because he believes that enfranchised women would work to prevent the same right to those less privileged.

[...] having once secured the vote for themselves, ['wealthy' women] would exert their power and their influence to prevent the franchise being extended to their cooks, their housemaids, and their domestic servants; who were far more in need of votes than were their mistresses; and whilst doing that they would, at the same time, be using their influence to prevent the extension of the franchise to the adult male population of this country (*Women's enfranchisement bill verbatim report, 1908, p. 38*).

This view is contested by much of what I have read, take the example of Ursula Roberts (1912) who writes of the radical betterment of women's lives if only women could inform parliament or Lady Constance Lytton (1914) who assumed the identity of a London seamstress to better know how they were treated in prison and then wrote an impassioned dedication to them in her autobiography. Levy goes on to say; 'in my judgement...women have never suffered in consequence of legislation by men, at least they have been fairly and as well treated as have men.' (*Women's enfranchisement bill verbatim report, 1908*).

Having read in the London Collection Pamphlets of London's poor and destitute I find this chilling. an article clipped from *The Quiver* journal, *Women Labour in London* by T. Sparrow (1895) offers a depressing view of the industries available to working women; slopwork, badly paid and conditions are often poor but it can be done remotely which is useful if your pregnant, disabled or a carer. Apparently, the finest clothes are made by the poorest populations but this is kept quiet. A horrendous anecdote is recounted in which a seamstress is found to be working in an infested kitchen basement while her dead baby lies concealed on the fireplace hearth. There's also box making, boot making and manual labour. The lives of working women are simply not known to this man.

Other politicians simply cannot conceive of women as equal;

MR. REES (Montgomery Boroughs)

If women are to have the vote, if they are to create members of parliament, they must be qualified to sit here, and I suppose, must be qualified to fill high offices of state, as for instance, that of Viceroy of India, what sort of impression would be made on the tall bearded Sikhs by such a representative of England? The House could imagine a bearded Mahomedan in that case saying, "God is great, and the English are madder now than ever (*Women's enfranchisement bill verbatim report*, 1908, p. 64).

He needn't worry too much there are still so few women that sit in parliament;

A record 208 women MPs were elected to the House of Commons at General Election 2017, a record high of 32%. As of January 2018 there are 206 female peers, making up 26% of Members of the House of Lords. There are currently six women in Cabinet including the Prime Ministers, 26% of the total 23 permanent Cabinet posts (parliament.uk).

Listening into a conversation being had 100 years ago I understand that women; their agendas, convictions, psychology and the facts of their lives are mysterious. And when they are empowered what they will do is simply unknown. And the men will be outnumbered.

MR. BRODIE (Surrey, Reigate)

When we look back at the pages of history, when we realise how this world of ours has gone on year after year, age after age, one civilisation rising and falling after another, and how very badly we men who have hitherto managed the politics of the world have really managed them – how much wretchedness and misery we see around us – is it not time we called in the women to help us? (*Women's enfranchisement bill verbatim report*, 1908, p. 60).

I find any reference made within the materials to the speculative future, which is now the present moment, deeply affecting. This has occurred a few times and also within Gliddon's own writing when she makes mention of 'the historian of the future' looking back to the event of March 1912. It is a reminder that the dead can speak to us directly that the subjects in the archive are contemplating us just as we are contemplating them.

The Ayes will outvote the Noes 271:92. The bill will be read a second time.

Somewhere in The Bishopsgate a choir is rehearsing, I can hear singing.

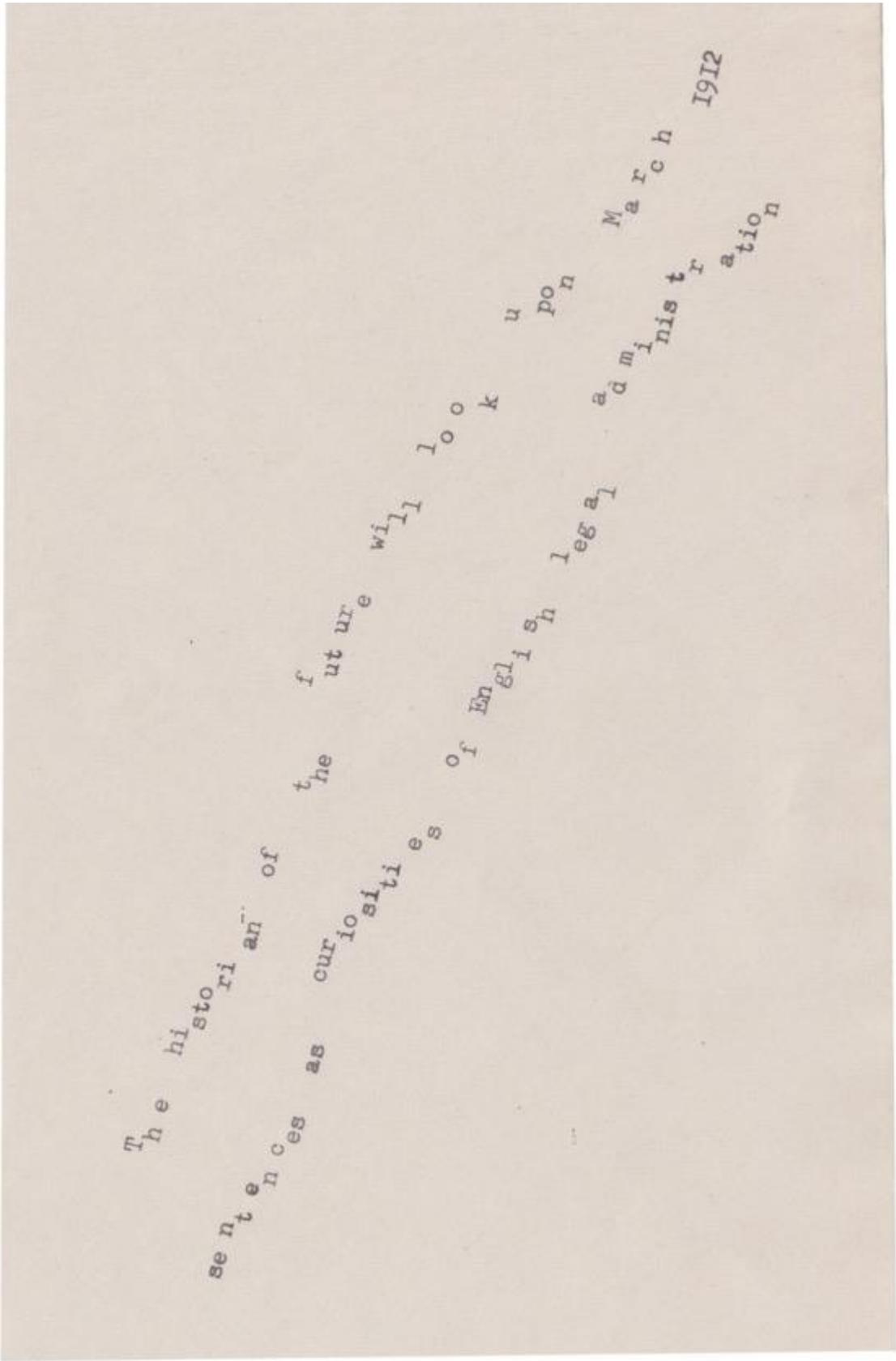


Image 30. Fauchon, 2017, 'Historians of the Future', typewriter on paper illustration.

Ch.8 Parallel Narratives: Engagement Activities Report

Throughout this PhD a number of engagement activities were delivered in order to test the transferability of my methods. Some things are transferable and some things aren't – I know this. My memories, biography and even mood at any given time create a unique filter. I can travel, apply this lens to any given creative inquiry, but can those same essential practices that form the basis of a flexible methodology be used by others?

As a professional educator I have written and delivered countless exercises for illustration students at higher and post graduate level dedicated to supporting them to explore different ways of creatively interrogating their interests. However, the activities designed as part of this inquiry are emphatically not aimed at those who identify themselves as creative professionals, although these groups are not excluded. Rather the idea audiences were those outside the discipline and perhaps without any prior experience of the visual arts.

Activity Objectives

The activities were multifunctional, as well as testing my hypothesis, they were also an interpretative practice, a method of testing the success of the project as work of illustration; were the storylines communicating as I intended?

The core intentions of the engagement activities were to:

Gauge interest in the case study and the storylines described in the illustrative art works – is my interpretation and presentation of the subject matter relevant, interesting and thought important by others? In keeping with my research interests, participants then should be familiar with the location, ideally inhabitants, those whose lives inform the history of a place and so might feel some personal connection to the subject. Such participants could be from any walk of life, their professional background being of no particular importance.

Test whether methods based on my own approaches could be used as a tool to encourage engagement with archive materials and the histories they describe. Could creative methods be used to render records lively and relevant in the present? Might they be used directly in the creation of something new in such a way that might encourage representation of a greater diversity of experience? This then would require the partnership and support of a willing and interested heritage organisation, who could lend their specialist knowledge of their field as well as facilitate access to archival materials.

Ascertain whether illustrative methods could be applied and deemed useful by social researchers and heritage professionals. Just as illustrators might adapt research practices from other fields, might those working in other disciplines find use in our methods? Might illustration methods encourage a different kind of scholarship in which creativity and imagination is used to support interpretation as well being a means of representation. This would require participation and /or validation from specialists and professionals.

The Activity Model

The workshops were delivered at three different points in the research process, early on, midway and nearing the tail end of the inquiry. All three activities were supported and produced in collaboration with different heritage organisations and accordingly the emphasis on subject matter differed with each event. Regardless they have all been relevant to the intentions of the research.

In designing the activity my own methodology was reduced to the essential processes with flexibility to be adapted by each individual participant. The exercise was devised to be simple enough so that those with little or no prior creative experience could feel confident participating; a low risk activity requiring no special skill or prior knowledge. All the workshops followed the same essential structure, as follows:

Participants were presented with a selection of archival materials relevant to particular themes, events and/or location.

Time was given to engage with these materials; to read and contemplate while guided by prompts to support their research.

All materials would be provided. Participants then make cut and paste collages made from photocopies of archival materials, reconfigured to make new compositions inspired by their own readings of the material information through their own memories and experiences.

Post activity questionnaires would be used to gain responses and feedback,

The questions were simple to avoid putting too much pressure for extensive written feedback and were modelled on those already used by the institutions with relevant adaptations.

The workshops were designed for adults only, all participants were over 18.

Workshop 1. 'Mapping the Wandle', Wandsworth Heritage Service, 9 Sept 2017

Overview:

The workshop was conducted early on in the PhD, the opportunity arising from having reached out to Wandsworth Heritage Service when trying to identify a core case study. I was then invited to lead a workshop in keeping with my research interests as part of Wandsworth Heritage Festival, the theme being the River Wandle. The workshop was an informative experience that established the model for future activities.

Photocopies were made in advance of a range of materials held in the collections archive relating to the River Wandle including: maps, local press clippings, environmental and geological reports and studies, information regarding trades and industry using the waterways for power and /or transport and literature and poetry. Some original archival material was also available for viewing only.

A template was created using an existing drawn map of the river from the collections. The map was edited and reproduced so that participants could use it as a base onto which to develop their alternative visualisations of the landscape.

The workshop opened with an introduction by archivist Emma Anthony, who described the materials presented as well as an overview of the mandate and uses of the heritage service. I introduced the practical exercise, relating it to my own practice, with a brief introduction to my research interests. The participants were made clearly aware the activity was related to the doctoral research but they were welcome to take part without any obligation to give consent for their involvement to be documented or discussed.

Activity Brief:

Mapping the Wandle: A Creative Storytelling Workshop

'Once a story is told, it ceases to be a story; it becomes a piece of history.' Carolyn Steadman

All the archival materials presented here are copies of documents held in the collections at the Wandsworth Heritage Service. While they come from different sources and were created for different reasons they all describe knowledge about the River Wandle.

Our own stories: those we have heard and told, our memories and personal experiences are also important in understanding the history and character of a place.

This workshop explores the creative ways we can document our own stories about the River Wandle. We will also consider the different ways environments or locations can be mapped and artistic ways of describing history.

Use the template provided as a starting point to create a collage artwork that 'maps' your own story about the Wandle.

You may decide to:

- Describe a personal memory or experience.
- Tell a story you know or have heard about the Wandle.
- Focus on one aspect of the River's history
- Draw inspiration from the contents of the archival documents to create an entirely new story.

Cut and paste from the photocopies provided to make your images. Use both text and image. Be as experimental as you like, this workshop is about creative expression not literal meaning. The 'maps' will then be folded down into a pamphlet that you can take away with you.

Advertisement:

Posters circulated around GGL libraries, social media, Wandsworth Heritage Centre Mailing list. Participants were asked to book in advance.



Image 31. Fauchon 2017, photograph, 'Mapping the Wandle' workshop, Wandsworth Heritage Service.

Feedback Summary:

The following table presents an overview of participant feedback including a selection of written comments accompanied by my own corresponding commentary. All participant feedback was given anonymously. All feedback forms are available on request.

Engagement Activity: 'Mapping the Wandle', Wandsworth Heritage Service Delivered by: Mireille Fauchon & Emma Anthony (archivist)				
8 participants	Yes	Partly	No	Maybe
Did you enjoy the event?	7	1	0	N/A
Did you learn something new from this even?	8	0	0	N/A
Would you use the creative activities explored in the workshop again?	8	0	0	N/A
Would you come to similar workshops exploring the collections held by Wandsworth Heritage Service?	7	N/A	0	1
Selected comments, as relevant to the research:		Relevance to research:		
<i>Did not expect to "experience" this course. I enjoyed using the creative part of my brain and "feeling" the story of the River that I have seen at a distance for many years.</i>		Use of phrasing – 'feeling', to describe engagement with stories, resonates with ideas surrounding 'feeling' narratives in the archive (Tamboukou 2016), use of 'feeling' as an interpretive method is transferable.		
<i>...an interesting take on what otherwise [would] have been a "boring" talk.</i>		Indicates workshop was successful at engaging audiences with local history.		
<i>Great workshop to hear and learn new things from new people.</i>		Emphasis on the value of social engagement, learning from others through sharing stories.		
<i>...great fun as well as learning a lot from other participants. More time needed. I might have liked to brought some resources - books etc. to copy pictures if id known a bit more – but it was fun without it and I might try again at home!</i>		Social aspect valued. Desire for a prolonged activity – could be expanded into a wider project. Activity transferable and adaptable - participant wants to personalise subject matter.		

Workshop 2. 'Tell it How It Was', LOFT space at Turf Projects, 21 & 28 April 2018

Overview:

Two identical workshops were held a week apart as part of the residency at LOFT space at Turf Projects. For the purposes of this report the feedback for both sessions have been considered as a whole.

The activities were held at mid-point within the research period. The case study was now firmly established and the workshops intended to encourage engagement, gauge interest in the emerging storylines with the exhibition, the first public showcase of creative practice-based outcomes. The workshop followed the same essential structure as the previous activities but with adaptations to relate the task more explicitly to the themes in the study, namely; place (Croydon), local anecdotal histories, activism and self-historicising.

While I delivered the workshop independently, the event was supported by the Museum of Croydon who donated materials, and photographic books relating to Croydon history throughout the 20th century, these were photocopied for use in the activity. Other materials included: excerpts of Gliddon's writing, local newspapers

bought on the day of the activity including papers relating to specific cultural and ethnic groups, and extracts from Shelley's poetry.

The workshop was held onsite in the exhibition space which featured an active making' studio and library area. Prior to the workshop, time was given to independently explore the exhibition and materials presented. The workshop opened with a brief introduction to the research themes and ideas and how they related to the activity. Again, participants were made aware the workshop was devised as part of a research activity but they were welcome to take part without any obligation. The questioning on the feedback form was amended slightly to suit the changed context.

Activity Brief:

'Tell it How It Was'

Visual Storytelling Workshop

Our own experiences and memories, even those that seem very ordinary, are a valuable and rich source of social and cultural information. This creative storytelling workshop will explore how we can use artistic techniques to illustrate and document our own life stories.

Drawing inspiration from our own lives as well as the themes within the exhibition we will use cut and paste collage techniques to create a personal 'record of experience.'

You may want to describe:

- a memory of an inspiring encounter,

- an experience about standing up for something you believe in,
- a story about when you felt empowered or helped someone else

Cut and paste from the photocopies / materials provided to make your images. Use both text and image. Be as experimental as you like, this workshop is about creative expression not literal meaning.

Your 'records of experience' will then be folded down into a pamphlet that you can take away with you.

Advertisement:

Personal social media, Turf social media – email to their network of previous attendees, Verbal – speaking to people visiting while in residency. Participants were asked to book in advance but also able to take part on a drop in basis.



Image 32. Fauchon 2018, photograph, 'Tell it how it Was' workshop, Loft, Turf Projects.

Feedback Summary:

Engagement Activity:			
'Tell It How It Was', LOFT space at Turf Projects			
Delivered by: Mireille Fauchon			
8 participants	Yes	Partly	No
Did you enjoy the workshop?	8	0	0
Were the techniques easy to use?	8	0	0
Was the activity helpful for exploring creative ways of engaging with local history?	8	0	0
Has the workshop made you consider using creative techniques to document personal memories and experiences?	7	1	0
Would you use the approaches explored in this workshop again?	8	0	0
Would you recommend this workshop to others?	8	0	0
Selected comments, as relevant to the research:	Relevance to research:		
<i>It would be good to come back during or at the end of the workshop to talk to other participants about their ideas, inspiration and outcomes.</i>	Desire to discuss and share outcomes – activity fostering social interaction; people sharing and curious of each others' responses.		
<i>...I went with a memory -personal experience inspired by my own feminist anxieties.</i>	Success – creative recording of person life experience.		

Workshop 3. 'Escape stories', Bishopsgate Institute, 24 Nov 2018

Overview:

This workshop delivered as part of the residency at the Bishopsgate Institute and offered as a short course as part of the institute's educational program. As an example of knowledge exchange, the activity was devised and co-delivered in collaboration with Dr. Michelle Johansen incorporating both our pedagogic approaches

while supporting one another interests; my own being to test transferability and Michelle's, on behalf of the Institute, to explore how creative methods of archival interpretation might be incorporated into educational activities. The short course was the only paid for event at a reduced rate of £14, concessions £11 and a longer session than previous workshops lasting 5 hours between 11:00-14:00 with a 45 min break.

Inspired by the archive materials Michelle identified during the residency the course explored the theme 'Escape Stories', as told by materials in the archive. Guided by ideas of constraint, release, rebellion and empowerment, as relating to women's histories.

The archival materials presented were extensive and included:

Constraint: Writings and reports dating from late 18th, early 19th centuries on prison and needed reform, ephemera related to domesticity and home life magazines and journals – late 1800's – 1950 - 'Young Woman' journal, issues of 'Home chat', 'Cooking' and 'Making and Mending', ration books and household ephemera.

Release: Records relating to Kingsley Hall Community Centre, texts on contraception, girls education, collections and memoirs describing alternative lifestyles.

Rebellion: Collections relating to Women's liberation including feminist pamphlets and publications including Wires, sour crème and spare rib, the Miss World 1970 protest, Greenham common and the Grunwick dispute and a complete Suffragette tea set.

Empowerment: World Citizens / World Without Borders movement, texts and pamphlets relating to women and disability - Sisters against Disablement publications.

The workshop opened with presentation of the research and process and how that linked to the workshop and Michelle's presentation of her own practise as a social historian and role as interpretation manager.

The activity was then delivered in two parts. Part 1; 'Musical Archives', led by Michelle Johansen, in which original archival materials were arranged into four collections relating to either: constraint, release, rebellion or empowerment. Participants were then asked to spend 15 minutes exploring each collection, at the sound of a musical alarm they were then to move to another collection and so forth. This was followed by an informal discussion on what was found to be of interest.

Following the break, the archival material was replaced by photocopies, prepared in advance, from a selection of the original materials. These were then used as the basic of the creative workshop. The workshop closed with an informal showcase and discussion about each individual outcome.

Activity Brief:

Escape Stories

Bishopsgate Institute

'Once a story is told, it ceases to be a story; it becomes a piece of history.'

Carolyn Steadman

All the archival materials presented here are copies of documents held in the collections at The Bishopsgate Institute. While they come from different sources and were created for different reasons they all address the themes of constraint, release, rebellion and empowerment.

Our own experiences and memories, even those that seem very ordinary, are a valuable and rich source of social and cultural information. This creative storytelling workshop will explore how we can use artistic techniques to illustrate and document our own life stories.

Drawing inspiration from our own lives as well as the contents of the archival material we will use cut and paste collage techniques to create our own 'record of experience'.

You may want to describe:

- a memory of childhood rebellious behaviour
- an experience during which you stood up for something you believed in
- a story about when you felt empowered or helped someone else
- a fictional narrative inspired by the archive collections

Cut and paste directly from the photocopies / materials provided to make your images.

Use both text and image.

Feel free to use all the materials provided.

Be as experimental as you like, this workshop is about creative expression not literal meaning.

Your Escape Stories will then be folded down into a pamphlet that you can take away with you.

Advertisement:

Promoted through Bishopsgate marketing department; included in course prospectus, Institute's Facebook events page and online on website.

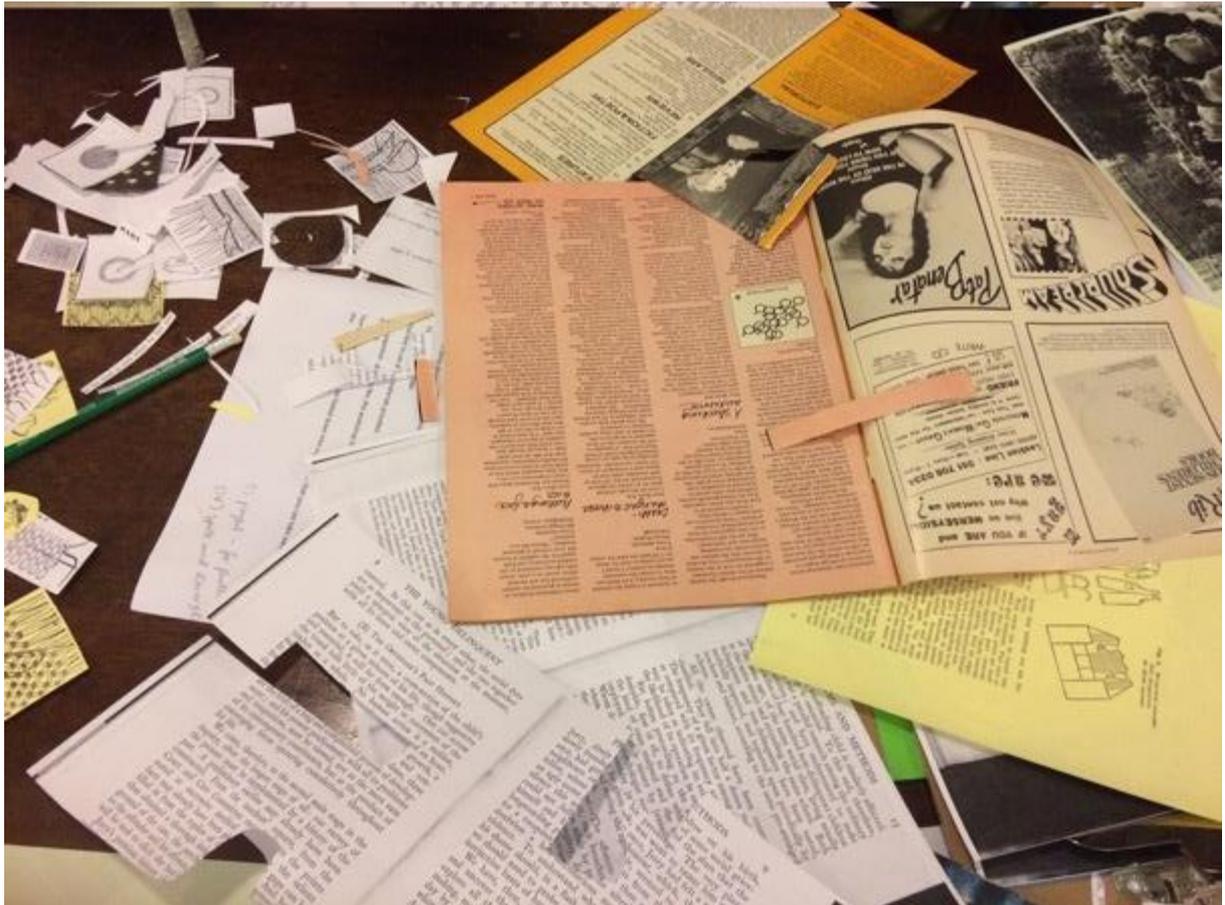


Image 33. Fauchon, 2018, photograph, 'Escape Stories' workshop at The Bishopsgate Institute.

Feedback Summary:

Engagement Activity:			
'Escape Stories', Bishopsgate Institute			
Delivered by: Mireille Fauchon & Dr Michelle Johansen			
7 participants	Yes	Partly	No
Did you enjoy the workshop?	7	0	0

Were the techniques easy to use?	7	0	0
Was the activity helpful for exploring creative ways of engaging with local history?	7	0	0
Has the workshop made you consider using creative techniques to document personal memories and experiences?	7	0	0
Would you use the approaches explored in this workshop again?	7	0	0
Selected comments, as relevant to the research:	Relevance to research:		
...I think we could have spent longer – I can imagine this methodology as a module or unit for a whole term.	Desire for more time, extend activity over a longer project, suitable for applying to individual research projects.		
[on using approaches again] I am also likely to visit the Bishopsgate again - so this course would work well in conjunction with introductions to different collections.	Success with engaging users, transferable methods, interest in exploring other collections using same approaches.		
Good mixture of activities and discussion.	Design of activity – right balance of exploring materials and making– synthesis of discussion / interpretation and creative outcomes.		
More targeted photocopies would have helped	Desire for personalised projects – positive, participants want to apply processes to their own interests.		
Wonderful to explore archive material in such a beautiful environment and with others / guides who are passionate about the subject and its meaning. Perfectly pitched.	Activity accessible, social aspect valued.		
Innovative and engaging. Perfect blend of art/history/creativity for me. ...thoroughly explorative, thought provoking.	Recognition of value in creative interpretive methods / processes.		
The narratives account and final 'products' are absorbing, insightful and really valuable – it would be interesting to build on these somehow.	Outcomes valued, potential for expanding workshop – exhibition, showcase and also considering outcomes as resources in their own right.		
I came expecting something different and I left knowing so much about issues I never stopped to think about.	Accessibility / participant empowerment through prompting value of own interpretation / experiences etc.		
Selected comments from Bishopsgate feedback form.			
Good mixture of material and background info from tutors.	Value of contextualising workshop with introductions.		
Inclusive and safe environment to explore the ideas generated throughout and explore the archives	Accessible, inclusive activity.		
A bit rushed in participation part. Might help if we specified images rather than your photocopying Really interesting introduction to the collection and enjoyable responses. A bit longer for collage would have been great.	More time needed for activity; participants want more prolong engagement – positive.		
Extremely engaging, innovative use of archival material, thorough interactive.	Processes and methods felt of value.		

Overall Conclusions

Considering the feedback as well as observing the activities during the delivery, I feel confident in the broad sense that the methods are transferable.

There are commonalities in the feedback expressing interest for the subject matters addressed and enthusiasm for the tasks. From personal observation no participant appeared to struggle with the practical activity and the more descriptive feedback revealed appreciation of creative interpretation and responses to archive materials, and the value of recording personal experiences and memory for future posterity.

Across all activities feedback constantly communicated participants wanting more time to engage with the task. I regard this as positive, showing appreciation of the methods and the desire to apply them beyond the remit of a simplified activity. Considering the feedback as a whole I recognise activities could be extended over a longer programme of research, which proves the same principal methods could be applied beyond my own, and indeed, any illustrator's practice.

Across all workshops some participants moved beyond the prescribed collage method personalising their approaches using creative writing and drawing. Some outcomes were transformed into booklets and narrative sequences. These proved flexibility in the model to be adapted by the individual participant and a confidence to do so when few had previous artistic experience.

Even though participants were largely unknown to one another, the social aspect of the activity was consistent across each workshop. People wanted to talk to one another openly about their discoveries in the archival materials and to share their own stories. These conversations were rich and insightful and as valuable as a source of information and knowledge as the material outcomes generated. The illustrative artworks produced serve as a record of the participants' memories as prompted by the archival materials but more poignantly the act of making facilitated conversation, much like a reminiscence session. The workshops were able to unite the group through prompting a sharing of stories. The sessions yielded lively and thought-provoking debates. During the Bishopsgate workshop the materials relating to the 1970's Miss World protests prompted a rich conversation on personal associations with the beauty contest, some participants reminisced about watching the televised contest as children with family and finding it to be one of the few times women of colour and different nationalities were seen and glorified publicly, during the same workshop a participant spoke about her experience participating in the Greenham Common protests and the feelings amongst the women she was with during that time. During, 'Tell It How It Was' the workshop held as part of the residency, a participant made a collage artwork which mapped Katie Gliddon's narrative with her grandmother's biography having realised they were born in the same year and likely lived near one another.

Regarding delivery, the workshop did function well when led only by myself, but those collaboratively delivered offered a richer participant experience. Working alongside a heritage specialist helped demonstrate how practices associated with the different fields contributed to and supported one another. The specialist knowledge brought by my collaborators was also invaluable in contextualising the archival materials presented.

While the core structure was consistent across each activity, 'Tell It How It Was' differed slightly due to the specific context in which it was delivered. The objective of the activity remained broadly the same but in this

instance the workshop served as an engagement activity more closely related to my own research subject and interests. This activity more explicitly helped gain insight into audience interest and responses to my own interpretations of Gliddon's narrative and its relation to current affairs.

The support from the various institutes helped affirm the merit of the activities in relation to whether the methods could be deemed of value to social research. Now confident these workshops are accessible and inclusive; I would target participation from other research professionals to gain more directed feedback regarding the incorporating these methods into a wider social research methodology.

Ch. 9 Don't Believe the Papers: Creative Practice Report

I began making illustrative artworks immediately after the period of research at The Woman's Library. Those first jittery typewriter experiments, described in chapter 5 represented both Gliddon's muddle and my own as I contemplated her situation. As the research developed so did the artworks, the imagery evolving to capture a sense of the unfolding storylines. Bar the time spent in residency in the LOFT space at Turf projects, my studio is where the making happens. Here, in my precious space, there are stacks of papers, every conceivable artist material, printer's inks and presses. Glue sticks, scalpel and laptop are desk top staples. The bulk of the work produced are paper-based artworks, print image and text-based compositions moving into mixed media

collages which eventually, in rhythm with the research, developed into 3d diorama scenes. The outcomes are always produced in series, often with several variations that feature similar visual motifs and graphic compositions. During the PhD I have amassed a body of work comprising several collections that, when drawn together, form a complete narrative text.

Surface Impressions

The only process I ever use as a printmaker are different methods of relief printing, be it typography, lino/wood cuts or mono printing from objects and things I find. I often print from the stuff of everyday life; bread, false eyelashes, tea bags and chocolate wrappers have all found their way into my (print) bed. There is a poignance in this method of image making in relation to the subject matter. Just as an anecdotal history lingers after the life has gone, the print captures a presence of something that was once but is no longer.

Reading Joan Gibbon's writing on contemporary art and memory it strikes me that many of the claims made of Rachel Whiteread's sculptural casts resonate with my own methods of print production, particularly how it has been used in this thesis. Referring to Pierce's notion of the indexical sign Gibbons observes Whiteread's casts carry an existential relation to the objects they represent. They are essentially traces of the objects, recordings frozen in time by the casting process much like a visual echo or a haunting (Gibbons, 2015). Gibbons describes the 'charged gap' between object and cast, which to my reading could also be applied to surface and print, as 'synaptic...a space of release' and 'heavily' impregnated with memory...much redolent with somatic memories as with emotional association' (Gibbons 2015, p. 30, citing Wakefield 1994). Gibbons writes this can also be understood as a liminal space 'at which both the fact of 'the object and... representation, imaginings and associations overlay one another' (Gibbons 2015). Contemplating this 'charged distance' described as the place of memory, I question is the same space also present in my own work? While informed by location, people and environments I seldom attempt to make any records in the present moment instead preferring to allow time for distance and contemplation. This distance, the time and space between happening and recall, is where creativity occurs. The artworks are informed as much by what is remembered as what has been misremembered and even forgotten entirely.

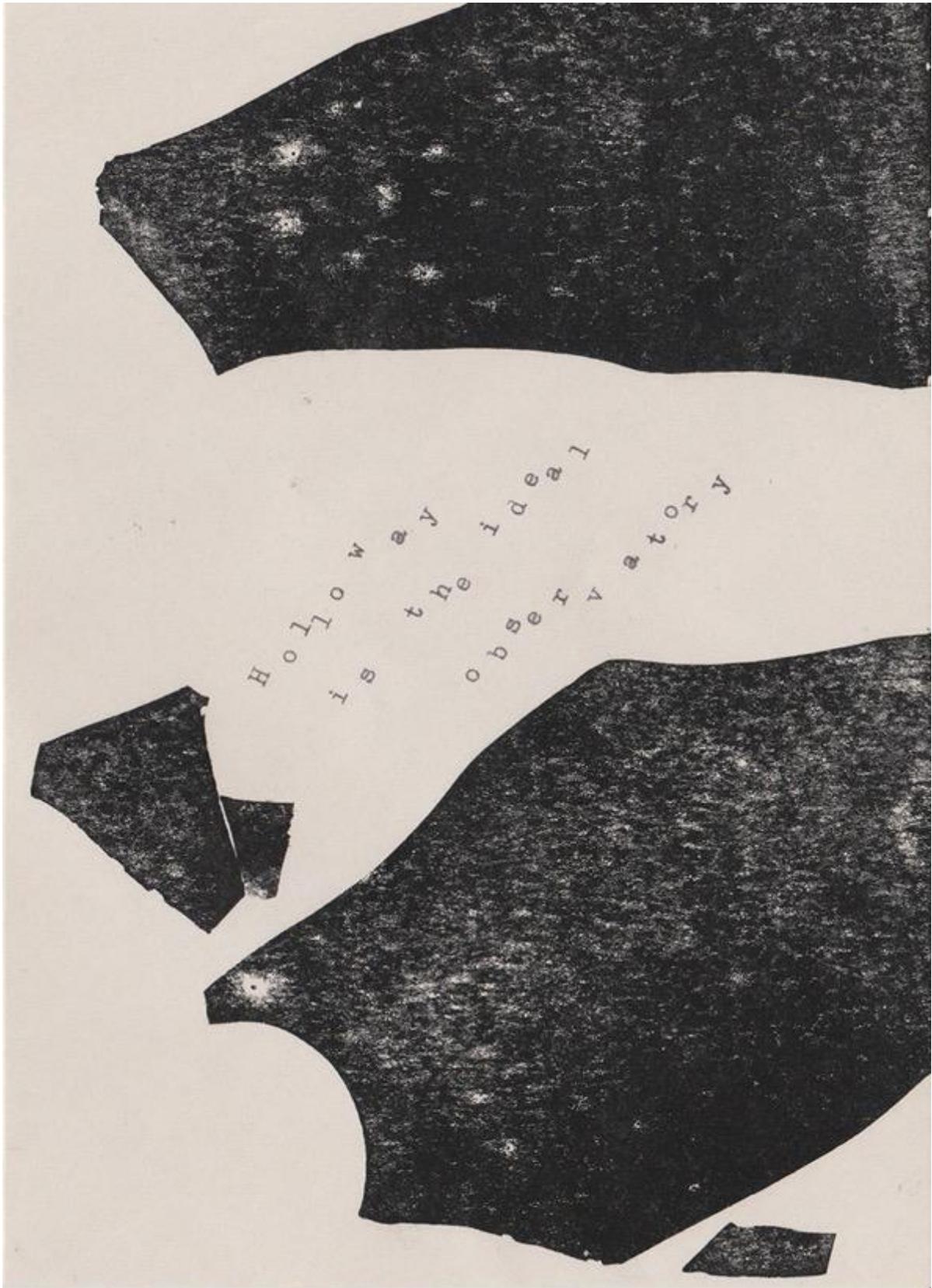


Image 34. Fauchon, 2017, 'Holloway is the ideal observatory', mixed media printed illustration.

My illustrative responses also act as a form of evidence, they are a visual documentation of the sense-making process in the same way Gliddon's writings and collecting act as evidences of her own life, memories and contemplations. The prints and collages, through their use of original materials and direct impressions also intend to convey a sense of what Gibbons describes as 'having been there ness' (Gibbons, 2015). I consider my work as being formed from a collection of traces: traces from the past are drawn from the archives, traces of the present, debris and detritus, traces of conversations, interactions and experience. These all inform the illustrative process which is to narrate stories which simultaneously capture a sense of the what was once, what is now absence and what remains.



Image 35. Fauchon, 2017, photograph, work in progress printing hair in studio.

Shattered

I clear a space at my desk for my laptop. The word doc file is open so I can search and scroll through as I'm working. Early on when making the first text-based compositions much of the process was instinctive, with no plan for the future of these experiments, how they would develop or indeed whether they would be of use at all. On reflection it is clear no decisions were arbitrary. There was certainly an awareness; my choice of materials reflecting the aesthetic of Gliddon's collection. Single sheets of yellowing newsprint, cut to the remembered size of the Shelley book, bundles of pages.

Much of Gliddon's papers were handwritten manuscripts. Using the typewriter as I did when making those first compositions offered a way to quickly formalise the text as print while being an appropriately analogue method of word processing.

The text pieces were swiftly followed by a series of experimental prints made directly from shards of glass. The smashing of the glass pane is the ultimate literal and metaphorical symbol at the epicentre of all these ensuing storylines. This violent physical act is recognised by Gliddon as having the most profound impact on her life signifying an irreversible moment of change. Gliddon's testimony is written post this epiphanal event from within the unfolding aftermath. I smash sheets of glass with a pin hammer¹⁰⁰ and carefully ink up the broken pieces and placing them in disarray. I print them by hand and then when they dry, I begin to place her words amongst the shards.

¹⁰⁰ The hammer is important. I thought of you Katie, as I smashed that sheet of glass on the cobbles outside my studio door.



Image 36. Fauchon, 2017, photo, work in progress printing glass in studio.

Final Form

To return to the process of making, before considerations of final form, although it seems astounding to think there may have been another solution, the months leading up to the first Croydon residency at LOFT /Turf projects in spring 2018, involved an outpouring of visual experimentations.

At this stage all decisions were instinctive, driven by fear of an empty exhibition and also the knowledge that work begets work, creative making only drives the inquiry forward. The muddled texts and shattered glass prints had begun this process. In readiness I guillotine the spine from one of my copies of *The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. These loose pages are then used as bases for collages and/or incorporated into print compositions. While working I keep a written log of ideas and influences informing the creative responses:

Mood / Atmosphere:

Confinement

muddle, chaos

grey

anger

fear / anxiety

vitriol

Spring / change

Epiphany

Empowerment

Content of imagery:

Marginalia,

Self- historicising

Representations of women; female friendships / relationships

Insight and anecdotes from Gliddon's testimony and contemporary resonances.

Place - Croydon, then, now, debris

Local press then / now

Processes:

Relief print / traces

object prints reference imagery from within the writing

collage – drawing together different bodies of knowledge, archival, location specific, texts and writing.

Composition / Modes of display:

Pages / fragments / snippets can be moved around, read individually, understood as a whole.

Non-linear narratives

Inter-woven storylines – hers / mine.

Inter-weaving, multiple voices, distinguishing, or not, between them.

Type placement referencing emotional disarray,

Concrete poetry

Glass shattering / shattered life

Para-text / foot notes – hidden details, alternative voices, parallel narratives within contemporary experience.

Materiality inspired by archival research:

Newsprint, yellowing

Pop print culture

Pamphlets – size, tactility,

Newspaper cuttings in the scrapbooks

Paper, layering, sheer, show through, revealing

Scraps

Fragments

Clippings

Bundles as found within the archive

Scrapbooking as a narrative space

Re-orderings

Motifs

The production of illustrative artworks continued throughout the PhD research period. The print and collage works can be loosely grouped by certain visual motifs and thematic influences. They are as follows:

Hair

The continual references to hair and appearance generally made by Gliddon in her writings are, to my reading, revealing of much beyond surface appreciation. A well-kept coiffure in prison is a marker of ingenuity, dignity and pride. It also is a stark reminder to Gliddon that ordinary prisoners are not so easily distinguishable from women of her own class. Prisoners both ordinary and Suffragettes are noted for their beautiful or unkempt hair and in a realm dominated by female presence hair prevails as a symbol of femininity and womanhood. Using the same paper size, human hair, sold as beauty hair extensions, are rubbed into ink and pressed leaving a relief impression. Some prints feature only hair impressions, other include extracts of text discussing hair placed on the page as to appear entangled within the strands.

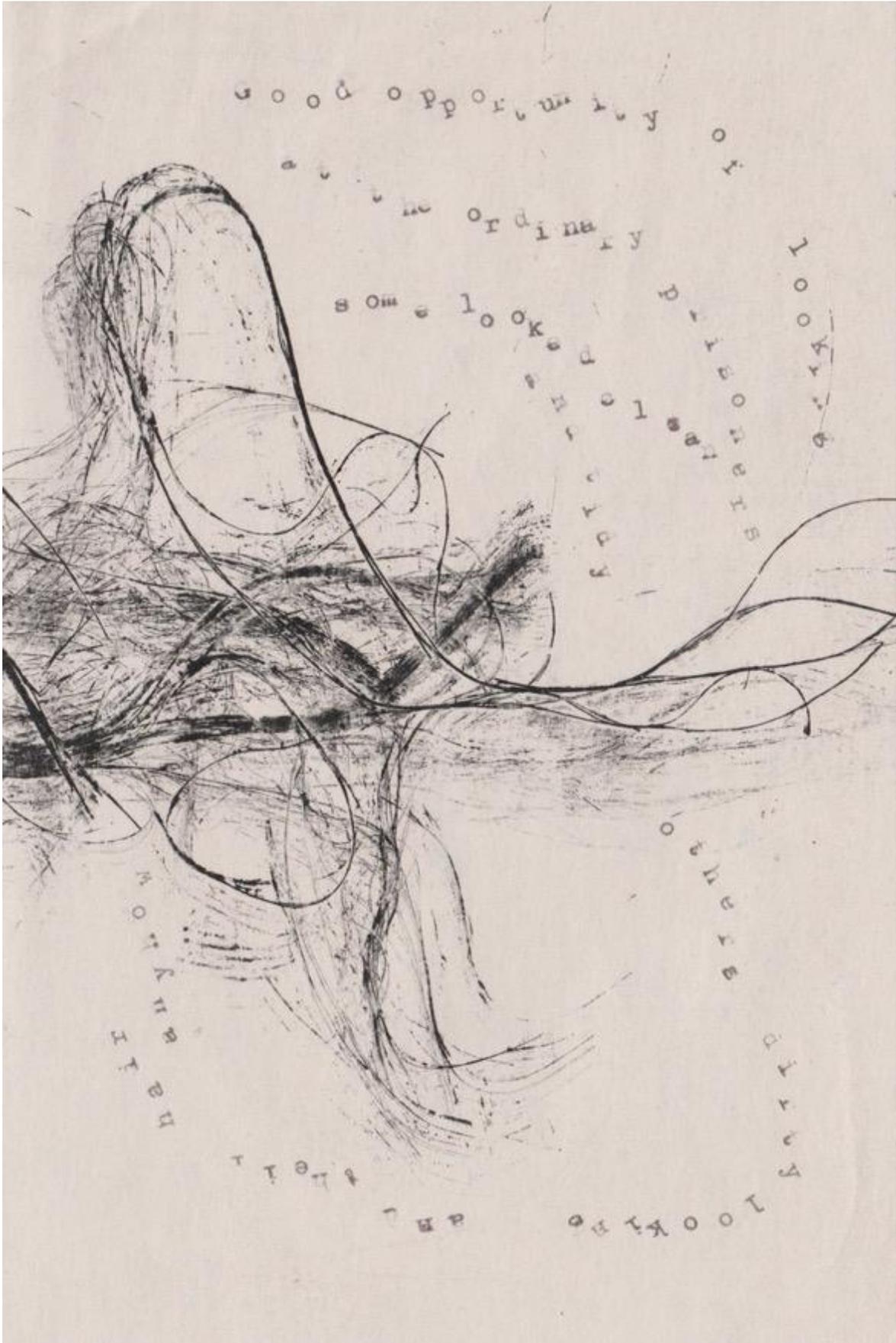


Image 37. Fauchon, 2017, 'Some looked clean', mixed media printed illustration.

Darkness

The colour palette is dark; monochromatic greys and black. It provides a sense of uniformity across the body of work allowing the disparate pieces belong together as a whole. It is also a conscious reflection of the dreariness and greyness of prison; the darkness, the fear and oppressive atmosphere reported by Gliddon who longed to see the colour of nature and flora again.

Colour begins to feature in the compositions, through the collaged elements from present day newspapers, during the first Croydon residency. The residency marked the first public exhibition and discussions of the research in process and the first point at which my singular interpretation of Gliddon's writings was met by a wider audience. During this time new works were made that could more explicitly address the coming together of past and present.

Gliddon's writings and existing imagery was brought together with copies of archival materials donated by MOC, local press newspapers and photographs of the immediate environment taken by myself. The hints of colours that enter into the work at this time signify the events of the past colliding with the everyday concerns of the contemporary moment; a further development and othering of Gliddon's storylines.

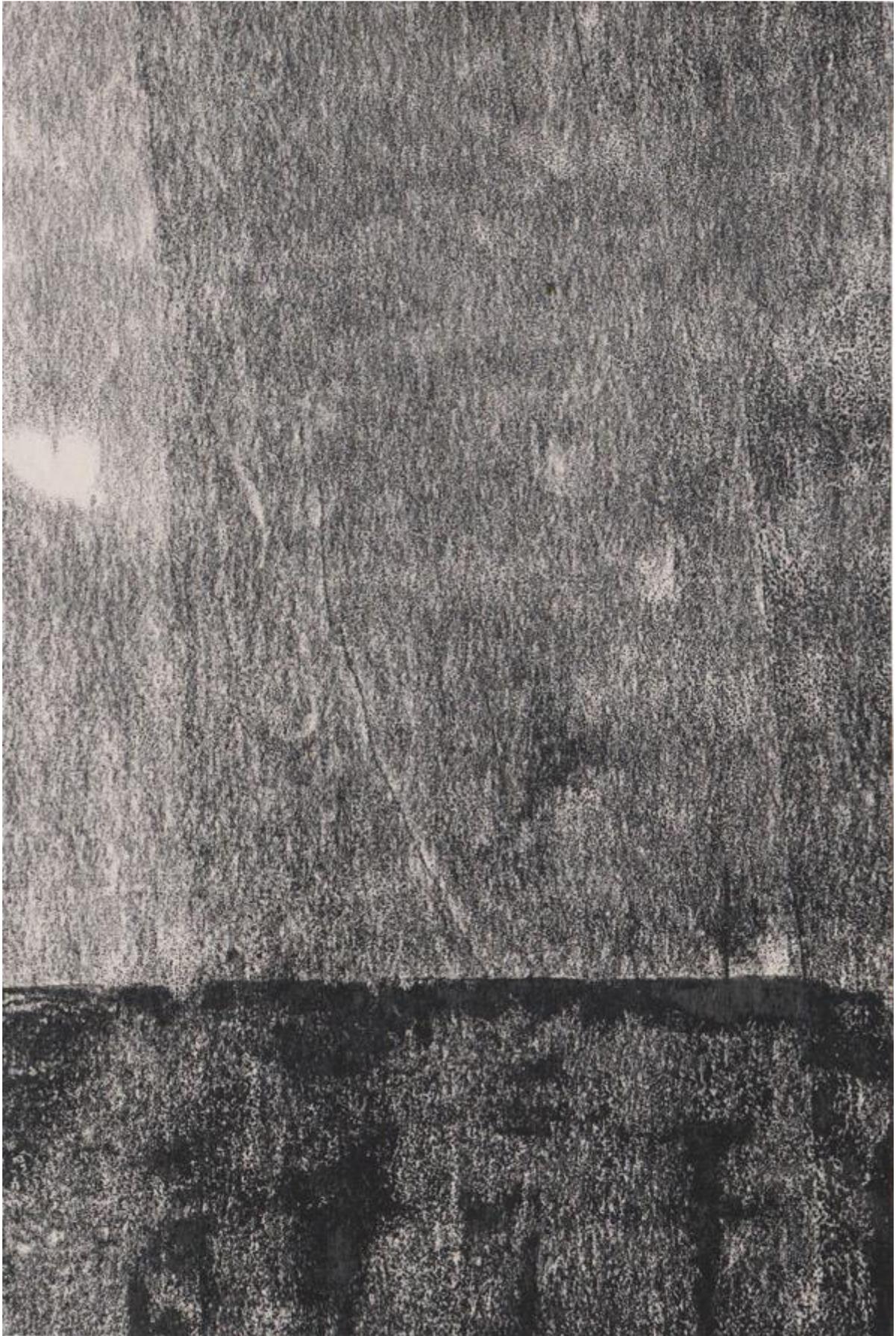


Image 38. Fauchon, 2017, work in progress, printed texture.

Little Women

Dark silhouetted images of women, alone and in groupings, nestle amongst the lines of poetry on the pages from the Shelley volume. These figures depict little narratives vignettes; interactions Gliddon has observed or has been party to as described in her writings. These compositions are the most literal translation of events described by Gliddon. The images offer a visualisation of scenes more explicitly evocative of the friendship and relationships between women and a sense of an alternative social environment almost entirely devoid of men.

My husband's repast with delight I
 spread, 5
 What though 'tis but rustic fare,
 May each guardian angel protect his
 shed,
 May contentment and quiet be there.
 And may I support my husband's years,
 May I soothe his dying pain, 10
 And then may I dry my fast falling
 tears,
 And meet him in Heaven again.
 JULY, 1810.

IX. SONG

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

Ah! grasp the dire dagger and couch
 the fell spear,
 If vengeance and death to thy bosom
 be dear,
 The dastard shall perish, death's tor-
 ment shall prove,
 For fate and revenge are decreed from
 above.
 Ah! where is the hero, whose nerves
 strung by youth, 5
 Will defend the firm cause of justice
 and truth;
 With insatiate desire whose bosom shall
 swell,
 To give up the oppressor to judgement
 and Hell—
 For him shall the fair one twine chap-
 lets of bays,
 To him shall each warrior give merited
 praise, 10
 And triumphant returned from the
 clangour of arms,
 He shall find his reward in his loved
 maiden's charms.
 In ecstatic confusion the warrior shall
 sip,
 The kisses that glow on his love's dewy
 lip,
 And mutual, eternal, embraces shall
 prove, 15
 The rewards of the brave are the tran-
 sports of love.
 OCTOBER, 1809.

X

THE IRISHMAN'S SONG

THE stars may dissolve, and the foun-
 tain of light
 May sink into ne'er ending chaos and
 night,
 Our mansions must fall, and earth
 vanish away,
 But thy courage O Erin! may never
 decay.
 See! the wide wasting ruin extends all
 around, 5
 Our ancestors' dwellings lie sunk on the
 ground,
 Our foes ride in triumph throughout
 our domains,
 And our mightiest heroes lie stretched
 on the plains.
 Ah! dead is the harp which was wont
 to give pleasure,
 Ah! sunk is our sweet country's rap-
 turous measure, 10
 But the war note is waked, and the
 clangour of spears,
 The dread yell of Sloghan yet sounds in
 our ears.
 Ah! where are the heroes! triumphant
 in death,
 Convulsed they recline on the blood
 sprinkled heath,
 Or the yelling ghosts ride on the blast
 that sweeps by, 15
 And 'my countrymen! vengeance!' in-
 cessantly cry.

OCTOBER, 1809.

XI. SONG

FIERCE roars the midnight storm
 O'er the wild mountain,
 Dark clouds the night deform,
 Swift rolls the fountain—
 See! o'er yon rocky height, 5
 Dim mists are flying—
 See by the moon's pale light,
 Poor Laura's dying!
 Shame and remorse shall howl,
 By her false pillow— 10
 Fiercer than storms that roll,
 O'er the white billow;

Image 39. Fauchon, 2017, 'My husband's repast with delight', drawing on book page illustration.

Enclosure

Graphic forms and textures are printed in various maze-like compositions to describe an imagining of the prison environment. In layouts suggestive of floor plans the shapes allude to narrow passages, steep staircases and small cell like enclosures. The solid black shapes contrasted with coarse grey textures are evocative of a dark, oppressive and unsettling atmosphere.

THE FIRST CANZONE OF THE CONVITO

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE

[Published by Garnett, *Relics of Shelley*, 1862; dated 1820.]

YE who intelligent the T
 Hear the discourse which
 Which cannot be
 The Heaven whose
 Oh, gentle cre
 And therefore
 Even of the lif
 I pray th
 And tell
 How th
 And ho
 Wh

T
 O
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ever 35

ead,

40

Image 40. Fauchon, 2017, work in progress print.

Margins

Annotations discussing Gliddon's writings are typed into the margins of the loose Shelley pages. These texts occupy the spaces previously occupied by Gliddon's writing in the original prison diary in a conscious act of mimicry. Bereft of their contextualising content the annotations become obscured. The writing becomes yet another reiteration of the testimony however Gliddon's voice is entirely lost and replaced with my own. This version of events is the most dramatically altered, reading essentially as a speculation and analysis relating to an absent narrative described entirely from my own perspective.

universe. Why is the old statesman more skilful than the raw politician? Because, relying on the necessary conjunction of motive and action, he proceeds to produce moral effects, by the application of those moral causes which experience has shown to be effectual. Some actions may be found to which we can attach no motives, but these are the effects of causes with which we are unacquainted. Hence the relation which motive bears to voluntary action is that of cause to effect; nor, placed in this point of view, is it, or ever has it been, the subject of popular or philosophical dispute. None but the few fanatics who are engaged in the herculean task of reconciling the justice of their God with the misery of man, will longer outrage common sense by the supposition of an event without a cause, a voluntary action without a motive. History, politics, morals, criticism, all grounds of reasonings, all principles of science, alike assume the truth of the doctrine of Necessity. No farmer carrying his corn to market doubts the sale of it at the market price. The master of a manufactory no more doubts that he can purchase the human labour necessary for his purposes than that his machinery will act as they have been accustomed to act.

But, whilst none have scrupled to admit necessity as influencing matter, many have disputed its dominion over mind. Independently of its militating with the received ideas of the justice of God, it is by no means obvious to a superficial inquiry. When the mind observes its own operations, it feels no connection of motive and action: but as we know 'nothing more of causation than the constant conjunction of objects and the consequent inference of one from the other, as we find that these two circumstances are universally allowed to have place in voluntary action, we may be easily led to own that they are subjected to

the necessity common to all causes.' The actions of the will have a regular conjunction with circumstances and characters; motive is to voluntary action what cause is to effect. But the only idea we can form of causation is a constant conjunction of similar objects, and the consequent inference of one from the other: wherever this is the case necessity is clearly established.

The idea of liberty, applied metaphorically to the will, has sprung from a misconception of the meaning of the word power. What is power?—*id quod potest*, that which can produce any given effect. To deny power is to say that nothing can or has the power to be or act. In the only true sense of the word power, it applies with equal force to the lodestone as to the human will. Do you think these motives, which I shall present, are powerful enough to rouse him? is a question just as common as, Do you think this lever has the power of raising this weight? The advocates of free-will assert that the will has the power of refusing to be determined by the strongest motive: but the strongest motive is that which, overcoming all others, ultimately prevails; this assertion therefore amounts to a denial of the will being ultimately determined by that motive which does determine it, which is absurd. But it is equally certain that a man cannot resist the strongest motive as that he cannot overcome a physical impossibility.

The doctrine of Necessity tends to introduce a great change into the established notions of morality, and utterly to destroy religion. Reward and punishment must be considered, by the Necessarian, merely as motives which he would employ in order to procure the adoption or abandonment of any given line of conduct. Desert, in the present sense of the word, would no longer have any meaning; and he who should inflict pain upon

She begins to realise the sacrifices some people have made.

SHELLEY

D d

Image 41. Fauchon, 2017, 'She begins to realise', typewriter on book page illustration.

The Everyday

Relief prints relating to narrative details in Gliddon's writing. The prints are made directly from objects and things, the choice reflecting imagery arising from references made to every day events in prison. These details are often mundane and resonate because of their familiarity, such as references to tea drinking, smoking, cutlery, chocolates, sewing and eiderdown. These prints reflect the desire to make the experiences described tangible through a physical material connection. The prints describe objects unmistakably of the present day but are clearly still recognisable symbols of social culture across time.



Image 42. Fauchon, 2017, 'The ordinary prisoners called us forks', relief print on paper.

Banners

Large type based printed posters featuring first lines of Shelley's poems which bear uncanny similarity to situations and emotions described by Gliddon. These compositions are an acknowledgement of the role of Shelley's poetry in supporting Gliddon's personal protest as well as making reference more broadly to suffragette protest banners.



Image 43. Fauchon, 2018, photograph, prints drying in studio.

The Components of the Thesis Archival Collection

The individual illustrative works are collated together to form two core bound volumes: the replica Shelley prison diary and the scrapbook. The collection also includes other illustrative artworks including a performative spoken word event produced during the PhD. An overview of the collection content is as follows:

Mireille's Shelley

The illustrated pages from the deconstructed Shelley are re-grouped along with other artworks to be rebound in correct paginated placement to form a complete volume. This new edition is then re-cased to form what appears as a facsimile of the Gliddon's original prison diary. Whereas in Gliddon's copy, diary entries could be found pencilled in the margins, this copy includes collages, prints and texts that have been sewn throughout the body of the book. This new Shelley then is a conduit of Gliddon's story re-imagined as well as a hiding place for the counter narratives which have developed throughout the study.

Scrapbook

The scrapbook draws together the printed materials amassed during the study. While working with Gliddon's collection, I came to consider the scrapbook as a narrative space, a form of storytelling in which we collect, edit and order the information as we wish to present it. In this process we reveal something of ourselves. It is our own version of events and reflects our desires through the selection of items chosen for preservation. Again, rather than representing a linear chronology the scrapbook communicates through assemblages. Each document or component conveys meaning and further contributes to meaning through its belonging within the collection. The scrapbook serves as a record and keep safe for the all the desperate collage and print works produced throughout the research.

The intention is to provoke in the reader the process of sense making I experienced when reading through Gliddon's papers. The reader is invited to piece together and make their own discoveries so that this might be a source from which multiple storylines might continue to evolve. A narrative space ongoing.



Image 44. Fauchon, 2019, photograph, work in progress, rebinding the Shelley.

The Croydon Pamphlets

A number of pamphlet publications were produced while in residence at Loft / Turf Projects. These experimental publications brought together elements from contemporary and historic local papers, Giddon's diary writings, Shelley's poetry and photographs of present day Croydon. The booklets are a form of visual journal keeping of the developments made during the residence. They can also be understood as early scrapbooking experiments exploring how to visually describe the converging of seemingly disparate historical storylines.

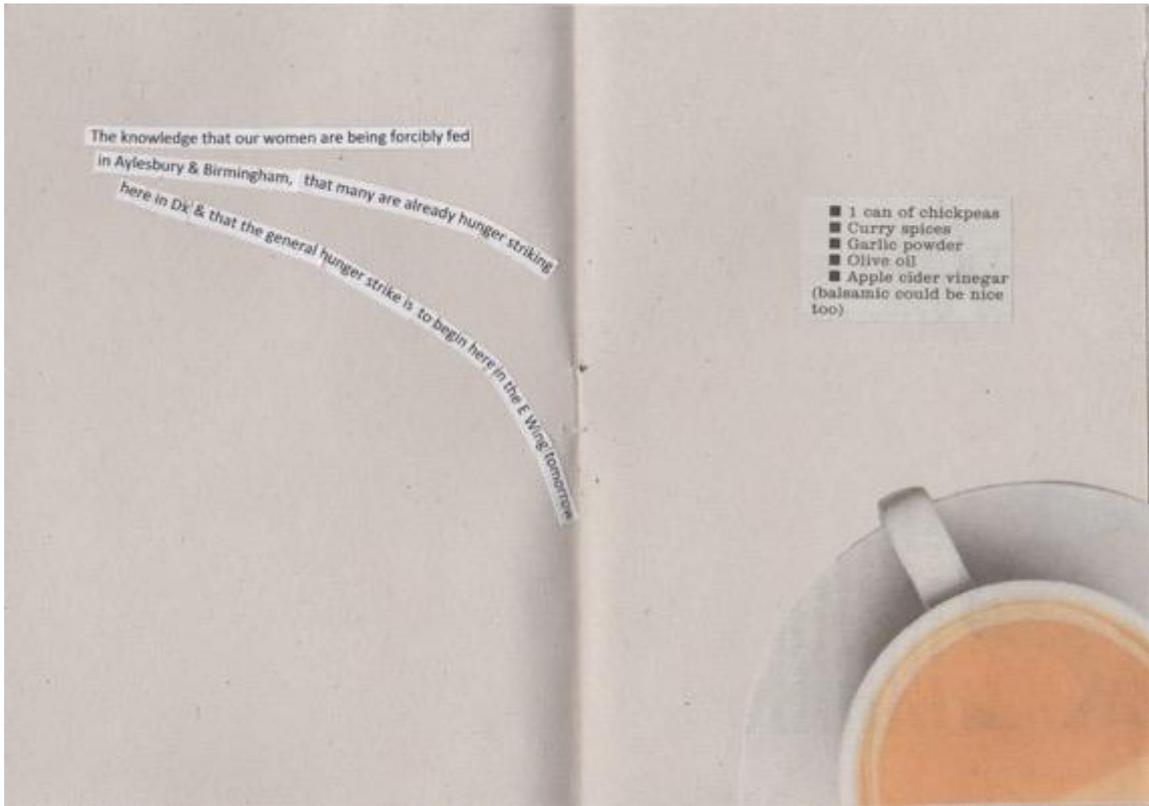


Image 45. Fauchon, 2018, Croydon Pamphlets spread, 'our women are being forcibly fed'.



Image 46. Fauchon, 2018, Croydon Pamphlets spread, 'has made us all depressed'.

Living Holloway Paper Diaromas

The period of research at The Bishopsgate Institute led a development in the creative responses. Leaving the residency with photocopies of all the documents explored, they are brought to the studio for further study. Soon photographic details from the early 20th century, mostly taken from *Living London* by George R Simms, begin to enter into the compositions. Just as the residency had brought further insight of how Gliddon and those around her may have lived, the responses developed to incorporate these new perspectives.

Women of all social standing, busy at work and leisure, are incorporated into the dark graphic prints which begin to more explicitly reference a prison landscape. Trees, social gathering, architectural details, interior spaces and domestic scenes are snipped from the copies to be incorporated into collages bring a vividity to the imagery. An article in *Living London* on Holloway featured many photographs of the interiors, grounds and prisoners including an image of a woman say in a cell exactly as Gliddon described. In her writing Gliddon likens the view from her cell as if looking onto a theatre stage. She also refers to other prisoners as being akin to actors and her experience as being like 'playing at being in prison' (Gliddon, c.1912).

It was at this point that the collages became 3D. Rather than lying flat, the figures and architectural elements within the prints are made to stand. While just a simple development the difference is pronounced with the compositions taking on the appearance of simple paper dioramas or Victorian toy theatres. The active poses of the photographic figures lend a lively, kinetic quality and are intended to convey a sense of performance; static archival materials brought to life.

Each paper stage is contained in an individual custom-made grey board box in reference to archival boxes and prison cells. The outer surfaces which are printed with graphic bock shapes and textures also feature little peep holes offering glimpses into the hidden scenes within.

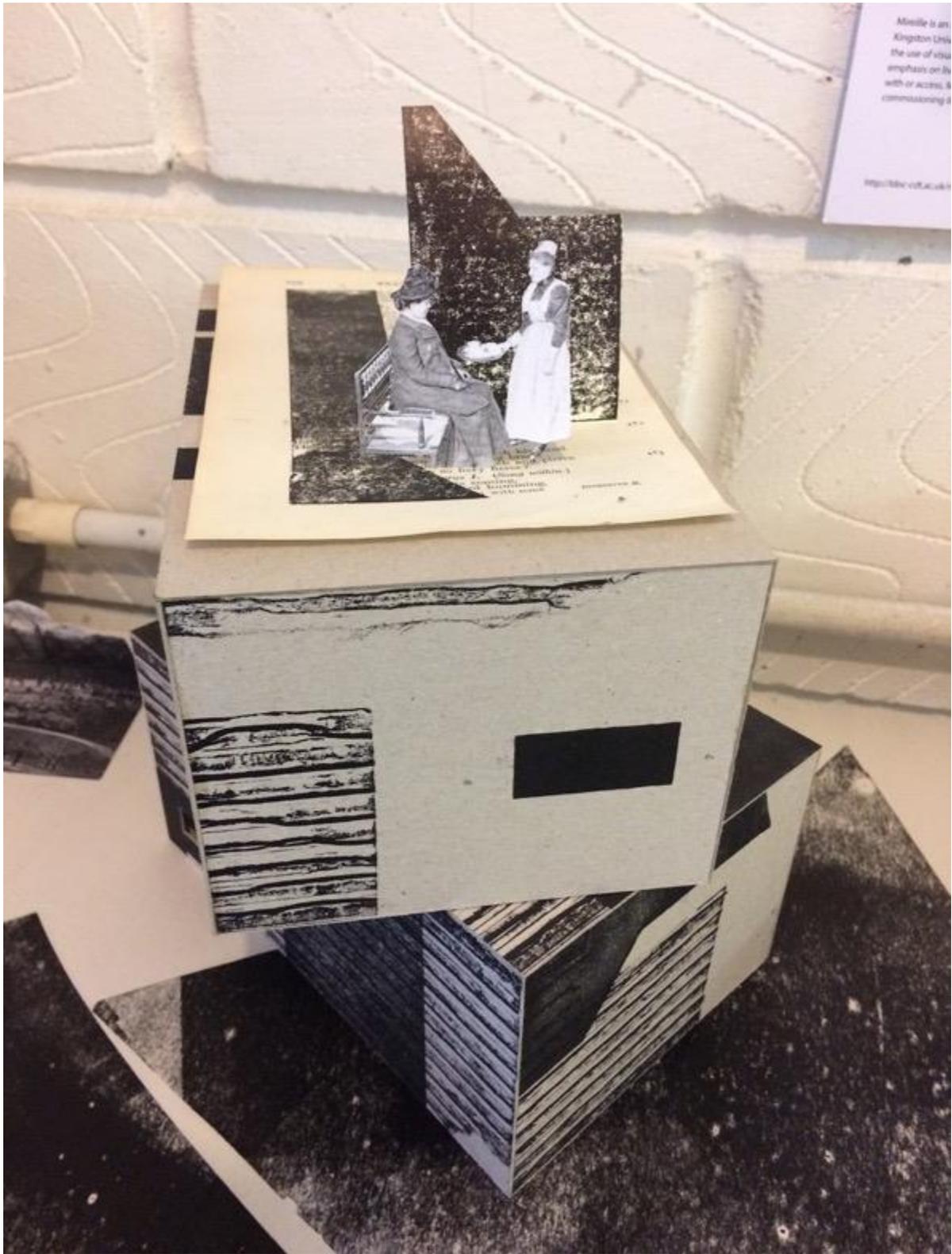


Image 47. Fauchon, 2019, photograph, work in progress, diorama boxes.

Croydon Voices

The exhibition hosted by The Museum of Croydon marked the last public display of the PhD research in progress. The showcase brought artworks to a highly significant site; the historical meeting place of the Suffragettes and as well as currently serving as the local borough archives. To mark the occasion a live performative artwork was especially developed to accompany the exhibition.

Public visitors as well as invited guests joined together in the main atrium of the Clock Tower Complex to take part in a collective reading and listening event. Sat in a circle facing one another in the exhibition space, speakers took it in turns to read aloud from a script compiled directly from Gliddon's writing. The activity took inspiration from the feminist consciousness raising method as well as being mindful of the museum's status as a specialist aural history collection. The act of reading aloud was in acknowledgement of Gliddon's unfilled desire to be published, as well as a tribute to her experience through the physical embodiment of her writing through speech.

The performance lasted 45 minutes and was recorded, with permission, as an oral history to be held in collections for future prosperity. Feedback from the event is included in the appendix.

The Papers of Mireille Fauchon

The thesis archival collection overtly references the aesthetics of archival deposits and specifically mimics Gliddon's collection; bundles of loose sheets and note books, scrapbooks and collected ephemera. The presentation is a deliberate replica. However, it is not a hoax made to trick the reader. Its otherness is explicit and intentional. This imitation is not only made in tribute but also signals difference. This collection has not arrived at the archive by the usual means: chance, it was especially prepared for depositing.

Listening to the recording of the conference 'Stories That Matter: Feminist Methodologies in the Archive' held at the ICA in 2016, I pick up on a comment made by the chair, art historian Catherine Grant, championing the potential for fiction, outright make belief, as a tool to examine archival narratives. Investigating further I discover Grant's writings on fandom and re-enactment of feminist histories in contemporary art. In an analysis framed around two feminist works: *The Emily Davison Lodge* (2010) by Olivia Plender and Hester Reeve and *Killjoy's Kastle: A Lesbian Feminist Haunted House* (2013) by Allyson Mitchell and Deirdre Logue, I find resonance with my own creative thinking and making. Grant writes that re-enactment and historical returns do not have to be factually accurate but can instead play with our mythologies around feminist pasts (Grant, 2014, p. 264).

I have long considered my own desire to illustrate historical narratives; that need to seek out the places where things may or may never have happened, as a form of re-enactment. A play in the present that makes the past, whatever it claims to have been, feel tangible. I don't care what really happened. I find what we wished had happened far more meaningful.

Temporal Drag

Reading Grant I'm introduced to Elizabeth Freeman's concept of temporal drag: 'historical material is reshaped by being replayed in the present, as well as creating folds within time through moments of resonance and replication' (Grant, 2017, p. 262). Compiling this thesis, it became clear the narrative was not a contemporary

rendition of a history but an evidencing of what happened when that tale was *dragged* by me into the present. In her text Grant quotes Rebecca Schneider: 'if time (re)turns what does it drag along with it?' (Grant, 2017, p. 262). Sat in a studio at a desk overwhelmed with papers, cuttings and half made collages, I ask the same of this work: what else did I *drag* along? This has never been a stable process, almost each and every micro stage of the research yielded more stories. Connecting with Gliddon's storylines only prompted chains of associations that unmoored any historical anchoring and the *drag* hasn't only been a result of my own revision. The various methods of research; investigation, interpretation, visceral imaginings, visualisation and participation with audiences, have all been forms of re-enactment. The raking up of the past also brought along other historical timeframes, stories, voices and themes. These new ideas then found their way into my writings and creative responses and the dialogues only continued to develop while I worked. While always present, at times Gliddon has been little more than a spectre.

Grant describes the syncopated time of re-enactment, 'when then and now punctuate each other' as a space for learning. In the case of *Killjoy Castle*, which features polystyrene gravestones inscribed with now defunct feminist groups, the collective act of making with participants was also an opportunity for reflection and analysis. Considering this in relation to my own study, this feels particularly true of the workshop activities, during which participants literally cut up archival material and remade them into new compositions in light of their own personal perspectives of the histories described. While participants worked on individual compositions the sessions were rich with conversation and reminiscing, the process of making providing opportunity for reflection. This process was the same in principal, only extended, within my own inquiry. Physically engaging with the materials, sifting through papers, images and writings, cutting, pasting, organising and discarding was a contemplation of all the information I was processing.

Learning Play

Grant considers re-enactment through the Brechtian model of learning play for the emphasis on collective learning through continual rehearsing, demonstration, observation and discussion.

She observes the ways in which re-enactment operates in *The Emily Davison Lodge and Killjoy's Kastle* and parallels the learning play model through engaging audiences in the co-production of meaning through a radical demonstration of a feminist past. Referring to these works Grant contemplates the process of creative production as a way of learning about the histories the artworks address, for both the artist and the collaborators involved. Grant refers to Becht's analogy of comparing learning play process to reading:

In studying an interesting book we must 'look back', we reread passages in order to grasp them entirely, and so too in theatre. Revisiting a play is like rereading a page of a book. Once we know the contents of it, we can judge more closely of its meaning, or its acting, and so on (Grant, 2017, p. 263, citing Brecht 1964).

Brecht applies this notion to the rehearsing of a play; to revise and perform repeatedly and to discuss and analyse, is to know the meaning better. Grant recognises this to be also true of the ways re-enactment operates in the feminist artworks she discusses:

[...] re-enactment thought as a form of learning play is a method of bringing the audience

into an active dialogue with the historical material being presented, and about the activation of a feminist community (Grant, 2017, p. 264).

Applying both ways of thinking about the learning play to my own treatment of this PhD, I consider how I quite literally read and re-read Gliddon's writing. I re-wrote it in my own hand, transcribed it and projected my own biography and memories into my interpretation. The process of creative making was also a re-enactment, I visualised what I understood and shared this with many others all in an attempt to know better.

Drawing From Life

Prior to reading Grant's writing on re-enactment it hadn't occurred to me to overly analyse why I felt so compelled, in the very first instance, to copy the extracts from Gliddon's diary in hand writing. There were more efficient ways I could have recorded and annotated, I could have taken photographs, typed notes directly into my laptop; they would have to be digitalised eventually anyways. Yet it felt very necessary to engage in the physical act of writing, pencil held in hand. At times the only way I could decipher words was to re write them in order to understand the hand's movement. A mirroring of her own action which translated Gliddon's written forms into my own. The very first act of remaking, before any illustrative response was made, was a literal rewriting of the archival documents.

Specifically addressing *The Emily Davidson Lodge*, which includes re-drawn images of archival photographs, Grant identifies this as a form of 'drawing from life': not in the conventional sense but as way of gaining knowledge of the source material (Grant, 2017, pg.269). Re-drawing makes the viewer aware of the processing of this material through the artists' hands, through this act they are passing on their impressions to us. This notion of life drawing, I would argue, could be applied to the whole of this thesis, the writings and the illustrative artworks are *drawn from life*, they are visualisations of my own lived experiences and encounters. My images appropriate archival imagery to place women of the early 19th century into fantastical prison environments. These are not illustrations of what happened, nor depictions of described scenes but visceral personal re-imaginings in which my own memories and experiences are also visible.

Fandom

Grant uses Henry Jenkin's description of the rogue reader in her portrayal of the artist as fan: a re-writer of a text that has inspired the fan's desire in a way that radically reforms the fan object (Grant, 2011, p. 269). Considering artists who work with pre-existing feminist ideas, works or texts as fans of feminist histories, Grant refers to fandom as a creative, productive space of engagement (Grant, 2011, p. 269). Rogue readers are active producers of meaning actively constructing a version they desire rather than accept what is offered by the original fan object, creating new plots, transplanting into new locations and story worlds. This intense mode of readership can have mutual impact in generating new texts as well as informing the fan's identity (Grant, 2011, p. 271). Considering this premise, it is clear to me all the while I have been reading, thinking and making I have been in the role of the fan, with my object of desire not only being Gliddon's collection as held by The Women's Library, but also the storylines it contained and the direct contact they offered to this pivotal feminist moment.

Grant describes the fan's passionate attachment to the object of interest; fascination is the starting point that starts a process of negotiation and transformation of the object in such a way that informs the object to suit the fan's needs (Grant, 2011, p. 271). It is the failure of the fan object to fulfil the fans desire that often causes catalyst for change. Rather than aligning fandom with the more negative, irrational connections associated with desire, Grant writes these violent mutations are capable of bringing the fan into a relationship with feminist history and, in so doing, pull that past into a contemporary setting.

In creating this illustration thesis, I remade a version of Gliddon's collection. I bound myself to Gliddon and brought the politics of her world into mine. I also suspect I have not been alone in wishing myself into the great suffragette mythology, the same might have been true for Gliddon.

I also recognise the failure that Grant identifies as the impetus for creation. My own desire stemmed from wanting Gliddon's storylines to exist outside the exclusivity of The Women's Library. I felt so close to so many aspects of the narrative. The physical making of my own illustrative artworks and the production of my own collection allowed me to create tangible materials, that I could hold and physically engage with without repercussion. I remade it as I wanted it to be.

Rather than literal representations the non representational imagery produced is led by themes and *feelings* emitting from the diary writing. There is much interplay between different storylines which directly translates into the visual responses. The compositions become increasingly more mixed media as the study progresses and those storylines took on new meaning in relation to the here and now. While presented as a collection, the outcomes are brought together in non-linear ordering. Certain compositions, visual elements are telling of what stage in the inquiry they were made but to present as a chronology would be insufficient as the body of work was constantly evolving. Individual compositions were constantly being returned to in light of new developments. The re-ordering of the material into the various components within the collection was considered post production, while surrounded by a sea of papers of my own making. The bringing of them together is my own attempt at organising them with an internal logic. The desire is that those who come to engage with the work will have an experience similar to my own with Gliddon's collection. They will sift and read, choosing to discard or follow what they find to be interesting and poignant to them and along the way know something of Gliddon, myself and this study.

Conclusion

Or, how this ends.

When this PhD began no case study had been identified. I had a number of projects on the go and while they were all different, they shared commonalities. The patterns I recognised in these works were characteristic of my practice and allowed me to shape a line of inquiry. This is how this thesis began. By way of synchronicity, some serendipity and outright earnestness I came to the archival collection, the papers of Katie Gliddon, to which I could pose my questioning. Over the next three and half years the subject, themes and creative practice matured but those initial research questions, devised so early on, remained unmoved. Now in light of all that has occurred these are considered once more.

Informal, quotidian histories made physically present

The stories presented here have been analysed and poured over, but they have also been taken as found. No fact checking, no verification. This study has not been an attempt to verify them, such efforts are unnecessary, they are informal and quotidian, being the records of everyday life. *Everyday* infers familiarity but I find difficulty distinguishing between the ordinary and extraordinary, and regardless, I find it all intriguing. Here, everyday life brings us to Holloway goal in 1912, the celebration of partial enfranchisement 100 years later

and, at this very moment, to the COVID -19 2020 lockdown.¹⁰¹ Stay home, save lives.¹⁰² There are other stories, anecdotes so marginal and fleeting I have almost forgotten them myself. But they remain, tucked here and there, in footnotes or stitched into spines, and who knows where these little tattle tales may end up someday.

This study has been haunted by past projects that could never find resolve. I began the research pondering how the kinetic tales that so captivate me could be documented in such a way that also allowed them their liberty. None of the stories in this thesis are stable. Illustration is an interpretative, subjective communication arts discipline able to capture the impression of a story, but that doesn't stop it being lively. Illustrators are storytellers and stories change when told and received, they are ongoing and constantly becoming, as I learnt in the writings of Maria Tamboukou, even when pressed into paper.

Here the subject matter explored is concerned with self historicisation; how we perceive and tell the stories of our lives, my own included. To make these stories present is to bring them to the moment, to understand them from within *this* moment. This thesis is voiced from my perspective offering an interpretation informed by the present. In the writings she left behind Gliddon also voices from her present, contemplating the world around her and what might lie ahead. And while the various 'presents' I refer to are now past they anticipate the future reader who will activate the stories once more from their own unique position. The magic of an illustrative documentation is that it is activated as soon as it meets an audience. Illustration is made through engagement with others, whoever, wherever, and whenever that may be.

Illustration to examine, interpret and share sociocultural narratives

Comfortable amongst my own disciplinary tribe I know the methods we use are, in best practice, rigorous. There are small but growing research clusters and no shortage of practitioners and yet discipline specific theory and critical analysis is light. This thesis presents a model of illustration where the research methods are made transparent. Those interpretative practices that would otherwise be instinctive and tacit, adapting with the ever-developing inquiry are slowed down, highlighted and identified. This research project is as much about an illustration practice and how it performs as it is about the case study examined.

The strategies I describe are specific to my practice as an illustrator. While all practices differ in order to assert my findings from the position of an illustrator, that position must first be claimed. This thesis presents a framework outlining illustration principals, strategies and behaviours, and in doing so shows the methods described here are not adopted from elsewhere but specific to illustration. This thesis also performs to demonstrate that the illustrative practices are multifarious, capable at once of engaging, interpreting and describing the phenomenon of interest.

Reportage and documentary illustration are well-established territories yet they have always been ill fit to describe my practice. Stepping away from my own discipline to learn about other schools of thought I now understand the discrepancies with these specialisms that so previously irked me. I don't work from observation, but from feeling, from life. My illustrations are non-representational. The artworks I produce are not literal

¹⁰¹ 02 April 2020 We don't know yet how long the lockdown will last.

¹⁰² 07 April 2020 The Prime Minister is in intensive care.

depictions of what has been read or seen but attempt to describe what has been experienced. I am never impartial in the process and am part of the social dynamic my work describes.

The appropriateness and aptitude of applying illustration methods to social research has been consolidated by the review of other qualitative research literature. The parallels with well-established research models used in other fields is striking. Clearly, we are doing it, just not thinking or writing about it any organised way.

Throughout the PhD I eagerly presented at interdisciplinary conferences and symposia, many of them related to the heritage sector. I have discussed my processes and interpretations, and have been met with support and interest. I claim these efforts as successful because what transpired were recommendations, collaborations and opportunities that have taken me beyond this research project. I have found equal validity in the responses from audiences during exhibitions and showcases of creative outcomes. I can only speak from the feedback received but these are enough to affirm, at least to some degree, the stories have been understood and continue on their paths.

The contribution of illustrative outcomes to historical social documentation

This thesis will be held at Bishopsgate Institute and The Museum of Croydon, both organisations are dedicated to preserving social history. Prior to this research the Museum of Croydon had no awareness of Katie Gliddon and she will now be represented in their collections through this thesis. This is the enduring legacy of the research and the achievement of which I am most proud.

This thesis makes clear 'illustration' is not a final outcome or artefact but a process encompassing a series of tailored interpretative practices necessary to know and understand the subject matter being communicated. Throughout the study this research has been exhibited and showcased, these events were also interpretative practices within a wider methodology. These served a dual purpose; disseminating the research whilst also helping the subject develop through bringing the storylines into the active, present social world.

This is not a biographical exercise, fixated with looking backwards. It is a record of what ensued when a historical memoir was considered in the present for the benefit of the future. *Croydon Voices* has for me been the most poignant example of this. Residents joining together to read aloud from Gliddon's writing in the place dedicated to preserving local history, the very same place that Gliddon in her time had joined her fellow Suffragettes so they could be heard publicly. The performance at the Museum of Croydon was time specific but the audio recording remains as an aural history for future posterity. I regard this as much a work of illustration as any constructed image printed onto a page.

The workshop activities showed, beyond my own study, illustration practices could be used by others to record memory and experience but also to share them with others. Illustration is a communication arts discipline able to provoke empathy in others through using descriptive visual imagery, fiction and narrative.

When applied to create life records, these analytical tools can be used to produce vivid artworks capable of communicating visceral emotions and unique perspectives. I have witnessed the potential for illustration to bring people together. As a communication arts discipline illustration is always relational but the illustrator is seldom

present when their work is experienced. However, the relational aspect of illustration can operate beyond the author / maker exchange. The engagement activities showed illustration is capable of fostering community. During workshops the act of producing illustration, even when that process was condensed, brought people together, albeit just in that moment in time. Working alongside one another; reading, researching, discussing and making, people talked, shared stories, learned, laughed, became impassioned. The illustration artefacts produced were only part of the exercise, serving as evidences of the encounter that had just occurred.

Transferability

The thesis, through theory and practice demonstrates illustration practices are fundamentally exploratory and conducive to research. The workshop activities showed the methods used here are, in essence, transferable and can be used and adapted by those without prior special skills or knowledge of illustration.

Having established a model of illustration as research-based practice, the impact of its use as a social research tool is first made in-house, as it were amongst the illustration research community. It distinguishes a model of practice separate and distinguishable from reportage and documentary that has been to applied to explore a social phenomenon for the purposes of scholarly inquiry.

The ambition of this research is that this model will be developed and that illustrative practices will eventually be recognised outside our community for their distinctive capabilities, their inventiveness, inclusivity as a communication arts discipline and ability to vividly animate its findings.

Feminism and Illustration

Having delved into previously unknown texts surrounding feminist practices I have contemplated how a feminist illustration practice might perform and indeed whether mine could and should be regarded as such. Throughout the inquiry I have felt such powerful resonance with the works of other women writing explicitly from feminist perspectives. Their names and ideas can be found referenced throughout this text. And while I have found much affinity with feminist methods, I don't consider mine to be a feminist practice. Let me be clear, I am feminist and I do believe that my practice encompasses who I am, but mine is not an explicitly feminist lens. It is not, at this time, motivated by feminist intention.

Rather this thesis asserts there are kinships between feminist methods and what I broadly recognise as illustrative non-representational principles and strategies; lived experience, dialogue, subjectivity, narrative and empathic engagement. This met with the overtly feminist subject matter stemming from my own interest in women's stories serves to make the sympathy between feminist methods and illustration more pronounced. I also extend this argument to claim that because of this kinship illustration is an apt practice to discuss feminist subject matters.

Naturally I have, as is the habit of my training, considered how this work will be understood and what it will eventually represent. Pollock writes in *Encounters in the virtual feminist museum* that 'artworks ask to be read as cultural practices negotiating meanings shaped by both history and the unconscious...artists put ideas into culture' (Pollock 2007, p. 10 citing Ettinger). The thesis contributes new knowledge for its address and use of illustration, at a personal level it also charts the interconnected threads in the becoming of a feminist practice.

A Model of illustration

This thesis presents an expanded model of non-representational illustration and also performs as a non-representational interpretation of the life writings by Katie Gliddon. As a body of work, it encompasses many different illustrative forms, the most familiar being the paper based printed works and mixed media collages. In analysing the nuances in my practice and the intents to which it performs it became clear that my compulsion to narrate through writing was not an adjunct to the making of visual outcomes, it too is a form of illustration. Similarly, the performative live events and participatory activities could not be considered as other than illustration when they had been conceived as part of this study.

As an example of practice-based research the thesis demonstrates how an academic monograph can be presented as a work of illustration while the content proves illustration a discipline capable of withstanding critical assessment. To the illustration research community, it serves as an example of how our own expertise and specialisms can be used to extend knowledge of our discipline – a form of meta illustration if you will.

On the Fringes

The subject matter here addressed is so rich that there has been no point at which I struggled for inspiration or found my interest dulling. I have been continually presented with so many areas for further investigation, I could have happily read and theorised forever. In order to curtail my distractions, I put pause on lines of enquiry that, while relevant and interesting, threatened to steer me on new trajectories. Amongst those areas identified, related but at this time too expansive, are as follows:

Review of literature relating to Julia Kristeva and intertextuality, following on from Bakhtin and dialogics and how this relates to illustrative readings of literary works.

Review of literature relating to Paul Ricoeur and hermeneutics and intentional meaning in relation to intersubjective interpretation and empathy and how this might be relevant or applied to illustration practices.

Merleau-Ponty and phenomenology of perception, in relation to ideas of non-representation and 'feeling' as methods of interpretation.

Further review of Griselda Pollock's writing particularly *Encounters in the Virtual Feminist Museum* (2007) and her interpretation of the autobiographic work by graphic artist Charlotte Salomon, *Charlotte Salomon and the Theatre of Memory* (2018)

Feminist forms of activism, following attending the lecture 'Weak Resistance in Feminist Protests' by Ewa Majewska (ICA 2017)

Further investigation of literature addressing life writing, particularly by woman, following review of writings by Adrienne Rich, *On lies, secrets and silence* (1979).

Mieke Bal and Narratology for further consideration of how narrative theory can be applied and utilised in illustration practices.

Review of literature relating to Jacques Derrida and Hauntology, cyclical returns, the persistence of the past in cultural memory.

Further investigation of feminism and embodiments, voice, and speech act theory prompted by development of creative practice into performative event.

Further exploration of Della Pollock writings on performativity and how this might be applied to writing produced as part of an illustration practice.

Further review of Feminist archiving practices including Kate Eichhorn, the archival turn in feminism and writings by Julia Kristeva and Gayatri Spivak.

There Were Things I didn't Know When I Started This Project

Stories change so quickly. I have tried to describe the progression of the research to reflect this, to use language to assert the point. I could not separate this project from the rest of my life, as is to be expected as it is in part the subject of the study. These anecdotes break through and spill into the thesis embodying the concepts I was discovering, bringing them into unison with my practice. And once they were committed to the page they remained, even as the narrative continued to develop. During the writing of this thesis my dad died. I don't mention it to be maudlin or sentimental – it was his time, we were ready. But he did die and the narrative changed again. The texts written while he was alive could not be revised, the tense had already been set. I was there when in the passing of a single night a life became only stories, all told differently.

There were things I did not know when I started this project. I have met and encountered many people living and dead during this process. The closest bond being with Katie Gliddon, the Suffragette from Croydon who went to prison and wanted that story known. I didn't know this study would have anything to with the Suffragettes or that I would become so entwined within the subject matter. I spent my time greedily seeking out unknown writings, ideas and theories all in the effort to know my work better and find the languages to describe it. This thesis closes with an illustrator confident in the position of their practice, knowing who it is for and the places it should be made to live. Professionally, relationships have been formed and new projects are already underway, albeit delayed a while, as we wait for the pandemic to subside.

Returning to the present moment, I am in isolation. They say we are nearing the peak of the virus. I am in my childhood bedroom, in Balham, which doesn't seem in any way an insignificant detail.

I desire: and their speed makes night kindle;
 I fear: they out-top the Typhoon;
 Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle
 We encircle the earth and the moon:
 We shall rest from our long labours at noon:
 We ascend the water of Ocean.

SCENE V.—*The Clouds, within a Cloud on the top of a snowy Mountain. ASIA, PROMETHEUS, and the SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.*



Am the hour of the morning
 My spirit, my spirit inspire;
 But the dawn has whispered a warning
 And their feet must be swifter than fire:
 They shall start the speed of desire!

Asia: Their breath, from their nostrils, but my breath
 Would not rise so high.

Prometheus: Alas! it could not.
 Tell whence is the light
 When the sun is yet unrisen.
 Apollo: 'Tis noon. Apollo

And the light
 Which the sun has not yet
 Sheds its rays on the water,
 I feel—

What? I feel—
 I feel—

Within a veined shell, which floated
 Over the calm floor of the crystal sea,
 Among the Ægean isles, and by the sea,
 Which bear thy name; love, like the
 Of the sun's fire filling the living world
 Burst from thee, and illumined earth
 And the deep ocean and the sunless
 And all that dwells within them; till
 Eclipse upon the soul from which it
 Such art thou now; nor is it I alone,
 Thy sister, thy companion, thine own
 But the whole world which seeks thy
 Hearest thou not sounds i' the air
 Of all articulate beings? Feelest thou
 The inanimate winds enamoured of thee

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Image 48. Fauchon, 2020, 'I desire', mixed media illustration.

Addendum

Corona came and all things changed.

The past three and half years have been spent making physical artworks, touching, feeling, talking, being in places, all the while contemplating a woman in a cell. Covid-19 presented several dilemmas. The immediate being the completion and submission of this PhD. As I type all my precious efforts are locked in a studio at the other end of a journey I refuse to make. The presentation I had planned is no longer feasible. The individual components are made but the compiling requires touch, things must be handled, books bound, boxes made. Even if it were possible, the appropriateness is questionable, now is not the time to make demands of others to physically engage. The world has changed. Human interactions are altered. The thesis and the narrative it describes are also affected. How then to move forward toward a solution that is not a sad end but a correct and sincere representation of this study at this time?

The rationale informing the presentation as an archival deposit was to capture a sense of the story world that was a documentation of storylines moving across time and the insights they revealed over the duration of the study. The prints, papers, pages and collages captured my developing ideas but there has also been a parallel documentation consistently ongoing.

A solution had to be found in the moment with the tools that were available to hand – the unexpected has always featured in my methodology. Locked down, with only my laptop I mined my hard drive for things scanned and forgotten, the downloaded email attachments, the digital scraps with nondescript file names lurking in folders within subfolders. I have scraped this machine, my phone and the cloud for all the candid, ill composed photos taken. I don't consider photography one of my tools or one of my talents. Many of these images were not made to be seen by others. More often than not they were used for immediate reference as if I did not trust my own eyes to judge what I was looking at directly. It is through complacency that I have them still. They, like all ephemeral things, remain because they were not discarded. Artworks in progress were also scanned periodically as they developed with only slightly more consideration, as is the habit of my discipline, just in case. Much of what was scanned no longer exists as was, the works have changed, edited in accordance with the revelations of the research.

These elements, drawn together using the educational tool Padlet constitute another description of this narrative. I don't consider the submission compromised but rather now comprising another component, an unexpected development that speaks of this specific moment. It is a document in its own right that without the crisis would not have been realised.

When I can I'll return to my studio. My papers will be compiled, the collection brought together. The physical work will continue to live in the physical world. The digital iteration presented here as part of the thesis offers another possibility. It can be shared with ease, seen by multiple viewers in multiple places simultaneously at a time and place of their choosing. It will be offered to the archives that have supported this research and will be available on Ethos as a digital document. The stories that have informed this work are inclusive, they flutter between people who then pass them on. I feel the same to be true of this document. Having already sent the

link to those who have supported this work, I can't and wouldn't be inclined to police who it might be forwarded on to.

There are factors to be noted, technologies evolve quickly. Should the platform cease to be, I'm not actually sure what would happen, I'm not a technologist. Would a digital residue linger somewhere indefinitely or perhaps it would simply just be gone? I find this conundrum to be not too different to any other regarding my work as I never use archive quality materials when creating my artworks. And while the indeterminable space of the internet here hosts the work, space in the physical world is also constantly under threat, only now this thesis has a place to live in the virtual realm as well as in the store room of an archive.

The Padlet can be accessed via this URL: <https://padlet.com/k1652337/g06kxkxm5gngmyn6>

I recommend playing the audio file at the top of the page and scrolling down while listening.

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Exhibitions as part of this research

Don't Believe the Papers... (2019) [Exhibition]. Museum of Croydon, London. 12-31 January 2019

Don't Believe the Papers... (2018) [Exhibition]. LOFT, Turf Projects, London. 20-29 April 2018

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Appendix

Research Presentations

Fauchon, M (2019) 'Don't Believe the Papers', The Museum of Croydon, London, 13 January.

Fauchon, M (2018) 'Blessed Land: Legacy and Loss within Lowestoft's Narrative Landscape, [lecture], The Alchemical Landscape, Centre for Research in the Arts, Social Sciences and Humanities (CRASSH), Girton College, University of Cambridge, 5 Nov.

Fauchon, M (2018) 'Introducing Katie Gliddon' Croydon Suffrage Movement and the role of women today, Ruskin House, Croydon, 10 November.

Fauchon, M (2018) 'The Illustrator in the Archive', Women in London: Celebrating 100 Years of Campaigning and Change. London Metropolitan Archives, 10 October.

Fauchon, M and Gannon, R (2018) 'The Manifesto for Illustration Pedagogy: a lexicon for contemporary illustration practice', College for Creative Studies, Detroit, M.I., 11 July.

Fauchon, M. (2018) 'Don't Believe the Papers...', Feminisms & Materialisms Symposium, Royal College of Art, London, 25 May.

Fauchon, M. (2017) 'The illustrator in the archive, or the becoming of a feminist methodology', Artists in Archives: For Interest Only, International Anthony Burgess Foundation, Manchester, 5 December.

Fauchon, M. and Malkani, L. (2017) 'Sugar Sugar, Bittersweet tales of Indian migrant workers', Illustrating Identity/ies' ies, Université de Lorraine, Nancy, Fr. 8-10 November.

Fauchon, M (2017) 'A Tryal of Women' [practise- based presentation] Theoretical Archaeology Group Conference, Cardiff Univerity, 18-20 December.

Fauchon, M. (2017) 'Blessed Land: Legacy and Loss within Lowestoft's Narrative Landscape', Poppets, pins and power: The Craft of Cursing, The Museum of Witchcraft & Magic, Boscastle, 6 May.

Fauchon, M (2017) 'The Priory Tunnels: Re-imagining Tooting Common as a Gothic Landscape' [practise- based presentation] Re-imagining Gothic: Gothic Spaces, University of Sheffield, 12 and 13 May.

Fauchon, M. (2017) 'Illustration as Social Research', Unpacking the Archive: Methodologies and Challenges in Design History, Royal College of Art, London, 24 March.

Fauchon, M (2017) 'A Tryal of Women' [practise- based presentation] Theoretical Archaeology Group Conference. Cardiff Univerity, 18-20 December.

Fauchon, M. (2016) 'The Priory Tunnels', Theoretical Archaeology Group Conference. University of Southampton, 19-21 December.

Fauchon, M. (2016) 'A Tryal of Witches: Isolation and the Other within Lowestoft's Narrative Landscape', *Shaping the View: Understanding Landscape through illustration*. Edinburgh College of Art, 10 and 11 November. Bristol: Intellect, pp. 153-171.

Another Land, Community Cabinet

Kingston Museum, 5 April – 29 June 2019.

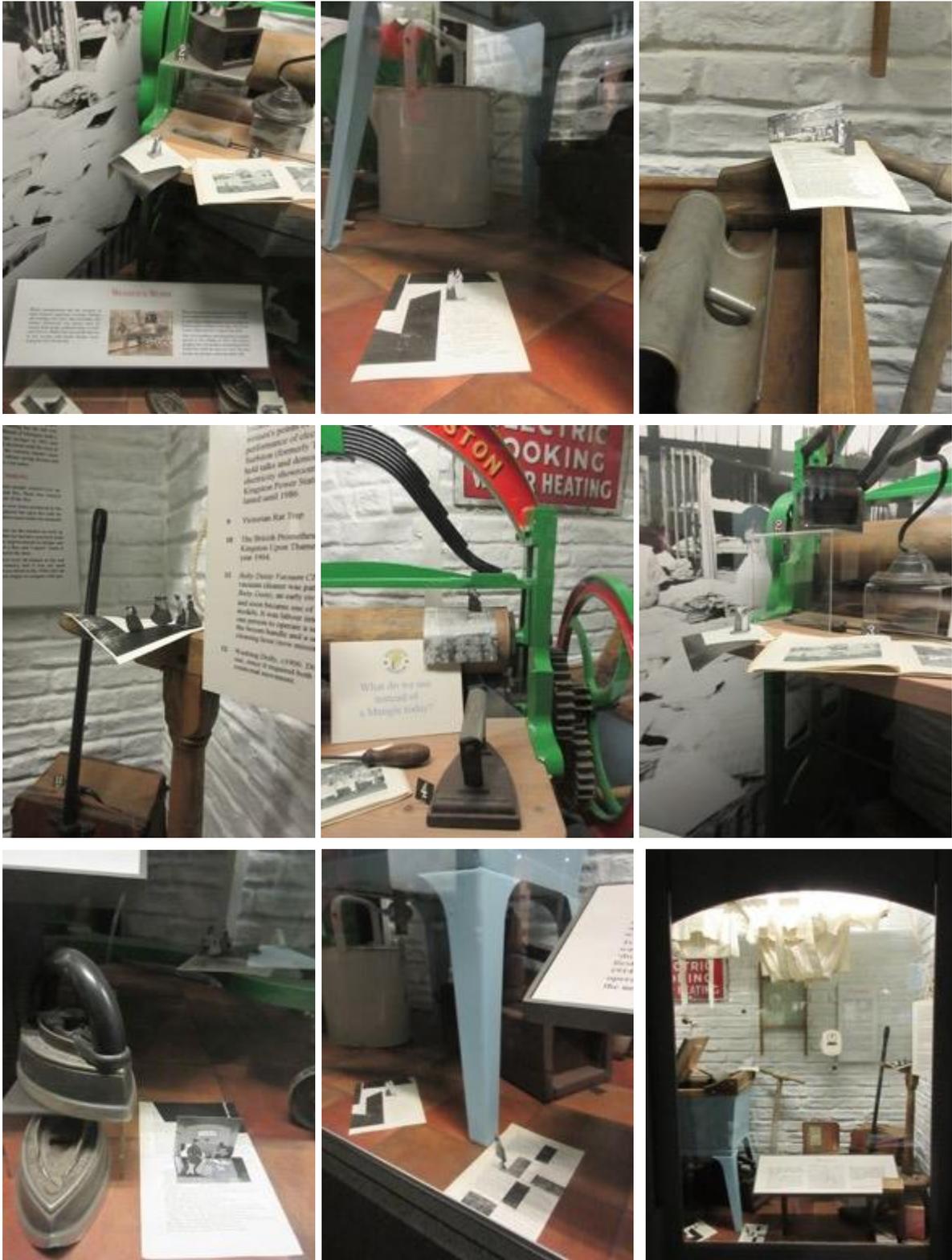
Group exhibition and events programme. Co-organiser and curator, produced with support from LDoc.

Community cabinet display of artworks made from archival material produced in collaboration with museum visitors.



Another Land, Exhibition

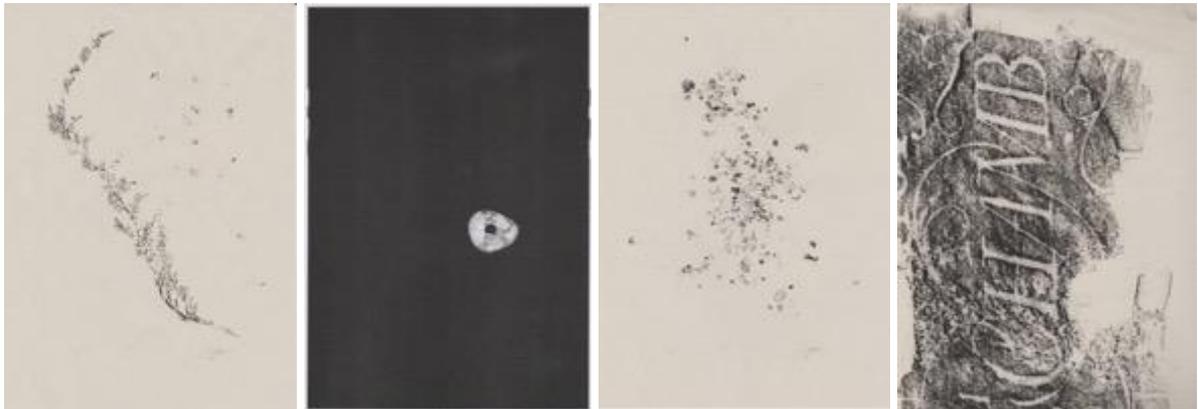
Exhibition of practice-based research outcomes in Women's Work display cabinet.



A Trial of Women

Extracts from an illustrative investigation of the legacy of a historic witch trial in a Suffolk coastal community. Informed by collections held by the Lowestoft Records Office and local historian Ivan Bunn. Live project on

entering PhD and developed alongside research. Presented at various conferences, see list of research activities.



The Priory Tunnels

Wandsworth Town Hall Library, 01 June - 31 July 2017

Exhibition of practice-based research project The Priory Tunnels, exploring stories of underground tunnels in South West London.



Croydon Voices participant feedback

Museum of Croydon, 26 January 2019.

Tell us your thoughts about the exhibition...

Excellent event
Hearing Kate Giddons
words really helped me to
appreciate the struggle
I went for the right to vote.
Seeing pages of her book with MS
was very thought provoking.

Tell us your thoughts about the exhibition...

I enjoyed each of the 3
sessions, which I was unfortunately
unable to attend. It was fascinating
to take part in each one and being
able to talk post. I have never
will go on to do similar
opportunities in her career
I would have loved to see a live performance
at the beginning.

Tell us your thoughts about the exhibition...

I very much enjoyed the
work. I liked the playful
exploration of the subject with
the aesthetics of early 20th
Century. This lifts a potentially
quite dark subject and enabled me
to think about the passion these
women felt in London.
Great!

Tell us your thoughts about the exhibition...

VERY INTERESTING
THE STORY NEED TO
BE TOLD

Tell us your thoughts about the exhibition...

The exhibition is
fascinating. How
wonderful that
the work is being
seen in Croydon &
in such a purpose
space. It was very
moving to hear Kate's
diary being read
out here. Her voice
travels through the
ages to women in
Croydon today.

Tell us your thoughts about the exhibition...

HEARING KATIE GIDDON'S
WORDS READ OUT LOUD
GAVE THEM A REAL SENSE
OF BEING IN THE MOMENT
IT BROUGHT THEM TO
LIFE AND TRANSPORTED
YOU BACK TO THE URGENCY
OF THE SUFFRAGETTES
ACTIONS & THE CAUSE THEY
WERE FIGHTING FOR. I
ENJOYED HEARING A
DIVERSE RANGE OF VOICES,
OLD / YOUNG, DIFFERENT
ACCENTS & TONES, SPEAK
HER WORDS. GREAT LEARNING!

The rebound Complete Poetical works of Percy Bysshe Shelley

