

1.

An 1857 first edition copy of *Les Fleurs de Mal*, covered in Moroccan leather by book-binder Marius Michel. Soon after its release the book was deemed a threat to public decency and removed from circulation. As well as the author Baudelaire being fined, six poems were excised from this poetry collection with the interesting history of having new leaves inserted to replace the missing sections, thus allowing the book to see the light of day. All this means there should be no extant complete first editions, but apparently around 150 remained, one of which was made its way into the hands of Japanese bibliophile Makoto Kitani. The Moroccan leather cover features a female nude, and below her, three lines of Baudelaire's verse. On Kitani's death, *Les Fleurs de Mal* returned home to Paris. Photographed in the study of Makoto Kitani.

2.

The Old Woman Who Lost Her Dumpling, translated by Koizumi Yakumo/Lafcadio Hearn, a volume in Hearn's "Japanese Fairy Tales" series. With colored illustrations of fairy tales and Japanese customs, these books were translated into English, French, German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese and published by Hasegawa Kobunsha as a souvenir of Japan for foreign visitors, in the format commonly referred to as *chirimen-bon*—European language text in Japanese binding, with the washi paper treated to look like crepe paper. *Chirimen* is a dimpled fabric such as silk or cotton used for the likes of furoshiki wrapping cloths. Hasegawa Kobunsha mobilized the best craftsmen in Edo for the series, including well-known artist and illustrator Kobayashi Eitaku.

3.

L'Encyclopédie de Diderot et d'Alembert, Paris, 1965. A collection of plates selected specifically for their architectural inspiration from the vast *L'Encyclopédie*, compiled over a period of twenty years from 1751 to 1772 by Enlightenment thinkers Diderot and d'Alembert, and the other writers known as the Encyclopédistes. The 28 x 35 cm book is packed with sketches of construction materials and architectural decoration including ancient Jewish architecture, antiques from Babylon and Egypt, the Temple of Bacchus in the Beqaa Valley, Athenian ruins, and the catacombs of Naples.

4, 5.

A woman of the South Pacific depicted in *Plates to Cook's Third Voyage*. The picture says it is "a woman of the Sandwich Islands." The first European to arrive in the Hawaiian islands, in 1778, Captain Cook named them the Sandwich Islands, although locally they were apparently already known as Hawaii. The small fleet dispatched by the British Royal Society ostensibly to perform astronomical observations was undoubtedly also intended to search for the mysterious southern continent (Terra Australis) in the South Pacific, and

【Photo Notes】

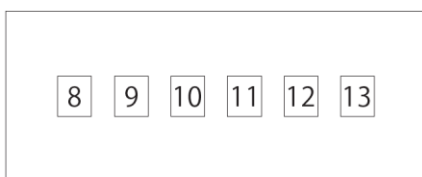
acquire any riches there. A thirst for adventure beyond this brief prompted Cook et al to undertake three voyages to the Pacific. On the first (1768–71) he sailed to Tahiti, New Zealand, and Australia. On the second (1772–75) Cook became the first European to reach Antarctica. During the third voyage, which departed in 1776, Cook lost his life in 1779 in a skirmish with locals at Kealakekua Bay on the island of Hawaii. Despite this, Cook's two ships continued their voyage of discovery in search of the northwest passage under Charles Clerke, passing through Kamchatka, where Clerke was taken by illness. From there, commanded by John Gore the *Resolution* and *Discovery* headed for home, sailing close to Japan and sighting Mt. Fuji before navigating south around the Cape of Good Hope and returning to London in 1780.

6.

This book, *Nägärä Maryam and others: Ethiopian Illustrated Manuscript* had a note with it saying, "The Story of Saint Anne' written on sheepskin in Ge'ez script (old Ethiopian), 196 leaves, 35cm. Record of sacraments (miracles) performed by Mary, starting with the life stories of her parents, Saints Anne and Joachim." Multicolored hand-drawn illustrations in the book have fabric coverings, which were probably rolled back for decorating the altar on Marian feast days. My baptismal name is Anna, given to me by my father-in-law. I rather like this name, so when I came across the book, it was as if divine providence had led me there.

7.

My father brought back a pair of white leather gloves from Europe as a souvenir. Delighted by their slim, delicate form, and softness like nothing ever I'd felt, I jumped at the chance to wear them. But my fingers would not fit. Everyone in the family had a go, but not one of us could put them on. Spotting a suitably slim-digited librarian in the Rikkyō University Niiza Library, I asked her to try on the gloves. To my amazement they fitted perfectly, and asking her to hold the weighty tome *Nägärä Maryam* for me, I took this photograph. What a surprise to find that stories like that of Cinderella's glass slipper can really happen.



8.

The deteriorating leather of a book cover turns to powder and falls away, turning white gloves brown in an instant. When I asked Waseda University librarian Matsushita-san how to deal with this, he said I could handle the books with bare hands, as long as I was careful. He also advised me to wash my hands before touching books, use pencil for any notes, and take special care with valuable books, because wearing gloves can reduce sensitivity in the fingertips, so bare hands can actually sometimes be safer. Apparently there is a special cream to stop leather covers from deteriorating. I always carry out stack-room shoots alone, and introduced gloves and model hands of the sort used for sketching into photos as lone assistants, supporting books in these situations; including them in the picture is also necessary to give a rough idea of the size of the book.

9.

Not long after starting to photograph books, I went to the storeroom of the Waseda University Library Special Collections, and immediately spied a book on the shelf that appeared to have a bandage or headband tied around it. With no catalog number, it was badly damaged and looked rather pitiful, and if it was being handled very carefully. Intrigued, I took a photo, but having printed the shot with the intention of reporting my find to the librarians, their reaction was one of embarrassment that someone had seen a book they hadn't got round to repairing. And here was me thinking they'd be interested.

10.

This book was warped because the material used for the inner piece of the cover, and the leather stuck on to it, had different degrees of elasticity, something that probably requires particular vigilance in Japan with its high humidity.

11.

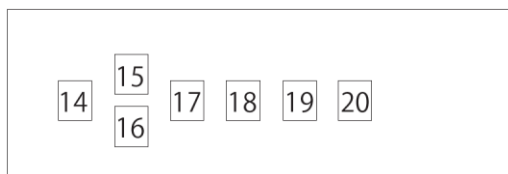
Here uncut paper is piled up like a perfectly baked pie, in a manner that I found quite gripping for a while. Shooting in a silent stack-room, cut off from the outside world, time seems to pass as in a dream, until you have no idea whether it's day or night. An uncut book is a book bound with the fore edges (the three sides apart from the spine) left uncut. This leaves the pages in an uneven, bag-like state. An uncut book is provisionally bound with a temporary cover, for later home binding (*reliure*). Books sold with temporary binding and a simplified cover are also referred to as having French binding. The idea is to slit the edges open with a paper knife as you read.

12.

In the autumn of 2008, I was struck by the sight on TV of young children using a dictionary right from first grade. Teacher Keisuke Fukaya at Ritsumeikan Elementary School in Kyoto was teaching first-graders who had only just started to learn characters, how to get help from a dictionary. The children looked up tangible and intangible things around them as they came to mind, marking the words with a succession of sticky notes. I wrote to Mr. Fukaya and obtained permission to photograph that same dictionary. Traveling to Kyoto and a second-grade classroom, I shot the special copy of the *Shogaku kokugo jiten* (Elementary school Japanese dictionary), which a year on, thanks to a surfeit of stickers now resembled broccoli. Its head stuffed with sticky notes, the dictionary seemed to expose the contents of the children's own heads. I imagine that they saw it as their own personal dictionary, giving them a real sense of how many words they had actually looked up.

13.

The corners and page edges of a book of unknown title, author and content, covered in small handwritten text that almost seems to spill off the pages. My husband told me that a book with folded corners is known in English as dog-eared, and in German as having *Eselsohr* or donkey ears. He says at high school he was told off by the monks and teachers for folding down the corners of textbook pages into "donkey ears" instead of using a bookmark. By the time a book reaches this state, it has all the terror of a cluster of wolf's ears. Fearing its imminent disintegration, I abandoned the idea of opening it up for photographing.



14.

L'art de créer les jardins, Paris, 1835. Book by Narcisse Vergnaud (1794–1848) on French gardens. This volume with pop-up illustrations, using stunning pictures of gardens and flowerbeds to explain the principles of French garden design, was widely quoted in later gardening books.

Any similar regard for the author however, seems to have been forgotten, and I could not find any details about him anywhere. There is however a 2015 bilingual French/English facsimile by the same title published by American scholar of garden art from the Enlightenment to the present, Joseph Disponzio (English title, *The Art of Creating Gardens*).

15.

The Insect Menace, 1931, by American entomologist Leland Ossian Howard. The book appears to be about insects starting to seem frightening enemies of humanity. Photographed on the desk of Professor Toyohi Okada.

16.

The Phylogenetic Classification of Diptera Cyclorrhapha by Canadian entomologist Graham C. D. Griffiths, 1972, apparently about a type of fly. The home and laboratory of the owner of this book, Toyohi Okada, was straight across the yard from the upstairs room we were renting. We called it the professor's house. At night we could see the professor through the window, still hard at work on his research. The sound of him typing was like a lullaby to us. We even once had a red-eyed fruit fly that we assumed came from the professor's house, turn up at our place. I photographed the professor's book in winter sun shining through a glass door.

17.

There are many ways to restore damaged old books, including stitching, lining, or leaf casting using washi paper. Japanese books were once repaired primarily with materials such as *mitsumata* (paper birch) and a shrub known as *gampi*, however these days *kozo* (paper mulberry) is more common. For repairs the same paper is used as the original, and dyed with phellodendron bark to match any discoloration. In the case of heavy insect damage, a very thin piece of *washi* is applied to the back to reinforce the paper. This restoration technique is also effective for Western books, and in the government library collection in Macau's former legislative building, was an Englishman's history of the colony that had been given the same treatment.

18.

After spending 42 years swaddled in newspaper now turned brown with age, sandwiched between a large sideboard made from dark wood and a rough wooden door, in a corridor that never saw any sun, eavesdropping on our uneventful lives including as a couple with a new baby, this picture suddenly appeared from a gap in the door when we vacated the house on March 31, 2020.

19.

The 1952 diaries of novelist Toshio Shimao, kept hidden from his wife Miho. I discovered it almost rotted away in a trunk, twenty years after Toshio's death. Cleaning up the Amami Oshima home of Miho, my mother-in-law, after she died, while upstairs I lifted up a flat cardboard box of the type used to store men's formal wear, and finding it surprisingly light, slipped it open. There I spied a few university exercise books crumbled beyond recognition; pieces of writing paper with something written on them, and torn fragments of what seemed to be letters. Overcome by a feeling of seeing something forbidden, as if some awful time from the past had been sealed in the box, I hurriedly closed the lid and called out to my husband Shinzo, who was working downstairs. The box contained among other things the 1952 diaries of my father-in-law Toshio Shimao. These were the diaries my enraged mother-in-law was thought to have made him throw out, after they revealed an affair.

In the high temperatures and humidity of Amami Oshima, these papers, including the exercise books made from poor-quality paper in the postwar era of shortages, had not only been exposed to the danger of slow fire (deterioration of the paper due to acidification), but ravaged by just about every other conceivable evil: typhoons, mold, beetles, staining, booklice, cockroaches, mice... probably even a few termites, all while trapped in the ceiling of an old leaking wooden house. They serve a textbook example of the terrible fates that can befall paper.

20.

In the window of a termite extermination business was a hunk of book ravaged by termites, intended to show customers the havoc these bugs can wreak. Each time I passed the place, I pondered asking to take some photos inside, but they always seemed to be closed. Then one evening just before dinner, as the sun was starting to go down, I found it open. Heading inside forthwith, I asked the person sitting there eating their meal if I could take some photos. They replied that it would be closing time in half an hour, so I'd have to complete shooting by then. Grabbing a taxi, I hurriedly picked up my friend Wu-san, who lived nearby, backtracked to my usual lodgings at the hilltop Hotel Royal Macau, gathered up my camera gear and dashed back to the termite business. Perceiving our urgency, the taxi driver channeled his inner racing driver, speeding through the narrow streets of Macau while Wu-san, my husband and I wordlessly loaded film into the camera, assembled the tripod, and so on, filling the taxi with a series of mechanical clashes and clicks like the cocking of firearms, as if we were about to launch an assault on the enemy. Having got my wish and completed the shoot, we were just walking back toward the noodle restaurant at the Lisboa Hotel when the casino illuminations began to light up the main street in brilliant, bewitching fashion. Shot in 2010 at the Termite Prevention Farming Technology Company, Macau.