Street Signs

Centre for Urban and Community Research



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Goldsmiths
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Introduction

Caroline Knowles
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This edition of Street Signs runs with the theme of objects, counterfeit objects and, especially, discarded objects as one of cities' most important and frequently overlooked circularities. Everyday urban life runs on objects and the objects that appear, disappear and move through any location contain a great deal of social information about it, about cultural practices and how people live there, what they use and discard. This issue also runs through a number of different types of space: spaces of political protest, the spaces of the street and how they are apprehended in photography, border spaces, gentrified river spaces, reinterpreted coastal spaces and homeless space. It deals with movement and noise and the changing face of the high street, something that is particularly prescient at this time of state retrenchment and rising unemployment.

This edition coincides with profound social changes in the configuration of global politics, urban life and, at the risk of sounding parochial, British universities. The tectonic plates of global, national and local spaces are realigning in ways that impact on all of our lives. British universities, especially those like Goldsmiths, are effectively facing privatisation. With the precipitous withdrawal of government funding from higher education we face both a financial crunch and massive rises in tuition fees for UK and EU students. This has, naturally, provoked a round of student protests and occupations at Goldsmiths. At the same time it has politicised a generation of school students faced for the first time with the not-so-gentle art of police crowd control. Teenage school students now add 'kettle stories' to their repertoire of urban tales while contemplating the scale of public debt and university tuition fees that will shape their adult lives.

In cities across Britain and especially London the social gap can only widen. Local authorities are cutting back on staff and services, adding to unemployment, while indefinitely delaying refurbishment of dwindling stocks of social housing. Meanwhile, adjacent to some of the capital's worst scenes of social deprivation the rewards accruing to international finance and banking gather pace. Restrictions on housing benefit that stand to relocate the poor to the city's outskirts on a scale that rivals Paris coexist with hyper-gentrification. Cities are forever reconfigured in these moments.

Meanwhile, on a more global scale, popular movements reconfigure urban lives across the Middle East, as protestors take matters into their own hands in Tunis, Cairo, Damascus and towns and cities across Libya. When CUCR and the Unit for Global Justice planned the 'Cities in Conflict' conference to be held at the ICA on June 20th this year we had no idea that urban violence was going to be such a topical and pressing issue. The world, it seems, has changed suddenly and dramatically, making urban violence and social inequalities important issues to be addressed inside and outside of the academy.

Recycling and Unplugging
A Tour of the Museum of Rubbish

Francisco Calafate Faria

Curitiba in South Brazil is renowned for its groundbreaking waste management policies. In 1989 it was home to the first sanitary landfill in the country. In the same year Curitiba's municipal government launched the first household recycling campaign, 'Rubbish that isn't Rubbish'. Some say it was the first citywide campaign for separation of household waste material in the world. In the following year the waste sorting plant (WSP) started the work of processing and selling some of the material separated by households. Six years later the management of the WSP started the Museum of Rubbish, with objects found by workers in the waste stream. Now the museum is the main attraction for visitors to the recycling facility, mainly young students, but also tourists and researchers like me. The WSP has two dedicated workers who guide visitors through the premises. The tour starts on a metal balcony at the middle of the plant from where the whole process can be seen.

The recycling plant

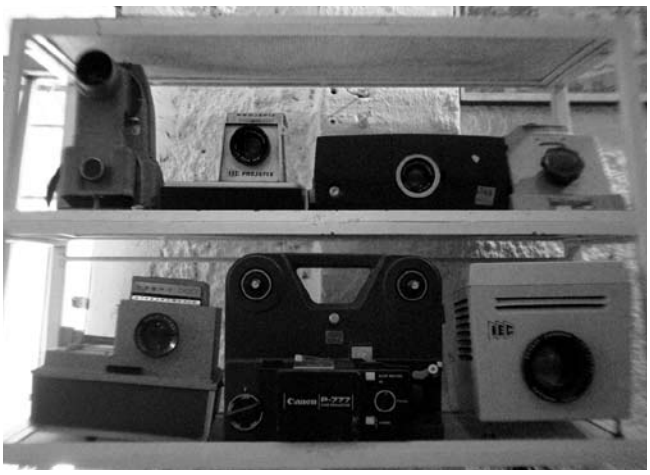
From the platform overlooking the plant, one can witness the cycle of 'inverse logistics', as it is currently called. Lorries unload domestic waste upstream of the conveyor system, the lines of workers sort through the rubbish, the containers store the separated materials, the compactors make the bales and the trucks collect and carry the materials downstream. The dominant cycle of production materialises around this balcony.

One of the characteristics of this cycle is that it seeks high visibility. It constantly presents and represents itself as the visible side of an invisible problem. Yet despite appearing as a total system its participation in the city's overall effort to recycle its waste is residual. This recycling facility appears in Curitiba's promotional materials and political discourses as an example of an efficient cycle, yet it only recycles about 1% of the domestic waste generated in the city.

With no impact on these statistics, the objects recovered from the waste stream are valorised outside familiar cycles of industrial transformation. Their symbolic relevance is nevertheless remarkable. They stand as examples of the possibility of unplugging materials from the dominant circuit of recirculation and reprocessment of solid waste. The Museum of Rubbish displays eloquent examples.

The Museum of Rubbish

Descending from the platform overlooking the working area we pass by the workers' refectories and the administration offices into the Museum of Rubbish. Containing more than 7000 objects salvaged through the years by the operators





of the recycling plant, the museum is the main attraction to the 1500 to 2000 monthly visitors to the WSP. The majority come from schools, whose students often use the museum objects, especially its books, as research material for their coursework.

The first impression is not of a museum as one expects it to be. It is not a place where objects are catalogued, ordered or contextualised. On the contrary, objects seem to be piled



up. They seem to be waiting to become something else. They are not sitting comfortably. It is as if they are conscious of the precariousness of their salvation from irremediable destruction. And yet, contrarily to the materials circulating through the main space next door, being unloaded in heaps, dropped over conveyor belts, sorted, binned, classified, smashed, packed and transported to smelting or shredding, they are motionless. They have been unplugged from a cycle of destruction that only acknowledges things for the market value of their constitutive materials. It is as if their constitution was more important than that which can be laid out on a periodic table of recycling, they lie there begging for their stories to be told, begging for their histories of sociability with humans to be translated from their particular material expressions.

In fact, my guide tells me, few additions have been made in years. Market circuits of value like antiquaries have since multiplied and caused people to discard fewer objects of value to the museum. So there is a kind of competition between some markets and the museum. But it might be interesting to ask whether the museum has itself evolved so as to rethink its contribution to the re-socialisation of this waste in comparison to, say, antiquaries. In between my two visits to the museum six months passed. I saw no change. I also had the chance to look at images made by other people or published in the local press: always the same arrangement and the same objects.

Even though the museum is itself an obvious part of a strategy of visibility, the fact is that it is not included in the official promotional discourses about Curitiba's waste management. Its location, far from the centre of the city, does not favour the fulfilment of its potential. Staved of objects, the only reason one may envisage for the museum's continuation is to attract visitors to the municipal recycling facility.

Notwithstanding the discussion about its location, the museum elicits a set of very interesting questions about culture in relation to waste. Waste usually arises as an environmental problem, analysed in terms of unsustainability



and a threat to the balance of the natural order. However, it may elicit many other important questions, be they cultural, historic, economic or philosophical. The museum is an excellent place to think through some of those issues.

In *Rubbish Power: Towards a Sociology of the Rubbish Society*, Martin O'Brien asks 'where does your life go when you die?' That is to say, where do objects end up once their owners disappear? 'If you are poor and alone it is likely that your possessions – your letters, photographs, books, clothes, ornaments, and implements – will be collected by a waste contractor and buried or burned in the local landfill or incinerator' (1). Social memory is less interested in the material culture of poor people and the historical evidence one has of them come usually from other sources. In a way, we may say that the possibility to exhume past lives is dependent on social status. Like the bodies of ancient Egyptian pharaohs, rich men's possessions are more likely to be preserved for future inspection. 'If you are rich and connected' suggests O'Brien, 'some of your tokens and records will probably comprise historical archives: monuments to the passage of time. Their historical location and significance – their contents and their meanings – will pass into institutional memory'. Thus he concludes 'landfills are graveyards for the poor's personal histories and incinerators their crematoria'.

In many ways the museum represents the different attempts to break this circle, to redeem objects from their fate in an age of massive waste production and reckless waste management. The permanence of waste is a problem for the government of the city. It may be an asset to the development of an archaeology of the present, opening up material objects to sociological enquiry. By classifying some waste as museum pieces, the Museum of Rubbish places issues of waste, value and visibility under discussion.

Sociology of the Rubbish Society

An important current in social theories of waste, such as Appadurai's *Social Life of Things* (2) and to a greater extent Thomson's *Rubbish Theory* (3), has been concerned with the passage of waste between stages of value. Things are valued and devalued and revalued and valorised throughout their biographies according to context. No other section of Curitiba's Museum of Rubbish demonstrates this better than the display of discarded Brazilian notes and coins. In the museum they regain symbolic value, no longer as market currency, but as archaeological artefacts. Between 1942 and



1994 Brazil changed currency eight times. In the museum these paper and metal objects are given a third life after being successively token for market exchange, rubbish and now museum piece.

Nevertheless, Martin O'Brien warns us to the dangers of the simplistic approach to waste as just a stage in the life of an object that runs through social settings. For this author, it is not that recycling or other forms of revaluation redeem the waste from its loss of value. The very opposition between productive society and waste is misleading. O'Brien deems our 'rubbish society' 'apogenic', i.e., 'a society whose means of permanently disposing of or removing waste creates its own opposite: the appearance of a temporary value in industrial commodities […] The political economy of recycling is thus the passage of an object not through a productive process again but through a process of wastage again: the return of the object to its concealed status'. (4)

This conclusion is very revealing as it inverts common perspectives, even the ones proceeding from seminal foundational texts of social thinking about waste. Rubbish society is not generated by consumptive practices or even simply by forms of organising production and markets. Material productive processes are forcibly wasteful and it is their intensification through recycling processes that generates the increase in waste. Can a sociology of rubbish help us see through the curtains of invisibility that have surrounded the waste of a capitalist consumptive mode of production, to see beyond the flashes of visibility that obfuscate what lies behind the recycling solutions presented by the governments of contemporary cities?

(1) O'Brien, M. (1999) Rubbish Power, Towards a Sociology of the Rubbish Society in Jeff Hearn, Sasha Roseneil, and British Sociological Association. Conference, *Consuming cultures: power and resistance*, Macmillan, 1999. p. 265
(2) Appadurai, A. (1997) *The Social Life of Things: Commodities in Cultural Perspective*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
(3) Thompson, M. (1979) *Rubbish Theory: The Creation and Destruction of Value*, Oxford, New York: Oxford University Press.
(4) O'Brien, ibid, p. 263.

The Subject
Waiting to Become an Object

Photographs by Vrinda Seksaria
Text by Santosh Thorat

'The object-become-sign no longer gathers its meaning in the concrete relationship between two people. It assumes its meaning in its differential relation to other signs. Somewhat like Levi-Strauss myths, sign-objects exchange among themselves. Thus, only when objects are autonomised as differential signs and thereby rendered systematisable can one speak of consumption and of objects of consumption'. (1)

'Our urban civilization is witness to an ever-accelerating procession of generations of products, and gadgets by comparison with which mankind appears to be a remarkably stable species'. (2)









Objects which we need for our everyday functions have proliferated beyond our count and grasp. Our day starts with these objects and ends with them. Instead of us consuming objects, objects start consuming us. They are all over us. One can hardly imagine a bedroom without a bed, study table, wardrobe, dressing table etc. A stroll in a shopping mall will show us that there are objects for every little activity. Instead of needs creating objects, objects have taken charge of formulating our needs. It is not we who decide what we want, it is the object that decides what it wants and how it wants it. Every object has its own form, its own gesture and its own function. Any object that doesn't satisfy all these conditions is no longer an object.

As a series, these photographs are like variations of unformed objects. There is a constantly shifting relationship between the exposed steel bars and traces of everyday rituals, such as the stacking of mattresses or the drying of clothes. To some these assemblages might appear as installations, to others as discarded objects, or as liminal entities that hover in uncertainty.

Baudrillard, J. (1981) *For a Critique of the Political Economy of the Sign*, St. Louis: Telos Press Ltd, p. 66.
Baudrillard, J. (1996) *The System of Objects*, London: Verso, p. 1.

Small Change

Some Notes on an Informal Economy

Steve Hanson

I meet up with Jan in The Duke of York, a pub in Todmorden with 'a reputation', according to local myth. Jan almost invariably wears faded jeans and a t-shirt. He has a friendly manner and a cheeky laugh. Jan went to the local high school where he excelled at maths and physics and was a county league chess champion. After taking his A-levels, he enrolled at Sussex University to study pure maths, but failed the course in his first year, not attending lectures at all in favour of drinking heavily and taking low-grade LSD. He was thrown off the course, but given the opportunity to return the following year to begin again. He did return, but repeated the behaviour which effectively failed him the year before, and so was finally expelled.

After a few years claiming Income Support, Jan worked for John Deere tractors, on a Fordist assembly line, rotating boards on which the same wire is repeatedly connected, all day. This is where I first got to know Jan properly. When Mons Mill closed, Jan then got a job at ABC Chemicals, mainly manual labour, but he eventually managed to negotiate a role in which he could make limited use of his outstanding capacity for mathematical calculations. He left four years ago. Since then, he has been selling DVDs in pubs. "I'm my own boss now", he says.

Jan gets the content for the DVDs and CDs he sells by using peer-to-peer software. He needs a lot of raw materials: fast computers, printers, printing ink, paper, CD stickers, blank DVDs, CDs and their cases, which he orders online. Everything he sells is priced in denominations of pounds and fifty pence. He carries two very big bags of DVDs with him, around a fairly wide radius of the town, so taking a lot of heavy change is not really an option. Plus he likes the exchanges of money and DVDs to be fast. He will trim money off DVDs if people buy multiples, rounding the price down fifty pence, or a pound or so, to a ten or twenty pound note.

Jason Rutter and Jo Bryce (1) have carried out quantitative research on the consumers of counterfeit goods, a practice which has a history at least as long as currency and market-systems. Rutter and Bryce explain the impact of the practice on businesses, including:

'…claims made by Trading Standards that in the north-west of England counterfeit goods cost legitimate businesses around £750 million and resulted in approximately 1000 job losses in 2003...'(ibid).

It becomes clear from reading Rutter and Bryce's essay that a very wide range of goods are counterfeited: watches, sunglasses, pharmaceuticals, toys, software, alcohol and even aeroplane parts. However, Rutter and Bryce state that previous research on counterfeiting placed it in economic terms, which often made sweeping links to arms, drugs and people trafficking. They say that:

'In popular discourse, academic research and trade association awareness campaigns, the consumer of counterfeit goods is frequently constructed as 'other'. In industry and policy they are represented as outside accepted everyday experience – as part of a criminal or technological underworld or a terrorist organization, as socially isolated, morally corrupt or part of a subversive subculture.'

This was melodramatically and morally depicted in video adverts of the 1990s, which portrayed a kind of 'counterfeiter hell', with glowing brand-irons and logos which burst into flames at the end of the advert. Rutter and Bryce point out that for the trade associations which fund such adverts, there is a vested interest in portraying counterfeiters as 'deviant' and 'criminal', to raise the profile of their problem and assist conviction.

The other mythical figure which is often raised here is 'the hacker', as a kind of anti-capitalist gremlin. Rutter and Bryce challenge this stereotype of the purchaser of counterfeit goods as a kind of post-*No Logo* consumer. The computer geek image is raised to place the consumer of counterfeit media products in a normal-abnormal relationship, 'normality' being the purchaser of 'genuine' branded goods. Rutter and Bryce want to move beyond these myths and situate the consumers of counterfeit goods into '[...] a more routine and situated practice of consumption.' (ibid. p. 1151). This seems sensible, but I would also challenge these myths as applied to the producer of counterfeit goods as inevitably part of

a large-scale mafia-style operation encompassing other criminal activities, or the 'slippery slope' towards them.

This said, it becomes clear during my time with Jan that he has become increasingly removed from the world of tax and national insurance, as well as the property rental market, which increasingly subjects potential tenants to credit and employment history checks, often resembling a criminal investigation. Jan rents his house from 'a bloke' he knows.

The DVDs Jan takes out to sell are all recent Hollywood Blockbusters. Today he has multiple copies of *Centurion* and *Toy Story 3*, among other 'big name' films. He regularly checks magazines such as *Empire*, as well as online film review sites, and only downloads and produces films which are given 'a six out of ten star-rating', at least. He is often very honest when customers ask him about the quality of the films, giving his own frank opinion when he has seen something, but didn't enjoy it, and admitting when he hasn't seen one of the films he is selling. Jan loves films and considers it something of an informal subject of study.

So the latest and greatest are carried around in heavy bags, but the other aspect of Jan's selling involves the taking of orders. People regularly approach Jan and ask if he can get particular films, CDs or DVDs. Today a man approaches him and asks if he can get a particular season of the TV series *CSI*. Jan says he can, but at this point, the customer reinforces his seriousness, his genuine desire for these DVDs. It seems that Jan has a reputation for occasionally forgetting orders for customers. Some of them "take the piss a bit", Jan says, when he admits that he has forgotten their order, but sometimes he simply hasn't been able to locate a 'torrent' for an order yet. Sometimes, if a customer has had a lot to drink, they misunderstand this and assume that he has simply forgotten. Sometimes the customers get edgy, but Jan hasn't experienced any violence.

Jan prides himself on the quality of his packaging and discs, even if the official artwork is not being directly replicated. He creates what he calls a 'nice package', and after my first couple of days on his rounds, he produces a box set for me, of the 1967 TV series *The Prisoner*. The artwork is unofficial, but professionally done. There is a craft to what Jan does.

Jan tells me that the reason he sells in pubs, and sells a lot, is either laziness on behalf of consumers, or intensive working lives. People would rather pay two or three pounds for a DVD in a decent package than find it, download it, and put it on to a disc for free themselves. If they can do this in the pub over a few pints on Friday, Saturday or Sunday, all the better. Jan then tells me that some people don't have the PC, DVD writer and broadband connection required (the means of production). Some have these things, but lack the knowledge to complete the process themselves.

Jan explains how his work in pubs is also a highly social activity, concurring with Rutter and Bryce's assertion that there is also 'a strong social context and motivation to the consumption of counterfeit goods beyond that gained merely from having ownership or access to the product.' (ibid. p. 1155). In fact Jan prides himself on his social network, saying "I know everyone in this town, and I don't have any enemies." It also becomes clear that the DVDs themselves have a social function beyond the initial exchange, and I witness a man buying new DVDs from Jan and giving two he bought the previous week to a workmate. Counterfeited DVDs aren't necessarily things to treasure for a lifetime, but their function in social exchanges seem to go beyond this need.

Jan works to a very tight, regimented timetable, a 'round'. He uses one particular asian taxi driver for the pubs which have a mile or so of distance between them. He has rules, some of which are self-imposed, and some imposed upon him by the pub landlords, depending on whether they let him sell on their premises or not. He will slip compliant landlords a few free films, "porn, sometimes". He never deals on the street, only in pubs, although he occasionally bends this rule when cars sound their horns to alert him, and pull over. In a place the size of Todmorden, he is rarely dealing anonymously, as he could in a city. If he can get into the car for the transaction, he doesn't mind, but occasionally he will put his head into an opened car window, or make the exchange squatting down by the open door, although he is clearly nervous doing so.

We go to The Weaver's Arms, as a break from selling. Jan dumps his bags in the corner of the pub and buys us both drinks. When we are 'on the round' we only ever get a half of lager or bitter in the pub, but on a break, or at the end of the round, the occasion is marked by a pint. Buying a drink like this is assumed to be the minimum entry price for selling in a pub, the most basic social etiquette. Most of the regulars at the bar know what Jan's bags contain and point this out.

"...'ow yer doin' Yan? Still sellin' yer DVDs?"

Some people pronounce Jan's name 'Yan', and some 'Jan'. A little bit of light-hearted banter follows regarding which is the right way to pronounce it. Jan tells the regulars that his name is of Dutch origin, which raises good-natured heckling.

"Are yer fucker's-like Dutch! 'Ark at 'im!"

A DJ is playing Northern Soul records from a laptop in the corner of the pub. His equipment is surrounded by horse brasses, comedy signs, and the usual West Yorkshire pub paraphenalia. I approach the DJ and ask the name of one stand-out track. He tells me it's by a group called The Exciters. The DJ thinks he has seen me before, although I don't recognize him, so I tell him who my father is, a fairly standard white working class Todmorden method of identifying kinship.

"Oh aye', he says, 'me dad's Norman Crossley, he worked wi' yer dad screen printing for 'Ills."

He looks me up and down very suspiciously, frowning, and then says,

"Oh ar, a've sin you before. Norman's ill yer know, 'is liver and kidneys are finished, he won't live long."

There's a matter-of-fact stoicism to this statement, despite its obviously traumatic content, something I grew up surrounded by, which is often, I think wrongly, attributed to 'Yorkshireness' or 'northerness', rather than the business of creating coping mechanisms within harsh lives. I tell him I'm sorry to hear that, and promise to pass the news on to my father, as I don't think he will know about it.

"Of course he won't know about it!" the DJ exclaims, suddenly, "he lives in Walsden!"

I re-join Jan at a table in the corner of the pub. Jan tells me that he has long-term ambitions to re-open the Bramsche, a bar named after the German town which Todmorden is twinned with. 'Tod-morden' means 'death-murder' in German, which is a running joke for many Todmorden people, especially when exchange visits take place between residents of Todmorden and Bramsche in Germany. The Bramsche has been closed for three years now, metal shutters face out onto the street. Jan has £15000 which he tells me he inherited out of the blue from an old neighbour, who only knew him when he was a small boy. He plans to use this money to re-open The Bramsche, along with a business loan from a bank, although he is nervous that he might be asked questions about his employment history. This 'job' for Jan, selling counterfeit DVDs, and he always refers to it as 'my job', or 'work', is a replacement for a 'legitimate' day job which he had to resign from due to internal pressures, and one which will hopefully be recovered, 'legitimised', in Jan's desire to re-open The Bramsche bar. In this there is something of a redemption narrative to Jan's practice, in the way he links its ability to generate a profit to his wider hopes and aims, a more mainstream entrepreneurial approach to his practice, which Rutter and Bryce understand:

'Given the positioning of the purchase of counterfeit goods within everyday leisure and consumption routines and the emerging recognition that consumption is part of other social practices [...] the purchase of counterfeits seems to share more with an established consumption practice than a subcultural one or a phenomenon explained by criminological perspectives.' (ibid: p. 1155)

Jan finishes his selling and we go for a drink in The Golden Lion, just before closing time. We bump into Tammy, a young girl who is now living rent-free in Jan's house, with her baby, the father of whom is absent, an ex-pub landlord called Paul. The Bramsche, which Jan would like to re-open, was last owned by Paul. According to local legend, among the fruits of Paul's dynasty were a very big converted farmhouse on the moors, and a helicopter. Again, people repeat the story that Paul owed bad debts to bad people, and this is why he disappeared. Whether these stories are myths or not, there are tangible links between official and unofficial economies in Todmorden. These can be traced in Jan's ambitions to translate his current work into a 'respectable business.'

During the conversation with Tammy it turns out that Jan has lent a man called Mick 'a grand', £1000. Mick is a member of a notorious local family. They have a reputation for being a 'hard family'. The landlord of the Golden Lion, who is sat at the end of the bar, within earshot, tells Jan in no uncertain terms that he's not cut out to hang around with them, and tries to convince me to 'ave a word with 'im', to appeal to Jan to 'change his ways'. He tells Jan that he's 'not having a go' but trying to make him listen, because he thinks Jan is basically a nice guy. It is interesting that the landlord doesn't question Jan's current occupation, only the company he is perceived to be increasingly keeping.

Finally, the landlord calls time.

(1) Rutter, Jason and Bryce, Jo (2008) 'The Consumption of Counterfeit Goods: "Here Be Pirates?"' in *Sociology*, 42. London: Sage

Plastic Slagheaps

Text by Caroline Knowles
Photographs by Michael Tan

Piles of solid oil with chemicals added making polymer chains, scraps left over from making plastic shoes: small plastic mountains in bright blue, pink and yellow punctuate the village waiting to be added to new (lower quality) shoe productions. Bits of packaging and other bits of plastic waste choke ditches and divert streams. The pond, which once served as the village swimming pool, is stagnant, dead, nothing lives in it, nothing ventures into it. There is innovation too: a plastic sheet with shoe-shaped holes punched in it becomes a fence marking the property line around a small house. Another adds waterproofing in the gap between the roof and the walls as, having evaded the production process, it has no holes. Plastic slag is not the discarded object of the garbage heap, at the end of the uses for which they were conceived and awaiting new imagination to leverage them into use again in some other form. Slag is a pile of objects-in-waiting, objects yet to realise their objectness, objects discarded in the object making process.



Plastic slag marks the material and social fabric of the plastic village. It is made in the slipstream of the plastic factories making millions shoes a year in densely interwoven home-and-factory-space. The slagheaps and their village are the lived interior of Chinese export-led growth, starving off social unrest with work and wealth accumulation opportunities. The slagheaps have turned farmland into factories and farmers into factory workers. Even though there is space to plant crops in the gaps between buildings, on land awaiting development as luxury condos and new factories, plastic poisons the land and the water supply, farming and plastic factories are incompatible ways of getting by.



The slag reconfigures lives. Local farmers become landlords meeting new demand for living space and farmers like An Qi and An Sen leave their village in Jiangxi driven by the need to live 'beyond our planting'. These are the biggest migrations in history and the human fabric of (a particular version of) urbanisation, as zoning laws protect the city of Fuzhou from the (rural migrants) plastic fumes and slag of the plastic village. Meanwhile An Qi melds together thin sheets of plastic that will form a sole in a vulcanising machine. Her husband An Sen gathers up the plastic scrap left over from production, bundles it and sends it to the village slag heaps.

The Kettle as Differential Space

Tasha C. Bjelić

Henri Lefebvre's 'differential space' (1) is made visible in the student protest that took place in London on the 9th of December 2010. The implementation of the kettle technique – when riot police surround and control protesters – makes visible the state's underlying potential to implement 'disciplinary power' (2). This potential often goes unchallenged in London daily life. Ambitions to work, socialize, buy homes, have bank accounts, credit cards, etc., are jeopardised by acts of resistance. These normative practices have been reproduced in social space to the extent that people are self-governing. There is no need for a visible disciplinary presence.

At the protest, a distinct border was drawn between everyday life and differential space. Those within the border of differential space were criminalised, segregated, held without cause. They were in the spotlight of major news programs who documented every move. The depravation of basic human needs underscored that what existed beyond the differential space would provide freedom. It makes people want to break free from the kettle and return to the 'freedoms' of everyday life. This reasserts the social relations of production that exist in everyday life (3).

However, while the kettle stripped protesters of the ability to move and fulfil basic needs, it also provided them with newly found freedoms. The space within was momentarily redefined and renegotiated. Fires ensued throughout, benches were burned, governmental buildings were vandalised, and graffiti signatures were everywhere. All kinds of potentials were exhibited. Crowds cheered on those hyped to break things and fight the bordering police. Others chanted things like, "arts against the cuts." A section of people in one corner sang Silent Night while others stood jaws gaping not knowing what to do. Differential space made visible the multiplicity of attitudes and potentials for resistance. This clarifies the potentials outside of the kettle in everyday life.

By 11:30 pm – six hours after the vote was announced and eleven and a half hours after the march started - people were exhausted, frustrated, angry, cold, and needing basic amenities that could not be obtained within the kettle. Eventually, students were allowed to leave the kettle one by one after the last holding on Westminster Bridge.

Crossing the border between differential space and everyday life returned a false sense of freedom. Thoughts of food, drink, and warmth were now available for purchase. The kettle works to reassert these 'freedoms.'

The harsh technique of kettling could inspire further resistance but others are rethinking their protesting strategies in its wake. The kettle made visible the disciplinary control of the state. However, it also made visible differential space wherein a multiplicity of potentials for resistance can also be seen.

(1) Lefebvre, H. (1991) *The Production of Space*, Maiden: Blackwell Publishing, p. 52.
(2) Foucault, M. (2003) *Society Must Be Defended,* New York: Picador, p. 242.
(3) Lefebvre, H. (1991).


METROPOLITAN
POLICE




CUT
THE
CAPITALISM
POLICE


FEES AND CUTS
F**K FEES
STOP FEES AND CUTS

Borders

Estelle Vincent





The Lebanese-Syrian border is approximately 365 kilometres long. Following post World War II independence formal boundaries that would separate the two states were never established. There are approximately 72 crossing points between Syria and Lebanon, only four of which are official.

These photographs were taken in June 2010 on the Beirut Damascus Highway passing through Masna'a; the main crossing point at the eastern border and the most important point for cross-border traffic between the two cities. The distance between the checkpoint and the actual border is eight kilometres. Lebanese officials estimate that 3000 individuals are living in villages situated in the no-man's land of the border region.

The controversially porous borders have been a subject of great concern internationally. In 2007, UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-Moon dispatched the United Nations' Independent Border Assessment Team to inspect and assess the Syrian-Lebanese border with the intention of verifying the allegations of arms and persons smuggling into Lebanon.

In May 2010 two discussions about Lebanon remain to be had at the Security Council: one concerns the Security Council's failure to discuss the recent reports of the Lebanon Independent Border Assessment Team (1), the other refers to UN-mandated assistance to help Lebanon regain the land illegally occupied by Israel, as laid out in Resolution 1701.

(1) 2009 Lebanon-Syria Border Report: www.nowlebanon.com

Brune Street

Joe Parsons

You were once here, at least partially
Though you never moved in, not really
Painting always in blue you said
The colour of disengagement
Before we witness and demand clarity
This room eternally temporary
In our lives and others
Those who sleepwalk through postcodes
Are you and I all the same, equally as muddled
But drinking on nonetheless, too late into weekends
To be anyone come Monday

How you've yearned for stasis
To envelope like low pressure weather
These things you've collected and carry
And dream of placing on shelves
In warm rooms you can call yours
In a backyard that's not shared
Transient youth –
These last stages before permanence
How we stretch the years
Into ever-widening distances
That become empty chasms
Filled with the sounds of familiar voices

Palimpsest

Heat still dense w/scattered cloud
Burnt carmine, blood puddles refract
To violent splash on unfinished towers
Tangerine metal to Ripper's streets I pass
The vacant laughter of pub doorways
Midsummer Monday drunks, predictable jukebox
A girl who says fuck with every sentence
Hollow chest/city dust = empty medicine &
Bruised roads, I trangress to spatial echo
Via the monopoly of commitment
Victory narratives of wars we both lost
I witness death in the sun's sinking
A darkened room in a shadowed street
She conceals contours amidst hushed talk of distance

The Corrosion of Myths

Emrah Ali Karakılıç

Legends allow us to make sense of a particular place, they empower the feeling of being 'there', they are sources of charm, aura and meaning. Maiden's Tower, at the heart of many legends, is located in the Bosphorus Straits at the intersection of continental Europe and Asia. Herein, I would like to touch upon two fascinating stories among others.

The first is about tragic love: The Eternal Love of Hero and Leandros, recorded by Ovid (1). Hero is a young and beautiful priestess from the temple of Aphrodite, on the European shore. She ought to live a virginal life till her death. One day, unexpectedly, she comes across Leandros, who dwells on the opposite, Asian shore. They fall deeply in love with each other; a passionate love that has to be a secret forever. The only witness is Maiden's Tower, standing between continents. Here, Hero sets fire to the *flambeau* every night to guide Leandros who wails:

> I will swim to you.
> Pretty Girl, for the faith of your love,
> I will come to you.
> While you are waiting for me,
> a nervous look in your eyes.
> I will swim to you.
> Although, waves do not let even ships to pass,
> I will swim to you.
> Among the wild waves…

On a stormy and rainy night, when flame is extinguished by the wind, Leandros loses his bearings and drowns in the Bosphorus. The following morning, Hero sees his corpse at the water's edge and she hurls herself down from the tower. Maiden's Tower, a monument of impossible love.

The second story is even more spectacular. The birth of the Byzantine Emperor's baby girl is met with a feast and great celebrations all around the country. One day, an oracle informs the emperor that the girl will be bitten by a snake and die before the age of eighteen. In response, the Emperor constructs the lighthouse and encapsulates his daughter there. Yet after several years, the snake sneaks into the tower via a grape basket and poisons the young princess. The emperor feels so crestfallen and, in an attempt to defend her in death as he could not in life, embalms and lays her, clad in an iron coffin, onto the entrance of Hagia Sophia. There are two holes on this coffin. Seemingly the serpents would not leave her alone, even in death.

Maiden's Tower now operates as a luxury restaurant. It has been privatised and thus reduced to a commodity. The 'meaning' of this legendary tower has unfortunately corroded.

(1) Hard, Robin & Rose Herbert (2004) *The Routledge handbook of Greek Mythology*, Rout Douglas, Mary 'Taboo', Man, Myth & Magic, ed. Richard Cavendish, London & New York


Kızkulesi 3

Doing Work

Paolo Cardullo

Doing Work, Chronicles of the Working River is a photobook that addresses concurrent movements of deindustrialisation and gentrification of East-Greenwich riverside. Greenwich will soon host a clutch of Olympic events and will be crowned, in the same year by amazing coincidence, Royal Borough by Her Majesty the Queen. Consequently, the investment in tourism, spectacle and refurbishment of the town centre is conspicuous. This London borough, famous for its imperial inventors and admirals, is often thought not to have had an industrial past. What exists is hidden behind the eternal postcard, wedding photo-call and film set of this World Heritage site. Surprisingly, it was here – between the Meridian line and the much-talked about private space of the O2 (née 'The Dome') – that I found a niche of the industrial age. This stretch of Riverside has mysteriously resisted waves of gentrification, obscured in zoning and planning maps, ducked by interventions of requalification, only known by occasional and invisible users: dog-walkers, joggers, kids, bikers, artists, Sunday morning psycho-geographers, graffiti writers, homeless people, photographers, and of course, workers.

I went to look for these people to find out how the 'pressure of displacement' (1), the very visible 'gentrification frontier' (2) and the 'urban process' of transformation of public space and dwellings' use-value into exchange-value, have been affecting them (3).

The aim of these photographs is to address this process of transformation by looking at different layers embedded in iron, from the following standpoint: as material for construction, found object and expression of symbolic registers. It utilises a special quality of iron as an alloy, when exposed to elements and time, produces an unwanted and colourful process of oxidation, rust.

Doing Work relates this well-known phenomenon to the enduringly manual work which, although hidden, is needed in order to master and maintain the metal. The ubiquitous use of iron provides the backdrop for an exploration of the transformation of the urban landscape. It is present as both foundation material for the advancing residential frontier and unwanted relict from dismantled industrial compounds.





One of the objectives of the photographs is to make the work that working-class bodies undertake everyday visible, within a self-proclaimed post-industrial and classless society: a world presumptuously defined around financial and electronic circulation of capital, as well as by the presumed absence of manual labour (4). The presence of human labour is consequently important here, challenging the nostalgic visions of an industrial archaeology. At the same time, by putting the series in this context I attempt to grasp the movement of production off-shore, disinvestment and residential gentrification of the area, and the movement of cheap manual labour from overseas to support one of the remaining industrial estates.





Although they appear in black and white here, I decided to take the photographs in colour, partly in order to challenge the iconography of black-and-white, self-referential portraits typical of most social documentary, archival, or fine-art traditions of people at work (see for instance, in their different contexts, the work of M. Rogovin (5) and S. Salgado (6)). Photographs are particularly suited to evoke the texture of social space and bring it to life for the viewer. Their ability to frame something specific and to juxtapose layers of meanings gives them a realistic touch. Small details of objects, landscapes and people demand the audience to make connections between the context of lived experience and the viewer's memories, so that 'appearances become the language of a lived life' (7).

The photobook is made with Free Libre and Open Source Software
The images can be viewed in colour at: http://kiddingthecity.org/blog/

(1) Marcuse, P. (1985) 'Gentrification, Abandonment, and Displacement: Connections, Causes, and Policy Responses in New York City'. *Washington University Journal of Urban and Contemporary Law*, 28, p. 195.
(2) Smith, N. (1996) *The New Urban Frontier: Gentrification and the Revanchist City*, London: Routledge.
(3) Harvey, D. (2003) 'The Right to the City'. *International Journal of Urban and Regional Research*, 27(4), pp.939–941.
(4) Sekula, A. & Buchloh, B. (1995) *Fish story*, Rotterdam; Düsseldorf: Witte de With Center for Contemporary Art; Richter Verlag.
(5) Rogovin, M. & Frisch, M. H. (1993) *Portraits in Steel*, Ithaca, N.Y: Cornell University Press.
(6) Salgado, S. (1993) *Workers: An Archaeology of the Industrial Age*, London: Phaidon.
(7) Berger, J. (1982) *Another Way of Telling*, London: Writers and Readers.

On Street Photography

An interview by Nick Scammell with Paul Halliday

Has street photography changed, or has it always been the same?

Street photography is not a singular visual practice and it is a real mistake to think of it as such. Much of the writing, or what passes as theorising on the subject tends to be highly focused and particular, often excluding certain forms that do not conform to certain preset historical agendas. Street photography is constantly evolving, but much of the theory is stuck on its own evolutionary plateau and it needs to smell the coffee and move on.

If it has changed, how has it done so over the last ten to fifteen years?

Street photographers have become increasingly aware of their position vis-à-vis the museum archive. Also, there have been active attempts to resist and re-define the often taken-for-granted relationship existing between the earlier all-important 'decisive moment' through the possibilities of expanded narratives working with the everyday, mundane and non-eventful. The situation has gradually worsened for street photographers, particularly around public and media fear of targeted terror and as such, photographers are constantly being stopped and at times, openly harassed. All this points to a delimitation of our 'freedom to witness'. This also feels like an erosion of a fundamental principle of democracy.

What are the present challenges for street photography and for street photographers?

That's a difficult one. There are so many challenges for street photographers, not least of which is how does one make a half decent living from the practice, which, and I can speak from personal experience here, is very expensive and involves the investment of a good deal of time.

I do think that one of the biggest challenges facing street photography is how they can be protected from over-zealous and poorly-informed police officers and security guards who often stop them without due cause. I rarely get stopped, and if I am, I make it clear to the officer that they need to provide a good enough explanation, and if one is not forthcoming, they land up being on the receiving end of a byte-sized lecture on why their lack of knowledge is not acceptable. I aim to bore the living daylights out of them. Takes the fun out of the process. As a street photographer, the worse possible thing one can do is to get upset, righteous and indignant. For some officers, that's a result, something to talk about in the canteen later.

The other main challenge involves rethinking the constraints of genre. I read and see work on a regular basis that aims to define what street photography is that is breathtakingly myopic and self-referential. I would like to see a much more experimental and critical set of practices that works with the best of genre, but also expands what we understand by the practice. One of my MA students, Manuel Vazquez, has produced some incredibly strong images that disrupt notions of temporal fixity. They mess around with our senses and invite us to rethink how people occupy, move through and work with urban spaces. I'd like to see more of such work where street photographers become more involved with urban sociology and cultural geography; where they engage with critical self-awareness. That can only be for the good, in my book. I suppose what I am saying is that street photography is such an important aspect of urban photography that its practitioners need to do much more joined-up thinking around what they do, how they do it, and why they do it.

How do (or can) street photographers reconcile the photograph as document with the photograph as art?

Another difficult one. Not necessarily for me, but assuredly for some of the street photography classicists out there lurking behind lampposts and grumbling about street photography not being an art. Firstly, the reconciliation

of document and art has been written about extensively within photojournalistic literature and has also been addressed within the visual *oeuvre* of photographers such as Eugene Atget, Jeff Wall, Nan Goldin, Corine Day, Roy De Carava, Martin Parr, to name a few. All these photographers have produced images that speak to urban space within a 'documentary tradition', yet their work also has gallery and art market appeal. There are street photography purists who find this difficult to stomach, as if there were some sort of pristine state that puts the image-maker beyond discourses of exchange value. I don't think such a position is helpful in moving the debate forward, not least because it sets up an implicit moral binary whereby the 'pure work' of self-funded, immersive street photography has 'authenticity' and meaning in stark contrast to funded, gallery oriented work.

I went to art school and studied art history at university, but I'm also what might be described as a 'hard-core social scientist' and urbanist, having studied anthropology, sociology and psychology. As such, I don't think the distinction between document and art is useful, and we are now starting to see a collapsing of such a binary towards a more meaningful engagement with how such perspectives on urban space might speak to each other, and possibly learn from each other. That's the conceptual and practical space I like to be in.

How has the public perception of photographers changed in the last ten to fifteen years?

I recently gave a talk about the family album at Goldsmiths, and it struck me how, within the last ten years, it has become almost impossible to make certain categories of images involving children in public places. There are images in public archives that contemporary photographers wouldn't allow themselves to make, effectively they would self-censor. Whereas, ten years ago, I might have made images of young people or children in the street, today I would have to think carefully about how such image-making might be explained to parents and guardians. As a parent, I can understand people's concerns, but such concerns do need to be balanced against common sense.

Also, the assumption of a human right to privacy has become more pervasive over the last decade, and this doesn't always fit well with what I have previously described as the competing 'right to witness' that is inextricably linked to the full functioning of a vibrant and healthy democracy. In this respect, I see street photography as a kind of exemplar, or test of the condition of the state, and I think it is entirely emblematic of totalitarian societies that journalists, writers, artists and photographers are monitored, hemmed-in, assaulted, disappeared and constantly reminded that they should consider themselves subject to regimes of surveillance, that they – the watchers – are being watched.

I think that people are starting to wake up to the fact that critical street photographers are active participants in the making of visual history, and for urbanists, historians and museum curators, such practices have a key place within the archive. It's really up to street photographers and urban theorists to keep the conversation going around how such practice can be opened up, made more inclusive and more able to respond to the changing nature of urban society in a way that speaks to a wide range of experiences, not just the experiences of the few.

Nick Scammell met Paul Halliday at the first International Urban Photography Summer School held at Goldsmiths, University of London in 2010 and has continued to stay associated with Goldsmiths and London Independent Photography through his involvement with the Crossing Lines project.

A Question of Rubbish

Johannes Rigal

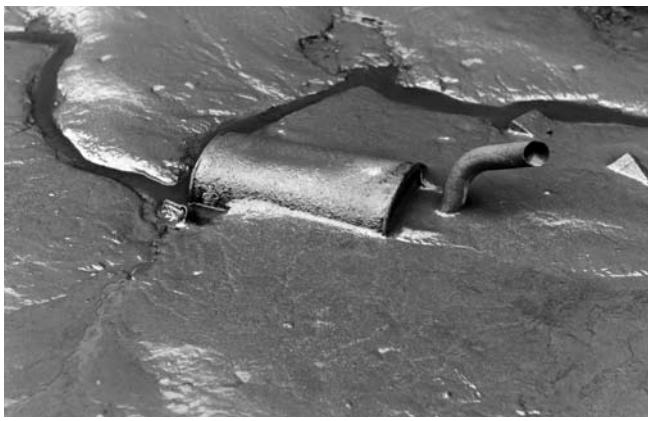
The flyer said 'Come and help clean the river... Wear old clothes', and so I did. It was a cold Saturday morning in January and people were wearing overalls, wellies and gloves. I equipped myself with the same outfit, blue and red.

The foreshore of the River Lea at the Lower Lea Valley Crossing in east London is muddy. The grey/brown substance will hold you tight and won't let go if you don't watch your step. I got stuck. It took three people to dig and pull me out. The river, which runs through London, once brought life and products from all over the world to the city. Now it still runs through the city but the great times of trade and trade companies are over. People do not rely on the river anymore. Instead they treat it as a convenient dump site, disregarding the consequences, simply throwing into the water what they do not need. The water is dirty, full of bacteria, we are told to be careful.

The first task is to start digging. Over the course of two hours we dig up around 40 tires. The small ones are easy to pull out. But the big ones require four people to lift them onto the boat beached on the riverbed. When the tide comes the boat will be lifted and taken away. But tires are not the only thing to be found in the mud. The objects we find – motorbikes, tires, the pink children's bicycle, the small statue of a goddess, clothes, shopping bags – tell stories, but they also raise questions. Why have these objects stopped being of value to their owners? Why are they buried in mud, resting in the water? What makes the city treat the river as if one doesn't belong to the other? If there was a sense of kinship for the river, the city would not dump its waste in it, would it?

I want to capture what was once there. The pictures provide a memory of these objects. The city threw them away, we dug them up. But not to keep. Rather to give back the river a little bit of dignity, a little bit of peace to show that someone cares.









Precarious Street Life

Yasmin Gunaratnum

'I arrived in Sydney in 1979. I was half-mad when I arrived but they didn't know…I was often found crossing the street over there near the Bank (vaguely pointing in the direction of Beamish Street). I developed a liking for pedestrian crossings (laughing!). I spent hours crossing them and crossing them again. I loved the moment the cars stopped for me! It made me feel important! I thought it was magical!! Can you imagine this happening in Beirut?' (1)

This evocative story is taken from a conversation between the political theorist Ghassan Hage and Ali Ateek, a Lebanese migrant to Australia. It is a scene of urban encounter that will be familiar – in its different versions – to many readers. For Hage, Ali's account recuperates something of the submerged ethical compulsions that underlie liberal notions of mutual obligation. The pedestrian crossing from Hage's vantage point is a spatial, temporal and metaphysical intersection. It is a piece of stolen land, a part of Australia's 'black economy' related tangentially to modern multiculturalism. It is also a place/space of social gifting and hospitality in which 'dominant modes of inhabitance need to yield, in some circumstances, to marginal modes of inhabitance' (2). These relationships are at once both horizontal – between the driver and pedestrian – and vertical, in the sense that both parties in acknowledging each other are simultaneously acknowledging a subordination of personal interests to a larger society that is 'committed to honouring its members'.

Hage's institution of the pedestrian crossing as a cramped ethico-political domain captures something of how the small exchanges of ordinary street life matter. The countless ways in which bodies negotiate with each other and things, producing flows, circuits, pauses and knots that can be experienced with enchantment, irritation, pleasure or shock. And while movements in the traffic of everyday life can have the quality of being spontaneous, of 'just happening', the ability to move freely and unhampered is also conditional upon how our bodies are oriented and positioned within particular spaces, so that the same space can feel familiar, edgy, safe, or hostile depending on who we are and how we are.

These relationships between spaces and bodies were key themes in the ESRC (Economic and Social Research Council) project 'Identities in Process: Becoming Bangladeshi, African Caribbean and White Mothers', carried out with 19 first time mothers in the London Borough of Tower Hamlets in East London. Here, I give attention to the focus group accounts of British Bangladeshi Muslim mothers who I interviewed as a part of the project. The mothers' stories speak of how a body can acquire sensitivity to the contractions and expansions of the world around it and how a mundane activity such as driving a car or filling-up at a petrol station can become an act that can threaten the body politic.

Dangerous Citizens: Muslim Mothers and Natality

Of course, to give attention to Muslim mothers at this contemporary moment, marked as it is by a global politics of securitisation and insecurity, is to necessarily involve ourselves in a larger political dialogue: A dialogue about gender equality and multiculturalism, about mothering as a site of reproduction for race, nation and heteronormativity, and a dialogue in which the very term 'Muslim' has become homogenised and threatening.

In addition to increased suspicion towards Muslim men and women in the UK, the signification of Muslim mothers as a threat to Western liberal democracies is being used by far-right and racist extremist groups in Europe and in London. The right-wing website 'Extortion for London' (3) has used an artist's depiction of a pregnant Muslim woman to promote hatred, fear and resentment of Muslims in London. The image is of a heavily pregnant woman in a burka; the distended uterus of the woman is depicted as a bomb, with a burning fuse. The woman's hands, resting on her abundant belly/bomb are without flesh; the bare bones of a skeleton. Entitled 'The Other Islamic Bomb', the image was first produced by the artist D T Devereaux in response to events surrounding the Danish *Jyllands-Posten* Muhammad cartoon controversy in September 2005.

The monstrous maternal figure of *Islamic London* conveys dramatically fantasised entanglements between reproductive creativity, destructiveness and dehumanisation that inhere in

the hidden intimacies of the gestating Islamic mother. These grotesque dramatisations work with the burka to symbolise alterity not simply through racialised difference, but through a lurking threat of annihilation. In this sense they exemplify Sara Ahmed's (4) argument that responses to terrorism operate through 'an economy of fear' which establishes eerie distances between bodies. The text surrounding *Islamic London* addresses itself to specific Muslim bodies: those of Bangladeshis living in Tower Hamlets. Amongst its spurious claims, the website asserts that 'the babies keep coming, and the state keeps paying. Bangladeshi Tower Hamlets, moves every (sic) closer to disaster, a chronically overcrowded, poverty stricken fundamentalist Islamic state.'

The imagery of *Islamic London* is particularly potent in its primary and secondary significations of natality: as the bodily process of gestation and giving birth and in Hannah Arendt's notion of natality as a political disruption that makes way for a new beginning (5). In tying maternity to race and nation, *Islamic London* takes away the signification of the Muslim child as an unknowable – and potentially hopeful and new – future. The child and the future it expresses are preknown, and even in infantile form constitute a threat to the future of the (white) British nation. As will become apparent, the defilement of natality in *Islamic London*, is not a violation that is restricted to the fantasies of the far-right. It is also present in the mothers' stories of street racism in Tower Hamlets, bringing the fantasmatic down to earth and illuminating the affective and political forces that are continually at work in the constitution of space and place. As the geographer and political activist Doreen Massey tells us:

'If space is […] a simultaneity of stories-so-far then places are collections of those stories, articulations within the wider power-geometries of space. Their character will be a product of these intersections within that wider setting and of what is made of them. And, too, of the non-meeting up, the disconnections and the relations not established, the exclusions. All this contributes to the specificity of place.' (6)

Address

Talk about dress, and covering in particular – relating predominantly to the wearing of the hijab – was a recurring theme in the women's discussions. The following excerpt centres upon an account by Ameera who began wearing the hijab after her five-year old daughter started covering in 2001. In the extract, Ameera uses a narrative about wearing the hijab while driving her car to convey how her visibility as a practising Muslim has reconfigured the give and take on London's roads. This extract was preceded by an exchange between Monira and Soraya about the extent to which Tower Hamlets was a place of safety for practising Muslims:

Soraya: … I guess you know, until you've moved you wouldn't know.
Ameera: I think it depends how confident you are in yourself.
Several of the women: Yeah.
Ameera: Like before I was, you know really, really scared and after I started practising, and 'cause I felt like that usually when I was driving along and I wasn't wearing a headscarf I used to get 'Yeah come on, get past' (gesturing being waved-on with her hand) and all that 'you can go'.
Munira: Yeah. Yeah.
Ameera: And since I've started wearing it, no-one would give me (laughs) room. Trying to take a right turn, people are going past and when they see me it's like...
Soraya: Same to you.
Several women talking at once
Ameera: I actually let people cross the road and they won't go!

Ameera's story is anchored in the mundane act of driving through London. Yet this story is far from banal. The account shows how a rupturing in the social – with regard to suspicion and hostility towards Muslims – can filter into and disrupt something as ordinary, habitual and controlled as driving. The potency of the narrative – its 'extra-ordinariness' – lies in its two contrasting themes: traffic as a highly mapped out and choreographed social system with rules, anticipatory calculations and social obligations and the depiction of more localised, unpredictable bodily exchanges that cause a stalling in the expected flow of people and vehicles. In her narrative, Ameera's marked body is not allowed to become a part of the familiar and taken-for-granted motility of everyday life. Her visibly inscribed body is narrated as disrupting the smooth workings of the world around her, so that it impedes movement and progression.

Global and Local Terror
Natality and being in London on 7/7

The following account from Soraya describes events that took place in her local petrol station on the day of the London transport suicide bombings in 2005 when she was five months pregnant:

"I put my headscarf on just before I became pregnant, and I stopped filling up at the petrol station because it stank. So there was this big gap until when I went there, which was on the 7th July... I was like five months pregnant and um obviously the emotion was in me. I was having a big cry at home thinking 'Well I've decided to actually practice my religion properly, but these idiots go and do this, and I am to blame. Now it's me, my family, my children, my future children, they're gonna be affected. They are labelled already and they haven't even had a chance to come into this world'. But I put that aside, went to the petrol station and the first thing I had was 'Bloody terrorists, oh they should all go back'. This is a lady just…filling up her car and she's saying this. I'm like 'Forget it. She's ignorant'. Went into the er (pause) station to pay, he wouldn't even look at me. This was the same guy that would make such a, he'd make a point of speaking to me…And I know he recognised me. I mean I don't cover completely… He wouldn't even look at me."

For Soraya, the local spaces around her have become unfamiliar and hostile, so that she becomes a body out of place. As Dikeç, Clark and Barnett have suggested 'every act of hospitality gives space, just as it gives time' (7). What Soraya's account evokes is how the aggression and negation that she faces in her local petrol station erode multicultural hospitality as the giving of time and space. Soraya is seen, and sees herself, with new eyes. She is both a quasi, 'as-if-terrorist' and the mother of a 'would-be terrorist'. She fears that in the aftermath of the terrorist events, her unborn child, and her future unconceived children, will not have the gift of being unknown. She fears that they will be marked and misrecognised *in utero,* just as in the connotations of the *Islamic London* image.

In so much as hospitality is the giving of time and space, the stand-off that Ameera's narrative describes and the hostility and cancellation in Soraya's account are both stories of loss. They point to a present in which there is a double mourning for a withering away of regulated, more hospitable time and space in the women's pasts and also in their futures. It is not possible to tell whether this closing down of a future is an end in and of itself or whether it might become a reserve for creating new possibilities in another encounter or context. 'The vagueness or the unfinished quality of the ordinary is not so much a deficiency as a resource' writes the anthropologist Kathleen Stewart 'like a fog of immanent forces still moving even though so much has already happened and there seems to be plenty that's set in stone' (8).

Sensational Times

The opening out of our bodies, their helpless capacity to be impressed – to take their shape and rhythms from people and events in the world around them – is a vital quality in the making and unmaking of hospitality in our cities and urban spaces. But there is more. The provocations of fast-moving and sensational shifts in the power-geometries of vulnerability, such as those recounted in the mothers' stories, suggest ways and directions in which we might flesh-out our thinking about hospitality, following the electricity and flaring-up of the ordinary into a bigger politics. These are journeys beneath the skin, when muscles tighten, the heart-races, temperature soars, and the world wobbles. Unevenly distributed and unevenly recognised, they call for a different empirical imagination and attentiveness.

The ESRC project '*Identities in Process: Becoming Bangladeshi, African Caribbean and White Mothers'*, was led by Wendy Hollway and Ann Phoenix - with research also being conducted by Cathy Urwin, Heather Elliot, child psychoanalytic infant observers and myself. The project was concerned with understanding how women make sense of the identity transition involved in becoming a mother for the first time.

(1) Hage, G. (2003) *Against Paranoid Nationalism: Searching for Hope in a Shrinking Society*, Annandale, NSW: Pluto Press, 144-5.
(2) Ibid., p. 145-147.
(3) *Islamic London*. Extortion for London. http://www.exfl.com/islamic-london/islam-evil.htm. Accessed 10 March 2011.
(4) Ahmed, Sara. (2004) *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press.
(5) Arendt, Hannah. (1998 [1958]). *The Human Condition*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
(6) Massey, D. (2005) *For Space*. London: Sage, p. 130.
(7) Dikeç, M., Clark, N. and Barnett, C. (2009) Extending Hosiptality: Giving space, taking time, *Paragraph*, 32: 1-14, p. 12.
(8) Stewart, K. (2007) *Ordinary Affects*. Durham and London: Duke University Press, p. 127.

Hunger in the Kitchen of Amos House

Sireita Mullings-Lawrence





In 2007, whilst taking a look at the structure of youth based social enterprises in New England, I visited Amos House in Providence, Rhode Island. Amos House is a nonprofit organisation that provides hot meals to those recovering from drug and alcohol misuse as well as to the homeless.

Having asked my hosts Michelle and Shirley to see the 'real' side of town, I did not know what to expect and wasn't so sure whether their idea of visiting a soup kitchen would be a great place to start. Feeling very anxious, we pulled up outside of the front entrance of Amos House. I prepared my camera to take a shot. Nervously pressing my finger on the shutter release I questioned where everyone was, as there appeared to be no activity. We walked to the back of the building and found at least thirty-five people sitting around in the yard. There was an argument going on, which made me feel uncomfortable.

The shutter opened as I raised my camera to the kitchen window, and as though the sound of it closing was a whistle, people began rushing towards the kitchen, collecting their trays on the way. There was no question of who was hungry. I had already captured images of people collecting their food when I noticed the atmosphere had changed. The arguing had stopped, people were smiling and talking pleasantly with each other as though they were family members at a barbecue. As they finished their meals and emptied their trays, I found I too became hungry: hungry to learn about who these people were and how they got here. Brief conversations with these people revealed their stories, the history of the place and how many times it had served as refuge for them and their families

It was here, in the yard of Amos House soup kitchen that I discovered a 'sociological hunger'.

The Wasted Boundary

Claude St Arroman









When it was released in 1958, Jacques Tati's film *Mon Oncle*, made a number of observations about the urban boundary which are as relevant today as they were then. Jacques Tati uses the post-war transformation of the built environment as a literal and metaphoric means to express a condition of divisiveness, peculiar to a modernity preoccupied with the machine. Although modernity is a phenomenon which can arguably be traced back as far as the turn of the 17th century (1), this is a later, 20th century version of modernity, more particularly affected by the explosion of 'soft' industries promoted to replace the 'hard' industries of World War II (2).

Jacques Tati presents an old world and a new world which are as distinctive in their physical fabric as in the way they are inhabited, but the contrasts which define them apart from each other are not inscribed by physical borders. Their delineations are qualitative and comprised of visible and invisible walls which are immaterial to dogs and children but transgressed by adults like Mr Hulot (Mon Oncle), who has a foot in each world by blood relation, but whose presence in the modern world causes the breakdown of machines.

While the inhabitants of modernity are subservient to the supremacy of order and gadgets, and while their impersonal and uncomfortable lives function around the need to express social achievement through the enactment of defined roles. The inhabitants of the old world live seemingly leisurely lives without specific roles or functions to fulfil. They interact effortlessly in a flurry of activities which are apparently carried out randomly. Most of the inhabitants of this world are children, adolescents, mothers, wives and older people. They take centre stage and are portrayed as the very fabric of the community. They are also clearly disenfranchised from the new world, made up exclusively of working men and female attachments, although children are conditionally tolerated and traders serve as accessories to the supply of merchandise.

The rigid, mechanised existence of the modern inhabitants takes place within a physical environment of concrete and macadam. All activities are immaculately organised within impermeable pockets of territories, marked out by solid and conditional boundaries, distributed by circulation arteries dedicated to the car. By comparison, the old world is defined by absolute absence of delineation and unashamed chaos. It is difficult to fathom what people do or don't do, where exactly they live and which bit belongs to whom. In fact, beyond the coherence of the central 'place', nothing is immediately definite to the observer. Mr Hulot himself travels through neighbours' landings and even rooms to reach his own personal space. This personal space communes with nature (the sun's reflection on his window makes the caged bird sing). Doors, windows and alleys weave themselves between public and private territories bursting with human activity. This is in total contrast











to the complete isolation experienced by the 'modernised' housewife on the other side of the border.

Although the audience can clearly identify one world from the other, the only physical site of transition between them is an unoccupied wasteland around a broken down stone and cast iron gate overlooking a distant wall of geometric blocks of flats. This wasteland represents division, and could be found on either side of any solid wall or curtain made of barbed wire. It constitutes a sort of buffer zone between two physical, social and political entities which have enforced mutual exclusion. This type of territorial 'void' can also be found in an inverted form, where two walls run in parallel, forming a trough devoid of human life. In both instances, these wastelands are depositories of waste, in literal and metaphoric terms.

It would be natural to conclude that the excess of boundaries is the root cause of modernity's divisiveness. However, this is a profound misconception. The problem is not the boundary, it is the quality of the boundary. Tati's old world is full of boundaries, but many of these are simply outlined, in the way a quick sketch might be. From the chalk lines of hop-scotching children to the cast-iron balconies leading to upper floors, they have varying degrees of permanence. They are indicative of a potential for human activity but do not dictate which activity this should be. They are tolerant of potential awkwardness and minor disruptions. Where boundaries are more solid (masonry walls) they contain points of penetration between the inside and the outside which are made up of several layers (net curtains, glass windows and shutters). These enable a choice in degrees of privacy between the two sides of the boundary. The old world is full of boundaries, but they are flexible boundaries. Some are 'more permeable', 'relatively impermeable' and 'degenerating'.

These terms are employed by microbiologist Alan Rayner, who observes that, in nature, 'to be entirely self-contained is to be an inert, closed structure with no capacity for take-up or loss of energy between inner world and outer world. The nearest any life forms actually get to this condition is when they form 'survival capsules' […] In such a condition they are incapable of any growth or dynamic relationship with others. But no sooner is any activity resumed that can support growth, so too is any life form's capacity both to take up and lose energy through its bodily boundaries and those of others in its vicinity' (3).

Boundaries in nature define diversity and difference between entities. This diversity is vital for their overall survival. It depends on its individual components' ability to construct their identities and to negotiate the boundaries which define them in relation to other identities, with which they share a greater set of circumstances. This is a relationship of collaboration, which respects the boundaries and the entities they contain, and which relies on the flexibility and penetrability of these boundaries to mutually adapt to circumstance. The same applies to human nature and indeed the boundary was once a fundamental component element of human rituals.

Jacques Tati's old world is also full of intermediate spaces. Between public and private territories, there are 'sub-spaces' which are neither completely public nor completely private, but which are all inhabited (unlike the wastelands identified above). They are not spaces of transit, designed only for passing through, but spaces in between spaces where transitional activities and transactions take place. What is more, they are not always inscribed physically but are perpetually negotiated. These negotiations happen directly and spontaneously. They are not supervised. In the new world, on the other hand,

there are no intermediate spaces or intermediate actions and activities. Interestingly, the boundaries cannot contain and control everything. They are subject to infringement, of sound in particular (the old world's accordion through the telephone, the clicking of high heels, the humming of machines, the clacking of a neighbour's lawn-mower or the gurgle of the fountain).

It is no small irony that, the more solid these boundaries should be, the more susceptible to transgression they should also become. One inevitable observation made by Jacques Tati is that this condition should ultimately affect human privacy. While the audience is never invited into the more 'private' – or rather, internal – territories of the old world (inside the café, inside Mr Hulot's flat), the focus of attention in the new world is specifically inside the home and the workplace, or on the arteries (roads) linking the two. In fact, we know without a shadow of doubt that Mr Hulot's brother-in-law is a business man in the manufacturing industry. He leaves and returns home with transparent predictability. His wife spends her entire days oiling the grooves of their functionalised dwelling for the benefit of gawping aspirants to their communal testimony of achievement. Ultimately, their perceived strength and superiority lies in the immaculate way in which all roles, actions and environments are defined, itemised and choreographed. The allusion to the telephone anticipates the later imports of the public realm into the private realm through technologies such as television, and of the private realm into the public realm through 'reality' television, blurring the demarcations between public and private.

It is no wonder, therefore, that modernity should have erected defensive boundaries. Yet, paradoxically, while public and private space have become more defined, and are treated in isolation of each other by all structures (be they administrative, legal, social or political), they are also both suffering from a gradual erosion of diversity. This excludes qualities and possibilities previously accommodated in the 'old' world. The physical differences between home/street/office – all constructed of similar materials – are visually erased and provide a conceptual illusion of equality and free flow. Katherine Shonfield points this out in her analysis of Parker Morris' diagrams in the 1960s (4). In their mode of thinking, designers were not only abstracting the qualities on either one of the spaces, they were also abstracting the boundaries between them. The result is paradoxical.

This illusion is further promoted by the intellectual paradigms which accompany the social and architectural designs of the environment. The overall coherence of Tati's old world suggests that it is somehow self-regulated. Self-organisation is a term which is quintessential to the understanding of ecological systems and which applies to humans as much as it does to nature. This observation is central to Fritjof Capra's depiction of *The Web of Life* (5), where he makes direct parallels between the scientific world's difficulty in capturing the essence of life through mathematical formulas and the works of social scientists like Gregory Bateson. In the new world, the slightest incident causes major disruptions.

Mathematical thinking and the social sciences of modernity both struggle with a duality between the itemisation of individual subjects of observation and the patterns which link them to the wider schemes of equilibrium. Where itemisation excels at the examination of the particular, it cannot grasp the intricacies of relationships connecting the singular with the plurality that defines it. By excluding plurality from the equation, this process takes away the unquantifiable chaos which defines life itself. This chaos has its own order and patterns, but these are interconnected to a degree which is



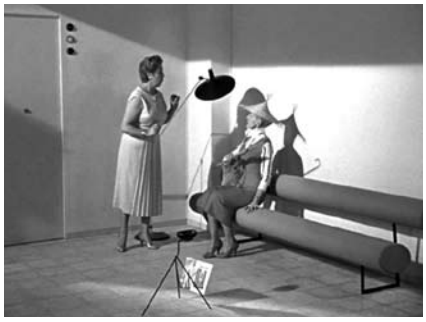


















beyond prediction or certainty, and can only be understood through the study of the patterns of interconnectedness, which are multi-dimensionally located at the very boundary between entities.

Inbred into this principle of connectedness is the way in which daily human affairs are carried out. Mr Hulot is represented as a human bridge between the two worlds. Closer observation reveals that there are many more human bridges in the old world, such as the policeman who, like the street sweeper or the market traders, is an integral part of the community, is barely noticeable among the crowds and does not intervene in any of the dealings of everyday life. He is a discreet representative of a more formal institution which would represent the 'state'. His role is not regulatory; rather he is a stepping stone between public and state.

Similarly, the street sweeper is a bridge between individuals; the carrier of gossip. The concierge, rubbish collector, park attendant or postman of old times have similar functions, but the street sweeper is particularly interesting in that he never actually sweeps anything, at any point in the film. Waste seems to somehow take care of itself and indeed, despite its crumbly appearance, this old world is remarkably unencumbered by rubbish. This is in stark contrast with today's experience of urbanity, where the management of waste is a continual conundrum.

Symptomatically, and symbolically, the threshold between our contemporary private and public realms is defined by a boundary lined with dustbins. Whichever building type shelters our private territory, this occurrence is barely noticed and taken for granted – even in localities where conservation standards are otherwise very strict. Bearing in mind the observation that waste builds up in the vicinity of boundaries which are too rigid, this reveals the extent to which the boundary is mismanaged at all levels.

While building technologies are increasingly uncompromising (and complete with their own void inside an undisclosed cavity), the urban fabric has lost its intermediate spaces and people. Although public and private spaces are treated entirely separately, they are increasingly similar and the qualities which held them distinct have been blended and diluted. We are left with a division made up of waste and lifelessness, sited where the strongest potential for human negotiation could reside. It is a site that contains the neglected leftovers of exchange and interconnectedness, thrown away by modernity from either side of the fence.

Only by reinserting intermediate and permeable spaces such as those described by Jacques Tati in his old world, can the boundary reappropriate its positive attributes and enable once again the necessary points of connection between humans and the cycles of their existence.

All images are stills extracted from *Mon Oncle* a film by Jacques Tati. The last picture of the bins has been taken by the author in South London.

(1) Stephen Toulmin (1990) *Cosmopolis: The Hidden Agenda of Modernity*, The University of Chicago Press.
(2) Gay McDonald (2010) The Modern American House as Soft Power: Finland, MOMA and the American Home Exhibition 1953, *Journal of Design Theory*, 23(4).
(3) Alan D.M. Rayner (2010) *Inclusionality and Sustainability: attuning with the currency of natural energy flow and how this contrasts with abstract economic rationality,* Department of Biology and Biochemistry, University of Bath.
(4) Katherine Shonfield (2000) *Walls have Feelings*, London: Routledge, p. 26.
(5) Fritjof Capra (1996) *The Web of Life: A New Synthesis of Mind and Matter*, Harper & Collins.

The Matter of Noise

Christian von Wissel

Reading a text and seeing a film is not the same. Just as there is a difference between listening to a conversation and listening to poetry or music, or for that matter, doing so at home or in the central nave of a cathedral.

The position of our mind and body in space/time offers us multiple pathways to engage with the world and to construct knowledge thereof. However, in the context of critical social sciences, being conscious about the implied differences is a powerful thinking tool in order to re-imagine the practice of *doing* research and to find inventive ways for sharing 'outcomes' – a topic that keeps coming back in times of aggravating institutional crisis regarding the critical social sciences' frustration of being rendered irrelevant by public spending policies.

Following the growing discussion on sensuous research practices it is notable that scholars increasingly aim to be more responsive to the physical experience of life when doing research (1). Yet all too often we do not take into account the (equally sensuous) materiality of, for example, the paper on which we try to share our ideas (this one is Lumiart, pure white, 115 grams, Gloss FSC certified). The materiality of the 'carrier' involved in the act of sharing knowledge might be called the 'matter' of academic engagement. Being aware of it allows an imagining of alternative routes to make both research and dissemination come alive.

Noise of the Past, a collaborative research project on post-colonial narratives of war, plays with, and fruitfully employs, this material awareness. The two project directors, Nirmal Puwar and Sanjay Sharma, not only took into account the 'materiality' implied in the acts of seeing and listening. They effectively centered the entire research process around the hidden qualities of such practices, thus expanding the art of dialogue to become a powerful multi-sensory method (2).

Passing the research from archival work to poetry to music to short film to public screening and, in a second line, from poetry to music to live performance, the project develops in the manner of a collaborative dialogue. Conceptualised as 'call-and-response', this method not only allows for, but actively promotes, continuous shifts in the 'materiality' of the different media used during the process. Subsequently each step provides the opportunity for reflexive feedback between the involved artists/researchers and the public.

By 'materiality' of media I refer to the sensuous characteristics intrinsic to each 'carrier' of information, offering specific possibilities to perform specific situations and experiences that allow the respondent to open up with the senses. In *Noise of the Past* these possibilities are multifold and they reach far beyond the options presented by the paper you are holding in your hands. Voice, music, image and space unfold in changing compositions and rhythms in every step of the dialogue, expanding the way in which the topic is constructed/deconstructed, analysed, represented and passed on.

On November 14th, the remembrance day of the German bombing of Coventry, the project's multiple levels of 'material engagement' were performed in the city's cathedral by 'charging' the vault and central nave with Kuldip Powar's film *Unravelling* and Francis Silkstone's musical composition *Post-Colonial War Requiem*. The first piece drew fleeting images on monumental stone with light. The second converted the building's interior into a transitory sound environment with musicians and actors taking up different locations and slowly moving through space. Together, both these 'material dialogues' made the stone and concrete construction of British war remembrance start to revolve. In the visual and acoustic perception of the audience, the cathedral itself set out on the research project's 'poetic journey of war, memory and dialogue' (3), thus converting the process of *unravelling* post-colonial war narratives into an experience that could literally be felt.

Hearing and seeing *Noise of the Past*, therefore, was something very different to reading a 'text of the past'. The composition and film made the conversation between grandfather and grandson come alive as a 'local invention' of 'material thinking' (4): a creative materialisation of the overlooked narratives and fleeting intergenerational



processes of collective memory. Further, the subtle 'art of listening' (5) inherent in this practice allows researchers and public to jointly ask questions rather than foreclosing fixed answers.

Simply speaking: Noise matters! The encounter with its 'materiality' elicits supplementary 'way[s] of understanding the world' that arise from getting to know the world 'through handling materials in practice' (6). In *Noise of the Past's* audio-visual, spatial dialogue with Coventry Cathedral the audience became the sounding box in which war memory could resonate between recognised and unrecognised victim, past and present, aggression and reconciliation.

Noise of the Past. Screening and live performance at Coventry Cathedral, November 14th, 2010.

Unravelling (2008, HDV, 17 mins), dir.: Kuldip Powar, music: Nitin Sawhney, poetry: Sawarn Singh and Kuldip Powar.
Post-Colonial War Requiem (2008, orchestral composition), composer: Francis Silkstone.
Photo: Jewant Singh.

(1) See for example: Stoller, P. (1997) *Sensuous Scholarship,* Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press; Pink, S. (2009) *Doing Sensory Ethnography*, London: Sage.

(2) Puwar, N. (2011, forthcoming) Noise of the Past: spatial interruptions. *The Senses and Society*.
(3) Puwar, N. and Sharma, S (2008) Noise of the Past: a poetic journey of war, memory & dialogue, event information. available at: www.theurbansalon.org/datalive/downloadfiles/Noise_of_Past_Event.pdf, accessed February 20, 2011. See also: www.gold.ac.uk/methods-lab/noise-past/.
(4) Carter, P. (2004) *Material Thinking: The Theory and Practice of Creative Research*, Carlton: Melbourne University Press, pp. 5, 13.
(5) Back, L. (2007) *The Art of Listening*. Oxford; New York: Berg.
(6) Bolt, B. (2010) The Magic is in Handling. In E. Barrett & B. Bolt, eds. *Practice as Research: Approaches to Creative Arts Enquiry*. London: Tauris, p. 29.

Truth Within Each Moment

Shantala Fels













These images capture a personal journey exploring what India, the native country of my father, means to me, how I see it and how it affects my identity. I stayed with my family in New Delhi for one month and explored the city and its everyday life with my camera. Sometimes I felt I belonged to India and sometimes I felt like a stranger. I became aware of how 'the agony and the beauty of living in India is just this, that one is challenged every day to look at life not in absolutes but in relatives' (1). I discovered that there is only the truth within each moment, which is what has become my truth about India, an endless series of momentary encounters.

The full series of images can be viewed at: www.shantala-fels.de.

(1) Jayapal, P. (2001) *Pilgrimage to India: A woman revisits her homeland*, Seattle: Seal Press, p. 68.

Brooklyn // Bognor

Rebecca Locke





Brooklyn // Bognor is a visual exploration of image and identity, the power of fashion and the myth of place. In many ways it is a tale of two cities: first, New York City… and then Bognor Regis, my hometown in the UK. In 2006 I moved from Brooklyn, New York, where I had lived for a number of years, back to Bognor. Bognor is a rundown English seaside town and a place (however attractive I remembered it to be) hard to admit you are from. Just mentioning the name causes people to laugh. For a while there was a game show on British TV called *Bognor or Bust* in which contestants tried to win a vacation somewhere exotic, but if they lost they won a weekend in Bognor. That just about sums it up. The town didn't always have this reputation. Far from being the butt of jokes, it was the seaside resort of choice for high society, the holiday destination of royalty. Indeed, in the 1920's King George V would stay there, hence the town's Latin suffix 'Regis'. It was also a place where artists spent time, including the likes of William Blake. Yet today, Bognor, the sunniest place in the UK, enticing with its seaside kitsch, has lost its prestige, value and most of its grand architecture.

Despite my familiarity with the British seaside I wasn't prepared for just how different I would find it upon my return. I was a confident urban dweller, living in New York, so I was surprised that my confidence was challenged in Bognor. For example, I shipped boxes of my clothing back from New York, but I didn't unpack a significant number of outfits, I left them boxed up. I felt my Brooklyn clothes could not be worn in Bognor. They included outfits from a band I was

in and those from 2002 when I was part of the Electroclash scene.

Electroclash emerged not long after 9/11, centred around a club-night called Berliniamsburg at a small club called Luxx in the then out-of-the-way neighbourhood of Williamsburg, Brooklyn. Larry Tee the 'founder' described the neighbourhood as 'a handful of blocks' in which there was 'hope the avant-garde was still alive.' People would create new outfits. Clothes recycled from the 1980s – shoulder pads and all – were given a new lease of life with a punk twist. It was an exciting time, each week going through thrift stores to find discarded 80s clothing, deconstructing them and adapting them to make outrageous outfits

The immersion back into Bognor highlighted the characteristics of the city I had left… Why was it that I could wear clothes like this in Brooklyn (even though these outfits were unusual there too), but feel so self-conscious in Bognor? The city clearly provides the environment for the formation of strong groups and the establishment, or development, of sub-cultures. Indeed, city sub-cultures or fringe cultures, unlike those within a small town or rural setting, have the distinct possibility of becoming a rich source of influence for mainstream culture. George Simmel in *The Metropolis and Mental Life*, writes about a sense of distance or a lack of interaction between people in the city as a way to survive on a day-to-day basis (1). It is a *blasé* attitude to everything going on in order to manage the violent stimuli – and sheer number of people. When I first moved to Brooklyn, the people I lived with used to sit me down for what they called 'training to be a New Yorker' – all good fun, practicing sitting still, not making eye-contact and training me in this 'distance' so that I knew how to act on the Subway. Yet, the distance Simmel describes can also form an ideal environment for creative innovation, as one must strive to make oneself noticeable. He writes, 'to exist as an individual' in an environment graced by over-stimulation, 'extremities […] peculiarities and individualizations must be produced and they must be over-exaggerated' (ibid. p. 19). Consequently, dynamic individuality is cultivated in cities, whilst it would not even germinate in a small town.

A new narrative of place

The body of work *Brooklyn // Bognor* is a visual expression of this. I set out to construct new scenes of Bognor: these scenes are of a fantasy Bognor where I am wearing Brooklyn clothes out of context in this seaside town. When creating these tableaux, I became aware (much to my surprise) of similarities between Williamsburg, Brooklyn in the late 1990s and present day Bognor. Both run-down places that were not considered 'the place to be'. Yet, through the arrival of artists, the avant-garde and a sense of something happening, Williamsburg became the place to be, its image was changed, so much so that it is presently becoming an exclusive, expensive and valued place. Of course, Williamsburg is located in New York, so anything happening in this little corner of the city was on the radar of media organisations. Even so, it raises the following questions: Is it possible to create a new perception of a place by creating a new narrative? Is it possible to challenge the current myth of place by making it look 'good'? Is it possible to construct an alternative narrative, a new myth, a new story through these fake constructed scenes?

The legacy of fringe culture

So, what about the fringe cultures that flourish in the city? In the case of Electroclash, did it fizzle out at the close of 2002? The answer is no. It was appropriated by the mainstream and its influence lives on. As the scene received more and more press coverage, its club nights were attended by journalists, as well as fashion and music industry executives. Even Susan Sontag visited because something was happening. This meant that the bricolage of 1980s clothes, regarded of no value, was picked up by high fashion and then eventually, filtered into the mainstream.

In 2006 my resurrected 1980s Brooklyn outfits, de-constructed with tape, were completely out of place in Bognor. Yet, just three years later the images I had made began to look less unusual as the style was by then beginning to filter into mainstream fashion. Nowadays, if you visit high street clothing stores you will see the clothes have a 1980s influence, mixed with the Electroclash style, shoulder pads and all, mass-produced for anyone to buy.

Through Electroclash the avant-garde took something of little value and revalorised it, influencing today's style and culture. *Brooklyn // Bognor* echoes the process of this revaluation. This series of twelve staged photographs utilises performance and lens based media: long exposures and sunshine to create hyperreal scenarios in saturated colour. Combined with digital layering, the series constructs a new image for the town, a new narrative, a new myth of place.

The full series of images can be viewed in colour at: www.rebeccalocke.com.

(1) Simmel, G. (1976) *The Metropolis and Mental Life*, New York: Free Press.

Site of Discontinuities

Jan Lemitz



Moran market is a traditional market held weekly on a vacant parking lot at the southern outskirts of Seoul. This usage of urban space is rarely found in this otherwise densely populated and highly developed metropolitan city of 20 million. It is mainly attended by elderly men and women, with stalls selling a range of products from fruit and vegetables to livestock and ingredients for oriental medicine and stages inside tents hosting promotional sales. It represents one of the many sites where ruptures and discontinuities become visible in Korean society between traditional and changing modern cultural practices.



Keep Calm and Carry On

Alexandra Baixinho



The receptionist at the hotel reads my name and asks my nationality. Having just arrived from the airport to a new place I would never expect to be welcomed by someone from my own country. This is funny, I think. I switch the language button back to native for a while and it feels good. London is already surprising me.

In my room my laptop soon runs out of battery. I try to plug it in, but the wall socket doesn't match. I go out to buy a visitors' adaptor. Fortunately I already have pounds with me.

As I begin exploring my surroundings I have a brief encounter with a squirrel. Boy, they're faster than I thought! The ancient cemetery next to the local church is now a garden. An oasis of solitude, silence, and green in the middle of the city. Shopping around, people call me 'love'. It's a kind greeting I'm not familiar with. My brain struggles to decipher sounds and words never heard or long forgotten.

Eating noodles. Getting an Oyster Card. Getting confused with bus maps. Constantly look the wrong way before crossing the street. Announcements of missing people in the doors of commercial spaces in Camberwell. Am I paranoid, or has the man behind me in the bus threatened to kill me?

Getting to know the different coins. Taking them all out your wallet before you pay, looking at them one by one and being much slower than other customers. Still a few more days before trying to get a bank account and an UK phone number. Zapping the radio through religious ceremonies in Arab, Indian music, rap… Exotic ringtones in the tube. Getting lost in bureaucracies. Getting lost in uncertainty and the unknown. Getting misunderstood. Where to move to now? The hell of finding accommodation.

No accents in the computer at the office. Ok, so English has no á, à, ã, é, ê, ó, õ... My friends will have to get used to encrypted messages on Facebook. For my friend it is even harder. She has Farsi/Persian stickers on her keyboard so she can write in her own language.

Trying to make sense out of chaos. Shock and surprise. Fear and action. *Keep calm and carry on.*

Salsa in the City

Paulina Korzekwa

London is fill of salsa. This occurred to me on one afternoon sitting on the bus, and riding around the city. I couldn't help but notice the proliferation of salsa clothing, lessons, parties and even salsa spinning workshops advertised all around the city. These advertisements range from leaflets on how salsa can positively influence one's mood and improve a sense of well-being, to an impressive poster featured in a trendy nightclub's window, 'come inside and express yourself!'.

Many of my friends are either frequent guests in London's numerous salsa clubs or devoted salsa students – or both. This, together with a recent conversation with a Venezuelan friend who complained about the distance between the 'authentic' salsa and what she saw as an 'artificial' and commodified product consumed in London.

As Lise Waxer observes, 'music offers a powerful case study for globalisation in part because it is regarded both as a universal language and as a particular expression of a certain group of people' (1). The reflections below are the product of ethnographic research conducted amongst salsa lovers in London as well as Havana and Trinidad in Cuba, exploring the cultural significance of globalisation and how cultural forms are circulated in dance.

The term salsa, which literally means 'sauce' – the result of mixing together various ingredients – suffers from a lack of a well defined identity (2). The term was originally used as an adjective and referred to music played 'con salsa' (with salsa) – that is hot, saucy, soulful and gutsy. It only attained its status as a noun when salsa was popularised in the 1980s and associated with pan-Latin identity (3). A number of musicians and scholars in the field have argued that salsa is an umbrella term to describe a whole variety of Latin music (4); that it is a generic term describing contemporary Latin urban music in the US rather than a musical terminology, 'a creation of the New York commercial music industry' (5), a 'staple of US marketing' (6). As Tito Puente observed: 'the music that I am playing today, which I have been playing for the last 20 years or more, if they want to call it salsa or matzo ball soup, the name doesn't make any difference to me' (7). I believe that the broad debate around the origins, nomenclature and meaning of salsa as a term and as a musical, social and political phenomenon points to how culturally extensive and problematic this fascinating phenomenon and its global expansion are.

According to Arjun Appadurai, the contemporary world is an interactive system marked by the tension between cultural homogenisation on one hand and cultural heterogenisation on the other (8). We live in a globalised 21st century world wherein the salsa performed and consumed in London resembles that which is experienced in and by Latin Americans. However, when observing and talking to salseros in Cuba I noticed that there is also a juxtaposition between London-style and Cuban salsa. In this sense, I would like to suggest that in a deterritorialised world, salsa appears as a hybrid, dislocated cultural practice, mirroring the transformation in global cultural and economic flows and structures of power.

Music is omnipresent in Cuba. Loud and lively, it is played on buses, in taxis, on street corners and on balconies. To a tourist it seems an integral part of Cuban lifestyle. When in Cuba, salsa emerges as *la musica de la calle* (the music of the street). People wear informal clothes, there are no special 'salsa shoes'. There is no particular 'salsa make up', and they don't follow a strict code of steps and turns. They have never formally learned how to dance salsa – they just dance. 'Salsa is not about learning moves [...] when two people dance together, the dance is an expression of what is in the heart' (9).

Observing London's salsa scene, it appears as a commodified and commercialised version of what a tourist might come across as an 'authentic' Cuban salsa experience. It is an attempt to sell a distorted Latin-cultural experience, eroticised and fashionable and thus appealing to widest audience possible. Salsa in London appears as a commercial product, one that differs from its original manifestation and socio-cultural significance. Here it is presented as a sexualised and trendy way of losing weight, finding a partner and enjoying oneself. When dancing salsa in London the emphasis is placed on following steps, spinning, wearing 'proper salsa shoes', salsa dress and salsa make up (recently introduced a new range at Boots). London salsa is not about understanding Latin culture but following an obsession with technique, trends and fashion. Many people who dance it are unaware of the meaning and significance of the lyrics, and are thus oblivious to the deeper cultural heritage inscribed in the songs, some of which are not even intended to be danced to. As one of the interviewees explained when talking about Ruben Blades song 'Pablo Pueblo', "this song is about Latin America, about politics, culture, family, roots. Most of it is poetry. How can you dance to it?" (10).

Dislocated and transported to London, salsa becomes part of a commercialised, global reality and a process of McDonaldisation (11). Its spontaneity and liveliness are used as a tool for making profit. Salsa generates surplus value and becomes efficient, calculable, predictable, standardised and controlled in the process.

However, as mentioned earlier, salsa is an inherently hybrid phenomenon. It was born out of an encounter between different cultures (Afro-Caribbean, Cuban and Puerto Rican based in New York City). Moreover, as Bryan Turner argues, dance is a 'powerful illustration of cultural globalisation' and offers an opportunity for the 'study of glocalization' (12). It is influenced by the flow of free market, by transnational migration and flexibility of previously fixed structures. It adapts to local trends and tastes. It transforms over space and time. Thus, it can't be reduced to the claim of 'authenticity' and 'purity' on behalf of one space and culture over another.

There is, it seems to me, a 'transnational tension' over who has the right to claim ownership over performing salsa, and thus over re-negotiating its meaning and significance. A large number of interviewees expressed concerns with the disjuncture between the London and Latin American salsa scene. As one interviewee notes, the London salsa scene is "empty and superficial and dancing salsa [has become] a competitive sport" (13). Another interviewee testifies, "In Latin America you have people to whom this music is their lives... in London salsa is not a social dance. It's not sweet enough and it's very arrogant, egoistic... shining-spinning around all night... this is not salsa... and you don't need those shoes... all you need is love!" (14).

However, it's important to bear in mind that salsa as a dance form is, quintessentially, a performance (15) and as such its meaning and significance is performatively created and re-created by the bodies that execute it. In light of challenges over the politics of authenticity and sociology of the body, it is hard to say that there is one 'authentic' and 'pure' body that has capacity to claim authenticity of its performance. Similarly, Roman-Velazquez argues that both Latin and non-Latin salsa musicians in London clubs often have to struggle with expectations as to how they look, behave and perform. They find themselves challenging the idea that 'due to ethnic characteristics certain people can, or cannot, engage in particular practices and activities' (16).

An increasing migration of Latin Americans to London also plays its role in the glocalisation of salsa. They become salsa teachers and salsa club goers and contribute to the changing face of salsa. In doing so they also transform what it means to be Latin. Thus, the refiguring of salsa in London offers a possibility for new 'ethnic identities' to be negotiated in contrast to the identification with Latin music as essentially South American (17). Bearing this in mind it seems that in London salsa acquires yet another meaning – as an intrinsically hybrid and transnational phenomenon. In other words, salsa is being influenced by global processes that 'create implosive events that fold global pressures into small, already politicised arenas, producing locality in new globalised ways' (18).

Salsa has transcended geographic and cultural boundaries and has become a foundation for the emergence of a globalised musical community. It can be understood and explored through its transnational multiplicity of both performance and consumption practices; a circulation of people, ideas, sounds and musical commodities. Thus, Frances Aparicio argues for an understanding of salsa as 'an emergent musical style whose meaning is being renegotiated by production and consumption in several different parts of the world' (19). I would like to propose that salsa can serve as an emblem of globalisation's cultural dimensions, of changing patterns of production and consumption in a new capitalist system; a hyperreal condition of what some theorists now call, the post-modern world.

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(8) Appadurai, A. (1998) *Modernity at Large: Cultural Dimensions of Globalization*, University of Minnesota.
(9) Lindop, G. (2008) *Travels on the Dance Floor: One Man's Journey to the Heart of Salsa*, Andre Deutsch, p. 252.
(10) Jose, interview.
(11) Ritzer, G. (1993) *The McDonaldization of Society*, Pine Forge Press.
(12) Turner, Bryan, (2005) *Bodily Performance: On Aura & Reproducibility*, Body & Society, 11:1, p.11.
(13) Daniela, interview.
(14) Carlos, interview.
(15) Turner, B. (2005).
(16) Roman-Velazquez, P. (2006) 'The Embodiment of Salsa: Musicians, Instruments and the Performance of a Latin Style and Identity', in *Ethnomusicology: A Contemporary Reader*, Routledge, p.297.
(17) Roman-Velazquez, P. (2006).
(18) Appadurai, A. (1998) p.9.
(19) Aparicio, F. & Jaquez, C. (eds) (1998) p.42.

Crossing Lines

Crossing Lines is an idea that arose from the original *Urban Encounters* conference at Goldsmiths in 2008 and the Urban Encounters: Rethinking Landscape symposium at Tate Britain in 2009.

It was set up in January 2010 as a collaboration between CUCR and London Independent Photography with a common interest in emerging trends in urban theory, current social research and ideas coming from cultural studies, as they jointly relate to photographic practice and the investigation of urban environments.

Crossing Lines is predicated upon the view that everyone benefits from the sharing of supportive reactions to their work. Photography in itself and in the service of a wider project is a developmental and explorative process which can often benefit from partnership with another. The forum offers a testing site outside the spotlight of course work or professional assignments and can provide a sympathetic forum for experimental work that has no formal platform for presentation.

The group meets on the first Wednesday of each month from six to eight in the evening at Goldsmiths. It is open to all LIP members, CUCR staff and students.

Contact: john.levett1@gmail.com
Crossing Lines blog:
http://cucrlip.wordpress.com/



Urban Playgrounds

Alex Rankin / Crossing Lines







Darkened doorways and crooked floors, angles obscured by time or human force.

Sharp edges meet soft shadows and peeling walls lie naked under hollow ceilings.

These places exist in a forgotten land, outside of daily life. Here there is peace in the absence of others and a thrill in the lack of rules. Time is the only constraint, its length determined by the will of developers.

For now, they are free to fall apart.

Vacant Properties

Judith Jones / Crossing Lines



According to figures released by The Federation of Small Businesses in 2010 there are on average 2000 local shops closing in Britain each year (1). Since 1990 40% of bank branches in the United Kingdom have closed and about 3000 local post offices face closure. Around 27 pubs are closing a week. These community hubs of towns and villages throughout the country are disappearing fast. The faces of our high streets are changing. Too often they are replaced by superficially cloned towns filled with the same chain stores and fast food outlets that pervade the world over.

Recently I have become interested in these urban spaces that are now unoccupied: waiting to be replaced by conglomerates with money enough to fill these empty husks and take a chance in the current recession.



I find myself picturing the people who once made their living in these spaces. Many may have spent more of their lives here than with family and loved ones. A small intimate shop becomes their second home; friends and enemies are made within small workplaces. The florist whose love of all things floral went beyond the business of simply tying bouquets with coloured raffia; but who also stuck posters up in a back room so that in moments rest she could be reminded of her passion which became her livelihood. These people are now gone and as I pass by these vacant carcases I wonder: where are they now...?

(1) www.fsb.org.uk







Center for Urban and Community Research

Events





City to Sea Symposium
Goldsmiths, University of London
10 June 2011

City to Sea brings together artists, photographers and social scientists to present visual projects and sociological research, which explores how regeneration and planning processes, tourism, migration, collective memory, visual archives and arts interventions can transform social perceptions and geographical links between cities, coastal towns and surrounding regions worldwide.

A series of photographic walks, workshops and arts interventions will take place in coastal towns including Bognor Regis, Hastings and Margate throughout Summer 2011. For more information see: www.goldsmiths.ac.uk/cucr

Keynotes: Peter Marlow and Magnum Photos.
Speakers include: Sylvia Endacott, Anna Fox, Paul Halliday, David Kendall, Caroline Knowles, Lanis Levy, Rebecca Locke, Glenn Mottershead, Ingrid Pollard, Isidro Ramirez

Organised by Goldsmiths, Centre for Urban and Community Research, Department of Sociology

Curated by Rebecca Locke and David Kendall, supported by Urban Encounters: *www.urbanencounters.org.*

Cities in Conflict
Institute of Contemporary Art ICA, London.
20 June 2011

With the rapid intensification of urbanisation, cities have increasingly become targets, terrains and territories of conflict. Cities are now seen as spaces of conflict, ranging from urban violence to warfare. Yet the city is also seen as a space of consociation, a place for rebuilding and for making new urban ties, lives and associations.

How do we map and document cities in and after conflict? What is the relation between the material city and conflict? Have new urban forms produced new forms of violence? How do we understand violence in everyday urban life? Is it possible to construct new forms of urban life after conflict?

This conference explores these questions by bringing together sociologists, urban theorists, photographers, documentary makers, architects, architectural theorists, urban planners, and lawyers to explore four panel themes: Architectures of Conflict, Cities at War, Urban Violence and Reconstructing Urbanity, together with an exhibition and roundtable discussion of images of urban conflict.

Speakers include: Mark Cousins, Martin Coward, Costas Douzinas, Michael Keith, AbdouMaliq Simone and Eyal Weizman

Organised by Goldsmiths, Centre for Urban and Community Research / Unit for Global Justice

Contact www.gold.ac.uk/cucr/events/ for information and booking
£40/£20 concessions.



Urban Photography Summer School
Goldsmiths, University of London
11 – 23 July 2011

Designed for photographers, artists and ethnographers whose work addresses notions of urban space and culture, the Urban Photography Summer School provides a highly intensive two weeks of practical and theoretical training in key aspects of urban visual practice. The course aims to offer participants a wide range of relevant skills resulting in the production of a photography portfolio drawn from London's urban environments, along with a collective final exhibition.

The programme has been developed in collaboration with Urban Encounters and the Centre for Urban and Community Research (CUCR). The course will be taught by tutors from Goldsmiths Sociology Department and the international MA in Photography and Urban Cultures. The programme draws on the advanced theoretical, research and practical image-making specialisms of key practitioners in the field. Summer School tutors include: Caroline Knowles, Paul Halliday, Beatriz Véliz Argueta, Les Back, Kirsten Campbell, Isidro Ramirez, Mandy Lee Jandrell, Manuel Vasquez, Peter Coles, Michael Wayne Plant and Laura Cuch.

The programme will explore how the practice of urban image making informs the development of a reflexive and critical research perspective, and will include assignments and guided fieldtrips focusing on 1.) landscape, 2.) street photography and 3.) material objects.

Contact www.gold.ac.uk/cucr/summer%20school/ for more information and application instructions:



Crossing Lines Photography Exhibitions
Linear House Gallery, Peyton Place, Greenwich.
18 - 31 July and 10 - 23 October 2011

The Elephant & Castle [interpretations]
18th to 31st July

Photographing materiality, memory, moment, memorial, monument, mausoleum. An urban space as gateway, theatre, imagination, evocation, recreation, re-creation, entrance, exit, route.

Crossing Lines: Works 2010-11
10th to 23rd October

Approaches to and interpretations of the urban space from the Crossing Lines Group. The work is exploratory, digressive, speculative, suggestive, intuitive, initial, provisional.

This exhibition presents work from the Group developed since October 2010 and forms part of the post-graduates conference *Engaging Tactics: Sociology and the Public*, being held at Goldsmiths' Department of Sociology.

Contact and information: http://cucrlip.wordpress.com/

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MA in WORLD CITIES AND URBAN LIFE

The Centre for Urban and Community Research (CUCR)

Cities continuously provide new challenges for understanding what is to be done with human and non-human life. Cities have always demanded new ways of thinking about the intersections of people, things, places, signs, feelings, and practices. Increasingly, no matter how we live, we live at the level of the world, simultaneously within and beyond neighbourhoods, cultures, workplaces, identities and institutions. We know this 'world' primarily through the experience of living within and between cities. How do we understand this experience? What do we do with it in terms of making new forms of social life and new ways of living with others? Particularly, how do we draw upon the experience of urban residents from across the world to rethink the conditions for effective and just urban lives? This programme emphasises how to bring together social analysis, design, activism, and inventive methods for engaging various dimensions of urban work: from planning, policy making, research, cultural intervention, to the management of social programs and institutions.

This programme develops the core strengths of Goldsmiths and its internationally recognised Department of Sociology.

MA in PHOTOGRAPHY AND URBAN CULTURES

The Centre for Urban and Community Research (CUCR)

The MA in Photography and Urban Cultures has been developed in response to the increasing interests in urban theory and the visual representation and investigation of urban life and the physical environments of the city.

It is designed to encourage creative interplay between practice and theory. You will have the chance to consider cutting-edge debates in cultural and social theory in a research setting that actively encourages the development of photographic practice. The programme offers working photographers, visual artists and media practitioners space to reflect critically on their practice. It also offers those with a background in sociology, urban and cultural geography, cultural studies or anthropology the opportunity to combine visual forms of representation with standard forms of research techniques in investigating urban life and the physical environments of the city.

Three core courses will introduce you to contemporary examples of photographic practice and city life. They cover a selection of key and historic texts of social theory, considering cities, spatiality and urban form and provide a historical overview of the different attempts at mapping and documenting urban life in London.

MPhil/PhD in VISUAL SOCIOLOGY

Department of Sociology, Goldsmiths, University of London

The MPhil/PhD in Visual Sociology offers you the opportunity to combine written sociological argument with film, sound, or photographic material. We provide researchers the space in which to re-think both the conduct and form of contemporary social research, in a college environment animated by visual arts and design. The Visual Sociology programme builds on the success of our MA in Photography and Urban Cultures and contributes to Goldsmiths' leading position internationally in visual research and analysis.

You will carry out research in an area that interests you and prepare a written thesis in combination with a video, a sound piece or a series of photographs. Written and multimedia components of the thesis will form an integrated whole. The use of multimedia will enhance and evidence your analysis, interpretation and understanding of social phenomena. The written component of the thesis will engage with multimedia components and be set within a substantive research topic and its wider social context. Your practice will be supported by a programme of audio-visual training workshops as well as expert supervision in your chosen area of research.

To find out more, contact:
Bridget Ward (secretary), b.ward@gold.ac.uk

Further information and how to apply: UK and EU students: Admissions Office, telephone 020 7919 7060 (direct line), fax 020 7717 2240 or e-mail admissions@gold.ac.uk; Overseas (non EU) students: International Office, telephone 020 7919 7700 (direct line), fax 020 7919 7704 or e-mail international-office@gold.ac.uk;

For further information about the Centre: Please call 020 7919 7390; e-mail cucr@gold.ac.uk or visit www.gold.ac.uk/cucr/

CUCR Occasional paper series

Simon COLE, Maria DUMAS
Shadowboxing with the ghost of Bourdieu

Mehul DOSHI
Remittances, Transnational Practices and New Liminal Spaces

Margarita ARAGON
Brown Youth, Black Fashion and a White Riot

Mette ANDERSSON
The Situated Politics of Recognition: Ethnic Minority, Youth and Identity Work

Les BACK, Tim CRABBE, John SOLOMOS
Lions, Black Skins and Reggae Gyals

Andrew BARRY
Motor Ecology: the Political Chemistry of Urban Air

Zygmunt BAUMAN
City of Fears, City of Hopes

Vikki BELL
Show and Tell: Passing, Narrative and Tony Morrison's Jazz

Eva BERGLUND
Legacies of Empire and Spatial Divides: New and Old Challenges for Environmentalists in the UK

Tine BLOM
Dostoyevsky's Inquisitor: The Question of Evil, Suffering and Freedom of Will in Totalitarian Regimes

Bridget BYRNE
How English am I?

Ben CARRINGTON
Race, Representation and the Sporting Body

Stephen DOBSON
The Urban Pedagogy of Walter Benjamin: lessons for the 21st Century Part 1, Part 2 and Part 3

Ben GIDLEY
The Proletarian Other: Charles Booth and the Politics of Representation

Paul GILROY
The Status of Difference: from Epidermalisation to Nano-politics

William (Lez)HENRY
Projecting the 'Natural': Language and Citizenship in Outernational Culture

Colin KING
Play the White Man: The Theatre of Racialised Performance in the Institutions of Soccer

Larry LOHMANN
Ethnic Discrimination in 'Global' Conservation

Ben LOOKER
Exhibiting Imperial London: Empire and City in Late Victorian and Edwardian Guidebooks

India MacWEENEY
Imagining the Real: Chicano Youth, Hip Hop, Race, Space and Authenticity

Hiroki OGASAWARA
Performing Sectarianism: Terror, Spectacle and Urban Myth in Glasgow Football Cultures

Garry ROBSON
Class, Criminality and Embodied Consciousness: Charlie Richardson and a South East London Habitus

Flemming RØGILDS
Charlie Nielsen's Journey: Wandering through Multi-cultural Landscapes

Michael STONE
Social Housing in the UK and US: Evolution, Issues and Progress

Louisa THOMSON
The Respect Drive: the Politics of Young People and Community

Fran TONKISS
The 'Marketisation' of Urban Government: Private Finance and Urban Policy

Danielle TURNEY
The Language of Anti-racism in Social Work: Towards a Deconstructive Reading

Gordon WALKER and Karen BICKERSTAFF
Polluting the Poor: an Emerging Environmental Justice Agenda for the UK?

please refer to www.goldsmiths.ac.uk/cucr
for downloads and further information

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