

Susan Hall

Armed with our inexperience: the Walworth Road

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S t r e e t S i g n s

Centre for Urban and Community Research



autumn 2008

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edited by Roger Hewitt
 Emma Jackson
 Britt Hatzius
 Ben Gidley

photograph on front cover by Santiago Escobar

Introduction by Roger Hewitt

The famous saying 'May you live in interesting times' seems to be having its way in the corridors of CUCR. A great year for innovation, new projects, guest researchers, events, seminars and conferences opened up and seems to be continuing. Perhaps the most significant event in terms of both quality and promise for the future was the wonderful Urban Encounters conference, organized by CUCR and Brixton-based Photofusion, which took place in May over two days and brought together international photographers, artists and academics researching the city, to a highly focused discussion of visual approaches to the urban. There were many really excellent speakers and a lively, non-passive audience which made this conference inaugural - next year's is already being planned. More traditionally research-based but also of great interest was the Learning from the Local one-day conference, launching a report on neighborhood relations in a Kentish town conducted by a team of researchers/development workers and evaluated by CUCR. Ben Gidley describes this innovative project elsewhere in this issue of Street Signs.

On the publications front, two new CUCR Occasional Papers - Louisa Thomson's *Respect Drive - The Politics of Young People and Community*, and Margarita Aragon's fascinating account of the rioting in Los Angeles in the 1940s, *Brown Youth, Black Fashion and a White Riot*, when a new generation of Mexican American youth were adopting elements of black urban style, including zoot suits, while the press whipped up a frenzy of racist panic over 'Mexican delinquents' - were published in hard copy and on the Goldsmiths/CUCR website. (Check them out.) A third Occasional Paper is just now going to press on the related topic of youth from the northern New Mexico city of Española. India McSweeney's *Chicano Youth, hip hop, race, space and authenticity* will be available on the website and in hard copy soon.

Amongst new research ventures, we are particularly pleased to have been awarded funds by the Economic and Social Research Council for a project called -. The CUCR researchers involved are Ben Gidley and Keith Kahn-Harris.

Perhaps the final most interesting change is the appointment to Head of CUCR of Caroline Knowles, Professor of Sociology, author of books on race, post-coloniality, and on projects involving photographic methods within an ethnographic context. Michael Keith is standing down to work further on his ESRC-funded project, with Scott Lash, *Risk Cultures in China: An Economic Sociology*, amongst his other activities. He will be based for a while primarily in China and so not 'around' CUCR during the coming year. He has been at the helm of CUCR almost since its inception and has pioneered the unique blend of urban studies, cultural sociology and committed social research for which CUCR is known. So we sadly say goodbye to Michael for now and welcome Caroline whose presence will no doubt build further on our established commitment to the visual in urban and community studies.

Finally we also welcome Ben Gidley as Deputy Head of CUCR. I too am stepping down from that role to fulfill my commitments to the NORFACE Religion Programme (www.relemerge.org) Ben has been a major influence on the direction of CUCR research, bringing tremendous insight and energy to the many urban and community projects on which he has been engaged. He will be an excellent voice in the deliberations over future directions.

'Interesting times' indeed and we are pleased to be welcoming new students, visual artists, visiting researchers and our readers to their churn. Welcome.

For more details about the Centre's work and the MA programmes see <http://goldsmiths.ac.uk/cucr/> or contact the Centre's Administrator, Carole Keegan (02079197390 / c.keegan@gold.ac.uk)

CUCR News:

Signs of the City

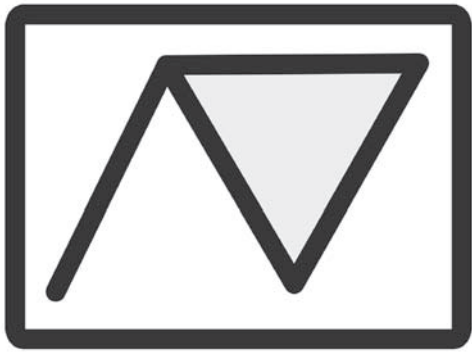
Alison Rooke

The *Signs of the City* project, initiated by Urban Dialogues in Berlin, and delivered by a wide range of partners in London, Berlin, Barcelona and Sofia is now in the mid-stage of its lifetime. The project is funded by the EU Culture programme. It explores the imagined cities of young people in these four cities through the medium of photography. CUCR are both the evaluators and academic partners on the project. Over the last six months young people have been involved in a wide range of photography workshops lead by artists. Some of these have been relatively straightforward participatory photography projects, whereby young people are given cameras and asked to go out into the city to photograph matters of significance. In other cases the artistic methodologies are more complex and exploratory. These have included workshops which playfully explore the logics of public buildings through performance and working with memory and witnessing, whereby young people have returned to places of their youth in the formerly divided city of Berlin to draw and photograph chalked maps of their memories in the street before they are washed away. The workshops led by artist/designer Martin Ruge for example explore the signs system of Berlin as a way of deciphering space and its meaning in an almost archaeological way. Signs are excavated as traces of other times and spheres, removing them from their found context through close up photography, categorising them (via GPS) and examining the sign and its relationship to the place it was found. Digital photographs are then allocated to their places of origination via GPS data in a geo-tagging process and uploaded on to an interactive online-map of Berlin. With this method, amongst others, the project brings together artistic practice, graphic design, technology and community development.

The workshops have worked with diverse participants. In Barcelona young immigrants living in more stigmatised barrios have been given the opportunity to explore the cities' beaches, places they have never visited before. In Berlin, in a workshop lead by the London based artists Neil Taylor and Harriet Murray from Campbell Works, a group of deaf young people developed practical skills in photography which began in day one by making pinhole cameras and a mobile dark room and ended five days later with scanning and uploading the images taken onto the project web platform. London workshops have involved schoolgirls and homeless young men. The projects' impact on the participants is being realised in small and large ways. In Barcelona, for example, working with particularly disadvantaged young people, giving a child a camera to hold and take away for a few days demonstrates a level of trust and respect they had not previously experienced. In Berlin, a group of unemployed people learned to work as a team and successfully curated and produced an exhibition of their work attended by over 150 people. Employment training organisations are interested in the possibilities that less conventional artistic methodologies offer in training environments.

The next stage of the project is an event entitled *Show me your City*. For one week, young people and artists from Berlin, Barcelona, London and Sofia will have the opportunity to meet each other face-to-face in Barcelona. Working collaboratively, they will engage in cross cultural dialogue. The project which speaks explicitly to the European Culture programme's agenda: encouraging intercultural dialogue and exploring the role of culture in engendering a sense of European citizenship amongst young people.

This will be followed by exhibitions and conferences in each city over the month of October. For more information contact a.rooke@gold.ac.uk and visit www.citipix.net/. And the CUCR webpage <http://www.goldsmiths.ac.uk/cucr/>.



signs of the city

Signs of the City: Young People's Photographic Imaginary of the European Metropolis

Conference

Saturday 4 October 2008



This conference offers participants a cross disciplinary perspective on participatory arts practice in education, with a particular focus on young people's urban culture. It is based on the experiences of the European Commission funded *Signs of the City* project (citipix.net), a multi-media participatory arts project between Berlin, London, Sofia and Barcelona. The event will bring together students, educationalists, artists, practitioners and academics working in the area of cultural education, media and pedagogy, visual arts, urban studies, languages and European studies. It is co-organized by the Centre of Urban and Community Research at Goldsmiths College (University of London), the Goethe Institute London, and youth art organizations Watermans (London) and urban dialogues (Berlin).

The conference is free but you are required to register in advance by Friday 19 September 2008. Please email a.tu@gold.ac.uk.

The Conference coincides with an exhibition at Watermans between October 4th and November 2nd 2008 of the photographs produced by the young people who have participated in the project .

For more information: www.watermans.org.uk.

Signs of the City was initiated by Berlin-based youth art organization urban dialogues. It has been carried out with the support of the Culture Programme of the European Union, the Capital Cultural Fund Berlin, the Institute of Culture of the City of Barcelona, the British Council Berlin, the Spanish Embassy in Berlin, and SONY. It works in collaboration with the Goethe-Institutes in Sofia, Barcelona and London.



Education and Culture DG

Culture Programme



GOETHE-INSTITUT

Deptford TV

Ben Gidley

Deptford.TV is a Goldsmiths-based research project developing open source tools and principles for producing and broadcasting collaborative video and documenting processes of change in Deptford, the area of South London where Goldsmiths is located. A partnership between CUCR and Deptford.TV initiated in 2006 has continued - and deepened. In 2008, for the second year running, Deptford.TV provided workshops to CUCR's postgraduate students in using its techniques. Two short documentaries were made by these students. One explores the politics of the relationship between Goldsmiths and its neighbour, Café Crema, while the other dramatises the presence of CCTV cameras in New Cross. These were screened as part of the node.london digital media festival.

Deptford.TV films can be viewed at www.deptford.tv/bm/. As well as the 2008 films, you can watch footage of the Lewisham '77 events in the 2007 channel, along with works by Photography and Urban Cultures MA students and films of the *No Linger in Lewisham* and *Mobilising Knowledge* projects, two participatory urban space exercises CUCR has been a partner in.

The second *Deptford.TV Diaries* has just been published by OpenMute and digitally at thenextlayer.org, with contributions by Adnan Hadzi, Jonas Andersson, Ben Gidley, Brianne Selman, Neil Gordon-Orr, Alison Rooke, Gesche Wuerfel, andrea rota, Duncan Reekie, Armin Medosch, Rasmus Fleischer, The People Speak, and others.

Governance and Diversity

The Joseph Rowntree Foundation funded *Governance and Diversity* research project, based at CUCR and involving Marjorie Mayo, Ben Gidley and Kalbir Shukra, as well as external partners Geraldine Blake, John Diamond, Jane Foot and Martin Yarnit, was completed. Our report, *Community engagement and community cohesion*, was published in June. Our main findings and recommendations were also presented in a shorter Findings document. Our conclusions include:

* The views of new arrivals, as well as those of established communities, need to be heard and resources allocated with visible fairness. New communities are keen to get involved and to have their views heard.

* There are challenges about who speaks for whom when new communities are represented. Informal networks can provide valuable ways for local authorities to communicate with new communities, but traditional leaders do not necessarily represent the voices of women or younger people.

* New communities are diverse themselves. But despite this diversity, new arrivals experience a number of common barriers, such as lack of information, difficulties in the use of English, lack of time, or barriers to recognition, making it more difficult for them to get involved or be heard.

* These barriers are exacerbated by the growing fluidity and fragmentation of governance structures. This complexity poses problems enough for established communities who are already used to navigating their way around. For new arrivals the shifting landscape of service provision and governance is even more bewildering, making community engagement correspondingly more problematic.

* The most appropriate way of engaging new communities, who may be dispersed across local authority areas, is not necessarily at the neighbourhood level. In addition, some of their concerns, such as jobs and language skills, may not be managed at neighbourhood level. Community engagement structures are needed at other levels too.

* Concerns about racism and prejudice remain barriers affecting engagement in structures of governance. However, more positively, there are examples of promising practices addressing these challenges, involving new communities as part of wider strategies to promote cohesion. Community development support emerged as an important factor here, including the vital role local "anchor organisations" play in communities.

The press release, findings and report can be found on the CUCR website.

A New York Trilogy

Emma Jackson/Anamik Saha/Hannah Jones

Buffalo/Whale/Elephant

It was a continental breakfast, but not one as we know it ("there's a batter dispenser", whispers Hannah). Hannah is holding a cold piece of French toast in between her fingers. One old woman dressed entirely in black is guarding the toaster and obsessively toasting everything in sight. We are in New York, kind off. We are in the Comfort Inn JFK for one night only. The immigration officer had been concerned when Hannah had told him we were staying here- "It's a long way to Manhattan". We don't care, last night we ate Chinese food from little boxes and now there is a batter dispenser. A woman from Buffalo sits on our table. It turns out that she has relatives that live near Heathrow, in Boston Manor. "You British people!" , she shakes her head, "always coming to New York, I don't know why you like it so much! You should go to New Jersey, it's nice there. Not many sights though", she pauses. "Come to Buffalo! Go and see Niagara Falls". I tell her that we are only here for 10 days and so we probably won't make it. We say we're going to a conference. "UN?", she asks.

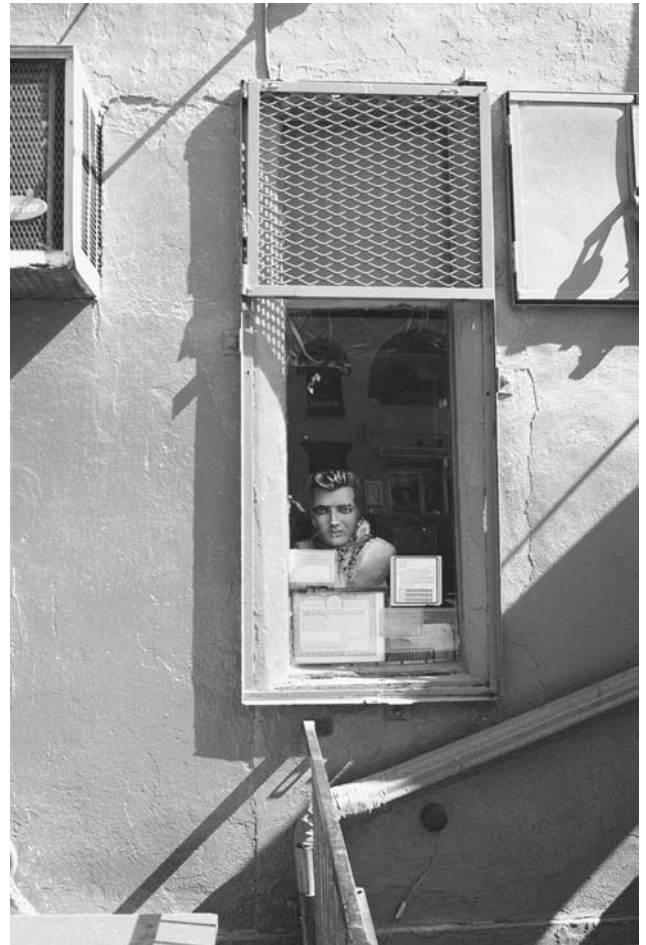
"No, a student conference", replies Hannah.

"I came here for a student conference and then I went to the Embassy and changed my status, you could do that!"

Hannah and I make non-committal "hmmmm" sounds. We weren't planning on emigrating.

A coach ride later

The conference is in the Watermill Center, Southampton. We are not in New Cross any more, Toto. The live-in studios are minimalist, only with lots of chairs - statues too and artworks - but LOTS of chairs. Chairs made of bones, Shaker chairs, the most expensive chair ever sold at auction. There are unexpected staircases. I keep losing my shoes. All this learning and tasteful minimalism can take its toll and so on the second day we take a break in search of the sea. In Southampton there are no pavements and the people who drive past us slow down, stare and wave. There are houses on the coast worthy of Bond villains and all of the beaches seem to be private. We consider turning back. Then a man pulls over and gives us directions, we are nearly there, he tells us, and there is a whale. I run the remaining



Hannah Jones

distance through the car park and onto the beach. There is the Atlantic Ocean and there is the whale. Well, we can see the whale's tail anyway and water shooting up into the air. Marine Watch give one of our party a leaflet. If we see a whale from this beach again, we need to call them. I think it unlikely.

A week later

The crowds line the street opposite the entrance to the Midtown Tunnel. There are cops on bikes, cops in cars, cops on foot and cops in something that resembles a milk float. There is excitement in the air. The elephants are coming. People fall out of bars. The remnants of St Patrick's day - a shamrock here, an Irish flag there - hang in the streets. It is midnight and our eyes are fixed on the tunnel. Cheers erupt intermittently and then die. 'El-e-phants, el-e-phants'. This is a city that likes a parade. Then they are there,



Emma Jackson: Ghostly Mammals

walking slowly, feathers on their heads, trunks linked to tails. They turn and face us. One is draped in a sequinned cloak declaring "I heart New York". The instinct to capture this moment on camera nearly leads to me missing it all, the melancholy and loveliness of the animals, the sheer surreal nature of the occasion. I put down the camera and watch the elephants walk up 34th Street.

Email from across the pond

... My plan before I set out in the morning was to go to Penn Station to get a train ticket for Thurs (my first day at Trinity), buy a camera from a camera shop round the corner from Penn, and then catch the Arsenal game at 2:45pm at a bar called Nevada Smiths in the East Village. Firstly though, I had to go STA Travel in order to get a student ID card for train discounts. I looked on the internet and it said there was a branch at the Empire State Building. I assumed it would be in the plaza on the ground floor, but when I got there couldn't find it. So I went to the receptionist and asked her, and she had never heard of it. Luckily, I had the suite number - 7813 - which she said was on the 78th floor, which struck me as a bit strange. So I got the lift (or 'elevator') and went all the way up, but when I got there I ended up on this weird floor, full of empty corridors, and a few offices; certainly no STA Travel. I wandered around for a bit and eventually found another human being - a cleaner who showed me suite 7812 and 7814, but

suite 7813 was nowhere to be seen. Very mysterious. So I went back down and looked in my Time Out Guide which said there was a branch on the other side of town on East 42nd. I figured I walk, cause Kara is always saying I'm lazy for always wanting to get a subway and she's probably right, after all I'm in New York, which is a particularly good city to walk around, despite the neck cramps. Anyway, 25 minutes later I get to 205 42nd Street, which oddly, just looks like an office building. I walk in and am immediately stopped by security. I told them I was looking for STA Travel, and the man - who was actually very polite - said it had moved downtown to 30th and 3rd. Urgh! By this time it was 1:30 and I was scared I was going to miss the Arsenal game. Anyway I bomb it down to 30th and 3rd (apparently, every 10 blocks in NYC is half a mile...) and of course there was no STA Travel - I probably noted down the address wrong. So I go to Penn Station, am forced to pay \$95 for a return train ticket (would have been \$60 with the student card), and with 35 minutes until kick-off decide I have enough time to pop into this camera shop and get a camera, since I know exactly which one I want. Now the thing about this camera shop is, it's famous for being cheap and crazy (stack 'em high...) and also for the fact that it's run by Hassidic Jews. Furthermore, when I get there I realise it has the most convoluted purchasing system I have ever experienced. After checking in your bags at the front (5 minute queue), you then have to wait to see a salesman as though you were in the post-office (10 minute queue), and then once you have picked your camera (which it turns out they didn't have in store, so have to ship to me), you have to go to a cash register person, pay for your goods (half price sale!), and then queue again for the actual product (I guess I didn't have to do this), and then go for your bag. It's like an Argos from hell, but without the little blue pens you can steal.

Anyway so I get the express train to Union Sq and make it to the (rammed) bar in time for kick-off. And then Arsenal lost in tragic circumstances to Liverpool (WE WOZ ROBBED!!!), and I swanned off for a lemonade, trying to avoid the gloating scousers. I later meet Kara at St Marks where - typically - there happens to be a STA Travel. So I go in to get my student card, and told the guy working there about my STA adventures and he told me that the Empire State branch was actually a joke that someone put on the internet, and it's ridiculous to

think that they would have a store on the 78th Floor, which of course, made me feel like an idiot. But he sensed that this was a blow to my ego and so tried to cheer me with some quip as he took my picture for the card. I'll show it to you when I get back - I have the happiest face I have ever had on a form of identification.

Fakery

I couldn't shake the feeling that everything looked like a film set - too familiar from TV and cinema to actually be real. Kept thinking if I tried to put my fist through an apparent brick wall it would turn out to be cardboard. Luckily I didn't go as far as trying that.

[Actually, I remember thinking something similar when I first moved to London properly - I kept having the feeling I was in The Truman Show and all the crowds were paid extras - in fact I said this to my sister once, sitting in a cafe, just at the moment when Nigel from Eastenders cycled past the window...]

Despite being perfectly happy about wandering anywhere in London on my own, for some reason I got anxious at the idea of trying to find my 'fake cousin' at a particular time and place in New York City so that he could give me the keys to his apartment - which I was borrowing while he was away, although we'd never met and are only tangentially related. In the end getting there was simple. On the way I stopped off at a sweet shop - sorry, candy store - and bought lots of exotic American sweets (and some chocolate matzo, which didn't wholly impress my mother as a holiday gift).

At lunch, I explained to my fake cousin that the candy was for greeting the elephants when they arrived in Manhattan at midnight. He looked unimpressed. "Oh that. There'll be some animal rights protesters there I expect".

I further reconsidered the wisdom of the lunchtime cocktail when I started trying to explain to my fake cousin about our exploits so far in New York. "Can you think of any New Yorkers called Bob?" I asked. "We've got De Niro and Dylan so far. We were walking through the streets pretending to be New York people... Like Big Bird and Andy Warhol... But when there were three of us we thought it might be fun to all be New York Bobs..." I realised perhaps I should stop talking, or he might not give me the keys to his flat, I mean apartment.

In the end, the plan for glamorous cocktails in glamorous cocktail dresses at the Waldorf (pretending to be Dorothy Parker) didn't come off - mainly because of the mysterious flu-like bug that confined me to the apartment for three days. Still, I had wanted to be a real New Yorker, and from the apartment I could get anything delivered - my fake cousin had given me the number of the deli which would bring up to the 5th floor toilet paper, cans of soup, or digestive biscuits (should I be feeling homesick). The only thing they wouldn't deliver was wine - but he'd given me another number for that. And as for the Waldorf - at least we'd taken a couple of the monogrammed paper towels when we nipped in to use the glamorous toilets. (Although mum wasn't too impressed with them as a holiday gift, either).



Hannah Jones

The Body Project

Charlotte Bates

In May '08 a group of postgraduate students at The Slade School of Fine Art curated a multidisciplinary symposium of ideas and artworks on the topic of The Human Body. Students from all disciplines were invited to join together in art projects, lectures, discussions, displays, experiments and essays revolving around the body. The event took place in the Slade Research Centre in Woburn Square and ended with a public exhibition of the work produced during the week-long project.

I contacted the organisers and was invited to give a sociological lecture and to conduct an experiment. The lecture schedule included architectural, anatomical, cultural, historical, literary and philosophical perspectives on the body. In my own lecture I attempted to give an overview of the body and illness in sociology and to explain some of the conceptual difficulties facing medical sociologists, using excerpts from Shilling, Turner, Frank, Crossley and Amery to illustrate my arguments.

During the week I invited people to complete hand drawn questionnaires about their bodies. Each one was put on the wall, creating an interactive sociological installation and a space where people stopped to read each other's answers. The questionnaires were included in the exhibition and the public were invited to add their own to the wall throughout the evening.

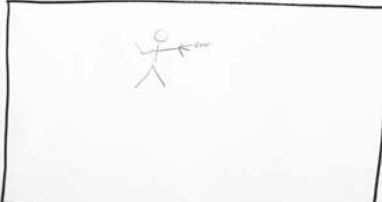
A total of 25 questionnaires were completed, showing that on average people considered themselves to be 40% body and 48% mind, with the highest body percentage being 100% and the lowest 10%, while the highest mind percentage was 80% and the lowest 18%. 71% trusted their bodies yet 86% worried about getting sick, they had been sick from -3.64 times, to 86 times, to hundreds of times, the parts of their bodies that had been sick included noses, stomachs, throats, heads, tonsils, appendices and genes, and when they were sick they felt sad, shitty, scared, vulnerable, tired, drained, alive, lethargic, annoyed, loveless, rubbish and heavy. Words used to describe their bodies included fat, white, small, fragile, strong, healthy, decaying, sexy, average, tired, weak, reliable, neglected and functional, while when asked to complete the sentence 'I _ my body', the most common word used was love (n=3), with other answers including like, enjoy, am in and appreciate. The worst times people had been sick included when they had had asthma, pneumonia, arthritis, a broken arm, paranoia, and ME, with reasons given for why it had been bad including, I couldn't control it, it hurt, I couldn't eat, I trusted no one and I felt trapped. Being sick had stopped people from growing up, playing, cycling, eating, breathing and living.

The questionnaires given at The Body Project are the first of many public questionnaires that I will be collecting as part of my current research on bodies, sickness and everyday life.

MY NAME IS SATHIA
 I have no problem with MY BODY
 THE WORST TIME I WAS SICK WAS the first time that I got pneumonia
 IT WAS BAD BECAUSE I lost half my body weight and had no energy, so lots of other things attacked my body
 IT STOPPED ME living
 THINKING ABOUT IT NOW IT makes me wonder how close I was back in hospital, that time with double pneumonia a year later
 A PICTURE OF ME WHEN I WAS SICK



MY NAME IS VIC
 I love MY BODY
 THE WORST TIME I WAS SICK WAS when I broke my arm
 IT WAS BAD BECAUSE it locked
 IT STOPPED ME planning on how to live life
 THINKING ABOUT IT NOW IT reminds me of a different time & place
 A PICTURE OF ME WHEN I WAS SICK




MY NAME IS TOM
 I appreciate MY BODY
 THE WORST TIME I WAS SICK WAS when I got paranoiod from smoking skunk
 IT WAS BAD BECAUSE I trusted no-one
 IT STOPPED ME thinking about it now it
 A PICTURE OF ME WHEN I WAS SICK



MY NAME IS Mark
 I Seldom think about MY BODY
 THE WORST TIME I WAS SICK WAS when I got pneumonia had an asthma attack as a child
 IT WAS BAD BECAUSE I thought my heart and lungs were going to explode
 IT STOPPED ME breathing
 THINKING ABOUT IT NOW IT makes me realise how important my lungs are
 A PICTURE OF ME WHEN I WAS SICK




MY NAME IS Alison
 3 WORDS THAT DESCRIBE MY BODY
 1. FAT 2. WHITE 3. BOOBYLUSTUS
 I HAVE BEEN SICK 86 TIMES
 A PART OF MY BODY THAT HAS BEEN SICK IS my stuffy nose
 I TRUST / MISTRUST MY BODY
 I WORRY ABOUT GETTING SICK YES / NO
 WHEN I AM SICK I FEEL SHITTY!
 A PART OF MY BODY
 A STORY ABOUT IT
These are my Tits after 8/2001 when I had a Breast Reduction. They were HUGE before & now I think they are PERFECT even though they have ugly scars! I'm glad they're not so heavy




MY NAME IS SASHA
 I LOVE MY BODY
 THE WORST TIME I WAS SICK WAS when I had M.E.
 IT WAS BAD BECAUSE I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING + FELT TRAPPED
 IT STOPPED ME ENGAGING WITH THE WORLD
 THINKING ABOUT IT NOW IT WAS A GOOD LEARNING EXPERIENCE
 A PICTURE OF ME WHEN I WAS SICK



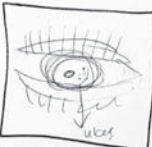
MY NAME IS SARAH
 3 WORDS THAT DESCRIBE MY BODY
 1. STRONG 2. TIRED 3. CHANGING
 I HAVE BEEN SICK LOADS OF TIMES
 A PART OF MY BODY THAT HAS BEEN SICK IS APPENDIX
 I TRUST / MISTRUST MY BODY
 I WORRY ABOUT GETTING SICK YES / NO
 WHEN I AM SICK I FEEL LOVELESS
 A PART OF MY BODY
 A STORY ABOUT IT
WAS I AM AMAZED BY HOW MUCH STRONGER AND CONFIDENT MY WHOLE BODY WAS THAN MY PSYCHE. IF I HAD HALF AS



MY NAME IS Joe
 3 WORDS THAT DESCRIBE MY BODY
 1. VARIABLE 2. CHANGEABLE 3. UNEXPECTED
 I AM 22 % BODY & 18 % MIND
 I HAVE BEEN SICK A FEW TIMES
 A PART OF MY BODY THAT HAS BEEN SICK IS MY HAND
 I TRUST / MISTRUST MY BODY
 I WORRY ABOUT GETTING SICK YES / NO
 WHEN I AM SICK I FEEL SCARY FOR MYSELF
 A PART OF MY BODY
 A STORY ABOUT IT
SHAPED THE TENDONS IN MY HAND ONCE IT'S NOW A BIT DEFORMED



MY NAME IS _____
 3 WORDS THAT DESCRIBE MY BODY
 1. Small 2. Functional 3. FULL
 I AM 30 % BODY & 60 % MIND
 I HAVE BEEN SICK 4 TIMES
 A PART OF MY BODY THAT HAS BEEN SICK IS my eye
 I TRUST / MISTRUST MY BODY
 I WORRY ABOUT GETTING SICK YES / NO
 WHEN I AM SICK I FEEL Heaven
 A PART OF MY BODY
 A STORY ABOUT IT
I had vision in my corner seat during made me blind. They were microscopic + I couldn't see them + they pain



Armed with our inexperience: a survey of the Walworth Road

Suzanne Hall

Perhaps my greatest challenge in exploring a multi-ethnic street, lies in how to see and represent difference; how to understand and capture the composite and shifting relationships between individuals and groups from the vantage point of everyday life on the Walworth Road. The focus of my exploration came to be the small independent shops along the street and the interactions between

proprietors and customers within them. My fieldwork was primarily ethnographic, and I spent many months watching and learning over my plate of egg and chips in 'Nick's Caff', and amongst the mod suits at 'Reyd's Bespoke Tailor shop'. I also spent time walking the Walworth Road searching for ways of seeing and representing the labyrinth of space, time and experience that makes this place.



Figure 1: A map of Walworth Road and the world, showing the origins of the independent shop owners (Fieldwork drawing, September 2006)

At its most basic explanatory level, this is an image of the origins of the independent shop owners along the mile length of the Walworth Road. This image emerged after a face-to-face survey that a colleague and I undertook after a few months into my fieldwork in 2006. We spent two weeks walking the Walworth Road, I took the east side, Thresh took the west, and we recorded every unit along the street. Clutching our clip boards, and armed with our inexperience, we stepped into each independent shop to explain our task, and to ask three short questions of the respective proprietors: "How long has this shop been on the Walworth Road?"; "Is the shop owned or rented?"; and "What is the country that you were born in?". Of the three questions, the one least readily answered related to ownership. To my surprise, a reluctance to answer any of the questions occurred in only a few cases, where either the proprietor was "away" or the proprietor was "too busy" and declined to answer. In most instances, the proprietor, a family member or an associate was in, and we generally had a five-minute period of grace in which to interrupt the entrepreneurial rhythm.

We learnt a few key things from this basic survey exercise. At a numbers level, we learnt that there were a total of 227 units along the mile length of the street. While these units were predominantly retail, they included a small scattering of public buildings and services, such as the Newington Public Library, the Cummings Museum and the Walworth Clinic. Most shop fronts ranged from approximately 4.5 metres for a single unit to approximately 9 metres for a double unit, indicating the density, intensity and comparatively small scale of the units that make up this retail strip. We learnt that just over 60 per cent of the retail units were independent shops neither belonging to a chain nor franchise, and that in most cases the proprietor was "in", and directly engaged in the shop activities. We learnt that of the 130-odd independent shops, there were over 20 different countries of origin amongst the proprietors, with no single place of origin predominating.

As my own computer drafting skills are limited, I asked Thresh to make an image of our survey; one that would parallel the map of the Walworth Road, with the map of the World, and trace the links between the two, by relating the proprietor's shop unit on the Walworth Road with her or his place of birth. Looking back on the image a year and a half

later, I now see a number of different relationships within this representation. I see an image of classification, and while this reflects perhaps too much of a concern for where people have come from, this ties to questions of how proprietors' origins connect with their lives within their respective places of work. I partly see a map of Empire, with so many of the proprietors' countries of origin being former colonies of Britain. Because this image has flattened out different time periods to equate to the present, I see a singular, hybrid moment, and questions around the speed and scale of change, and what impetus these dimensions of transformation have on experiences of change are not directly prompted. I also see a map of the 'third world' or 'developing world', one which would have included portions of South America, should I have incorporated the Elephant and Castle area in my survey, and one where North America and Western Europe are largely absent from the pin-point origins marked on this world map. This provokes questions of not only why certain individuals and groups land up in or go to certain places in the city, but why they might remain there over long periods of time.

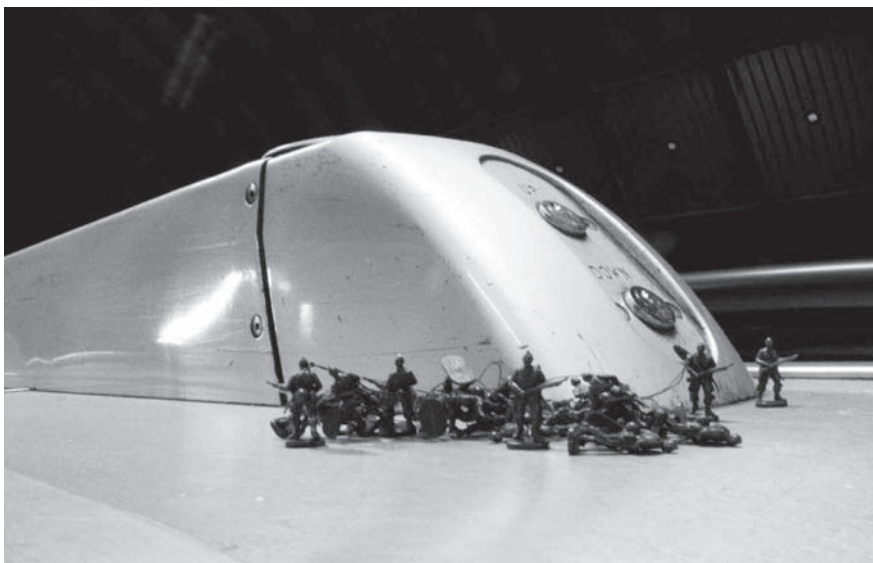
The confluence of origins, colonial pasts and disparate global development are some of the historic and contemporary themes of migration and diaspora that I begin to see when I focus on the places identified on the two maps. However, pin-pointing fulfils only one convention of map-reading and involves locating and orienting oneself by finding markers or places on a map. But if we were to read the map like a traveller, then our attention shifts to the distance between places, and the journey needed to undertake a particular route. If I shift my focus to the plethora of orthogonal lines that criss-cross between the map of the Walworth Road and the world, I begin to wonder how these multiple crossings and connections of people are experienced. How do people manage their journeys between familiar and unfamiliar worlds, and develop their lives and aspirations across these global and local 'scapes'? To focus on what kind of place and what kind of sociability emerges from these dense intersections of difference on the Walworth Road, is to explore the in-between: the process of crossing; the convergence at the shared spaces of intersection; and the effort and imagination required to travel across geographic and temporal distance and personal familiarity.

The Invisible Man, the Invisible City

Santiago Escobar

The project *The Invisible Man, the Invisible City* emerged from work I have been developing for the last 5 years in my home country of Colombia about people, space and conflict (*Citadels in Conflict*). It tries to reflect on the ethical and legal debates about photography and artistic practices. *The Invisible Man, the Invisible City* consists of photographic installations and interventions into urban space. Located in various different spots in London and imbued with ethnographic experience, it involves the production of a series of images and written texts about the nature of private and public spaces. With particular reference to artistic practices, it intervenes in landmarks, places in the city linked to arts and culture, economical and political symbols, sports and leisure environments, the Internet, housing sectors, religious temples and mobility paths (e.g. London Bridge Underground, Tate Modern, Goldsmiths

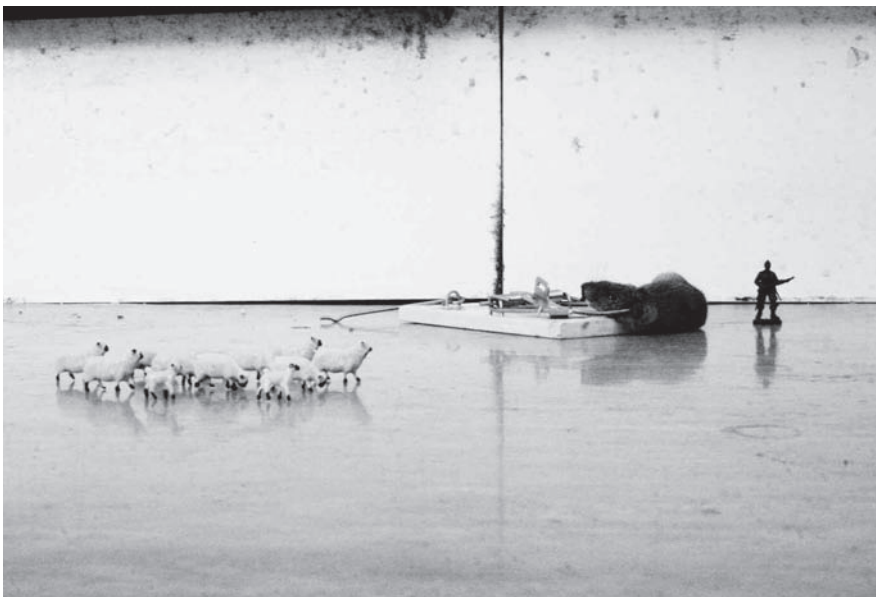
College or Facebook). The compositions of 'urban models' consider space to be a positive form, as the primary aspect of the image. The value of the negative (the plastic soldiers) is inherent to the global composition of the photograph. The scenario is sustained by the study of objects, Jean Baudrillard suggests in *Le système des objets* (1968), their mechanical life and their importance to context and humans. Daily objects multiply and proliferate as humans and they are vital to people, as humans to humans. Every object transforms everyone's use of exclusivity or socialisation. Machines, animals and buildings, plants as well, are always there to modify our spatial perception and to transform our daily lives. This spatial atmosphere encompasses the overall interest to communicate specific ideas or statements.



MOVE-ON, LOND-ON: 'Move-on, Lon-Don Berna y el último tren' was an installation I made on the 31st of December on New Year's Eve – one of the most harried and busy days of the year. I used one of the escalators as a scenario for the intervention. The piece symbolized violence as a station. Time passes and humanity does nothing to live in peace and harmony. We are only voyeurs.



'He who invented this Nativity was sole' talks about loneliness in these Decembers, again, in Colombian jungle and inside the hearts of kidnapped people. Three generations have seen how violence persists to remain inherent in our lives and inside the borders of our country. Even if you are overseas, the sadness follows. Using Facebook's network platform I tagged three hundred contacts on the photo, so everyone received the image to their profile album.



"Here the animal is all the werewolves who exist in the darkness of history and keep alive that fear without which there can be no rule—all these men keep alive the love-hate relationship with the body in its crudest and most direct form." (Adorno 1987) But what is more direct and crude than violence? And what is more sad and terrible than injustice and poverty? The piece 'Zapatitos de Algodón: right or left shoe?' reflects on how violence and refugees' displacement approaches in silence: here the animal, the wolf after getting under a sheep's skin attacks! In Batavia Mews Student Hall, I used a dead mouse as a character before the cleaning lady could dispose of it.

An exhibition of The Invisible Man, the Invisible City opens September 19th, CUCR, Laurie Grove Baths, Goldsmiths

Talking Language Blues

Roger Hewitt

My telephone rang. It was Mrs. Wang. "Mr. Hewitt! What do you want to talk about?"

"Thank you for calling back. Mr. Dunn said you run a successful business in Chinese food. I was hoping to arrange an interview with you sometime after the end of the day at your factory."

"I don't have time. Factory always working."

"It doesn't have to be a long interview. Maybe just half an hour. I'd come to you any convenient time."

"No time for that. Too busy. Too busy. Do it now."

"Over the telephone?"

"That all I time for. If you want talk, do it now. That all." She seemed to be shouting across a lot of background noise and fired her sentences out in a way that confused me about whether she thought I was a nuisance or not. Despite the staccato style she seemed willing.

She ran a small factory making Chinese savoury pastries for Chinese customers in London. She had a little logistical problem, however. Her pastries were delicious. Everyone loved them but as she was always selling to the same people she had to produce a very wide variety of these tasty things so that her small clientele would not get bored and start buying from other people. So she had designed seventy different pastries. The only trouble was no machine was capable of producing all those different pastries or keeping up with changes and new additions. It couldn't be done. The only way to produce them was by hand-crafting. That was how they were made. Very fast, by hand, by a few workers. The factory was active for twenty-four hours a day, six days a week. "I only have workers who work good. Only very fast. And exact, right, always. Not easy. Very hard. English workers no good. Too slow."

Mrs Wang told me she was from the New Territories - Hong Kong. She speaks Cantonese and English. There was also her supervisor of Chinese puff pastry. She speaks Cantonese and Mandarin, and another Cantonese speaker from Hong Kong, plus three Malaysian workers, also Cantonese speakers. They were her Chinese staff. Good communication. That seemed simple enough. They all spoke

Cantonese. But communication was not the reason why there were no English workers. She had other staff. There was, for example, a machine operator from Sri Lanka. He spoke no Chinese and very little English. Then there was the Polish driver. He had no Chinese and very little English but he understood instructions well and could handle the paperwork ok. And another Pole. He had no Chinese, no English. He'd worked for nine years for the company as a baker. There was a Portuguese worker who also had no Chinese and no English. "How do they manage?" I asked. She laughed, "I show them what to do, the ones with no Chinese and no English. They learn rolling, cutting, filling. They just learn. No language." They also manage to communicate with each other, she tells me. "How do they do that?"

"I don't know how they do it. They just do. They tell each other things," she chuckles, "I don't know how."

Despite this miracle of communication she believes people should speak English. She believes that the British government should not provide printed materials in non-English languages. Both of her children went to university in the UK. Both now had good jobs. There was a need for young English workers who were willing to work hard but she couldn't find any.

Our telephone conversation ended as abruptly as it had started. "Maybe we could speak again sometime?"

"Too busy. That it. Bye."

My conversation with Mrs Wang was my first attempt to follow up on a conversation I had one day a few months earlier with the owner of a car accessories shop in north London. I'd gone in to buy some brake fluid for my car and once the transaction had been done, he started a slow, sweltering-day ramble beginning with, "Life's funny sometimes..." and ending by telling about his father, whose business this once was. His father had come from Cyprus during the 1950s when other Greek Cypriots also came. His father spoke no English and could not get work easily so he decided to go into business for himself.

The one skill he had was that he could drive a car but rather than becoming a driver he somehow achieved the impossible - he started a driving school. The conversation was low on detail and it never became clear if he taught people himself (by demonstration?) or somehow employed others to do it. He did say that his dad had no money when he started. What was clear was that the tiny shop front he originally launched his business from soon became used for selling L-plates, windscreen wipers, tire pressure-gauges, chamois-leathers. Years passed. His business grew and he prospered, although his grasp of English never amounted to much.

For the man behind the counter the story illustrated the wimpishness of people nowadays who complain about their lot in life. His father could not have had fewer benefits for starting a new life away from the island of olives and lemons but no prosperity. It wasn't too curmudgeonly a rant, as I recall, tempered by the sun. And it did make me wonder how many people have gone to the UK with no English and built up a successful business and somehow survived.

Migrants are the objects of many kinds of fantasy, some pleasant, some not so. Entrepreneurs are also often the object of fantasy - particularly political. For some they are the heroes of an over-governed world, keeping the light of freedom burning, transforming base metals; in the US they have famously been the cornerstone of the American dream. Otherwise, they can be the ugly face of the uncooperative - the unglamorous, ever-selfish moral corner-cutters, little people screwing their workers for every bead of sweat. And then, into the 21st century a kind of peace accord between these fantasies: the corporate merger of freedom and responsibility, the 'social enterprise', 'responsible capitalism', 'public/private partnerships', and so on. Governments have a lot of trouble thinking through immigration and entrepreneurialism at the same time. All kinds of issues cloud the air. For the entrepreneurs themselves it's different. Their realities are bright and clear. Hope and danger. Experience and naïveté both working at the same

time. The trouble is that starting a small business is a very risky route to take, even for people with resources, family support and papers that say you've always been British. Over 80% of them fail within the first few years. The only resource a lot of immigrants bring that the locals may not have is their desperation but that can play out in many ways, not all of them positive. Many people rightly envision entrepreneurial activity as a life of toil and stress without holidays, sickness benefits or much prospect of knowing more than a few months ahead how secure their income is. One study of young Britons' estimation of an entrepreneurial future showed a widespread aversion to it and governments' attempts to interest graduates in it - in a world where their qualifications don't quite relate to actual job opportunities - produced very poor results. Migrants do not, therefore, take it up lightly. And when they do language is often an issue in some way. One small factory in north London that I visited had health and safety training for its entirely non-English-speaking workforce through the use of an interpreter. Some owners of the small businesses I looked into went out of their way to encourage their workers to learn English. One even kept an English/Chinese dictionary on a shelf in her office for her Chinese workers to consult whenever they felt in need or simply curious. For some others, the issue hardly arose. Their customers all spoke their native language, their suppliers of goods were all same-language speakers and no-one on the workforce used any other language than their own. This was very common, for example, amongst the Kurds from Turkey who I talked to.

There was one marvellous exception amongst my Kurdish contacts, however. I visited a Kurdish small textile factory in north London where the owner spoke almost no English. There were also about twenty workers none of whom spoke English. Only one person, designated the manager, spoke any English and that was fairly limited but it was enough to get by on. He would accompany the boss to the bank and other places where he might need an interpreter. This was not an unusual situation

amongst the Kurds from Turkey. Their community is very tight-knit and it is easily possible for people to spend their whole time only in the company of other Kurds both socially and in their jobs. They also share a lot of issues. Many gained refugee status some ten or twenty years ago having arrived as asylum seekers. I spoke to Kurdish newspaper editors, liquor-store owners, poets, musicians and fast-food joint owners all with similar stories. Some of their children have been granted British citizenship, others haven't. Comparatively speaking, a large number are involved in entrepreneurial activity and many, like the textile factory owner, provide employment for others. They prevent non-English-speakers from having to be reliant on state benefits and create a little survival raft for others of their community. What was different about this factory, however, was that half of the workers were Chinese - who spoke neither English nor Kurdish. They worked as a little group on one side of the workshop floor. The Kurdish workers occupied the rest of the space. So they worked side-by-side in peaceful co-existence. Well, not quite so peaceful. While I was interviewing the boss in a side room our voices were suddenly drowned by loud Chinese music belting out from speakers in the workshop. Through my interpreter the boss explained that the day starts at 8.am. with Kurdish music until 9.30 when it switches to music provided by the Chinese workers for another hour and a half and so on with short periods of silence. Now it was the Chinese turn again.

He told me how he'd come to the UK twelve years earlier as a refugee and been granted 'Indefinite Leave to Remain' (ILR) by the Home Office. He'd settled, married, had children and started his business. The first couple of tries at business flopped but at last he got his present business going and now, although it didn't make him rich, it gave him a living as well as his workers. However, he had failed the Knowledge of British Life test and the English Language test and was refused a British passport.

The government likes to encourage migrants who settle in the UK to start up their own businesses and they make much of the successful groups, such as the Asian Business Association. Ministers make a flourish about how our multicultural society rewards initiative across the social board and there are many schemes designed to encourage minority businesses. But at the same time this kind of economic multiculturalism is promoted against the reality of the cultural cut-offs - of which the language and knowledge of British life tests are just one expression. It is a major contradiction of the system.

While I was conducting this little piece of research one BBC journalist started the 'Cost in Translation' story which listed the costs to the taxpayer of providing translation and interpreting services for people who can't speak English. This means in areas like medical services, help lines, local government circulars etc. etc.. It was a piece of journalism worthy of the BNP and the Beeb website attracted many enthusiastic complaints about scroungers off the state who can't be bothered to learn English, and 'well done, BBC for toting up the costs' and so on. It all seemed a very ironic backdrop to my research. Maybe they would have approved of something about these self-sufficient, non-English-speaking businesses, maybe not. It's hard to tell as so much of the always surprising multicultural truth of urban life remains invisible. Paradoxically, Mrs. Wang would probably have agreed with their sentiments - although Mrs. Wang actually lives out the contradiction. That's why Mrs. Wang is not judgmental, nor hypocritical - she just knows we live in a complicated world.

The CUCR research to which this article refers was called, *The capital's 'language shortfall' and migrants' economic survival* and was funded by the Economic and Social Research Council. (Project no.: R000221846)

On being haunted in the city

Ben Gidley

It is at train stations that I am most often visited by ghosts. Yesterday, at Waterloo East, I saw my friend Paul pushing his daughter in a buggy. As he came nearer and his image clarified, I realised that of course it was not him - those sideburns, that orange shirt belonged to another man - and a wave of grief hits me, thinking of the friend I no longer have, but especially the father his daughter no longer has.

Less frequently now than before, but still with surprising regularity, I see Bukola at London Bridge station, a glimpse amongst the crowds boarding and alighting from the trains in and out of the city. Sometimes her hair is cropped short, sometimes bleached yellow, her smile a white dazzle amongst the blur of passengers.

Bukola was my close friend for four years, nearly fifteen years ago. I find her present too in Paul Auster's *New York Trilogy*, a book she lent me which I have been unable to finish but still morbidly pick at from time to time. It reminds me of a grim few days when I struggled with it in the inauspicious environment of the surgical in-patients ward at King's in Camberwell. The memory of my brief hospitalisation inevitably triggers the far grimmer memory of later visits to Bukola in the psychiatric wing in the tower of Guy's in the final months of her life: the muted television, the nodding inmates endlessly sipping tea and repeatedly tapping barely smoked cigarettes in the ashtray, the lack of privacy these men and women had.

Bukola's copy of the *Trilogy* has passages underlined and highlighted. I have no way of knowing if she emphasised them, or bought the book second hand, already notated. I find arcane significance, clues to her death, in these phrases and paragraphs: depressing images of urban anonymity, paranoid fantasies of being followed along city blocks, Manhattan's cityscape as an illegible labyrinth.

The regularity with which Bukola comes to me at London Bridge, I think, has to do with the survivor's guilt associated with suicide: perhaps if I'd acted differently, if I'd held out the hand of friendship more fulsomely, more unconditionally, she would have made different decisions. I think of Bukola, as Antonin Artaud described Van Gogh, as suicided by society. Her imagination, her creativity, her energy burnt too brightly, too vividly, too intensely for this world. I have no doubt that the everyday drip-drip of racism was part of Bukola's illness, the non-verbal geographies of suspicion and interdiction that black Londoners navigate; in her episodes, Bukola frequently experienced herself as a black dog.

Bukola, though, was passionately metropolitan. Unlike many other native Londoners, she did not take the pleasures of the city for granted, and she used to enjoy taking me and my friend Johnny - small-town provincials - through the estates of Nunhead where she had been brought up, or pointing out the obscure root vegetables in Peckham Rye market, or teasing us for acting like bumpkins at Soho post-production parties she snuck us into. I thought then I would never lose the wonder of the metropolis, the bedazzlement and sensory overload in the face of London's hugeness and variousness, of the city sublime. But over the years I find myself cultivating what the sociologist Simmel called the blasé attitude, the shock-resistance techniques of the urbanite - the defence system Bukola never mastered. And with that blasé attitude comes a little less wonder, until she appears again from out of the throng at London Bridge.

Back Row

Holly Gilbert

Our taverns and our metropolitan streets, our offices and furnished rooms, our railroad stations and our factories appeared to have us locked up hopelessly. Then came the film and burst this prison-world asunder by the dynamite of the tenth of a second, so that now, in the midst of its far-flung ruins and debris, we calmly and adventurously go travelling.

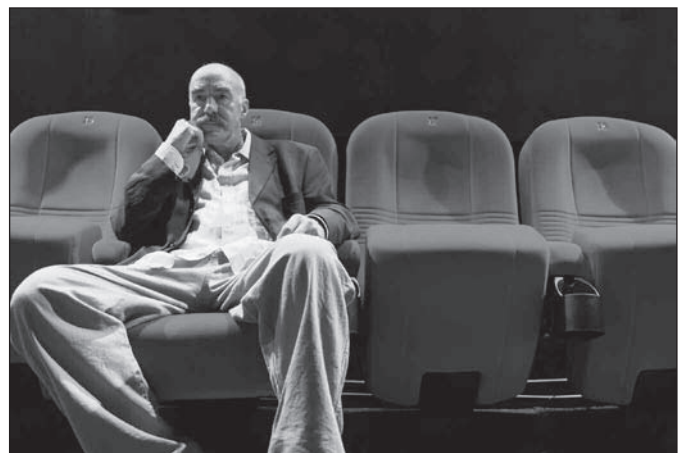
Walter Benjamin, *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*

Cinema space is a public place where the mind can privately wander. These eight-second portraits explore the mental spaces occupied by the subjects as well as their physical relationship with the space of urban cinema. Focusing on the activity of watching, this series aims to raise questions about the act of looking in a cinematic

context and how this impacts upon ideas about the concept of self.

These ideas were developed further when the images in this series were projected onto the actual cinema screen in front of which they were originally taken. By placing the subjects back in the cinema space as the audience of the projection, the intention was to prompt them to reflect on their own act of looking as well as their participation in the process of portraiture.

Through discussions with the participants it became clear that these projections provoked a self-awareness that is usually absent when watching a film in the cinema. This sense of an absence of self perhaps contributes to the feeling of returning from a mental journey that can haunt the audience on leaving the cinema.



Berlin "Arm, aber sexy!" - poor but sexy

Rebecca Locke



It's coming up nineteen years since East Berliners took it into their hands to climb over the wall, setting into motion the reunification of Berlin's two halves. The Sex Pistols 'Holiday in the Sun' with its cultural reference to that Berlin, is antiquated in much the same way as Dame Vera Lynn's 'There'll Be Bluebirds,' marking a distant past, an era fading as time goes on.

As recently as 2000, it seemed the demarcation of East and West was clear and visually obvious. Today, through development, re-modification and the presence and urban standardization of the West (and Western culture at large), the face of the East has changed. Buildings from East Berlin, in sensitivity, are not demolished but deconstructed. It makes one wonder why the way of the West was deemed the default for the synchronization of the city. Has too much been erased? Has too much of the past been covered over? The horrors of the Nazi era are remembered, of course, through the 'Denkmäler' - the memorials. Though one wonders if much of Berlin's more recent past has been too easily discarded. More change is to come, the Tempelhof airport, itself never finished -many of the grand halls left empty- is to become a mall. Walking through the city with a West German DJ who moved to Berlin in the mid-'90s for its flourishing culture, I found myself repeating the same question, "are we in the former East or former West?" It used to be so clear, no questions were needed then. 'They' - the city - should have preserved more of the Berlin as it was at the genesis of reunification, my friend said, lamenting the mammoth changes and pointing out

the former location of underground clubs, such as the Thursday Klub only open on Thursdays and the Friday Klub. The Berlin he knew was the Berlin of a blip in its history, it changed so fast.

Through these years of the early-reunified city, the range of souvenirs on offer has shifted from an emphasis on brightly coloured fragments of the wall (genuine or not) and everyday objects from everyday lives from the DDR. Objects that quickly transcended to memorabilia and objet d'art. Today souvenir merchandising concentrates on the 'Ampelmann' -the East German 'green man' as seen on former East Berlin pedestrian crossings, distinctly different from the green man of the West. With his wide-brim hat, his image graces pens, pencils, shot glasses, mouse pads, pasta and anything else one can think of, that a tourist is likely to buy. The Ampelmann out on the street remains a constant, lone indicator of the East in the ever synchronous Berlin; if you want to know whether you are in the former East or former West, look at the pedestrian crossing.

Clärchens Ballhaus also remains. Located in the former East in a street full of boutiques, it is easy to find with the numerous coaches parked by the roadside and the crude lights reflecting off the over-sized disco ball fixed to the top of the building. Inside the ballroom, packed with people of all ages, young and old were dancing to a band; and there radiated a certain atmosphere and charm of a type that was unfamiliar. Whatever was going on it was intoxicating. A man approached my friend, someone he knew on the outside, beyond the Ballhaus. "What's a Wessie (West Berlin) like you doing here?" he teased. It turned out that the Ballhaus remains an institution of the East. Berliners of the former East travel here in coaches from Potsdam and beyond, from wherever they live, for it is a honey pot of their culture. Here music from the former East is played, and danced to, whilst people dress to the nines, in styles unworn in the West, with life and character. It seemed there was something to this culture of the Ossie (East Berlin), it seemed like something that should have transcended to the West. It is these pockets of character that make the city so appealing and fragrant despite its ever-increasing developments, often clinical and characterless in nature. It is this appeal that prompts Berliners, in contrast to those rich German cities that host wealth-producing industries, to describe Berlin as "arm, aber sexy!" -poor but sexy.

Bear with me.

I'm quite a quick walker but it's a long market

Alex Rhys-Taylor

Opposite the station that marks Dalston Junction I am initiated into the market by a strong smell of fruit co-mingling with the sweetish petrol smell from the slow moving traffic on the main road nearby. As the fruit stall is approached it is possible to discern the fragrances of different fruits: mangos, melons and bananas, giving off especially volatile scents each revealing itself to me in the respective order as I move my nose closer. These smells seem all the more powerful by the presence of fruit stalls to both my left and right which draw my attention away from the sweetness of petroleum directly to the fruit. As I move past these vendors a very familiar sweet baking smell enters my nose followed swiftly by a blend of South Asian spices - a combination no doubt more geographically specific than 'South Asian': coriander, cumin and cardamom, the cardamom being particular strong. The sources are not immediately discernible but upon inspection it becomes clear that the baking smell was coming from the local Bagel Bake and the spice from a delicatessen next door selling, it seems, primarily tandoori meats. Both are hidden from sight behind the odourless stalls to the left of me. Moving on, the smell of fresh fish, or rather the smell of the sea (as fresh fish rarely smells of fish), makes its presence fully sensible having been there, I now realise, at a low level since entry onto the market (this is an interesting and significant point relating to attention and consciousness). The source of the smell is clear: a cluster of fishmongers the visual recognition of which notifies me to the aroma's pre-existing presence. This cluster is interspersed with relatively odourless, yet visually and aurally aggressive toy stalls whose simulated baby cries are audible above those of real babies passing by in pushchairs. Next my momentum moves me into a clearing lined with three hot food vendors from where the sweet dough nutty smell of fried dumplings and salt fish patties mix with bacon sandwiches and hot dogs. I move on still, past a handful more fruit and veg stalls, these ones with less fruit and more veg. Notably there is also very strong

smell of fresh peppermint coming from one of the stalls on the right - while I want to remove personal experience from this account the extent to which this made me crave new potatoes, Mojitos and Arabian mint tea for the rest of the day was undeniable.

A turn of the head to the left leaves the smell of mint behind and confronts me with the distinctive fusion of smells - polythene bags, dusty factory storage and mass transit - emanating from a luggage stall, most likely from the filling that is stuffed into the luggage to demonstrate just how much it can hold. The same or very similar fragrance appears again soon after, rising off the packaging in which duvets, pillows and bed clothes are vacuum packed. A mix of this smell and again the sea water and fish then washes past until I arrive at a fruit stall where platefuls of mango slices offered for the delectation of potential customers. The smell emanating from them is arresting enough to initially obscure the source from visibility by convening a crowd of elbows and handbags.

However, the walk continues and here, about halfway up the market, is an entirely new set of fragrances hitherto absent from the aromascape: 'Egyptian Musk,' 'Sandalwood,' 'Laxmi Pooja' - variations on the type of other-worldly woody musk familiar the world over - from Greek Orthodox Churches, Buddhist temples and candle lit bathtubs: the burning of incense sticks. This scent is intensified by the fragrances of a neighbouring stall - again incense but more subtle and complicated by an array of oils and essential extracts, combined with the musk and wood in large handmade blocks of soap... Onward still. Here the pattern breaks. Before, I had been passing aromas. Now an aroma passes me. A refuse collector barges past with his bin on wheels. The aroma is simply that noxious conglomeration of smells characteristic of kitchen bin unemptied for days in hot weather. It passes but in the same

direction as I am moving, leaving a faint trail all along behind it. Attention to this smell is diverted by the smell of marijuana. A particularly dense and sweet smelling marijuana. My eyes follow my nose away from the passing bin and towards the crevices behind the stalls where the aroma seems to get stronger. The source of the odour is, as with most things that are illicit, invisible.

Moreover, no sooner had it 'appeared' than it quickly disappears behind the odour rising out of a large blue 'EuroBin' labelled 'Strictly Not For Human Consumption' - a label that I don't see until it's too late. I move my head over the bin only to be slapped in the face by the powerful but highly localised smell of fish guts and decomposing cardboard. Quickly moving on towards the top of the market past smells, many of which have already been encountered earlier: polythene and fruit in various combinations. The smell of rotting refuse also strengthens approaching the top of the market (a direct correlate incidentally with reductions in the prices of fruit, which are least expensive and generally overripe furthest from the main street). At the top of the market a large truck is parked ready to descend and collect the piles of cardboard and overripe produce discarded by traders. Upon reaching the funky truck at the top of the market, I turn to descend back down, taking a different route: between the stalls and the permanent units to their side.

What is immediately apparent is an entirely different combination of smells, most of which were sequestered from the initial stretch of the walk by the architecture of the market. The first encounter on the descent is with that of fresh butchered meat - a generic smell coupled with slightly lighter, mustier overtones emanating from the drying calves legs piled neatly to the side of the meat stalls. This slightly lighter meaty smell quickly becomes infused with the very particular smell of dried fish. This is distinctly

different from the smell of the fresh fish which, as already mentioned, smells more of the sea than fish. Rather it is a subtle smell, like crossing a tin of sardines with dry mix nuts and sunflower seeds. This is fused by the smell of a whole host of spices that intermingle - cinnamon, cumin being the most obtrusive. All of which (the fish and the spices) radiate from the string of permanent units selling the cuisine of West Africa and the Caribbean - the smell of most of which is encapsulated in tins and heat sealed bags but still some manages to escape. The smell of incense again drifts out from one of these stalls as a trader lights another stick to ward off the pungency of the fishmonger beside him. Continuing to move down the market are more of the same. Having passed another butcher again there is another brief and conspicuous gap in aroma as I make my way past the entrance to a nearby shopping mall, the air from which, smelling of new trainers, sweetshops and recently shampooed carpet, is being pumped out and clears a space in aromascape of the market. Then onward again, nearly at the bottom where I started, past more fresh fish and a return to the smells of mixed fruit - first gala melons, then mangos followed by bananas, then the sweet smell of petrol.

Surrounding Hackney

Hannah Jones

From what could almost be suburban streets, passing sometime 'it' bars and revamped jolly Sunday afternoon pubs, through parts of Hackney Marshes that seem to simulate rolling countryside (could that industrial lawnmower in the distance be a tractor?), past genteel canal boats and through the usual picturesque urban decay. It's the crumbling and regrowth that catches my eye, the peeling back and reforming of layers.



A futuristic rooftop eyrie on top of an old warehouse, overlooking the city, vertiginous ivy climbing its privacy-negating glass walls and ramparts on what might be the 6th or 7th floor. The graphite coloured monster of the UBS bank offices, a shiny, neat expensive spaceship landed next to Hoxton - not in Hackney, but on the City of London side of the line, on the boundary's southern-most tip. Facing, on the Hackney side, a row of derelict houses covered in signs saying 'CAUTION!' because of 'UNSAFE FLOORS' while they wait for the developers to arrive.



I've just read my first sentence and it sounds like a tourist brochure. Maybe partly because I'm feeling guilty for taking so many more pictures of the grit, the edges. But the pictures of trees and pleasant views were too boring.



I had a new camera and I wanted to use it. The idea formed of a walk around the boundaries of Hackney, the official edges of the local authority. Partly being a local government geek, partly wanting a path and knowing it would take me to familiar and unfamiliar territory. And thinking about the character of places, and where real people start to say they're in Hackney or somewhere else - can you tell by looking around?



I drew the boundaries on my A-Z, my old one. A few times I lost the exact line, when roads were closed to bring more people into Hackney (a new tube line, the Olympic village) or where I simply got confused or failed to check the map and cut a corner. I didn't worry. This is how people experience boundaries, right? Shifting, inexact. The recycling boxes on each side of a boundary road don't always have the correct borough's branding. Sometimes people cross the road to use the park, not considering that they are thereby entering Islington.



Walking the canal around the Olympic Park, I saw a group of construction workers attaching information signs to the newly erected 8ft perimeter fences, describing what was being built and the preparations of local schools for the Games. Every few metres, a plastic window is set in the fence through which to view the building site. Someone had been there already, to spray a legend on the screen for me to capture.



I got a bit lost on the Marshes. I don't know them well, and they were pretty empty on a weekday afternoon (like the City was on a Sunday, but less eerie). Apart from the woman walking about fifteen dogs (I'm not exaggerating). I'm not too happy with dogs at the best of times, but a pack of them running around untended was something else. The feeling of being in the metropolis but without people can be frightening, even more so when it feels like the dogs have taken over.



But some parts are pretty idyllic, wandering through the trees and undergrowth. The quad bike tracks are part of it. Funny how I still just want to take pictures of the nettles.



London Luton (LTN)

*Work in progress by Peter Coles,
Gesche Würfel and Ingrid Pollard*

Using photography and recorded interviews, Peter Coles, Gesche Würfel and Ingrid Pollard (research fellows at CUCR) are examining and documenting the impacts of social transformations on the natural and built environment of the Lea River valley, from its estuary at Bow Creek on the Thames to its source at Leagrave, Luton (Bedfordshire).

Central to their approach is the concept of psychogeography, which explores the relationships of place to its social and cultural history. They are carrying out a series of walks along the Lea, its man-made canals (the Lee Navigation and New River) as well as significant sites along the Lea Valley (e.g. the source at Leagrave, Broomfield Hall, Epping Forest, Waltham Abbey, Hackney Marshes, the 2012 Olympic site, Bow Creek, etc), to explore the changing relationships of local residents, employees and visitors to their natural and built environment.

The three artists are also experimenting with photographic techniques in this project. All use traditional film. Ingrid Pollard is making panoramic images of the New River, a canal that feeds off the Lea, built in the 17th century to supply Londoners with fresh water. Gesche



Gesche Würfel :
N 51°44.583
W 000° 00.599

Würfel is using large and medium format cameras, concentrating on the Meridian which passes through a large stretch of the Lea. Peter Coles is using pinhole photography with large and medium format cameras and an adapted 35mm camera, looking especially at the memory of an agricultural/rural past in the Lea Valley.



Ingrid Pollard : New River



Peter Coles : Brocket Hall



Paris Traces: shoes

Peter Coles

These images are part of a major body of work called *Paris Traces*, produced during the 20 years I lived and worked in Paris. The work is about the marks and traces people leave behind in the streets of that city. Each of the four themes in *Paris Traces* involves some kind of communication, rather like the Surrealists' cadavre exquis, where one person starts a drawing or a sentence and hands it on to the next person, who adds a feature or a word. The whole is only known at the end.

There are no people in *Paris Traces*, but they are very much present, just like Hugh Mearns' poem, 'Antigonish':

*Yesterday upon the stair
I saw a man who wasn't there
He wasn't there again today
I wish, I wish, he'd stay away.*

The Shoes series shows pairs of shoes left out in the street for anyone to take (there are very few charity shops in Paris). They are photographed exactly as I found them. The series just grew, after a casual observation when I was cycling in the 12th arrondissement and saw a beautiful pair of leather boots on top of a wheelie bin. I then began to notice other pairs of shoes left out on the street all over Paris, and photographed them with whatever camera or film I had with me at the time.

These shoes are not abandoned. They have been left deliberately, and are often arranged carefully. Rather than an end in themselves, these images are just the beginning of a number of possible interrogations. Whose shoes were they? Why did the wearer want to hand them on? Who is wearing them now? It is not a banal act to leave one's shoes in the street. And not anodyne to walk in someone else's shoes, least of all a dead man's.

Official French statistics put the number of homeless in Paris at 2000 - 5000, so there would be plenty of potential takers for shoes left in the street. But it's not just the down-at-heel who take the shoes, even though these 'shoe offerings' seem to be more common in the poorer neighbourhoods. Is that because the need is greater there? Or are the residents more generous than those in wealthier districts?

The shoes also remind me of Charlie Chaplin, who, in his classic 1925 film, *The Gold Rush*, is so hungry that he boils his boots and eats them.





24 Hour People

Japan 2007

Laura Cuch



London at night

Amanda Calluf



At night, away from the crowds and the rush that dominates everyday life, the way of relating to a city changes substantially. Wandering through silent and empty streets one enters a distinct kind of time, a slower one, where it is possible to imagine a story for each scene. Common places, ignored during the day, are transfigured by artificial lights and darkness. The whole city acquires a new life, beyond reality, dreamlike.



The Decline of the Bronze Age

Madli Maruste

Thursday, April 26, 2007

15.00-17.00 - I'm sitting in an outside café beside Pärnu highway, having some coffee, reading the papers, looking at people. The sun is shining, the air is exceptionally warm and the birthday party from last night is pulsing slowly through my veins. I feel that life is beautiful and share it with a couple of friends by phone.

1.00 - In my bed, reading the Johnny Cash autobiography, I caught myself thinking that there is probably a football match on at the nearby stadium, because of the noise. The next thought was that it's curiously late for the fans to be celebrating. I glanced out of my fourth floor window and saw a crowd running down the Tõnismäe hill and taking over the road in front of the Kosmos cinema. I opened the window to get a better idea of what's going on and the following events take place at lightning pace. A helicopter with big spotlights is chopping the air, blinding me. A throng of a few hundred young people has assembled on the street in seconds, yelling "Alyosha, Alyosha!!", the metal road rails are plucked out and drawn over the road. A nearby R-Kiosk is the next target, taken apart and the pieces set on fire. A two-storey wooden house across the street has all of its ground floor windows smashed in - a second hand clothes store, flower store and thread shop. The thread shop is burned down, stuff from the other shops taken and thrown into the bonfire in the middle of the street. I call the police, asking where are they and why is nobody dealing with this? The police thank me for the information and soon the police car arrives. The infuriated mob attacks it and the car escapes. Two similar attempts follow. A third fire is set right under my window, soon a car coming from Nõmme suburb stops, three Estonian guys get out and start putting out the fire. A woman exits the other car and yells: "Way to go! Estonians!" The Russian mob answers something loud and illegible, the woman answers: "Go home!". Meanwhile, firefighters have arrived. Stones are thrown at the firetrucks, so that they have to turn around and settle on the other side of the Liivalaia junction, so that the cars coming from Nõmme direction could continue their way to

the city. The crazed crowd has invaded the strip from my house to the bend 100 metres to the centre. People are chanting: "Rossija, Rossija!". The windows of the cinema are smashed in, as are the ones of Videoplanet, Helitroop, clothes stores and the art gallery. Around one o'clock the throng moves towards Vabaduse square and Tatari Street. I can still hear yelling and commotion when I fall asleep around two.

Friday, April 27, 2007

7. 30 - The police car siren wakes me. I look outside and the view is frankly spooky. The bus shelter is turned over, R-Kiosk is in shambles. The cinema windows and those of the surroundings apartment buildings are covered with cardboard. I go outside and the first thing I notice is the quiet. I walk down towards the centre and the city's volume is turned way down. People don't talk to each other, everybody is just walking around with funereal expressions. The only sound is glass shattering. On Pärnu highway, Väike- Karja and Tatari streets there is practically no place left untouched - mannequins lying on the streets, the Westman store is totally looted, no shelves left in EagleVision, ground floor windows are smashed in everywhere. There is no sun.





The Bronze Night refers to the riots and controversy surrounding the 2007 relocation of the Bronze Soldier of Tallinn, the Soviet World War II memorial in Tallinn, Estonia.

Many Estonians considered the Bronze Soldier in the city center a symbol of Soviet occupation and repression. At the same time the monument has significant symbolic value to Estonia's community of mostly ethnic Russian post-World War II immigrants, symbolising not only Soviet victory over Nazi Germany in the Great Patriotic War, but also their claim to rights in Estonia.

Amid political controversy, in April 2007 the Government of Estonia started final preparations for the reburial of the remains and relocation of the statue, according to the political mandate received from the last elections (held in March 2007). Disagreement over the appropriateness of



the action led to mass protests and riots (accompanied by looting) lasting 2 nights, the worst Estonia has seen since World War II. In the early morning hours of April 27, 2007, after the first night's rioting, the Government of Estonia decided, at an emergency meeting, to relocate the monument immediately, referring to security concerns. As of the afternoon of April 30, the statue had been placed at the Cemetery of the Estonian Defence Forces in Tallinn. An opening ceremony for the relocated statue was held on May 8, VE Day. (Significantly, Red Army veterans celebrate Victory Day a day later, on May 9.) The World War II Red Army veterans and representatives of the Russian-speaking population in Estonia have continued to gather at the monument on certain dates, celebrating May 9 (Victory Day) and September 22 ("Liberation of Tallinn" in 1944). The display of Soviet flags and other Soviet symbols at these gatherings had offended many Estonians.

Re-Intervention

Project '135'

Soledad García

Interrupting the common physical environment of New Cross Road, *Window 135* (owned by Tim Jones and Meena Chodha) has been the house's façade for almost three years; a space of particular attention that distracts its pedestrian in the normal commercial area. From a public to a private axis, the *vitrine* is the extension of a residential house and viewed from the opposite side of the road is a parenthesis among shops, markets and restaurants. Enclosed by colourful and excessive decoration, the window is distinguished by an austere construction of wood and concrete - demarcating not only its contrasting site, but also the frame in which different objects are displayed on a weekly basis. With this continuous transformation inside the space, the owners set diverse elements, exploring the possibilities of the space, objects and its reception. With this in mind, the idea to work within this window appeared attractive as I realised its uncertain definition; it could be a house, a shop or a gallery. Starting points for *The Re-Intervention Project '135'* were the in-between condition of the window's location and the constant intervention of the owners in this extension of the urban realm.

The project highlighted the circumstances of the outside and everyday life with the aim to give rise to some questions involved with the ambiguity of the space. Who lives behind this window? What is its purpose? Why did somebody display/put objects in the *vitrine*? These became some of the questions asked by the pedestrians of New Cross Road during the three weeks of interventions.

As Jones and Chodha were - and still are - working towards an active transformation of the *vitrine*, embracing a relationship between time and space, the project was developed following their framework adhering to the notion of work in progress and transmutation. Their constant 'show' is based on objects such as boxes, tables, artefacts, clothes, paintings, musical instruments, that are redistributed, replaced or removed during one week. Staying faithful to this idea, the programming of *The Re-Intervention project '135'* was planned on the basis of the selection of three artists, Conrad Ventur, Jorge Cabieses and Christl Mudrak, whose artistic practices were related

in formality, structure or discourse to the way that the Window operates and with the idea that each intervention would last for one week. There was an attempt to mimic the actions of the owners, but also a clear differentiation in terms of the styles, proposals and displays done by the artists.

In essence, this was a collaborative project conceived through a dialogue between the owners, the artists and myself (curator), which provided a process of relocation within, outside and around the window. The artists explored the pre-conditions of the site while pursuing a more intensive engagement between the window and the attention of the passers-by.

I. Transcribing desire

On the 7th of May, Conrad Ventur began his intervention at 13:07 pm. It was a site-specific piece in which the artist captured ephemeral situations that occurred from the "screen" of the window during a 2 hour period. Writing with ink on A4 paper, he inscribed fragmentary and absurd sentences such as *chick green bicycle likes chips, 14:47 pm/City black Mercedes boy, 14:16pm/ Sista red bus texting, 14:46pm or Cute mom with blue pram baby eating ice cream, 14:31*, recalling in some way the Automatic Writing proposed by the French writer André Breton in the 1930s. Such spontaneous messages offer open readings. In the same way, the fast task of handwriting reflected the accelerated changes of the urban space, the transitory gaze of the pedestrians, or perhaps the impossibility of unifying in one perspective the different layers and movements of the city. Finally, on the 9th of May Ventur added to his discreet display of texts on the wall a series of 'cards' on the floor of the *vitrine* with the names of current and past 'celebrities'. *Jesus, Jasper Johns, Zaha Hadid, William Blake, Johnny Cash, Amy Winehouse and Zizek* were among the diverse and popular names organised in no obvious order. Ventur's site-specific work became oppositional poles: the texts without identification, the names on the cards extremely recognisable: the foremost branded/categorised, the others standing on their own letters. Is not the desire of the other, the recognition of oneself?

II. Perception of choice

On the 12th of May, Jorge Cabieses transported one of his new design installations from his studio to the Window. It was a performance in which the artist carried a domestic torture machine along New Cross

Road and Hatcham Road with the aim of producing a journey that reconnected the machine's elements with its proceeding sites: shops and houses. Both places contained different accessories that were re-organised by Cabieses in his small machines - kid's size models - showing the very act of violence in private zones. His work highlighted the possible action of brutality and its alignment with the urban scenario through the conversion of an independent, attractive and perfect machine of torture. After the journey, the uniqueness of this model was integrated within the vitrine previously intervened in by the artist. His final project-intervention was **NO CONCESSIONS TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE THERE IS A NATURAL LAW** (Sysiphus).

The complete installation was composed of two plastic and colourful tablecloths on the wall, the set of a video camera shooting the passers-by and a monitor projecting the camera's records and the torture machine. The ambiguous condition already identified in the Window was stressed by Cabieses' intervention around the observation of the torture machine. It was a direct interaction of roles and choices between the viewer/ the voyeur/ the executor; the gallery/the house/ the shop and the Window/ the monitor/ the machine. Select your choice.

III. Pedro tales

Meet *Pedro*, Christl Mudrak's spontaneous performance, was the last intervention. She spent one week as a cat whose constant challenge was to catch people's attention. Every day the space of the Window was transformed, becoming progressively decorated with letters, drawings, paintings and objects installed by Pedro. In addition other activities, such as cooking, reading and yoga, contributed to the interaction with the pedestrians and the construction of this new habitat. Was it a pet shop? a cat at home? or an artistic performance? In fact, the disruption of the Window space was simultaneously extended into the urban environment, reducing in many cases the boundaries between the inner and the outside space. The removal of those limits converted the Window in a sort of theatre, an event of dialogues and pleasure that explicitly distracted from the everyday.

The presence of Pedro during more than three hours per day in varying situations provoked different reactions. As a cat, the simulacra of belonging and non-belonging to that place, the imitation of human behaviours and the fascinated/disconcerted

experience of the observers of its actions depict an uncommon domestication. The cage-window was opened to share with the daily traffic and the diary walks of the pedestrians. It was the mediation of 'micro' tales that overlapped multiple positions and circumstances, impossible to enclose in one narrative.

At the beginning, *The Intervention project '135'* was conceived as a platform which explored time and space in the specific urban realm of New Cross Road. During the process and the sequence of interventions more questions and ideas arose that definitely are going to be developed in the near future. Meanwhile, the documentary film of the project produced by Deniz Söezen can be watched at www.supercream.org.uk. Finally, the transmutation of this project designates the different possibilities to observe the Window space. It could be an intervention, a documentary or a text.



Are we designing young people out of public space?

Alison Gosper

This was the critical question thrown out to audiences around the UK in a road show of debates delivered by The Glass-House Community Led Design and The Yarn over the past eight months. Lively debates have taken place in Middlesbrough, Portsmouth, Manchester and most recently Bristol, attended by audiences including young people, designers, local authority officers, artists and local residents demonstrating a keen interest on the topic.

The Glass-House, an independent charity which supports and promotes community participation in the design of the built environment, runs an annual debate series aimed at raising awareness, and provoking thought (and action!) on subjects concerning urban design, community empowerment and the regeneration of Britain's neighbourhoods. Since 2002, The Glass-House has supported young people's involvement in local regeneration projects through their *Young Spacemakers* programme, alongside numerous locally delivered initiatives. The Yarn is a registered social enterprise set up by Young Advisors - young people (aged 15-21) trained and paid as regeneration consultants through an initiative of the Department for Communities and Local Government. The Young Advisors movement consists of 43 schemes nationwide, hosted by a variety of organisations, and they are involved in work ranging from 'youth proofing' policy and practices, teaching adults how to engage with young people, and working directly with young people in their local communities.

Working in partnership on this series of debates, The Glass-House and The Yarn created a unique platform for bringing together young people and professionals involved in the decision making and/or design of public space. Each event hosted a panel typically comprising of a Young Advisor, Designer (Landscape, Architect), Local Authority Officer and one other relevant professional (Academic, Artist, Educator, Youth Worker etc). The aim being to generate discussion on how the design of public space reflects and influences our relationship with young people, and how we can create spaces that meet young people's needs and aspirations. At a time when media coverage problematising Britain's young people has reached

endemic proportions, and with a finger being pointed towards the impact of 'place', the physical and social fabric of our cities, this set the scene for a highly resonant series of debates.

The fourth debate in the series took place in front of a full house at the Architecture Centre, Bristol on the 27th March 2008. The event was chaired by Sophia de Sousa, Chief Executive of The Glass-House and included panelists Scott Farlow - Artist and Landscape Architect, Amy Harrison - Education Manager of the Architecture Centre, Bristol, Ricardo Sharry - Bristol based Young Advisor, and Greg White - Landscape Architect, LOCI Design. The panelists delivered challenging presentations before opening the debate up to the audience, which formed the main focus of the evening.

As anticipated, the active participation of a group of young people amongst a room of professionals largely involved in the design and decision-making around public space created a vibrant dynamic. One highlight of the evening was a group of young people's discussion of their participation in a 'consultation' for the redevelopment of a local park. In particular they criticised the way this process involved the 'sectioning off' of interested parties for individual consultation (young people, older residents) and its failure to bring people together for an open and honest conversation. Consequently the revitalised space has failed to meet the aspirations of the young people and the broader community. The lack of accountability following the consultation also set a dangerous precedent, likely to discourage all but a very persistent group (as these young people have proven to be) from further participation in regeneration schemes.

As these young people spoke about their experiences it became apparent how challenging the public realm has become for them. Dispersed, moved on, barred and banned from streets, greens and spaces where they might congregate, they provided the adults in the room with an eye-opening perspective on these less visible forms of exclusion from public space. Much of this activity reportedly carried out informally by Police Community Support Officers.

Many ideas were debated about the sorts of spaces desirable in the public realm and how these might prove more inclusive and inviting to young people. Designers in the room called for more unprogrammed and abstract spaces that can be interpreted and used in a variety of ways and by users of all ages, an aesthetic approach to open spaces which works with the natural features and history of the local environment, and a move away from sterile and sanitised play spaces. The importance of 'risk' in play was emphasised by local authority staff involved in the provision of play spaces. They described how a recent reversal in local policy to reintegrate risk into play would open the way for more creative spaces by allowing broader scope for materials, design and activities. Natural play using logs and boulders and adventure parks where children aren't confined to using standardised and safety tested play equipment were given as examples.

The young people in the room emphasised that what they really wanted were spaces to chill out, sit-down and hang out - the public realm currently offers them little opportunity to do so. They also felt that adults did not know what young people wanted or what it is like being a young person today. Driven by a fear of young

people, the gulf between the generations broadens, and direct experience and personal interactions are easily exchanged for stereotypes and the media hype that surrounds young people. Interestingly, discussion on the topic revealed that it is not only young people who felt that they were being designed out of public space - as others in the room expressed that they, for example, as older people or other groups in the community, were not being listened to either.

The debate raised some real concerns about young people and public space; their lack of access to spaces that suit their needs and adults' fears for and of young people gathering in the public realm. We can be encouraged that young people do want to come to the table and discuss their views given the opportunity, and that there is growing concern by professionals on these issues. Many professionals are ready to engage collaboratively and creatively to respond to the challenge to create public spaces which can be enjoyed by young people, as well as the broader community. However we need to keep the conversation going!

The next Glass-House debate series 'Who are we building for?' stimulating discussion on the issue of housing in Britain will commence in Autumn 2008. For further information see, www.theglasshouse.org.uk.



Sundaying City

Roser Caminal, Ingrid Quiroga and Cristina Garrido

In his text *Post it City: The Other European Public Spaces* (1) Giovanni La Varra develops a critic of the urban design of the contemporary metropolis. The author reflects upon how Western modern architecture does not support the new necessities of an effervescent and constantly moving urban space. In his argument, La Varra compares public space with a book full of Post-its, those tiny yellow notes that you can stick and remove without leaving any trace. The 'post its' of the urban space, for him, are all those activities that show up and disappear without leaving any marks. These practices, whether leisure, commercial, sexual or of any other kind, imply a re-appropriation of the city, a demand for the public space and - although not deliberately - a political action.

Inspired by this concept of La Varra, Martí Peran developed an art project in 2005. Peran - curator and Professor of Theory of Art at the University of Barcelona - decided to organize a workshop at the *Centre de Cultura Contemporànea* (CASM) that would later develop into an exhibition at the *Centre de Cultura Contemporànea de Barcelona* (CCCB) called *Post it City: Occasional Urbanities* (2). In these two and a half years of research the project explored and documented, using photography or video, how the 'post-it' phenomena manifests itself in different contemporary metropolis all around the world. The exhibition, curated by Peran, La Varra, and other independent curators, has been showing at the CCCB since March 2008, and will subsequently travel internationally.

In Barcelona several groups have been engaged in research on how this phenomena might manifest itself in the Catalan capital. It was here that our team - Ingrid, Roser and Cristina - met. We decided to work together on what seemed to us an interesting subject of research: self-managed leisure practices. We all felt strongly about this subject since it assumed a political position within the context of what the city of Barcelona had experienced over the last few years.

Since September 2006 we have been meeting every Sunday with the aim of 'sundaying' the city. The project *Sundaying City* is an exploration of how self

managed leisure practices in public spaces of Barcelona stand in contrast to the industry of leisure culture that is available to the consumer on an institutional level. Since the implementation of the *Barcelona Regeneration Model* (3), which was developed alongside the Olympic games in 1992, the public spaces of this tiny Mediterranean city have predominantly been driven by commercial use and tourism. This development has generated a loss of sociability that has always characterized the life in this city. Our study focused on Sundays as a typical day of leisure. In order for us to work closely with our research subjects we adopted the role of 'domingueras' (4), using the public space for leisure activities ourselves. It became a useful way of reasserting the politic potential of our actions.

Activities

We looked at three case studies of self-managed activities occurring in public spaces in opposition to mainstream leisure on offer. Through the individual appropriation of the three different spaces these practices propose alternative ways of using public space, giving it a new significance. All three spaces happened to be on the outskirts of Barcelona, far from the city center where the institutional control is strong.

The Picnic and other amusements

Like in many other cities, there are areas in Barcelona that appear to have no specific use or function. Road dividers, roundabouts or ugly concrete fountains are spaces that are often solely decorative. Although they could easily be used as green spaces there seems to be this strange social code that stops us from doing so. There is a large amount of people though who do frequent these areas of the city as spaces of leisure. Relaxing under the shadow of a tree or having a picnic are some examples of how citizens might appropriate such 'dead' spaces. It seems to show that Barcelona does not, in fact, offer spaces for leisure and socializing and these practices become, although maybe not deliberately, a political statement.

The Rally

Every Sunday rallies take place on one of the highways encircling Barcelona. While some people take their regular car journey up to the nearby mountain, 'informal runners' of motorcycles and cars get together to 'hacer unas bajadas' (to take some downs) on that same highway. They create a race circuit that coexists alongside the normal use

of the highway with families gathered at the various viewpoints along the road. The viewpoint-curve has one of the most incredible, wide and majestic views on the city. Instead of looking at the view though, these families literally turn their back to it, seated on a wall that borders this large curve, functioning as 'the stands'. In front of the stands are the boxes, the roadside parking, where last minute adjustments are made to motorcycles, where cars get polished and their trunks filled with sound systems and neon lights are opened up at night. Every Sunday, this space becomes alive, it changes its function and meaning for people to recognize it as their own.

Pigeon trainers

In a high dense populated area - a result of the 60s immigration under the Franco dictatorship - on one of the hills of Barcelona we observed another phenomenon that surprised us. Amongst some of the green spaces we found a number of architectural structures on public land built solely out of recycled materials. As we started our investigation we discovered that these are in fact homes for pigeons. Pigeon trainers originally used to keep their pigeons up on their roofs. Due to a regeneration boom they were forced to take their pigeons up to the mountain where they still live today, but constantly threatened by the possibility of being removed at anytime.

These pigeon trainers seem to stand in opposition to a common understanding of what it means to 'consume' leisure. There is a great deal of dedication and preparation that goes into this activity. It is a shared hobby of local residents that are linked by their weekly 'sueatas' (5) but also often by their immigrant roots. As a comunal activity it is an important social leisure activity that is often overlooked.

Conclusions

Sundaying City shows that these self-managed leisure practices in the city of Barcelona are ones that - through their creativity and inventiveness - form a resistance to official, often incredibly impracticable, public spaces that have been implemented as part of the *Barcelona Model*. These self-organized activities of leisure that temporarily unfold in non-regulated spaces, are zones of the city that escape a determined function. Through the temporary appropriation of these spaces and their uses the 'domingueros' are able to truly relate to these spaces as spaces of encounter and interaction.

'Practising' the city, the 'sundayer' appropriates the city in autonomous and resistant ways.

- (1) La Varra, Giovanni, *Post-it City: The Other European Public Spaces*. Mutations, Actar/arc en Reve Centre d'Architecture, Barcelona (CASM) 2001
- (2) Peran, Marti. *Post it City. Occasional Urbanities*. (<http://ciutatsocasional.net/>)
- (3) The *Barcelona Regeneration Model* is a development plan of town planning and cultural politics that has been implemented since the Olympics in 1992.
- (4) The 'dominguero' (translated as 'the sundayer') is a very popular Spanish working class figure characterized by spending Sundays doing open-air leisure activities. Instead of owning a summer house or other properties the 'domingueros' use the public space for their leisure activities.
- (5) The 'suelta' (translated as 'loose') is the moment when the pigeon trainers let the pigeons fly as part of the competition.



Remembering Paul Hendrich

Ben Gidley and Les Back

Paul Hendrich was an activist, youth worker, radio enthusiast, devoted family man and scholar, who died early in 2008 in a tragic road accident in South London at the age of 36. Paul was a PhD student at Goldsmiths, in the Anthropology department, due to embark on his fieldwork into various forms of cross-border activism on the Arizona-Mexico frontier. Before that, he had completed an MA at Goldsmiths on the Applied Anthropology and Youth and Community programme in PACE. His association with the Centre for Urban and Community Research stems from this period, when he came to talk with us about his Dissertation project, Town Hall Pirates, about the history - or, rather, histories - of Deptford Town Hall, including its implication in the British colonial histories that shaped riverine South London where Goldsmiths is based, as well as its place in the narratives of 'regeneration' that CUCR has researched since its formation in the days of City Challenge. Paul spoke at CUCR's postgraduate conference, Failing Better, in 2006; his paper was one of the most compelling in the conference, and marked Paul out both as an engaged and ethically committed person and an outstanding future academic. Paul was centrally involved in many recent events and initiatives at Goldsmiths, including Lewisham '77, Migrating University and Goldsmiths' commemoration of the Abolition of the slave trade. Here we publish some appreciations of him.

"It will only take about twenty minutes, to half an hour", Paul said when we arranged to meet and talk about his Deptford Town Hall radio project. It wasn't the first time we'd spoken, but it was to be the first of many conversations about our shared interests in empire, racism, music and cultural politics. It will be of no surprise to anyone who knew Paul that the 20 minutes actually stretched to well over 3 hours of intense but joyful discussion. Paul not only liked to talk; much more, he liked to listen.

One of his special qualities was the time he took to pay attention to others, to care about them. He made time for people, often enabling them to take time to think more carefully for themselves and about themselves. That afternoon he asked me: "What is it that you think you are doing with your work - not just your writing but also your teaching?" I thought for more than a moment; his questions often had that affect. "I think my job is to make myself obsolete." He turned his head, the expression on his faces was slightly pained, as if

hearing the suggestion almost hurt physically. His friends and loved ones will know exactly the look I am talking about. "No? Really? You don't mean that!" I assured him that I did. "I think my job is to carry ideas, problems and political commitments as far as I can - and then let other people pick them up, make them their own in ways that are beyond my capacity." He smiled, that huge smile of his, and nodded with approval. Our meeting would have probably gone on much longer than three hours had the Goldsmiths porters not insisted that it was time to lock up and go home.

Paul's death robbed us of his extraordinary ability to give and take time. At his memorial in Goldsmiths' Great Hall, a young refugee whom Paul had worked with, spoke about the way he "always seemed to have time for you." Paul's life is a much-needed example of the best values of education, values that are in danger of being lost in the haze of academic selfishness and pressure. Alpa - his PhD supervisor - told me that Paul had spoken often of our talks. "He wanted to be like you," she said. Hard words to hear, I certainly didn't deserve that admiration. On the contrary, I left the Great Hall that sunny afternoon feeling a desperate desire to be more like him.

Paul was playful in even the most serious things, a kind of theatrical seriousness. His politics and his projects were often coloured by a capacity to make the most terrible issues fun, while at the same time naming shameful historical injustices. His political style had a nod to Situationism, but also a humorous wink of comic genius. The *Town Hall Pirates* project and his work around the bicentenary of the abolition of the slave trade, are good examples of this combination. I don't think I really appreciated this during his lifetime, but it is a lasting memory now. Less the beach underneath the cobblestones, than a pirate's treasure buried somewhere underneath the tarmac of the A2. He was also a gentle person, it was part of his general openness to people and life's prospects. He was a living refusal of the urban maxim: "the world will make you hard." No, the world doesn't make us hard, it makes us soft, it makes us vulnerable - prey to the steel structures of modern life and hatreds that are set hard in our city like concrete. Paul refused to live life in that way, he just refused to be hardened.

Returning home after his memorial, a wonderful celebration of Paul's personality and his many qualities, my daughter asked: "What's wrong, Dad?" I said softly, turning away, unable to hide rheumy eyes: "You shouldn't survive your students, you shouldn't survive

your students.” Not that Paul was ever a student of mine; perhaps we studied some of the same questions and struggled together with similar problems. He should have taken my place. I know he would have found answers with more grace, style and humour. Those gifts have been stolen from us, along with the many other wonderful things that he would have inevitably littered through our lives. We can cherish his example and his memory, but there is no gilding over the sadness of a talent, and a life, cut short so pointlessly.

- Les Back

I first met Paul when I was an undergraduate student at Goldsmiths, in 1995, a time in Paul's life characterised at his memorial event by his wife Sasha as 'partying, partying, partying'. Over a May Bank Holiday weekend, I travelled down to Brighton to visit my old school friend Laura Shepherd, and found myself at a party at what turned out to be Paul's flat. I don't remember the party very clearly, but I vividly remember us lying the following morning on the uncomfortable pebble beach, talking about soul music and anarchism in the weak English spring sun, while a Brazilian percussionist busked nearby.

It would be a decade before I met him again. His talk at Failing Better, part of a wonderful session on pirates, struck an immediate cord with me. He got to know each other well when we were two of the five people who organised the Lewisham '77 project, a walk, conference, concert and oral history project marking the thirtieth anniversary of the Battle of Lewisham. At one of our meetings at the Marquis of Granby pub, Paul mentioned Laura, our mutual friend, and the jigsaw piece of our earlier meeting in Brighton clicked into place. I remember telling my partner Vanessa about meeting Paul, and about instantly feeling certain that we would become friends, a rare experience in this age of emotional caution.

Paul was working with John Hutnyk and others on Migrating University, organised as part of the No Borders camp at Gatwick Airport in solidarity with migrants. The Lewisham '77 commemorative walk became part of the 'curriculum' of Migrating University. Both Migrating University and Lewisham '77, like Paul's Town Hall Pirates project, were about exploding the border between the academy and various communities outside it. This border-crossing was not an empty radical gesture that scored easy points against the ivory tower in the name of a heroic proletarian "real world" beyond its walls. For Paul, the first in his family to go to

university, it was about opening up access for everyone to the genuine knowledges housed in the academy, while refusing the feudal authority and aura of credentialised expertise that constitutes the academy's social power.

This ethic of border-crossing resonated with Paul's youth work with refugee young people in South London, and his ethnographic engagement on La Linea in Bisbee, Arizona. For Paul, these two parts of his life - day to day labour and academic theory - were clearly part of the same project.

Something related that Paul brought into Lewisham '77 was a rare spirit of openness. Oral history always reveals different, sometimes contradictory and occasionally incommensurate perspectives on the recent past, and this is especially so with political pasts, as old factional disputes throw their long shadow on the present and today's battles are projected back in time. The anti-racist world is an exceptionally fractious one, and it was important that Lewisham '77 recognised all of the contending histories. Paul's generosity of spirit and disarmingly easy manner was vital in keeping the different parties on board.

The humanist Marxist historian EP Thompson wrote of rescuing the ordinary working people he wrote about from the condescension of posterity. Paul's work on the history of Deptford Town Hall, on the Battle of Lewisham and on present-day grassroots activists in Bisby was in this spirit. The stories he valued, to use a phrase of one of the Lewisham '77 speakers, Martin Lux, were the footsoldiers' stories, the stories of those normally consigned to the margins of history, not the stories of the leaders and celebrities. Paul was a footsoldier in this way; he derived no personal glory from his involvement in these projects, yet through them, and through the friendship with which he was so giving, he left the world a better place than he found it.

- Ben Gidley

A special edition of the on-line journal Anthropology Matters (tinyurl.com/55vchs) was dedicated to Paul's memory, and includes an appreciation of him by his PhD supervisor Alpa Shah as well as Paul's MA piece on Deptford Town Hall. Paul's article "Over-Written in Stone" can be found in the Spring 2007 issue of Street Signs. The Deptford.TV book, Pirate Strategies (tinyurl.com/6af8ha), is dedicated to Paul's memory. Appreciations to Paul also appear at the John Hutnyk's weblog (tinyurl.com/2nrvea) and Transpentine (tinyurl.com/5gdyzd).

REVIEWS

BOOKS, CONFERENCES, EXHIBITIONS

The Ghost of Mussolini, Douglas Harper

Visual Sociology seminar series 2008

Paolo Cardullo

Douglas Harper is a professor of Sociology from the University of Pennsylvania and author of a few books which take the visual in social science seriously. In his lecture he showed us about 200 beautiful pictures he took around Rome in a hunt for the 'ghost of Mussolini'. The methodology of his presentation was almost linear, in a sequence going from the panorama, to the streets, the buildings, the details of the facades, the bas-reliefs, the statues and images, all rendered with natural light and fixed 28 mm lens, from a non-intrusive digital camera. The idea was to make evident the authoritarian project of Mussolini's Rome, fully embedded in the linear, bold, rational, efficient distinctiveness of the modernist architecture.

How come, Harper asked, nobody in Italy seems to bother about this heritage? How is it possible that the most evident and arrogant traces of the Fascism have not been demolished, nor at very least there has been a serious discussion of national pacification like in Germany?

In the discussion, questions were asked about the methods, as well as on the objectives of the project. These highlighted both tensions within the Fascist ideology (e.g. Futuristic dreams of technology and speed versus agrarian policy), but also in the cultural project of identity (*homo italicus*) linked to the ancient Roman empire, which Mussolini clearly preferred, versus the ideal of whiteness expressed by Hitler and part of the Italian Fascist establishment.⁽¹⁾ The presentation made clear that there is continuity in the Fascist architecture both in recalling the past and projecting this in the future tense of the Italian history. This is even more evident as, at the time of writing this article, a crowd of straight hands (the typical Roman and Fascist salute) has been seen again in Piazza Venezia, once Mussolini's headquarters in

the capital, cheering the new mayor of Rome, the neo-ex-fascist Mr. Alemanno. His victory is even more significant as his support comes mostly from the outskirts of Rome, to which Mr. Alemanno promised to deliver a tough program of 'clearance' against abusive markets (for 'abusive markets' read immigrants), criminality (again, read immigrants), and Roma camps (speaks for itself) (2).

Although there are many well rehearsed arguments about both the possibility of a 'reading' of the city as a text and about the reactionary disposition of architecture, the attribution of memories appear to be a more complicated process: not linear or straightforward, but fragmentary and disorderly like scattered traces of the past of the city piled up without an inventory (freely quoted from Benjamin and Gramsci).

Piazza Esedra, for instance, near the Termini station (another of Mussolini's projects, finished well after the end of the Duce) is well known as the historical 'Square of the Left', where people from all over Italy (shall I say 'used to?') meet in order to march across the capital: I remember the hundreds of thousands demanding recognition of the rights of unmarried couples (yes, still there!), or the disarmament from Pershing and Cruise missiles, or students and trade unions for the national strike against Mr. Berlusconi's policy, all gathering across the same straight and wide streets wanted by Mussolini for his empire's parades. On a different note, Circo Massimo, wanted by Mussolini in order to build a physically strong youth for the future fascist elite ('*citius, altius, fortius*' - swifter, higher, stronger - the Latin motto was also imprinted on the fascist aircraft), has been seen more recently participating in celebrations of sport events such as the winning of the football premier league by the hosting team - La Roma, in fact.

What all these examples hopefully show is the sense in which memories and symbolism of architectural forms are incessantly iterative, complementing and re-enforcing, often in an inconsistent manner, a sense of identity of a place. A reading of the Rome of Mussolini gives space to a wider reflection, for instance on how this has made an impact on the very Italian society and cultural heritage as well as, at the same time, on the fact that moments of Italian history have attached inconsistent meanings to these very monuments, streets and buildings.

'The city does not tell its past, but contains it like the lines of hand' writes Italo Calvino famously. 'The city is overwritten in ways that are both there and opaque', echoes Les Back. In other words, the past can be thought as 'open', not completed, a promise for different and competing futures.

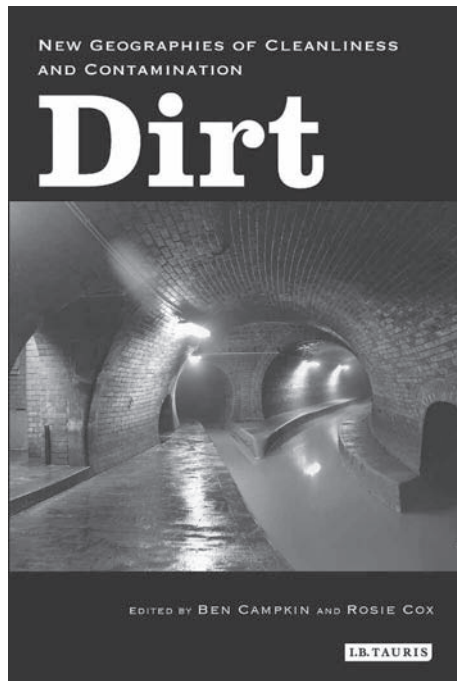
Once again, the objectivity of the lens seems flared, and the relationship between the viewer and the viewed never set in stone. Of this unexpected, and yet fascinating, trip into Fascist Rome, I will particularly remember the photo of one of the many white bas-reliefs celebrating the adventures of Italian Fascism covered by multicolored graffiti, another layer on the many others in the 'Urbe'.

(1) This double standard of the racial policy of Fascism is documented in its iconography.

(2) In Thesis VII of his 'On The Concept of History', Walter Benjamin remarked: '...One reason Fascism had a chance is that, in the name of progress, its opponents treat it as historical norm. The current amazement that the things we are experiencing are 'still' possible in the twentieth century is not philosophical. This amazement is not the beginning of knowledge - unless it is knowledge that the view of history which gives rise to it is untenable'.



Dirt: New Geographies of
Cleanliness and Contamination
Edited by Ben Campkin and Rosie Cox
I.B. Tauris & Co Ltd, 2007
Book review by Simon Pennec



Dirt is defined as any unclean, foul or filthy substance, such as mud, grime, dust and excrement. Clearly, it is something we attempt to eliminate quite unconsciously. In *Dirt, New Geographies of Cleanliness and Contamination*, dirt is conceived not merely in its abject material form, but as an object of enquiry to examine both its social and cultural dimensions.

Dirt is conceived with several purposes in mind, clearly stated in the book's introduction. The editors set out to examine methodological and disciplinary parallels on the notions, meanings and experiences associated with dirt and cleanliness in bringing together work from a broad range of disciplines, including anthropology, sociology, cultural geography, architecture, architectural history, urban planning and policy studies. The introduction attempts to provide historical and theoretical backgrounds on the notions of dirt and cleanliness. It does so by highlighting key scientific and scholarly references, including the 'germ theory' associated with modernist and scientific approaches of hygiene, and the *History of Shit* by Dominique Laporte for its relevance in the organization of the city. Another key reference is Mary Douglas' book, *Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboos*, which informs *Dirt* and a number of the book's articles. The introduction is rather succinct but offers the reader a thorough range of literature for further reading, ranging from psychoanalytic

theory's notion of the 'abject' to concepts of cleanliness as a form of social order and control. There is also enough room to position the argument of the notions of dirt and cleanliness as a spatial theory.

Organized thematically and spanning various spaces and regions (Brazil, New Zealand, United States and the UK with London serving as the main example for urban representation), the collected fifteen articles form part of an overall mapping exercise to explore our perceptions of dirt within contemporary spaces of human affairs, the home, the urban and the rural. These spaces of human affairs provide the general framework of the book, which is divided in three sections. Section 1, 'Home: Domestic Dirt and Cleansing' analyses the meanings of dirt and cleanliness in domestic and quasi-domestic settings. In section 2 - 'City and Suburb: Urban Dirt and Cleansing' - the theories of dirt and fictional representations of London as a space of filth and abjection are under discussion and provide us with engaging (dirty) ways in which the city is made problematic and therefore organised around it. The essays collected in section 3, 'Country: Constructing Rural Dirt', challenge the imaginings of the rural as green, pure and healthy.

The over-riding question the book asks is - how does dirt, both in its materialities and as a metaphor, in our everyday lives affect our individual and collective behaviours as well as the ways in which we find to eradicate it, or the ways in which it shapes our socio-cultural and spatial relations. Section 2 'City and Suburbs' is particularly noteworthy for those studying the urban as our interests are grounded in some of these urban dialectics, the dirty and the clean, the old and the new, the unruly and civility, the degraded and the sterilized, the pure and the polluted.

Douglas' theory of 'matter out of place' is taken further in Campkin's article 'Degradation and Regeneration'. Campkin considers the social and cultural construction of dirt in his account on urban regeneration processes and reveals its shifting character. 'There is no such thing as absolute dirt, it is a matter of perception and classification. Forms of behaviour associated with dirt are revealing of cultural differentiation' (p 72). In Chapter 6, Paul Watts identifies the links between social order and physical dirt suggesting that dirt is not only a 'matter out of place' but also 'out of time'. In a narrative of urban decline, the changing attributes of the suburbs evolved from its associated bourgeois notions of social order in the interwar period to the intertwining forces of physical dirt and social disorder.

Learning from the Local

Ben Gidley

Mapping sexuality is another interesting topic under discussion, and here Douglas' 'matter out of place' informs all three case studies. The articles present various accounts as to how sexuality is presented as a form of perversion and filth and the forces at play to prevent 'spatial contamination'. In Chapter 7, 'Dangers lurking everywhere', cities are considered as sites of special dangers and policy-making, steeped in a 'constellation of emotional expressions of disgust, fear of contagion' (p 96), where sexual deviance becomes zoned. The state, local authorities and commercial ventures act as guardian of public morals and socio-spatial norms in the (re)construction of space. Chapter 8, 'Hygiene aesthetics on London's gay scene' suggests that the polished and shiny upgrade of the bars of Soho announced the changing associations between the stigma of Aids and the representation of a seedy gay scene. The third piece provides a historical account of street prostitution in Victorian London but fails to make links with contemporary spaces and the way this activity charged with 'moral pollution attributes' is inscribed in a constant spatial re-negotiation within the public realm.

A third thematic running throughout Section 2 is the vertical metaphor of the city whereby both the editors and authors locate dirt within the underground filth as opposed to architectural heights. In the same fashion as Bachelard's metaphors of the home in *Poetics of Space*, Campkin places a vertical reading of the urban. Where Bachelard hides his intimate secrets in the 'coffret', Campkin places all representations of danger, fears and disgust underneath us where we can't see them. Chapter 11, 'The Cinematic Sewer', David Pike offers a fascinating reading of the sewers of Paris and New York and their significance for our understanding of the underground.

All told, Campkin and Cox's book is a useful collection of information about the notions of dirt and cleanliness, not only in the city but the spaces it contains and those around it. The wide range of contributions certainly makes the case for the notion of dirt and the abject to be of great relevance to spatial theory. A second edition could perhaps take this argument even further and also include recent research that extends into new areas, such as fumes, noise pollution and the stigmatisation of certain areas associated with drugs and sex.

The Newtown Neighbourhood Project launched its final report at a conference Learning from the Local: Developing Innovation and Good Practice in Neighbourhood Work at Goldsmiths on April 15th 2008. The day event was well attended by academics, graduate students, practitioners and policy-makers.

There were four sessions. The first was entitled 'Cohesive neighbourhoods or diverse neighbourhoods?' and chaired by Kalwant Bhopal of Southampton University. Michael Keith spoke as a member of the Commission on Integration and Cohesion. Professor Roger Hewitt, of the Centre for Urban and Community Research and author of *White Backlash and the Politics of Multiculturalism*, spoke about some of his research in Kent and London. Professor Marjorie Mayo of the Centre for Lifelong Learning and Community Engagement, spoke about the JRF-funded *Fluid Communities/Solid structures* project. Sue Lelliott of Real Strategies Ltd spoke on the Newtown Neighbourhood Project.

The second session was 'Neighbourhood Planning, Neighbourhood Management and Neighbourhood Know How', chaired by Eamonn Dillon of West Kent Extra. Gail Weston of Hyde Housing spoke about on Neighbourhood Management models. Genette Allen of West Kent Housing described the Neighbourhood Know How model, developed by the Newtown Neighbourhood Project.

In 'Working with people of Gypsy/Traveller origins in Neighbourhoods', Dr Kalwant Bhopal (a member of the Newtown project's Advisory Group), Dr Margaret Greenfields of Bucks University and Debbie Humphries of Real Strategies spoke about their research in these communities. The final session on 'Participatory and Action Research in (and about) Neighbourhoods', featured Geraldine Blake, of Links UK, and Ben Gidley and Alison Rooke of CUCR.

The Newtown Neighbourhood Project report is now available from the CUCR website as a pdf, as is a long version of this conference report..

Antisemitism and Islamophobia in Europe: comparisons/contrasts/connections

June 2008

Ben Gidley

Antisemitism is known as 'the longest hatred' and has deep roots in Christian Europe, while Islam too, at least since the time of the Crusades, has served as the 'constitutive other' against which Europe has been defined. However, both anti-Jewish and anti-Muslim racisms have seen new configurations arise in the period of 9/11 and the Second Intifada.

Many commentators today write controversially about the emergence of a 'new' antisemitism, qualitatively distinct from older Christian and 'scientific' antisemitisms. Similarly, others point to a resurgence of anti-Islamic hatred associated with the war on terror. There are clear points of comparison between them - for example, in how they figure in crucial policy debates around 'religious hatred' or 'community cohesion'. But there has been little sustained comparative study of the two racisms side by side.

The Antisemitism and Islamophobia conference was held to address these issues. It was held on June 22-24, was jointly organised by James Renton of the History department at Edge Hill university and Ben Gidley of CUCR. It was funded by the British Academy, the Kessler Foundation, the Wingate Foundation, Edge Hill and, at Goldsmiths, the Sociology department, Unit for Global Justice and CUCR. It was hosted by the Hebrew and Jewish Studies department at University College London and dedicated to the memory of the late John Klier.

The conference took a comparative and interdisciplinary approach. By comparing antisemitism with Islamophobia, we attempted to gain an understanding of the connections and differences between them. By highlighting the European context, we worked towards an understanding of the national particularities and trans-European commonalities of these racisms. By bringing together scholars from different disciplines, both historical and social scientific, we produced insights into the newness or otherwise of contemporary formations of anti-Jewish and anti-Muslim prejudice.

The highlight of the conference was the opening keynote address by Sander Gilman, author of several dozen incredibly important books on race; Sander's

work has a wide and interdisciplinary focus which made his talk a perfect opener for the debates. Drawing on a rich archive of visual culture, his talk discussed the 'Jewish template' for Western multiculturalism, in its two versions: hybridity (Zangwill's 'melting pot') or pluralism (Horace Kallen's hyphenated culture). He then developed some of the ways Muslims have been inserted into this template - often in strikingly similar ways to Jews.

Our second keynote was 'Allah and Jehovah: The Theology, Politics, and Erotics of Christian Orientalism', by Ivan Donald Kalmar, University of Toronto, introduced and chaired by Michael Berkowitz, University College London. Ivan's brilliant - and entertaining - showed how the Christian imagination had constructed the Muslim and Jewish gods as oriental despots. Other papers covered a huge historical range: from Crusaders' accounts of Jewish and Muslim peoples in the Holy Land to the contemporary Czech far right. They covered a similar geographic range in Europe, with papers on England, France, Portugal, the Netherlands, Russia, Romania, Germany and the Balkans.

We are planning to build on the conference to develop a research network on these themes, to organise a follow-up conference in 2009 focusing on the post-imperial dimensions of our questions, and to publish the proceedings of this conference. In Autumn 2008, we hope to organise a round-table session on combating antisemitism and Islamophobia together. Please get in touch if you are interested in being involved in any of these projects.

Full list of speakers: Andrew Jotischky (Lancaster University), François Soyier (University of Southampton), Benjamin Kaplan (University College London), Alex Drace-Francis (University of Liverpool), Vladimir Levin (Ben Gurion University), Ben Gidley (Goldsmiths), Matti Bunzl (University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign), Bryan Cheyette (University of Reading), David Motadel (University of Cambridge), Max Silverman (University of Leeds), Daniel Gordon (Edge Hill University), David Wertheim (Menasseh Ben Israel Institute), Sam Johnson (Manchester Metropolitan University), and Marko Attila Hoare (Kingston University). Chairs: François Guesnet Ruth Mandel (UCL), Cathie Carmichael, (University of East Anglia), Robert Fine (University of Warwick), David Hirsh (Goldsmiths).

On a personal note, I want to thank my colleagues at Goldsmiths who helped make the day run smoothly - Ofra Koffman, Madli Maruste, Dafna Steinberg, Gil Toffell and Mira Vogel - and my co-organiser, James Renton, who conceived of the conference and shaped it.

Urban Encounters Conference May 2008

Rachel Jones

In May of this year the first annual Urban Encounters Conference was held at Goldsmiths bringing together international photographers, artists and academics researching the city. Hosted by the Centre for Urban and Community Research, the conference took place over two days and coincided with a photography exhibition and photographic workshop programme at Photofusion. The aim of the conference was to explore the theme of the 'encounter,' not only in the way photographers experience the city, but also through discursive encounters between urban social science and visual practice. The speakers represented a range of photographic, theoretical and research areas and came together to examine the nature of past and contemporary photographic approaches.

Keynote speaker Liam Kennedy (University College Dublin) opened the conference with a presentation of the work of Camilo Jose Vergara, whose photographs focus on the ruined landscapes of deindustrialised American cities. Kennedy highlighted Vergara's interest in producing a comprehensive archive of urban transformation and public memory in order to promote social change. Kennedy pointed out that Vergara's images draw attention to the uncertain elements of 'ruin' in the historical presentation and imagination of urban decline in America, wavering between moral outrage and spectacle.

Following the keynote address the conference was then divided into six panels, with the first of these focusing on urban landscape. This session explored the cultural geographies of landscape in relation to photographic theory and practice. Ingrid Pollard

(Goldsmiths) presented 'Belonging in Britain,' a body of work examining the urban landscape through memory and archival materials (letters, photographs) of her family, who migrated from Guyana to London in the 1950's. She explored the complex process of arrival and integration by migrant settlers through this intimate portrayal of the hidden layers of the urban terrain through artefacts and personal histories.

The second session concentrated on architecture and photography with panellists discussing the relationship between architectural theory and photographic practice. One of the key questions raised was how interior architecture manifests itself within artistic practice. Rosy Martin addressed this concern in her presentation of photographs documenting the house where her mother had lived for over seventy years. The images included details of furniture and objects which represented fragments of memories providing a glimpse into a 'working-class suburban social history' as Martin described it.

The third panel focused on portraiture and identities, exploring the challenges of portraiture within the urban domain. Panellists considered how photography plays a role in the construction of identity upon city streets. Melanie Manchot presented her photographic series 'Groups + Locations' taken in Moscow of people in public spaces who spontaneously posed for her photographs by standing still and facing the camera. This series acts as a temporary intervention in the restrictions on photography within public spaces in Russia and investigates the performative aspect of portrait photography.



Photographs by Holly Gilbert



Street and Studio at Tate Modern

Exhibition review by Michael Wayne Plant

I was interested in the Street and Studio exhibition at Tate Modern as a visual statement that coincided with my own journey as a photographer, having started creating images in studios as a fashion photographer, eventually leading me to explore other photographic possibilities. This led me to an MA in Photography and Urban Cultures at Goldsmiths College, which I have now nearly completed. Because of my history and interests, the exhibition promised much, especially as it billed itself as 'an urban history of photography.'

With Street and Studio Tate Modern has in effect created two exhibitions that co-exist within the same space. It does this by featuring work created in both studios and on the street, thus creating a meandering journey through the history of photography. The exhibition proceeds almost chronologically from the first room. The show is divided into 14 rooms, each being conceived as a different section, showcasing approximately 350 works which include photographs, projections, a video piece and a few pages from books and magazines.

I have a few criticisms of the show, starting with a disingenuous statement made in the gallery notes about how early photographers would shoot in the street, which did not acknowledge that early photographic equipment forced them to work slowly and pose their subjects, as any movement only created blurred images, not the sharp well-focused images that we have become accustomed to today. This error is not repeated in the exhibition catalogue, which is well put together with some interesting writing and well worth a look.

The show left me overwhelmed by the sheer volume of images and yet under-impressed as it does not hang together in a coherent form. The descriptions used for each section do not fully explain the reason that works have been included or hung as they are. Each image gets its meaning by association and the show ends up being an accumulation of images: the show then feels confused, its mission not articulated in a dynamic enough manner. Reading the catalogue later gave me a far greater understanding of the curator's vision for the show.

The images selected were not just 'the usual suspects'. For example, the Robert Frank images are from his series created in 1958 from buses, taken just before he

gave up still photography for a while - rather than his more famous images from *The Americans*. I also found it interesting how, as one progresses through the show and the works become more contemporary, the scale of images increases, showing how photography now uses size in a gallery space to articulate its vision as art. This becomes even more apparent when looking at the accompanying catalogue where the images do not have this size differential, which is why I think contemporary photographers prefer size when exhibiting work on a gallery wall.

The exhibition made more sense once I stopped thinking of it as a history of urban photography and more as a collection of individual images from various periods, with the central theme being the portrayal of people using a studio setting or the street as a backdrop. Street and Studio should be considered an exploration of portraiture, charting our common journey through modernism to post-modernism and ultimately reflecting on how we construct identities for and through the camera using various strategies and photographic techniques, where the street becomes the backdrop to artifice as much as the studio is used to reduce the elements to those perceived as photographic truths.



Joel Sternfeld: Attorney with laundry, corner Bank and West 41 street, NYC 1988, Museum Folkwang, Essen © Joel Sternfeld courtesy Pace/Mac Gill Gallery, New York, C-Print (Colour), 138 x 111 cm

MA Photography and Urban Cultures EXHIBITION:
17 October - 2 November 2008

APT Gallery
Harold Wharf
6 Creekside
Deptford
London SE8 4SA
www.aptstudios.org

Private View:
Friday 17th October

Opening Times:
Thursday - Sunday 12 - 5pm

TOO FAR SOUTH is a group exhibition, exploring the manner in which artists engage with urban cultures and their environment through photography. Encompassing different genres, photography is approached as a methodology, as well as an intervention between centres and peripheries. The diversity of urban culture is discovered when the conflicting role of the image, between presentation and representation, is questioned. The ontology of urban culture may not be a certain solid visual form, but rather a communication, which fuses its various aspects: the global and the local, the everyday and the exceptional, history and geography, origins and aspirations. Once shown in a public space, and becoming another production of culture itself, the photographic dialogue, that presents and represents, transforms our relationship with urban spaces, places and cultures into a visual response.

www.toofarsouth.co.uk

Dafni Anesti, Alex-Jean Baptiste, Santiago Escobar, Ananda Ferlauto, Claude Dernoeden, Aya Ikeno, George Kasolas, Jaemini Kim, David Kendall, Lanis Levy, Rebecca Locke, Glen Mottershead, Karl Obulo, Simon Pennec, Michael Wayne Plant, Suzie Rendell, Ruby Savage, Peter Stanners, Savinien-Zuri M. Thomas, Ariadne van de Ven, Manuel Vazquez.

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**TOO
FAR
SOUTH**

For all news, events, seminars and conferences organized by the CUCR please refer to
webiste: www.goldsmiths.ac.uk/cucr/html/news.html

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Wuerfel, Gesche	Research fellow/photographer, CUCR

MA IN CULTURE, GLOBALISATION AND THE CITY

The Centre for Urban and Community Research (CUCR)

Department of Sociology, Goldsmiths College, University of London.

The Urban Globe?

Our world is moving from being a global village to an urban globe. One of the big challenges of the 21st Century is how to understand the social organisation of contemporary urban life. The MA in Culture, Globalisation and the City gives you the theoretical and practical tools to make sense of cities like London, Los Angeles, Nairobi or Tokyo.

The course examines a range of issues from the economics of the global city to the politics of graffiti writing. These include analysing Urban Youth Cultures, Literary and Political Milieux, the Political Economy of the City, Science and the Technology of Urban Life, Urban

Multiculture, Hybridity and Racism and the Spatial Politics of Gender and Sexuality. A multi-disciplinary approach is applied that draws on Sociology, Cultural Geography, Cultural Studies, Politics and Social Policy. The MA is dedicated to turning students into active researchers, critics and writers.

The programme consists of 3 core courses, dissertation and a choice of options. It can be followed either full-time or part-time. ESRC funding for one UK resident is currently under review and may not be available next year. Next available entry point: October 2009.

MA IN PHOTOGRAPHY AND URBAN CULTURES

The Centre for Urban and Community Research (CUCR)

Department of Sociology, Goldsmiths College, University of London.

Introducing the MA

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.

Who is it for?

Photographers, visual artists and media practitioners, as well as those with a background in social sciences, interested in exploring the creative interplay between cultural research, urban studies and photographic practice. You should have a degree or equivalent in a relevant area.

Structure

A combination of written and practical work to include a research dissertation and a portfolio of photographs and final exhibition. It can be followed either full-time or part-time. Next available entry point: October 2009.

The MA is run by the Centre for Urban and Community Research (CUCR), a national and international leader in research on urban and community life. CUCR is multi-disciplinary and focuses on issues such as citizenship and cosmopolitanism; social exclusion and cultures of racism; sport, popular culture and music; regeneration and wealth creation; issues of crime and community safety; technology and new patterns of digital culture.

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/

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CUCR Occasional paper series

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Mette ANDERSSON

The Situated Politics of Recognition: Ethnic Minority, Youth and Indentity Work.

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Lions, Black Skins and Reggae Gyals

Andrew BARRY

Motor ecology: the political chemistry of urban air

Zygmunt BAUMAN

City of Fears, City of Hopes

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