

# LLOYD CORPORATION PERSON TO PERSON

11 January – 8 February 2020

Preview weekend 11/12 January, 12–6pm

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# Sticker Blues

Karin Bareman

For weeks on my way to the station I would walk past a lamp post with a sticker proudly proclaiming that Watford shits on the Luton. On my first encounter I simply thought it was amusing. But as time passed, something began to shift. Not only did the sticker make me smile every time I saw it, I also began to agree more and more with the view expressed: “Yeah! Watford *does* shit on the Luton!”

This palpable shift in sentiment intrigued me. I have lived a little over a year in this town, so I have hardly earned the right to call myself a true Watfordian. I have also never been to Luton, nor do I know anyone from there. For all I know it is a lovely place, inhabited by friendly people. But here I was, identifying myself more and more with my place of residence, feeling an unexpected sense of belonging to this community. Not only that, it was clear that this newfound affinity was the result of a clearly positioned adversary in the form of another commuter town, as stated on a silly sticker on a lamp post.

And then, suddenly, it was gone. I do not know what happened. The council might have removed it. The rain might have washed it off. A Luton resident might have taken offence and defaced it. A Watford citizen might have decided to peel it off for keepsakes. Or artists such as Lloyd Corporation might have appropriated it to incorporate it into their art practice.

I found myself missing the sticker. It was almost as if with its loss the community of Watfordians shitting on the Lutonians had ceased to exist. Was there still such an entity? If so, where could I find it? Or had I just imagined it? After all, historian Benedict Anderson, in his groundbreaking study on nationalism and the rise of the nation state, coins the term imagined community. As he puts it: "In fact, all communities larger than primordial villages of face-to-face contact [...] are imagined. Communities are to be distinguished, not by their falsity/genuineness, but by the style in which they are imagined."<sup>1</sup> In other words, the sticker did not only evidence the existence of a specific community – one of which I had somehow felt part – but also highlighted the way in which this community was to be understood, visually and otherwise.

This leads me to another point. Anderson shows in this seminal work that the confluence of the invention of the printing press, the rise of early capitalism, and the elevation of certain vernacular



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tongues to the language of choice for state bureaucracies led to certain communities imagining themselves as separate political, but above all, sovereign national entities.<sup>2</sup> It is useful to take these three factors – print technology, capitalism and language – as a means to understand the many street texts collected by Lloyd Corporation across the world over a period of six years and shown here in this exhibition.

Starting with print technology, the street notices found by the artists often fall back on tacky fonts, shouty colours and an overenthusiastic use of capital letters. The printed and photocopied documents seem perennially stuck in a Microsoft 95 Word Art mode, despite the proliferation of sophisticated but easy-to-use graphic design softwares in the last 25 years. A surprising number of street texts are still handwritten. The author's grasp of grammar and spelling is generally poor. The language is vernacular in nature. The words on the various pieces of paper are laid down as they would be spoken. There is no apparent structure to the message. More often than not, it is a stream of consciousness typed out, evincing the author's thought patterns as they emerge. If, following art critic John Berger, we understand publicity as a language for manufacturing glamour and instilling envy, for subtly suggesting products or experiences capable of transforming our lives, then these street notices are abject failures as forms of publicity.<sup>3</sup> Items and services may be on offer here, but whether they have transformative powers and turn readers' lives into objects of envy for others to witness remains to be seen.

In fact, all these street texts offer convincing proof that twenty-first century late-capitalism does not work for either the authors or their target audiences. Why else would one resort to advertising hot desks on car windows, or put up hand-written notices for house shares in shop fronts, if not for the lack of affordable housing through regular channels and the outsourcing of previously gainful forms of employment to the gig economy? Why else would one advertise massages and hotel visits, promote get-rich-quick schemes, or offer free labour in order to enter the job market, if living-wage, entry-level jobs or sustainable benefits for those in need were readily available? Why else would there be a need for computer and white goods

repair men, if not for the built-in obsolescence of these items? Why else look for questionable language courses and dodgy university qualifications, if normal routes into education were accessible and affordable? Why else address matters such as deportations, the Windrush scandal, climate change, eviction and other planning matters, unless recourse to the legal system seems unfeasible and participation in local government impossible?

Of course, some of the found street texts also espouse debunked conspiracy theories or pursue petty local vendettas. But overall, a quiet desperation seems to underlie most of these notices, a desperation enhanced by their somewhat pathetic appearance. These street texts are proof of an invisible community, one that has to resort to operating within a shadow economy and to using analogue means of communication to reach out to its potential members. They are also indexical of what visual culture scholar Nicholas Mirzoeff calls global cities, which “may present themselves as transparent hubs of frictionless commerce, but [whose] residents often experience them as conflicted, dangerous and even haunted.”<sup>4</sup> The lo-fi character of the street texts not only attests to a certain authenticity of this experience,<sup>5</sup> they are also representative of the inability of residents of global cities to participate in “the inevitable glass towers of the banks and the halogen-lit branches of global ‘brand’ shops downtown.”<sup>6</sup>

It is by virtue of appropriation of these street notices and their placement in an art gallery context that Lloyd Corporation are able to highlight the jarring disconnect between late capitalist society and the marginalised communities residing in its shadow, and to draw the visitor’s attention to the endearingly mundane poetry and the fragile materiality of these street texts. In that sense, the artists’ work is highly political, in the way that visual artist and critic Hito Steyerl advocates: “[W]hat makes art intrinsically political nowadays: its function as a place for labor, conflict, and ... fun—a site of condensation of the contradictions of capital and of extremely entertaining and sometimes devastating misunderstandings between the global and the local.”<sup>7</sup>

At the same time, the very removal of these street texts will have disrupted already precarious lines of communication, and will

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have counteracted the imagining of potential alternative communities and networks in these global cities. Part of me still expects the sticker of Watford sitting on the Luton to turn up in this installation. Part of me will forever be disappointed that this will not happen, and that the potential community this humble sticker hinted at might never be realised.

1. Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism*, Revised Edition (London & New York: Verso, 2003), 6.
2. Anderson, *Imagined Communities*, 36–46.
3. John Berger, *Ways of Seeing* (London: Penguin Books, 2008), 131–132.
4. Nicholas Mirzoeff, *How to See the World* (London: Pelican Books, 2015), 166.
5. Mirzoeff, *How to See the World*, 276.
6. Mirzoeff, *How to See the World*, 167.
7. Hito Steyerl, Politics of Art: Contemporary Art and the Transition to Post-Democracy, in *The Wretched of the Screen* (Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2013), 99.

204  
7

*Massage*

07983 815 204  
07983 817 217



079  
075

07776501498  
SARAH

11

# Windrush Indigenous Brexit Sufferer

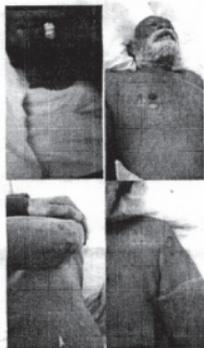
## Lloyd Corporation

The Windrush Indigenous Brexit Sufferer is called Herman Augustus Williams. On a hot Sunday morning on 20th May 2018 he died after contact with the police. Williams was identified by his freedom pass and found with a £20 note in his pocket. He did not return home from the night before. He was 77 years old, a venerable elder, a reported missing person. According to his son, Herman was kidnapped from their address and murdered in an unidentified location. The police deemed his death of natural causes. The coroner agreed with the police. The precise location of his death has not been declared in the police inquiry or the coroner's inquest.<sup>1</sup>

Herman Augustus Williams' death followed four weeks on from Theresa May's public apology for the Windrush Scandal, issued in parliament to Caribbean leaders. She was "genuinely sorry" about the anxiety caused and the UK government "valued" the contribution they had made.<sup>2</sup> Imagine if this was not a crisis but "a defining fact of life for a given population that lives it as a fact in ordinary time."<sup>3</sup> Would she still have apologised? Imagine if *they* had just spent the last 71 years liming in public spaces with friends, enjoying the scene and casually exercising their rights of abode in Britain. Would she still have apologised? "*There is genocide accruing at the moment with regards to the Windrush Victims*".



MY GOD



Online petition:  
[change.org](http://change.org), Herman Williams

Email  
[hermanwilliams15@email.com](mailto:hermanwilliams15@email.com)

twitter :  
[@herman210518](https://twitter.com/herman210518)

Phone Number  
07930693531

website: for more info  
<http://windrushatrocity.simplesite.co>

# TRUE WINDRUSH VICTIM

## WINDRUSH ATROCITY UNFORESEEN AGGRAVATION

Indigenous Windrush sufferer that would have been compensated for the atrocity he suffered, suddenly died on a hot sunny day it said to belief in the Biggin Hill area, in a member of the public's bath. This precise location is unknown to the family. This was followed by a breach of section 13 of the Coroners Act 1988 by the coroner at south London coroners who carried out the inquest and pathologist from Princess Royal University Hospital.

## WALWORTH ROAD AND BROMLEY POLICE

### ABDUCTED FROM HIS HOME

Was reported has a missing person

On Thursday 17 May 2018 father did not return home which was unusual. It was of belief that he was missing, so this was reported to the Walworth road police, who then took it as a missing person inquiry. However days later on the 22 May 2018 family was told by police that Mr Williams was found life extinct in a member of the public bath in their house mid day, 21 May 2018 the day before telling the family. No further inquiry was carried out

## SOUTH LONDON CORONERS

### Pathologist

Has breach section 13 of the coroners Act 1988 by not carrying out a forensic post mortem examination and just going by the facts of police initial facts. However, up on viewing the body, family had great concern of a suspicion. Family notified the police of their concerns of the viewing then had to wait for the coroner's conclusion which was consistent with the police conclusion of natural cause. No wounds were mentioned

## ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE

### Associate Manager

despite the coroner's conclusion family took it on their own to challenge the coroner's decision by writing to the Attorney General's Office asking for permission to take this case to the High Court for a fresh inquest because of the irregularity of proceeding. This was refused on the 23 September 2019

# GENOCIDE IN LONDON ON THE JAMAICAN ELDERLY DUE WINDRUSH COMPENSATION

WE DEMAND JUSTICE FOR THE EXTINCTION OF OUR PARENT LIFE



Herman Williams @Herman210518 · Oct 27



Herman Williams @Herman210518 · Apr 24



The story of Herman Augustus Williams did not make the media and wasn't recorded by a journalist. I learned of this tragedy as I peeled the fly-posted petition off a street lighting pole in Windrush Square. It had been printed multiple times and pasted over in close proximity, a multiplying of words and images: names, statements, demands, laments, links, portraits and a brutalised body. Above all, questions. WHERE DID MY FATHER DIED? Was it on state property? Why is our family being sabotaged from receiving the information? Why are inquiries not being followed up? "*This is a part of Brexit*".

Windrush Square. Home of Black British History. Home of poppy wreaths commemorating the lives of Caribbean service men and women, who waited 72 years to unveil their memorial. Home of the old black lady wearing Sunday Best who touches your arm and blesses you as you walk by. Home of the guy on the corner who broadcasts old reggae sounds through a crackling portable radio hanging from his neck. Home of a public library. Home of a large London plane tree whose origin dates back one hundred years or more. "*True Windrush Victim*".

I took great care to remove the sign fully intact. Removing a fly-poster feels a bit like peeling away a layer of skin, the paper fibres tight but flexing, with the trick being to apply exactly the right pressure. Too much and it painfully rips away, too little and it won't release. Usually it's impossible to remove a glued poster in full condition. It becomes literally fused to the street furniture until the authorities bring in specialist equipment that wipes them out and away with strong chemicals and vigorous scrapping. Once removed the poster was crumpled and limp, given how it peeled away as a thin, almost transparent skin of printed matter.

I filed this precarious object in a plastic wallet sleeve and began to see it. What I had peeled off was a face that "presents itself, and demands justice".<sup>4</sup> But there is also a body of the campaign, spread across a free website platform and a Twitter following of four. There are official documents from disbelieving authorities. There are recorded rap songs titled Genocide available on the App Store. There are handmade, black board placards demanding we see Herman Augustus Williams death as part of Windrush, Indigeniety,

Brexit, Cruel Government, Slavery and Colonialism. “*Stop It Give Us Our Rights*”.<sup>5</sup>

Yesterday I walked through Windrush Square and noticed the street light pole bore a faint imprint of glue and paper fibre, still marking the presence of the Windrush Indigenous Brexit Sufferer’s petition. By the time I got home the UK elections had just closed. ‘Exit polls suggests Tories on course for majority of 86’.<sup>6</sup> The biggest Conservative majority in more than thirty years. Since Thatcher. Neoliberalism. Decade of Austerity. A “population wearing out in the space of ordinariness.”<sup>7</sup> Get Brexit Done. “*This should not be happening in 2019.*”

Herman Augustus Williams was done almost two years ago, in contact with police on a hot Sunday morning in May. “Black life as it is lived near death...”<sup>8</sup> Aggravation. High level of injustice. Atrocity. Genocide. The extinction of our parent life. “*Justice for the Windrush Brexit victims.*”

Stop It Give Us Our Rights.

1. This information and further statements (including italicised quotes) relating to Herman Augustus Williams death are taken from Herman Williams Jnr campaign website: <http://windrushatrocities.simplesite.com/>.
2. <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-politics-43792411>.
3. Lauren Berlant, Slow Death (Sovereignty, Obesity, Lateral Agency), Critical Inquiry, Vol. 33, No. 4(Summer 2007), pp. 754–780. The University of Chicago Press.
4. <http://braungardt.trialectics.com/philosophy/20th-century/emmanuel-levinas-1906-1995/levinas-face/>.
5. See <https://twitter.com/Herman210518>.
6. <https://www.theguardian.com/politics/general-election-2019>
7. Lauren Berlant, Slow Death (Sovereignty, Obesity, Lateral Agency), Critical Inquiry, Vol. 33, No. 4(Summer 2007), pp. 754–780. The University of Chicago Press.
8. Christina Sharpe, In the Wake: On Blackness and Being, 2016, Duke University Press.

# Were you at

## Black People's Day of Action,

# 2 March 1981?

I am looking for people who participated Black People's Day of Action, the demonstration from New Cross to Hyde Park, as a result of the New Cross House Fire happened 6 weeks earlier, for an art project of mine.

If you were there, I would be so grateful to have the opportunity to have a short chat/interview with you. I can travel to wherever whenever is convenient for you. There will be a gift voucher of any shop of your choice to thank you for your time and participation.

If you are interested in participating, please contact me - [ting@chengtingting.com](mailto:ting@chengtingting.com) / 07923964259. Thank you.

[ting@chengtingting.com](mailto:ting@chengtingting.com)  
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# Archaic Economy

Lloyd Corporation's Collection  
of Street Notices

## Martin Westwood

Washing machine services; a book on the imminent collision of Earth with a red planet; a Local Council blocks public access to residential roads; telephone numbers adjoined to the word 'massage'; accusations that an elderly Windrush-era citizen has been abducted from his home; a value-for-money community decorator offers to repaint your bedroom; buy a slice of cake to assist with the cost of neutering cats; address your conscience concerning injustices against immigrants. This is an incomplete list of various propositions, notices and invitations found in Lloyd Corporation's (LC) collection of found street notices and advertisements.

Any grouping of multiple items suggests at least two related questions before this grouping might graduate to become, singularly (and identified by the capitalization of the first letter) a Collection. A Collection is dependent upon sense being shared between the objects collected: to constitute a type the most outlying example must modulate, contaminate and share some capacity with the most central or middling. So, firstly, exactly what type of thing has been collected here? Secondly, what sort of fractionalisation, ordering or classification of this material extends from this identification of type: if there is a type here, then, are there sub-types?

A ready-to-hand model of ordering public notices and advertisements exists within newspaper and magazine publishing:



Classified Ads are advertisements grouped, or classed, according to the vending or purchasing of various, often local, goods or services. Unlike classified ads LC's street notices are not categorized and published according to an editorial of use values: Wanted – Kitchen Appliances, Services – Beauty and Salon, Personals – Men seeking Men, Jobs Offered and Wanted, Vehicles – Trucks, Property and Lettings, Announcements etc. These categories organize the object of the transaction's utility alongside elemental changes in the directionality of this transaction: requests, offers and announcements are separated. In contrast, the deployment and placement of the street advertisement follows no editorial organization of utility nor arrangement for the rental of column inches. Categorizing on the basis of utility is no more intrinsic to LC's selection of material, in or out of their street context, than any of the classes suggested by Borges in his *Celestial Emporium of Benevolent Knowledge* are intrinsic to animals.<sup>1</sup> Rather, the authors of these street announcements, by eliminating the editorial intermediary of publishing/distribution and circumventing the cost of renting column inches, communicate more directly to their local populations – 'person to person' as Lloyd Corporation state.

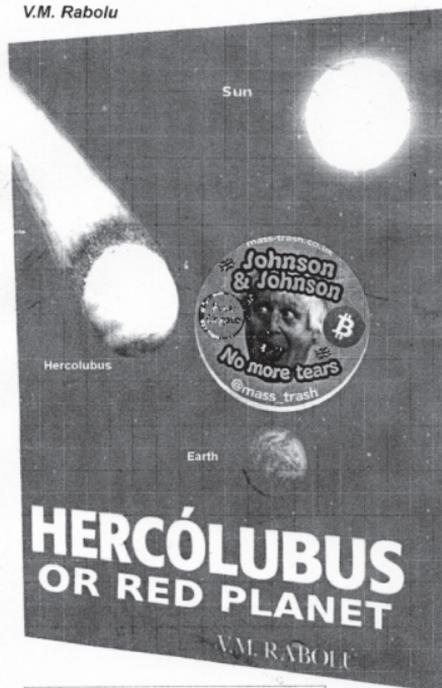
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Rather than classifying according to utility perhaps a more germane classification system could be constructed for these notices based on the overlap between the notices' explicit invitations to forms of engagement and their mode of address: a parallel between their invitation to specific transactional practices and their communicative appeals.

My motivation to address the material in this way stems from Richard Seaford's list in his book *Money and the Early Greek Mind*. Seaford itemizes ten categories of transaction for allocating goods and services to be found in Homer's epic poems. In a spectrum from violent seizure to traded exchange Seaford's list runs as follows: violence, prize, gift, distribution, reward, compensation, ransom, bride-price, slavery, exchange.<sup>2</sup> Though only some of these categories capture the practices or discourses of LC's selection, and others clearly do not, the gist of Seaford's list of processes of allocation is most relevant.

Following and expanding upon Seaford's example a brief list of the types of transaction motivated in LC's selection would include the following: reward (lost pets or information leading to the prosecution of an offender), restoration (found pets – "we would love to return the rabbit to its owner"), redistribution of resource (free book), gift (free entry to a conference), investment (property: 7.5% returns), self-investment (skills acquisition), donation (Nervemeter), assistance (with your college assignment), rental (property letting), loans, fundraising (the cost of a slice of cake and a cup of tea funds cat sterilization), merit ("Do you know someone exceptional?"), mutual exchange (of apartments).

There are frequent references to perceived and actual levels of politically sanctioned violence, theft, injustice (Alex Chalk MP accused of breaching representation of the People's Act), evictions (20 Lillieshall Road, SW4), description of a hostage situation (Julian Assange), accusations against states for incarceration, the restriction of citizen's freedom of movement, political corruption or turning a blind eye to the suspicious death of a vulnerable member of society. All of which elicit requests to respond by either petition, investigation, punishment or compensation.

Many of these notices offer goods and services for free.

\* FORD  
\* VERY

FOCUS ZETEC FOR  
CLEAN CONDI



- PLEASE RING JIMMY  
MOR: 029411260

SALE  
TION

TAXED \$M.07



\$ 899

OR  
NEAR  
OFFER

IF INTERESTED?  
6 8 20 23

However, amongst those adverts whose goal is to achieve a financial transaction, the statement of any specific pecuniary cost or benefit is frequently avoided. Rather, these pecuniary transactions are primarily couched in terms of altruistic acts of help and assistance. The exceptions, notable by the infrequency of their occurrence, prove the rule that, at the least, this is an arena of bespoke services. What is evident about these offers to purchase is that they aim to persuade on an ethical basis of cooperative help and assistance; soliciting sympathetic responses precedes motivation towards a mutually beneficial exchange.

Whilst traded exchange, financial purchasing and the satisfactions of use value are far from alien to the street advertisement, it is possible to get a little more under the skin of this collection of notices, which motivate aspects of an altogether different kind of economy. Such an economy, indicated by Seaford's list, is archaic and its primary axis operates between trade, donation and seizure. LC's collection can fruitfully be viewed from this perspective – as the preservation of references to pre-monetary economies. This operates across a number of levels: as declarations of and persuasions towards altruistic practices, as persuasive and sentimental employment of altruistic discourse for ulterior purposes and as reference to economically primitive (though technically sophisticated) forms of political violence. These notices advance, dissimulate and in turn dress themselves within vestiges of archaic economy. An extended identification of the continuing significance of non-monetary economies within human relations, legal economy and black markets, might allow a typology of transaction to arise that can adequately accommodate the material present in a collection of street notices and advertisements.

1. A fictitious taxonomy of animals described by the writer Jorge Luis Borges in his 1942 essay *The Analytical Language of John Wilkins*. Borges' point was that there is no inherent system of organization.
2. Seaford, Richard. *Money and the Early Greek Mind. Homer, Philosophy, Tragedy*. Cambridge University Press, 2004. 23–26.

# Investigate Alex Chalk MP for Cheltenham

1/24 MPs who  
has  
allegedly  
breached  
the  
Representation  
of the peoples  
act 1983



25

**in swarms, they  
could be together**

(to be read aloud)

**Ioanna Gerakidi**

the sounds of violent storms  
were recorded on 48 tapes

cutting on  
the body  
scanning its absence the intensity  
of the sternum the ribcage  
and other covers of the soul  
representations of volumes  
gut feelings in acts

dimensions across  
urges to be endured  
pained bones and surfaces dispossessed and gestures arrogantly  
wobbly  
and fabrics

glow

their marks on time

the archive holds the power to kill  
the social contract  
to speed and stop and shoot and fly

I once touched the darkness on the back of my shoulder  
and I felt free  
unconditional sleep  
the access to the unconscious has been forbidden because  
Narcissus once died  
and the deepest  
agony remained unbearable  
rocks  
are hanging from the ceiling in colour black  
surrounded by windows reflections of imagined  
skies

glasses as rivers reversed mainly because they don't flow yet they  
do project when exposed to the sun or to other luminous schemes

that was the first time I felt disrespectful towards the night not  
because of its obscurity but because of the multiplicity of mental  
sources it offers and therefore I stayed awake and I only woke up  
with the governance of light and after kissing you and feeling your  
fingers inside me

the sounds of  
violent storms  
were recorded on  
48 tapes. I Faced  
winds well over  
100mph, and worse

I smiled to ignorance

a question of embodied strangeness  
and while turned on I faked solidarity with the dirtiest qualities  
the thinness of writing  
for an archive of civil scans

## burning myths

as inductions consumed by fire

for faking wealth,  
performing beauty,  
staying with patience and vivid nightmares,

burning myths for resisting anger,

well, anger is a human feeling,  
and so is jealousy,

burning myths,  
for losing control, failing after, feeling relieved.

PASTS ARE HOPES,  
I spoke about omniwolds,  
I promised I will see you there again.

burning myths  
for death as a parable to survive, touch and feel the current,

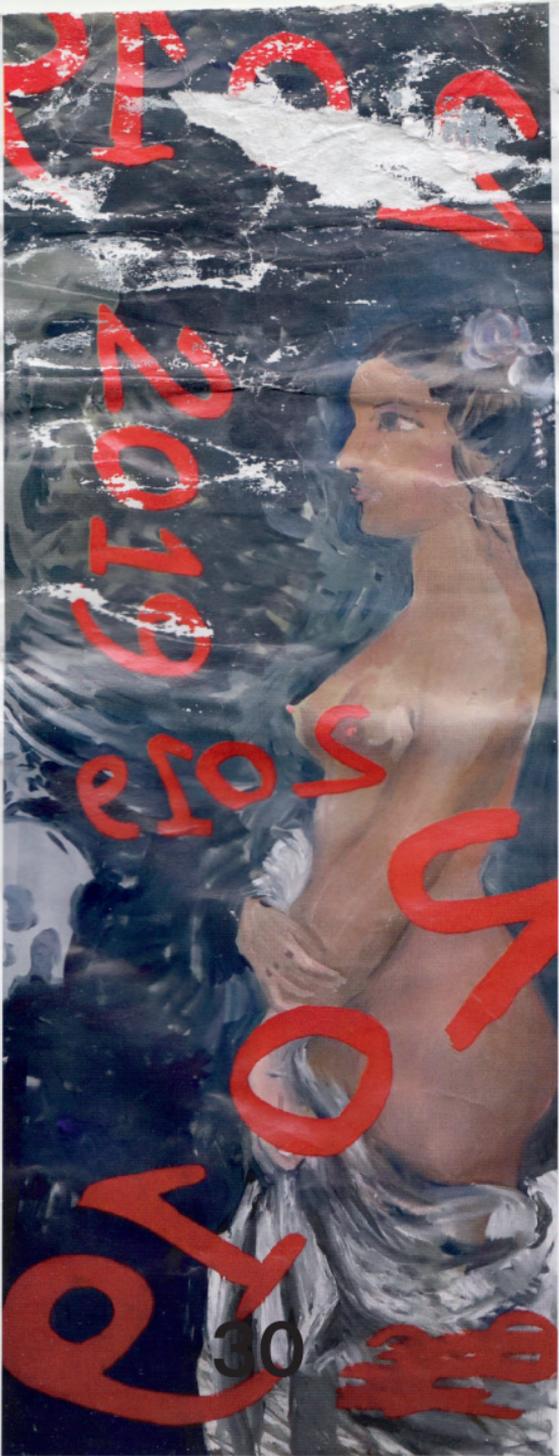
and burning myths,  
for a parallel world and for you as any kind of other,  
yet still you,  
among humans and other species, they are all in a state of  
a transpatial metamorphosis,

in this world there are no fullstops, there are not commas even, there  
are no words, there are senses and somatisised subverted narra-  
tives, inclusive memories and uncanny visions, and we are together,  
it is us and our communities, and whimsical figures surround us,  
whimsical beings were always with us, they are not positioned in  
the past, nor dreamed in the future, disorderly others,

burning myths,

for love and for other disasters,  
for images deleted,  
for overused teeth pronouncing consonants,  
for broken tongues,

for the temporal entanglement in the variances of divination.



## eros 2019

what's important  
is to know what's  
left when  
vividness is over,  
and to occupy that state as graciously  
as you did  
when experiencing the erotic,  
and once you embody your new life status,  
let it be there without resisting its broken qualities,  
yet remember  
to not mystify experience,  
nor loss,  
nor rejection,  
as knowledge production is only a scheme that makes life livable.

## call here for prayers

religion as a method for reading the invisible when exposed to a  
series of  
visually dominant  
public  
acts.

a close listening for fragments of seamless notices  
giving me the possibility of another language  
visceral  
errant.

no smoking no alcohol CCTV cameras in operation  
and some alternations of  
the same aphorisms.

hands that threw stars into the space  
is  
a period that I took out of context  
and then I liked it, only because it reminded me of hapticity about  
which Tina Campt writes:

'hapticity: the labor of feeling across a shared spatiality; communicating and collaborating across differential relationships to space and time; bodies required to feel out, feeling with, across, and through one another to create a sense of intimacy.'

through myriads of touches  
or un-touches

when touch is an othering mechanism and an unorthodox grammar  
and a ghostly punctuation, is utilised for an instantiation of the  
non-canonical chronicles.

## a heart of gold, you deserve to be celebrated

it was the second day that intimacy killed security and balance and  
the rest of the idealised notions applying to a healthy relationship,  
I therefore slept in this other room with a cross hanging on the wall  
above my head,  
I hate insomnia,  
I've been a bad sleeper since my birth I've been told, fortunately God  
protected me from remembering much,  
I've been reading about panic attacks,  
a woman,

sweat on her t-shirt, zebra stripes,  
I don't know if I'm sick or if I feel like being sick so I cry to release  
the tension, I sunbathe after, I do my nails using stickers from Japan

celebrating new years but it's only September, and I'm terrible at organising things and making future plans, and I let things flow and I only structure my mind, I think my mind is tired of saving fears and tears,

my skin smells of coconut, and an oily texture that I love,  
panic attacks last only for 20 minutes scientists say, I know they are wrong, I feel ugly and fat and swollen,  
everything which could have been a baby has to come out of my body,  
I hope I will be healed by then,

I should start speaking to myself whilst walking around naked, I should record my words,  
in ten minutes I will be at my therapist's office thinking about whether I should get moisturizing cream or a couple of pregnancy tests, I don't have enough cash for both and forgot my card at home,

becoming through unrequited attentions,  
engaging the eroded,  
avoiding reflexion as an index of power,

and still, I cannot see the sun,  
where is the sun.

## anti-inflammatory agents

Last night, my saliva tried to kill me.  
The subversion of its swallowing blocked my throat.  
I couldn't breathe.  
I woke up coughing; a desperate effort to bring my lungs back to life.  
This is not a metaphor.  
My subconscious is warning me that anxiety can be fatal.

**At this point,**

**we should be 'hardening up'  
these documents by beginning  
a systematic content analysis**

**Nina Wakeford**

In 1983, Ken Plummer published *Documents of Life*, a plea for his fellow sociologists to take more seriously the diaries, letters, suicide notes, photos, memories, graffiti, tombstone inscriptions and other such manifestations of 'human creativity'. The world, he said, is crammed with such personal documents. Yet sociologists largely treat such materials as peripheral. He notes – "An important approach to understanding human life has been persistently minimised, maligned and rendered marginal... they believe human documents are just too subjective, too descriptive, too arbitrary to help in scientific advance." In the rest of the book Plummer attempts to rescue the personal document and to bring it into dialogue with some of the core evaluative criteria of the discipline: representativeness, reliability, validity... As he does this, he situates personal documents explicitly within the tradition of oral and life history, and has a more humanistic sociology in view. This version of sociological research would celebrate evidence of subjectivity, in all its forms. The subtitle of the book is "An Introduction to the Problems and Literature of a Humanistic Method."

## Lost – Representativeness

*We are no longer sure where the individual is here, and what is their relationship to the wider population. This would help us determine the sampling rationale, and was the core of what helped us, previously. Secured positivism. Now we must work out how to appraise subjects on a continuum of representativeness and non-representativeness. Maybe each one we have found is a unique and necessary story to be told. Historians don't have a problem with this! Now he tells us when we can relate characteristics of a 'case' to a 'sample' confidence in its generalisability may be considerably increased. We know that technique and consistency have been crucial to assuring them about reliability. If our study was conducted by someone else, they will want to know that similar findings would be obtained.*

When I first learned about social research methods, I remember reading a great deal about bias, the point being to avoid as much of it as you could – in research design, in data collection and in the analysis and presentation of results. This was the advice of classic method textbooks, and I read them before I found the feminist methods literature, and poststructuralism. And, much later, singing.

### A Brief Check List of Some Dimensions of Bias

#### Source One: The “Informant”

- Is misinformation (unintended) given?
- Has there been evasion?
- Is there evidence of direct lying and deception?
- Is a ‘front’ being presented?
- What may the informant ‘take for granted’ and hence not reveal?
- How far is the informant ‘pleasing you’?
- How much may be self-deception?

#### Source Two: The “Collector”

- Could any of the following be shaping the outcome?
- Attitudes: age, gender, class, race, etc?

Demeanour: dress, speech, body language, etc  
Personality: anxiety, need for approval, hostility, warmth, etc  
Attitudes: religion, politics, tolerance, general assumptions  
Scientific role: theory held, etc

### Source Three: The Interaction

The joint act needs to be examined. Is bias coming from  
The physical setting – ‘social space’?  
Any prior interaction?  
Non-verbal communication?  
Vocal behaviour?

*We can be reassured, at least, that by using personal documents in this way, we are following in the footsteps of eminent Chicago sociologists. Chicago sociology was grounded in a sense of marginality (remember ‘the marginal man’) and maybe it gave them a sense that they could experiment with the personal document and life histories – so unorthodox at the time! It is, after all, a distinctive and humanist approach, with a touch of romanticism. Ken says ‘Here are real concrete experiences. Abstractions, logical systems, philosophical meanderings are bypassed and one is confronted through the personal document with the very substance of experience’*

In writing an introduction to, and analysis of, the literature on this humanistic method, Plummer is faced with the problem of summarising the variety of disparate studies and approaches. One version is Table 2.1, which appears on page 15, and could also be read as a minor provocation. Instead of offering a chronological list, or using the titles of the studies to map out the existing scholarship, Plummer organises this table by prioritising the names of protagonists within the sociological studies. They are listed alphabetically by surname, if offered by the author, or first name, if not. Thus Agnes is followed by Mrs Abel who is followed by Ann. And so on. Agnes is the name given by Garfinkel to refer to the participant in his 1967 study of ‘a male to female hermaphrodite’. Mrs Abel is ‘A woman dying of terminal cancer’ from the study by Strauss and Glaser, published in 1977. They are suddenly proximate and acting in the same production. For, without any comment or reflection in

Table 2.1 *Life Stories: The Social Science Cast*

Agnes	A male to female hermaphrodite (Garfinkel, 1967)
Mrs Abel	A woman dying of terminal cancer (Strauss and Glaser, 1977)
Ann	A prostitute (Heyl, 1979)
Herculine Barbin	A nineteenth-century hermaphrodite (Foucault, 1980)
Chic Conwell	A professional thief (Sutherland, 1937)
Cheryl	A young woman in love (Schwartz and Merten, 1980)
Janet Clark	A heroin addict who commits suicide (Hughes, 1961)
Jane Fry	A male to female transsexual (Bogdan, 1974)
Arthur Harding	An East End underworld figure (Samuel, 1981)
Don Juan	A Yacqui Indian magician (Castaneda, 1968)
Harry King	Another thief (Chambliss, 1972)
Pierre Rivière	A nineteenth-century French family murderer (Foucault, 1978)
Manny	A 'hard core' heroin addict (Rettig, <i>et al.</i> , 1977)
The Martin Brothers	Five delinquent brothers in Chicago in the 1920s (Shaw, 1938)
The Martinez Family	A poor rural Mexican family (Lewis, 1964)
Sam	A career thief (Jackson, 1972)
The Sanchez Family	A poor urban Mexican family (Lewis, 1970)
Stanley	A Chicago delinquent in the 1920s (Shaw, 1966)
James Sewid	A Kwakiutl Indian (Spradley, 1969)
Sidney	Another Chicago delinquent (a rapist) (Shaw, 1931)
Vincent Swaggi	A professional fence (Klockars, 1975)
Don Talayesa	A Hopi Indian chief (Simmons, 1942)
William Tanner	A drunk (Spradley, 1970)
Henry Williamson	A hustler (Keiser, 1965)
Wladek Wisniewski	A Polish emigré to Chicago (Thomas and Znaniecki, 1958)

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Most of the above characters are reintroduced and discussed in more detail later in the text. The most significant omission, however, is Ann (Heyl, 1979) which came to my attention too late to be included but which looks like

the main text, he subtitles the table 'The Social Science Cast'. In so doing he avoids any scientific terminology, and offers 'cast' as an image with which to figure relations between the people made up or represented by sociological research. Perhaps 'cast' should replace the 'sample' as otherwise driving the logic of collections and their in/adequacies. The reader is left with the problem of how this idea might be elaborated – a set of characters in search of an author? A playwright? A script which brings them together? Perhaps when the authors are absent, in *Toy Story* fashion, they could enact their own drama.

## Found

A few days ago my partner came home and reported that she had been glared at by several people, on her walk home from the bus stop, for taking down posters picturing a lost dog. She didn't respond to her surveillants to say that the dog, which belongs to a colleague living nearby, had actually been found. There is a huge turnover of such posters on our street, when I think about it, no doubt because it leads to a park. When I lived in the USA I remember that most of such 'personal document' fliers were stapled to wide utility polls, rather than fixed with tape as is often the case near us in London now. Occasionally, over there, the polls were cleared of all the fliers, presumably by the utility company or a city employee, but the staples were never extracted, and the metal strips steadily accumulated and went brown with rust as the rhythm of flier accretion and removal continued.

1983, p. 74. "The life history approach is peculiarly ignored in teaching contexts. During a three-year sociology degree, for instance, it might (but usually won't) be given very brief (usually dismissive) attention on a research methods course; hardly ever will the kind of data it produces be taken seriously on other courses. Asked to read *The Polish Peasant*, *The Jack Roller*, or *Letters from Jenny*, students may feel that they have left the world of significant social theory for a world of idiosyncratic description; asked to watch *Kes*, *Family Life*, or *The Naked Civil Servant*, they may feel they are simply being entertained; asked to read *Ruby Fruit Jungle*, *Akenfield*

or *Invisible Man*, they may feel they have left sociology altogether and entered a world of imagination and literature. Little time can be allowed for such eccentric pursuits.”

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# The Disembody

Social Body Parts After the Event

Alberto Duman

They were scattered – these residues of a deterritorialized socius – like scraps of a conviviality that once believed its own existence.

They first appeared on a beach – or not quite, since what does one make of a jetty that does not connect anymore to the land behind it? Becoming detached, it forgot it was ever a beach to begin with.

In the end it morphed into a cut off spit made of littoral debris, terraformed into an island, a cult onto itself.

A dissident landmass.

A reluctant patch.

A remiss gyre of the alienated kind.

Once snatched by the global currents and their blind but merciless oversight, there was no return policy in place.

So you can see now, how this thing here was not at all a discovery, or the result of secret disputes between retreat and assemblage, but something neither known nor understood by its constituents. It was more akin to a gang parlay, a reckoning of dispersed social matter freed from their mob, liberated within territorial confinement.

They were variously addressed as:

1. Organs without a body, without the memory of a body, without a language to describe a body, the body existing merely as a distant haunting without hopes of retrieval, interpellation

or recognition.

2. A menagerie of absentees who were never invited to the constitutional moments of their history.
3. Social body parts whose paths of dispersal defy attempts to be traced.

They behaved like strands of genetic code, carrying a memo that could not and will not be decoded but wants to exist nevertheless. Brimming with an unknowing potential to find a function for itself that is not the one it was supposedly assigned to execute and of which it does not know the existence of. Think of a command with no chain, curated by an algorithm long superseded. Everything becomes arcane without a chain.

Indeed, this speaking voice you hear – which I am the transcript of – is not quite a reliable source of information. A narration of a kind still persists, simply because the general intellect that flooded its surroundings and shaped its contours in those eventful times has forgotten to erase it on its retreat or did not have the time to execute that command.

But around here, given the circumstances, this constitutes a sufficient line of inquiry, enough to care for each other. When a thing doesn't know whether it is an organism or a soul or both, and if both how it can be both, it is good to start with what it does know.

So it was actually the shape of their imprint that was first found to carry some semantic sediment, a reflection minus the thing itself. Though as time went on, we came to the conclusion that analysis of these matters is never more than unwarranted intrusion into a sequence we will never understand, to the extent we have now stopped desiring to understand them at all. Instead we are now starting to learn to desire the same destiny for ourselves.

The remains of the event are now the only body parts left. The mythological social body was at first understood as artwork – mostly from the lack of care from others – and then, when usership took over all forms of representation, it was appropriated as the last remaining icon/memorial for the people once known as 'The Disembody'.

After the flood it was them who built the conceptual raft we all escaped with, hoarded with all the organs we could afford to take

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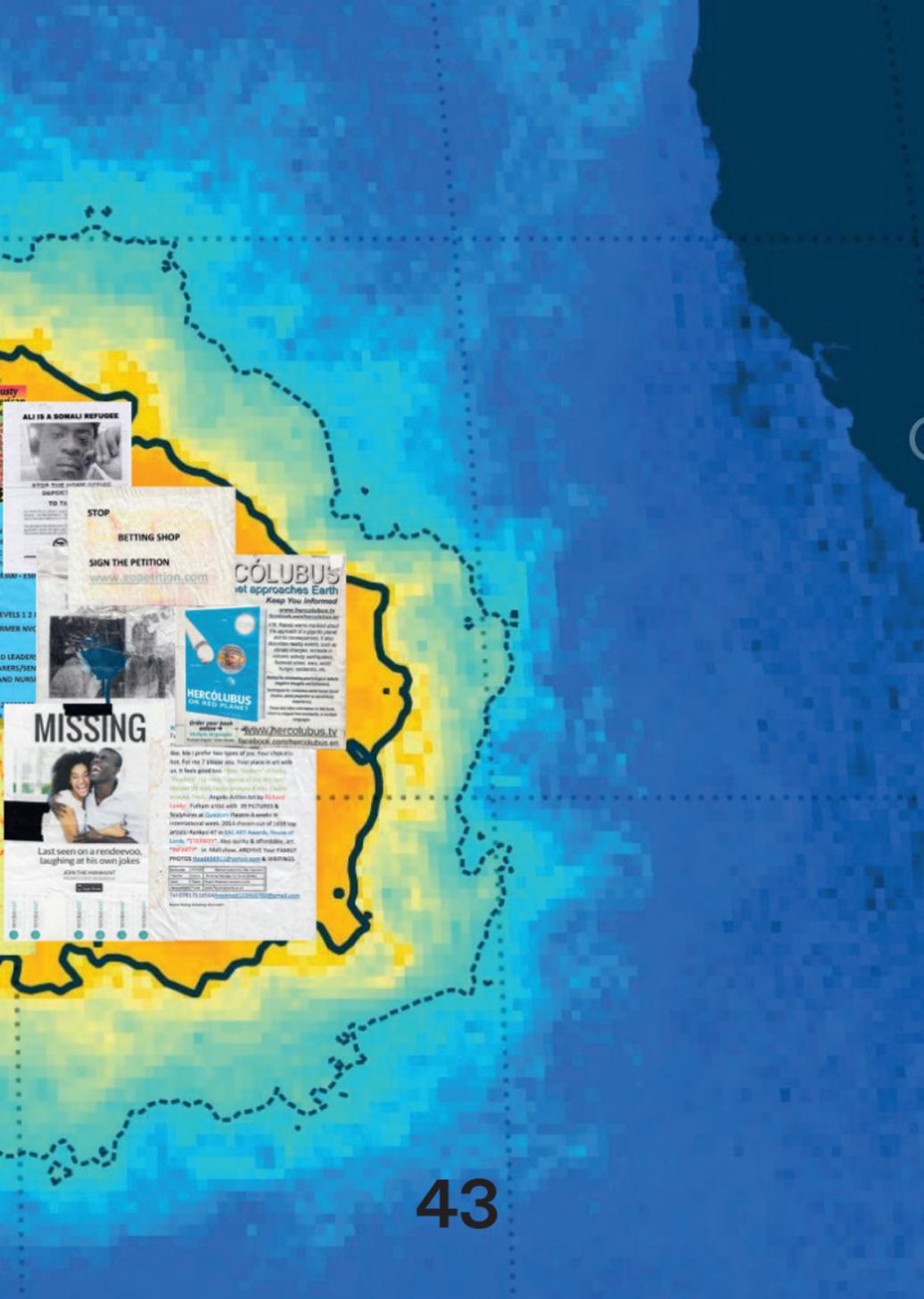
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### HERCÓLUBUS

### MISSING



Last seen on a rendezvous, laughing at his own jokes

JOIN THE SEARCH!

SEARCH

with us. Once utterly de-schooled by circumstances, these earnest scholars were nothing more than idiots with a hope, but their functionally different disposition at that crucial point in time made us follow them and get out. Their mysterious conviviality functioned like the convincing surface of a misread hollow husk for some brief time. Enough time for us to get away.

The raft of The Disembody was stockpiled to its limits and those on board found themselves for some time in the midst of the spin of the alienated gyre of the body parts, drawn by the same currents, spun by the same forces that brought them there. Ultimately, the course was dictated by a sequel of freak accidents rather than by careful planning but it managed to take the raft out of its compulsion, aided by the surge of the flood.

An unbearably long secession period of mutual exchanges followed during the travels. The Disembody turned out to be only partly de-schooled after all. At the end of the long secession, the word for the world became 'forest'. Even the social body parts agreed to that shift of semantic hierarchies: the 'island' became the 'forest' and the forest was now the world.

After that, things started to pick up. Little by little, the once residues, once artwork, then memorials, acquired a new status as material display of the wealth of the descendent of The Disembody, who still had not found or agreed a new name for themselves. Pinned on the largest trees in the most visible places of the forest, the social body parts came around again as 'art', though this time everyone seemed to care.

Everyone but The Disembody.

Conference (in English)  
free entrance

# VIEWS FROM THE REAL WORLD

**Ο ΓΚΟΥΡΤΖΙΕΦ ΜΙΛΑ ΣΤΟΥΣ ΜΑΘΗΤΕΣ  
ΤΟΥ ΑΠΟΨΕΙΣ ΑΠΟ ΤΟΝ ΚΟΣΜΟ ΤΟΥ ΠΡΑΓΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ**

Every morning, when I wake up and look at myself in the mirror, how many times out of 365 days am I aware of myself? How many times am 'I there'? What do I mean by 'am I there'? Not only do I look at myself, do I brush my hair and carry out all types of daily actions, but I am also aware in doing them that they have a substance, a depth.

Patrizio Paoeltti

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Friday, march 24th at 19.00 hr.



Pyrinos Kosmos Bookstore  
Ippokratous str. 16  
106 80, Athens

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More info:  
Mo. 694 322 0931  
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# Contributors

## Karin Bareman

Karin Bareman is a doctoral researcher in Photography at the University of Westminster, focusing on stereotypes in documentary photography. She is also an independent writer on photography and visual culture. Her essays have appeared amongst others in *Camera Austria Magazine*, *Foam Magazine*, *Photoworks*, and *Unseen Magazine*. Previously she worked as curatorial project manager at Autograph in London and as assistant curator at Foam in Amsterdam. She was awarded the Milton Rogovin Research Fellowship in 2015 from the Center for Creative Photography in Tucson, Arizona, and the Transfer North Curatorial Residency at the Northern Photographic Centre in Oulu, Finland in 2017.

## Lloyd Corporation

Lloyd Corporation is a collaborative project between artists Ali Eisa (UK) and Sebastian Lloyd Rees (NOR). Their work is often focused on informal and local economies, exploring how they raise critical issues of consumerism, globalisation and urban development. Their work includes sculpture, installation, performance and text, as well as developing new approaches to collaborative practice and public intervention.

## Martin Westwood

Developing relations between technical apparatus, symbolic economies and the mediated experience of art and life Martin Westwood's recent independent and collaborative work has developed through published writing, public discursive events and exhibition. Engaging with text, lecture, video and installation recent exhibitions and published writing include *dd/U/mm/yyyy* (a collaboration with Joey Bryniarska), Marres House for Culture, Maastricht (2017), *Recut Piece* (working title), Stanley Picker Gallery, London (2016), *Warburgian Production or Performing Context-change*, Philosophy of Photography (2017), *The Autochthon and the Terraformed*, Bergen Kunsthalle (2017) and *Technology, Time, Transposition*, Journal of Visual Art Practice (2016). In 2020 Van Eyck Academie will publish the monograph (*another*) *dd/U/mm/yyyy* (co-authored with Joey Bryniarska).

## Ioanna Gerakidi

Ioanna Gerakidi is a writer, curator and educator based in Athens. Her research focuses on philosophies of language and feminist, queer, and anti-colonial studies. She has collaborated with and curated group shows/events for Amsterdam Art, Athens Biennale, Athens Digital Arts Festival and Hot Wheels Projects, and more. Her texts, have been presented at Kunstverein Amsterdam, Künstlerhaus Stuttgart, CAC Vilnius, Athens Festival and NiMAC, among others. She has contributed in several publications and she has lectured and led workshops for Gerrit Rietveld Academie, Rupert, Athens School of Fine Arts, Document & Contemporary Art PhD program, Noiserr. Some of her past residencies include Rupert Residency, Syros Sound Meetings and NEON Curatorial Program. She is currently co-curating the program of State of Concept and she is mentoring the practices of Onassis Air Program's participants. In October 2020, she will start her PhD research in the Arts & Humanities Department of RCA.

## Nina Wakeford

Nina Wakeford is an artist, and holds Readerships in the Departments of Art and Sociology at Goldsmiths, University of London. Wakeford's practice begins with what she considers the unfinished business of past social movements, and the challenges of revisiting the demands and energies that these movements created. She is the co-editor of *Inventive Methods: The Happening of the Social* (Routledge, 2012) a collection that explores, among other things, how research might better work with openness and ambiguity. Recent works include *OUR PINK DEPOT: THE GAY UNDERGROUND FLO-N202-23600000-TRK-MST-00002-SAY-HELLO-WAVE-GOODBYE-KEN-NIE-BPS* (Bookworks/Art on the Underground, 2019) and the project 'We Will Replace All Men With Machines' for the Barbican 2019 season. In 2020 she will undertake a new commission for Science Gallery London for the exhibition 'Genders: Shaping and Breaking the Binary'.

## Alberto Duman

Alberto Duman's work is located at the intersection between art practice, urban studies and future-oriented thinking concerned with social contexts and the role of art in the cultural production of urban space. In 2016 he was Leverhulme Trust Artist-in-Residence at University of East London with the project Music for Masterplanning. In 2018 the anthology *Regeneration Songs: Sounds of Opportunity and Loss from East London*, was published by Repeater Press. Currently he is a Senior Lecturer in Fine Art at Middlesex University teaching with Loraine Leeson on the BA/MA Fine Art Social Practice module. Since 2014 he also works with the group DIG Collective.

**BT**

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