

SPLIT

EMERGENCE

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EDITED BY
Georgia Lyons

DESIGNED BY
George Kalivis

SPECIAL THANKS TO
Les Back, for making this happen

THANK YOU TO
ALL CONTRIBUTORS

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EMAIL
SplitMagInfo@gmail.com

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@Split_Mag

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Goldsmiths
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

SPLIT mag is made by sociology students, for everyone.

This issue's theme is EMERGENCE.

Google (Oxford Languages) defines 'emergence' as:

Emergence

/ɪˈmɜːdʒ(ə)ns/

noun

1. The process of becoming visible after being concealed.

2. The process of coming into existence or prominence.

Interpret this how you wish, but this felt appropriate to the last two years that, as a collective, we have all had.

I hope you enjoy this issue, and thank you for reading.

— Georgia Lyons



Image by Georgia Lyons

72 HOURS AND SOMETHING

Maria Riga

I finally made it to university last year. Joining Goldsmiths was a dream that came true, as I thought that the days of being surrounded by precarious work, bigotry and oppression were over. Were they really though? As the whole academic year took place in front of a tiny screen and a freezing cold, locked and unwelcoming campus, I wondered whether I was ever going to connect with someone, see a lecture room in real life, be free, happy and queer. Flatness.

Then, year two was on its way and I thought 'nothing can stop us now'. However, the pandemic has gotten to us for good: seminar rooms did not get full, people did not want to talk to each other. We hid our faces behind masks, wore our headphones and rushed outside right after our classes.

It didn't take long to find out that Goldsmiths' Warden (Frances Corner), together with the Senior Management Team picked up where they left from last year. A four-year-long dispute. They spent over a

million pounds on 'consultancy' such as KPMG and sold our university to Lloyds and NatWest banks. They said that in order to 'recover' from our debt, 52 jobs had to be 'deleted'. And like that, once again, Goldsmiths' University College Union branch overwhelmingly voted to go on strike.

My housemate and I set off for the opening rally at the picket line, in front of Richard Hoggard building at Goldsmiths. Just as we were arriving, I could hear the buzz but still couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the whole front being totally packed. We found ourselves right in the middle, vibing with the rest of the crowd. With last year being my first in university, I've never seen so many people gathered on campus before...so many of whom I recognised, a few I've actually spoken with in the past and a lot more to meet in the future. People spoke about injustice, oppression, resistance and solidarity.

Learning was all around us. We stayed and hung out once the

rally finished. I got the chance to meet some of my teachers from last year for the first time and we reflected on our digital acquaintances and seminars. We met new teachers and talked about our views on the strike, on music, on personal projects. One of them told me that teaching is similar to adopting children and it made me wonder how different education would be if a few more of us thought of it that way.

The first teach-out I ever attended was at Goldsmiths' Student Union building, on reimagining the university. It was a safe space where we met each other, shared some facts and sat together to dwell on how we could bring our utopian versions of education futures to life. It felt like waking up from a very long nap, where the dream/nightmare loop was little squares of people/images on screens.

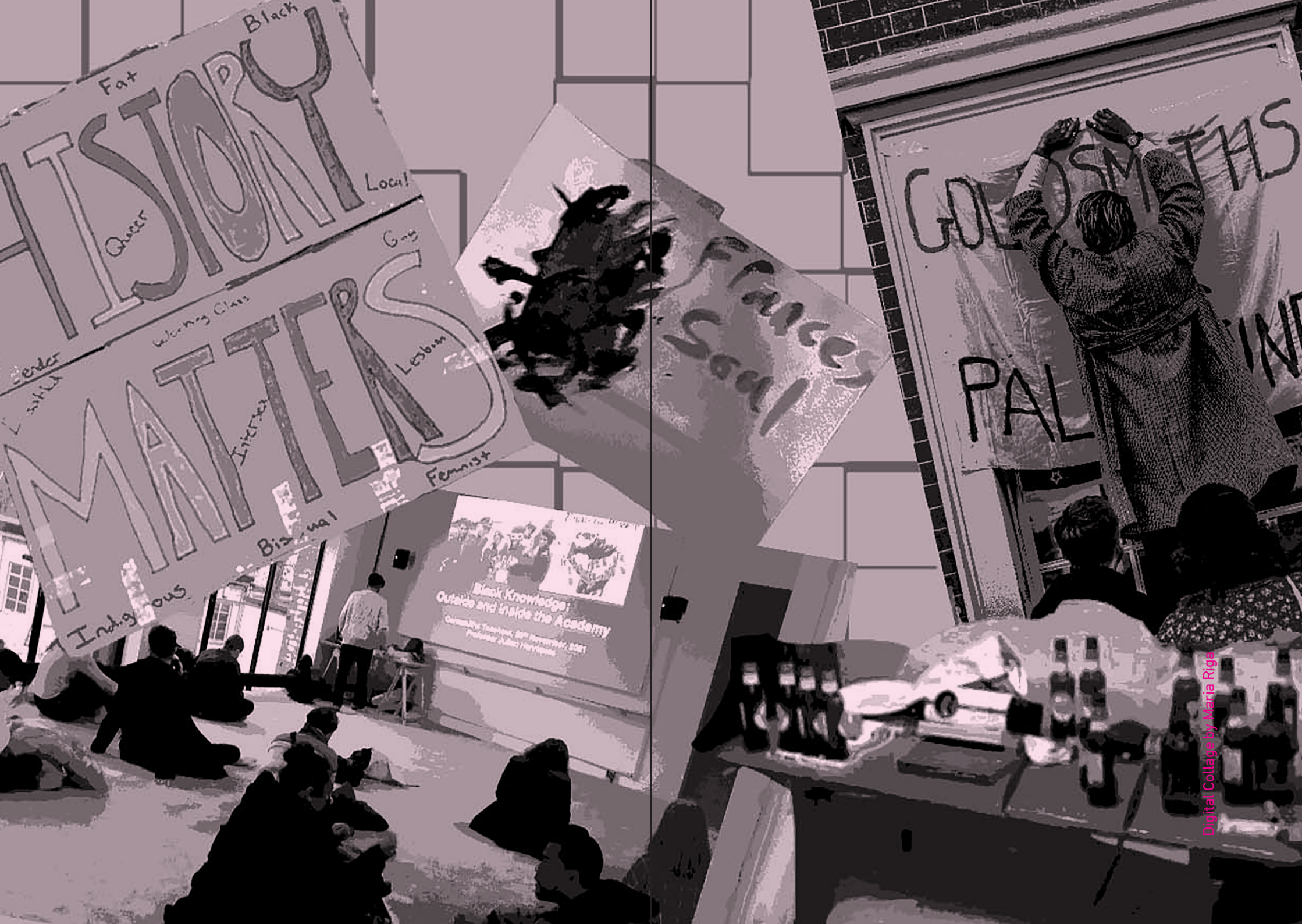
And then some of us went for beers! It didn't actually take us long to invite each other to our homes, organise events, carry gear, get stressed, seek help and find help. We responded to each other's calls, we showed support and solidarity, we had sleepovers and early morning

starts, we read feminist literature and wrote some too. We danced samba around campus, we made noise and we protested. We saw peers doing the same and more. Together.

Those days were about tea, biscuits and strolls. They were about care and action. They were tough and uncomfortable, as Goldsmiths is far from the radical institution it brands itself as—marginalised students/staff still have to struggle every single day with perilous learning and working conditions. They were about realising that we didn't want to go back to the same oppressive systems of institutional violence. We were not little squares.

We decided that we didn't want to sign up for neoliberal futures. We decided to collectively learn, unlearn and resist. We decided to form a community and stand for our rights together. And for that, these first three days of the strike were the best days of my academic life so far and I will always hold them near to my heart. I hope we win and I hope that we continue to be together. For all my new friends, teachers and comrades,

Love and solidarity.



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE, BUT WHOEVER IT IS YOU'RE THINKING OF, YOU'RE PROBABLY WRONG

Red Burgess

Emergence can be defined as 'the act of becoming known or coming into view: the act of emerging.' The ways in which we become known to others vary, for of course to emerge from behind a wall, for example, to go from a state of being hidden to making others aware of your presence, that is to become known, to emerge. But we can also become known to others in a different way, the ways in which people live and act in proximity to us, the ways in which they know us by way of their knowledge of the things about ourselves that make us real and tangible.

It seems we 'submit to the mortifying ordeal of being known.' A quote from author Tim Kreider in his essay 'I Know What You Think of Me'. The full quote reads, 'If we want the rewards of being loved we have to submit to the mortifying ordeal of being known.' The correlation between being known and being loved

runs deeply through our interactions with those around us, but here, love is, in essence, labelled a mortifying ordeal, something we as people have to interact with other people so we might be known to them, made aware to them, must traverse through in order to feel loved by them.

'You've always seen me, and I think that's all that anyone wants [...] seeing someone, really seeing someone, that's love.' — Benjamin Alire Saenz

We're reminded how, for so many, being known is being loved. But we too often fear how we let others come to know us; whether consciously or not we are taught to fear letting people into ourselves too soon. Our personhood feels threatened when we share who we are with others because we have grown so comfortable with

the alienation we face every day we feel it's normal, organic.

It has been highlighted many times before my own recognition that these feelings, these fears, have become amplified by the circumstances late 2019 brought to us. As the fear of being around others became part of our everyday physicality, so too did we see this knock-on effect in our emotional livelihoods. But many of us have, and continue to, live through the common fear of the past two years, not without change it seems.

I am reminded of the Ship of Theseus when discussing who we were, and who we now are. If in undergoing this social readjustment, having all our reactions and interactions altered in some way. Fundamentally still being the person we think we were before, then we pose the discussion of what of us really remains. There will always be people who feel they are themselves still, and there will always be people who can't say they knew who they were in the first place. This leads me back to why I think we are so afraid to be known, if we let others in, we're scared they might find things even we

didn't see after all this time.

When Mikko Harvey wrote: 'The number of hours we have together is actually not so large. Please linger near the door uncomfortably instead of just leaving. Please forget your scarf in my life and come back later for it.' I am reminded of how despite these fears, the day to day submission we face to the desire to know others, often presides over the fear we have in allowing others into our own selves. We have both a human need to connect with others, and a need to protect the ideas we have of whom we think we are.

To be known by others is to face the idea that we do not know ourselves as well as we think we do, that is the mortifying ordeal we arrive at every time we ready ourselves to let someone in. It's only natural we desire both connection and solitude when the world we live in favours self-preservation over genuine connection. We are constantly in a state of emerging from one version of who we are into the next, and I don't know who you think you are, but whoever it is you're thinking of, you're probably wrong.

THE SPIKING EPIDEMIC AS AN INDICATOR OF A SOCIETY IN CRISIS

Brooklyn Saunders

Freshers 2021 was meant to indicate an emergence of freedom: freedom from national lockdowns put in place to prevent the spread of Covid-19; freedom to celebrate the accomplishments that landed students at university; freedom to make new relationships.

However, under this façade of freedom, lay the ever-present risk of spiking. Women and other targeted groups have endured years of victimisation in pubs and clubs. Despite all the preventative efforts, persecutors came back with a vengeance. The new addition of spiking through injection has added an increased risk of infection, as well as other dangers.

Somehow discourse focuses on how victims should change their activities to 'reduce the risk' of being spiked. There have been multiple national 'girls' nights in' organized, boycotting clubs for endangering the lives of victims past, present and

future, allowing perpetrators to face no consequences. While sending a clear message, many people feel that this way of protest still puts the onus on the victimized groups to take responsibility for these crimes.

All useful and active discussions I've heard about this issue have been from victimized groups.

There have been calls for increased security at clubs, an introduction of 'pat-down policies' at the entrance of institutions, and an increase of trained crisis workers who can coordinate care and offer a safe space for victims. On the surface, all these suggestions would seemingly reduce the opportunity for spiking to take place and allow for fewer risks of medical complications for spiking victims.

These policies also carry their own issues. For example, there have been documented cases of security guards participating in spiking. There is a long history of stop and

search policies being used to criminalize Black individuals, increasing the risk of racist attacks that are already extremely common in club settings. Finally, while having medical staff on-scene for victims who have managed to escape a dangerous perpetrator, many drugging victims do not have the possibility of escape, many do not have the time or simply the capacity to ask for help. Having medical professionals on-scene will obviously decrease the risk for victims who are aware of their situation, however, their presence is

reactive. Their presence will most likely not deter predators from committing assaults.

Society is in crisis. All steps put in place have seemingly failed or have further damaged and complicated the situation we live in. I don't believe that individuals alone will find a solution that will end this crisis. Dialogue between groups and direct change that allows for justice for victims while simultaneously acknowledging that all justice must not allow for scapegoating and discrimination.

THE FIRST TO THIRD YEAR CHASM

Georgia Lyons

first year — 2019

I sat on my bed in Surrey House for the first four months, faced by my collection of torn out *Time Out London* pages collected on the white walls. All stuck on by blu tac and holding down my expectations of the colourful, exciting life I'd pictured myself having as a fresher. In the country's biggest, busiest, and best city. This dream was quickly torn at the corners and defaced by the solitary bustle of grey South London. I was now faced with the reality of moving to the capital for university as a clueless teenager.

It was hard, but there were moments of fun and new friends.

An incident called covid-19 forced me to rip these images off the walls, and move back to my hometown in my mother's Prius.

second year — 2020

While shrouded by a global pandemic, by some miracle, life was more enjoyable. The absence of social jealousy (feeling that everyone else was constantly having fun, and had no problems, ever) made me able to exhale, finally. I breathed out the



Images by Georgia Lyons



the final year — 2021

I sit in the library
read
talk
write
think
listen
type
eat
highlight
daydream.

expectation weighing on my chest. Other's social lives were no longer constantly on my tiny phone screen. As human interaction was illegal, I was soothed by the idea of solidarity in solitude. People were having a shit lonely time together.

Pesto pasta, walks through the park and eventually, the pub. This came to resemble more closely what I expected of university and London. Connection to London's pavement and bus stops happened slowly, but I came to feel at home in the warm summer. I reconnected with old friends and made new ones. everything fell into place the way I hoped it would. I am lucky to come out of a pandemic unscathed.

Essays, books and lectures. I have no time for the walks that I loved in a period of silence, but I am grateful. Grateful for the bustle that once made me feel on the periphery of excitement. Grateful for this campus, with all its problems. I'm grateful for Goldsmiths' launchpad that propelled me into the trial and error of adulthood. I went from missing home and its comforts, to feeling at home amongst the pret's and the offices.

If you are in your first year and feel like you are drowning in the busy uncertainty of the city—remember the sun is yellow, orange and always rises, and Bourdieu will make sense one day.

TUNING ACADEMIC LIFE: REMEMBERING CAROLE KEEGAN

Les Back

The intellectual life of any university is only possible because of the people who administer the practicalities of academia and make things work. It is why the recent threatened redundancies of Goldsmiths staff in professional services caused so much anger and ultimately led to three weeks of strike action this semester. These largely uncelebrated colleagues make sure rooms are booked for the next seminar, ensure that visiting speakers have the correct form for their expenses claim or book the flights for a high-profile professorial keynote in some faraway place. More often than not this group of university workers do far more to shape the research culture of any given place than is appreciated.

They support research grant applications, gauge the whims of the funding councils and battle with the finance department for correct information and make sure

that the budget balances. No great books would be written or eloquent public pronouncements made from the lectern without them. Carole Keegan did all this important work and much more for staff at the Centre for Urban and Community Research for two decades. She has left us too soon and many members of staff from Goldsmiths attended her funeral on 2nd May 2018 in Maidstone to say goodbye after her long struggle with cancer.

In the days before the funeral Bridget Ward, her close friend and colleague, said: 'Carole didn't make any fuss. She quietly just got on with things always with her wry sense of humour.' I think we academics probably gave her plenty of comic material. Nevertheless, so many of us benefited from her gentle dependability and good nature. After the sad news of her death, many emails of gratitude and appreciation were sent by staff and students.

'Birdsong' by Carole Keegan



Often 'university support staff' have extraordinary hidden talents. This was true of Carole. She loved literature and music and also walking her dog. But even some of her closest colleagues are still unaware that she was a quite exceptional painter mostly of oils on canvas. Her paintings are vivid bursts of colour including portraits of birdlife and the natural landscape. In their collection Saatchi Art described her paintings as: 'inspired

by botanical nature, mythologies, folktales both ancient and modern, and animals.' One of her works 'A Walk in the Park' was used as the inspiration for a dress design for a boutique clothes company. Carole had also written children's stories and a detective story, which we found out at her funeral.

Carole's close friend Sue, who gave the eulogy at the funeral, said that they liked to dance to Ry Cooder's tune Little Sister and do

what they called the ‘tea towel dance.’ I knew Carole loved music but was surprised to see a picture of her playing the guitar in the album of photographs of her life that had been compiled for her wake. In the photograph, perhaps taken in her thirties, she is sitting on a chair holding a guitar in her lap with her hand in the shape of a perfect A minor chord. Her partner Robin

told us that Carole only knew a few chords but she had an uncanny ability to tune his guitar to perfect pitch. An out of tune guitar will still sound awful even in the hands of a player with the finger dexterity of a virtuoso. I couldn’t help but think that perhaps Carole had done a kind of the academic equivalent of this for all of us too. She kept things in tune at CUCR and made sure our

‘Africa’ by Carole Keegan



research projects ran smoothly even when there was occasional discord through the many years she worked in Laurie Grove.

It’s so hard to know what to write in a text or an email to someone who is battling cancer. All words seem so hollow and every combination of them like a platitude. Around Christmas I decided a would start sending Carole music instead, just to let her know that we were thinking about her. Through the magic of Voice Memo, I made rehearsal recordings on my mobile phone of festive folk music with a group I was playing with at the time. Sometimes I would play her gentle instrumental acoustic guitar pieces like Beeswing by Richard Thompson. At Carole’s wake, Robin said she had listened to them and that they had made her smile. I kept sending the music even when Carole didn’t reply and it is fitting—in a way—that our last communications were wordless.

Sue said that as well as music she shared with Carole a love of books but had struggled to find an appropriate literary quote for

the eulogy. Carole particularly liked the writing of Russian-American novelist Vladimir Nabokov. So Sue, fighting back the tears, ended her heartfelt address with a quote from him: ‘Life is a great sunrise. I do not see why death should not be an even greater one.’

Looking at Carole’s vivid paintings now this quote comes to life differently. In December 2021 one of her paintings called ‘Africa’ is included in an exhibition of artworks connected to the Centre for Urban and Community Research in Laurie Grove Baths. The painting was donated by her partner Robin Hughes. It will be a lasting monument to all the work she did to facilitate the research of staff and students at Goldsmiths. Carole is sorely missed by all at Goldsmiths who worked with her. Putting Ry Cooder’s Little Sister on the turntable tonight I’ll be thinking of her and Sue and imagining what the ‘tea towel dance’ must have looked like. I think Carole would approve of being remembered that way.



Detail of 'Africa' by Carole Keegan

SOCIAL INEQUALITY WIDENS

Connor Kooner

Undoubtedly the Covid-19 pandemic has revolutionized all our lives. The pandemic has shone a dismal light on growing inequality. In the words of Melinda Gates, '[t]he pandemic has magnified every existing inequality in our society—like systematic racism, gender inequality and poverty.'

Emerging out of lockdown has exacerbated rather than reversed this; alarming socio-economic inequities persist. Moreover, people from minority groups and those with disabilities face further problems. The World Health Organization has reported that people with disabilities have fewer opportunities for employment and are more likely to live in poverty, especially since many of the financial support programs introduced during the pandemic, have now been withdrawn by the government.

Moreover, the pandemic has had a regressive effect on gender equality. Disproportionately, taking the burden of unpaid care work within the home (looking after children, the

elderly and sick) during the pandemic, resulted in more women facing job losses. However, the repercussions of the lockdown are still being felt. Women are being re-hired at a slower rate than men as workplaces have re-opened. A switch to working from home has now emerged as a popular trend in the corporate culture. Yet this only serves to continue to increase inequalities between men and women. This is because women are still more likely than men to work from home due to caring responsibilities. However, this may be seen as a lack of commitment by male employers. In this way, there is a greater likelihood that the careers of women will be adversely affected, through poor promotion prospects, or a meagre pay rise.

Challenges and difficulties continue to persist in the education system with budget cutbacks for schools, colleges, and universities. The move to online learning during the pandemic fueled a digital divide

as children from disadvantaged backgrounds continue to catch up. The widening of the attainment gap threatens to have negative implications for years to come.

Despite emerging from lockdown, the university experience appears to have changed permanently. The traditional lecture model has now become redundant. Instead, universities have been forced to adapt to a changing landscape, with an increasing shift towards blended learning, a balance between virtual and face to face education. The communal aspects of university life are being lost with students struggling to build relationships and connections. Consequently, educational strategies

in the future will need to cater for the mental health needs of pupils with a loss in social contact. Once again students from the lowest socioeconomic backgrounds are more likely to be adversely affected due to material and cultural deprivation. The burden of the lockdown has increased the cost of living with students from low-income backgrounds struggling to pay rent, fund extracurricular activities and buy necessities.

Emerging out of lockdown has brought relief to many, but persistent inequality is not the normality that anyone deserves.

'Will we ever return to normality again?'

WORDS OF WISDOM N ALL

Elsa Thomas

To all those who have come before to leave a piece of themselves on toilet walls, I HAVE MISSED YOU! The Covid-19 pandemic has given us many things: Loss, Fear, Questions, Hope, Love and Strength. One thing we are tasked with now is finding reconnection after such a long period apart.

Perhaps it was the months spent away from the world, thinking of the bigger picture and waiting for life to start again, that make the small things feel that much more important now we are coming together again. The knowledge that everything we—or at least I—take for granted, all the freedoms and explorations, can come to a stifling stop almost overnight is terrifying. What I am left with is a thirst for all those moments of connection I never even realised I could miss.

One community I have found particularly striking in the last few weeks is the community we find in the notes left behind on bathroom walls. These small, often overlooked snippets into the lives of others come

to create a patchwork legacy of tears, tantrums and some downright questionable advice. What is left behind is a collaborative work created by people from entirely different lives who happened to cross paths in the safety of those four cardboard walls. That moment you realise you've had slightly more to drink than you thought and all of a sudden, the world makes sense, so much so that you choose to scribble down your revelations for the next poor soul who happens across an existential crisis in this exact spot. There is something I find special in this idea of collaboration with people whom we will likely never know, how in these moments we choose to create a space for positivity and kindness towards strangers. This, if anything, is what I would call community—a community from which we have been completely excluded for many months. A community that I didn't appreciate fully until it was gone. This piece is, more than anything, an appreciation for the

Image by Elsa Thomas



small things, a comment on the ways we can explore ideas and feelings of community in unexpected ways. We can learn a lot about the people who surround us from the words they choose to select in these moments. Ultimately we can find a community of strangers, a community of individuals dedicated to building each other up even in the most unlikely of places. Perhaps it says something about our desire for connection that we turn these blank, rather unimaginative spaces into a canvas for interaction. Who knows? Just a thought...

Here we can begin to question what a community really means. How do we go about creating safe spaces

for those around us? A place to ask questions, to vent. Small acts of kindness that the world could never see.

The sociological imagination is something we are all learning to grapple with and is something that puts us in a particularly good place when it comes to exploring how we are emerging into a new and changed world. It is something I am grateful for as it allows me to find reconnection in ways I wouldn't have thought of prior to my studies.

I will let the images I have chosen speak for themselves. I'm sure we will all find different meanings.

Enjoy xox



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