

Relaying inheritance:
writing affective and possible working-class presents in the
north of England.

Laura Swithenbank

Submitted in accordance with the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

The University of Leeds

School of Fine Art, History of Art and Cultural Studies

June 2022

The candidate confirms that the work submitted is their own and that appropriate credit has been given where reference has been made to the work of others.

This copy has been supplied on the understanding that it is copyright material and that no quotation from the thesis may be published without proper acknowledgement.

Acknowledgements

This thesis is dedicated to the memories of
Ralph and Mary Swithenbank
Mary and Jack Hobson
Jim 'Squeezebox' Hall
&
Barry Hines
I really couldn't have done any of this without you.

Firstly, I'd like to thank my supervisor Helen Graham who has taught me the true-quality of thinking-with, and how (and how much!) the qualities of openness, the spirit of curiosity, attentiveness, thoughtful rigour, and kindness can figure into a scholarly practice. I take so, so much inspiration for the kind of academic I want to be from you. For all this, together with your patience and understanding I'll never be able to thank you enough, but I'll have a crack... Thank you Helen for constantly expanding my idea of what seems possible and always encouraging the best parts of my thinking.

Thank you to everyone at Broad Oak Bowling Club, in particular Brenda and Ray Howlett, David and Catherine Hoyle, Jackie and Anthony Howlett, Peter Garside, Stella and Steve Devlin, Sue Hall as well as all the other people who helped me along the way. Thank you for your patience, curiosity and giving over so much of your time. Additionally, I would also like to thank Em Ledger, Seleena Laverne Daye, and Mark Storar for all of your work in forming up worlds, celebrating flourishing and helping to move my thinking.

Thank you to my family, to Dave, Leanne, and Adam. Special thanks to Wyatt, Erin, and Abe for helping me to think about continuity, magic, knitting and the rec. To my mum, Jayne, thank you so much for your constant support and for making the world habitable for me in all of the many ways you do. Extra special thanks to my lovely partner Jethro, who has kept me going, listened patiently and celebrated my achievements always. Thanks too to Yuffie, for the company and the headbutts.

Lastly, a huge thank you to my PhD colleagues Julia Ankenbrand, Arran Rees, Seb O'Connor, Victoria Vargas Downing, and Bing Wang for your mutual support and conversations. I couldn't have hoped for a more wonderful bunch of people to share this journey with. Thanks to Liz Stainforth and Alice O' Grady for your encouragement and helping me through this process.

Abstract

This thesis is the story of working with multiple inheritances in the pursuit of a scholarship which might shift association, test out alternative genres and enable a more situated and responsible approach to writing working-class life. The thesis reflects this journey. Part One tells the story of encountering and accepting an inheritance of Billy Casper, Kes and Barry Hines and the active worlds which circulate around the 1968 novel *A Kestrel for a Knave*. Part Two follows, thinking through obligation and potential using the idea of ‘tekkin’ the jesses off’ (Cocker) where working-class flourishing might spiral out from notions of exceeding rather than escaping (Butler).

The writing spans three distinct but interwoven modalities of affective activity; contact, the processual, and pure potential (Seigworth, Deleuze, Spinoza). I work with them in active composition throughout the thesis, writing actively with Billy, Kes and Barry as well as with all kinds of other varied and constantly emerging attachments. I use a flat citational practice which places academic and ‘non’ academic knowledges on the same footing (Berlant and Stewart).

I work in relay (Haraway) with this central inheritance as well as those who have modelled a ‘capacity to tell big-enough stories’ (Haraway) about working-class life and the propensity for working-class scholars to thrive (Williams). Those who have invited me to be critically rigorous and take attachments seriously (Berlant). Those who have sparked the feeling of resonance, the quality of ‘lovely prizes’ on smooth green baize (Broad Oak Bowling Club members). Those who have allowed me to pay attention to and follow out worldings, tones, and atmospheres which circulate (Stewart). Those who have helped me to imagine an alternative approach to sensing the historical (family cinema trips, Berlant). All have helped me to engage with scholarship as an ongoing relay in which I am a part, inheriting and passing on in continuous and active procession (Stengers).

Table of Contents

Abstract.....	4
Preface	7
Part One: Meeting Billy, Kes, and Barry	30
Chapter One: Encounter	31
Impact.....	35
‘Point of precision’	36
Attached	38
Resonance	38
Bound	39
Objects.....	40
Throwing, knotting together.....	42
Circulation	43
In something.....	44
(Pendleton) mattering.....	45
Chapter One Conclusion	46
Chapter Two: Moving through the morning.....	52
...with a vibratory quality	56
...with ‘Silence.’	59
...with friction	61
...settling	64
...with wind whipping (up).....	65
Chapter Two Conclusion	66
Chapter Three: Lines of Association	70
Dads (who) work nights	76
‘How’d you get into that?’	77
I’ll tell you a tale	78
Wheeled out, dusted off, laughed over raucously	79
Behind the scenes	81
Through the archway	82
Round town	83
Stella and Brenda	85
Top of the valley	88
Chapter Three Conclusion.....	90
Chapter Four: Circulation: bingo and bumper stickers	93
‘r Billy at Dot’s	93
Bingo circulates 1	94

Bingo circulates 2	97
Bingo is intimate.....	99
Bingo circulates 3	100
Bingo intuition	100
Bingo circulates 4	100
Chapter Four Conclusion.....	101
Part One Conclusion: The hand-and-wing-held-out	103
Part Two: Tekkin' the Jesses off	107
Chapter 5: Soaring, looping, knitting together	108
Chapter 6: Arts Tower (or not 'a new kind of animal up a brand new ladder')	114
Chapter 7: 'People all round'	119
Chapter 8: Grass	122
Outro 1: Old George (Jud)	126
Outro 2: 'It's key, that'	128
Appendix	130
Broad Oak	130
Top of the Valley	132
I'll tell you a tale	134
Old club, new club.....	136
Bingo rhythm.....	138
Candles round the green.....	139
When you're not playing, you're supporting.....	141
Behind the scenes	143
'Tis the season	144
Poor Lass Live.....	147
The Robin	149
Sources.....	151

Preface

If you could bring everything you knew to the problem at hand how could you shift the problem?
(Berlant, in Berlant and Stewart, 2018, 06:12-06:25)

A few doors down from Parkway Cinema, past Best Kebab (affectionately dubbed ‘six-fingers’ due to the alleged extra digit each family member running the kitchen possessed), the Barnsley Hospice Charity Shop and Connection Clothing on the corner is where four roads meet. Flanked by the bus station and The Courthouse pub, scenes flash up of a man being interviewed by Channel Four News against the white, overcast expanse of sky.

The image comes through the telly, to my house in Salford, the city bordering Manchester in the northwest of England. On this day in June 2016, I am groggy, a little dampened and news-hungover, I’ve been flicking between television channels, from Facebook to Twitter, from *The Guardian* to the BBC news homepage and back again. I’d need more than a couple of paracetamols, a fizzy drink, and a nap to get over the opinion pieces and polls, the live updates, the constant and steady stream of gaffs, interviews, press stunts I’d imbibed here at home, on the train or at my desk over at work in St Helens. When this scene (slowly becoming event) flashed up I felt a rush of excitement, bathed in a warm

light of recognition (Berlant, 2007, pp.670-671). I recognised that place on the crossroads converging between Eldon and Regent Street, right outside the bus and train station.

I recognised the spot that was the backdrop for the interview. The spot where teenagers sit, stand, smoke, and gain a perfect view of who's coming out of the bus station. I recognised the beautiful, tiered cake of sandstone called Regent Chambers. Once a grand Victorian hotel, now it houses office space for the Young People's Substance Misuse Service, Barnsley College, Fine and Country estate agents, a salon and a few one and two-bed flats. I recognised the electrical feeder pillar, which is periodically graffitied, and then painted over in utilitarian grey. I recognised the entrance to the back lane which once housed Crickets Café where I went with my mum, Amy, and Auntie Julie. I recognised the bench, the bin, and the steps up to the council car park and the Digital Media Centre which when it was being built my brother and his friends wound up old men at Shekkies (The Shakespeare pub) and taxi drivers about for a short time, telling them it was going to be a mosque. I recognise, next to it, the gigantic, sloping wall with the large metal studs, the ones I always thought looked like knight's shields but I now imagine to be reinforcing that wall next to where the old railway station, now the Courthouse pub stands. I recognised, on the other side of that wall the road that stretches down under the railway bridge, towards the Asda, to the house on the corner there, that my grandma Swithenbank grew up in by the canal, near to where her uncle drowned on the way home from The Keel.

I recognised the kind of man in the frame, bluey-grey striped polo shirt, smart metal glasses and a read (or on its way to being finished) newspaper folded and held in his right hand. His other hand, broad, stocky, and white gesticulates in a slow, measured manner as he speaks, soothing Barnsley dialect, spikey harassed words. I recognised too, the kind of reporter in the black mac and trendy horn-rimmed specs, the sort my family call "national

health specs”, the kind my mum wore when she was little but are now trendy. Admittedly, they are the kind of glasses I too am wearing right now, made out of clear, pink acetate. His voice, higher pitched with a miscellaneous southern English accent is also exasperated but in that way that somehow appears reasonable while he nods his head dead quick, locking eyes with his interviewee and mouthing his words as if he is trying to follow on in his second language.

While I recognised all of this I know that you, the reader, might not. I understand that being here, at the crossroads, might feel sudden or disorientating. After all, you’ve had no lead-up, no runway, no introduction to what I’m up to and how I’m doing it just yet. This is intentional. As I will go on to work through later in this preface, experience, working with the particularities of moving through the world, in proximity to others is core to my theoretical intervention. The dense texture and register of the writing is the very thing which enables my attention to these qualities and vice versa. The purpose of my work is to enlarge the potential for academic work to engage with working-class life. As with Berlant and Edelman’s work ‘[p]aradoxically [my] strategy of enlargement relies on narrowing our focus here’ (Berlant and Edelman, 2014, xvii). For some readers, the places and people, the sensations and ways of being, talking, living with others and moving through the world will be familiar or at the very least recognizable. This might be the case, for example, for people who have a connection with the specific places, worlds or people I am thinking with in the north of England. You might have visited Barnsley town centre for dog food (Sternberg, 2022) or to to pick up car parts with your dad (Rushton,2022). You might have friends or family who are from here or you might live in a neighbouring town or county, alternatively, you might recognize Barnsley (or towns like it) from news coverage like the one featured. For those of you without attachments to this place (perhaps you are an international reader or, god forbid, from the south of England) I invite you to immerse

yourself in these worlds and catch up to what is happening in the writing in whatever way you can. It is not important for you to understand every reference, to recognise or understand exactly what is going on (for some people this will be available, which will add a kind of particularity to your reading I'm sure), for others the tone and specificity of this writing will open up associations with your own worlds, the particularities of the places you are in or have been. For example, different bus journeys might be conjured, or the particular worlds evoked through particular kinds of activity (bingo, bowling, shopping) which might chime or differ altogether. It is my hope that this way of approaching the work affords different 'ways in' for people to think through the critical concepts and ideas I am putting forward, thinking through with the many others who have helped to inform my thinking (for more on how I am working with citation see p.27). As I open the thesis I'm asking, I suppose, for a certain kind of orientation to disorientation. I invite you to embrace what might initially feel disorientating and ask you to be active in making your own associations as you interact with this thesis.

The rush of excitement, the bathed-in-light feeling crumbled away as the segment, a series of 'vox pops' around Barnsley town centre on a Friday morning, rolled on. These scenes, flashes of conversation, the crossroads, the inside of cafes, and the market trader framed by her stall, was rapidly becoming an event. The footage, minutes after being featured on the television became a clip, posted on Facebook by Channel Four News was to become part of the phenomena, a short story put together on the fly by reporters and pundits that was now indelible: 'In Barnsley, 70% of the population voted to leave the European Union. In their own words, here's why' (Channel Four News, 2016, video description).

What hit me in the moment, as that blooming of excitement crumbled away and hardened into a nasty feeling over the course of the short clip was the way in which "white working-

class” people in England, particularly in the north of England and in the sort of town I am from are framed. It is no coincidence that Channel Four News popped up there. External and dominant voices represent these places as harsh, grim, and associated with a palette of black-and-white images, mucky pit heads, factories, and satanic mills. While the people who live there are thought of as a flat type, ignorant, racist, and acting against their own best interests – a sort of moral equivalence between ‘particular narratives of deprivation and poverty’ and the moral character of its inhabitants (Jardine and Swindell, 1990, viii).

Brexit was by no means the beginning of this framing. It was part of a much longer trajectory of how working-class people are represented and positioned politically in liberal left writing and commentary. What Brexit and the 2019 General Election did was add new potency to the depiction of ‘white working-class people’ as a distinct and dangerous demographic category. The clear anxiety of the left and liberal media was visible in the way that this clip was shot, the contrast between the two different ‘kinds’ of white people in that original shot. One nervy and respectable looking, with a nice voice and a neat outfit, clearly perplexed by the whole situation. The other man spoke spikily in a broad Barnsley accent and was insistent on what Brexit meant. To him, this was about immigration, specifically people from non-EU countries and pretty obviously especially B/black people and people of colour. Following the 2019 election, this only deepened in relation to frustration at the falling rate of Labour voters in ‘red wall’ (taken-for-grantedly Labour) seats, especially in the north of the country. The register of representation locked in the report felt on the one hand so very basic and on the other, entirely normal. It felt normal, not only in the realm of political positioning but generally in relation to the cultural representation of working-class people. Approaching life from the genre of ‘social realism’, a dominant mode of representation recognizably drawn from ‘nineteenth-century canonical fiction’, was what I had come to expect (Jardine and Swindell, 1990, viii).

These were the same expectations that were hard-wired in my long-standing tussle with Barry Hines' 1968 novel, *A Kestrel for a Knave*. Born in 1939 in Hoyland Common, a mining village in Barnsley, Hines was lots of things, a poet, an avid football player and fan, a grammar school student, a mining surveyor and later a secondary school sports teacher. He wrote poetry, screenplays, novels and radio plays, often set in and around South Yorkshire, usually filled with commentary on contemporary politics and events, with for example *The Price of Coal* focussing on the lives and politics of coal miners and their families and *Threads* imagining the devastating realities of fallout from nuclear war in Sheffield in the 1980s. In addition, he wrote sonorous and attentive work on football in work such as *The Blinder*. His most well-known work, *A Kestrel for a Knave*, follows a day in the life of teenager Billy Casper at home and school and traces his relationship with a Kestrel named Kes whom he captures and rears in the shed at the bottom of his garden. The story is probably better known in the form of its film adaptation *Kes* which was released just a year later than the novel. Directed by Ken Loach, a prominent socialist and social realist film-maker, *Kes* showcases a gritty, grim up-north version of life in Barnsley. This film and its negative, tragic connotations were firmly in my mind and the chief reason why until I encountered a sculpture of Billy and Kes in the library in 2019 (see Chapter One) I had not read *A Kestrel for a Knave* and why I have still not watched *Kes* in full (for more on this, coupled with Vinciane Despret's work 'Why I had not Read Derrida' please see the conclusion of Chapter One).

It is difficult to state the cultural significance of *A Kestrel for a Knave* and *Kes*, hard to tell it in a simple straightforward way. I could list things I've heard and seen, the snippets and flashes of its importance to people. I could tell you about people's stories of being an extra in the film (or suggestions that you can catch a glimpse of their cousin's-friend's-dog's-tail

in that bit outside the bookies). I could tell you about sightings of Hines in the town centre. I could recount Kes and Billy's appearance in comedy programmes as a shorthand for the north. I can (and will) tell you about artists' renderings of Billy and Kes which appear all over the place (see the introductions to chapters one and four for more on this). I could tell you how it's often the first thing people mention when they find out you're from Barnsley. About my brother how upon saying 'hi' to his friend's dad watching telly in his armchair the man, detecting David's accent and without even turning his head, said: 'your lot bloody love kestrels, dun't they?'

The 2000 reprint of the novel that now sits on my desk, and prior to that sat on my shelf unread, features a black and white (but mainly many different soft greys) photograph. The photograph features Dai Bradley, the actor who portrayed Billy in the film adaptation wearing an Ian Curtis a-like shirt and jacket. Below the standard Penguin Modern Classics font, Kes sits in the foreground in profile, all soft, mottled feathers, and a shiny and alert eye on the camera. I assume that the image featured is one of the promotional photographs taken to advertise the film adaptation of the novel as it has a slightly different quality from the film itself. On the back cover the words 'reach', 'failure', 'unhappy', 'inspire' and 'troubled' are printed (2000, rear cover). I feel that hesitancy I had harboured about the book from before rising as I read one sentence in particular which defines the book that I hold in my hands as a 'powerful story of survival in a tough joyless world' (2000, rear cover). The story of the book on its monochrome covers is gritty too. This is northern grit – a casting of Billy's life, the possibilities which inhere in the novel in a single texture before we've even begun. The story the book's cover tells is one we know already, the story of gritty northern realism, as 'tough' and 'joyless' as the blurb puts it (2000, rear cover). Though what I found when I began to actually read the book was an entirely

different world, the difference being that it was written from Barnsley, by a writer with an enormous amount of enthusiasm, care, and attention to detail.

What I found, was actually a deeply affecting, rich, and funny book (see Chapter Two). Deeply in tune with the lives of young men in the late 1960s and beyond, it was full of recognisable dialect and sayings, it lingered on beautiful detail and was sensitive in its description of the area Billy lives in; the town centre, and the surrounding countryside (undoubtedly South Yorkshire countryside). What I discovered was so much nearer to my experience of Barnsley. It paid attention to a more joyous and expansive world than what I had imagined I would find in the classically grim and moral social realist account I had supposed it would be (this being the core of what I mean by overdetermination). I began to connect with the sheer amount of enthusiasm people had for this book and the film locally as well as nationally, the novel constantly having been reissued and appearing time and time again on school syllabuses, as well as the film adaptation which was periodically shown on television. Beyond enthusiasm, I began to see and understand that in engaging with the novel and the film, people from Barnsley and beyond continually activate and circulate it adding layers of meaning and depth in turn (see Chapter Four and Outro One for further thinking around circulation, Hines and *A Kestrel for a Knave*). More than a one-way enjoyment of the novel or film this continual engagement and enlivening of it helped me to think through how ideas and concepts are made in the 'everyday', especially in relation to thinking with working-class expertise and ways of knowing.

Together, thinking with Hines and the many others who think with and engage with him, as well as Billy and Kes allowed me to begin thinking about how it might be possible to not fixate on what is overdetermined about working-class life in my work. I began to ask all kinds of questions about whether I might be able to mirror some of these qualities and

make use of them in my own work. How might it be possible not to perpetuate any of the ways in which this context and its political stakes are made simple by dominant, external voices? How might it be possible to do something different which gets at the specificity of complex and vastly different lives of working-class people in the north of England? Largely having approached my work on my thesis up until I read *A Kestrel for a Knave* as railing against the injustice I have been talking about here, I had all sorts of questions about how I could work differently in light of what I saw in this book and people's engagement with it. An answer, in the form of more questions, came my way when I saw a video of Lauren Berlant being interviewed about affect theory. What they said and how they approached the questions asked floored me, especially when they said;

Well, what if you paid attention to this set of things? How would you deal with what's overdetermined about your attachment to the world? [...] How would you deal with the ways in which normative fantasies about your attachment to the world actually don't describe all of the different ways you show up for it and maybe you could pay attention to those ways? And in paying attention to those ways not just reproduce your normal or normative relation to other humans but do some other things (Berlant, 2016b, 04:13-04:37).

I thought back to the crossroads at the centre of the news clip, and all of my engagements with this place in order to get started – to churn up more questions, more detail, by way of opening up what felt crushing and flat when I watched that footage over at my home in Salford. Making use of Berlant's set of questions and with the textures and specificity modelled by Hines I began to ask myself these questions in relation to the crossroads and the worlds surrounding them;

‘How would you deal with’ ...?

(Berlant, 2016b, 04:17-04:19).

How would you deal with the variety, the varied worlds that constitute life in Barnsley that bound out from the crossroads where pathways spill out to vastly different corners of the

town and beyond? How would you deal with the activities across built-up residential areas; tight curls of estates, sweeping lines of redbrick semis, out to chocolate box villages, farmhouses, and barns? How would you deal with the tones and texture of such a varied topography; to 'moorland, woodland, grasslands, parks and gardens, [to] neglected former industrial land' (Barnsley Biodiversity Trust, 2009, p.5)? How would you deal with 'what's going on' (Stewart, 2007, p.4) across the lowlands of the Dearne, to the open moorland out toward the Peak District, to the thick stripe of rolling black tarmac, snaking through Barnsley, the M1 bound north and south? You might deal with all of the variation, the multiplicity of this place beginning from and bound to that crossroads.

'What if you paid attention to'...?

(Berlant, 2016b, 04:13-04:15).

What if you began by paying attention to how you feel in contact with the crossroads on a windy Saturday afternoon where a brisk breeze pushes you up Regent Street, helping you home with your shopping quicker? What if you paid attention to the quiet eddy of pastel wedding confetti around the town hall cobbles, pounded down by rain or fountain water into the drain? What if you paid attention to the gust that catches you off-guard as you turn onto Eldon Street or a wind that barrels down Midland Street, whisking yellow Styrofoam chip boxes, dry leaves, and tab ends along with it? What if you paid attention to the contact sensation of a sharp wind that you brace against in the queue at the taxi rank or while waiting at the (now decommissioned) bus stop outside the (old) Gatehouse pub? What if you paid attention to how it feels as these things throw together, as your hair gets messed up and your skirt flaps at the crossroads, on the opposite side of the road from the journalist's first point of contact with the town?

How might you move towards 'all of
the different ways you show up'...

(Berlant, 2016b, 04:24 -04:27).

Maybe you could show up on a Friday night walking toward Eldon Street over Peel Square. Maybe you could show up as I walk with Connor, one of my younger cousins who I am always paired with for Scrabble or the 1980s edition of Trivial Pursuit. Maybe you could show up with the oddly made-up group of cousins, partners and friends who rarely see each other come to a standstill big planning where to go next in town after a family do. Maybe you could show up as decisions are made about which pub, bar or club is next. About whose shape of fun will be experienced, decided by the strongest willed. Maybe you could show up while the vibe, the kind of music, whose mates are already there is assessed and factored into a plan before someone else chips in. Maybe you could show up as a clump of us stand plotting, chatting as some join the sparse, wobbly queue outside the bank getting cash out, while a one-cousin mission scanning for a late-night newsagent to buy cigarettes at is deployed. Maybe you could show up now the group is finally picking up momentum and movement resumes, where we carry on to Chennels, Soul Lounge, CoCo, Quasis. Maybe you could show up in relation, to the line of variation, the processual qualities located in a night out. The particularities of what passes between young cousins and their varied knowings of a town centre after dark.

What if you could ‘do some other things’?...

(Berlant, 2016b, 04:34-04:37).

What if you could do some other things from Eldon Street, or Hanson Street or after cutting across Mandela Gardens? What if you could do some other things after sprinting across the road to the bus station after a last pint at The Courthouse? What if you could do some other things once Saturday night is finished early doors until next time? Immanent yet bound. What if you could do some other things with a sense that this could ‘all just carry on, with someone else, something new’ (Yard Act, 2022)?

Following out Berlant’s questions, opening up, through paying attention to what is not already overdetermined about these worlds and the ways we actively show up for them via our “attachments”, a more expansive form of writing felt possible. I proceed in this way for the course of this thesis in an effort to massively expand the ways “white working-class” people and the different kinds of worlds people are active in making can be thought and written. This approach is enabled by a rich inheritance of a variety of scholarly approaches (as well as non-academic knowings, approaches and attachments I’ve in part, already begun to work with here in this preface).

My approach to inheritance primarily results from an engagement with Donna Haraway as well as her work (in “relay”) with her companion Ms Cayenne Pepper and her colleagues Vinciane Despret and Isabelle Stengers. In a 2009 lecture, Haraway describes herself as;

a white girl who is a child of colonists who doesn’t know it [...] I grew up in an area shaped by the mining, by the ranching, by [...] what became the financial centre of the Rocky Mountain empire, the areas of coal shale mining, the areas of copper, and silver, and gold [...] I’m a girl of the west, a girl who grew up inheriting the trouble of the turning of the western United States, the west coast, the rocky mountain region, the southwest, the northwest into conquest territory in its multiple, palimpsestic layers of conquest including

the layers of waves of conquest by native Americans (Haraway, 2009, 07:38-08:44).

Hearing Haraway describe herself in this way, in relation to her inheritance of the 'troubles' of place as well as in relation to her specific family inheritances. In particular, her theorisation of herself as a 'sportswriter's daughter' helped me to rethink my relationship with Barnsley and the north of England as a working-class woman (Haraway, 2016a, p.109-110). Thinking about the specific 'troubles' Haraway mentions in this lecture enabled me to think differently. I had inherited, regardless of whether I chose to or not, the varied troubles of Barnsley. I had inherited the trouble associated with coal mining, which played a significant role in the 1980s Miners Strikes, as well as a variety of other inheritances which have nothing to do with labour, which helped me conceive of a different approach. In this way, a boundedness to place and an approach that was from a position of situatedness came to feel much more ethical and fitting to the purpose of my work.

Like my brother, David and his friends taking the mick out of the taxi drivers they perceived as on the edge of racist or populist disbelief about a mosque being built in the town centre. The building, as it happened, turned out to be a 'digital media centre' of which nobody seems sure what they do there – I try to approach this thesis with a degree of 'non-innocence' (Haraway, 1991, p.157). This starts with understanding my place in this inheritance, my complicity in some ways as well as what my inheritance obliges of me. As a white woman, from a town with a long and complicated history of nationalism, racism, and far-right political action, I approach this thesis not 'innocently' but knowing something of the stakes and complexities around race in the areas I work with, from my particular situated position (Haraway, 1991, p.157).

My inheritance of Hines, as well as Raymond Williams, is founded in the post-war educational reforms that enabled both of these men to undertake their work. It is founded too, in the interest in working-class writers and scholarship as a result of 'grammar school boys' (and some girls) gaining access to higher education. Their work enables mine and I am obligated to the work undertaken in both the space of scholarship (especially in the field of cultural studies associated with the Birmingham School) as well as Hines' work in fiction in the way that he shifted convention away from a particular version of social realism into creating situated worlds with depth and texture. I am indebted to these writers in their legacy of enabling other working-class voices to make work and establish lives as scholars and writers. I proceed in this inheritance-obligation not with 'fidelity' or 'fealty' (Stengers, 2011, p.134) to all of Hines' and William's work and ideas, but with a particular kind of 'loyalty' which is about continuing and relaying with this work into the future – an 'answer to the hand-held-out' (Stengers, 2011, p.134).

I hope that in this way, in my approach to inheritance that my work is both responsive and responsible (what Haraway refers to as response-ability (Haraway, 2016, p.28)). I attempt to be responsible in my approach, treating inheritances not as a '*given*' but 'always a task', one that 'remains before us' (Haraway, 2009b, no pagination). This is not a passive acceptance of the multiple qualities of inheritance, but an obligation and an active doing which I intend to follow out by adding dimension and multiplicity via relay.

Relay, as Haraway and Stengers describe and enact through their scholarly practice is a 'process of continuous creation'. This practice, like the game of cat's cradle Haraway often invokes, is an active process of accepting and transforming, a passing between people which has potential in terms of working mindfully in the present towards all kinds of potential futures (Haraway, 2016b, p.34; Stengers, 2011, p.134). Relay is an active process

which is intrinsic to the way I am seeking to work with inheritance, particularly in the way it is 'continually established by common effort' in multiple realms (Williams, 1961, p.315). To clarify, while relay is intrinsic to inheritance, it is not intrinsic to the genre for writing working-class I am putting forward (affective realism). Social realism, for instance, is very often relayed, often unconsciously as it is the dominant genre relating to working-class life.

Relay is also undertaken in relation to the historical. In particular, I am interested here in working with Berlant's conceptualisation of the 'historical present' (Berlant, 2011, pp. 51-93). I work in relay, sensing the historical through the activities of the present (whether it be stories, associations, or particular forms of attachment) to establish a temporal frame which is in relation to the present as well as the near past and future. It is my hope that in working in relay in the context of the historical present works to disrupt the overdeterminacy of how the historical is conceived of in the places I am engaging with. Here I am thinking specifically about a linear version of historical reality defined by labour and industry which for the most part is not how people actually conceive of or experience worlds and their attachment to them (see chapter 3 for further thinking on this). Working in this way, in active response to the historical present, I intend to imagine alternative modes of life.

"Affective realism" is the central inheritance which enables all of the work I am doing in this thesis and beyond. It is tied intimately to the distinct projects of Barry Hines (and those multiple others who circulate and keep active the varied worlds, attachments to and meanings related to *A Kestrel for a Knave*), Raymond Williams, as well as Kathleen Stewart and Lauren Berlant. As a genre for thinking with and writing, it addresses the active worlds made through relation and their potential for futures in the making. It is a genre of academic work which enables multiplicity, specificity and a kind of address which not only

gets at 'what's happening' (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, p.123), but is attentive to the rich and varied work people do in making worlds habitable for each other but can also exceed the realm of what is conceived of as possible in relation to the potentials of working-class life in the north of England. In the development of this genre, my work seeks to enlarge by providing a way in which to think working-class worlds. Rather than arguing against or suggesting that this is the only genre to work in, I am extending affective realism as one of many genres for approaching and working with worlds.

Affective realism, as I am working with it is founded on the idea that multiple reals coexist (Stewart, 2021b, 50:18-50:52) and is in direct opposition to what Williams articulates as the 'old static realism of the passive observer' (Williams, 1961, p.314). Here, there is not a single 'out-there-ness', a 'single world' or a 'single reality' (Escobar, 2018, p.86). In fact, I hope that affective realism might help us 'fantasize new realit(ies)' (Berlant, 2016, no pagination).

The "affective" in affective realism is the means by which this collective sensing of the present is made possible. This approach centres embedded, active and agential ways of knowing and moving through the world. Specifically, I am interested in how the impact of these worlds are felt on the body and responded to, how things, ideas, worlds and ways of knowing are circulated as well as how this activity stretches into futures that are 'plump' with potential for living in (Stewart, 2021b, 51:49-51:59). These elements combine beyond what Berlant names as 'consensus realism', or to put it in another way, one fixed version of reality (Berlant, 2016a, p.398). My obligation in respect of these varied approaches is to respond in relay, to produce space for alternate explorations of the real focused on its multiplicity, and the 'shared or shareable' nature of active and complex world building (Berlant, in Berlant and Bojarska, 2019, p.293).

My writing works with affective modalities, themes, and ideas in order to particularise, to offer multiple kinds of writing in the genre of affective realism. Through relaying with these ideas, I intend to establish fertile ground for working with affective realism as a genre of academic practice. I use Greg Seigworth's 'top-secret shorthand map for getting at affect's doing [...] a simplified modelling of what Gilles Deleuze makes of the geometry of Baruch Spinoza's *Ethics*' (Seigworth et al, 2020, p.89) in order to work through what these distinct (but intimately connected) modalities can offer. Seigworth lists these three modalities as follows; He describes 'point [as] "point of contact" (the moment of encounter, of touch, of impingement—what Spinoza called affectio —what was initially understood as affection and mistranslated as emotion)' (Seigworth et al, 2020, p.89-90). He goes on to describe the second modality 'line [as] the shifting relationality of point/s and impingement/s and their ongoing-ness (this is the processual aspect of affect: what Deleuze calls "the continuous line of variation" or, in Spinoza's term, affectus)' Seigworth et al, 2020, p.89-90). Lastly, he defines the third modality as 'plane': 'the infinite stretch of capacity/pure potential for connective composition that saturates (subtends and exceeds) each and every point-line (what Deleuze calls Spinoza's plane of immanence, or, the One-All)' Seigworth et al, 2020, p.89-90).

I take these three modalities outlined by Seigworth (by way of Gilles Deleuze and Baruch Spinoza) as a starting point. In working with these ideas, I refer to them as 'contact' rather than 'point' or 'affectio', 'the processual' rather than 'line' or 'affectus', and 'pure potential' rather than 'immanence' or 'the one-all'. At first, I began using these particular terms (contact, the processual, and pure potential) as they were all ideas identified by Seigworth which primarily made those concepts (point, line, and plane) sensible to me. The nearness of these terms to their affective qualities (rather than in spatial relation)

enabled a kind of thinking-with which felt more productive, adding a kind of particularity as I worked with them throughout the different chapters in active composition which grew and collected different dimensions as I worked with them. Through the course of the chapters I focus in more on engaging with each of these modalities in turn, which is not to say that I worked with them in isolation, as Seigworth states in his explanation of these modalities, that while they have different qualities each modality, '[t]hese are not separable states, but movements of topological modulation, as each of the three is inhabited by and can morph into the other' (Seigworth et al, 2020, p.89).

Chapters One and Two are primarily written in relation to 'contact'. Chapter One works with contact as bodily sensation, in literal proximate contact with objects, people, non-humans, scenes and atmospheres. Chapter Two engages with contact more specifically in relation to dynamism, the 'throwing together' of different scenes and approaching writing in the midst of things, from a situated position (Stewart, 2012b, p.519). In this chapter I work with the affective mode of contact in terms of attention to detail, what is 'recognisable' (Williams, 1977, p.130) and the minor qualities (Manning, 2016, p.1) of 'what is going on' (Stewart, 2007, p.4).

Chapters Three and Four are written in relation to 'the processual'. Chapter Three works with the processual in the following out of relations that spin out across temporalities and locations. The processual is engaged through people's attachment to place and the quality of relay which making places habitable requires, this includes literal maintenance, rites of passage and distributed storytelling. Chapter Four's focus on the processual relates to how people actively circulate ideas and concepts. Bumper stickers and bingo come to matter relationally and are more than the sum of their parts. Here the processual is the activation of a posture of 'cause and effect' (Manning, 2011, p.48) in relay with each other in relation.

I am concerned here with how worlds are already being made 'different' (Berlant in Berlant, Davis, Hardt and Sarlin, 2011, p.24) through processual relation.

The remaining chapters from Five to Eight concern 'pure potential', particularly in dialogue with the idea of 'exceeding' rather than 'escaping' which is introduced in the conclusion to Part One (Butler, 1997, p.17). Chapter Five engages with pure potential in the practice of knitting, in the literal production of textiles which sit intimately alongside the skin and the optimism that is generated in making worlds habitable for those you knit for (whether your optimism is misguided, or not). Pure potential, here is worked through in knitting together in relay with others in continuous motion. Chapter Six works with pure potential in writing together with Hines in the Arts Tower in Sheffield. Pure potential is located in 'bringing what we know' with us through the doors of the university and into the constant circulation of the paternoster (Berlant, 2021, 39:19-39:39). Here on the top floor pure potential swells as together, as working-class people in the space of the academy, we refuse the 'out there' and 'in here' of external, academic convention (Stewart, 2021b, 38:44-39:08). Chapter Seven works with pure potential in the space of the pictures (the cinema). Here I work in relay with Billy, my Uncle David, and others in the affective space of the pictures on Eldon Street. I work with the pure potential of enthusiasm and a mode of working-class entertainment that helps you 'forget about your worries and your strife' (The Jungle Book, 1967) and in addition might 'spice up your life' (Spice World, 1997). Chapter Eight engages with pure potential in the ongoing affective qualities of the rec at Gawber. I write with Billy, my niece and nephew Wyatt and Erin in a space of immanent pure potential combined with a specific boundedness to place.

Within each chapter, I relay between those three core affective modalities (contact, the processual, and pure potential) and a variety of other terms or ideas. Across the first part

of the thesis this is in relation to the core themes the chapters reference in their titles; encounter, witness, association, and circulation as well as various connections with 'attachment' in relation to how worlds are sensed in proximity, how approaches and ways of dealing with the world are learned or entrained, as well as how via attachments, people make worlds habitable for themselves and others. Rather than a linear organisation, beginning small and then deepening conceptually to a conclusion the chapters work in relay between modalities and concepts, working experimentally towards achieving different approaches to affective realism. In flat dialogue with the aims of the thesis, every chapter is as important as the last in building potential resources for shifting genre on what academic writing with working-class worlds can achieve. For example, chapter one is grounded in an orientation of 'fromness' while chapter two works with 'witness' – this difference, does not entirely change course or throw out 'fromness' as 'bad' and 'witness' as 'good' or superior. Instead, this way of working allows these two different lenses to sit side by side and produce different kinds of approaches entirely.

Instead of being organised by conventional academic hierarchy – where key terms are 'above' sub-categories - the chapters gather terms and ideas in horizontal, flat relay. In my work, I undertake a method(ology) of experimental composition. This involves an active engagement with key ideas, concepts, affects and ways of knowing through a mode of experimental freewriting. In practical terms, each chapter in the first part begins with an initial engagement with Barry, Billy and Kes and the various worlds which are engaged with *A Kestrel for a Knave*. The main body of each chapter follows on, featuring a variety of experimental compositions which work with the concepts which were explored or surfaced in the introduction. Finally, each chapter ends with a conclusion in which I draw together the key ideas, summarise some of the content of those pieces and consider the way in which each chapter offers particular approaches to affective realism. Part Two of the thesis

is slightly different in that each chapter is a stand-alone, short piece. As with the chapters in Part One you can find conclusions which offer an account of how each chapter produces particular approaches to affective realism (Chapter Five: p.116, Chapter Six: pp.120-121, Chapter Seven: p.124 and Chapter Eight: p.128). I work this way in order to enable curiosity and experimentation as a mode of academic enquiry rather than mapping writing onto already worked out and decided upon concepts and conclusions. I hope that this, in turn, will enable curiosity on the part of the reader. In addition, I ask for your openness and patience in following things out as I work with them, to bring your own attachments with you, and to think associatively between.

In addition to this organisational flatness, I relay with a variety of concepts and ideas from multiple kinds of source. I describe this way of referencing ideas as a flat citation which places academic and 'non' academic knowledges on the same footing inspired by the referencing in *The Hundreds* (Berlant and Stewart, 2019). Flatness here is being used to signify a measure of equal weight given to all different types of knowing that have informed my writing, rather than Berlant's usage of flatness as a particular form of affect as a kind of '(u)nderperformativity' or 'recession from melodramatic norms' (Berlant, 2015b, 193). Flatness, as I make use of it, is more akin to Bruno Latour's idea of keeping the social flat in which scales are not presumed or organised hierarchically in terms of value prior to thinking with them (Latour, 2005, p.165). This can be seen throughout the thesis in the body of the text, referenced in the ordinary Harvard system. By treating 'non-academic' knowledges in this way I acknowledge their vital importance and point towards how complex concepts and ideas are made and circulated in ordinary ways that matter.

My contribution through the work in this thesis is to provide a more expansive space, via multiple approaches to affective realism, for writing working-class worlds. Working

through the obligations my inheritance requires of me I'll relay with different kinds of knowledges and modalities of affect in the service of an academic genre with more potential. In this way, one of the key interventions I am offering is a mode of academic work which is situated and agential through working from a working-class northern position and working in relay to think with many others over the course of the thesis. I offer a mode which is active and experimental in approach and thereby offers alternatives for the left and the academy at this particular conjunctural moment (with reference to Brexit and the crumbling of support for Labour in the north of England).

For the purposes of this thesis, I worked with Broad Oak Bowling Club, a bowling and working men's club located in Linthwaite in Huddersfield, West Yorkshire. The project began as a history project in recognition of the club's hundredth year as well as the current club building's thirtieth anniversary. For this research I attended the club, of which I was a barmaid for a number of years and a member, over the course of a year, talking to people informally, attending events and bowling matches as well as undertaking ten more formal, recorded interviews. As a result, and in order to celebrate the club I wrote a short collection of prose poems focussing on club activity and people's active engagement with the life of the club. The collection, 'Broad Oak' is made use of throughout the thesis in different chapters.

Some of the people who I have written with in relation to Broad Oak Bowling Club – while consenting to their words being used – did not give their consent to be named here in the thesis. I have given them pseudonyms. The names in question are Jane Hirst and Dennis Armitage who feature in the Broad Oak publication in the appendix. I use footnotes to signal where content from the 'Broad Oak' prose poetry collection is used, which can be found in full in the appendix.

I had originally planned to include fieldwork I undertook with Poor Lass (a zine and podcast on working-class experience in the UK) and artist Mark Storor on a project titled 'Baa Baa Baric' in St Helens, though they did not end up fitting into the thesis. I have included two pieces of writing which came as a result of my work with them which feature in the appendix. One piece being a presentation I gave as a part of the live podcast event Poor Lass (Em Ledger and Seleena Laverne Daye), and I organised and hosted in central Manchester in 2019. The second piece is a piece of creative writing in response to the Baa Baa Baaric project which I initially began undertaking fieldwork with. While these projects don't appear in the body of my thesis, they helped move my thinking on and I am grateful to have been a part of them. For more information on the projects please follow through the links in my list of sources.

Part One: Meeting Billy, Kes, and Barry

In which basics are seeded and fleshed out, inheritance encountered
and taken up.

Chapter One: Encounter

'Isn't Barnsley ugly?'

the girl on the opposite side of the carriage says as she peers out at the town on the horizon (Woman and girl on train, 2019). Her comment is an aside, puncturing her soliloquy on Medderall (Woman and girl on train, 2019). Her soliloquy is about the shops her and her mum have to visit, what order and the things she needs to seek out. I slip out from between table and seat and smile at her mother, sat opposite the girl (Scissett Middle and Shelley High School attendance, 2002-2009). I grab my bag and wobble up the carriage and gaze out of the door. My thumb is poised over the blue, square 'open' button as the train rattles past the college, the back of the houses on our Dave's old street, a quick glimpse up Old Mill Lane, past the squat, concrete telephone exchange. The view opens up, and a glance over my shoulder provides a clear view through Smithies, Carlton towards Royston on the top of the valley while ahead of me, the door frames Eldon Street snaking up towards the town centre and the crossroads outside the bus and train station.

As the door rattles open, I step off the train weaving through day-tripping shoppers on the platform, into the small station building. Like a dog after a rabbit, I speed straight through, a blur of red brick and Travel South Yorkshire blue in my peripheral. I use the back door instinctively, the way I have done for years to avoid the busy bus station or to have a fag out back where it's likely you won't bump into anyone. I make my way, as usual, up Schwäbisch Gmünd way, on the broad coursie where I am redirected from the closed level crossing up a rickety-looking temporary bridge. I climb up the overpass steadily behind an older bloke. As I climb, I try to maintain enough distance for him not to feel hurried and I

think about the Barnsley FC supporters who usually stream over the level crossing up to Oakwell and imagine the bridge trembling under their collective weight. Pinned in by builders hoarding on what I presume is still Kendray Street, I walk up towards the centre of town through this tunnel, craning to see what's on the other side.

While I can't clearly see the work going on over the wall, I see workmen coming in and out of the turnstile entrance to the site. A couple of men on their breaks stand by an outdoor market stall stocked with colourful beach towels and carefully arranged shrink-wrapped rectangles of bedclothes. Standing alone, this stall seems to have stayed put, to have resisted the upheaval of the town's redevelopment scheme. On the other side of the stall, my view opens up to the largely familiar sight of the precinct. While pausing briefly to look around, searching for the entrance to the new library, council-approved text comes into focus which reads "Recreating and reshaping a better Barnsley" (Barnsley Metropolitan Council, 2019).

In the light airy space of the new library, with the Falco Lounge bustling behind me and an open plan library ahead with wheeled shelves which could open up to make space at a moment's notice, blocky lime green seating and a busy librarian stationed at her standing desk, shifting around stacks of books and papers, chatting lightly with people who come into her orbit. In the foreground, ahead of the busy space and all the activity going on there, a sculpture stands atop a walnut plinth. It depicts a boy kneeled, eyes fixed ahead, wearing jeans, plimsolls and a large falconry glove with a small, neat, clever-looking Kestrel perched on top, her eyes also bright and focused. I am stopped in my tracks by the sculpture. The rest of the town centre had felt different, with routes redirected, the hoarding blocking familiar sights like the Thai café, the betting shop, the old-fashioned travel agents, and the pork butchers remain while other ugly, yet iconic buildings have

been totally demolished. I feel dizzy, excited about what is going on, the change, the investment but also momentarily displaced, like I don't recognise where I am. But in the moment of encountering them, I feel with striking clarity that I am home. Passing them on the way to the stairs, I meet them with an internal 'ey up' before trying to find a desk, the toilets, signs, or a map with a key to help me understand this new building.

I can't really say what happened in that moment. Caught in the space between the new wood panelling, the clink and chat of the busy commercial combination-café-bar to our rear and the shiny facilities of the new, ultra-modern space with Billy and Kes, but something *did* happen. As I moved into the library foyer space, taking off a layer, shoving a scarf in my bag, and pausing whatever music was piping through my earphones I clocked them. As the light streamed in through the high windows of the open space my eyes met with the sculpture. Perhaps it was the effect of the familiar image of these two, shaped and sculpted in the form of a traditional bronze sculpture – well more of a statue, the kind you see in an outdoor space, mounted on a polished wooden plinth rather than a slab or column of grey stone – in an unfamiliar sleek and modern space. Perhaps it was the sudden realisation that I really ought to read the story of Billy and Kes. Perhaps it was the intensity of the scene, a testament to how much this story really matters that they would be here, the centrepiece of a multi-million-pound civic project. Perhaps it was simply a swelling of pride, of excitement at being home and feeling enthusiastic about the activity, the investment in what was unmistakably Barnsley *because* of their presence.

Perhaps it was all, some, or none of these elements and others, swirling together. I can't say really what happened other than what occurred was more than the sum of these parts, more than the association of Billy and Kes with the novel or the film which I had never read or watched, more than their presence in terms of their form, more than their contrast or

potential dissonance with the space. The written-out reasoning, any permutation of these explanations too is not the point here. The point is that I was impacted (Stewart, 2005, p.1029), and thrown into circulation with other people (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, p.5, p.17; Grossberg, 1997, p.3; Stewart, 2013b, p.2), other objects (Berlant, 2016a, p.408) a thing amongst others (Bennet, 2004, p.354), throwing together in that moment (Stewart, 2012b, p.519), the moment of resonance (Lepselter, 2016, p.4), of impact (Stewart, 2005, p.1016) of “something” (Stewart, 2005, p.1029; Berlant, 2011a, p.48). Having become bound (Despret, 2015, p.94), attached (Berlant in Berlant, Loizidou and Tyler, 2000, p.510; Berlant, 2011b, no pagination) in the moment of impact the ‘point’ was more to do with the ‘point of precision’ (Stewart, 2016, p.1), a knotting together of atmosphere and connection, of what *matters* (Barad, 2010, p.254; Grossberg, 1992, p.78).

Here, instead of focusing in on the reasoning, the rationalization of the impact of my encounter with Billy and Kes in the library that day I’ll ‘get basic’ (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, pp.57-58). I’ll follow out the affective qualities of encounters ‘from the pile I’ve amassed’ above here (Berlant, 2004, p.447). Rather than deducing meanings from, or detailing how Barry Hines, the image of Billy and Kes make sense in Barnsley or analysing what happened meticulously, I’ll meet this inciting encounter, by broaching, beginning to consider how ‘concepts’ are created together in affective moments of contact (Berlant in Berlant and Markbrieter, 2019, no pagination), rather than how concepts might be mapped on to these moments as evidence.

On my way back from a run around the park I come onto the main road. It's the same road I ran up to get to the park about thirty minutes ago, but something feels different. It's a weekday morning early on in the UK's reaction to the coronavirus pandemic. The school behind me is silent, the road usually filled with cars, lorries and vans even at just before ten in the morning is easy to cross. Birds can even be heard in the trees behind the green chain link fence which runs around the primary school, while blackbirds scabble about on the ground, between lost balls and crisp packets. The pandemic has made everything quieter but small details like this stand out and become louder, a kind of 'enervation' where things you might not have noticed otherwise show up, like how bright colours stand out against snow, headlice on white paper (Stewart, 2005, p.1029).

As I jog back down the road towards home the scene feels totally different, not a jolting impact but a surge, a feeling of coming into the presence of *something*. The pavements are busier than usual with people walking alone or in twos and threes both down and up the hill. Dispersed streams of people line the pavement in socially distanced clumps between the bus stop, the Indian takeaway, and the social club. A neat older man with a newspaper tucked under his arm sits on the wall of the Christian community centre – the tension in his posture - with arms crossed over his chest, with one leg rooted to the ground and the other crossed over on top - is tight like a rubber band. The club is an old Quaker meeting house, a beautiful tall building, ship-like in its grandeur with extensions and a conservatory jutting out expanding the club in all directions.

As I approach the red brick, sturdy structure with its bright, cerulean blue drainpipes it becomes clear that it is the focal point. The point which people are angled around, while

their attention is focused outwards to each other, or fixed peering toward the horizon like people waiting for a bus. Distant from each other but distinctly grouped, people greet one another stepping into the street to pass before taking their spot near the club. Despite the unusually hot weather people look smart in shorts, masks, caps, and short-sleeved shirts. Behind the wall, a couple is working at something. Like snorkellers, they bend towards the floor of the beer garden disappearing behind the wall before coming up with a brightly coloured piece of litter, a clump of green weeds. All the while talking to a tanned man in a black tank top who stands some way- away on the pavement. In the corner of the small garden stands a flagpole. Scanning up slowly my eyes come to a halt at the Union Jack which flaps at half-mast as it has done for weeks and weeks now (Barmaid and member knowledge about flag movements following a death or national event, 2011-present).

‘Point of precision’
(Stewart, 2016)

I run slowly, behind a woman on a speedy-enough mobility scooter waiting for the path to get a little wider and less busy before trying to overtake, trying to keep my distance and avoid huffing and puffing on anyone too severely. On the congested path, I am mindful of my breath, I try to be precise channelling it to each side of me, holding my breath until the other person passes. We come to a snicket that runs under a small railway bridge. Choice graffiti on the red brick reads ‘Fuck Tories’ in big blue too-skinny letters which always makes me smile (Fuck Tories Graffiti, 2021). Though slightly faded it leaves the impact, the force of the writer’s feelings behind indelibly. I imagine the suburban teen who did it in what seems like a conservative area - if not in relation to the Conservative Party, at least with a small ‘c’ – feeling smothered by the quaint semis and roses that bloom towards Cheadle (Research for moving house, 2020). Another piece of graffiti next to it on the brick under the bridge feels heavy. It reads something like ‘Lucy Smith is a slag’ (Slag

Graffiti, 2021). I've seen it a few times since I moved into the area, but sometimes when I go past, I am caught unaware by it and my stomach lurches as I think of whether she ever saw it, whether word got round and who told her, when I think of the next school day or having to face whoever did it. Anger, shame, and embarrassment stings. After the bridge a tarmac path forks off – surrounded by trees and weeds, foxgloves and nettles bordering houses and a manufacturer with a stern all-caps sign relating to theft, being on camera as well as some kind of reward. Behind that sign is a big event, a robbery or string of teenage vandalism, the outrage of which is held in the bold, red lettering.

A blonde, neatly put-together woman stands chatting with a man in the cool shade of the bridge. Her thick leather jacket out of kilter with a warm day I feel myself boiling over as I look at her. The lines of her tailored jacket and her neat, straight hair feels somehow too neat in comparison with the event of dog walking. Taking after my dad, I run hot – my base temperature always seems higher than others – and as I jog in shorts and a t-shirt, I acutely feel the midday sun bearing down on the pavement. The woman in is speaking with a man, clearly bumping into him mid-dog walk. I run in the wake of the woman riding the mobility scooter, its fabric sun canopy making her motion a little jaunty, adding a regal touch to the scene. I am in something as the woman in the jacket says loudly 'did you see how she looked at my dog?!'. This comment stabs, it unearths feelings that are on edge, all kinds of pent-up feelings about class and dog ownership. My eyes flit down to her beaming, white Staffy who waits patiently in the shade wearing a matching black harness. The dog and I - open-mouthed, panting bystanders - share a knowing look, before I attempt to glide out of the scene onto the main road (Stewart, 2016, p.35).

Attached

Feelings ping off mums and daughters as they barrel through the main arteries of the shopping centre (Shopping with my mum at Medder/Meadowhall, late 1990s -2009). They spread like sparks raining off a car bumper meeting tarmac at high-speed bouncing around the bright, white, light tunnels of the shopping centre. The high of an ostentatious purchase, or that pang of disappointment, the tension arising from heels being dragged mard-arse-edly or mismatched levels of enthusiasm ring off glass, metal, and stone. The combination of the atmosphere, the glossy drama of shops, of window displays, hideous changing room lighting and mirror combinations, overly loud music, and the rank odour of expectation vs reality settle in the air familiarly. Already strained dynamics are amplified, sent over the edge – a funny atmosphere, an unrelated bad mood or a historic argument manages to slip through the huge sets of doors from the car park as well as the feelings about that work event or your school PE class. Sometimes these can be paused, put on hold, fended off and dynamics shift suddenly - all this gives way to compliments or a dogged sense of responsibility for finding something just right for the other. Sparks can give way in quiet moments, in muffled conversations between thick changing room curtains when one asks the other, ‘what do you think?’. When one person finds themselves doing the tender head-tilt-assessment, the pulling out of the other’s hair from the neckline, the methodical and measured buttoning up, or quick zii-iip of a frock or top.

Resonance

Bending at the sink on the side of the bar with the side with the sticky shutters, I am cleaning out the drip trays once the bingo is finished. In between this activity, Sue brings glasses over for me to stock the dishwasher with while Ev sorts the raffle tickets, box and book and brings them over to me to store behind the bar. While I work, I absent-

mindedly listen to them talking, meditatively removing the gridded lid of each tray and running the bottom underneath the tap, breathing in steamy, hoppy air. As I dip in and out of the conversation they are having I register that they are talking about Christmas and realise the upshot is that Ev is being asked round for her Christmas dinner with Sue and Neil. I continue with my work, busying myself – speeding up, finding more things to do in an attempt to distance myself, to remain discreet, and to not seem nose-y while feeling impressed by Sue’s kindness (Club Steward kindness, ongoing).

Bound

Bound from Barnsley station there are three ways to go, south to Sheffield or north to Leeds through Wakefield, or to Huddersfield, the one I spent a lot of time on as a teenager shuttling to and from friends’ houses after school or at weekends. The train from Barnsley to Huddersfield (beginning in Sheffield via Medder/Meadowhall) rumbles along the Penistone line “calling at: Dodworth, Silkstone Common, Penistone, Denby Dale, Shepley...”. At one time I could blurt all seventeen stations out, rapid-fire, in the tone of the automated announcement which over pronounces in a way that sounds odd (Dodworth rather than Doddeth, Woom-well rather than Wum-well). Green intensifies outside the town centre towards Dodworth and Silkstone with trees either side of the track as well as rolling grass that spreads out once the train breaks out of the valley bottom and then its fields, fields, fields until Huddersfield. The scenic green is broken up by little villages, lines of terraces and semis, clumps of bungalows, and houses slowly changing from red to sand. The train whizzes past the tin chapel at Silkstone, Emley Moor Mast - now propped up by a thin sibling tower, soaring over viaducts, past horses, rusted baths and gradually becoming more built up past industrial units, blocks of flats, churches, under bridges and the long dark tunnel that runs under Huddersfield town centre.

I change here at Huddersfield and with some time to spare I step out onto the grand plaza outside, made up of huge stone slabs. A proud lion watches over commuters or Leeds fans bound for the match or my family as we bound into Chilli Lounge, or over me and my mum as we peer into the window of the charity shop bound for bargains, to people streaming out of the Head of Steam staggering out for the last train or bundling out instruments from the Jazz night on Thursdays below bound for home.

Objects¹

Ladies' fixtures day marks the start of the season, it signals the return of bowling life, and spring is on its way. Drama returns to the green as railings are painted and benches assessed, as the greenskeeper gets to work, monitoring preening, problem-solving and aerating. The green stands to attention ready to keep up its reputation as beautiful, the envy of many a club! (Hall, 2019).

When the bowling starts, the club gets fuller and starts packing up like people's schedules, determined by the fixtures. Monday night, Tuesday afternoon, Wednesday afternoon, Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday afternoon, you think how do you fit it all in? But you do, you do (C. Hoyle, 2019).

Wednesday afternoon is Broad Oak Ladies, The Cup of tea league. A cup of tea and a bun, a chat, a bit of a laugh and a game of bowls though it's anything but sedate. Cars roll up and bowlers roll out, round the green while cards are written up and doled out. Four games

¹ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

spin-out from the edges simultaneously with tips and support from the edges (Cup of Tea League, 2019). The captain and scorers are all-seeing when you're not playing, you're supporting (C. Hoyle, 2019).

When a cry of 'measures!' rings out two teammates bear the tape almost ceremonially. Strung taught between woods as play ceases briefly. Around the edge, a little girl in a summer dress whizzes round the perimeter with her pushchair. Dolly long since flung out, she tears up the path while people chuckle, one saying "she wants L plates on that!". Disinterested in the bowls but somehow soaking it all in, she might one day be the newest addition to the team in a long line of mums, daughters, and granddaughters at the club.

One Saturday afternoon, a friend on a visit sits agog. "I've never seen nowt like this," he said. There they were the youngsters on the bowling green playing marvellously (Hall, 2019). The junior team has been filled with phenomenal players coming through to the adult leagues to county level. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it," he says (Hall, 2019).

On weekends you might visit with your dad, your grandad. Sitting out in the sun in the summertime. The bus up, sandwiches packed to go bowling every Saturday. Going round the green collecting dead match stalks. A right pile. Being taken under the wing of nice older bowlers, who want to include you and keep you out of bother (B. Howlett, 2019).

Time for celebration after the match, after the season, after the final. On Presentation night teams let their hair down and get dressed up for a posh do in a big venue, Bailey-boos, cocktails and a three-course meal. At one time presentations were a smaller affair. Though no less exciting with lovely prizes laid out on the green baize billiard table. Chock

full with beautiful china or chromium things. Half a dozen little trifle dishes and a big one, dessert spoons and a big server together in a box (B. Howlett, 2019).

More than the sum of its parts, bowling really matters. People's years are organised around and flow with the rhythm of the season. It can be a lifeline, a teacher of manners, respect, and patience to young 'uns, a door which might open to a totally different world. One in which people of all ages become firm friends, where a hand is held out to the next generation (Hall, 2019).

Throwing, knotting together

The qualities of a too-early heatwave, the silent school building, the keen blackbirds who scramble, the fading surface of crisp packets and penny floaters, the tension of people's stance, the air of trying to do the right thing, the careful attention of the litter pickers, the flash of bright blue disposable masks and drainpipes and the union jack flapping at half-mast 'knot' together 'into this thing now' (Stewart, 2016, p.33).

As the scene begins to cohere, I come to a halt on the opposite side of the road - hands on hips and mind whirling - half enthralled by what's going on, half desperate for a rest. Looking around, taking this all in I lock eyes with a man in his garden enjoying the sun while he eats what looks like a bacon sarnie. I feel hungry, dizzy, a little bit jealous and smile at him as my eyes flick between him and the focal point of the club building. As an amateur passing jogger - red-faced and curious about the activity going on, I am too, part and parcel of the scene.

The movement of people, ambling or walking purposefully in both directions which comes to a halt outside the club conjures other scenes. Scenes which were completely

commonplace prior to March 2020 in which later in the day the roller shutters would be wide open, where taxis would pull up to the kerb and balloons and decorations for a do would be jostled through the front door. Where the clack of heels on pavement, the thick scent of perfume or aftershave, and the sharp precision of an hours-old haircut, would summon an altogether different sense of occasion from what is now unfolding where countenances are still chipper but distanced, with sober purpose.

Trying not to stare too hard at the people assembled, feeling cautious of blocking the path on my side of the road which is empty in comparison but the main route for anyone doing a pharmacy, GP or corner shop trip I head off home –buzzing with the excitement of the scene in which something out of the ordinary, something that clearly mattered enough to leave the house for was occurring. The passing glance between me and the man eating a sarnie in the sun, memories of perfume and family discos, the energetics of my own body, the adrenaline from the run, riding a wave of enthusiasm summoned by the sunny weather, the pull of the club as the central point, ‘knot’ together ‘into this thing now’ (Stewart, 2016, p.33).

Circulation

The morning feels airy, and breezy and the world outside my window starts to feel October-ish, October-crisp this morning. The tree across the road casts shadows, its drooping branches and leaves sway slowly as if the whole scene is underwater. The large corner house across the street, square and red brick is trimmed up for Halloween. Cobwebs dangling from outside lights mirror the branches, swaying to the wind’s choreography. The blinking light from a team of street sweepers adds to the effect, casting the house in an orange light. Like the three bears, or Russian dolls, or Pokémon in different

evolutionary states they form a set with the different iterations of the team appearing every few minutes, a person with a leaf blower on foot ghostbusting dead or dying leaves, the noisy blower recursively vrr-vrring as they walk. They are followed by the small pavement-sized one, its spinning light illuminating gardens in the quick orange light followed by a much larger lorry, bathing whole houses, and bedroom windows in a flickering amber glow. As I and the carved pumpkin across the road look out wide-eyed onto the action, I notice the name and logo on the vehicles, the same company I saw on the street opposite the Railway Club earlier in the week, the same as the eager seeming street sweeper on the precinct on Saturday who I kept seeing over my shoulder as they approached, seeming to chase us on our shopping trip. The name, 'Totally Local Company' makes me laugh each time I see it. I hear the Pink Panther theme tune and think of their operatives as terrible double agents, under a flimsy cover, the exact thing that makes you question how 'local' the company really are. As it turns out, they are, based in Stockport and provide services for the council, and schools, providing school dinners, groundskeeping, the maintenance of outdoor lighting and cleaning services.

In something²

In March there's a flurry of activity going on in the concert room. From across the club, standing in the taproom, the activity is framed by the dark wood of the bar, the brighter lights behind the bar and the beer taps. Over the bar, in the concert room something is winding up and despite the distance (on this side of the bar which would be reached through one door into the front room and the peach gloss double doors into the concert room) is forming up around us.

² Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

As I stand at the bar chatting, I keep one eye on the activity over the way where something is forming into a pattern. The car park is full, while others make their way up the drive from the main road. Inside it's steamy, a cacophony of coats and layers being taken off, papers being leafed through, purses unzipped, and drinks being ordered. Across the bar there are excited greetings and snatches of conversation 'how's so-and-so doing?' and 'is she coming up?' (Women in the concert room, 2019). I watch as these activities, the ripples made by the women's actions, are cohering into something.

Attendees settle in while one woman approaches the microphone, a pregnant pause only broken by the spring-open-snap-shut of reading glasses being found, the clink of ice, and the click of a ballpoint pen. Here something is becoming focused, becomes tuned to a particular pitch and the focus becomes precise. Having come in for a general chat with people on a weekday evening in March, I am caught unexpectedly in something, I am 'touched by what comes near' (Ahmed, 2010, p.23). Impacted by something yet to be defined.

(Pendleton) mattering

When I get back home, I quickly smuggle my phone out of its holster, my hands trembling as I find the club's Facebook page. My suspicions are quickly gratified when I see a post from nine minutes ago when the club's steward posted a reminder about a late member passing by on their way up to Agecroft Crem.

The significance of the scene spills off the screen with streams of comments wishing the family of the recently departed well. A swell of photographs and memories tumble off that post as well as the many similar posts beneath – extending information and sympathies

from the committee, the stewards, and the members about different people. Not necessarily asking them to turn out to witness the hearse passing, but circulating the news, so that people can share a moment collectively to think of, to remember that person (Pendleton Club Members, 2020).

I close the app and as I make a move to untie the laces of my trainers and get back to work I think of the flag pole at Broad Oak. I think of our stewardess and our president charged with not only the maintenance of the building and the grounds but also the stewardship of that world, of the four hundred or so people who make up its membership. I think of our own flagpole and whereabouts the union jack sits and what is happening out by the pavement there, over the Pennines (Barmaid and member knowledge about flag movements following a death or national event, 2011-present).

The streams of comments, of photographs, the swell of well wishes, happy memories, sadness and respect, the emerging sense of devastation the realisation of the intensity of the situation, of how and how much this thing, this scene matters knot' together 'into this thing now' (Stewart, 2016, p.33).

Chapter One Conclusion

Arriving at the library, having rushed through the town centre, I came to a halt in the library foyer. Taking it all in, whilst striking my earphones and scarf, I felt dizzy, momentarily displaced but focused, precise when I saw Billy and Kes, keen eyes, sharp beak. In the moment I felt an acuteness, an attention to my body in movement, slowing and panting

under the midday sun. I got concerned about my breath during the pandemic, thinking about where the invisible stream of my breath might go especially around older people. 'Fuck Tories' (Fuck Tories Graffiti, 2019), and 'Lucy Smith is a slag' had a kind of sharpness to them that extended to feelings of rage in a conservative area, a pang and dread of the next day at school (Slag Graffiti, 2019). Precision in the encounter was a moment that sets off a chain, when I came to consider Kes, Billy and Hines, the new area I had moved to, in a different light. I pivoted on the spot, opening up thinking differently about something I thought knew about or was settled on.

In the encounter with Billy and Kes, as well as coming to think and write with affective realism, explanation was not the point but contact in motion, the piles of affects, of what matters. Concepts were created in the encounter, not mapped on to them retroactively. In the space of Pendleton, on the road before and after the run in my encounter with what was happening the scene and its affective charges changed from moment to moment, contingent and clear because of covid-quietness. I managed through a variety of circumstances, the bodily affect of needing to slow down after my run, to catch my breath I clocked something unusual and managed to step into the presence of something that I could not yet name. A body amongst bodies, part and parcel of the scene I felt the collective tension, the ratcheting up of attention and focus through a tension in postures, and the low flap of a flag that transported me associatively. My knowledge, developed in proximity to another club, as a barmaid and a member came to matter in relation to the low flag and a collective sense of covid grief.

Thinking through my encounter with the mum and daughter on the train (Woman and girl on train, 2019) caused me to 'walk around and through an affective situation' (Berlant in Berlant and Cooke, 2013, p.965). In considering how I knew all about that interaction upon

my encounter with the women on the train I followed out how I was attached, in proximity to that place and via learned attachments and how through our attachment to that practice. Through the world of mother daughter shopping at Medderall, we worked to make our world habitable for each other (Shopping with my mum at Medder/Meadowhall, late 1990s -2009).

Affected and affecting in the modality of running and jogging I encountered situations, the 'leakiness' of my body apparent when trying to contain it, to not huff and puff on people around me, affective modes of tension, friction in the encounter sensed through glances, what feelings bounce off and rebound in the cool shade of the railway bridge in the shiny bright tunnels of shopping centres. How being in direct contact, attached in proximity how the surroundings the objects, the quality of light, and the texture of materials can affect an encounter, how they can block feelings that linger and how different kinds of attachments – the entrained, learned modality of shopping can make life habitable for another (Shopping with my mum at Medder/Meadowhall, late 1990s -2009). Attachment, as identified by Berlant is that which holds you in the world. You begin, as they identify, born with zero attachments you pick them up in proximity to the worlds you inhabit. Contact might illuminate these attachments as a specific kind of relationality that you learn and train in, that you probably cannot remember consenting to. Attachment here, is a practical and active knowing, an investment in worlds and a 'sustaining relational inclination' (Berlant and Edelman, 2014, p.92) in which people make worlds habitable for each other.

Bound to place: to the library foyer, to the block of oak or walnut bound to Barnsley itself, I encountered boundness in the moveable place of the Penistone line in movement from Barnsley to Huddersfield, Huddersfield to Barnsley and the cute platforms of the stations

between. Bound from the train, from the carriage out to the way markers I've learned, the fields with tin baths, the hospital chimney, the mill at Denby Dale. Bounding out from those stations to visit with certain people to meet Chris at Shepley, Jess at Denby Dale, and a guaranteed group of us at the café in Huddersfield on a Saturday. 'Atta ban?' Bounding out, from the crossroads, from the back of the bus station, from what seems to still be Kendray Street to meet with Kes and Billy.

To become part of a scene, an object amongst objects, not masterful but in the midst along with the clinking of cups and saucers in the café behind, railings and benches, shiny bowls and jacks and the even springy surface of the green. Caught up in the movement and modality of squares of bedsheets and towels being stocked and restocked, the games that spin out from corners after cards are doled out and 'measures!' stretched while blocky green lime seats are wheeled into position for the next activity.

Piles of objects, some like match stalks the product of the in-game smoking activity, others the piling up of books to be collected and sorted, stacked and reshelved (B. Howlett, 2019). The lovely prizes and rounds of cocktails bailey-boos, beautiful china and chromium things and the funds for and sculpted aspects of Billy and Kes's representation pile and throw together to mark an occasion the end of a bowling season, or a local writer getting the attention he deserves (crowd-funded and regardless of what the council deems public-statue-worthy) (B. Howlett, 2019).

I throw together with the scene, part and parcel of it along with blackbirds scrabbling and workmen on break, working up a sweat, adrenaline pumping from the jog round the park, the slow walk up the steps behind the older bloke and the blinkered-brisk walk-through

hoarding to the library. Enthusiastic about the sunny weather and being back in Barnsley after being away for a while, I buzz in the glance, in the 'ey up' before mounting the stairs.

In the moment amongst the lights, the houses, the leaves and the blossom Billy and Kes circulated (like 'Totally Local') around town. A strong sense of being home, being bound to Barnsley amongst the chaos of the redevelopment works something yet to be determined was forming up in the encounter. Billy and Kes came to matter differently than they had done before and prompted me to think not 'from some outside' but from 'within the inciting encounter' (Berlant, in Berlant and Bojarska, 2019, p.295). I took the hand-and-wing-held-out in the library that day.

I had not read *A Kestrel for a Knave* though '(u)ndoubtedly it had been there for a long time'. I was, however, aware of the novel and the film adaptation *Kes* as well as Barry Hines himself (Despret, 2015, p.102). I had even seen the sculpture before, when it was housed in the Experience Barnsley Museum as part of a display on culture in Barnsley, on the music, novels and films made by people from the town or set in the town. I had decided that this book wasn't for me, I deliberately avoided it. I imagined I would find a grim and grimy world that didn't connect with me. I saw it as almost ancient in its distance – set in the time of coal mining, an industrial world I couldn't quite imagine but felt that it would be difficult, intense and harsh. Bound up in an aversion to the genre of social realism, with the tone of it being good for you, instructive, educational, and illuminating.

Meanwhile, I still had a strong sense of the importance of *A Kestrel for a Knave*, I saw it as an educational task that I knew I ought to deal with, to get through. Signalled by its endurance, its constant appearance in film form on TV, and its place on school syllabuses,

family bookshelves even bumper stickers (see chapter four). Like Despret, 'I needed an encounter in order to be pierced by it' (Despret, 2015, p.102).

The *something* that happened in that moment of encounter was a pivot whereby I trusted in what was held out, and felt bound to Barry, Billy and Kes in inheritance obligation. Following out the different affective tones, pitches, and patternings of all kinds of encounter and beyond I took up the relay with them I no longer wanted to 'claim we alone write' (Serres, 2018, pp.190-1).

Writing contact in the encounter as an approach to affective realism here has a particular quality. It produces writing *from* the encounter rather than about it thanks, in large part, to the 'dial(ling) back' (Berlant in Berlant and Povinelli, 2014, no pagination) from explanation, the slowing of 'the quick jump to representational thinking' I was able to enact (Stewart, ca.2013, p.4).

Chapter Two: Moving through the morning

With Barry, Billy, and Jud

There were no curtains up. The window was a hard edged block the colour of the night sky. Inside the bedroom the darkness was of a gritty texture. The wardrobe and bed were blurred shapes in the darkness. Silence.

(Hines, 2000, p.9)

With those five simple words '(t)here were no curtains up', I am transported, embedded in a whole world. Saturated in the seeming minutia of detail, of the window dressing (or lack thereof), of a house we are yet to know, a new day about to dawn (Hines, 2000, p.9). In its brevity, its straightforwardness this first sentence insists. The fine detail of the window frame is pitched at a level of detail which submerges us in what Williams might describe as a 'whole way of life' before we even know it (Williams, 1961, p.3). The lack of window dressing, the pace not awaiting 'rationalization' before we know it a small detail (which somehow feels big) the scale of the world we are now in is set (Williams, 1977, p.132). The scene is life-size, 1:1 rather than in miniature and at that first sentence I am there, on the garden path gazing up at that window, where take what you will from it; '(t)here were no curtains up' (Hines, 2000, p.9).

Once its curtainless perimeter has been established the hard edges of the window crystalize. Its bounded edges, rather than cold or confining open up and I am enveloped by a vast deep blue-black. On the endless and cold clear night, I picture the glimmer of a few stars, a streak or halo of pale milk-bottle-moonlight, the kind that circles the edges of

a blind keeping the light-sensitive awake, the kind that tricks robins into daytime action (A morning conversation with Julia Ankenbrand, 2022). The square of deep blue-black flashes up as if I am looking out from the bedroom into the night an expansiveness and space rolling on, and on, and on while simultaneously red brick, glass and window ledge cohere. Zooming out farther I am up in Higham outside the 'good door-knocking houses' on Higham Common Road, the 'best council houses in Barnsley' looking up at the bedroom from the front path (Robinson and R. Swithenbank door-knocking jobs, 1990s to early 2000s). Zooming back in, the rest of the room coheres as Hines continues to describe the quality of light and shadow in this bedroom. Neither crisp and clear nor pitch black, the gritty texture he describes suggests movement and depth in the darkness. Flecks of greys and blacks sparkle as my eyes flit across the flat surfaces of the walls and the floor of the room. I think gravel, scree, slate which glimmers as the light bounces off it at every turn and the room gains texture and depth.

Things take on a different quality at night, a shirt hung on the back of the door ready for tomorrow might look fresh and promising in the morning, the street outside, an idea, or a thought which seemed so different only a couple of hours before is now changed. It's like how in the 2021 film *Petite Maman* the mother, upon putting her daughter to bed in her own childhood bedroom climbs into bed with her. They talk about whether the shadow at the foot of the bed looks like a panther, the room not having changed since her childhood casts a particular shadow, the configuration of a chest of drawers, the small amount of light coming in through those same curtains forming up once again, the same as when she slept in the room twenty years or so earlier. The particular configuration, the way things come together, things look different to the daughter who doesn't actually see a panther. The shadow, the light, the blurred shapes, the organisation of furniture, the house atmosphere, the sensation of that space, the family mood and the apparent proclivity to

depression or darkness in the mother implied by this scene and others in the film as well as the little girl's accoutrements, her books, her pyjamas, her clothes resting in those same drawers her mother used at her age all this and so much more whip together in dynamic relation just as in the bedroom of Billy and Jud, the quality of light, the type of moon, the cloud cover, the time of year the playing of the light on the contents of the room is in constant and shifting dynamic relation – the lights gritty texture and its engagements with the floor, the wardrobe, the blankets or sheets and the walls the grit and the blur makes the space active rather than static throwing together in the space, dynamically and in relation to each other throwing together, moment by moment (Stewart, 2012b, p.519). The view of this, like the panther in the bedroom, is contingent. I wonder, at what point does the room become less gritty, when do the edges of these solid objects, the bed, the wardrobe, the chest of drawers, the table or chair at the bedside cohere becoming sharp and hard, looming into focus? When does the panther appear and disappear for the mum? Does it arrive at bedtime and prowl all night or if an eye blinked open in the middle of the night, would it have vanished altogether? Agitating together, all these things feel contingent and, in the moment, the matter of the room forming up, agitating along and changeable, this place feels as though it is not only a backdrop for Billy, for action to simply take place but matter and movement 'throwing together' as the morning forms up (Stewart, 2012b, p.519).

Silence ('Silence.') can be confining or harsh, the point where things turn, the sensation around a situation a pocket (Hines, 2000, p.145; Stewart, 2012a, p.1) where things can go either way. The frosty silence of tension, of things left unsaid or the icy quiet around a person in an argument, in the midst of feeling hurt – you can see their brain turning over like a duff car engine, the cogs whirring internally while they are trying to figure out the right, or the most effective thing to say. The heavy silence that overwhelms after that thing

you can never take back is blurted out. The long silence of an unhappy house whose residents are in a sulk that can last for days. The tight or puckered-lipped silence in proximity to a thing that ought not to be talked about, unpleasant, unsavoury, too difficult to talk about an open secret or a skeleton in the closet. This silence ('Silence.') is not like that though, it feels big, and expansive and seems to roll on and on. It's the middle of the night silence, the proper silence which makes you feel small in the sheer volume of space that opens up once the noise, and the distractions of the day have melted away. This silence is a space of abundance, like the sky reflected in the dark square of the bedroom window it rolls on and on at a steady pace.

Billy moved over, towards the outside of the bed. Jud moved with him, leaving one half of the bed empty. He snorted and rubbed his nose. Billy whimpered. They settled. Wind whipped the window and swept along the wall outside. (Hines, 2000, p.9)

In bed, Billy and Jud move like dancers, one leads and the other follows. They move like this all-night wrestling with the bed sheets, one follows the other rolling back onto the cool side of the bed. Tipping over, somersaulting and tender I imagine one putting his arm over around the other, in opposition to how they usually act in their waking relationship. During these hours watching the brothers' sleepy choreography, the movement of the room feels airy and light. Their relation and movement is sweet, gentle and in sync with one another.

Outside of the bigger sweeps and gestures of the bed choreography, a flurry of 'minor gestures' (Manning, 2016, p.1) disturb the air and make me jump. '[P]rocess punctuated' (Manning, 2016, p.3), they disrupt the still, airiness of the room. Snorting, rubbing, and whimpering feel precise. It brings focus to proceedings. The minor quality, not small or insignificant in terms of scale, attention to detail causes friction, charts and activates 'a shift in tone, a difference in quality' (Manning, 2016, p.1) as the morning continues to form up. There's a contingency in this stirring, with each minor movement I bristle, sit up and

eye Jud's sleeping face. Will it lead to full-blown wakefulness? Will Billy wake him before the alarm?

Thankfully, Billy settles and with agitation over Jud continues to sleep. A stillness resumes, with a slightly different pitch to the silence I felt earlier, the reverberations, felt on my body still ringing from the whimper, the rub, the snort. Wind whips, lapping the window and the brickwork to my rear. It zooms me back out through the square of blue-black, gradually lightening. I'm back, out on the garden path looking up. Back outside where the day is yet to be determined, a day that hasn't 'yet fully become this or that' (Manning, 2016, p.2).

As the morning continues to form up I'll write with Hines, *from* this spot with Billy and Jud. Bound to the qualities, the textures, the attention to detail and the focus on the minor, on what is recognisable (Williams, 1977, p.130). I'll follow out the morning in the middle of things on a variety of bus journeys. I'll try to catch up with 'what's going on' (Stewart, 2007, p.4), the dynamic capacities of vibration, silence, activation and friction, the minor gestures of snorting, rubbing, and whimpering, the settling before the wind (or something else) whips up – toward the affective modes and forces that 'punctually reorientate experience' (Manning, 2016, p.2).

...with a vibratory quality

I step jaggedly up down up from the raised curb of the pavement, down to the road and up again onto the rumbling platform. With change pressed into my palm, exact and warm, I mumble to the driver, lay out the coins and say thanks before I turn to stride off. I catch on to the constant motion as I walk and land on a seat, people jostle, shuffle

and lightly crane their necks and shoulders as I move into position. I slide onto one of the middle seats on the bottom deck. The ones with the weird legroom, a step up from the more accessible seats at the front and sunk a little lower than those at the back. My long wool coat brushes dryly against the dusty patterned fabric of the seat below. My knees meet the thick, marker pen sketched, compass carved, cigarette-lighter-kissed blue moulded plastic of the seat ahead.

I join the whole bus in vibrating along as I settle, shove my bag to the floor, and thrust the bus ticket into my pocket scrunpled with the other bits and pieces. Bus life agitates, and my body and the other passengers vibrate along with the engine. Droplets, which were once a thin and even layer of condensation, form on the window bottom. Loose little puddles rumble together into larger pools and begin to slide along the black rubber bottom of the window-fitting chute forwards and backwards. Water, bodies, prams, litter, and luggage oscillate in rhythm with the brakes, and the brakes in turn with the rhythms of the road.

As the journey gets going and my morning continues to cohere from home a few streets over, where I ate toast, made coffee, applied make-up, got dressed, changed my mind, undressed, and redressed hastily, packed my things, and headed out of the door. I along with the other passengers, the pram, the dogeared copies of *The Metro*, luggage, the driver, and the little pools of condensation are in the middle of things. We are in 'mezzo' (Stewart, 2017, p.197) agitating along as morning forms up. Bus matter takes on a vibratory quality moving constantly with the rhythm of the road, the continuous movement of the bus journey as people get on, ring the bell and move off.

Seventeenth of December I think it was (Garside, 2019). A cold one by all accounts, that month where the air was thick with rain, sleet and snow and the wind that comes

down the valley was biting, gale force. At the top of the valley, winter means unrelenting sideways weather. Up here roofers double down on shingle security, walls are built high for a reason (Garside, 2019). That's when the new club opened, near to Christmas 1990 (D. Hoyle, 2019).³

Across the green from this grand building that looked good sat its original. For sixty-five years, the old club sat behind a high wall, a little homely place which seemed ever-expanding according to members' needs (Armitage, 2019). That December new steward, new flat, new club building sat expectantly, like a much laboured over Christmas present set against the green of the valley. There was continuity, no break in service while the life of the club, and the member hubbub transferred from one building to the other. Seamless. Like a hermit crab finding a new shell. Like the fitting of a fresh bottle on an optic. Like a veteran member pouring a half into his favourite pint pot. Like an eagle-eyed bowler swapping specs for sunnies in the low afternoon sun.

The air was filled with the smell of new carpet and paint (D. Hoyle, 2019). Traces of tradespeople remained in the 'artexing, ornamental plastering, cabinets and all types of joinery' while deliveries of 'everything for billiards and snooker, wooden plaques, ice machines, and till rolls' piled up and were arranged (RMW, 1991, p.10). On that day when, you know, the last carpet went down a couple of hours before opening when members milled about, taking it all in (D. Hoyle, 2019).

³ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

The anticipation was palpable as the doors were opened to members for the first time. I imagine the first pint pulled, the lines being pulled through, recursive action of cask “chh chh”. The gas working its way through the lines all at once instead of the slow concert of things going off, getting changed and pulled through that happens over the cycle of a week, for some less popular things a month (Barmaid Knowing, 2011-2015). People looking around, peering into each room, members in their own club going “right, what now?” saying “where’s the gents?”, “where’s the ladies?” It was special. The magnificent new clubhouse was big news locally, (D Hoyle, 2019) with members, the committee and stewards working hard, ‘charged up’ by the ‘sheer surge of things in the making’ (Stewart, 2005, p.1029).

...with ‘Silence.’
(Hines, 2000, p.9)

I’m back up on Higham Common Road after school. The road that if it carried on would take you winding up through, up to national speed limit territory through woods and fields toward Dodworth, or the town centre, or the M62 going fast, speeding off to Leeds or Sheffield. Though as we approach, the bus lumbers, it tucks itself into passing places on the narrow stretch of road by The Miners Arms, weaving through small estates on a sunny afternoon where kids head through front gates, older people preen the edge of the flower beds and mow. Up towards the end of the road getting up and out of where we were sandwiched between lines of terraces and the ‘best council houses in Barnsley’ (Robinson and R. Swithenbank door-knocking jobs, 1990s to early 2000s). The driver swings into the turning circle at the top of Hermit Lane and the Alam’s Lounge Indian restaurant. The bus comes to a juddering halt there and the noise from the engine goes flat. The wobbling, oscillating energy, that bone-shaking tick of the engine on an ancient double-decker stops abruptly. Silence.

All that stops and like ducking underwater things get slow and quiet. My gaze stops trying to track passing objects and scenes and comes to a standstill, not pinpointed but a kind of broad focus. From the edges of the turning-circle concrete onto the grassy side of the road, weeds, and long grass swish. The edge gives way to a hawthorn hedge through which the playground attached to the restaurant (once a pub that was busy on Sundays at lunchtime where kids would go sit out after being excused from the table) can be glimpsed. Silence breaks as the driver swings open his door, like a fish on land it seems strange, odd to see his lower half. Stepping up to the front doors, he opens them with a quick squeak of an uncoiled panel and the hiss open of bi-fold doors. As he steps out, he turns his back and lights a fag. Looking periodically at his watch and out onto the smooth green of the field in front, punctuated with the odd sheep or crow, down to towards the outcrop of woods and the farmhouse, to the hill beyond Gawber, towards Mapplewell and on—houses and pylons tiny in the distance.

The break...

feels long and being so close to home is annoying after spending an hour on the bus already. It seems futile, with no one getting on or off on either leg of its journey up Higham, the fifteen minutes or so that it takes, not including this break where the driver makes up his time so as not to be early for the other stops hardly seems worth it. As I sit, the sounds which were previously muffled by the bus's noisy engine - the whir of a Walkman, the chatter from upstairs and the tinny music piping out of earphones - come into earshot. Annoyance falls away as I accept my turning-circle-fate and stare out, with the driver out onto the horizon towards the hospital chimney, telly, tea, and the opening out of the evening.

Silence. In the lecture theatre, where I have come (me, a Leeds Met student) with Ash (a Leeds University Student) to see a free film showing in our first year of university. I am in a whirl of awe – between confident undergraduates, an old-fashioned lecture theatre with tiered seating and built-in dark wood desks, with rolling whiteboards covered in equations, and a large oak slab of desk for the lecturer. We settle into a screening of a film about the war on drugs in the US and its consequences. In the ‘pocket of silence’ between the film’s end, between the rolling credits and the lights being turned up, I float in the expansive feelings of learning something new (Hines, 2000, p.145). Way beyond my confines, about the lives of other people in tough circumstances beyond England, the expansive huge scale of a worldwide network and its effects on millions of people involved in, smuggling and dealing, policing and judging, buying and taking. Wheeling from all this and puffed up with a new sense of righteousness hammered home at the dramatic close of the film I’m ready to spread and think further about the new (and partial) matters of the film (Graham, 2022). Half a moment later the lights flash up, blinky students stretch and look around to find that banners, posters, and leaflets have appeared. Big red letters announce this as a SOCIALIST WORKERS PARTY event. While one ponytailed mature-looking student rises to close the large oak door of the lecture theatre, out of the impasse between free film, silent burgeoning righteousness, and naivety, into an unexpected sales pitch, something else entirely.

...with friction

From its steady, straight cruise along Churchill Way the bus pulls around the corner, past the Maccies drive through and pulls up at the lights. Traffic grinds and our lane becomes part of the ‘friction’ of the morning commute gridlock (Tsing, 2005). A couple of cars in front crawl through the lights – just reaching over the hatched space of the crossroads meeting the road that snakes from the end of the East Lancs (the stretch of

dual carriageway between Liverpool and Salford – an early pre-motorway inter-city highway). Slowly, after the next set of lights, after people on bikes and commuters cross our path, the bus rumbles across onto the strip, the frictional zone that congests by Salford Crescent station the usually open stretch of road where kids on trials bikes pop wheelies and people in souped-up cars eek out their last bit of speed before coming to a 30-mph zone. Passengers get nervy, checking their phones looking up and back – some call to say they’ll be late or check connecting train times at Manchester. Others look up out of the window and each other and expel a long, fast stream of air ... ‘pfffff’... while others who rang the bell at the first sign of gridlock stand up, loiter, move from foot to foot a little intensely and wait for the bus to crawl to the next stop before springing off (Bus passengers, 2019). Friction brings ‘overwrought’ tendencies to the surface, the vape plume out of the window, the furtive glance, the honk, the shout between drivers and those late for the train who weave between stationary cars blocking the pedestrian crossing (Stewart, 2013b, p.278). Soon, churning through the traffic lights, through the ‘affective rub’ of congestion, the smooth flow resumes as the road widens out and the driver sails into the bus lane and onwards (Harney and Moten, 2021, p.112).

Real gentlemen who wore boots. Brown boots, that were polished, that you could shave your face in. Worn with a three-piece suit, always a hat (Hall, 2019). A line of sartorial style, an effort and a stiffness that suited the world of the club at that time or stood out amongst the other outfits of the day. A line that makes up a visual separation of generations or a marker of age or seniority in club life. A room of suits and shiny brown boots – a sea of smartness - hats resting on hooks by the front door or perched on the bar or table next to their wearer against a visiting grandson’s PE kit pumps or ‘70s bags.⁴

⁴ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

I feel the bristling looks that the first non-hatted head, the first pair of jeans or trainers must have garnered coming over the threshold. I feel the hot pressure of eyes on your back, quick nods toward you in the middle of a conversation that is just too quiet for you to hear. I feel the tiny stab of a barbed comment wrapped in the lightness of mickey-taking or passing comment. I sense a wave of reaction which stands for a clash in sensibility like when Kev comes through the door at 3 pm on a Sunday, orders a drink and homes in on his spot at the far corner of the front room, nearby the jukebox. A ripple across the room when he approaches to make his choice and the space between the last song (chosen by the room's current or very recent occupants or played via the random setting when nobody has fed the machine cash or specified their choice) between Roy Orbison or the latest from the current top ten singles list meeting Slayer, or Metallica (Jukebox friction, 2019). The opening bars of heavy guitar or brutal drum rhythm, or the odd explicit or dark lyric clash with what went before shapes the dynamics that vary across the club's meticulously timetabled weekly activity (though not that much of it is written explicitly as a schedule on paper). Antagonism saturates, 'affective residue' can be felt even in the wake of a 'scene of sense' (Berlant, 2015b, p.194) as a structure of feeling (Williams, 1977, p,128). That all goes without saying.

The shiny-brown-boots-hat-and-three-piece-suit era didn't begin and end on one day. No signs were erected announcing the change explicitly, it was not decided at committee or written up in the minutes. It was not explicit (no pun intended), like the sign in the Sam Smith's chain of pubs which announces a ban on swearing and the use of mobile phones and laptops. The policy, laminated and stuck up by the bar, likens talking on the phone to smoking and asks customers to step outside to use them as they would if they were smoking a cigarette. Around us, as the evening wears on the group in the corner, a gaggle

of men in their 60s and 70s, grey and smartly dressed for a reunion after not seeing each other for a while grow more and more rowdy, gently taking the mick out of each other, teasing each other and – god (or Sam Smith) forbid – swearing. I wait and look around in a ‘pocket of silence’, no one is on edge, no daggers are shot at the men. The landlady continues with her jobs and smiles at me as I catch her eye (Hines, 2000, p.145). The ‘structure of feeling’ (Williams, 1977, p. 128) more ‘labile’ than the sign or any house rules would suggest (Berlant, 2008, p.42)

Brown boots step alongside trainers, loafers, work boots and heels, smart hats mix with hatless heads, baseball caps, flat caps, while suit fabric sits alongside denim, wool, fleece, and cotton. These textures and styles sit alongside each other, the ‘affective residue’ (Berlant, 2015b, p.194) of a sea of smartness saturated in the tales of the *old guys* (Hall, 2019). In memories that layer up, the tension between styles, the bristling, the waning of the need to dress for the club as an occasion (though some still do, especially on the weekend). These aspects are not ‘reduced to fixed forms’ even when styles or members die, ‘surviving records’ in the relay between grandads, grandsons, and other club members (or even nosey researchers) Williams, 1977, p.129). Activities of ‘disturbance, debate, remediation, and extension’ sit alongside one another, not in strict ‘calendrical time’ (Berlant, 2015b, p.194), but in a thick present of ‘living and interrelating continuity’ (Williams, 1977, p.132).

...settling

From Denby Dale, the village recedes. Mill terraces become larger houses, larger houses become farms and farms become fields. As the bus carries on it picks up speed, the pace becomes constant and passenger gazes grow longer, more distant as my eyes water

and bright yellow rapeseed crops, woods and plain, green grazing fields come in and out of view. The bus sways with the bends of the road, foreseen, pre-empted by the driver who likely loops this huge circular a few times a day. Plain sailing, with this section of the route having no stops other than the slowing of the engine for occasional tractors or sheep streaming across the roads between paddocks. I settle into reading steadily and evenly, or into my position with Mike who splits a set of earphones with me and plays favourites on repeat. The bus runs smooth with the line of the landscape. The lineless, continuous country road, meets small ditches at either side, an overgrown border of grass and weeds, a thick, square hedge, or drystone wall and the line of the horizon steady, settled, continuing all the way to Cawthorne.

Like the move from one building to another from steward to steward, from committee to committee, from beer in half pint glass to pint pot, from generation to new generation of parents who run the children's Christmas party. From Winter games season with dominoes and cards and indoor games through to planning and the springing forth into summer games season – from one week's activities to the next in constant motion the club and its varied structures, and scenes, move continuously.

...with wind whipping (up)

Through the city centre, the driver takes a tight corner and people sway sideways, arms reach out and grasp on to handrails people steady their footing like surfers catching a wave, yogis grounding down through warrior one. Brakes slam as a pedestrian darts out into the road and droplets cling on between black rubber and glass. Below, bus litter in the

form of dusty, dogeared *Metro* newspapers and empty bottles and cans skid and rattle around the tin shell.

From the settled ongoingness of it, all wind whips (Hines, 2000, p.1) and friction occurs which sends shockwaves, points of agitation or the seeds of real disruptive change which seem, (for some) to come out of the blue. Something whips up, and agitates the settled line of procession. A nascent and incipient energy carried in the context of a quiet and taken-for-granted gender-based tension, disappointed mothers on Sunday left to sort the dinner while the rest of the family heads out, the wife who crossed the threshold in her pinny with a cold meal plonked down in front of a careless husband, the teenage girl keen to take up a proper bowling membership, dubbed a “petticoat protester” in the local press, or raging for a women’s ‘right to cues’, to play on their club’s snooker table. Dolly chucked out and equal gender membership finally reached in 2007 (after more than thirty years of agitation) the pushchair races faster around the perimeter and settles back into a steady pace, ripples smooth to plain sailing once more (but perhaps not for long).⁵

Chapter Two Conclusion

Contact with the novel brought me into proximity with its world and my own attachments. The dynamic affective forces of the book, of Hines writing and its ability to bring me into a sensorium of close ‘witness’ straight out of the gate. The sense of deep witness, of being with the mattering of the morning enabled a specific kind of writing and

⁵ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

thinking with the book. An affective mode of contact with Billy and Jud, with the houses, the fine detail the active qualities of mornings cohering looking up at the house from a garden path in Higham. In the middle of things, I linked up my worlds with his, made associations and relayed with the Barnsley I knew, the council houses I knew as a result of my attachments to the world, from the daily bus journeys on that road, from the knowledges of my mum and Grandad Swithenbank garnered through door-knocking jobs as insurance and rent collectors (Robinson and R. Swithenbank door-knocking jobs, 1990s to early 2000s).

The 'real' and the realism found in Hines' writing did not feel fixed or finished, not the realism I expected to encounter of a hard and flat social realism. A kind of realism which subverted the rules I had come to think the novel would play by and instead manifested what is recognisable (in the affective sensations of the middle of the night), the fine textured and careful detail, and a surprising tenderness that exceeded all of my expectations. This was a kind of realism not 'determined by the genre or medium of an event or the documentary accuracy of the event' but in excess of it (Berlant, in Berlant and Bojarska, 2019, p.293) and helped me to consider what writing with them, with my position, with collective knowing and sensing (what is recognisable) could be.

Boarding the bus in Salford, in the midst of a retelling of the opening of the new Broad Oak clubhouse as well as in the thick present of the early morning bedroom, I came into contact with others. Impacted by other bodies, in moving through the spaces saying 'where's the gents, where's the ladies' alongside streams of tradesmen and members busy preparing the space. Alongside the driver and other passengers, craning their necks on the bus as I squeezed by, into my seat. Alongside brothers in their dancier movements across cold slices of bed. I found myself throwing together with objects, the sensation of coat meeting

seat, knees meeting blue plastic, vibrating along with prams, litter, and little pools of condensation. Throwing together with the shadows of beds and chests of drawers, the panther at the foot of the French girl's bed as well as new carpet, paint, fresh billiard and snooker tables. Charged up by the activity, by the vibratory quality of objects and bodies continually moving together (Stewart, 2012b, p.519).

In a 'pocket of silence' in the layby, the bedroom, and the lecture theatre in the witness of quiet. Scenes expand and grow vast, roll on and on, the pause in the rhythms of the day a little surprising, silence here is not an absence but expansive and abundant focus melts and brings me into the airy space, something else – the evening unfolding out on the horizon past the hospital chimney, into an activist meeting, and through the black-blue pane of glass and out into the night. A sensorium shift into *something* else.

Witness came in the form of friction in the traffic jam. All together we became forcibly non-sovereign. Autonomy and control slowed for a moment stuck with each other across cars, buses, and lorries (Berlant, 2016a, pp.394-5). In the Sam Smiths pub and the club, structures became more 'labile' than they had first appeared (Berlant, 2008, p.42). Activities rubbed up against each other, not in strict calendrical time (Berlant, 2015b, p.194) but in the 'living and interrelating continuity' of the present (Williams, 1977, p.132).

As the wind whipped up, as the bus took tight turns and the women in the club acted in an apparently unexpected way shockwaves rang out. The imminent agitation of all this, not a jolt but part of the loosely woven state of becoming Berlant writes about (Berlant in Berlant and Markbrieter, 2019, no pagination), agitating before settling. Settling in on the bus felt like an openness, a continuous roll of movement rather than a sense of surety or a fixed

plane of sameness. The country road, the space of the bedroom, and the unwritten timetable of the club are in constant motion.

In this way, the trust of the hand-and-wing-held-out paid off. What I found was the conjuring of a whole world without effacing that world or shrinking it, in order to make it small enough to fit into its pages. Holding hands-and-wings I came to be in the midst of a whole world of sensation, minor gestures – the bedroom and the morning forming up, not as a backdrop for the human protagonists but a sense of fullness in the yet-to-be-determined unfolding of the day. As active and contingent as a bus journey.

Working withness and contact together in this way produces a certain aspect of affective realism. It relays with collective affects alongside Billy and Barry, with Grandad Swithenbank and my mum, club members seeing their new clubhouse for the first time, with the other blinky students in the brightening space of the theatre. Collective affects are productive of a 'non-sovereign relationality' (Berlant in Berlant and Markbrieter, 2019, no pagination). A collective sense of the historical present which is active and connected to multiple worlds and multiple presents. It enables a sense of the historic which disrupts the sense of the present as a 'vanishing point between awful or edenic pasts and apocalyptic futures' (Haraway, 2016b, p.1). It dials down an external, melodramatic view of a clean break a fixed and finished past between an industrial 'before' and a post-industrial 'after' reflective of how people actually experience the historical sensorium 'always in a loosely woven state of becoming' (Berlant in Berlant and Markbrieter, 2019, no pagination).

Chapter Three: Lines of Association

Billy turned over. Jud followed him and cough-coughed into his neck. Billy pulled the blankets up round his ears and wiped his neck with them. Most of the bed was now empty, and the unoccupied space quickly cooled. Silence. The noise brought Billy upright, feeling for it in the darkness, eyes shut tight. Jud groaned and hunched back across the cold sheet. He reached down the side of the bed and knocked the clock over, grabbed for it, and knocked it further away.

'Come here, you bloody thing.'

He stretched down and grabbed it with both hands. The glass lay curved in one palm, while the fingers of this other hand fumbled amongst the knobs and levers at the back. He found the lever and the noise stopped. Then he coiled back into bed and left the clock lying on its back.

'The bloody thing.'

He stayed in his own half of the bed, groaning and turning over every few minutes. Billy lay with his back to him listening. Then he turned his cheek slightly from the pillow.

'Jud?'

'What?'

'Tha'd better get up.'

No answer.

'Alarm's gone off tha knows.'

'Think I don't know?' (Hines, 2000, pp.9-10).

When I wake, I feel cool sheets and sense that the alarm is doing its thing. At first, it's the light, a gradual brightening turning to white. It mimics the daylight that won't arrive for a while, another couple of hours at least. Then comes the cheeping. A recording of a blackbird which feels much less severe than the "brrrring" of the bell, the little metal hammer I imagine clanging rapidly against the bells on Billy and Jud's alarm. Mine is no run-of-the-mill alarm clock, it's the kind - the box assured me, that the Olympic rowing team uses. As John Cooper Clarke would say, I'm used to 'luxury, pure unashamed luxury' (Clarke, 2020, p.13). In the midst of this, I feel the cool sensation of bedroom air (as opposed to duvet warmth) on my outstretched arm, groping, reaching out for the alarm clock when I make a swipe for the sun. Once I've turned over, I am in the pocket of quiet, the pregnant sort of silence in the space around the bed. Silence is punctured by one of the many offensive alarms set on my phone every day with the knowledge that this exact

pattern will occur. I am now properly awake thanks to a duck's quacking, a loud old-fashioned car horn, and a dog barking and our cat, Yuffie, scarpers. Things were different before what is now permanent home working as a result of the coronavirus pandemic, where the commute is pretty much non-existent. On a different schedule from my partner Jethro, like Billy I used to get to stay in bed a bit longer. His tossing and turning unsettles me and I implore him to get up. Mustering enough lucidity to act as a second or third alarm clock I become the voice of reason then in the midst of a jaggedy silence that resumes after staccato sentences I turn, clawing back some of the bedding and catch forty more winks.

In those first words spoken in the book, I hear 'tha'd' (you had), 'gi' o'er' (give over), and 'I'll tell mi mam on thi' and I am swept off to a different house altogether (Hines, 2000, pp.1-3). I am shuttled back to words I would hardly say now ('gi' o'er') and the burning hot injustice of younger siblinghood. As I read, I am in my room on the day I found my Gary Barlow CD in the bin. The day it became apparent that the time had passed for proper playfighting between Dave and me, how the gulf between me still very much a kid and him a teenager opened up. 'Gi' o'er' (pronounced giiiiorr!!) being the only proper response to the television remote being taken off you, to a fart making its way through the brown velvety cushions on our sofa at Redbrook Road.

Not just memories but other things arise as I read, as I continue through the morning with Billy as Hines' writing brings things into view. It brings into view the feeling of being smaller of being at the mercy of a big brother. It brings those words into my mouth, it reminded me of how it feels to say "gi' o'er!" It causes my mind to flit to thinking about Wyatt and Erin, my niece and nephew, and how they use that same phrase. It being regionally and age-specific and having a timespan of its own (E. Swithenbank and W. Swithenbank,

ongoing). The phrase, used with friends or kids at school your brother or sister and then halts – you hear it no more until it appears on someone else’s younger, exasperated lips.

As I read, things that are more-than memory, more like the ‘great piles of living’ that Stewart conjures the things that are ‘not exactly memories but can pop up’ continue to do so (Stewart, 2013a, p.33). They pop up as I continue reading and my mum’s childhood bedroom on Sheffield Road in Barnsley coheres. I think of her and Auntie Teresa, her nearest sister in age, sharing a bed. I wonder what that must have been like, more intimate than bunk beds. I piece together from what I have been told, imagined, or have overheard them saying a picture of a large iron bedstead, with coats piled up on top. Other things pop up, her stories of sharing a bed with her Nannan on her visits from over in Keighley and how she pretended to be asleep while her grandmother undressed. I wondered what she got up to, other than taking her girdle off, for the half an hour my mum might have exaggerated about. Following the ‘tracks of action and reaction’ (Stewart, 2013a, p.32) that spill out as I try to bring my mind back to the centre (like in meditation). I come back to the words, as I move further through the morning with Billy. As I read over the words ‘gi’ o’er’, ‘mam’ and ‘thi’ a broad smile spreads across my face, surprised at seeing these words which heretofore I had only heard said, never seen in black and white. Now up and dressed I follow Billy downstairs over his shoulder (we both wear white cotton vests), past the loo at the foot of the stairs, round the corner and across the threshold into the living room, cream woodchip and the brown velvet suite.

The alarm rang as he was emptying the ashes in the dustbin. Dust clouded up into his face as he dropped the lid back on and ran inside, but the noise stopped before he could reach it. He knelt down in front of the empty grate and scrunched sheets of newspaper into loose balls, arranging them in the grate like a bouquet of hydrangea flowers. Then he picked up the hatchet, stood a nog of wood on the hearth and struck it down the centre. The blade bit and held. He lifted the hatchet with the nog attached and smashed it down, splitting the nog in half and chipping the tile with the blade. He split

the halves into quarters, down through eighths to sixteenths, then arranged these sticks over the paper like the struts of a wigwam. He completed the construction with lumps of coal, building them into a loose shell, so that sticks and paper showed through the chinks. The paper caught with the first match, and the flames spread quickly underneath, making the chinks smoke and the sticks crack. He waited for the first burst of flames up the back of the construction, then stood up and walked into the kitchen, and opened the pantry door. There were a packet of dried peas and a half bottle of vinegar on the shelves. The bread bin was empty. Just inside the doorway, the disc of the electricity meter circled slowly in its glass case. The red arrow appeared, and disappeared (Hines, 2000, p.12).

As Billy makes the fire, I am in grandad's living room, in that same house on Sheffield Road, not as it is now but as it was when I used to go over during the school holidays, or when mum lived there from being small. I sit on the sofa, legs dangling and keep an eye out for Cracker, who was a small dog with a taste for children's socks and a love of the chase to reclaim said socks. As I sit, I see Grandad Jack's checked-shirt-clad-back bending at the fire. As he stoops the short black shovel scrapes the bottom of the fireplace 'chhhh' as he scoops ash out of the grate. A broader view opens up to reveal the big black box of a telly, his Mega Drive (on which we'd play Sonic, Bubsy, and sometimes when David, Lee or John were there Clay Fighters – pronounced 'Clay feeters') and cable box stacked together on a black plastic stand. The long windowsill above his armchair spreads out, filled with houseplants, the wall behind the hearth cast in a rough stone brick. On the mantel above his head brass figures, a hunter holding a pheasant by his side, a ship, a horse, a squat and tantalising bell as well as tens of other sturdy figures run across its length on either side of a carriage clock. The kind of clock with a cute gold-plated door with a tiny handle to the rear which felt magic.

Now in his nineties, grandad relents and allows his daughters to make the fire for him. Necessary for his daily ablutions, the fire's back boiler provides hot water for his radiators and taps. Still deeply involved in the process he follows them to remind them of each step and the just-so of how to do it. He details exactly how to manoeuvre a pole and the lid of

the bin so as not to get a face full of ash. To the left of his armchair, sits a small wooden stool – mine to sit on when the sofas were full up with adult or bigger kid bums. The stool, now scratched but painted in bright red and green, is stacked with newspapers (though he has kept the *Fun Day Times* to one side for whichever grandchild might be over). In down time you can help by taking each sheet and folding them again and again to make sticks which will be consumed by the fire and help to light the coal.

I am back with Billy as he puts on the jumper left on the settee – the O, the tyre he makes slipping it over his head (Hines, 2000, p.11). Closing the door, I watch the leccy meter spin, in a moment of moving through the house it catches your eye as it spins constantly and mesmerizingly. Putting on his jacket and vaulting the front wall, his anorak catching the wind and flapping behind him as he turns onto the street.

The sky was a grey wash; pale grey over the fields behind the estate but darkening overhead, to charcoal away over the City. The street lamps were still on and a few lighted windows glowed the colours of their curtains. Billy passed two miners returning silently from the night shift. A man in overalls cycled by, treading the pedals slowly. The four of them converged, and parted, pursuing their various destinations at various speeds. Billy reached the recreation ground. The gate was locked, so he stepped back and sprang onto the interlaced wire fence, scaled it and placed one foot on top ready for the descent. The whole section between the concrete posts shuddered beneath his weight. He rode it, with one hand and one foot on top, the other arm fighting for balance; but the more he fought, the more it shook, until finally it shook him off, over the other side into the long grass. He stood up. His pumps and jeans were saturated, and there was dog shit on one hand. He wiped it in the grass, smelled his fingers, then ran across the football pitch. Behind the top goal, the rows of children's swings had all been wrapped round their horizontal supporting bars. He found a doghole in the fence at the other side of the pitch and crept through on to the City Road. A double-decker bus passed, followed closely by two cars. Their engines faded and no other vehicles approached. The road lamps went out, and for a few moments the only sound in the dark morning was the squelch of Billy's pumps as he crossed the road (Hines, 2000, p.13).

I feel the stomach-jolting bounce, the glance round, the ungainly dismount onto the other side, the quick check to see if you have ripped or snared your clothes on barbed wire. As Billy arrives on the recreation ground, 'pumps and jeans [...] saturated', with 'dog shit on

one hand' (Hines, 2000, p.13) I arrive on Gawber rec. The flat expanse of council-maintained grass materializes and slopes down steep to the allotments and the play area which too features a 'row of children's swings [which had] all been wrapped round their horizontal supporting bars' (Hines, 2000, p.13). I feel the sensation of wet grass through pumps, through socks as I climb up out of the basin of the rec.

Up on the top of the rec looking back I see Rebecca Lucy Taylor, a glamorous, queer pop star from South Yorkshire. Charging across the open expanse of the rec, with a gang of dancers, dressed in pastel pinks, blues and purples in bungalow-lined cul-de-sacs she moves 'right, left baby in time' where she is in Rotherham (Self Esteem, 2019). I march with Rebecca, through the tree lined snicket before coming to a standstill, gorgeous dancers, colours, and the shape of their movements mirrored in a pool of standing water that accumulates on the rec on the football pitch. Billy, Rebecca, and I look back surveying the pool on the pitch, the swings wrapped around the bars, and the allotment. We wipe our pumps on a clump of longer grass to remove the last of the dog shit and head off up towards the top shops on the main road.

Associations, lines of thought, and images spray off these passages as I read like the sparks of a Catherine Wheel. More-than-representational, more than memory or documentary, the details of Billy's morning conjure a barrage of things ('objects, events, plans, roadblocks, the great piles of scenes of living') that 'pop up' (Stewart, 2013a, p.33), a verbal register of childhood fighting and burning injustice, the textures and dynamic qualities of the living room that forms up around you on the day of the last fight you'd ever have (but you didn't know it at the time), stories of shared sleeping arrangements, a flashing up of a girls bedroom in 1970s décor, the hazy figure of a great grandmother I never met, changing images of grandads house on Upper Sheffield Road, the small

movements and order of fire making, the sensation of rolling up newspaper and the sound of grandad scraping metal on metal and the texture of his checked-shirt back, a chipped-painted stool and the thrill of the sock-chase, the rec at Redbrook, the open skyline and the pastel 'athleisure' wear of Rebecca Lucy Taylor and the dancers in the video and the heart bursting, gut-punching gladness to see them in that landscape that drives you to write your first ever comment on a YouTube video (Self Esteem, 2019). In this chapter, I'll follow out these associations as lines of enquiry, those 'great piles' of living that cross temporalities and attachments in the historical present.

Dads (who) work nights

The dynamic quality of the meeting, convergence, and departure of Billy, the two miners and the man on the bicycle sets off an 'associational spin' (Stewart, 2015, p.28) and Lewis's dad, who was built like a brick shit house, pops up. On the rare occasion I saw him he looked odd, out of place moving through the house. Almost too big for the dining table, he seemed to fill up the living room, he clashed against the dainty flowery textiles and ornaments in the kitchen. Lewis and his sister Emily lived three doors down from the house I grew up in on Redbrook Road (their parents still live there, I noticed Lewis's mum and sister as I walked up to the shops from my mum's house the other month, unloading shopping from the boot and chatting. Even twenty years later I still glanced up at the top bedroom wondering exactly where that lizard, whose whereabouts made me nervous as a kid, was). Their dad, the nice but grumpy brick shit house with jet black hair worked nights as a miner, while their mum a pale and neat woman (who somehow had the look of a baker) worked at a kid's designer clothing shop.

In the school holidays and at weekends I would go to call on them, taking what I perceived to be a short cut, over the back fence, round the back of Bert's pigeon shed, past the house in between and over the short wall and into their garden – much easier than simply waking up our drive onto the pavement and down round the back to the door. Their house mirrored ours, theirs being the righthand house of a semi while ours was the left side, so the layout was the same but flipped. They or previous owners had changed things. The dining room wall had been knocked through and large glass doors had been installed, the toilet at the foot of the stairs, where ours was replete with lino, Dad's Viz magazines and a family of woodlice, theirs had been removed and made into a storage cupboard with shelves and shelves of brightly coloured Disney videos and neatly arranged toys.

An atmosphere of hush, the same as at my house where my dad too slept during the day after working nights as a HGV driver. Where in the afternoons he'd snooze on the settee, while World's Strongest Man, reruns of Time Team, or various engineering programmes played on the telly. Tired of the semi-educational programming mainly geared towards men, I would play the part of Indiana Jones, attempting to steal the golden statue in Raiders of the Lost Ark. In this case the priceless object was the remote control cradled between heavy folded arms. Even if successful I would be foiled minutes later when upon changing the channel he would sleepily grumble 'I was watching that' (Mark Swithenbank, ca.1994-2006).

'How'd you get into that?'
(Berlant and Stewart, 2019, p.100)

I ask Peter a version of 'how'd you get into that?' I had expected him to say something like 'my mum and dad came so I came to the club as a child and continued ever since' – but that wasn't at all what he said (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, p.100). He came

into the orbit of the club when he bought the house across the road – a big semidetached house looking over the valley. He told me about how he would come up on his days off and in the evenings after work to do up the house, to get it ready for his wife and new baby daughter and him to move in. He told me about how his next-door neighbour would pop in to say hello, to give him a hand or lend him tools, about how he introduced him to the club, brought him in and signed him in as his guest.

Though this was not the first time he had heard about the club, nor was it even his first time in the building, this time his visits with his new neighbour stuck and took on a new significance. For whatever reason - perhaps it was becoming a new father, perhaps it was making a new friend who helped him navigate this new world - he has remained in proximity even after moving house to a different village. His attachment to the club is strong he tells me about how he comes in several times a week, and how he is now one of the longest-standing members.

I'll tell you a tale⁶

I'll tell you a tale since we're in a valley filled with them, with tall ones, with hazy ones and ones sharply remembered like it was yesterday (C. Hoyle, 2019). Not a tale about the Linfit Leadboilers, or the cuckoo at Marsden or the Slawit Moonrakers. Nor one about whether a squirrel could at one time have leapt from tree to tree for the entire length of the valley.

A tale that trickles, almost forgotten like the little stream that once passed the front of the old club. A tale passed down by parents and grandparents who told tales of the 1920s, the

⁶ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

decade of the general strike around when the club was built. A tale of greens dug out by hand in the valley, a tale in which the two words, jam-bread, conjure up a picture of what life was like then (B. Howlett, 2019).

A tale that's writ large through the furnishings of the club. Expressed through rewiring and decorating, through daffodil bulbs planted and buns on sale in the kitchen, and through carefully word-processed documents pinned to noticeboards.

A tale about Christmas dinners shared together, and phone calls to check on members who are absent or had a funny turn (Hall, 2019). A tale about odd jobs done for veteran members; leaks that were mended, and gardens that were tended (B. Howlett, 2019).

A tale about weddings, engagements, and births. About legendary buffets, scraps, to-dos and ding-dongs. About daftness, Miss Broad Oak, men who dance with brooms, July barbeques with a festive theme: Christmas on Bondi beach and silly full English breakfast patterned ties (D. Hoyle, 2019). A tale about two members' valiant effort to stop crisps going up in price by a penny (Garside, 2019).

Wheeled out, dusted off, laughed over raucously⁷

A tale that has a defined beginning, middle and end. One that's well-worn like stone steps treaded regularly, with all the details thread to t' needle. Or a tale that comes in parts, pieces of them scattered, remembered by different people to make up a whole. A tale about a house all decorated on the end. About friends who 'had a brilliant night

⁷ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

doing all this', while two friends were away for a big birthday celebration in the Lakes (Stella Devlin, 2019). The poem on the gable end itself a gap in the tale, waiting to be retold by another.

More than inconsistency or memory loss, this is a tale that comes in parts and pieces and is distributed, dispersed amongst people responsible for their own portion of telling. They tell the bits that spark or glow most for them, the things that only they noticed that builds together the whole – the story that one person alone would not be able to tell it requires 'circuits of action and reaction' (Stewart, 2010, p.339).

Sometimes tales show up as recursive, 'banter' among men rather than from thread to needle or distributed tellings. Sometimes they show up (or pop up relating to associational quality) as a phrase or a question which has the power to recall a whole story or situation. When one friend asks the other what time he got up most times he sees him (about two to three times a week, sometimes more) it's a call back to the day they went on a trip and the second friend overslept derailing their plans. No response or additional detail is needed, you might only get it if you specifically ask or like on this occasion if another friend protests. The chain is broken when another friend explodes after being repeatedly ribbed over his taking up of meat-free Mondays with his wife. Feeling sensitive and tiring of the chain of banter he airs the intimate quality of their relationship saying something like "what now? are you going to ask him what time he got up?"

I'll tell you a tale, one that starts sometime before that date inscribed on the stone at the entrance to the car park, before the one on the plaque too. This tale isn't fully written down anywhere, no books, no archive, and no memoir. I'll tell you a tale, one without a definite end, whose details hide in nooks and crannies waiting to be brought out, on the

tip of a tongue getting remembered, that will be wheeled out, dusted off and laughed over raucously.

Behind the scenes⁸

People have always thrown in to do jobs, to take on the little bits (Steve Devlin, 2019). People are there to help when the club needs a hand, for jumble sales, for pie and peas. Hot dogs and jackets, fireworks and bollards. Knocking on to ask, can you do us these potatoes?’ (Steve Devlin, 2019). Batches nestled in ovens all round Linthwaite before they came together to be eaten by the fire, with family, maybe beans.

Staying up late to do the subs, checking the tally, with coins all over the rug (B. Howlett, 2019). Bringing out fine china for officials, and putting together sit-down teas for them to accompany Yorkshire matches (B. Howlett, 2019). Collecting selection boxes from the loading bay of Superdrug, there were that many. One year ninety-four kiddies. All of that wrapping must have felt worth it, seeing every room of the club filled with kids opening presents (Stella Delvin, 2019; Steve Devlin, 2019).

Digging the holes, filling with concrete, walkin’ the floodlights up, standing tall over the green (Armitage, 2019). Let there be light! Hard graft that. Sanding the ceiling with a sandstone, roping people in with the know-how, with the skills. Who’s got a ladder, who’s good with numbers, who can keep an eye on the bottom line? (Garside, 2019). These little bits and the jobs done behind the scenes amount to a lot when a visitor walks in and say, “why can’t we have something like this?” (Hall, 2019).

⁸ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

Through the archway⁹

Through the little thin archway (that two of you together couldn't get through) people entered, the same as now through the porch under that same archway carefully embedded in the brickwork (Armitage, 2019).

Through the archway, you might enter as a new member. Introduced to the place by your next-door neighbour (Garside, 2019). As a baby in a 90s patterned baby carrier (C. Hoyle, 2019). Just as a natural progression when your grandad, your dad, his brothers, your brothers and sisters were members here (Hall, 2019). As a young couple looking for a new local finding a new, purpose-made club right there (C. Hoyle, 2019; D. Hoyle, 2019).

Through the archway, you might enter as a young 'un, dodging games on a Thursday (Hall, 2019). On Sunday afternoons with a little bottle of orange, a can of pop, and some crisps, watching the older gents play on the green. As a teenager to play snooker and have an eye kept on you by a watchful stewardess before becoming more interested in going round town (Stella Devlin, 2019).

Through the archway, you might enter after being away for a while, far from home. As four drunken matelots who muster on leave. As a family for the annual Christmas bash. As someone whose mother kept their membership open all year, just in case.

⁹ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

Through the archway, you might enter to get to your meeting. To seek consensus or a plan of action with the rest of the committee. To discuss dry stone walling techniques or plans to raise money for the church roof. To get things done.

Through the archway, you might enter as newlyweds for your evening do, in fancy dress for an 18th or 21st, dressed up to the nines for the turn, for New Year's or a family party (C. Hoyle, 2019).

Through the archway, you might enter just like always, part of the routine more often than not. For a quiet pint and to read the sports section. To buy a drink for your opponent after a bowling match. Like clockwork as you do every Thursday and Sunday for bingo (B. Howlett, 2019).

Round town

On nights like this one shaped up to be where you're out 'til death (which used to mean being out until last orders at 11.30 but now with 24hr opening it usually means some distant hour early on Saturday morning), a taxi is necessary to getting back home. Wandering up Eldon Street, past (or via) Best Kebab, downhill towards the level crossing and the outdoor market on Midland Street past the silent shuttered bus station is where the taxi rank can be found. It's usually a busy queue, which always feels inordinately long whether it takes 5, 10 or 20 minutes. The dress code is tight t-shirts on loud lads joking, laughing recounting details from their night out, women holding clutches and high heels that have not long been dispensed with. Getting to the front of the queue passengers exchange details with taxi drivers. With their origins in Barnsley and nearby Sheffield the

Arctic Monkeys capture this brief moment concisely when Alex Turner sings at a steady pace;

Ask if we can have six in
 If not we'll have to have two.
 You're coming up to our end, aren't you?
 So I'll get one wi' you
 Won't he let us have six in?
 'Specially not with the food
 He could have just told us 'no' though
 He din't have to be rude.
 You see her with the green dress?
 She talked to me at the bar
 How come its already two-pound-fifty
 We've only gone abart a yard (Arctic Monkeys, 2006).

3 o'clock kick-off. It's early on Saturday afternoon, walking together, me my brother, my nephew and Shaun set off towards town for a matchday pint. Little groupings of others, clad in red home in on the pub on Market Hill. This particular pub is convenient and family-friendly, a stone's throw from the crossroads where we'll slip down Midland Street, waiting at the level crossing before climbing up towards Oakwell football ground.

In my late twenties, Saturday nights in town are different, it's the upstairs of the Old No 7, across the road and down The Victorian Arcade. Down this way, you can circumvent Eldon Street and stay dry in the rain, with brown brick paving stretching out under the ornate triangular glass roof, down to the craft beer bar. On the way, a glance up the snicket to Hanson Street provides a snapshot of Lucorum, a flash of being 17, sticky bar, cider and black, the packed smoking area, a thick "velvet" curtain, the eye of a square, sceptical bouncer. I hear Terry Hall, from where he is aged 22 in 1981 in Coventry where he 'sits and watch[es] his money go, at the Locarno night club, where he too sees 'Bouncers bouncing through the night, trying to stop or start a fight' (The Specials, 1980). Where he 'sit[s] and watch[es] the flashing lights, moving legs in footless tights' (The Specials, 1980).

Stella and Brenda

This study is a part of my fieldwork which will form part of my PhD thesis. My overall research focuses on life in deindustrialised areas in the north of England. My focus is specifically on how people continue to survive and 'get by' in the context of the loss of jobs and industries, austerity measures and cuts to government spending. Within my research, I plan to show how lively and resourceful people living in these areas continue to be despite the challenges we face (L. Swithenbank, 2019, p.1).

Looking back now this feels like my own version of the *A Kestrel for a Knave* blurb.

This description which I offered up and tried to articulate verbally to people I knew, people who I was about to interview. It signalled that I'm outside somehow even though I used the word 'we'. I included myself as the subject for analysis, a part in the brave, big (totalizing, allegedly ubiquitous deindustrialisation) yet small story (makes small, flat detail-less). As I approached the interviews Stella told me about her summers playing behind the bail sheds on the river as Brenda told me about the fine detail of the cloth checking process, of piece work done at home while she was looking after her young daughters (Stella Devlin, 2019).

Stella told me about playing round the back of the mill while her mum was at work in the summer holidays and about the tree swing over the water. About the break room and the two brothers who ran the mill – one dead smart, dressed up in a full suit, the other covert in mucky overalls, looking like an employee and realising this in the packed break room as a young woman sat on the counter (for want of a seat) as people brewed up. I felt the jolt of surprise, and I sense the stiffening of her back, the slowing of her swinging legs as she realises. As her colleague tells her who he is in a hushed tone, I can see her chin dropping and a polite smile spreading on her face (Stella Devlin, 2019).

As they spoke this story, the story of ‘resourcefulness’ and ‘liveliness’ paled into the background. The timing and the tone seemed all off as did the narrative I carried, subsumed from external, dominant tellings of ‘this’ story. Humouring me, trying to help me out and figure out what it is I wanted Brenda offered to find her dad’s paperwork from the mill – it had proper dates and it confirmed in black and white as a *historical fact* that her dad was twelve or thirteen when he started working a heavy manual job (B. Howlett, 2019). There was no spark and as we both tried hard to make this sound like new shocking information – her for my benefit and mine to somehow heap praise on her dad or somehow say that it was shocking and shouldn’t have happened this faded into the background, she never did find that paperwork, nor did I ever ask for it.

We talked instead, about what was not overdetermined about the lives of men of his sort of generation. About what he was attached to, what he was in proximity to, and what part of the relay he carried. We talked about the active workings of his life that mattered as they showed up in her early life. We talked about them bowling together every week, travelling up to the club on the bus with a packed lunch. We talked about how she learned to bowl, how she carried it on after he died, and how she won the trophy that he never did. How the relay continued with her daughter and the trouble she got in as a ‘petticoat protestor’ (B. Howlett, 2019; J. Howlett, 2019).

We talked about the piles of living that actually *mattered*, the match stalks around the green, the little bottles of orange (B. Howlett, 2019). We talked about how he was touched by and touched other people, sometimes literally in terms of how he used to cut hair at the club once a week, how he turned his hand to French polishing, shoe and clock mending for people (B. Howlett, 2019). We talked about the cacophony of ticking across the house and I felt the heat of her mother’s reaction to having her home turned into a noisy

workshop, at being left on Sundays while Brenda and her father bowled (B. Howlett, 2019). We talked about the nearness of that past when women stayed at home to make the Sunday dinner while the men went to the pub. We talked about how my grandma (who would be about the same age as Brenda if she was still alive) got a hostess trolley so that we all went to the pub and returned to a full dinner (with slightly stewed carrots) (B. Howlett, 2019).

Slowly, my orientation changed. Instead of trying to write an official history, attempting to draw together an archive of a place that neither wanted nor needed it, I focussed on the detail, the active and ongoing telling and retelling of the story of the club. I focussed, with the generous help of members, on the actual activities of the club where all these elements are live and happening. The affective activity, the relay of these elements being carried forwards and that recursively, even partially, come up again and again. Elements that are live not finished or fixed. My orientation changed through these conversations, interviews, and interactions with Brenda, with Stella and by extension with their mums and dads, other club members, siblings, other kids in the village, with my grandparents, with the brothers who ran the mill as well as others. With a whole procession of people as well as a slow drip of uncomfortable feelings, gut reactions and reflection on my own family's not clear-cut or straightforward reaction to the pits closing (our regional and industry-specific deindustrialisation) my orientation changed and I was instead becoming a kind of 'a letter writer writing of a world to a world' (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, p.131).

With this, the first piece of the collection I wrote, being the first letter:

Top of the valley ¹⁰

Sat up high on the hill, I search for you from the bottom of the valley. I try to spot you from the Transpennine express from Huddersfield, calling at: Manchester Victoria, Newton le Willows and Liverpool Lime Street only. It's like I'm trying to put an invisible pin up there, on the top of the valley from way down here hurtling by in the sweet spot between Golcar and Slaithwaite. My eyes scan high up the top of the valley, looking for the scrappy patch of the gas board tip just below you, the blackened sandstone spire of Linthwaite church silhouetted against the sky to your right.

Once the train flies by Titanic Mill I know I've missed you, but I trace the line up from the canal up to you. I imagine tripping up the worn stone steps by the mill, across Manchester Road where you can glimpse David's back-to-backs with the tin bath in the cellar to the left (D. Hoyle, 2019). From this point, routes spin out towards the top of the valley (depending on how fit you feel, or whether there's ice underfoot). Left towards Slant Gate, not for the faint of heart, or right, to wind up Causeway Side, or straight up Hoyle Ing, a little less vertical but steep enough to warrant a handrail to be embedded in the wall at the bottom. Climbing up this way, past the Sair, up the snicket next door past the weaver's cottages, past the beautiful gardens that jut out of the hill. Once up on the top road lungs and shins can recover on the short and thankfully downhill walk on the road, up the drive, up to your door.

Once I can imagine you, set in the valley like a gem I can just about picture what's going on, depending on the time of year or the time of day. Be it deliveries or line cleaning on a

¹⁰ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

weekday morning or the woman who cleans getting the place fit for the next day. In the evenings I can picture the bolts being drawn back at the front door, the panel of eight light switches being clicked on at once, the bar shutters noisily rolling up – the eyes of the bar slowly opening, ready to see members. I can picture the long line of stewards, of barmaids, who settle into their shifts, coat off, dishwasher on while the lights of the beer taps blink into a steady glow as the club wakes up for the night.

I can envisage what might be happening dependent on the season. I can feel the excitement of spring when bowlers roll up to the car park fresh with new season vigour or winter when players brace against horizontal rain for dominoes as the nights draw in.

Coming up to Christmas 2020, it's thirty years since you upped sticks and moved across the green to your new spot. It's thirty years since the last carpet went down a couple of hours before opening when members got their first look at the space. Locked down, in the middle of the coronavirus pandemic, I'm far away on the wrong side of the Pennines, I think of you now.

I think of you when I walk past the green in my local park and the Working Men's at the end of my road. These places are portals that bring me back to you, back to the conversations I had with people about you for this project, the times I stood behind the bar or watched a turn or sat with the girls on a Friday night in the back room. I think too of the next time I'll watch the bowling in the sun, bump into someone for a natter in the ladies, or pop in for a drink at Christmas. But for now, I offer these poems as a thanks, to the members who gave interviews, invited me to meetings, put up with my questions, offered me a bun, let me watch your matches and shared a drink with me. A toast to thirty more years!

Chapter Three Conclusion

Processing through the morning with Billy and Jud I am still firmly writing from an orientation of witness in my reading and working with *A Kestrel for a Knave*. The qualities of the text, the attention to detail and the affective qualities of contact with the world works up to a being in relation to worlds which sparks associations, things that pop up and cause me to bring other with us. Dave, Mum and Auntie Teresa, Grandad Hobson, Rebecca Lucy Taylor and her pastel-clad dancers join in procession, moving through bedrooms, living rooms and out up on the rec in relation.

I continue to move through the morning, and as I read, digest, and compose my mind makes an associative leap between Billy's meeting with the men coming back and going to work and the rhythms and traces of men who worked nights near to me. Thinking with and between the different men associations come up, the textures and materials of the different houses, the feeling of being in space with them, the tussle over the television and the mirrored qualities of a neighbour's house. Following these associations out, what showed up was not the overdetermined social-realist connotations or images of working men but the particular activities and energies around them thrown together with the piles of living that make up experience.

In relation with the club, associations spin into thinking through attachment to place, how being associated and attached to the club is more complex than a linear familial inheritance. Getting into something, in proximity to it and deeply attached comes up in unexpected ways, the place over the road coming to have resonance for him slowly, through association with his neighbour, with his young family and a renovation project.

Tales bloom from an associative practice of chatting, of things coming up, a detail that triggers lines of association, about the processual history of a valley, of a club and the specific details, objects, and matter that set off a line of thinking. A continued line of the practice of storytelling that makes a place habitable for others.

Tales that are wheeled out and dusted off recursively, where certain elements are distributed among people relationally and without prior planning. Association here is required, not because of inconsistency or memory loss but as a process of collective action, like the jobs people throw in to make events or the club itself habitable – like the distributed cooking of jacket potatoes in ovens up and down Linthwaite but as a relational and ongoing practice – a non-sovereign practice of collective action and spreading of responsibility, of the pressure of events, finances, of hosting officials and maintaining a place and its grounds all of which does not yet have a definitive end.

Procession comes as a rite of passage, as habits learned and entrained through proximate attachment. Proceeding through the archway as a new baby, a teen, on an ordinary day as a part of your routine or in order to get something done people are in relation. Over the course of a long engagement with this place and with the other people who also proceed patterns work up not passively but in a kind of associative reciprocity in the case of going round town, or out to the football you find yourself in relay with stories or songs that embed or tell the tale of processual practices while in turn activating those practices through engaging with them.

In the midst of the process of talking through these activities, their meaning and intensity with people associative conversations, attachments and piles of living pulled me out of

telling distant, external, and compositionally fixed kind of stories. Freewheeling with Brenda and Stella we got to talking about the piles of living, the actual connections, practices and stories which pulled me away from the linear telling of a time before and after industry already so overdetermined we all knew how to do the dance activated by my intentions (L. Swithenbank 2019) which Brenda, in turn, sought to appease via hard historical documents and faux surprise at child labour (B. Howlett, 2019). Getting past that and pulled into a line of association which didn't follow the pattern of social realist history I was trying to organise - an associational spin of things, connections, activities, and objects that actually mattered came into view. Together in the present, we sensed the historical through the near past of summer holiday playing out, the greenness of young women as we started work and the kinds of intensity and stuckness around Sunday dinner, the power of the hostess trolley and the significance of stewed carrots. Through their patience and practice of sensing the historical through an entrained habit of telling tales, Brenda and Stella brought me *with* them, and enabled an associational practice of my own, more finely attuned to 'what's going on' than I had ever hoped (Stewart, 2007, p.4).

The affective modality of the processual here, the relational sensing and distributed, associational activity that occur in multiple worlds in procession gives particularity to approaching affective realism. Mirroring the qualities of how these worlds are thrown together and the particular associative practices that strengthen attachment and make worlds habitable for others this associational practice of writing inspired by Stewart (2015) approaches the genre of affective realism still firmly from the orientation of witness and gets beyond what is overdetermined.

Chapter Four: Circulation: bingo and bumper stickers

'r Billy at Dot's

Another image of "'r Billy" came to visit me. This version of Billy was not like the one in the library knelt down in jeans, a shirt and a jacket looking into the distance with Kes perched atop his glove. This image was Billy alone, it bugged me and stayed with me as I wrote, as I thought, and as I read. I had seen it so many times, it popped up around town, and once, somewhere far-flung where I hadn't expected to see it but can't quite remember where now. I saw him, out the corner of my eye. He bobbed, or rather I did, walking somewhere along a terraced-lined street in the town centre. His image was featured on one of those car stickers. One of the ones that stick in your window rather than your bumper, placing it at eye level for other drivers, and pedestrians to scan and take in really quick. Other stickers might say, "*Baby on board*" or "*Fitted with black box*". More often than not now, you might see "riffs" (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, p.5) on those classic stickers like "*Princess on board*", or "*Black box fitted, trust me I'm more ****ed off than you!*" (Stickers seen on car windows, 2021). Sometimes stickers feel super niche, the other day I saw one that read "*Ginger Inside*" – the font and the sweeping circle disconnected at one side, unmistakably referencing the stickers which featured on desktop computer stacks and laptops in the 1990s.

The words 'Billy sez yer too close' which must have been written underneath the image float through my head as I follow this image out, stalking around the terraced street via google maps street view (Billy Casper bumper sticker, ca.2010). Swooping down Eldon street north, past the barbers with the old handmade sign and the tiny chippy, left up Bridge Street, the street that comes to mind when I picture this version of Billy. I inch my

way past the long, long strip of sandstone houses and with a matching long line of cars parked bumper to bumper all along it. I attempt to angle the view just right to look in the rear window of the trail of parked cars but to no avail. With no sign of him there I pan right onto Old Mill Lane facing down towards Smithies and the big Asda. I come to Dot's, on the way down. It's one of those corner shops in an ordinary end-of-terrace house where you can picture where the suite would go, a rug, the television and occasionally you might glimpse a sense of domestic life, the smell of dinner or washing powder. Moving the slider on the left hand through the different months and years that the google car drove past the shop I flick to June 2012 and in the window, two t-shirts are hung up. I zoom in on the image for a better look at the white shirts. Though the image is heavily pixelated, I can see that they are both priced at £14.99 and one has the distinct outline of Billy. That image of Billy, flicking the Vs.

Searching google for these t-shirts and the stickers I come across their source - a website run by Dai Bradley, the actor who depicted Billy in *Kes* the film adaptation of the book. With the subtitle of '*Rebel with a cause,*' the project website is described as 'the place to visit for all personally signed pics, and mounted pics, DVD's [sic], plus the 40th Anniversary T-shirts and a new Billy Casper Charity Car Sticker' (Dai Bradley, 2010, no pagination).

Bingo circulates 1¹¹

Bingo begins when people drift in, in couples, in groups, or at the last minute – coat swept up off the back of a chair, a half-drunk pint in tow. Players home in on the same

¹¹ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

seats, the same formation, so as not to throw everybody out. People circulate, they move around the space – automatically almost between the front door, the coat pegs and their seats, from the tap room where they've sat at the bar for a few hours catching up with mates or having an after-work pint, from the flat upstairs, to setting up the bar, unlocking the bandit and the front doors for the barmaid (that - on and off from 2010-2014 - was me). The matter or materiality of the concert room (where bingo is played) also circulates. Dynamic, like Billy and Jud's bedroom, it is not inert or a backdrop simply awaiting the action. The concert room by definition is an active space – a formal room it is reserved for best. Caught up in the circular activity of the club it is special. It sees the most 'important' events, the committee meetings (though their importance is debatable – only 5-10 people show up), funerals and of course 'concerts'. It circulates in the cycle of the club – the first always to be done-up and redecorated in the room-by-room cycle that has been established of how the profits of the club get circulated. It's the face of the club, the place where non-members get to visit and often people's first introduction – it's the hire space for parties or wakes, the room for turns, where community groups sometimes attend (if it doesn't clash with bingo, of course) meetings, for karate or line dancing. Its matter circulates with certain surfaces and materials activating as they come into contact with people. Its composition includes the hard edges of the raised stage, the DJ booth housing the PA, the large speakers, dance floor edges where lino meets plush carpet, the long booths running the length of either side of the room – recently reupholstered in purple and silver from traditional maroon. On Wednesdays and Sundays, Ev and the bingo box cheerfully and sassily circulate. The box holds bingo tickets and change. Its body and handle are tiger-striped with brown tape, shallow flat, square, and wooden – properly jointed at the edges. In the breaks it changes tact and is used for raffle tickets, it circulates around the other rooms of the club before returning to the bar – the money collected is changed to notes for the prize money bound to be recirculated to the lucky winner. It feels like one

of the oldest items in the club along with Tony's pewter tankard (that was banned from being poured directly into because it holds more than a legal measure). I imagine both items straddling the old and new club – circulating very different dynamic atmospheres.

Dabbers that produce neat, inky circles are found while drinks are ordered at the bar. Drinks are the same as always, a cold barley wine, a rum and pep, a wine and soda with a twizzler, and a pint of mild or lager or cask, for the caller. As they walk from bar to stage the sound in the room gets quieter and quieter, eyes following the caller as they step up on stage to call the numbers. Behind the bar, additional dabbers (biros or dried-out felt tip pens – at a push!) can be found in the cupboard under the wine cooler for those without. Drinks commonly drunk in the concert room are in easy reach. Duplicate pumps for Fosters, San Miguel and Strongbow flank the bar. Barley Wine and Bitter Lemon sit in the fridges on this side of the bar for this occasion (selected and purchased at the cash and carry in pretty precise quantities for one or two people). The peppermint cordial for rum and pep is here too but now languishes in the cupboard, its drinker no longer with us. Black and white sambuca sit atop the back bar, the wood stained beneath the mat, their bottles slightly sticky and labels warped from being poured for shots quickly at Saturday night parties.

The “women's drinks”; twizzlers for wine and soda (for women who specify the same number of ice cubes each time, two for one, three for another), the wine chiller and brown bottles of strong barley wine on this side of the bar tell a story of the concert room as a women's space. A women's space tells the story of occasion, of active organisation and planning, of making the club habitable for others in a particular way. The activity of putting up decorations, of ferrying paper plates, baps, things of onions and roast beef, of taking round a bin liner afterwards. The organisation of the bar, the room choreography, and the

dynamic activity recalls jumble sales, bonfire night suppers, bingo, Christmas parties, and an endless procession of birthdays, wakes, christenings ‘to dos’ and ding dongs (Armitage, 2019).

Bingo circulates 2¹²

If the caller is late, Ray might say ‘have I to do it?’ a few simple words which recall that giddy atmosphere, the laughs and chaos of the (first and last) time Ray took charge. Ping pong balls all floating, he hadn’t a clue! (B. Howlett, 2019). As they tell it the room gets giddy, I ride a wave of it. It’s not only a telling or relating of what happened. It’s not only an amusing image or a way to pass the time. Ray’s short question followed by Brenda’s telling recirculates a moment shared (B. Howlett, 2019). It’s beyond that as they tell – tag team style the mood and the atmosphere in the room shifts in the present. Her words drop like ping pong (table tennis) balls – something innately funny about them, the noise, their light and bouncy movement, the onomatopoeic quality. As she talks Ray’s shoulders bob and I lean in. We get breathy, the telling becomes heightened the details of the story bounce away from us, multi-coloured, rolling away in all directions. As she relays this, she recirculates that original atmosphere and something has shifted. Momentarily there’s a warmth in the air like in the swimming baths when you graze a current of warm water being pumped into the pool or the patch of sunlight at the end of the pool at my leisure centre on sunny lunchtime sessions. The sun on tile is inviting, though, with the woman behind gaining on you, you only feel the warmth momentarily before carrying on – swimming straight, picking up the pace, changing the subject, laying out tickets, bringing out dabbers, watching and waiting for the *real* caller to arrive brisk, and briefly apologetic

¹² Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

before - taking his jacket off, swiping the pint of mild off the bar and strolling up towards the stage - bingo resumes as usual.

In the telling everything can go 'slo-mo' – a tale so interesting, the telling captivating, the effect of it a lightening, a lifting a pulling sensation (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, x). Where all those qualities suck in like a black hole and everything else, your surroundings go 'slo-mo' as you live it. You go back there, you build a picture (sometimes recursively – over a number of tellings). Things could go 'slo-mo' in a different way. The way a story never seems to end, like the ones the uncle in *Derry Girls* tells. He tells stories thread to needle, in a way that sucks the energy out of the room in a vampiric fashion. The kind of story where your enthusiasm slips, you know it would be rude to stop them, or to 'butt in'. On the other hand, butting in can do something different in the tale that has you on the edge of your seat, the story told in a group where you're getting dizzy, and giddy – you relieve the sensorium of the time, the shockingness of what happened.

Having been there, you 'butt in' to add some detail, you can't help it, a little detail here, an opinion there. A seasoned teller of that tale might hate that, they might want the telling to be just so – formulaic to get the details right, to stick the ending. The finish – jubilant, panting, a gymnastic finish. 'Butting in' could throw people off – like in the bingo- one player out of place could affect the game, the sensation of being there, rehearsing it. Those seasoned tellers 'trim the fat', cut the bits of telling that don't work so well, the detours that turn to cul-de-sacs that don't move the story or the listener anywhere. The teller 'backs up', loops back – that thing that was the foundation, that didn't matter so much now swoops in. You 'butt in' to get them to 'back up' – you want more detail, you want them to tell that story again, you ask the question, or get near the subject which makes the conditions just right for the telling.

Getting them to 'back up', wanting more detail or clarification is an active listening position. In the active listening position, you too can 'trim the fat' – you can 'butt in' to tell the next part, add the detail that's just round the corner so *they know you know*. If done right, without incident, you might too stick the landing, 'slo-mo' tempo now ended, normal speed can resume (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, x).

Bingo is intimate¹³

The first numbers ring out measured and clear. 'Knock at the door, number four' rises and falls reassuringly while wolf whistles puncture the air (swit swoo!) in the room when legs eleven comes out. The wolf-whistling is almost automatic, it can catch you off guard if you're not well versed in the active participation required as a part of bingo or the specific phrases and reactions that circulate in response to certain numbers.

There's something intimate about everyone in their own fashion, but in unison, whistling. They expel air through pursed, kissing lips or alternatively do the full fingers-and-more-practice-needed-whistle. Communicating with 'the sparest of signs and gestures' (Berlant, 1998, p.281) this group who have met almost twice every week for years know the score, they have their own seats, their own carry on that matters even to the point of people been thrown off their game if someone is missing, late or on holiday for the week (B. Howlett, 2019).

¹³ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

Bingo circulates 3¹⁴

Once the first game is complete, a break takes place where fresh sheets and drinks are purchased, people pop to the loo or for a cigarette break. And once refreshed, the steady flow of numbers resumes. In the midst of this a too loud laugh, a story told at full whack breaks the rhythm and is met with sideways looks. A laser-like stare, strong enough to bore a hole through brick, through plaster, through posters. It's force, a bolt of lightning blasting through peach-glossed double doors. Things, people, and actions are 'caught in a circuit of action and reaction' between the multiple rooms and atmospheres of the club (Stewart, 2008, p.71).

Bingo intuition¹⁵

Tickets are laid down, neat and square in preparation for dextrous players marking two or three at once. During a long game, which feels drawn out the tension is broken when someone shouts 'shek em up!' A wry smile spreads on the faces of players who remain eagle-eyed, dabbers poised intuitively, before someone calls 'HOUSE!', the inky spotlight illuminating that last number in a line.

Bingo circulates 4¹⁶

By 10 O'clock the action is over, and people leave in the same groupings they came in. Prompted by a taxi's lights on the drive or the designated driver leading, keys first to

¹⁴ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

¹⁵ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

¹⁶ Elements of this piece were drawn from the Broad Oak collection of prose poetry I produced for the members as a result of my research there. Please see the appendix to read the work in full.

the front door. Bingo players leave others drinking up, leave the odd bowler enjoying an after-match pint, leave the last curly sandwich on the bar from the back room, and leave the barmaid, to shut up shop for the night.

Chapter Four Conclusion

What circulates, in the corner shop, the rear window, across chests and in the concert room, is what's 'sticking around' what's still 'plump' with potential (Stewart, 2021b, 51:49-51:59). As points in the line of relational activity they are the elements that get relayed, brought back or activated periodically. Worlds are activated by and circulate through this action, through the energy required to raise money, to produce different objects for sale, to continue coming in twice every week, to set out the table, the bingo calling machine and pluck up the energy to wolf-whistle, to reactivate a time or an atmosphere to make a space habitable for others. People in this way are not the passive consumers or participants in a world, as they might be configured in a social realist account but actively relay and make space for others. Without this active worlding I would not have come to encounter Billy, Kes, and Barry or feel out what was resonant in that room from my position behind the bar. As Berlant and Stewart suggest, '(c)irculation disturbs and creates what's continuous, anchoring you enough in the scene to pull in other things as you go' (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, p.5).

What circulates might be what is constantly active and enthusiasm, a practice or an atmosphere, it may also lay dormant or peter out before coming back in full force. It might appear incoherent at first – or in the case of the words 'Billy sez you're too close' which feature alongside the image of Billy might never become clear (Billy Casper bumper sticker, ca.2010). When raised by my supervisor Helen, I had no real answer. Much in the same

way, the activities through which these circulations occurred are not always coherent, crisp or sharp. A bumper sticker or a t-shirt might not be the most-straightforward way to raise money for the hospice in the same way as playing bingo at the club might not be the most efficient way to gamble – you might be better off at one of the large bingo halls in the town centre with bigger jackpots, shinier stuff more glamorous callers (soz Jack). What circulates in these specific practices is more than the end result. It requires optimism as part and parcel of an attachment in relation and circulation with others.

The 'processual aspect' of this activity and its mode of movement as circulation 'creates a posture of cause and effect' (Manning, 2011, p.48). It requires a periodic engagement and passing which is similar to the relay, to the 'cat's cradle game' that Haraway invokes through which transformation occurs with each player passing and adding something (Haraway, 2016b, p.34).

In paying attention to and becoming anchored to what circulates life is already being made different. Worlds are more than the sum of their parts and are 'plump' with all different kinds of potential (Stewart, 2021b, 51:49-51:59). As a version of affective realism, working in relay between what is activated by circulation in the field of processual relation offers a space that is not static, a space which is subject to change depending on what inspires the energy required for circulation in active relay. Following this out exceeds what is traditionally given space in academic writing and signals 'the continuity of optimism for what social life could be' in correspondence with multiple worlds (Berlant in Berlant, Davis et al, 2011, p.25).

Part One Conclusion: The hand-and-wing-held-out

I unclipped t'creance, took t'swivel off an' let her hop on to t'fence post. There was nowt stoppin' her now, she wa' just standin' there wi' her jesses on. She could have just took off an' there wa nowt I could have done about it. I wa' terrified. I thought she's forced to go, she's forced to, she'll just fly off an' that'll be it. But she didn't. She just sat there looking round while I backed off into t'field. I went right into t'middle, then held my glove up an' shouted her' (Hines, 2000, p.84).

Throughout these chapters, I grasped the hand-and-wing-held-out (Stengers, 2011, p.134; Haraway, 2018, p.61; Guattari, 1995, p.134). We flew-and-walked in relay through a variety of scenes, atmospheres and sensations, always with them and multiple others, always 'between' (Stengers, 2011, p.134) in the kind of approach that relay requires located firmly in the historical present (Berlant, 2011a, p.52). In the composition of these chapters, I have actively relayed with a variety of inheritances and attachments in service of affective realism approaching through ideas of encounter, witness, association and circulation.

At first trust in the hand-and-wing-held-out felt risky and contingent. I unclipped the creance and stepped towards the unknown. The kind of not knowing that experimentation requires but is not often enabled by conventional academic approaches. With the help of Hines, Stewart and Berlant I was able to 'drop the diagnostic', the external voice, and therefore the configuration of whole worlds as flat that I had originally begun with (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, p.131). Feeling them with me, in the library, through the morning, with my mum and grandad, on the path on Higham Common Road felt like soaring, I buzzed off and relayed with the tone and texture of Hines' writing, the kind of meticulous attention he paid to worlds.

In the shift, the jolt of alternaeity, of enlargement he gave me permission to speak from my position more fully in a way which is thick with detail, dialect, and an appreciative tone which refuses to explain or dwell on what is overdetermined. Moving through the novel, reading and writing with Barry, Kes and Billy I associated between worlds, came into the presence of intensity, bound firmly in connection to Barnsley came to matter. People's circulation of the worlds which sprung out of engagement with the book mattered too, not passive consumers but activators ambulating in relay imbuing it with all kinds of other contexts, energies, and meanings. I was able to trust that by sticking with them, following out where this inheritance led so that I could insist with the same intensity upon the fullness of worlds, of specificity, the potential of lingering on beautiful detail, the dynamic sensorium of the bedroom, the wet grass on pumps. The ability to linger on the minor, trusting my position of in-betweenness and witness. Always bound to 'someplace not noplacé' (Haraway, 2016b, p.4), attached to something, not nothing, not lack. Knowing that the work I continue in relay with Hines as well as Williams and other working-class scholars was necessary and vital. It felt like taking the swivel off, hopping up onto that fence post and looking out over acres and acres of fields and woods lines of flight (literal and not), lines of potential and pure possibility spreading out beyond the horizon (Deleuze and Guattari, 2005, p.9).

Another beloved son of South Yorkshire, Jarvis Cocker the lead singer of Pulp, now a solo artist and member of the band 'Jarv Is' also took great inspiration from Barry Hines and *A Kestrel for a Knave*. Being interviewed after he had stated previously that *A Kestrel for a Knave* was his favourite book, he spoke of potential, of the excitement of reading the book in his Sheffield classroom, how it enabled him and his classmates to swear in class while reading it out, but moreover how the novel suggested potential. In the interview he explains;

(T)hat symbolism of flight, of escape from your surroundings, or escape from what's holding you down and I think that was very powerful for me growing up. The desire to escape has been historically a massive kind of engine for people from the north or not just from the north but from working-class backgrounds 'cause it's like, it gives you some energy. You kind of wanna get away from there, you wanna make something or write something or sing something in order to help you get away. To soar with your jesses off. Like we all need to take the jesses off now and again ... and fly free. There's a lot of catchphrases you get from reading this book, we often used to when we were rehearsing and that "you've got to take the jesses off" [...] you've got to like, let it, you've got to let it go (Greg Davies: *Looking for Kes*, 2019, 42:44-43:39).

For Jarvis, the potential enabled by Barry, Billy and Kes was located in a sense of escape. It was located in the sensorium of tekkin' the jesses off, soaring free, escaping the north in the 70s to 'make something' or 'write something' or 'sing something' (Greg Davies: *Looking for Kes*, 2019, 42:51-42:54). Like refusing explanation, I refuse to shut this down, though while Cocker felt like escape would lead to flourishing what I am working towards here in the shifting of genre to affective realism is a sense of not having to escape or move away from working-class life in order to flourish but to stick with it, to remain bound.

Flourishing, as Berlant describes in *Cruel Optimism* (2011a, p.3) can feel all sorts of ways, and in some ways, his 'escape' stoked his and Pulp's potential so that what seemed possible to me, my world was enlarged. In their music and presence in popular culture, I gained a nearness to a rich, clever world which was so often bound to South Yorkshire (Pulp, 1995). Their clubland (the heyday of the working men's club music scene) aesthetic relaying with the dance-ability of disco, his sleek, tailored, androgynous beauty, and a voice that sounded like mine on the radio lifted me in so many ways. He was on a tape in the car, at school discos in the height of the Britpop era, providing a counterpoint to other more distant music (that I still loved) like Blur. He was on the telly, at the Brit Awards taking the

mick out of Michael Jackson's saviour-like posturing with a waggle of his bottom that came to stand for a specific kind of sensibility (like the image of Billy rodding people off).

Instead of escape - in line with Judith Butler's formulation of it - exceeding might hold more potential here. Butler (by way of a conversation with my supervisor Helen) flipped my understanding of this when she wrote that '(e)xceeding is not escaping, and the subject exceeds precisely that to which it is bound' (Butler, 1997, p.17).

She came like lightnin', head dead still, an' her wings never made a sound, then wham! Straight up on t'glove, claws out for grabbin' for t'meat,' simultaneously demonstrating the last yard of her flight with his right hand, gliding it towards, then slapping it down on his raised left fist (Hines, 2000, p.85).

Might it be possible, instead of escape, to conceive of the situated world building which I have worked with so far as having the potential of exceeding while still bound to that place? What might it look like to write working-class flourishing as exceeding? For the remainder of the thesis, I will approach these questions while working with pure potential in service of multiple approaches to affective realism.

Part Two: Tekkin' the Jesses off

In which exceeding replaces escaping as pure potential.

Chapter 5: Soaring, looping, knitting together

I could tell wi' Kes, she jumped straight on my glove as I held it towards her. So while she wa' feeding I got hold of her jesses an'...'

'Her what?'

'Jesses.'

'Jesses. How do you spell that?'

Mr Farthing stood up and stepped back to the board.

'Er, J-E-S-S-E-S.'

As Billy enunciated each letter, Mr Farthing liked them together on the blackboard.

'Jesses. And what are jesses, Billy?'

'They're little leather straps that you fasten round its legs as soon as you get it. She wears these all t'time, and you get hold of 'em when she sits on your glove. You push your swivel through...'

'Whoa! Whoa!'

Mr Farthing held up his hands as though Billy was galloping towards him.

'You'd better come out here and give us a demonstration. We're not all experts

(Hines, 2000, p.79-80).

Working the chart, the abbreviations almost come to be second nature, a new bodily capacity. Cryptic instructions to '2/1 LCP', to work 'wyib' or 'wyif' eventually came to feel less mathematical (Nordlund, 2019, p.8). Casting the stiff peach and blacky-brown, sheepy smelling, worsted wool from the back of the work to the front, I slip neat stitches onto the cheap pink plastic cable needle. Sliding stitches, 1, 2, 3 from metal surgical steel tips to pink plastic and back feels springy under my fingers. Getting towards the stitches in the middle becomes a safe haven - a journey across moss stitch island which feels easy and reliable. A quick sprint with no need to check instructions. Its uniform texture is intuitive and in dialogue only with itself (two rows of knit followed by two rows of purl). Reaching the end of the row, I turn the project and my right hand grasps for a pencil, clipboard, and ruler combination – neatly scoring a mark on the chart to keep up before beginning the next row. Zoomed out, holding the knitting at arm's length I see the cable pieces working

up and down the sleeve every inch or so with a bobble that makes me smile. The knotty, tight work that seemed bizarre at first come together to form neat bobbles only really seen at the point of beginning to make the next one several rows away.

In the fabric of the cardigan lies whole worlds, the worlds centred around Portuguese sheep, specifically the Churra Badana breed and the people who live with them (Retrosaria, 2022, no pagination). The people who work with them on the land, with their wool, the historic breeding, sheering, scouring, teasing, carding, spinning and dyeing of the fleece, the manufacture of typically north-eastern Portuguese clothing and objects all of which that are now on the wane due to a lack of demand for these items, the non-practice of that skill and the now the revival of interest in keeping those practices. Those skills, those sheep, all those worlds which touch on an international market in selling small batch, hand-dyed wool from Rosa Pomar, that shop in Lisbon which comes to me via an online seller 5 miles from where I sit. Knitting it up, I sniff its sheepy smell, pick out the larger pieces of grass, wash, shape and wear the finished garment – carrying it with me next to my skin.

Again, I hold up the piece, seeing the colour work, the pattern of intersecting smiley faces come to fruition, and I smile myself. Made up of soft acrylic blue and green wool, the front, smiling and stripey is neat and smooth while the back is a purposeful tangle, the loops of blue and green thread betraying what on the ‘right side’ looks simple. Here on the ‘wrong side’ ‘floats’ carry the non-dominant colour along each row, I stop every three or four stitches to catch the thread in the working stitch.

He smiled and put both hands in his overcoat pockets. Billy crouched down and made in towards the hawk along the lure line. He offered her scrap with beef, and she stepped off the lure on to his glove. He allowed her to take the beef, then he stood up and cast her off again. She wheeled away, high round the field. Billy plucked the stick from the ground and began to swing the lure. The hawk turned and stooped at it. Billy watched her as she descended, waiting for the right moment as she accelerated rapidly towards him. Now. He straightened his arm and lengthened the line, throwing the lure into her

path and sweeping it before her in a downward arc, then twitching it up too steep for her attack, making her throw up, her impetus carrying her high into the air. She turned and stooped again. Billy presented the lure again. And again. Each time smoothly before her, an inch before her so that the next wing beat must catch it, or the next. Working the lure like a top matador his cape. Encouraging the hawk, making her stoop faster and harder, making Mr Farthing hold his breath at each stoop and near miss. Each time she made off Billy called her continually, then stopped in concentration as he timed his throw and leaned into the long drawing of the lure and the hawk in its wake, her eyes fixed, beak open, angling her body and adjusting her flight to any slight shift in speed or direction.

She tried a new tactic and came in low, seeming to flit within a pocket of silence close to the ground. Billy flexed at the knees and flattened the plane of the swing, allowing the lengthening line to pay out before her.

‘Come on, this time, Kes! This time!’

She shortened her stoop, and counter stoop, which increased the frequency of her attacks, and made Billy pivot, and whirl, and watch, but never lose control of the lure or its pursuer. Until finally the hawk sheered away and began to ring up high over the Hawthorn hedge. ‘Come on then, Kes! Once more! Last time!’

And she came, head first, wings closed, swooping down, hurtling down towards Billy, who waited, then lured her - WHOOSH – up, throwing up, ringing up, turning; and as she stooped again Billy twirled the lure and threw it high into her path. She caught it and clutched it down to the ground.

He allowed her to take the remaining beef scrap from the lure, then took her up and attached the swivel and leash. She looked up sharply at a series of claps. [...]

‘Marvellous, Casper! Brilliant! That's one of the most exciting things I've ever seen!’

Billy blushed, and there was a silence while they both looked at the hawk. The hawk looked back, her breast still heaving from her exertions (Hines, 2000, pp.139-140).

Crossing and looping in constant movement this work is invisible to the ‘right side’ and results in a helter-skelter of blue and green the working balls of wool tangled and looped around each other. Once it becomes too messy, too difficult to part these strands in order to make fresh stitches I swingball the bobbins away from each other in order to proceed they spin round and round before coming back to a neater starting position - whoosh! (Hines, 2000, p.139). Leaving neat and separate strands of blue and green to begin the next row with. All together with a ‘squirrel’ coloured border, this will come

together as a machine-washable 'mood blanket' (Spektakelstrik and Mødrehjælpen. 2020, p.1).

Like my peach-coloured cable cardy, these pieces are intimate. They lie against arms, heads, knees, paws and furry bums of those we knit for as they pull a cardigan around their waist, brace against the cold, slip on a hat while going out of the front door, as blankets are draped over knees in a pushchair or provide a cosy backdrop for a catnap. Sometimes they're too much, as my niece Erin reminds me – having forgotten I knitted her that purple and pink cardigan she's wearing - she comments on how itchy it is, the natural wool too rough against her bare arms (E. Swithenbank, 2021).

Knitted (and other kinds of hand-crafted) pieces punctuate houses and wardrobes and turn up all over. At Jethro's parents' house, an ancient looking rag rug sits by the fire. Its colours are a vivid mix of oranges, greens and pinks made up of squares, circles and triangles. At the 'vintage' event in the market in Stockport centre my friends and I wade through pin badges, old postcards with neat handwriting, tea dresses and pea coats and at the bottom of one of the racks lies a folded-up cream aran jumper for £15. As I unfurl the jumper slight details make it apparent that it is hand knitted - the lack of a label, the slightly loose texture, a couple of wonky stitches. Across these items you can imagine the trace of hands, with an expert eye you can guess at the construction method, the stitches involved as well as the time and energy that went into it.

Here, in the corner of the room I am writing in, I can read cycles of energy, optimism generated and then waning, shifting to different projects leaving others lingering. Optimistic experiments linger in the form of a featureless brown potato-shaped body of an owl, a deep green crocheted oak leaf, and a large bubble-gum-pink cardigan, wool

already partially reclaimed for a jumper for my niece. Textile artist Lydia Morrow allows themselves as many projects as they like on the go at one time but they reclaim the wool from the ones left to linger more than a month or so (Morrow, 2021, no pagination). Their enthusiasm and optimism for new projects is unbounded and the wool gets frogged.

Frogging sounds dry. It's not the wet, bouncy sensorium that the word throws up but the sound of fibre on fibre, friction and pop, friction and pop. Rows and rows of uniform stitches, oval rabbit ear loops, bend and disappear while lower ones pop up like cartoon daisies. Its sound is regular and rhythmic, a recursive movement and sound, like *this* pencil on *this paper*, like a stick drawn across railings, like a train over sleepers. Frogging is the taking back of rows of knitting or whole pieces. It's not the kind of taking back of a piece which resembles careful reverse knitting the way my mum carefully worked back to pick up dropped stitches or irregularities in tension affecting the texture. Frogging is way more dramatic; it implies a bigger issue, a mistake realised much later or a total change of heart. It requires taking the piece off the needles entirely, a process of pulling and winding, pulling and winding. Sometimes you knit with the expectation of frogging in your future. Not wanting a sloppy cardigan, I picked up fewer stitches than the pattern dictated. Part not wanting to finish the project, part wanting to get to the finished product at the end, I knew, there would likely be too few stitches at the end. I knew that there was a danger of curly edges, the bottoms of the front of the cardigan swinging and flexing upwards. Overriding this, I had a hint of optimism that it might all be just right, sometimes you just can't tell until right at the end.

'An Eagle for an Emperor, a Gyrfalcon for a King; a Peregrine for a Prince, a Saker for a Knight, a Merlin for a Lady; a Goshawk for a Yeoman, a Sparrowhawk for a Priest, a Musket for a Holy water Clerk, a Kestrel for a Knave. Selected from the Boke of St Albans, 1486, and a Harleian manuscript' (Hines, 2000, epigraph).

The practice of knitting is inherently optimistic. In the production of that baby blanket for a colleague, the (slightly scary) window-washing clown my mum's workmate made for me as a child or a bubble-gum pink cardigan. Optimism spreads in the planning, the knitting itself, and the gifting. In order to follow out that process you have to believe that object will be met with enthusiasm or be considered beautiful, or useful at the very least by the recipient. In continuing in this way knitting is full of pure potential, in some ways the optimism might be slightly presumptuous or over-eager but the continued practice of knitting for and with others is part of a worlding practice. Soft things can make worlds habitable for yourself and others. Knitting the rag rug, the window washing clowns, the smiley baby blanket, using each other's needles and tools, asking the other to troubleshoot, to unpick the last line of dropped stitches, we knit together. I work with other women in the present, and the pure potential of energetic and optimistic creation is passed in continuous relay, it exceeds them as well as me. The effect of this is a particular expression of affective realism, is about imbuing work with precision, bringing expertise and what we know with us (Berlant, 2020, 39:19-39:48) in service of a mode of writing which is appreciative, optimistic, and 'plump' with potential for thinking futures in the making (Stewart, 2021b, 51:49-51:59).

Chapter 6: Arts Tower (or not ‘a new kind of animal up a brand new ladder’)

(Williams, 2002, p.93).

(T)hink of that world stage not as an angle of refraction between a self in here and a world out there but as the staging of an ellipsis, a trace, something dilating, in the sensation of the suggestion when in the precisions of what happens the empirical swells to intuit possible worlds (Stewart, 2021b, 38:44-39:08).

We walk across the concrete, eyes cast down towards our feet as we trip up strangely spaced pebbledash steps. We bring what and who we know with us, through double doors and towards the paternoster (Berlant, 2020, 39:19-39:39). We wait in the open space of the foyer, as students gaggle and staff bustle with papers or laptops under their arms. New students hang about ready to tick something off the list provided by the student union – riding one of the only working, listed paternosters in the country. In the foyer, an older man stands waiting in front with his wife. He ranges round the paternoster pointing excitedly at its different elements – the light which turns from red to green, the notice which describes the changes made to ensure the safety of the paternoster as well as the efforts made to retain its original features. Grasping his wife’s hand, he hops on light as a feather and quick with it.

I had been past this building so many times. I had passed it on my way to conferences at the University. I had passed it on my way to the Children’s hospital as a kid for a day with multiple specialists on my cleft lip and palate. I had passed it coming back from the city on a night out in town to Joe’s student house, to drink, talk, and sleep drunkenly and angrily underneath a poster of a topless woman from Nuts magazine. I had passed it on my way

to sit in the car outside the cancer hospital (Weston Park) or take my niece to visit the museum and the park across the road.

The cabs of the paternoster are constant and countless in number. As we stand in the foyer compartments flash past. In these cabs the worlds we bring with us recursively and constantly circulate. They travel up and beyond the warning fixed between floors eighteen and nineteen warning people to 'get out', sail over the top of the lift and back down.

Eagle-eyed we wait for a gap, keen to hop on. We watch as all kinds of worlds 'in solution' flash past (Williams 1977, p.134). There are dads, laid out on sofas. In one, my dad with arms crossed as the commentary from World's Strongest Man 1997 blares out, in another Lewis's dad is tightly packed in surrounded by floral prints and patterns. In the next, the bingo caller at his table, pint of mild in hand continuously calls out numbers, followed shortly after by Brenda and Ray appear while ping pong balls and raucous laughter spill out and bounce across the foyer (B. Howlett, 2019). The next cab is lined with rows and rows of shiny foil-wrapped chocolate bars, the hum of the fridges rings out and Barry appears to quickly eye the outline of Billy on a sticker – our nostrils filled with Daz and Persil. In the next cabs ,we glimpse shiny and lovely prizes laid out on green baize, a flash of chromium trifle dishes all laid out while the next holds a woman dressed to the nines, just visible amongst helium foil party balloons which attempt a squeaky escape as she sails by the ground floor opening. As an empty one slides into view, Barry and I step on. Standing shoulder to shoulder we look out, passing each floor and the concrete between before hopping out at the very top, on floor nineteen.

As we enter his office, Barry clicks on the cheap white plastic kettle and arranges two mugs, ready to brew up (Hodkinson, 2009, vii). I look around the airy space, spare, white walls,

and a single postcard featuring the scrawl of a good friend (Hodkinson, 2009, vii). As the tiny kettle slowly boils, plastic shakes before thrashing at boiling point once and then again for the second cup. Armed with drinks, we settle in, moving towards the window. We look out on the houses and flats to the rear of the university complex. We look out on a cluster of terraced houses and their new neighbours next door – four tower blocks of flats. We focus in on the houses, some of the houses ‘are empty and boarded up and it says ‘EL OFF’ on the doors’ (Hines, 2009, p.1). We’re not sure what this means. We watch as people ‘stand in the streets and talk’ and the dogs and cats that wander about (Hines, 2009, p.1). We zoom in on the backs of the houses and comment on how it looks like somebody still ‘keeps pigeons in one of the outhouses’ and see that there ‘are tubs of plants growing in the backyards’ (Hines, 2009, p.1). At the foot of the neat tower blocks, we see a duckpond and two figures chatting outside the nearby corner shop. While we watch, Barry comments on the misguided visions of the architect when they threw up these buildings, how the instantiation of a new village green replete with a pond and benches was hoped to create a neat new community meeting point but more often than not the only people he sees down there are kids, fishing their ball out of the water (Hines, 2009, p.2).

Meanwhile, behind us in the hall, the paternoster is still in motion. Two old ladies, bathed in multicoloured stained-glass light sniff the air as they pass (Hines, 2009, p.82). Ticking rebounds off doors and walls as a cluttered worktable passes, followed shortly by Brenda’s mother chopping and peeling veg. Next comes mum in bed, eyes shut tight with a Thin White Duke-era Bowie poster up on the wall, light from the lamp flickers while her Nannan moves around the room. In the next cab, the leather jacket-clad woman and her smiling Staffy chat to a man in the cool shade of the bridge, while in the next compartment the lady on the mobility scooter glances out suspiciously.

Moving back to our chairs at the desk, Barry hands me a stack of plain paper and a chewed biro. In the midst of all this, we talk about how ‘wondrous’ it is to sit here and look out, to sup tea and chat. As we try to catch up with what’s happening (Berlant and Stewart, 2019, p.123), we pair our fingernails, pick our noses and prepare to write (Hines, 2009, p.1). Part of a wondrous and active house in motion (Seigworth, 1998), we pass the word around as we talk about what it means to be here living this ‘artistic life’ in a seat our relatives could not have dreamt of sitting in (Hines, 2009, p.1). We repeat the word and over pronounce it ‘wond-er-ous’. We sing ‘the word, much like a kid would just having learned it’ (Hodkinson, 2009, viii).

Meanwhile, the ladies, the retired architect and his wife and others wander off the paternoster. They range around the hall poking around our open door – trying to catch a glimpse of the view out over the north of the city. Not new animals up new ladders, our movements are together in constant circulation (Williams, 2002, p.93). Up through the paternoster activity pours in and in turn, pours out (Seigworth, 1998, p.10; Deleuze, 1993, p.5). In active movement, we move beyond what is ‘out there’ and ‘in here’ (Stewart, 2021b,38:44-39:08) beyond the linear binaries of what the academy defines as ‘scholarly’ or ‘consensus realism’ (Berlant, 2016a, p.398). Barry pauses, taking this all in and turns to say, “I can’t think of anything more important to write [with], can you?” (Hines, 2009, p.4). ‘*Wondrous* in’t it?’, I reply as I shake my head and out of the corner of my eye, glimpse passing paternoster worlds.

As a particular approach to affective realism, the activity of the Arts Tower adds another dimension which relates to how writing is never done alone. In experimenting and taking witness further in this chapter, the space of the university which is often a hostile place for working-class people feels possible, active, and full of pure potential. Writing with

Hines, bringing 'what [and who] we know with us' (Berlant, 2020, 39:19-39:39) through the doors of the university and in constant circulation up and down the paternoster we exceed the 'out there' / 'in here' binary in order to create more possible modes for writing working-class life (Stewart, 2021b,38:44-39:08).

Chapter 7: 'People all round'

I am with Billy as he approaches and moves around the pictures, both in a derelict state and on a busy day brimming with folk I am with him and the other 'chains of association' it conjures. I am also simultaneously in several presents with Uncle David on his childhood expedition to the pictures (as the family story goes), with my mum for Spice World, with my partner on our first date, for the 40th-anniversary screening of *The Life of Brian* with my aunties, with Billy and his dad and so many more (Hobson, 1967). I find myself simultaneously exploring, reliving, and imagining 'THE PALACE' (Hines, 2000, p.191), the ODEON and PARKWAY CINEMA.

As Billy walks up City Road in the rain, I am stood on the pavement outside. As he peers through the half-boarded-up windows, I look through too into the foyer, up to 'the balcony stairs', at the posters for other films. I am with Uncle David, who aged eight or nine has made his way to the pictures in 1967. I imagine the exact change counted out not once but many times in his palm, gripped tight as he queues for the ticket booth, to get "one ticket for *The Jungle Book* please".

We walk slowly and more carefully behind as Uncle David barrels through the foyer, past the sweets and the popcorn (we've brought our own), with clumps of family groups and kids moving the same way. Through the double doors with 'two portholes, and between them the same metal disc which split down the centre when the doors were pushed open'

(Hines, 2000, p.193). We walk through the short, unlit passageway and past the toilets. Wavering in the aisle, we select seats deciding in motion where to sit, or gravitating to the usual spot. Uncle David working through negotiations with friends, “let’s have the back”, “no the middle”, while in 1997 my mum and I sit where there’s space between other women and girls. ‘People all round’ (Hines, 2000, p.195).

‘The warmth of the pictures... the pictures full...’ (Hines, 2000, p.194) Once seated the long dark aisle opens up, stretching to the front, to the broad impasse between seats and the large wooden stage. Where Billy is ‘between his dad and another man, tiny between them, down in his seat, his head just showing over the back of his seat’, I am between my aunties, passing along sweets, tissues, cardboard promotional beards at the ready (Hines, 2000, p.195). I feel the atmosphere alter with the ‘lights going down, staining the draperies pink, through mauve to purple. (Hines, 2000, pp.194-195). The screen appears, at first narrowly for the adverts and trailers and once again, open wide for the real thing. The certification notice flashing up in stern black and white, typed print with a large squiggly signature, the formal preamble to the action which vanishes as soon as you start to focus.

I am with Uncle David as the overture strikes up, the sense of excitement sustained as the flurry of trumpets announces the film. The talking, scuffling, rummaging round, and getting comfy comes to an abrupt halt as flutes, python-like and lingering pick up the theme and hairs stand on end, skin prickles with dreamy strings. I am with Uncle David, enraptured, bathing in that specific technicolour palette, verdant jungle green and bright pops of Mowgli’s orange pants, pink flowers and bright blue skies that pour off the screen (*The Jungle Book*, 1967).

As Mowgli gets back to 'where he belongs' as Baloo and Bagheera simultaneously urge him to 'come back, come back' as well as 'go on, go on' I am with Uncle David as the Spice Girls take to the stage for a final encore. I am riding the wave of excitement and satisfaction as the Bare Necessities strikes up again and the sun sets over beautiful jungle scene, the sky deepening from light to dark orange, 'The End' (Hines, 2000, p.195). I am with Uncle David in that bloom of enthusiasm, after following the highs and lows of the friend's adventures, feeling buoyant, having forgotten all about my 'worries and my strife' (*The Jungle Book*, 1967), wanting to 'Spice up [my] life' (*Spice World*, 1997). I am with him, needing to hear all that again, especially the catchy songs. I relived those songs again and again by playing my Spice Girls CD (and my double disc Disney compilation), while Uncle David achieved that same feeling by hiding under his seat, to catch it all again on the next screening with a fresh audience.

Approaching affective realism in this way this chapter works particularly with the dreamy strings, the changeable mauve draperies, the buoyant enthusiasm, and all of the other sensorial qualities of going to the pictures. As a practice, the pictures occupy a place in working-class life as an extension of the music hall, a place to keep abreast of the news, as well as a babysitting service (Cooper Clarke, 2021, p.20). In approaching the pictures in this way, with Billy, Uncle David, and others across the 'historical present' this chapter represents a particular approach to affective realism which exceeds each one in singularity and provides an opportunity to explore non-sovereignty on the back row, in the glow of Mowgli's luminous pants (Berlant, 2011a, p.52).

Chapter 8: Grass

A cushion of mist lay over the fields. Dew drenched the grass, and the occasional sparkling of individual drops made Billy glance down as he passed. One tuft was a silver fire. He knelt down to trace the source of light. The drop had almost forced the blade of grass to the earth, and it lay in the curve of the blade like the tiny egg of a mythical bird. Billy moved his head from side to side to make it sparkle, and when it caught the sun it exploded, throwing out silver needles and crystal splinters. He lowered his head and slowly, very carefully, touched it with the tip of his tongue. The drop quivered like mercury, but held. He bent, and touched it again. It disintegrated and streamed down the channel of the blade to the earth. Slowly the blade began to straighten, climbing steadily like the finger of a clock. (Hines, 2000, pp.30-31).

We drag on Converse and Sketchers, of which the latter are always Velcro-ed to the wrong feet before they're switched (E. Swithenbank and W Swithenbank, 2022). Hastily, we throw our coats and jackets on before stepping out on the front path. We shout 'bye!' as we slam the door behind us. Begrudgingly we hold hands as we walk down the road, just missing the rabbits on the side of the woods, which scarpered at the first sight of us. Rounding the corner, we run up the tarmac path and the stone steps where the hard, manmade texture stops abruptly meeting mud, grass, hedge and weeds. We walk up the snicket past the back of the creepy house, boards, and corrugated metal sheets shore up its edges we wonder whether this is where Stig lives (King, 2010), or a haunted mansion on small scale (Nintendo, 1983-present). Through the narrow path and out into the open we are transformed into Cuphead and Mugman (The Cuphead Show!, 2022), and Mario and Luigi (Super Mario Odyssey. 2017). The rec interchangeably becomes Inkwell Isle (The Cuphead Show!, 2022) and Mushroom Kingdom (Super Mario Odyssey. 2017) and we have work to do.

The dogs on the field are Goombas and their owner's Shy Guys who patrol the island kingdom (Super Mario Odyssey. 2017). A couple of Whippets stand in as the Frog Brothers, Ribby and Croaks who we must evade (The Cuphead Show!, 2022). Our quest leads to the goalposts, the centre of the castle, the fortress where Princess Peach (Super Mario Odyssey. 2017), or Elder Kettle is being held (The Cuphead Show!, 2022). Here ten minutes stretches out to our own thirty-minute episode, a feature-length film, an entire video game in which we are the stars. Other times, it gets cut short before we even feel like we've begun.

Bowser sticks his head over Grandma's garden fence and shouts us. It's a sure sign that we must make our way back, over the grass, past the goalposts, through the narrow path and round the back of the creepy house (Super Mario Odyssey. 2017). As we leave Inkwell Isle (The Cuphead Show!, 2022) or the Mushroom Kingdom (Super Mario Odyssey. 2017), we recount the tales of strange goings on, meddling ghosts, the huge bees' nest and a vision of the fairground in the sky (Swithenbank, E and Swithenbank, W, 2022).

To Mario/ Cuphead (Wyatt) and Luigi/Mugman (Erin), the rec is 'luminous', full of pure potential for the activities of multiple worlds (Berlant, 2008, p.3). Newly allowed to start visiting it alone together the rec is gigantic, a constantly changing place not governed by parents or the slow time of grandparents. It is theirs until, like me, they will no longer need it. They will not need it so much once their worlds grow and there are "better", more interesting places to go farther afield with no need for Bowser's (their dad's) watchfulness over the garden fence (Super Mario Odyssey. 2017). But for now, the energetic and even disorientating worlds of the rec exceed what is seen by adult eyes, never fixed, or finished it holds pure potential.

On the rec, I can't see what Billy, Erin, or Wyatt see anymore. I look out from the frosty edges where the sun hasn't touched, I notice the doghole in the Hawthorne hedge, the trail left in wet grass by a dog-man combo, the worn edges of the football pitch, where sandy soil meets bright green tennis ball felt and jaw sized sticks. On the edges, I notice where short spiky blades of grass morph into a thick quilt of nettle and sticky bud, the frantic japes of the spuggies moving in and out of the hedges on the perimeter, the sway-sway of a failed tree swing, rough blue rope on gaffer taped birch branch. I notice the range of activity going on around the "spooky house", which is actually our old neighbour Bert's pigeon shed. I watch the boiler-suited men fixate on the race or the maintenance of their birds, the double O targets on the white sign that peeks above their hedge, the plastic long-eared owl that scares away predators. I notice the throaty-coo-cooing vibration of the coop, and the wide circle of the racing pigeons as they circle wide overhead. I look out onto the open flat sides of the valley, hear the intermittent pop of exhaust and engine rev on the caining strip, and the blaring radio of the car garage below. I notice the graffiti, spraypainted angels with loopy hair and satisfied U eyes, tagged by JR and LR, marked 'S75' (the beginning of the local postcode) all over (JR and LR, 2022). Having been my shortcut, the beginning of my off-road path into town as a teenager it no longer seems the most efficient way. I see the rec now as a mere visitor, trying to reconnect with my view of it in a recent past, as a kid who lived up the road and was allowed to visit once I was old enough with my brother or my friends.

Thinking with my niece and nephew Erin and Wyatt in the space of the rec allows for an approach to affective realism, to the multiple ongoing worlds bound to this place that exceed me as well as the adult imagining of what the rec can be. Thinking together in this space it might be possible to think affective realism as a kind of approach that, to

paraphrase Foucault, lights fire, watches grass grow, that multiplies 'signs of existence' rather than 'judgements' (Foucault, 1997, p.323). In service of writing working-class worlds in a way that is 'curious and experimental' which sees pure potential in the 'overabundance of things to be described or imagined' (Stewart, ca.2013, p.2).

Outro 1: Old George (Jud)

This Sunday Barnsley feels transformed again. We walk slowly, spread out, pottering. We loosely step off and back onto the pavement as people pass by or we overtake other people out in town on their own missions. We look around, pointing, gawping and chatting – doing just what my brother had advised the night before - we stuck our car in the free parking behind The Courthouse and sauntered down Eldon Street. He was kind of right when he said, “you won’t recognize the place” (D. Swithenbank, 2021).

Our gait becomes narrower and more orderly as we round the corner of the library. Us pushing ourselves up against the vast, glass siding of the building while another couple do the same on the other side. Not accounting for the new benches, their shopping bags clank, metal ringing off metal and rebounding off the stone, glass, metal passageway – a sound which seems to announce our entrance to a transformed May Day Green. What was blocked by that hoarding on Kendray Street is now too transformed, the space behind now filled up by a large indoor market, all glass, shiny black metro tiles and sand-coloured steel. Intending on a quick loop of the town centre we turn right up towards Marks and Spencer’s, past families sitting out in the sun on benches, and couples outside of Costa drinking from big white cups. Further up, a Big Issue seller cheerfully and enthusiastically waves and chats with a passing toddler who shyly but interestedly eyes her from a random set of event railings. The railings are jaunty, at a slanted angle – likely placed there by the council in order to encourage socially distanced queuing - provides shelter from the encounter.

Up Market Hill, we stagger into a slice of bright sunshine in the gap between Soul Lounge and the Town Hall. Crossing the road, we glimpse a smattering of people on the tiered seating by the town hall. Kids play around the water features, chasing the spurts which shoot impossibly high and then die down to a trickle before pressure ramps up in a different spot.

We come to the Old George, an independent 'coffee house' where a square-set, bearded barista wearing a clear plastic faceguard kneels to snap a picture of a tray of fancy-looking cakes (for the café's Instagram, I bet). Walking in, the place is full, filled with nicely dressed, fresh-looking morning people, and sweet couples with dogs who try to sit still while brunch is going on. Around us, staff with rustic brown aprons buzz about up and down the narrow staircases and round the tables with trays of eggs, toast and avocados, lattes, and flat whites. We wait for our takeout drinks on the bench, we say hi to another dog who has just arrived. We gaze at the cakes and pastries stacked high behind glass. We notice the tower of plant-based milk cartons and ground coffee on the industrial-style shelving and simultaneously pull surprised long 'ooh posh' faces at one another.

Walking back to the car with our drinks and cakes I take a look at my coffee cup. As I inch my hands around the scalding hot cardboard, the sound of dry palms on insulated hollow cup feels unusually loud. The intensity of the scenes, and the fullness of activity clearly getting to me after a year or so of limited social interactions. I notice, as I walk and shift the cup around in my hands that there is a boy printed on one side of the cup. As I turn the other side, as night follows day, I find a Kestrel on the other side - thick, orange, NHS hipsterish specs perched on both of their faces.

Outro 2: 'It's key, that'

it says all I wanted to say about a lad who's not academic but once he gets interested in something he gets stuck in and what it does, of course, is it gives him confidence and that's key that. Cause all of us, we need confidence and the middle-class have got confidence in spades and why not, I mean that's what they pay money for. (Still angry after all these years? *Kes*, 2006).

Confidence is what Hines, Kes and Billy provided from the very beginning of that inciting encounter in the library that day. In relay with them and numerous others through the course of this thesis, I have become obligated to writing an otherwise. An affective realism which makes space for doing something different (Berlant, 2016b, 04:34-04:37) that I will be bound to for as long as I write and think.

Through working in this way, from a situated position - working with contact, the processual, and pure potential - I have come into contact with the rich and varied, sometimes 'minor' qualities of attachment to worlds. I have engaged with the dynamic, non-static qualities of these worlds, built relationally with people who circulate them, who add and accrete meaning and make worlds habitable for each other. I have worked towards a kind of 'exceeding' along with Hines, Kes, and Billy that I didn't think was possible (Butler, 1997, p.17). With the help of others, I have moved towards a 'fundamentally optimistic orientation' as a working-class scholar (Berlant in Berlant, Davis, Hardt and Sarlin, 2011, p.26). Towards a perspective which insists that in producing an otherwise together, that a counter to flat social realism, a sense of flourishing, of pure potential, is here 'now', already circulating (Berlant in Berlant, Davis, Hardt and Sarlin, 2011, p.26).

From here I hold my hand out to the future (Stengers, 2011, p.134; Guattari, 1995, p.134). I hold out my hand to those who read this in the hope that these approaches to a genre of affective realism make space or provide an expanded potential for how we can write working-class worlds. A potential that we might do so together not from 'out there' or 'in here' (Stewart, 2021b,38:44-39:08) but *with* each other, as an ambulant people of relayers' (Stengers, 2011, p.134).

'It wa' a smashin' feeling. You can't believe that you'll be able to do it' (Hines, 2000, p.85).

Appendix

Broad Oak

December 2020

Dedicated to Broad Oak Bowling Club members, past, present and future.

Contents

Top of the Valley	132
I'll tell you a tale	134
Old club, new club	136
Bingo rhythm	138
Candles round the green	139
When you're not playing, you're supporting	141
Behind the scenes	143
'Tis the season	144

Top of the Valley

Sat up high on the hill, I search for you from the bottom of the valley. I try to spot you from the Transpennine express from Huddersfield, calling at: Manchester Victoria, Newton le Willows and Liverpool Lime Street only. It's like I'm trying to put an invisible pin up there, on the top of the valley from way down here hurtling by in the sweet spot between Golcar and Slaithwaite. My eyes scan high up the top of the valley, looking for the scrappy patch of the gas board tip just below you, the blackened sandstone spire of Linthwaite church silhouetted against the sky to your right.

Once the train flies by Titanic Mill I know I've missed you, but I trace the line up from the canal up to you. I imagine tripping up the worn stone steps by the mill, across Manchester Road where you can glimpse David's back-to-backs with the tin bath in the cellar to the left. From this point routes spin out towards the top of valley (depending on how fit you feel, or whether there's ice underfoot). Left towards Slant Gate, not for the faint of heart, or right, to wind up Causeway Side, or straight up Hoyle Ing, a little less vertical but steep enough to warrant a handrail to be embedded in the wall at the bottom. Climbing up this way, past the Sair, up the snicket next door past the weaver's cottages, past the beautiful gardens that jut out of the hill. Once up on the top road lungs and shins can recover on the short and thankfully downhill walk on the road, up the drive, up to your door.

Once I can imagine you, set in the valley like a gem I can just about picture what's going on, depending on the time of year or the time of day. Be it deliveries or line cleaning on a weekday morning or Margaret bustling about getting the place fit for the next day. In the evenings I can picture the bolts being drawn back at the front door, the panel of eight light switches

being clicked on at once, the bar shutters noisily rolling up – the eyes of the bar slowly opening, ready to see members. I can picture the long line of stewards, of barmaids, who settle into their shifts, coat off, dishwasher on while the lights of the beer taps blink into a steady glow as the club wakes up for the night.

I can envisage what might be happening dependent on the season. I can feel the excitement of spring when bowlers roll up to the car park fresh with new season vigour, or winter when players brace against horizontal rain for dominoes as the nights draw in.

Coming up to Christmas 2020, it's thirty years since you upped sticks and moved across the green to your new spot. It's thirty years since the last carpet went down a couple of hours before opening, when members got their first look at the space. Locked down, in the middle of the Corona virus pandemic, I'm far away on the wrong side of the Pennines, I think of you now.

I think of you when I walk past the green in my local park and the Working Men's at the end of my road. These places are portals that bring me back to you, back to the conversations I had with people about you for this project, the times I stood behind the bar or watched a turn or sat with the girls on a Friday night in the back room. I think too of the next time I'll watch the bowling in the sun, bump into someone for a natter in the ladies, or pop in for a drink at Christmas. But for now, I offer these poems as a thanks, to the members who gave interviews, who invited me to meetings, put up with my questions, offered me a bun, let me watch your matches and shared a drink with me. A toast to thirty more years!

I'll tell you a tale

I'll tell you a tale, since we're in a valley filled with them, with tall ones, with hazy ones and ones sharply remembered like it was yesterday. Not a tale about the Linfit Leadboilers, or the cuckoo at Marsden or the Slawit Moonrakers. Nor one about whether a squirrel could at one time have leapt from tree to tree for the entire length of the valley.

A tale about the old guys. Real gentlemen who wore boots. Brown boots, that were polished, that you could shave your face in. Worn with a three-piece suit, always a hat. A tale about a club that was once a man's place which slowly changed with the times. That tale, depending on who you ask might start with the help of a plucky teenage girl keen to take up a proper bowling membership.

A tale about brilliance and skill. About domino pairs with psychic capabilities. About people with clever hands who could turn them to anything, to hair cutting, French polishing, watch mending. About people who were kind, who'd do anything for anyone.

A tale that trickles, almost forgotten like the little stream that once passed the front of the old club. A tale passed down by parents and grandparents who told tales of the 1920s, the decade of the general strike around when the club was built. A tale of greens dug out by hand in the valley, a tale in which the two words, jam-bread, conjure up a picture of what life was like then.

A tale that's writ large through the furnishings of the club. Expressed through rewiring and decorating, through daffodil bulbs planted and buns on sale in the kitchen, through carefully word-processed documents pinned to noticeboards.

A tale about Christmas dinners shared together, phone calls to check on members who are absent or had a funny turn. A tale about odd jobs done for veteran members, leaks mended, gardens tended.

A tale that has a defined beginning, middle and end. One that's well-worn like stone steps treaded regularly, with all the details thread to t' needle. Or a tale that comes in parts, pieces of them scattered, remembered by different people to make up a whole. A tale about a house all decorated on the end. About friends who had a brilliant night doing all this, while two friends were away for a big birthday celebration in the lakes. The poem on the gable end itself a gap in the tale, waiting to be retold by another.

A tale about weddings, engagements and births. About legendary buffets, scraps, to-dos and ding-dongs. About daftness, Miss Broad Oak, men who dance with brooms, July barbeques with a festive theme: Christmas on Bondi beach and silly full English breakfast patterned ties. A tale about two member's valiant effort to stop crisps going up in price by a penny.

I'll tell you a tale, one that starts sometime before that date inscribed on the stone at the entrance to the car park, before the one on the plaque too. This tale isn't fully written down anywhere, no books, no archive, no memoir. I'll tell you a tale, one without a definite end, whose details hide in nooks and crannies waiting to be brought out, on the tip of a tongue getting remembered, that will be wheeled out, dusted off and laughed over raucously.

Old club, new club

Seventeenth of December I think it was. A cold one by all accounts, that month where the air was thick with rain, sleet and snow and the wind that comes down the valley was biting, gale force. That's when the new club opened, near to Christmas 1990. On that day when, you know, the last carpet went down a couple of hours before opening when members milled about, taking it all in.

The air was filled with the smell of new carpet and paint. The anticipation was palpable as the doors were opened to members for the first time, the first pint pulled, people looking around, peering into each room, members in their own club going "right, what now?" saying "where's the gents?", "where's the ladies?". It was special, The magnificent new clubhouse was big news locally, with members, the committee and stewards working hard. Local firms were enlisted to provide artexing, everything for billiards and snooker, wooden plaques, ornamental plastering, cabinets, ice machines, till rolls and all types of joinery.

New steward, new flat, new club laid across the bowling green, expectantly, like a much laboured over Christmas present set against the green of the valley. There was continuity, no break in service while the life of the club, the member hubbub transferred from one building to the other. Seamless. Like a hermit crab finding a new shell. Like the fitting of a fresh bottle on an optic. Like a veteran member pouring a half into his favourite pint pot. Like an eagle-eyed bowler swapping specs for sunnies in the low afternoon sun.

Across the green from this grand building that looked good sat its original. For sixty-five years, the old club sat behind a high wall, a little homely place which seemed ever-expanding according to member's needs. Through the little thin archway (that two of you together

couldn't get through) people entered, the same as now through the porch under that same archway carefully embedded in the brickwork.

Through the archway, you might enter as a new member. Introduced to the place by your next-door neighbour. As a baby in a 90s patterned baby carrier. Just as a natural progression when your grandad, your dad, his brothers, your brothers and sisters were members here. As a young couple looking for a new local finding a new, purpose made club right there.

Through the archway, you might enter as a young 'un, dodging games on a Thursday. On Sunday afternoons with a little bottle of orange, a can of pop, some crisps, watching the older gents play on the green. As a teenager to play snooker and have an eye kept on you by a watchful stewardess before becoming more interested in going round town.

Through the archway, you might enter after being away for a while, far from home. As four drunken matelots who muster on leave. As a family for the annual Christmas bash. As someone whose mother kept their membership open all year, just in case.

Through the archway you might enter to get to your meeting. To seek consensus or a plan of action with the rest of the committee. To discuss dry stone walling techniques or plans to raise money for the church roof. To get things done.

Through the archway, you might enter as newlyweds for your evening do, in fancy-dress for an 18th or 21st, dressed up to the nines for the turn, for New Year's or a family party.

Through the archway, you might enter just like always, part of the routine more often than not. For a quiet pint and to read the sports section. To buy a drink for your opponent after a bowling match. Like clockwork as you do every Thursday and Sunday for bingo.

Bingo rhythm

Bingo begins when people drift in, in couples, in groups, or at the last minute – coat swept up off the back of a chair, a half-drunk pint in tow. Players home in on the same seats, the same formation, so as not to throw everybody out. If the caller is late, Ray might say ‘have I to do it?’ a few simple words which recall that giddy atmosphere, the laughs and chaos of the (first and last) time Ray took charge. Ping pong balls all floating, he hadn’t a clue!

Tickets are laid down, neat and square in preparation for dextrous players marking two or three at once. Dabbers that produce neat, inky circles are found while drinks are ordered at the bar. Drinks are the same as always, a cold barley wine, a rum and pep, a wine and soda with a twizzler, a pint of mild or lager or cask, for the caller. As they walk from bar to stage the sound in the room gets quieter and quieter, eyes following the caller as they step up on stage to call the numbers.

The first numbers ring out measured and clear. ‘Knock at the door, number four’ rises and falls reassuringly while wolf whistles puncture the air (swit swool!) in the room when legs eleven comes out. During a long game, which feels drawn out the tension is broken when someone shouts ‘shek em up!’ A wry smile spreads on the faces of players who remain eagle eyed, dabbers poised, before someone calls ‘HOUSE!’ the inky spotlight illuminating that last number in a line.

Once the first game is complete, a break takes place where fresh sheets and drinks are purchased, people pop to the loo or for a cigarette break. And once refreshed, the steady flow of numbers resumes. In the midst of this a too loud laugh, a story told at full whack breaks the

rhythm and is met with sideways looks. A laser-like stare, strong enough to bore a hole through brick, through plaster, through posters. It's force, a bolt of lightning blasting through peach glossed double doors.

By 10 O'clock the action is over, people leave in the same groupings they came in. Prompted by a taxi's lights on the drive or the designated driver leading, keys first to the front door. Bingo players leave others drinking up, they leave the odd bowler enjoying an after-match pint, they leave the last curly sandwich on the bar from the back room, they leave the barmaid, to shut up shop for the night.

Candles round the green

Candles round the green twinkle away. Not a fairy garden, no, but nevertheless magic dances on and around the green tonight. With people helping out, doing us meals for teas and breakfasts. Jam jars guard the flames against the wind that cuts through the valley. Each tiny firefly works to accompany members playing through the night of the 24hr bowl-a-thon.

You can find this same fire in the interior of the club, twinkling away behind double glazing. Sometimes it burns quietly, subdued at the end of the bar in the figure of a plastic collection box for the charity of the year. In the front room on a Wednesday afternoon while books are sold, raffles drawn and eager participants attempt to deduce whether wrapped up bottles are

water or wine, fitting for raising funds for the church. This little fire burns too, when people sell football cards, or give out knitting patterns for premature babies, or collect money for the old men's trip.

Other times the fire roars furiously, warmly when people spill through the double doors to the function room people craning, standing on tiptoes when a showcase of the club's talents is on. Barnsley Dave kicks off the action, and a sterling line up appear one after the other; the Ukulele band, Family Affair, Jim (Squeeze Box) Hall and the Club Band.

All fires burn away in pursuit of that motorised wheelchair, the church roof, of funds for the Yorkshire Air Ambulance, Ruddi's Retreat, the Kirkwood Hospice, for guide dogs. The club does a phenomenal job of raising money for charity. To help people close to home and far afield and in memory of those loved and never forgotten.

When you're not playing, you're supporting

In March there's a flurry of activity going on in the concert room. The car park is full, while others make their way up the drive from the main road. Inside it's steamy, a cacophony of coats and layers being taken off, papers being leafed through, purses unzipped, and drinks being ordered.

Across the bar there are excited greetings and snatches of conversation 'how's so-and-so doing?' and 'is she coming up?'. Attendees settle in while one woman approaches the microphone, a pregnant pause only broken by the spring-open-snap-shut of reading glasses being found, the clink of ice, the click of a ballpoint pen.

Ladies' fixtures day marks the start of the season, it signals the return of bowling life, spring is on its way. Drama returns to the green as railings are painted and benches assessed, as the greenskeeper gets to work, monitoring preening, problem solving and aerating. The green stands to attention ready to keep up its reputation as beautiful, the envy of many a club!

When the bowling starts, the club gets fuller, starts packing up like people's schedules, determined by the fixtures. Monday night, Tuesday afternoon, Wednesday afternoon, Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday afternoon, you think how do you fit it all in? But you do, you do.

Wednesday afternoon is Broad Oak Ladies, The Cup of tea league. A cup of tea and a bun, a chat, a bit of a laugh and a game of bowls though it's anything but sedate. Cars roll up and bowlers roll out, round the green while cards are written up and doled out. Four games spin

out from the edges simultaneously with tips and support from the edges. The captain and scorers all-seeing, when you're not playing, you're supporting.

When a cry of 'measures!' rings out two teammates bear the tape almost ceremonially. Strung taught between woods as play ceases briefly. Around the edge a little girl in a summer dress whizzes round the perimeter with her pushchair. Dolly long since flung out, she tears up the path while people chuckle, one saying "she want's L plates on that!". Disinterested in the bowls but somehow soaking it all in, she might one day be the newest addition to the team in a long line of mums, daughters, granddaughters at the club.

One Saturday afternoon, a friend on a visit sits agog. "I've never seen nowt like this" he said. There they were the youngsters on the bowling green playing marvellously. The junior team has been filled with phenomenal players coming through to the adult leagues, to county level. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it" he says.

On weekends you might visit with your dad, your grandad. Sitting out in the sun in the summer time. The bus up, sandwiches packed to go bowling every Saturday. Going round the green collecting dead match stalks. A right pile. Being taken under the wing of nice older bowlers, who want to include you, keep you out of bother.

Time for celebration after the match, after the season, after the final. On Presentation night teams let their hair down, get dressed up for a posh do in a big venue, Bailey-boos, cocktails and a three-course meal. At one time presentations were a smaller affair. Though no less exciting with lovely prizes laid out on the green baize billiard table. Chock full with beautiful china or chromium things. Half a dozen little trifle dishes and a big one, dessert spoons and a big server together in a box.

More than the sum of its parts, bowling really matters. People's years are organised around and flow with the rhythm of the season. It can be a life-line, a teacher of manners, respect, patience to young 'uns, a door which might open to a totally different world. One in which people of all ages become firm friends, where a hand is held out to the next generation.

Behind the scenes

People have always thrown in to do jobs, to take on the little bits. People there to help when the club needs a hand, for jumble sales, for pie and peas. Hot dogs and jackets, fireworks and bollards. Knocking on to ask, 'can you do us these potatoes?'. Batches nestled in ovens all round Linthwaite before they came together to be eaten by the fire, with family, maybe beans.

Staying up late to do the subs, checking they tally, coins all over the rug. Bringing out fine china for officials, putting together sit-down teas for them to accompany Yorkshire matches. Collecting selection boxes from the loading bay of Superdrug, there were that many. One year ninety-four kiddies. All of that wrapping must have felt worth it, seeing every room of the club filled with kids opening presents.

Digging the holes, filling with concrete, walkin' the floodlights up, standing tall over the green. Let there be light! Hard graft that. Sanding the ceiling with a sandstone, roping people in with the know-how, with the skills. Who's got a ladder, who's good with numbers, who can keep an eye on the bottom line?

These little bits and the jobs done behind the scenes amount to a lot when a visitor walks in and they say, "why can't we have something like this?"



'Tis the season

'Tis the season once someone utters the word 'Christmas' at a committee meeting or in a conversation behind the bar about their shifts over December. Once people start planning, when it's decided whose in-laws are going where and who will be doing what.

Once the adverts start up on the tellies in the back room which signal that 'holidays are coming', or lay out festive football and darts fixtures, or feature celebrities in big coats tasting vol-au-vents.

Once the notice about the Veteran's do goes up in the front porch and that bottle for collecting for the Children's Christmas party appears. Once the big brown hamper appears on the bar, crammed with festive things to be raffled off for charity.



'Tis the season once the annual bash is underway in the concert room. Once four legs of this big family get together, some local, some from the exotic reaches of Prague, the Wirral, Fenay Bridge. Come hell or high water the families travel up, one year over ice 6 inches, 8 inches thick, they all managed it, they all came!

Once the buffet is assembled, a potluck supper with fifty-thousand bread rolls, a big piece of beef, a thing of onions, with too many paper plates, plastic knives and forks. Once Auntie Barbara (she's refined) has laid out the tablecloths and cousins have put down millionaire shortbread and mince pies.

Once the clan get organised asking, 'are we happy?' 'do we want another one?' they agree to book the room for next year and the bash gets going. Once people catch up and tell stories and make sure everyone's included and fed and watered.

Once super-gran Jill is in games mode and lots of tot's are assembled for pass the parcel, clinging on as long as possible hoping that the music will stop on them. Once the little ones start musical statues and the adults can see the changes in them, how their coming on, into their own, just precious.

Once the bash is finished off, when presents for the kids have been swapped, photos are taken, a bin bag has been taken round, best wishes, hugs and kisses are exchanged.



'Tis the season once the decs go up and the club is lit up bright and festive. Once the club smells like tinsel and the card box has been placed on its table – ready for well wishes to be passed through.

Once the jukebox begins to serve up Mariah, or The Waitresses or Wizzard, or the soaring X-Factor song for that year. Once the glitter berry J20s appear or a Christmas-themed guest ale is hooked up with names like Grumpy Santa, Christmas Kiss, Mary Christmas or Yule Hog adorning the pump.

Once Peter cannot be found in the sports room on a Friday night, once he's departed for a Christmas to be spent with his daughter in the land down under. Once the faces you don't see

so often begin to show up, the members who pay their subs for this once-a-year treat, once people migrate back home to the frosty Colne Valley.

Once the Veteran's do and the Children's Christmas party have commenced, with gossip, gifts and games. Once Father Christmas has made an appearance on a low loader and Steve's games have been enjoyed and won and cried over for sixteen years running.

Once groups have met up, dressed up posh and sparkly for a drink before (and after) a curry in Slaithwaite, the Christmas market, the panto or office dos down town.



'Tis the season once Christmas Eve hits and the club is a well-deserved stop off in the midst of a busy day. Once work is finished, veg is prepped, once gifts have been wrapped and relatives have landed early who need entertaining... and probably, a pint.

Once the turn starts that night or on Christmas day itself when people arrive dressed up in new clothes, daft jumpers, or bringing a waft of new perfume. Once children with lovingly coveted gifts arrive, transfixed by new gadgets, freshly unboxed trainers or riding round and round outside on new scooters, bikes or roller blades.

Once the big day is over, 'betwixtmas' begins with boxing day as people get back to work or stay in party mode. New Years Day is fun, it's all hands to the mast, three-deep at the bar, running out of glasses and cash. People start the new year as they mean to go on, together with friends at Broad Oak



Poor Lass Live

I thought I'd take a bit of time to put this panel, my participation in today and how me and my work fits in into this context. My work focuses on trying to create cultural theory that feels truer to working class experience and voice – particularly in the context of deindustrialised towns in the north. I by no means want to claim to speak for everyone but I noticed that the majority of theory that's written about w/c culture or these kinds of towns is written by someone that doesn't seem to get it! I noticed a common theme of this kind of writing and some of the policy which targets us focuses on lack or loss – lack of interest, lack of engagement or merely focuses on what we've lost, particular traumas or not being educated or 'cultured' enough. I think this is a really particular view which either misrepresents working class people or only tells part of the story – I want to focus on what I know is brilliant about working class culture – warmth, funniness, being caring and thinking about others. That's where Poor Lass came in – I became aware of their work when I had just started my PhD, finding myself back in the middle class and privileged context of a redbrick university and really struggling. I went through copies of the zines reading the entries and listened to the podcast, it made me feel like there was a whole group of people who had been through the same kinds of things, I saw so much of myself in people's entries which helped me keep my chin up and think about the power of sharing your perspective and lived experience.

I started thinking in the run up to this event about how where you're from affects your perspective and how it matters who tells what kinds of stories

I feel like its my duty to step up when there's so few women from a working-class background in academia. I started off a piece of writing for my PhD about who I am and where I'm from and it descended into raking up trauma about the difficulties me, my family and people around me faced – substance abuse, domestic violence, a lack of access to secondary and further education and the effect of the mines being closed down in my town. These stories are vital and important but I realised after thinking

about it that it didn't make me feel good – it didn't feel like a productive place to start to write about what can be fabulous and nurturing about being from a working-class background. I scrolled through Instagram and saw a post from Scottee a working-class performance artist who was developing his show 'Class' for the Edinburgh Fringe, he said he was sick of picking scabs, of making painful work about himself and his background for a largely middle-class theatre audience to marvel at. It was at that point that I realised that this writing I was producing – though sometimes therapeutic was not how I wanted to frame this conversation. Instead, I've begun to think about 'inheritance'. Though the word brings to mind white middle-class privilege– receiving a house, a family heirloom or a vast quantity of money – it also makes me think about the things we hold dear, the qualities fostered by our family, our friends and our communities – about the ideas, humour and worldviews we soak up from others.

I turned kind of literally to think about my family – the traits and ways of getting through life that have impacted on who I am. My Great Auntie Jean who stubbornly returned a bra to Bhs after wearing it for a week and deciding underwiring wasn't for her – who also did outdoor swimming well into her 60s. My Grandma Mary on my mum's side who ran a café on Goldthorpe market while looking after 4 kids. My other Grandma Mary, who had a passion for QVC, leopard print and immaculately done nails. About the stewardess of the working men's club I worked at who would invite locals who would otherwise be lonely round for their Christmas dinner in the concert room of the club. For me it's these kinds of actions, stories and people who have made up my worldview – not only trauma, pain or growing up without certain things. It also spreads into the future as people like Seleena and Em create new ways of sharing experiences and fostering new communities for working-class people.

LAURA

17TH AUGUST 2019

❁The Robin❁

I walk on my usual path down the backstreets of the town centre, which I make use of as a quieter passage to the Heart of Glass offices. I walk round the back of the shopping centre, past the loading bays and short-stay parking spots and through the pedestrianised passages which give a glimpse down to the busier high street below. I am stopped in my tracks, I see the installation of the portraits of the Council of Wisdom, some are familiar to me having circulated in the office as draft copies. The finished composition is new to me, with interpretive text as well as one portrait which I have not seen before. I look hard at the portrait, like the other portraits in the series which feature a swimming baths, a clearing in a local wood and an allotment, the setting is everyday and familiar. I feel like I immediately recognise it. It reminds me of the storied landscape of the Burgies, slagheaps left over by the glass manufacturer Pilkingtons. Dirty, toxic mounds of industrial waste which some people remember fondly, some people protest for their removal and others create tongue-in-cheek rumours about online, relating to an apparent connection with ancient Mayan civilisation. This literally ruined landscape is paradoxically fecund in its ability to act as a cultural signifier - a place to be explored, held onto, rejected and railed against as well as configured in fantastical ways.

The rest of the portraits also feature otherworldly scenes of men I have come to know transfigured into larger than life figures – hurling flaming donkey jackets, bodies dripping with fountain pen ink, adorned with a crown of bright red strawberries and looking upward toward the sky with thick, black painted eyes. Though in this portrait the figure is decidedly absent. It's as if the sitter has recently left the set, placing his black eye mask on the stool and stepping down carefully from the slag heap, clocking off for the day. Instead, the figure that is visible in the foreground is a robin, head tilted toward the lens of the camera with one large brown eye searching the area.

I wonder about this member of the Council of Wisdom, this image feels interrupted by his absence. I think of the person who I know is absent, my inclinations on why he might not be present and think about the tips he gave me on the bus for the best spots for birdwatching in the local area and hope that he is doing ok. Despite

the interruptive qualities of his absence, I am reassured by the very fact of the portrait's presence alongside the others on this street. The presence of this little bird with its red breast contrasted against the grey of this densely storied cultural landscape presents promise. It's as if this robin might be holding the space open for the man to come back, to clamber up the side of the Burgie and resume his pose on the white stool in the centre.

Sources

- Ahmed, Sara. 2010. *The Promise of Happiness*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.
- Ahmed, Sara. 2014a. Not in the Mood. *New Formations*. **82** (1), pp.13-28.
- Ahmed, Sara. 2014b. *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press.
- Ahmed, Sara. 2017. *Living a Feminist Life*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.
- Anderson, Ben. 2014. *Encountering Affect*. Surrey and Burlington: Ashgate.
- Ankenbrand, Julia. 2022 A morning conversation.
- Armitage, Dennis. 2019. Interview.
- Arctic Monkeys. 2006. Red Light Indicates Doors Are Secure. Arctic Monkeys. *Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not*. [CD]. London: Domino Recording Company.
- Baggs, Amanda. 2010. Up in the Clouds and Down in the Valley: My Richness and Yours. *Disability Studies Quarterly* 30 (2), no pagination.
- Barad, Karen. 2010. Quantum Entanglements and Hauntological Relations of Inheritance: Dis/continuities, SpaceTime Enfoldings, and Justice-to-Come. *Derrida Today*. **3** (2), pp.240-268.
- Barmaid and member knowledge about flag movements following a death or national event. 2011-present.
- Barmaid Knowing. 2011-2015.
- Barnsley Biodiversity Trust. 2009. Barnsley Biodiversity Action Plan 2008 – 2012. Barnsley: Barnsley Metropolitan Council.
- Barnsley Metropolitan Council. 2019. Street sign on May Day Green.
- Bennet, Jane. 2004. The Force of Things: Steps toward and Ecology of Matter. *Political Theory*. **32** (3), pp.347-372.
- Berlant, Lauren. 1998. Intimacy: A Special Issue. *Critical Enquiry*. **24** (2), pp.281-288.
- Berlant, Lauren. 2004. Critical Inquiry, Affirmative Culture. *Critical Inquiry*. **30** (2), pp.445-451.
- Berlant, Lauren. 2007. On the Case. *Critical Inquiry*. 33, pp.663-672.
- Berlant, Lauren. 2008. Thinking about Feeling Historical. *Emotion, Space and Society*. **1**, pp.4-9.

Berlant, Lauren. 2011a. *Cruel Optimism*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Berlant, Lauren. 2011b. Public Feelings Salon with Lauren Berlant [Online]. [Date Accessed 12 February 2021]. Available from:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rIOeWta_MOU

Berlant, Lauren. 2015a. Cruising Veganism. *GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies*. **21** (1), pp.18-23.

Berlant, Lauren. 2015b. Structures of Unfeeling: Mysterious Skin. *International Journal of Politics, Culture and Society*. **28** (3), pp.191-213.

Berlant, Lauren. 2016a. The commons: Infrastructures for troubling times*. *Environment and Planning D: Society and Space*. **34** (3), pp.393-419.

Berlant, Lauren. 2016b. LAUREN BERLANT Interview. [Online]. [Date Accessed: 21 November 2020]. Available from:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ih4rkMSjmjs>

Berlant, Lauren, Elena Loizidou and Imogen Tyler. 2000. The promise of Lauren Berlant: An interview. *Cultural Values*. **4** (4), pp.497-511.

Berlant, Lauren, Heather Davis, Michael Hardt and Paige Sarlin. 2011. "On the Risk of a New Relationality:" An Interview with Lauren Berlant and Michael Hardt. *Reviews in Cultural Theory*. **2** (3), pp.7-27.

Berlant, Lauren and Elizabeth A Povinelli. 2014. Holding Up the World, Part III: In the Event of Precarity... A Conversation [Online]. [Accessed: 12 May 2021] Available from:
<https://www.e-flux.com/journal/58/61149/holding-up-the-world-part-iii-in-the-event-of-precarity-a-conversation/>

Berlant, Lauren and Earl McCabe. 2016. Depressive realism: An interview with Lauren Berlant. [Online]. [Accessed: 11 February 2021] Available from: <http://hypocritereader.com/5/depressive-realism>

Berlant, Lauren and Katarzyna Bojarska. 2019. The Hundreds, observation, encounter, atmosphere, and world-making. *Journal of Visual Culture*. **18** (3), pp.289-304.

Berlant, Lauren and Katheen Stewart. 2018. The Soup is On, workshop 1/2. [Online]. [Accessed 13 May 2021]. Available from: <https://vimeo.com/340527730>

Berlant, Lauren and Katheen Stewart. 2019. *The Hundreds*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Berlant, Lauren and Cooke, Jennifer. 2013. Transformations and challenges in politics, teaching, art and writing: An interview with Lauren Berlant. *Textual Practice*. **27** (6), pp.961-970.

Berlant and Edelman. 2014. *Sex, or the Unbearable*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Berlant, Lauren and Charlie Markbrieter. 2019. *Can't take a Joke*. [Online]. [Accessed 24 March 2020]. Available from: <https://thenewinquiry.com/cant-take-a-joke/>

Berlant, Lauren. 2020. The Lynch Distinguished Lecturer Series Lauren Berlant in Conversation with Dana Luciano and Rebecca Wanzo: The Unfinished Business of Cruel Optimism [Online] [Accessed 2 December 2020]. Available from: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M0alpfPzhZI&t=3452s>

Berlant, Lauren Judith Butler, Bojana Cveji, Isabell Lorey, Jasbir Puar, Ana Vujanovi. 2013. Precarity Talk A Virtual Roundtable with Lauren Berlant, Judith Butler, Bojana Cvejic, Isabell Lorey, Jasbir Puar, and Ana Vujanovic. *TDR: The Drama Review*. **56** (4), pp.163-177.

Big Boys. 2022. Channel Four. 26 May, 22.00.

Billy Casper bumper sticker. ca.2010.

Bradley, Dai. 2010. *Kes Billy Casper*. [Online]. [Accessed 12 December 2019]. Available from: <https://www.kes-billycasper.co.uk/shop.html>

Bus passengers. 2019.

Butler, Judith. 1997. *The Psychic Life of Power: Theories in subjection*. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press.

Channel Four News. 2016. Barnsley voters explain why they voted leave. [Online]. [Accessed 1 September 2019]. Available from: <https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=10153842562976939>

Clarke, John Cooper. 2020. *I Wanna be Yours*. London: Picador.

Club Steward kindness. ongoing.

The Cuphead Show! 2022. Netflix. 18 February 2022, 00.01.

Cup of Tea League. 2019. Broad Oak Bowling Club.

Deleuze, Gilles and Félix Guattari. 2005. *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*. Minneapolis and London: University of Minneapolis Press.

Derry Girls. 2018. Channel Four. 4 January 2018, 21.00.

Despret, Vinciane. 2015. Why "I Had Not Read Derrida": Often Too Close, Always Too Far Away. in Mackenzie, Louisa and Posthumus, Stéphanie. eds. *French Thinking about Animals*. East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, pp. 91-104.

Devlin, Steve. 2019. Interview.

Devlin, Stella. 2019. Interview.

Escobar, Arturo. 2018. *Designs for the Pluriverse: Radical Interdependence, Autonomy, and the Making of Worlds*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Foucault, Michel. 1997. The masked philosopher. In: Rabinow P (ed) *Michel Foucault – Ethics: Subjectivity and Truth* (Hurley R, et al., Trans.). London: Penguin, pp. 321–328.

Fuck Tories Graffiti. 2021.

Garside, Peter. 2019. Interview.

Goodley, Dan. 2007. Becoming rhizomatic parents: Deleuze, Guattari and disabled babies. *Disability & Society*. 22 (2), pp.145-160.

Greg Davies: Looking for Kes. 2019. BBC1. 19 November 2019, 21.00.

Grossberg, Lawrence. 1992. *We gotta get out of this place: popular conservatism and postmodern culture*. London and New York: Routledge.

Grossberg, Lawrence. 1997. *Bringing it All Back Home*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Graham, Helen. 2022. Conversation on righteousness

Guattari, 1995. *Chaosmosis: an ethico-aesthetic paradigm*. Bloomington and Indianapolis: Indiana University Press.

Hall, Jim. 2019. Interview.

Harney, Stefano and Fred Moten. 2021. *All Incomplete*. Colchester, New York and Port Watson: Minor Compositions.

Haraway, Donna. 1988. Situate Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective. *Feminist Studies*. 14 (3), pp.575-599.

Haraway, Donna. 1991. *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women: The Reinvention of Nature*. Oxon: Routledge.

Haraway, Donna. 2009. 'Donna Haraway Lecture MA Visual and Critical Studies' [Online]. [Accessed 23 July 2020] Available from: <https://youtu.be/3FOXdXfVDXw>

Haraway, Donna. 2016a. *Manifestly Haraway*. Minneapolis and London: University of Minnesota Press.

Haraway, Donna. 2016b. *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Cthulucene*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Haraway, Donna. 2018. SF with Stengers: Asked for or not, the pattern is now in your hands. *Sub-Stance*. 47 (1), pp.60-63.

Hines, Barry. 1968. *A Kestrel for a Knave*. London: Penguin Books.

- Hines, Barry. 2009. *This Artistic Life*. Hebden Bridge: Pomona Books.
- Hirst, Jane. 2019. Interview.
- Hobson, David. 1967. Jungle Book excitement.
- Hodkinson. 2009. *This Artistic Life*. Hebden Bridge: Pomona Books.
- Howlett, Brenda. 2019. Interview.
- Howlett, Jackie. 2019. Interview.
- Hoyle, Catherine. 2019. Interview.
- Hoyle, David. 2019. Interview.
- Jardine, Lisa and Julia Swindells. 1990. *What's Left? Women in Culture and the Labour Movement*. London and New York: Routledge.
- JR and LR, 2022. Rec graffiti.
- Jukebox friction.2019. Broad Oak Bowling Club.
- The Jungle Book. 1967. [Film]. Wolfgang Reitherman dir. USA: Walt Disney Studios Motion Pictures.
- King, Clive. 2010. *Stig of the Dump*. London: Puffin Books
- Kittens and Mittens. 2021. Popplio Crochet Pattern by Kittens and Mittens. [Online] [Accessed August 2021]. Available from: https://www.etsy.com/uk/listing/812881519/popplio-pokemon-crochet-pattern-pdf-in?click_key=020b30aca00d2036b1885ff513efe7a6340c0bc6%3A812881519&click_sum=69004eee&ref=shop_home_active_23
- Latour, Bruno. 2005. *Reassembling the Social: An Introduction to Actor-Network Theory*. Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press.
- Lepselter, Susan. 2005. *The flight of the ordinary: narrative, poetics, power and UFOs in the American uncanny*. PhD Thesis, University of Texas at Austin.
- Lepselter, Susan. 2016. *The Resonance of Unseen Things: Power, Captivity and UFOs in the American Uncanny*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press.
- Manning, Erin. 2011. Fiery, Luminous, Scary. *SubStance*. **40** (3), pp.41-48.
- Manning, Erin. 2013. *Always More Than One: Individuation's Dance*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.
- Manning, Erin. 2016. *The Minor Gesture*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Massumi, Brian. 2015. *Politics of Affect*. Cambridge and Malden: Polity Press.

Messer, Sarah. 2004. *Red House: Being a mostly accurate account of New England's Oldest Continually Lived-in House*. London: Penguin Books.

Morrow, Lydia. 2022. PomCast. [Podcast]. [Accessed March 2022] Available from: <https://pompomag.com/blogs/podcast/episode-70-lydia-morrow>

Nordlund, Sari. 2019. Willa Cabled Cardigan by Sari Nordlund. [Online] [Accessed 10 January 2022]. Available from: <https://www.ravelry.com/patterns/library/willa-12>

Petite Maman. 2021. [Film]. Céline Sciamma. dir. France: Lilies Films.

Poor Lass. 2014. Poor Lass the Work Issue. [Online]. [Accessed 20 February 2019]. Available from: <https://salfordzinelibrary.co.uk/library/poor-lass-1-the-work-issue/>

Pulp. 1995. Catcliffe Shakedown. Pulp. *Different Class / Deluxe Edition*. [CD]. New York: Island Records.

Research for moving house. 2020.

Retrosaria. 2022. *Badana*. [Online]. [Accessed 3 March 2022]. Available from: <https://retrosaria.rosapomar.com/products/badana>

Robinson, Jayne and Ralph Swithenbank door-knocking jobs. 1990s to early 2000s.

RMW. 1991. Broad Oak Working Men's Bowling Club: Magnificent New Clubhouse. *Huddersfield Daily Examiner*. 20 February, p.10.

Rushton, Sam. 2022. Conversation in a beer garden on connections and associations with Barnsley.

Scissett Middle and Shelley High School attendance. 2002-2009.

Seigworth, Gregory. 1998. Houses in Motion. *Antithesis*. **9**, pp.9-24.

Seigworth, Gregory. 2013. From Affection to Soul in: Charles J. Stivale Ed. Gilles Deleuze: Key Concepts. New York and Oxon: Routledge, pp.181-191.

Seigworth, Gregory, Bessie P. Dernikos, Nancy Lesko, Stephanie D. McCall and Alyssa D. Niccolini. 2020. Affect's First Lesson In: Bessie P. Dernikos, Nancy Lesko, Stephanie D. McCall and Alyssa D. Niccolini. Ed(s). *Mapping the Affective Turn in Education: Theory, Research, and Pedagogies*. New York and Oxon: Routledge, pp. 85-93.

Self Esteem. 2019. *In Time*. [Online]. [Accessed 12 July 2019]. Available from: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7dFgkTT-yWI>

Serres, Michel. 2018 *The Incandescent*. trans. Randolph Burks. London: Bloomsbury academic.

Shopping with my mum at Medder/Meadowhall. Late 1990s -2009.

Slag Graffiti. 2021

The Specials. 1980. Friday Night, Saturday Morning. *More Specials*. [CD]. London: Chrysalis Records.

Spektakelstrik and Mødrehjælpen. 2020. Mood Sweater Kid. [Online]. [Accessed 1 March 2022]. Available from: <https://spektakelstrik.dk/vare/mood-sweater-kid-english/>

Spice World. 1997. [Film]. Bob Spiers dir. UK: PolyGram Filmed Entertainment.

Stengers, Isabelle. 2011. Relaying a War Machine? in Allieux, Éric and Goffey, Andrew. eds. *The Guattari Effect*. London and New York: Continuum Books, pp 134-155.

Stern, Lesley. 2020. *Diary of a Detour*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Sternberg, Claudia. 2022. Conversation over post-viva drinks in the University of Leeds on connections and associations with Barnsley.

Stewart, Kathleen. 1996. *A Space on the Side of the Road: Cultural Poetics in an 'Other' America*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2005. Cultural Poesis: The Generativity of Emergent Things. In: Denzin, Norman K. and Lincoln, Yvonna S.. eds. *The Sage Handbook of Qualitative Research*. Thousand Oaks, New York and Dehli: Sage Publications, pp.1027-42.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2007. *Ordinary Affects*. Durham and London: Duke University Press.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2008. Weak Theory in an Unfinished World. *Journal of Folklore Research: An International Journal of Folklore and Ethnomusicology*. **45** (1), pp.71-82.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2010. Worlding Refrains in: Gregg, Melissa and Seigworth, Gregory J. eds. *The Affect Theory Reader*. Durham and London: Duke University Press, pp.339-353.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2012a. Pockets. *Communication and Critical/Cultural Studies*. **9** (4), pp.365-368.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2012b. Precarity's Forms. *Cultural Anthropology*. **27** (3), pp.518-525.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2013a. The Achievement of a Life, a List, a Line. In: Long, Nicholas J. and Moore, Henrietta L. eds. *The Social Life of Achievement*. New York and Oxford: Berghahn Books, pp.31-42.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2013b. Regionality. *The Geographical Review*. **103** (2), pp.275-284.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2013c. *Studying Unformed Objects: The Provocation of Compositional Mode*. [Online] [Accessed 17 December 2019] Available from: <https://culanth.org/fieldsights/350-studying-unformed-objects-the-provocation-of-a-compositional-mode>

Stewart, Kathleen. ca.2013. Matter Poems. [Online] [Accessed 12 June 2020] Available from: https://www.academia.edu/4240824/Matter_Poems_STEWART

Stewart, Kathleen. 2015. New England Red. In: Vannini, Phillip. ed. *Non-Representational Methodologies: Re-Envisioning Research*. New York and London: Routledge., pp. 19-34.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2016. The Point of Precision. *Representations*. **135** (1), pp.31-44.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2017. In the World that Affect Proposed. *Communication and Critical/Cultural Studies*. **32** (2), pp.192-198.

Stewart, Kathleen. 2021a. Core Lecture Series. [Online]. [Accessed: 18 November 2021]. Available from: <https://vimeo.com/541967687>

Stewart, Kathleen. 2021b. Session 8- Special Keynote Address by Prof. Kathleen Stewart, Young Researchers' Conference. [Online]. [Accessed: 3 January 2022]. Available from: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rOvQrQwsDuw>

Stickers seen on car windows. 2021.

Still angry after all these years? Kes. 2006. BBC Radio 4. 3 August, 09.30.

Storor, Mark. 2016. Baa Baa Baric. [Online]. [Accessed 26 May 2022]. Available from: <https://www.heartofglass.org.uk/projects-and-events/projects/baa-baa-baric>

Super Mario Odyssey. 2017. Nintendo Switch [Game]. Nintendo Entertainment Planning & Development: Kyoto.

Swithenbank, David. 2021. Phone call.

Swithenbank, Erin. 2021. Itchy trip to Macclesfield.

Swithenbank, Erin and Wyatt Swithenbank. 2022. Trip to the rec/ Mushroom Kingdom/ Inkwell Isle.

Swithenbank, Laura. 2019. Information Sheet Broad Oak Bowling Club.

Swithenbank, Mark. ca.1994-2006. Sofa sleeping.

Tsing, Anna Lowenhaupt. 2005. *Friction: An Ethnography of Global Connection*. Princeton and Oxford: Oxford University Press.

Tsing, Anna Lowenhaupt. 2015. *The Mushroom at the End of the World: On the Possibility of Life in Capitalist Ruins*. Princeton and Oxford: Princeton University Press.

Williams, Raymond. 2000. Culture is Ordinary in Ben Highmore Ed, *the Everyday Life Reader*. London and New York: Routledge.

Williams, Raymond. 1961. *The Long Revolution*. Middlesex and New York: Penguin Books.

Williams, Raymond. 1977. *Marxism and Literature*. Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press.

Woman and girl on train. 2019.

Women in the concert room. 2019.

Yard Act. 2022. 100% Endurance. Yard Act. *The Overload*. [CD]. New York: Island Records.