

WHERE EAST MEETS WEST : GARY'S OLYMPIC GAME

The transcript that follows is from an interview with Gary Carpenter then aged 18, who describes the people he met and incidents that happened while he was working with his dad as a riggers assistant. I first met the Carpenters during a health and safety induction session at the Carpenters Road site and subsequently conducted interviews with each of them separately and one with them together. I was immediately struck by the closeness of their relationship and by the fact that this father and son team represented a very 'old fashioned' aspect of working class culture. Gary had started working with his dad as soon as he left school, and in effect became his apprentice. They both took great pride in the job, and also from the fact that to a large extent they were their own bosses. They were taken on as a team, controlled their own work process, and moved from site to site, deciding when and where they would work. At 18 Gary was earning very good money and drove a Lamborghini to prove it.

Mark Carpenter was very knowledgeable about soils – in effect he was a geologist- and also something of an amateur archaeologist since his hobby was collecting objects he unearthed around the site. He had found Roman coins and pottery fragments, and many other things, each of which had a story attached to them. But he was as interested in the present as the past and what was going on in and around the site, as well as what lay underground. He was considerable raconteur and for his son's 18th birthday, made him what he called 'Gary's Olympic game' as a souvenir. It took the form of a Monopoly board which he adapted so that it represented a series of site specific features and events. 'Its full of little private jokes' Gary told me ' while for Mark it was a 'good bit of memorabilia for us'.

One day Gary gave me a a guided tour, telling the stories as he went. Some of the sites marked where they had worked. 'Vine Street' becomes Marshgate Lane and Euston Road gives way to Waterden Road which led onto the Olympic site. Gary joked that his dad only put them on so he knew where he was. In a geography which was changing so fast, with buildings being demolished and a whole street pattern erased, a few fixed points of reference came in handy.

Many of the stories were about their workmates and their personal idiosyncrasies Local cafes and pubs also feature prominently. Some of the references are autobiographical, some touch on family conflicts, and others on their perceptions of the local community. Some stories are what Gary called 'rude': 'Dave's Hairy Pie Shop' would certainly put you off eating there. One or two are very non PC: 'Is my Turban Dirty Road' would not find its way onto any official map of community relations.

In constructing the story board Mark's topographical imagination follows a narrative, not a spatial logic. Real and imaginary sites are haphazardly mixed together, and become place holders for private in jokes as well as public 'crack'. Gary described the function of the game as an aide memoire : 'its so I can look back and remember everything that happened'.

The significance of the map is as much political as personal. In authorised cartographies places are named after the famous by those who have the power to confer that recognition, but in this narrative landscape is organised around people who never get their names on any official map . Both Gary and Mark were insistent that the workforce who built the Olympic Park should have their contribution recognised and their story told. 'If it wasn't for us there would be no Olympics' they said, echoing the questions raised by the worker who reads books, in Brecht's poem.

Readings

The status of the text can defined in several ways. It is the record of an ethnographic interview. It is a document of oral history that might be added to the archive of the 2012 Olympics. It is an example of a particular kind of culture, and narrative genre. And it is a memoryscape.

There are, equally a number of different ways in which the text can be read and understood, depending on your perspective. It may be read for its intrinsic interest, and appreciated for its narrative qualities in much the same way as you would listen to a good story. And perhaps that it the best way to begin and end with it. It can also be used as a way of testing out various theories in the human sciences, each of which has its own story to tell about what the text means.

Cynics might argue that the human sciences only ever find what they are looking for. Where sociologists discover social norms, consensus or conflict, anthropologists detect rituals, myths and luminal spaces, while psychoanalysts watch out for signs of narcissistic identification or oedipal rivalry, and economists observe the unintended consequences of rational choice.

There is no easy way to add these accounts together, and synthesise them into some grand overarching theory. In some sense the human sciences have created a Frankenstein's monster assembled from the various bits and pieces of human life that these different bodies of knowledge have taken as their objects of concern . Many sociologists still go about their business as if people did not have bodies, or dreams, or emotions or memories, or even speak, let alone dance or sing while others concentrate on just one facet of these different modes of being and ignore the structural and institutional constraints on their broader development. The academic division of labour has produced much new knowledge, some of it even useful, but it has also lead to ever

greater specialisation, resulting in ever more fragmentary and incommensurable accounts of what it means to be human.

This has led to a counter movement which stresses the importance of developing a more dialogic, interdisciplinary approach, while also questioning purely humanistic definitions and putting the category of the human (and culture) back in touch with the world of objects, nature and the environment¹. But on the whole it has been left to poets and novelists and sometimes painters, to insist on the interconnectedness of things and, to put human beings back together again in a narrative or aesthetic form that does justice to their complexity.

In the section following the transcript I have framed some of the questions which these various disciplines might address to the text, but in a way which I hope may help the reader to also reflect on the limits and conditions of what these various theoretical discourses have to say, as well as what might they might each contribute to a shared conversation.

My suggestion is that you do not look at these questions until you have read the interview and formulated your own opinions as to what issues it raises.

GARY

I work with my dad, I'm his assistant, what they call a second man. We bore holes in the soil to get samples for them to send to the laboratory. I like my job. I was born to be a rigger. You have to learn it by your hands, and by watching what the rigger does. Every hole is different. You have to know what tools to use for what conditions. You can't learn it out of a manual or by looking at a diagram.

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The East end is a shit hole, I dirty area. Its gun crime, its stabbings, its lawless. A friend of mine found a dead body in a dyke, just down from here. It's not a nice place I've had a few run ins with the locals, nothing serious. There's a lot of immigrants round here- you don't see a lot of white people, why is it so coloured? The people round here don't care about nothing. They're ruthless. There was this scrapyard merchant down the road and he had a rotweiler. I knew he was mistreating it. He didn't feed it properly, just left it out in the damp and cold. He was due to move out so I said to him 'I'll buy it off you and give it a good home. How much do you want for it? And he goes' five hundred quid'. Well there was no way I could afford that so I rung the RSPCA and told them about it and they come down and took the dog away. I said I'd like to have him but they rang me the next day and said that he had to be put down cos he was suffering from hip dysplasia and cataracts- he just hadn't been looked after. But I have a heart, you know what I mean, I could never mistreat an animal

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The way I am on site, I'm a name, I like to feel its my site, I'm in control. People know me, its all down to reputation and respect, everyone knows everyone on this site and I've made loads of friends. I'm proud to be here, to be part of the Olympics. In 2012, I'll be 23, may be I'll have kids and I'll be able to tell them, look I helped build that.

The Annotated Map

In the interview Gary told me 27 short anecdotes, each one linked to a place name on the board. In editing the transcript some of the hesitations and repetitions have been removed, also my questions and interjections, all in the interests of readability, whilst at the same time preserving Gary's essential diction. The site name on the original Monopoly Board is in brackets.

1. Marshgate Lane (Old Kent Road) and 2. Waterden Road (Whitechapel Road)

These are roads leading on to the Olympic site. I think they are just there because everything is changing so fast, so just to get our bearings. We done a lot of work down there.

3. Ed's Boatyard (Kings Cross).

Ed was the site engineer and if we had any problems we'd go to him and he'd either tell us to carry on or pull us off the job. He liked his boats, he knew a lot about them and when we got our's he used to help us a lot, telling us what to do, what stuff to get.

4. Brocarts (Euston Road)

This is a local road and what it was, I'd just started driving and when I'd come up to the lights, or a roundabout I used to hesitate sometimes. My dad was with me and whenever I did this, he'd go 'brocarts,bro,bro,brocarts' (makes a sound like a hen clucking) like I was chicken so it became like a private joke between us.

5. The Perfumed Skip (Angel).

There was this distribution centre up the road and they deal with perfumes, and cosmetics. And they was always throwing stuff out in the skip, even if just the packaging was damaged. So I used to go up there in my lunch break and have a sniff around and I got loads of good stuff out of there, which I gave to my girl friend.

6. Blackwall Crash zone (Pentonville Road I)

I had a tasty little crash there, went into the back of a Land Rover, only at about two miles an hour, but it all counts. My dad used to bring it up constantly.

7. The Lying Tongue (Whitehall)

This is about my Uncle Paul. When I first started drilling with my dad, he worked with us. But when I started getting more comfortable around my dad, and we'd do a lot of horseplay, he didn't like it. Perhaps he felt left out. I dunno. He realised that my dad had ideas for me getting into drilling and being part of the business. Then one day he rang up and said he was quitting, cos I was taking the piss out of him all the time. My dad told him I was no threat, but he said he was going back to lorry driving. But then we found out that he had gone and got himself a job with another drilling company, so he lied to us. He'd got a long tongue but he lied with it, even though my dad had taken him in when he needed help.

8. Is My Turban Dirty Road.(Northumberland Avenue)

This is just a joke, it started at home when a mate of mine rang up the Indian takeaway and ordered some stuff that his brother would come in to collect. And when the bloke in the restaurant asked for his name he said I S M Y T U R B A N D I R T Y. And the bloke goes 'Is My turban dirty?' It was just a laugh. I didn't mean anything bad. I think a person with a turban would find it funny

9. Hotel California (Pall Mall)

Its a strip bar in Stratford. There was a bloke called Dave who worked for the bomb disposal squad. He was always going on about this place. He loved it in there and spent most of his free time there. Quite a few of the lads used to drink in there, but I never went there myself.

10. Goth's Graveyard (Marlborough Street)

This is about another Dave, also in the bomb squad. He's just come back from Iraq. He seemed like a normal bloke, but then he met this girl, she was Goth. So one day he turned up with a Mohican and pink hair. Then he was off for a few days and we spread a little rumour that he's been caught shagging his missus in a graveyard. Every time we saw him on the site we'd go 'been down the Graveyard recently?' But then his girl friend left him. His money from Iraq started running out, then he lost his job. He had a lot of bad luck and we felt sorry for him.

11. Hawkins Wine bar (Vine Street)

This is about a bloke called Hawkins, he was very dedicated to his work. He never left the yard till about eight o'clock at night. He was very friendly but quite posh. He'd say 'I'm quite partial to a thimble full of wine'. He never actually drank very much. Anyway we liked him, so we gave him a wine bar, because we could.

12. Trent's Moustache Road (Bow Street)

Trent was a bit of a ladies man, very good looking. He decided to grow this moustache. It was hilarious. He'd got big lips and a wide mouth, perhaps he was trying to hide them, but the tache was huge. It looked like a rat hanging off his mouth, and it looked ridiculous on such a young bloke. So we used to make fun of him with it.

13. Dave's Hairy Pie Shop (Fleet Street)

'Hotel California' Dave was mad about sex. He was always talking about it. He was a very up front kind of guy. One day we was in the Pie Crust- its a caff near Stratford, don't ever go there, its terrible

food. Anyway we was standing at the counter ordering our food from the waitress, when Dave comes up and he goes ' I bet she's got a hairy fanny' just out loud like that in front of her. He just did'nt care.

14. Ghana Drilling Ltd (Strand)

There was a bloke we met on the site who knew nothing about drilling, but he went and bought this rig, and he would ask us for our advice. But he was very slow, you'd explain things but somehow he just couldn't grasp it. People think drilling is easy but it isn't. He wanted to go out to Ghana and he wanted us to come with him. But we knew he'd stand no chance out there. He came back after a couple of weeks and he'd taken all the wrong gear and didn't even get to bore one hole. He wanted us to come back with him, but it wasn't a nice part of Africa where he was living, so we just said 'sorry, no'.

15. The Gaping Mouth (Trafalgar square)

There was a bloke on site called Paul Mann. He was an ex traffic warden but decided to become an engineer. And there was this other guy Jordan, he was an Australian and we used to do a lot of Jamaican talk like ' Yeah, man' and ' How y'a doing bro', and all that. Then one day we was with Paul and Jordan come up and asked him what his name was and he went 'Paul Mann', so of course Jordan just thinks he is trying to be cool, saying 'man' and we all fell about. Paul used to just stand there all day with his mouth open, doing nothing. He was the laziest man on the site. He was always stuffing his mouth, and I you threw anything in his direction it was bound to go in. He was just a very annoying kind of bloke.

16. Gary and Amber's Love Nest (Piccadilly)

I'd just met my girl friend and my dad liked her so he put this one on for us both. There's not really a story to it, it's just a nice thing.

17. Lala Song Nite club (Coventry Street)

This is about my Uncle Paul again. He was always singing to himself....he likes cabaret and musicals. But he could never remember the words. So he'd just lala along. So we used to take the mick and lala back at him.

18. Aidan's Army Surplus Store (Regent Street)

He was also a bomb detector and a very good mate of our. He was ex army, he'd been a sergeant major. He was a very military bloke, The way he walked, swinging his arms. And he talked kind of strange – he'd use these big words, which you didn't know what they meant until he explained. But he wasn't at all stuck up. He also had a moustache. I asked him once if he'd seen any fighting but he didn't like talking about the army. He used to bring in his old army stuff, trousers, jackets, waterproofs, all nice stuff. We always used to ask him to check out bore holes for bombs because we knew he was reliable. They found lots of munitions on the Olympics site, hundreds of shells.

19. Carpenter and Son Drilling (Electricity Company)

It's just my dad's way of saying that I'm part of the business. Its a nice thing to hear. He'll let me know when I'm ready to have a rig of my own. He says I could be earning 50 grand a year by the time I'm 25, and as it is I'm getting 350 a week which is a lot more than my mates are getting.

20. Jodie's Excavations (Fenchurch Station)

She was an archaeologist we got friendly with. Aidan also liked her a lot. She's another person on the site I'll always remember. She used to go out with us when we were boring a new hole, in case we found anything of interest to her. We found a sheeps skeleton once. I found a lot of old bottles, and an inkwell covered in mother of pearl. And loads of bits of dolls. I got interested in the bottles. People collect them, you know. California Hotel Dave was an expert on them. He knew how they were made, he could tell you stories about them. He had quite a collection, over a thousand bottles.

21. Beercan n Eggs Cafe (Bond Street)

This was a local caff run by Jamaicans where we used to have breakfast sometimes. So we've do a bit of Jamaican and ask for 'beercan' n eggs.

22. Bywaters Hovercraft (Water Works)

They used Hovercraft to collect water samples from the marshland. They had been in the James Bond movies – the one with Piers Brosman in it. They were army style, really cool, I'd have loved to have a go in one. Got my photo took in the driving seat, near as I'll ever get to it, I guess.

23. Riding Dirty Road (Leicester Square)

This is just a song I used to play as I was driving around. My dad also liked it which is probably why he put it on.

24. Jordan's DVD Emporium (Coventry Street)

He was a young lad, and very laid back. He was in control of the site and he just used to sit in his hut all day and listen to music and watch DVD's on his laptop. You had to knock on his door and make sure you weren't disturbing him before you want in. Mind you he had everything under control.

25. Lord Lambeth (Mayfair)

Lambeth is the name for a soil formation, you get it a lot, its also called Woolwich and Reading. There was this bloke, Dave Rosser, who really knew nothing about geology, but we taught him stuff and then he set up as a site authority on the subject. He was annoying at first. He started off being the head honcho and you didn't really know how to act around him. But he ended up a just a regular geezer. So we used to call him Lord Lambeth.

26. General Thornton (Park Lane)

Aidan's second name was Thornton so we used to call him General Thornton. We got a spray can what they used to mark the ground and sprayed 'General Thornton was Here' everywhere. We had a lot of good times with him.

No-one thinks of people like Aidan. But if he hadn't been there we might have had a bomb go off and there would be no more Olympics. Everyone on the site did something towards the Olympics and they should get recognised. I met so many characters on the Olympics, but now everyone has gone away. Jordan's gone back to Australia, Goth's gone back to Yorkshire. I'll never see them again but we'll all remember each other. When I come back to it in the future I can think 'yeah that's what happened, that was really good'.

COMMENTARY

The status of the above text can be defined in several ways. It is the record of an ethnographic interview. It is a document of oral history that might be added to the archive of the 2012 Olympics. It is an example of a particular kind of culture and narrative genre. And it is a memoryscape.

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This has lead to a counter movement which stresses the importance of developing a more dialogic and interdisciplinary approach, while also putting the category of the human (and culture) back in touch with the world of objects, nature and the environmentⁱⁱⁱ. But on the whole it has been left to poets and novelists and sometimes painters, to insist on the interconnectedness of things and, to put human beings back together again in a narrative or aesthetic form that does justice to their complexity.

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Questions

Here are some questions that might be raised in connection with the transcript.

Defining the social

In the introduction to 'Reassembling the Social' Latour writes :

'Even though most social scientists would prefer to call 'social' a homogeneous thing, it's perfectly acceptable to designate by the same word a trail of *associations* between heterogeneous elements. Since in both cases the word retains the same origin - from the Latin root *socius* - it is possible to remain faithful to the original intuitions of the social sciences by redefining sociology not as the 'science of the social', but as the *tracing of associations*. In this meaning of the adjective, social does not designate a thing among other things, like a black sheep among other white sheep, or a special domain, but *a type of connection* between things or domains that are not themselves social'^{iv}.

How far does the material in the transcript illustrate Latour's point?

Articulating the social

What do these stories tell us about the nature of workplace relations – between different sections of the workforce and between the workforce and the local community ? Many of the stories focus on the personal idiosyncrasies of workmates – what does this tell us about the nature of working relationships? How are issues of class and ethnicity articulated in these contexts ?

To what extent is making the 'Olympic Game' a way of symbolically 'owning' the 2012 project, or at least identifying with its aspirations?

To what extent could the overwriting of the West End locations of the Monopoly Board with an east end narrative be considered an a conscious act of erasure and replacement of one story world by another. Or is it simply a device to create an aide memoire to enable the father and son to share reminiscences?

Apprenticeships

Growing up working class has traditionally been an apprenticeship to an inheritance entailed in prides of place and/ or patrimonies of skill.^v Today, as a result of changes in occupation cultures, and especially their patterns of recruitment and training, it is more unusual for sons to follow in their father's footsteps, even in the construction industry, where due to its forms of subcontracted labour, it is still possible. It is even more unusual for sons to work directly with their fathers as part of a joint family enterprise, although this still happens to some extent in the fishing and in farm work.

In the traditional workplace culture of male apprenticeship, the new lad is subjected to various practices of initiation, which involve sexual teasing, pranks, and practical jokes (eg being sent for left handed spanners), all of which are designed to emphasise his subordinate status, and general lack of competence. Depending on the local culture this may be good humoured or turn into deliberate humiliation and outright bullying. The practice is also linked to the fact that the lad is often treated as a 'skivvy' by the older men, is sent on errands, makes the tea, sweeps up,

in other words fulfils a domestic and conventionally female role. It has been suggested that the latent function of these practices is to 'toughen' the apprentice and induct him into a culture of masculinity linked to manual labour. Or that it is an expression of generational conflict, given that the older men are passing on trade skills and know how that will enable the apprentice to one day replace them.

In modern, i.e. non patriarchal, forms of apprenticeship in the manual trades the emphasis is on acquiring generic technical skills, through formal and accredited training procedures, rather than induction into a workplace culture. As a result many of these practices have been eliminated.

At the same time Jean Lave has suggested that informal systems of apprenticeship are a generic way in which people learn things from one another and transfer locally situated knowledge within face to face communities of practice^{vi}. This involve an initial stage in which beginners sit on the sidelines and watch how the more experienced practitioners go about the business, and then move from a position of peripheral participation to a more active role, as they gradually gain in skill and confidence, until they too in their time become 'old hands' and pass on the tricks of the trade to a new generation.

See the text Apprenticeship a la Mode on this website for further discussion of this point.

Rites of Passage

18th birthdays are special in that they mark the attainment of legal majority, and full civil rights, including the right to vote and do a lot of things legally that most young people have been doing unofficially for quite a long time.

How far does the sharing of these stories and the incidents they describe represent a rite of passage for Gary into the adult world, and a form of male bonding between father and son ?

Only Joking ? The Crack and its other scene

Gary describes the 'Olympic game' in terms of the sharing of 'private jokes ' but is it more than that? Quite a few of the stories relate to forms of banter, and teasing.

Under the general name of 'crack (from the irish craic),banter, joke and story telling, play an important role in this occupational culture, in affirming its solidarities. The management, and unpopular workmates are often the butt of these tales. Anthropologists have pointed to the function of these 'joking relationships' as enabling the ritualised expression of hostility towards superiors, or those who are perceived to be a threat, whilst taking sufficient edge off the feelings of anger to prevent open conflict and so allow the relationship to be sustained^{vii}. Mother in law jokes are good case in point.

Given the possible tensions that might arise with father and son working so closely together, is the collusive sharing of jokes directed against 'outsiders' a form of displacement? Does it also enable otherwise taboo topics and attitudes, and social anxieties, such to those connected to race, to be voiced?

Ethnoscapas

This is a term coined by Arjun Appadurai in *Modernity at large (2003)* to describe the intersection between demography and geography in the era of globalisation. It refers to the spatial distribution of population flows and their patterns of urban concentration, and also how this process is constructed in ethnic terms, becoming imprinted on the landscape, so that for example an area becomes defined as 'Irish' or 'Jewish' even though its actual demographic may be much more varied. The features of an ethnoscape include the creation of enclaves, migration corridors and diasporic networks, it always has a local as well as global dimension. See chapter two for account of an ethnoscape in action. Ethnoscapas can also become racialised.

Read through the accounts in 'Groundbreakers', also the Carpenters transcript and the report of the ODA response to the issue of the workplace demographic in and consider how far the concept of 'ethnoscape' helps to explain what is going on.

A Dogs Life?

This is the most elaborate autobiographical statement that Gary makes. He tells it as an example of what he perceives to be the local communities cruelty and his own humanity. But what else is going on ?

Chunking the text

It is possible to classify these stories in various ways – e.g. by topic or theme (what the story is about), by topography (where the incidents described took place), or by 'topos' (what theoretical issue they illustrate e.g. joking relationships). How you decide cut the cake will determine how the text is broken down into smaller chunks for more detailed analysis.

It sounds obvious enough but it can get complicated. For example it may not always be possible on a first reading to decide exactly what the theme of a story is. Its ostensible referent –e.g. finding a stray dog, may turn out to be about something else : the disregard of the local community for its pets which in turn is used to symbolise their lack of humanity and 'barbarism', which in turn is linked to a discourse about 'immigrants'. This is where paying attention to the way a story is contextualised and evaluated by the teller is so important. Equally some stories are primarily about the nature of the places where they occurred, whereas others occupy a non-place realm. In this case all the stories are site specific, although their import is not necessarily limited by that fact.

Download the transcript from the website and using Ethnograph or a similar text coding system, go through it tagging the keywords related to your chosen approach. Now you have re-organised the text so that you can begin to get a clearer picture of its underlying narrative pattern and structure. It is important to let this emerge from the text itself, rather than rushing to impose a theoretical grid on it that may let a lot of

Chronotopes

The term was coined by Mikhail Bakhtin to denote the way space and time are configured in different kinds of narrative^{viii} In the case of Gary's Olympic game they are woven together very tightly but their relationship is quite complicated. In constructing this narrative landscape Mark did not follow a simple chronology. The earliest story is not located on the square next to 'Go' and then continues consecutively until the latest one happens on the last square before we get to 'Go' again. The telling of these stories does not follow the strict temporal sequencing rule which normally governs the telling of a chain of events. But equally the story board is not organised topographically. Although the unity of place – the Olympic site and its immediate environs – is stronger than that of time – the incidents recorded occurred at random intervals over a period of 18 months - nevertheless there seems to be only a weak correspondence between the real siting of an event and its narrative re-location on the board. The map is not the territory and the territory is not the map. The placing of one story next to another is thus determined neither simply by where or when it happened in real space and time. In any case the contiguous and the consecutive are less important in organising a memoryscape than contexture. And here the 'underwriting' of the East End by the West End introduces a new variable. To those familiar with London's class map, as Mark most definitely was, locating a story such 'The Lying Tongue' which is about his brother's shoddy behaviour, on what was once Pall Mall makes its own kind of point. When I asked him about this he just smiled and said he put the stories 'where they seemed to fit'.

An interesting exercise is to get hold of an actual Monopoly Board (British version) and plot Gary's remake back onto it, using your thematic analysis to see if you can establish any pattern of correspondence between high (or low) value sites and particular types of stories.

Lost in translation 1?

It is possible to classify these stories in various ways – by topic or theme (what the story is about), by topography (where the incidents described took place), or by 'topos' (what theoretical issue they illustrate e.g. joking relationships). It sounds obvious enough but it can get complicated. For example it may not always be possible on a first reading to decide exactly what the theme of a story is. Its ostensible referent –e.g. finding a stray dog, may not be a reliable indicator of what it is about : the disregard of the local community for its pets which in turn is used to symbolise their lack of humanity and 'barbarism', which in turn is linked to a discourse about 'immigrants'. This is where paying attention to the way a story is contextualised and evaluated by the teller is so important. And nowhere is this more important than in the case of the Olympics.

Lost in translation 2 ?

Some ethnographers have argued that everyday speech should be transcribed in such a way as to preserve and mark its special rhythms and cadences^{ix}. In their view there is a special poetry in speech that is lost in translation when its phrasings, its pauses and punctuations, are either edited out or marked by commas or full stops. Instead it has been suggested that the full

prosody can be conveyed by 'scanning' the speech as if it were free verse, and transcribing it accordingly.

Listen to the audio file of Gary's interview and then transcribe a chunk of it, using the Gumperz/Hymes protocol so that each line is broken where you think there is a significant pause, or a change of emphasis.

Using the same chunk, transcribe it fully using a notation system that encodes patterns of intonation and other paralinguistic features.

What is gained or lost in terms of understanding what is going on by introducing these systems of transcription?

ⁱ See M Strathern *Commons and Borderlands* (2004)

ⁱⁱ For a critique of academic specialisation see A Sohn Rethel *Intellectual and manual labour : a critique of epistemology*

ⁱⁱⁱ See M Strathern *Commons and Borderlands* (2004)

^{iv} Bruno Latour *Reassembling the Social* (2005) p 23

^v For a discussion of this see P Cohen 'Apprenticeship a la mode?' in to P Ainley and H Rainbird *Apprenticeship: towards a new paradigm of learning*(1999)

^{vi} See J Lave and E Wenger *Situated learning :legitimate peripheral participation* (1991) and also the contributions of Ainley and M F D Young to P Ainley and H Rainbird (op cit)

^{vii} See Gluckman's essay in M Gluckman (ed) *Essays in the ritual of social relations* Manchester University Press 1962 for the classic statement of this theory.

^{viii} See M Bakhtin *Speech Genres and other late essays* (1999) and N Bemong et al *Bakhtin's Theory of the Literary Chronotope* (2010)

^{ix} See to J Gumperz and D Hymes *The Ethnography of Communication* (1964) for a classic formulation of this position and its methodology.