

# LLOYD CORPORATION

TODAY'S GIFT IS  
TOMORROW'S COMMODITY.  
YESTERDAY'S COMMODITY  
IS TOMORROW'S FOUND  
ART OBJECT. TODAY'S ART  
OBJECT IS TOMORROW'S  
JUNK. AND YESTERDAY'S  
JUNK IS TOMORROW'S  
HEIRLOOM.

22 September — 29 October 2022

Private View: Wednesday 21 September, 6–8pm

## CARLOS/ISHIKAWA

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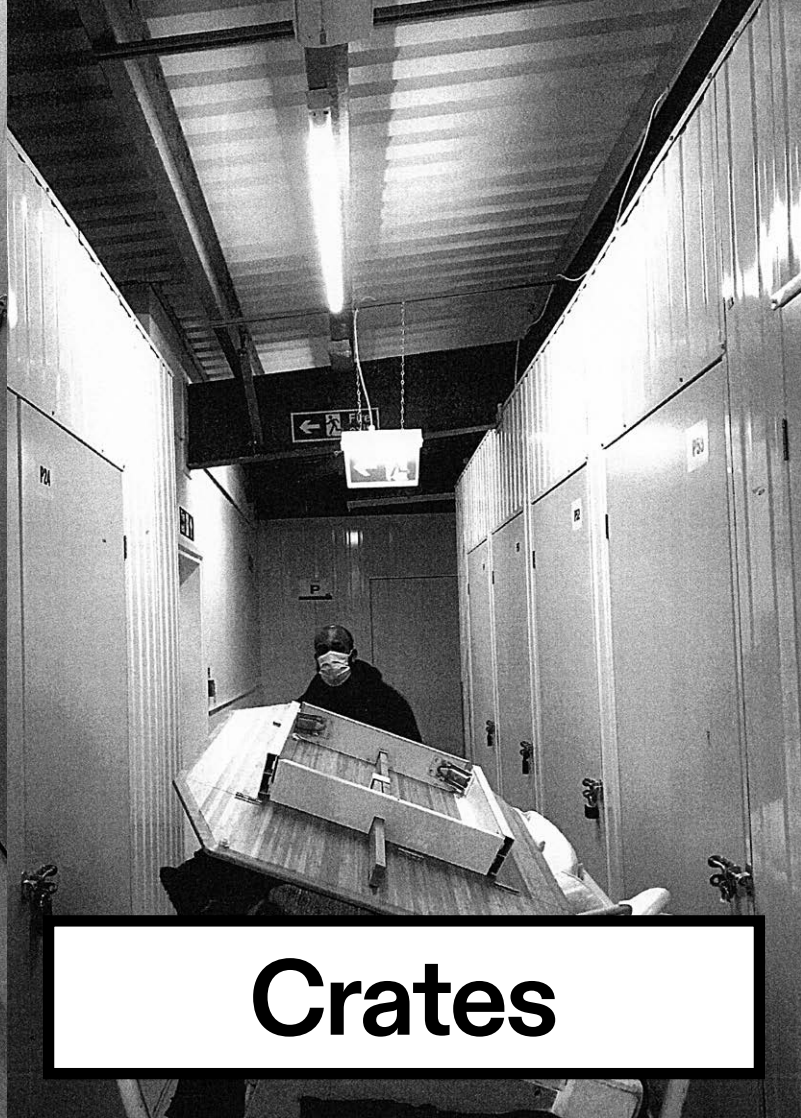
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1



Crates



**Crates**  
Nina Wakeford

In January she drove to Self Storage, visiting for the first time to enquire about renting space. The month before she had let each of the grandchildren roam through the house, room by room, marvelling at their ability to quickly select and carefully pack up the agreed three items each. She herself had not been able to make any progress about what to transport to her own already overstuffed home, what to sell or give away, or what to take to the recycling site. 'A house is nothing other than subjectivity,' she told herself, 'a self under construction'. By the New Year she realised she would soon have to put the building on the market. She made a resolution. If she packed just a few things into boxes each day and made regular trips to fill a storage unit, without having to make any more decisions, she could cope with the gradual sense of subtraction.

It was pure chance that on that initial visit she met the man who sold access to the 'abandoned storage' units. While she was looking through the pages of her contract – a two year fixed agreement so she could afford the discounted monthly rate – he had come up to the counter and asked for the manager, who had appeared quickly and handed over a large set of keys. She had made a joke about maybe needing that many units herself, and he had explained that the keys were not to open his rentals, but rather to unlock spaces which were no longer being paid for and would need to be cleared. He liaised with all the storage businesses in the city, inspecting these units, removing anything with a name on, and then selling the contents as lots to online bidders who would have to clear spaces of every single item to get back the deposit left at the front desk.

She imagined her own mind as Self Storage, some spaces stuffed with belongings which were visited and sorted on a regular basis and others which had been neglected or forgotten. She felt drawn to the abandoned storage units. She asked how much a unit might go for, and if she might accompany the man to see one there and then. He was reluctant, but promised to let

her know when he next put some up on his eBay site. And so, in late February, she found herself back at Self Storage, as she would every month for the next two years, each time a key to a different abandoned unit in her hand. After the first visit, she brought her girlfriend, and together they began to bid for units not to empty, but rather to make people up. A 'theatre of composition' was what her girlfriend called it.

Soon she found she could not bear to part with any goods even after having invented their previous owners – she just re-rented units under her own name and left them undisturbed. She also stopped inspecting the contents visually as she found the scene overwhelming. She could best make people up with her eyes shut. Closing her eyes firmly as her girlfriend put the key in the Self Storage lock, she would only open them an hour or so later when the unit was again secured. Without the use of her sight, she tried to get a first sense of the space as a room and then as a person by its smell. She would take in a deep breath as she heard the door opening. The scent of tobacco, when it was present, always seemed to arrive quickly, as did bleach or washing fluid. Perfumes reached her more slowly. Last of all came the smells associated with plastic or electronics or rubber or IKEA furniture, each of which she learned to distinguish, and each of which helped her begin to compose a stranger's inner life: despair, dreams, indifference.

When prompted, her girlfriend would then start describing, in meticulous detail, every bit of contents and its position – objects which were leaning, stuffed in a corner, balanced or piled up. She kept as much of the inventory in her head as possible, and sometimes asked for a reminder if she could not retain as much as she needed. Occasionally she asked questions. Then they went home and she wrote it all out. In an attempt to reconnect objects and owners she uploaded her texts as reviews on Self Storage's Trustpilot page, hoping that someone would recognise themselves.

She read that Sigmund Freud in his 'Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis' had described the unconscious as a bourgeois interior, with an entrance hall, a drawing room, and a threshold in between guarded by a watchman who would only

let certain mental impulses into the drawing room. Having opened her senses to the – definitely not bourgeois – scenes in Self Storage she found this irritating. She was frequently entirely overwhelmed by sadness when she attempted to characterise those who had condensed part of their lives into such small spaces, lives always expressing themselves as if someone had pressed pause.

#### SOURCES

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Sarah Tripp (2017). *Making People Up*. PhD Thesis, Edinburgh College of Art

*Crates* was commissioned as part of Brighton CCA Dialogues, alongside a second commissioned text by the same author, *Images*, on occasion of the exhibition *Today's gift is tomorrow's commodity*: <https://brightoncca.art/dialogue/crates-and-images-two-texts-by-dr-nina-wakeford/>.





2



Stuff



Stuff  
Lloyd Corporation

We were in a small flea market shop on The Lanes in Brighton, one of the only ones open on a non-market day, during the early phase of Covid lockdown easing. The shop was overflowing with the usual paraphernalia, with piles of stuff cascading onto one another exhibiting a clumsy and ambivalent materiality. Weathered tools from last century's workshops; sorry looking Royal Doulton porcelain; unspecified fragments of rusted metal; poor quality kitsch frames; flat-packed furniture worn out as one's own; a fridge which may or may not belong to the shop owner. One never knows how long these things have actually been there. Perpetually moving between alive and obsolete, trash or treasure, transient but enduring, trade and collection, commodities or gifts, and back again. 'The humility of things.'<sup>1</sup>

My eyes scanned over this familiar scene but rested upon a wooden barrel. It was casually propped with various bit parts, acting as a plinth for some dilapidated fold up chairs that almost camouflaged its distinction. The trouble with 'vibrant matter'<sup>2</sup> is that it's often apprehended en masse, in piles that one sifts through with a kind of distracted attention. What caught my eye about the barrel? Maybe it was the wear of the wood, which harboured a sentiment, texture and atmosphere that has always been present in the matters that attract us. Maybe it was the surprising scale of this mundane-familiar-yet-not object. Something that we often (don't) see acting as props for the interior décor of public houses or ornaments in faux-vintage shop spaces. I couldn't initially put my finger on why I was compelled to take my phone out and capture this barrel.

*Though Herodotus mentions palm-wood casks used in shipping Armenian wine to Babylon in Mesopotamia, the barrel as we know it today was most likely developed by the Celts. Around 350 BC they were already using watertight, barrel-shaped wooden containers that were able to withstand stress and could be rolled and stacked. For nearly 2,000 years, barrels were the most convenient form of shipping or storage container for those who could afford them. All kinds of bulk goods, from nails to gold coins, were stored in them.<sup>3</sup>*

—River Drive Cooperage & Millwork, 'History of Barrels', 2022



The barrel gave us a particular orientation on Brighton's heritage. The Lanes, where I encountered this barrel, 'remain much as they were in the 18th century, when goods were landed on the beach and carried straight up for sale and distribution from shops and inns among the winding alleys and narrow courtyards'.<sup>4</sup> There are stories of smuggling tunnels that run directly beneath these alleys, conjuring up myths and legends of dank passages and notorious 'gentlemen' rolling barrels of illicit goods to be stashed and transported to London's black market.

*Running round the woodlump if you chance to find  
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy-wine,  
Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for your play.  
Put the rushwood back again – and they'll be gone next day!*<sup>5</sup>  
—Rudyard Kipling, 'A Smuggler's Song', 1906

The economic crisis sparked by Britain's colonial war in North America positioned South Coast towns and villages as hives of resistance to rapid taxation. Imports of brandy, gin, tea, coffee, salt and spices were sold cheaply enough to quench even 'the palate of the poor'.<sup>6</sup> Evidently the history of smuggling still has a grip on Brighton and across the South Coast, as an object of heritage, folklore and branding. One can go on a walking tour of the Smugglers Tunnels and learn about the Myths & Legends of New Brighton. Stop for a pint at The Smugglers pub on Ship Street or a meal at The Smugglers Rest. If you're a local resident, become a member of Rottingdean Smugglers, a society that holds annual torch lit parades. 'An edgy, noisy, fantastical evening ... of fire, drumming, costume, fireworks and seasonal fayre. A hybrid night of noise and mayhem'.<sup>7</sup>

This fits into a rich vein of South Coast traditions dating back to ambiguous origins and steeped in period aesthetics of burning effigies and the drama of re-enactment. Lewes Bonfire Night Celebrations might have started with the failed Gunpowder Plot in 1605. Was it to commemorate 17 Protestant martyrs burned at stake during the Reformation, or to warn of the advances of the Spanish Armada? In Ottery St Mary the Gunpowder Plot is similarly mythologised through an age-old tradition of local families carrying lighted Tar Barrels through crowded streets. These traditions are now increasingly visible, sought after,

consumed in Guardian picture galleries. Increasingly attracting numbers of people that burst the seams of narrow town streets. As shared myths and public rituals, they continue to provide a space for contemporary carnival – a rare outlet for eccentricity, impromptu commoning and political dissent to take centre stage.

What about the barrel itself? Weathered, stained, rusted, grained, graded. Should we ask where it came from? How it ended up here, in amongst the ad hoc paraphernalia of flea market wares? What its journeys or circulations were? What it held as a vessel or how it was held as a possession? What roles or values it has assumed? Who made it and where? How was it gripped, cut, shaped, sanded, fired, bent, bound, rolled, packed, exchanged, emptied, disposed? How many others were crafted by these hands? What other hands held it and when and why? Would knowing any of this get us closer to knowing this barrel? Or any barrel for that matter. Why even barrels at all?

*The idea of the thing itself is a way to capture the stubbornness of the materiality of things, which is also connected to their profusion, their resistance to strict measures of equivalence, and to strict distinctions between the maker and the made, the gift and the commodity, the work of art and the objects of everyday life... the magic of materiality and the unruliness of the world of things. This unruliness thrives on the ephemerality of the artwork, the plenitude of material life, the multiple forms and futures that the social life of things can take, and the hazy borders between things and the persons whose social life they enrich and complicate.*<sup>8</sup>

—Arjun Appadurai, 2006

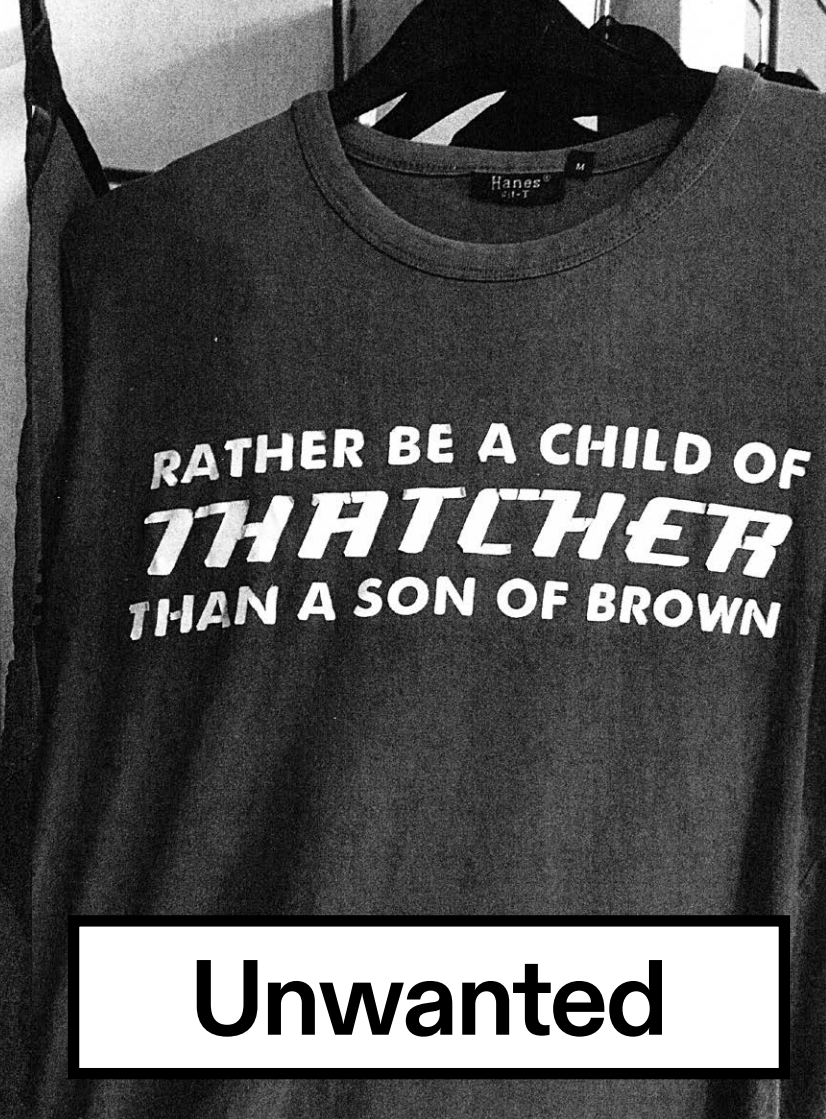
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- 4 [http://www.smuggling.co.uk/gazetteer\\_se\\_18.html](http://www.smuggling.co.uk/gazetteer_se_18.html)
- 5 <https://allpoetry.com/A-Smuggler's-Song>
- 6 *The Complete English Tradesman*, Vol. 2, Page 91 Daniel Defoe, 1727
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**3**



**Unwanted**

Clothes are the most peopled of objects. We might even think of clothing as persons with social lives and stories to tell, in the mode of anthropologist Igor Kopytoff. 'In doing the biography of a thing,' he suggests, 'one would ask questions similar to those one would ask about people.' These include: 'Where does the thing come from and who made it?' and 'How does the thing's use change with its age, and what happens to it when it reaches the end of its usefulness?'

We are what we wear and, equally, we are what we throw away. The devaluing and revaluing of clothes can be a personal act, but it can also be a complex global process. These are tales left untold. To uncover what is usually concealed, in 2019 I followed a British house clearance company whose high-speed methods move garments, in less than a week, out of wardrobes and into the hands of secondhand dealers and consumers, through declining scales of value, until garments are given away for free. This process reveals how clothes move from wanted to unwanted, and shows lives lived and lost.

#### The wearer

For house clearers, every day is busy: sorting, dumping what won't sell, selling what will, and dumping again. Jobs may be grand or modest; some they charge for and some they pay to clear. There may be cash in the garage or hypodermic needles in the carpet. On my visit, we are in a cul-de-sac in a small coastal town. An elderly widow – I will call her Judy – has recently died. Relatives have gone through her possessions, as is usual, but leave five wardrobes' worth of clothes. Surveying a recently-deceased stranger's bedroom feels uncomfortable – her dressing gown still hangs on the back of the door – but this is what house clearers do, all day, every day.

#### The clearer

House clearance sits at the intersection of refuse disposal, the

#### Polite Notice:

The is a Charity shop not the Tip or

Dumping yard

If the item is dirty, rag or Rubbish,

if a toy is broken, dirty or incomplete

Please do not bring it to our shop or  
leave it at our door.

We are trying to protect our staffs and  
customers.

Also, it costs time and money to get  
rid of such items.

Thank you

death industry and the antiques trade. Its operators are part dustmen, undertakers and dealers. As they work, they decide which items can be sold on. Underwear, for example, is unlikely to find buyers. Anything that will not make immediate profit goes to the tip: rusted tools from the garden shed, chemicals from under the kitchen sink, pharmaceuticals from the bathroom cabinet and miscellaneous personal items, from utility bills to family photographs. Judy's dressing gown is the first garment to be tipped off the truck.

#### The garment

How might we compose a cultural history of such an item? In 1796, Denis Diderot wrote a whimsical essay, 'Regrets on Parting with My Old Dressing Gown'. The old faithful brown belted garment on which the philosopher regularly wiped his pen is rashly disposed of in favour of a new red version, leading to a set of ill consequences bound up in metaphors about manners and morals. This does not seem quite right. In another attempt, a domestic robe plays a key role in the British 1957 film, *Woman in a Dressing Gown*. Here it signals an unhappy marriage, loss of public persona and female entrapment. For an elderly woman in the present-day, however, a pale blue polyester robe from Bonmarché is neither poetic trifle nor cinematic plot device. It is a modest home comfort amid poor health, what is worn when no-one is watching. It is not highly prized culturally, and neither is its producer, the mid-price high street womenswear retailer catering for over-45 plus-size customers.

#### The maker

Dressing gowns retail in Bonmarché for £15 but have little resale potential. Nicky Gregson and Louise Crewe's research into secondhand cultures found that used bedwear features prominently among items that shoppers reject. Intimate objects, bearing imprints of former owners, are the least desirable of old garments. This is heightened if they are connected to the elderly or recently deceased. There's little fantasy to be found in an old dressing gown; its origins are less glamorous.

Bonmarché was one of the companies implicated in the Rana

Plaza garment factory in Bangladesh that collapsed in 2013 killing 1,134 people and injuring 2,500 more. Judging by its current labels, it continues to manufacture clothing in Bangladesh, and China, Egypt, India, Indonesia, Morocco, Sri Lanka, Turkey and Vietnam, suggesting that it goes where costs are cheapest. It certainly pulls out as it pleases, as documented by fashion industry campaigners, *Labour Behind the Label*. In 2016, Cambodian garment workers were stranded when factories supplying Bonmarché, among others, closed without warning or compensation.

#### The market

Judy bought garments from her nearest Bonmarché. After her death, some were dumped close to her house, while others travelled to a car boot sale ten miles away. Their production and disposal were both international and very local; similar circuits can be traced as the garments sell on.

Bundled into sacks made of bedspreads, clothes are hauled off the clearance trucks at 5.30am in a coastal car park each Sunday. Dealers cluster to get first dibs. Some are traders who have not yet set up their stalls. Sara, for example, sells flamboyant womenswear; she picks up Judy's shiny shirts for a few pounds a time. Minutes later they are on her rails, priced at £15.

Others move goods further. As one of several regulars who ship overseas, Amir sends garments to his native Sudan where, he says, 'they have nothing.' He fills a bag, which the traders let him take for nothing as he helps pack away each week, unrequested. He too has little, as a cleaner supporting his wife and three children in their eighth-floor council flat. Scholars of secondhand clothing's global export have noted how clothes donated to UK charity shops now dominate provision in Zambia, Mozambique, Ghana and beyond. On a smaller scale, individuals who ship from the car boot sale contribute to garments' ongoing geographical journeys.

As clearers dispose of all remaining stock, by 11am, everything is a pound; by 11.30am, 50p. At midday, punters can take it away for nothing. Some collect clothes for Calais or bedding for animal charities. Staff explain, 'in the end, someone will want it. Even

Primark clothes that might otherwise be rejected go when they are free.'

#### The end

Yet, recognisable items from Judy's wardrobe remain. By this time, they've been rained on, dragged through the mud and rejected at every price. They go back on the truck with the chipped crockery, bent cutlery and CDs without sleeves to be reclassified as rubbish.

What constitutes waste is a central philosophical consideration in Discard Studies. Michael Thompson, for example, characterises rubbish as a covert category lying at the intersection of transient goods (whose value is in decline) and durable goods (whose values are in the ascent). Waste is also the subject of categorical scrutiny in the pragmatics of its management.

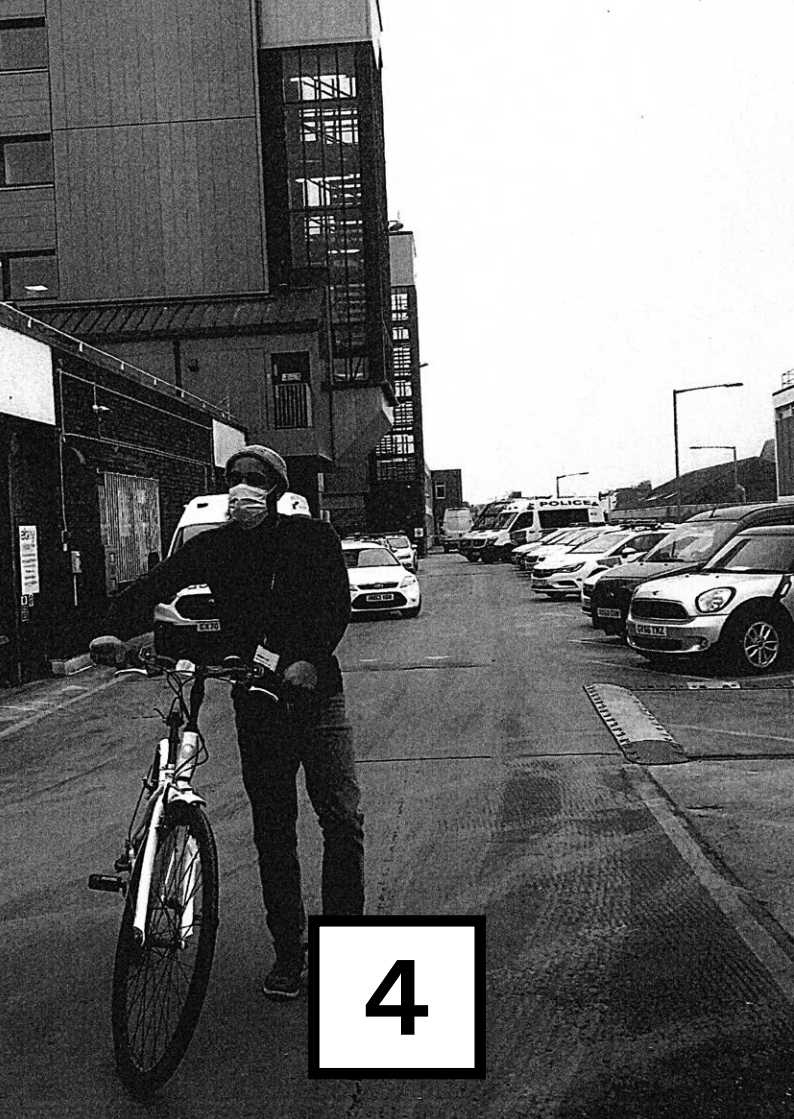
Defined legally, material becomes waste 'when the producer or holder discards it, intends to discard it, or is required to discard it'. If reusable items enter the waste area of a disposal site, they become waste. If recyclable items are mixed with waste, the whole body becomes waste. Finally, if items have 'low or negative economic value' and constitute 'a burden' on the holder, they become waste. Each of these transitions happen to Judy's items between the close of the Sunday market and when the tip opens on a Monday. In a further few days, the newly classified waste will be burned in a local incinerator. Judy's body and its wrappings are both ash within a month, within a few miles of her home. The biography of person and thing coincides.

In his 2015 analysis of detritus, Brian Thill argues that 'waste is every object, plus time.' In Judy's case, the movement from everyday wear to never-to-be-worn again is rapid. Spatially, clothing encompasses the local and the global; temporally, fashion's transitions hurry from treasure to trash. Perhaps Diderot is not so out of place after all. As he reflected in 1767, 'The ideas ruins evoke in me are grand. Everything comes to nothing, everything perishes, everything passes'.

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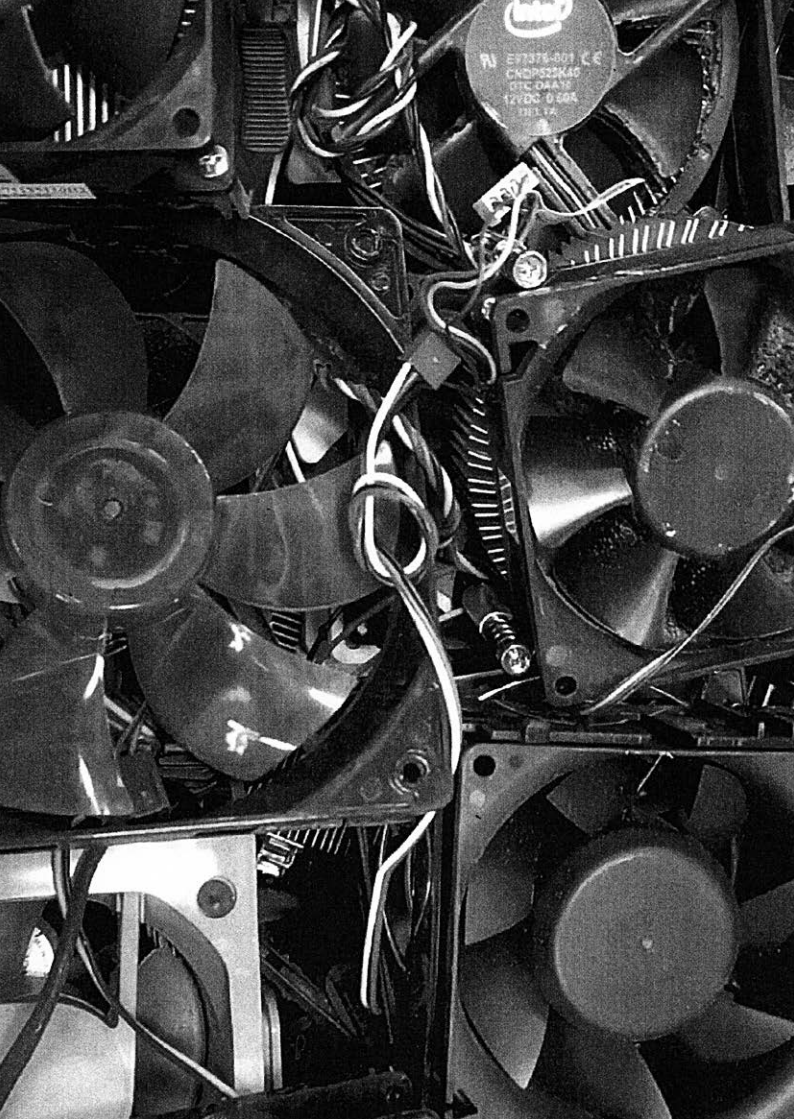


4



Repossession





*Repossession*  
Lloyd Corporation

The first public display of my artwork was in a police station. I took over a cell with base speakers and plaster casted football trophies, creating a satisfying smash every time the little heroic figures fell off their plinths. It was at the old Deptford Police Station, a Grade II listed Edwardian building that became surplus to requirements by the Metropolitan Police in 2009. Later this was granted permission by Lewisham Council to be converted into a 'do-it-yourself art centre' housing artist studios and prison cells for exhibition. According to Guardian Arts editor Kate Abbot 'It feels as if the police have only just left – there are posters everywhere, detailing best practice for fingerprinting, and what officers should do in the event of a bout of excited delirium from a prisoner'.<sup>1</sup> Over a decade later the idea continues to have traction as the empty Rosslyn Hill police cells in Hampstead are brought back into use by another studio provider, the Koppel Project. According to Operations Manager Ellen Taylor, placing artists as residents in police cells could allow them to draw on 'the atmosphere or perspective the location gives them'.<sup>2</sup>

Having situated the Lloyd Corporation offices at the Koppel Project's Hive space on Holborn Viaduct, we saw first-hand how disused spaces become temporal sites of loss and repossession. A vast office floor deluged with abandoned swivel chairs, chipped formica desks and dust became our new art studio. A discarded, yellowing receipt with faded print '010 VISA' revealed this space as the former site of the Chinese Embassy. The smell of wilting cabbage wafted up from the basement, where a temporary soup kitchen had been installed by Food for All, a Hare Krishna charity supplying meals to Central London's homeless. Reverberations through our window sounded the rapid construction of Goldman Sachs new £1 billion headquarters opening next door. The low buzz of tools could be heard from the workshops of the British Academy of Jewellery, where European exchange students learned to shape diamonds as part of an Erasmus scheme. On the top floor of the building two commercial

galleries, mother's tankstation limited and Project Native Informant, presented artworks fostering new, ongoing critical debate. Stacked in various corners behind temporary walls were cascading piles of storage boxes, swelled with personal documents including passport scans and bank statements. Stuffed between these documents were the unused marketing paraphernalia of Free2Learn, a training provider funded by the government to help unemployed people forced to gain new skills in industries such as Security and Loss Prevention.

It's a little-known fact that the Sussex Police have the largest ebay shop amongst the UK forces. Employing 4 full time staff members the police sellers turn over almost £1 million a year through the sale of found property and property confiscated by order of court. According to the Police Property Act Fund the money from these sales goes to supporting local charities whose applications are supported by a Sussex Police officer. Having spent some years filling up various studio spaces with objects bought from ebay lots with titles like 'Bankrupt Bulk Buy Liquidation Repossession', it was a surprise how heterogeneous the items listed in the Sussex Police ebay shop were. Buckle Women's Thigh High PVC Boots Red Used Condition Scratches; Blue 1100 Litre Commercial Wheelie Refuse Bin; 18Ct Yellow Gold Chain Necklace Virgin Mary Pendant; 85 × Desktop Computer Fans. 4 × Ariel ALLin1 Original Pods Biological Laundry Detergent Total 140 Washes NEW.

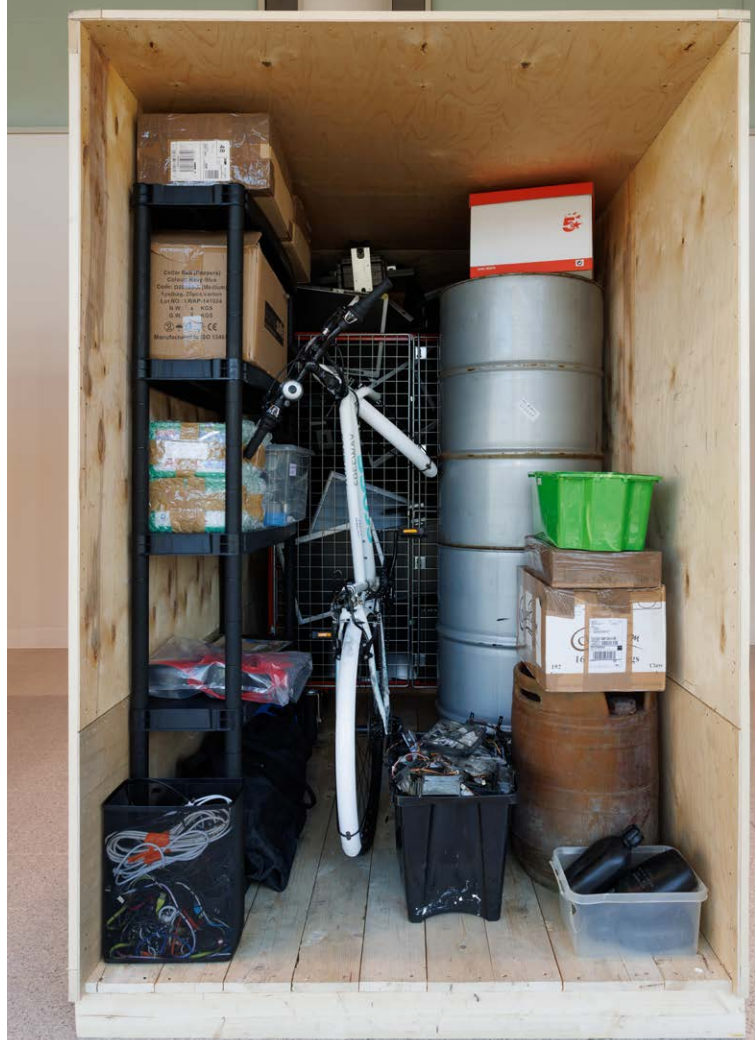
It was also a complete coincidence when we realised the Sussex Police Station and ebay shop were located directly behind the Brighton Centre for Contemporary Art. This was incredibly convenient as we could shuttle between gallery and police station to collect our successful bids and assemble them straight into the art installation. Each time we returned the police ebayers revealed more and more about their operation, a growing success that they evidently took great pride in. They'd recently taken over a larger warehouse space in the station that used to be the evidence room, streamlining the transition of objects from contraband to commodity. Some items were loosely packed in clear polythene bags labelled with long identification numbers, as if they had simply sat on the shelf through the shift from

evidence to ebay. Other items were meticulously wrapped in layers of bubble wrap, bound tightly with fresh packaging tape ready for distribution to customers across the country. Others still were bundled into the large roll cages that would likely have been used to seize them from the crime scenes they came from. A thick, musty smell filled the warehouse like a charity shop, emanating from a large volume of clothing taken from people who had been arrested in recent months. Without the facilities to clean or repair these clothes the police sellers were struggling to shift them. We were convinced the desktop fans and monitors were from an illicit cryptocurrency mining farm. In fact, they were parts stripped down from computers seized off convicted sex offenders and others banned by courts from owning devices. Recently the police ebayers had seen a noticeable shift in what items came into their possession. With Covid having severely limited the options for shoplifting in Brighton, they had been left with large amounts of everyday essentials like washing detergent and food packages.

We finished arranging the items we'd bought from the police sellers into the last wooden crate, carefully reconstructing the atmospheres and perspectives we'd glimpsed in the former evidence room shop storage site. We invited the ebayers to the opening of the exhibition but, unfortunately, they didn't come. Maybe it was too close to home or a bit pointless seeing yourself reflected back through art. If artists can draw new perspectives from the atmospheres of police cells, what can the police draw from the atmospheres of artist boxes?

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5



Timber

*Timber*  
Billy Aston Myatt Beard

Waking up from a dream again, I had a flashback of something that never existed. As concrete is shaped and contoured by the wood it mimics, and was made pressed against it. Alas, this is a piece about the craft of the cross, not the crucifixion. Of pine, which is likely what it would have been made from, although this itself has been debated. A source I've found claims 'the foot of the Cross is Cedar, The Palm holds back the hands, The tall Cypress holds the body', and the semantics of this fit with what I am trying to say. That to pine is bodily. It is a cut curved so that it follows the arc of an arm. I don't know where to put my hands any more; perhaps palm to Palm is best.

I have been reading recently about the standardisation of timber. How they used to cut each piece to fit, so that every uneven piece of timber would sit properly against another. Reading of compromise, preceding component. Within this reading I have discovered that a 2x4 is no longer ever 2x4 inches, and that the name is a flashback itself.

*In modern lumber practices, the boards are no longer exactly 2x4 inches when first cut, but today's drying and planing methods still leave the board 1 ½ inches thick and 3 ½ inches wide. The old standard of calling this board a 2x4 still remains, even though in today's lumber practices, the board has never been 2x4 inches in size.<sup>1</sup>*

Equally, the idea of pining does not in fact come from the wood, but instead from the Old English *pīnian* '(cause to) suffer' and, ultimately, the Latin word *poena* (*punishment*). But within both pining and timber, there is a growing in distance, a shrinking away: as wood drying in a kiln.

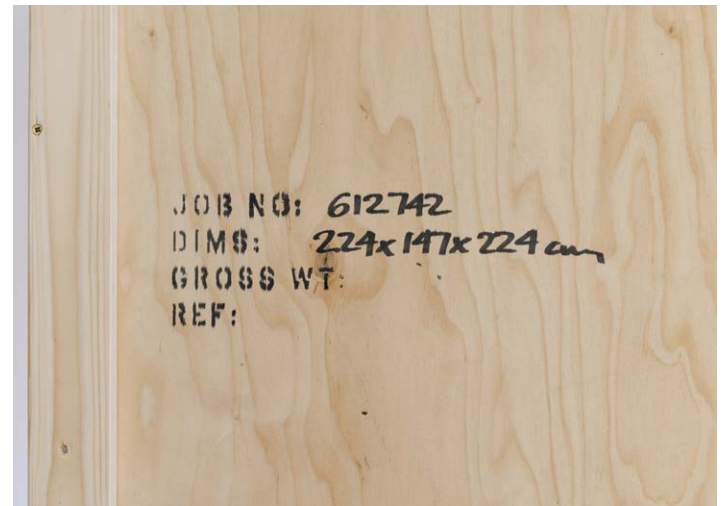
There is a tree near my workplace that fell down in the storm, and I have been thinking about learning to make my own timber from it. I don't know what I would build but I know that that is in many ways secondary. A case for myself makes the most sense. Something pined and planed. Planed as being both to smooth



and to soar — to skim the surface. Timber itself traces back to mean home, before it meant wood specifically. If I build with yew nails, the whole thing will burn as one.

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## CONTRIBUTORS

Annebella Pollen is Professor of Visual and Material Culture at University of Brighton, where she teaches and researches the origins and afterlives of images and objects across a range of case studies and periods. Her books include *Mass Photography: Collective Histories of Everyday Life* (Routledge, 2015), *The Kindred of the Kibbo Kift: Intellectual Barbarians* (Donlon Books, 2015) and *Nudism in a Cold Climate: The Visual Culture of Naturists in Mid-Twentieth Century Britain* (Atelier Editions, 2021).

Billy Aston Myatt Beard is an artist and writer working in London. His work uses materiality to explore themes of ruins, ecology and networks of care. He writes as Aston Myatt on a Substack titled *(Refrain)*.

Lloyd Corporation is a collaborative project between artists Ali Eisa and Sebastian Lloyd Rees. Their practice utilizes sculpture, installation, performance and text, often taking inspiration from informal and local economies. Processes typically involve close dialogue, site-specific research and collection of material culture from which their work takes shape.

Nina Wakeford is Reader in Art at Goldsmiths, University of London. She works with live performance, moving image and installation. She is the author of *Our Pink Depot: The Gay Underground: FLO-N202-236000000-TRK-MST-00002-SAY-HELLO-WAVE-GOODBYE-KEN-NIE-BPS* (Bookworks, 2019) a series of transcripts and images from a commission with Art on the Underground, and co-editor of *Inventive Methods: The Happening of the Social* (Routledge, 2012) a collection which explores, amongst other things, how research might better work with openness and ambiguity.

## CREDITS

*Today's gift is tomorrow's commodity. Yesterday's commodity is tomorrow's found art object. Today's art object is tomorrow's junk. And yesterday's junk is tomorrow's heirloom.* Commissioned by Brighton CCA, 2022

Colour images: *Today's gift is tomorrow's commodity. Yesterday's commodity is tomorrow's found art object. Today's art object is tomorrow's junk. And yesterday's junk is tomorrow's heirloom.* 2022. Installation view, Brighton CCA. © Lloyd Corporation 2022, courtesy the artists, Brighton CCA, and Carlos/Ishikawa, London. Photo: Rob Harris

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LUTON VAN

PALFINGER

TAIL LIGHTS  
INDICATOR

ONE STOP  
INDICATOR