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Early morning – As the city wakes up

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EDITORIALE

'Molto presto una mattina in inverno in Galles, col mare immobile e verde come erba dopo una notte neropece di stridii e rollii, usci di casa...'
(Dylan Thomas, 'Molto presto una mattina', 1944)

... Così siamo usciti di casa, e abbiamo preso le strade abbastanza presto per vedere chi c'era in giro. E anche se i nostri scenari sono piuttosto diversi dalla piccola cittadina gallesse descritta da Dylan Thomas, proprio come lui abbiamo voluto catturare il sapore peculiare di questo momento della giornata. La mattina presto è un argomento relativamente trascurato dagli studiosi urbani, anche quelli interessati alla ritmanalisi, forse per l'enfasi che è stata data alla sera, la notte e la vita notturna (un interesse che risale almeno a Walter Benjamin e al suo incontro con la città mediterranea e quella che Henri Lefebvre avrebbe poi chiamato la sua 'aritmia').

Apparentemente più modesta della notte, forse anche più prosaica, la mattina presto rappresenta comunque un momento critico nei ritmi quotidiani. Anche se purtroppo non abbiamo, come il poeta Dylan Thomas, accesso diretto ai sogni degli abitanti, sappiamo comunque che la mattina è il momento in cui da quei sogni ci si sveglia, un momento di organizzazione e incipiente efficienza. Allo stesso tempo, tuttavia, è ancora possibile camminare in mezzo alla strada e avere la sensazione che, ancora per poco, si può avere la città "tutta per sé". È il momento in cui i lavoratori notturni smontano e quelli diurni cominciano a fluire in città, in cui nottambuli esausti sono alla ricerca di un posto per terminare le loro scorribande notturne e prostitute "fuori servizio" si bevono un tè caldo, quando i primi *city users* corrono a impacchettarsi nei treni della metropolitana e i baristi iniziano a metter fuori tavoli, sedie e ombrelloni. Ci pare che nozioni come quelle di "nicchia", "soglia" e "interstizio" potrebbero essere utilizzate per interpretare questa fascia oraria come un momento di transizione e trasformazione dell'ambiente urbano. Infatti, la congiunzione tra notte e giorno rappresenta un territorio spaziale e temporale interstiziale che consente di accogliere e assemblare

esigenze funzionali e culture espressive differenti. In questo numero presentiamo diverse esplorazioni interstiziali, cominciando da Mattias Kärrholm, che apre con un contributo derivante dal suo studio in corso sulle piazze svedesi. Kärrholm ci mostra come la ritmanalisi possa essere applicata proficuamente per comprendere la vita socio-spaziale di un luogo urbano, non solo su scala circadiana, ma anche per scansioni temporali più ampie, come anni o addirittura decenni. Sostanzialmente, Kärrholm illustra come, con il passaggio storico da un'economia della produzione a un'economia del consumo, la mattina presto sembra esser stata privata delle funzioni collettive che prima deteneva.

Mubi quindi propone una riflessione generale sul concetto di "interstizio temporale", notando come la mattina sia non solo un tema sostanziale di ricerca, ma anche una provocazione teoretica che ci invita a spostare la nostra consueta prospettiva scientifico-sociale per mettere in evidenza alcuni dei punti ciechi della teoria urbana stessa. Come una sorta *aside*, ospitiamo quindi un articolo di David Ottosson sul grande regista svedese Ingmar Bergman e il suo rapporto personale ossessivo con la disciplina al mattino presto. A nostro avviso, l'articolo ha un significato che non appartiene semplicemente alla biografia intellettuale di una mente creativa e di una personalità complessa ma fornisce anche spunti socio-psicologici sull'immaginario collettivo e il significato che attribuiamo al mattino come momento di disciplina. La normatività del mattino può sembrare faticosa e oppressiva ("dover andare a lavorare"), ma nella prassi spesso vi cerchiamo rifugio dai nostri peggiori incubi dalle ore notturne.

In seguito presentiamo una serie di quattro pezzi che trattano fenomeni e sfaccettature del primo mattino in diversi contesti internazionali. Eric Laurier ci introduce a uno studio etnografico sulla prima colazione al bar, una ricerca ha coordinato e condotto per tre anni nel Regno Unito utilizzando anche basato la videoanalisi. Da un lato, il suo focus è sulle trasformazioni della cultura britannica per quanto riguarda i consumi e la vita mattutina, dall'altro sull'attuazione

EDITORIAL

'Quite early one morning in the winter in Wales, by the sea that was lying down still and green as grass after a night of tar-black howling and rolling, I went out of the house . . .' (Dylan Thomas, 'Quite Early One Morning', 1944)

. . . so we went out of the house, and took the streets quite early to see who was around. And although our sceneries are rather different from the small Welsh town described by Dylan Thomas, just like him we set out to capture the peculiar flavour of this moment of the day. A little studied topic, early morning has been relatively neglected by urban scholars, even those keen on rhythmanalysis, perhaps due to the emphasis that has been given to the late evening, the night-time and night life (an interest that traces back to at least Walter Benjamin and his encounter with the Mediterranean city, with what Henri Lefebvre would later dub its 'arrhythmia').

Apparently more modest looking, perhaps even more prosaic, the early morning represents nonetheless a critical slot in daily rhythms. While unluckily we do not have, as Dylan Thomas the poet, direct access to the dwellers' dreams, still we know that the morning is the time of waking up from those dreams, a time of organisation and incipient efficiency. Simultaneously, however, it is also the time when you can still walk in the middle of the street and feel that, for a little while at least, you can still have the city 'all for yourself'. It is the time when night workers end their job and day workers begin to flow into the city, when exhausted noctambulists are looking for a place to end their night-time adventures and 'off-duty' prostitutes are heading for a hot tea, when early city users run and rush to pack themselves into the first metro trains and barkeepers begin to set up the place for customers putting out tables, chairs and sunshades.

Consequently, we believe that notions such as those of 'niche', 'threshold' and 'interstice' could be used to interpret this time slot as a moment of transition and transformation in the urban environment. Indeed, the junction between night-time and day-time represents an interstitial spatial and temporal territory which enables to meet, accommodate and reassemble different urban functional requirements and expressive cultures. In this issue, we presents various interstitial explorations, beginning with Mattias Kärrholm, who opens with a contribution deriving from his on-going study on public squares in Sweden. Kärrholm exemplifies how rhythmanalysis could be fruitfully applied to understand the socio-spatial life of an urban place, not simply at day scale, but also at larger temporal scans, such as years and even decades. Substantively, Kärrholm illustrates how, with the historical shift from a production to a consumption-oriented urban economy, early morning seems to have been devoid of a number of collective functions it previously held.

Mubi then contributes with a general reflection around the notion of 'temporal interstice', elaborating on how the morning could be used as both a substantive topic of concern and a theoretical provocation that invites us to displace our social-scientific gaze, thus – perhaps – highlighting some of the blind spots of urban theory itself. As a kind of welcome aside, we host a piece by David Ottosson on the great Swedish director Ingmar Bergman and his obsessive, tense personal relationship with early morning discipline. In our view, the article bears a significance which pertains not simply to the intellectual biography of a creative mind and a complex personality, but also provides social-psychological insights into the imagination and meaning we attribute to the morning as a moment of discipline. The normativity of the morning may look taxing and oppressive ('having to go to work'), but in practice we also turn to it as a refuge from our worst nightmares lingering from the hours of darkness.

Subsequently, we present a series of four pieces dealing with a variety of different early morning phenomena and facets across a number of international contexts. Eric Laurier introduces us to an ethnographic and video-based study on breakfast at the café he has coordinated and conducted over three years in the UK. On the one

pratica e organizzativa di un insieme di attività apparentemente semplici ma tutt'altro che banali. Phillip Vannini ci riporta invece alcuni scorcii interessanti dalla sua etnografia estesa su traghetti e pendolari nella Columbia britannica. In questo caso l'accento è sullo studio della mobilità quotidiana vissuta in situazioni particolarmente impegnative come quelle dei pendolari che partono alle 4 del mattino.

Con il contributo di Stephen Tomsen ci spostiamo dal Canada all'Australia per aggiungere all'immagine dei pendolari del mattino un tocco distintamente criminologico: cosa succede, si chiede Tomsen, quando due popolazioni diverse come quella dei pendolari e quella dei nottambuli incrociano le loro rispettive traiettorie? Il risultato, ci spiega, è una "pericolosa vicinanza". In altre parole, Tomsen ci conferma che la mattina urbana può essere una zona di frizione. Alcune di queste scomode prossimità — sebbene senza effettivi incontri — sono anche il tema delle indagini su Città del Messico da parte della nostra artista ospite, la fotografa Erin Lee. Nel suo commento all'artista, Mariasole Ariot legge attraverso una lente poetica le immagini del reportage di Lee, immergendole, per così dire, in un'atmosfera degna di Dylan Thomas.

Cambiando contesto ci spostiamo in Giappone per prendere in considerazione un'ulteriore popolazione del mattino presto, meno visibile ma non meno interessante, quella dei pensionati. È Yohko Tsuji che ci guida nell'analisi di questo gruppo che con i pen-

dolari condivide il medesimo spazio-tempo ma da una prospettiva temporale completamente diversa. Abbiamo anche voluto lanciare alcuni spunti riguardo ulteriori popolazioni del mattino presto. Emma Paulsson ad esempio ci propone un estratto dalla sua attuale etnografia degli *street artist* in Svezia. Il suo racconto potrebbe suggerirci l'esistenza di una vera e propria *bohème* del mattino, come un contributo sugli *afterhours* avrebbero certamente confermato.

Per chiudere la nostra piccola esplorazione abbiamo scelto una formula sperimentale. Francesco Forlani è uno scrittore e traduttore dal francese. Avendo vissuto in città diverse come Parigi, Napoli e Torino, nel suo pezzo Forlani evoca il risveglio di queste città — o per meglio dire, di una città non identificata che si trova da qualche parte tra queste — attraverso un gram-melot di linguaggi, visioni e suggestioni. Ci pare che qui Forlani raggiunge davvero il punto di cui parlava Deleuze in cui si fa "delirare la lingua"... Anche se il suo testo è, con le nostre modeste forze, intraducibile in inglese, il lettore, e non solo quello internazionale, potrà godersi l'esperienza di trasformarsi in ascoltatore della sua performance verbale.

M.K. , A.M.B. , M.A.

hand, his focus is on the transformations of British culture as concerns consumption and morning life, on the other, on the organisational and practical accomplishments of these mundane yet all but trivial activities. Phillip Vannini recounts some exciting anecdotes from his extended ethnography of ferry boats and ferry commuters in British Columbia. Here the accent is on the study of lived and experienced everyday mobilities in an especially demanding situation.

With Stephen Tomsen's piece, we move from Canada to Australia and add to the commuter image of the morning a distinctively criminological twist: what happens, asks Tomsen, when two different populations such as commuters and the people of the night intersect their trajectories? The result, he explains, amounts to no less than a 'dangerous proximity'. In other words, Tomsen confirms to us how the urban morning is an important friction zone. Some of these uncanny proximities – although mainly without actual encounters – are also the topic of the investigation by our guest artist, the Mexico-City based photographer Erin Lee. In her commentary to the artist, Mariasole Ariot reads through a poetic lens the images of Lee's reportage, immersing them, as it were, into a Dylan Thomas atmosphere.

As we change the context and pay a visit to Japan, we also take into account a less visible yet no less interesting early morning population, namely retired people. It is Yohko Tsuji who guides us into the analysis of this another population that insects the commuters' paths, share the same space-time but with a completely different temporal attitude. Before the end of the issue we also wanted to give some hints about further early morning populations. We do with Emma Paulsson's piece, an extract from her current ethnography of street art producers in Sweden. Perhaps her narrative suggests the existence of a veritable morning bohemia, as a piece on afterhours parties would have certainly confirmed.

To close our current little exploration into the early morning, we have chosen an experimental formula. Francesco Forlani is an established Italian writer and translator from French. Having lived in cities as diverse as Paris, Naples, and Turin, in his piece Forlani evokes the waking up of these cities – better, of an unidentified city which lies somewhere between these – through a Grammelot of languages, visions and evocations. Forlani attains a point where he manages, as Deleuze used to say, to 'make the language rave' – *faire délirer la langue*. . . . While unfortunately his text is untranslatable into English by our modest strengths alone, the reader might enjoy the experience of actually turning into a listener of his verbal performance.

M.K., A.M.B., M.A.



The square of events

Rhythmmanalysing the time-spaces of an urban public place

Mattias Kärholm

For more than a year now, I have been studying Stortorget, The Main Square, of Malmö. My primary aim has been to investigate its usage, and how this has changed during the last decades. I have spent a lot of time on the square observing and photographing during different times of the day, all days of the week. Stortorget is a large square, in fact it was the largest square in northern Europe when it was inaugurated in the 1530s. Since then it has been a busy place of markets, political gatherings, official ceremonies, night life and even riots. Today, the square acts mostly as a through way for people moving between the Central station and the city centre. Few people live in the area closest to the square, the daily market has been gone since 1957, the old market hall at the adjacent square was torn down in 1965, and the mundane life of the old industrial city has slowly given way to tourists, shoppers and an increasing number of temporary large scale events. The territorial association of the square has thus changed quite dramatically during the last four decades (cf. Korosec-Serfaty 1982, where Perla Korosec-Serfaty investigate how the square was used during the late 1970s).

One way of investigating territorial change and temporality is through rhythms (Lefebvre 2004). The territorial role of rhythms is often strong, in fact they are almost always a prime actor in territorial production – from the rhythmical patrolling or singing of the territorial animal (Deleuze and Guattari 1987) to the rhythm of circulating shoppers taking part in the territorialisation of the pedestrian precinct as a territory of consumption (Kärholm 2012). Territories can be produced through phenomena as diverse as associations to moving bodies, by the refrains of *muzak*, or by the rhythmic pumping of scents into the air of a beauty shop. At a square such as Stortorget, rhythms affecting the territorial production can be found both within the square and extend beyond the square. Many of the rhythms that overlap on the square take part in territorialisations that involve larger areas than the square itself. The Main square is thus also a place where territorializing processes, involving the rhythmical movement of shoppers, commuters, lunch eaters, car traffic, etc. meet and needs to be negotiated.

Comparing how Stortorget is used today with Korosec-Serfaty's study, I found that especially two rhythms have increased and tend to dominate the square. First, we have the rhythm of large scale events. During the 1970s, events on the square were primarily informal gatherings or sometimes more official ceremonies. Today the square has become a true place of cultural events. Events during the last years include everything from a zombie walk, and a celebration of the local football team MFF, to the week-long events of the Malmö city festival and *Musikhjälpen* (a fund raising music event). The square is also an important showcase for events taking place in other parts of the city. For example, during the Eurovision contest

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a large portal announcing the event was installed on the square, and during the summer, billboards are installed announcing different summer events all over the city. Quite often, the intensified rhythms of extra-ordinary events make their mark on ordinary week days, either through these kinds of advertisement campaigns, or by the presence of maintenance workers preparing for the next event on the square itself. Second, we have the rhythm of consumers: shoppers, lunch eaters, night club visitors, and tourists. During the 1970s the square was still exposed to the rhythms of the industrial city, commuting male workers crossed the square on their way to the large city wharf, retired people spent time on the benches of

the square, and the busiest time were the weekday mornings and afternoons, whereas the weekends were more calm.

Today the ratio between men and women on the square is more

even, and the square is dominated by middle-class consumers rather than by male workers and retired people. People today do not tend to walk in larger groups, they walk alone or in couples, and the pace has definitely quickened. If 40 % of the square visitors were seen sitting on the benches in 1978, the number of 2013 is down to 20% (even if seating opportunities are the same). People still pause but they now pause standing up, just taking a picture or checking their bags. People carry around more artefacts that need their attention, not just more technological artefacts like cell phones, cameras and iPads, but also more food and drinks. In the study from 1978 people were observed lying down, reading and feeding birds. Today they are passing by with cup of coffee, perhaps stopping to read about the next event on a billboard, or just checking their phone. When we see a large group, it is not workers walking together on their way home from the wharf, but a group of tourists listening to a guide.

These two rhythms – the recurrent territorial strategies of cultural events and the quickened pace of moving consumers passing through the square – show us how the square has been inscribed into a logic of consumption. On ordinary days, the square is a part of urban infrastructure, and a gateway into Malmö centre for tourists arriving from the station by train, e.g. from the airport of Copenhagen. Most movement on the square is by people passing by to other places, mobilizing the square as part of larger territorialisation processes, such as the territorial production of the pedestrian precinct as a territory of consumption. During the cultural events, however, the role of the square changes completely: it is now a magnet attracting people from the whole of Malmö, and sometimes from the whole region. These two rhythmical processes thus work together in the production of a *territorial association*: the Main square is becoming a specialized place within the pedestrian precinct, a square of events.

When it comes to temporal salience, that is the emphasis on a certain temporality or time-space duration at the cost of others, this change also implies a focus on evenings rather than on mornings. The commuters are still passing the square on their way to and from work (or the Central Station), but their presence on the square might seem less salient today than a few decades ago. People work more irregular hours, and mornings now seem to become calmer, whereas lunch hours, evenings and weekends seem to become increasingly busy. This year, so far only two early morning events have made it to the newspaper: a robbery and an attempt made by feminist activists to dress the statue of the King Karl X in pink clothing. Perhaps, as early mornings are turning into an interstitial time-space of increasing unsettled-

The commuters are still passing the square on their way to and from work, but their presence on the square might seem less salient today than a few decades ago

ness (and duration), they are also becoming more and more like a blank figure (Serres 1991), that is a time-space open to be inscribed with almost any kind of agency. As the Main square becomes Event square, it has also become important to domesticate the night. Stortorget has, due to the night life of the inner city, traditionally been seen as one of the more dangerous and violent places of Malmö. However, together with a prohibition of car traffic during night hours, extra police patrols at night and surveillance cameras, the number of incident reports to the police went from 99 to 55 in just a year (between 2012 and 2013). The square has become a special member of consumer society, it has become a square of strong and specific rhythms, a square of cultural events, circulating consumers, domesticated evenings and blank mornings.

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La piazza-evento. Ritmanalizzare gli spazi-tempi di un luogo urbano

Da oltre un anno sto studiando Stortorget, la piazza principale di Malmö. Il mio obiettivo primario è indagare come il suo utilizzo sia cambiato nel corso degli ultimi decenni. Ho dedicato parecchio tempo a osservare piazza, fotografandola alle diverse ore del giorno, tutti i giorni della settimana. Stortorget è una piazza molto grande, per la precisione, quando fu inaugurata nel 1530, era la piazza più grande del Nord Europa. Da allora è stato un luogo affollato di mercati, raduni politici, cerimonie ufficiali, vita notturna e anche scontri. Oggi, la piazza funziona principalmente come spazio di attraversamento per chi si sposta dalla stazione al centro. Poche persone vivono nelle adiacenze, il mercato ha chiuso nel 1957, il vecchio mercato coperto nella piazza adiacente è stato smantellato nel 1965 e la vita della vecchia città industriale ha lentamente ceduto il posto ai turisti, gente che fa shopping e un numero crescente di eventi temporanei larga scala. *L'associazione territoriale* della piazza è così cambiato radicalmente nel corso degli ultimi quattro decenni (si veda al ricerca di Korosec-Serfaty 1982 sull'uso della piazza negli anni Settanta).

Il concetto di ritmo (Lefebvre 2004) ci fornisce uno strumento per indagare le trasformazioni territoriali e la temporalità. Il ruolo territoriale dei ritmi è notevole: essi sono un attore primario nella produzione territoriale, cominciando dal canto degli uccelli (Deleuze e Guattari 1987) fino al ritmo degli acquirenti nelle zone pedonali, che costituiscono gli odierni territori del consumo (Kärholm 2012). I territori possono perciò essere prodotti attraverso fenomeni ritmici diversi come le associazioni di corpi in movimento, i ritornelli della *muzak*, o persino l'iniezione periodica di profumi nell'aria di un salone di bellezza. In una piazza come Stortorget, i ritmi che determinano la produzione territoriale possono essere rinvenuti sia all'interno della piazza sia nei suoi dintorni. Molti di questi ritmi fanno cioè parte di territorializzazioni che coinvolgono aree più ampie rispetto alla piazza stessa. La piazza principale è quindi anche un luogo in cui si incontrano e vanno gestiti i processi territorializzanti legati al movimento

ritmico di acquirenti, pendolari, lavoratori in pausa pranzo, traffico veicolare ecc.

Confrontando l'utilizzo contemporaneo di Stortorget rispetto allo studio di Korosec-Serfaty, ho scoperto che in particolare due ritmi sono aumentati e tendono a dominare la piazza. Il primo è il ritmo dei grandi eventi. Negli anni Settanta, troviamo per lo più piccoli incontri informali, più raramente qualche cerimonia. Oggi invece la piazza è diventata un luogo dedicato agli eventi culturali. Negli ultimi anni troviamo di tutto, da una Zombie Walk a una festa della squadra di calcio, dal festival della città di Malmö al Musikhjälpen (un evento musicale di raccolta fondi caritatevoli). La piazza è anche una vetrina importante per gli eventi che si svolgono in altre parti della città. Ad esempio, durante il concorso Eurovision, è stato installato sulla piazza un gigantesco portale che annunciava l'evento; così come d'estate vi vengono installati cartelloni pubblicitari che reclamizzano gli eventi in città. Spesso il ritmo intensificato degli eventi straordinari tende a occupare anche i giorni lavorativi della settimana, vuoi attraverso queste comunicazioni pubblicitarie, vuoi per la presenza di addetti alla manutenzione che montano il prossimo evento sulla piazza stessa. In secondo luogo, abbiamo il ritmo di una disparata popolazione di consumatori: clienti dei bar, lavoratori in pausa pranzo, frequentatori di locali notturni, turisti. Nel corso degli anni Settanta, la piazza era ancora esposta ai ritmi della città industriale, i lavoratori (soprattutto uomini) attraversavano la piazza per recarsi verso i cantieri navali della città, i pensionati trascorrevano il loro tempo sulle panchine e il periodo più congestionato erano le mattine e i pomeriggi dei giorni feriali, mentre i fine settimana erano calmi.

Oggi il rapporto tra uomini e donne sulla piazza è più uniforme e la piazza è dominata dai consumatori di classe media invece che dalla working class. I frequentatori oggi non camminano più in gruppi, ma da soli o al massimo in coppia, e il ritmo dei passi è decisamente accelerato. Se nel 1978 il 40 % dei visitatori era seduto, nel 2013 abbiamo rilevato che solo il 20% sedeva (a parità di offerta di arredo per la seduta). La gente si ferma a volte, ma in piedi, giusto il tempo di scattare una foto o controllarsi la borsa. Le persone portano in giro più artefatti che richiedono la loro attenzione — non solo strumenti tecnologici come telefoni cellulari, macchine fotografiche e iPad, ma anche più cibo e bevande. Nello studio del '78 le persone stavano sdraiate, leggevano o nutrivano gli uccelli. Oggi sono per lo più di passaggio con una

tazza di caffè in mano, sostano solo brevemente a leggere dei prossimi eventi dai cartelloni, o semplicemente a controllare il cellulare. I gruppi non sono più di lavoratori che vanno o tornano dai cantieri navali, ma di turisti che ascoltano una guida.

La presenza di questi due ritmi — le strategie territorializzanti dei grandi eventi culturali e il ritmo accelerato dei consumatori in movimento che passano attraverso la piazza — ci mostra che la piazza è stata completamente inscritta in una logica di consumo. Nei giorni normali essa fa parte di una serie di infrastrutture urbane e costituisce un punto di accesso al centro di Malmö per i turisti che arrivano alla stazione, in particolare dall'aeroporto di Copenaghen. Il movimento principale in loco è perciò di persone che sono in transito da o verso altri posti, inscrivendo la piazza stessa all'interno di processi di territorializzazione più ampi, come nel caso del nuovo territorio di consumo rappresentato dalla zona pedonale. Durante gli eventi culturali, però, il ruolo della piazza cambia completamente: essa diviene allora un magnete che attrae persone da tutta Malmö e talvolta da tutta la regione. Questi due processi ritmici funzionano insieme delineando la produzione di una *associazione territoriale*. La piazza diviene cioè un luogo specializzato all'interno della zona pedonale — una piazza-evento.

Dal punto di vista della *salienza* temporale, cioè dell'accento su un certo tipo di temporalità o durata spazio-temporale rispetto ad altre, questo cambiamento implica anche una focalizzazione netta sulla sera a detrimento della mattina. I pendolari mattutini passano ancora sulla piazza per andare a lavorare o

per tornare alla stazione centrale, ma la loro presenza è oggi meno saliente rispetto a tre decenni fa. Le persone lavorano secondo orari più irregolari e la mattina appare diventata più calma, al contrario delle ore del pranzo, della sera e dei fine settimana che sono diventati più frenetici. Nel 2013, solo due eventi accaduti al primo mattino sono finiti sul giornale: una rapina e un tentativo fatto da attiviste femministe di vestire la statua di re Carlo X in abbigliamento rosa. Forse, la mattina presto si sta trasformando in uno spazio-tempo interstiziale più destabilizzato, in una "figura in bianco" (Serres 1991), vale a dire in uno spazio-tempo aperto ad essere inscritto con qualsiasi tipo di soggettività. Mentre la piazza diventa una piazza di eventi, la vera posta in gioco diviene l'addomesticamento della sera e della notte. Rispetto alla vita notturna della città, Stortorget è tradizionalmente stata percepita come uno dei posti più pericolosi e violenti di Malmö. Tuttavia, forse anche a causa della chiusura al traffico veicolare, a un più pressante pattugliamento di polizia notturna e alle telecamere di sorveglianza, il numero di reati denunciati è in realtà sceso in solo un anno (dal 2012 al 2013) da 99 a 55. La piazza è diventata un membro speciale della società di consumo, definita dai ritmi forti e specifici degli eventi culturali, dei consumatori circolanti, di serate addomesticate e mattine "in bianco".



Early morning

A temporal interstice in urban life

**Andrea Mubi
Brighenti**

Early morning is a critical threshold in daily urban rhythms¹. But exactly, a threshold between what and what? As known, the Western imagination of the city is premised upon some overarching dichotomies, some great divides. In spatial terms, the city/countryside divide, or the city/territory, serves as a distinction which has traditionally informed the way we make sense of the urban experience at large. Indeed, urbanism – as opposed to ruralism – has been classically associated with human density, social heterogeneity, impersonal role-based interaction and segmental human relations. And incidentally, sociology as a discipline was born precisely as an investigation into this divide, then phrased as traditional versus modern, or mechanic versus organic.

Archotypically, the walled city has embodied the dream of a pacified, civic space where strangers come into contact safely. Such a space stood, or was supposed to stand, in opposition to the insecurity of the outer territory. In a number of 18th and 19th century novels, for instance, a typical locus occurs when the hero must reach the city gates before the night falls and one remains shut out where . . . *sunt leones*. The fact that, historically, the army has played a crucial role in urban development – just think of martial squares and parade boulevards² – and even the fact that urban unrest, conflict and crime are phenomena as old as cities, thus, do not break the strict modern association between city space and security³.

Better, we could say that it is the *search for security* which represents a constant quest. The development of a whole series of technologies of urban governance, since at least 17th and 18th century *Polizeiwissenschaften*, bears testimony. From a different angle, because urbanity and security form a couple that is far from being straightforward, least assured once for all, one could suspect that it is *the urban* itself in its archetypal imagery which is not uniform in its occurrence. In other words, we should conclude that the urban is not an all-or-nothing

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1 Note. These reflections have come to my mind during the Space&Culture course at the University of Trento, devoted to exploring different facets of early-morning urban life. I wish to thank my students for their engagement and dialogue.

2 After all, the presence of armies camping in European cities from the 15th through the 18th century can be imagined as analogous to today's urban 'megaevents'. More pointedly, typically the early morning has also always been the time to storm cities under siege.

3 Since the late Medieval and humanist period, say between Ambrogio Lorenzetti and Leon Battista Alberti, this idea features recurrently. In his architecture treaty, for instance, Alberti (1464: IV, §11, 10) explicitly sets as the main aim of the city to create peace for its dwellers: "che gli habitatori ui uiuino in pace, & quanto più fi può fenza incomodi, & liberi da ogni moleftia".

phenomenon, rather a matter of degrees; or, alternatively, we should leave room for the option that, in fact, the urban contains in itself more facets and articulations than the classical imagery accorded to it.

As we turn back to daily rhythms in the light of these remarks, we notice that, to several practical purposes, nighttime brings into the city a series of characteristics that are associated with the countryside, such as in particular low human density and a somehow unassured register of social interaction. This way, temporal rhythms impart and rearticulate spatial

Just as the countryside is a space of rarefaction, the night seems to be a time of rarefaction. But, if day and night appear to reproduce the dichotomy between the city and the countryside, the reality of circadian rhythms reintroduces the complex issue of thresholds and coexistence

divides. We also know that the night relaxes the application of many street level devices of urban governance – think about traffic lights. From this perspective, the absence of governance technologies reveals a crucial presupposition: whenever and wherever the

territory is not explicitly governed, people are supposed to *take care of themselves*. In those instances, in other words, a different *social geometry of trust* appears than the one admitted by the classical urban imagery.

Just as the countryside is a space of rarefaction, the night seems to be a time of rarefaction. But, if day and night appear to reproduce the dichotomy between the city and the countryside, the reality of circadian rhythms – stratifying and modulating themselves upon an array of other rhythms (hebdomadal, seasonal etc.) – reintroduces the complex issue of thresholds and coexistence. Early morning is precisely one of those shifting moments which marks a phase transition in the taking place of the urban. This fact becomes clear as soon as we ask ourselves a number of apparently mundane questions concerning the city's waking up: Who is around at 6 a.m. in the city center, and in the suburbs? Are early morning encounters perceived as somehow threatening, or are they, on the contrary, sympathetic? Do people greet 'the familiar stranger' at this time of the day? Which workers are around, which sort of other mute, ghostly apparitions? At what time do traffic lights turn on? At what time does the feeling of 'having the city all for oneself' ends and one finds abruptly in the midst of the first commuter wave? When does the first car queue of the day appear? Are we surprised by the fact that in the early morning city we hear sounds from nature so much louder than human-made sounds and, if so, why are we surprised? And so on.

The type of ethnographic phenomenology of urban life these apparently humble questions call for invites us not simply to fill a list of empirical details – which, however, has its undeniable interest. Yet most important in this exercise is the power to displace our usual perspective on the urban and question a number of our implicit assumptions about it. Here resides, after all, the veritable promise of all sorts of interstices or, better, of an *interstitial gaze* on the urban and its landscape. For the interstice actually displaces the dichotomies it exists between. And rhythms are not that dissimilar from interstices, for, if they certainly imply return, each return is in fact a new beginning, an opening and a surprise. In this sense, focusing on early morning as phase transition and temporal interstice ultimately leads us to the insight that the urban at large is, in fact, always 'in transition'. Why does this matter? In every mundane social transition there lies a little eternity – barely enough, perhaps, to learn how to slip between the moments.

Morning exorcism

David Ottosson

You know, the demons don't like fresh air. What they like best is if you stay in bed with cold feet. After breakfast I always go for a walk, and it always lasts somewhere between 30 or 45 minutes. Because after that I sit down, always at a set time, and I write for three hours. Then I eat a lunch I've prepared myself, and then I read something for a while. And at three I go to my cinema. For a person as chaotic as I am, and who has such a hard time taking care of myself, these strict routines are an absolute necessity. Because if I were to start making exceptions... nothing would get done.
Ingmar Bergman, an interview at Fårö (Nyeröd 2004)

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After a night of neurons firing unchecked around your brain, five to nine a.m. is the time to reassert discipline – to get organized for the day. Ironically, the simplest discipline has unforeseeable consequences – something that can be exploited.

During the course of his life, Bergman cultivated his own artistic discipline, with ancillary mythologies, which eventually focused around a house at Fårö that became almost like a temple. This essay is an attempt to analyse some aspects of Bergman's personal mythology, and how they helped ensure something would get done.

The demons

I have . . . found that I am like the Englishman in the primeval forest. He shaves his beard and dresses for dinner every day. He does it not to please the wild beasts but for his own sake. If he loses that discipline he is lost in the jungle. I know that I too am lost in the jungle if I'm sloppy with my moral pedantry and careless with my spiritual discipline. (Bergman, "Every film is my last film", 1959)

You expect a manifesto to be normative. Bergman's manifesto, if one could call it that, seems aimed at one person alone and doesn't assert the rightness of any underlying principle, even for him. Instead of: "We must do X because X is right", Bergman states "I must do X or else I'm doomed". It is a philosophy defined against demons, primeval forest, and any other such phenomena – embodiments of all that which resists control. In a TV interview, Bergman obliged with a demonology that seems to confirm it (Nyeröd 2004):

In the hour of the wolf
The catastrophe demon
The fear demon
The professional demon
The fiasco demon
The rage demon
The control demon
The order demons
The demon of sloth
The unforgiving demon

Although there is an explicitly “professional” demon, most of the demons seem to have to do with discipline and work. As extravagant as Bergman’s demonology is, it wasn’t without precedent. In his mysticism, Bergman resembles his idol, the playwright and author August Strindberg. Strindberg kept an occult diary for many years, and spoke of “powers” influencing his life. Like Bergman, Strindberg kept the line separating his life and his fiction blurry, an ambiguity that seems to have been maintained inwardly as well as externally.

Strindberg’s mysticism has been given many explanations and diagnoses, the most interesting of which might have been provided by one of his biographers, Olof Lagercrantz. According to Lagercrantz (1979:208), Strindberg “consciously cultivates infections – diseases and passions – in his own organism for the sake of his art.” Art becomes the “release slip freeing him from every straitjacket that wives or others might recommend.” Essentially, demons not just as euphemisms for neuroses, but as an unusual set of tools.

Bergman’s demonology is not unlike Borges’ parody of taxonomy that Foucault cited as a source of inspiration for *The Order of Things*. Arbitrary codification! Where Foucault studied the workings of such codification, however, Bergman built his own. But both projects might have similar underlying convictions. A passage of Strindberg’s – quoted in Bergman’s *Fanny and Alexander* – illuminates Bergman’s philosophy in a way that makes it seem close to the most radical of continental philosophy: “Time and space do not exist; on a trivial basis of reality, imagination spins out and weaves new patterns”.

The hour of the wolf

Time is fun when you are having flies. (Kermit the frog)

Kermit – in an approach Bruno Latour might approve of – orders time by intensity of experience. Time not only flies when enjoyed – it is fundamentally different (Latour 1997). In particular, perhaps, compared to the time of the flies being eaten. A similar concept seems to have captivated Bergman, who was – incidentally – a fan of the Muppets. In 1964 Bergman began writing the play *The eaters of men*, which became *The demons* and finally the play and film *The hour of the wolf*. The title is explained in text at the beginning of the film (Bergman 1968):

The hour of the wolf is the hour between night and dawn. It is the hour the most people die, when sleep is deepest, when the nightmares are the most real. It is the hour when the sleepless is chased by the most difficult angst, when ghosts and demons are the most powerful. The hour of the wolf is also the hour when most children are born.

Preparing to stage the play, Bergman sent an inquiry to the Swedish national museum about traditions concerning the “hour of the wolf”. None were found, and the expert tasked with the inquiry later claimed the “hour of the wolf” must of be Bergman’s own invention, and not

only that – but the hour doesn't make sense even on its own premises – sleep is not, in fact, deepest close to dawn (Af Klintberg 2013). The hour of the wolf's Swedish title *Vargtimmen* (Literally "the wolf hour"), has a degree of ambiguity which is lost in translation – in Swedish the hour itself is ascribed properties, as if it were a tangible, wolfy, *thing*. Having created a private language for time and interior life, Bergman created a space to match it.

The house

At Fårö Bergman seems to have built an ideal place for the hour of the wolf. It was at any rate

a building Bergman was happy with and saw – according to his daughter, Linn – as an extension of himself, as well as a part of his oeuvre (Ullman 2007). Hammars, as the house is called, was built swiftly in the summer of 1967 and expanded continually until

Bergman's death in 2007. The house seems low and robust among windblown trees, with walls of rock and wood, and surrounded by outer walls of rubble. There is a protective quality to the design only partly motivated by fear of intrusion. Interestingly, Kjell Abramson – the architect responsible – previously designed dozens of day care centres throughout Sweden.

At 56 meters long it is a great house to pace sleepless nights – something Bergman said he was often obliged to do. For daytime use, Bergman's workspace was carefully separated from spaces inhabited by his wife, Liv Ullman, and their child Linn. The separation worked only too well, and Liv Ullman eventually fled, frustrated. In a documentary about their life at Fårö, Ullman says the house made her feel like she was participating "in someone else's dream" (Akolkar 2012). As a central part of the design, there was an airy living room, with seaward windows, and a stove with a nook in which to lie. Bergman described the oven in an interview (Nyeröd 2007):

I had seen a film, a Russian film, with a Russian oven. And so I decided – that I would sit here. I would sit here with a glass of red wine and with autumn raging outside, and the sea, and I would have the fire lit. And here I could sit and meditate. So I drew it as it looked in the film. In the film it was the sleeping place of the great grandmother, because it was the warmest spot in the house.

For those who have read Bergman's autobiography, Bergman's own grandmother comes to mind, a person who in his account appears to have been the only family member with whom he had a nurturing relationship. Abramson, however, claimed when I spoke to him that the design of the oven wasn't from a Russian film, serving perhaps to show how space is made retroactively. In the living room there was also a grandfather clock that had belonged to Bergman's grandmother – the inner workings of which he liked to show visiting children. Grandfather clocks were a recurring object in Bergman's films. In *Wild Strawberries*, a clock without hands turns up as a shocking image in a nightmare – a nightmare Bergman claimed was picked wholesale from his own dreams. And timekeeping is used in a similarly totemic way in *The hour of the wolf*, in a scene in which the insomniac artist is speaking to his girlfriend:

A minute is really a very long stretch of time. This one starts now. Ten seconds. These seconds. Do you see how long they last? Yes, the entire minute isn't over yet. No, finally, it is gone.

As the artist talks, he lights matches, and watches them burn out – linking space and time. The most important aspect of Hammars, however, might be the location. The story of the

'The hour of the wolf is the hour between night and dawn. It is the hour the most people die, when sleep is deepest, when the nightmares are the most real'

house began with Bergman wanting to shoot a film at the Orkney islands. The budget, however, was modest, so Bergman agreed to first scout Fårö in a helicopter. Bergman described his experience as a feeling of homecoming (Nyeröd 2004). In particular, Bergman was enamoured with the low landscape's closeness to the sea: ". . . a stony beach turned toward eternity." (Bergman 2007:242). The falsity of this statement seems significant. Although it might feel like it, the sea is not eternal – in the grand scheme of things it is closer to the grandfather clock – a physical element providing a comprehensible rhythm that might help belief in a grand simplicity of time and space.

Bergman's Fårö life seems assembled as a temple to rhythm and discipline. A paraphrase of the *levée* ceremony inscribed in Versailles, but which instead of glorifying a sun king comforts and disciplines a sleepless artist. In both cases, the main motivation for the buildings might not be so much the owners but their retinues – demonic or otherwise. Ultimately, the most interesting aspect of Bergman's personal discipline might be how successful he seems to have felt it was. Bergman wrote frankly about angst and self-loathing throughout his life, but was similarly eloquent about his satisfaction with his personal discipline, and the advantages of demons. Although demons might want nothing more than to have you stay in bed all day with cold feet, at five their temporary empowerment ends, and you just need a sufficiently developed discipline to rein them in. And on this question Bergman (1990:46) was adamant: "Despite being a neurotic person, my relationship to the profession has always been astoundingly non-neurotic. I've had an ability to harness the demons before my war chariot. They have been forced to be useful".

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Breakfast out

Eric Laurier

The generation that I grew up with had breakfast in. It was not that we were refusing to go out into public spaces for our breakfast, it was the fact that there were almost no cafes or bars open in the early morning¹. This changed in the 1990s when a new form of cafe began to arrive on the UK's streets. This cafe was a convergence of the second generation of North American cafés, now epitomised by Starbucks, and the old café culture of the Mediterranean, experienced by British people during their holidays. While the abundant presence of the new cafes continue to refashion urban sociability and hospitality in the UK (and the USA), they have quietly played their part in the transformation of the timespace of the city. Breakfast has moved. Like their Mediterranean counterparts, British commuters are now as likely to drink their coffee at the railway station as in their home. Families bundle themselves into their clothes to have a weekend treat at their neighbourhood cafe.

During a three year study of cafe life in UK cities, funded by the UK's Economic & Social Research Council (Laurier & Philo, 2005), we used ethnography and video recordings to examine the practices that constituted the UK's changing civic life in cafes. The emergence of breakfast out, in cafes, as a collective practice was interesting in itself but we were also concerned with how this time of day was (and is) re-organising our social and spatial relationships. When breakfast is 'in', its organisation turns on a small group, usually familiars and often family; when breakfast is 'out' then its organisation brings together staff and customers, familiars and unfamiliars and sometimes families too. Our inquiry into breakfast out began with an interest in it because it was still new to the UK but in trying to describe it as a collective accomplishment of a time of day in the city, our focus shifted away from what made it distinctively British, Italian or American to the social things that made it breakfast out. To try and describe the natural accountable ordinary activities of breakfast in cafes we borrowed from a classic study of how a lecture gets done by the collective members of the lecture hall by Harold Garfinkel and David Sudnow (Garfinkel & Rawls, 2002). What their study brought to light was, not only seen but un-noticed elements of the lecture, but also the heard but un-noticed aspects of the lecture. It marked out the beginnings, the ongoing work of the lecture and finally its ending.

How then does breakfast time begin at the cafe as a public and accountable thing? It is not that the clock strikes 7 (or 6 or 8). Practices around clocks and watches have much to do with breakfast out (and in) but little to do with initiating it. It is not just that the cafe opens its

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¹ This piece is based on Laurier, E. (2008) How Breakfast Happens in the Cafe. *Time & Society* 17(1): 119–134.

doors, which is part of getting ready, as is turning on the coffee machine, putting down the chairs and switching on the lights. Breakfast time begins with the [first customer] where I am bracketing the [first customer] to remind us that it is a social thing and sits in a sequence of customers turning up (indeed it may be that it is a together, such as friends or a couple). The [first customer] arriving is quite unlike the 37th customer arriving. The [first customer] is potentially recognisable and indeed can be seen as the [first customer] whereas the 37th cannot be seen as the 37th customer, they are instead another customer.

It is one of the pleasure for the early riser that they have the city to themselves and it is one of the key images of the film 'Breakfast at Tiffanys'

In one of our ethnographies, this one of a railway station cafe, we witnessed that the [first customer] had work to do on their arrival. They would scrutinise the interior of the cafe, they would push the door tentatively or, from outside the

window, seek to catch the eye of the staff inside, looking for a nod or a smile or a shake of the head. The [first customer] had the job, in short, of establishing whether the cafe is indeed open and ready for breakfast. For the second customer there was already a first being served that establishes the fact that the cafe is open, that coffee is being served and so on. Second customers would stride into the cafe without pause. We collected the reasons given by the [first customer] for their earliness and, in a culturally appropriate way for the UK, many first customers offered an apology for their arriving so close to the opening of the cafe. They saw that their early appearance could cause trouble where part of the business of the cafe as it opens is getting everything ready for a later time when breakfast will be ongoing and underway.

Even once the cafe is more clearly open it remains [quiet]. The early morning city is expectably [quiet]. It is one of the pleasure for the early riser that they have the city to themselves and it is one of the key images of the film 'Breakfast at Tiffanys'. The young woman at daybreak, on her way home from a party, with her coffee and empty streets behind her. In the cafe, [quiet] carries with it a different sociability between the staff and the customers. Customers are one-at-a-time, rather than in queues. There is time for some small talk without the push of the queue. The talk is hushed or overheard if it is louder. Staff themselves are telling stories of day or night before. Customers edge away from the staff to get to read their paper or check their email or some other customers linger, chatting.

Breakfast time progresses. The rush hour of the city begins to flow on the pavements and roads outside. The cafe is [busy]. How the service is organised changes from one-at-a-time to an assembly line of overlapping orders. All the staff are behind the counter serving. The coffee machine is constantly pumping, coffee is being ground on a minute-by-minute pattern without any real rhythm. The thump and whack of the grounds being emptied out and the roar of steaming milk. It is hard to catch the moment it happens but everyone's talk rises in volume to deal with the rise in volume. [Busy] has a different collective volume, it has a hearable buzz to it for any next customer walking through the door. No longer are individual conversations discernible from the general hubbub.

The cafe is [busy] as a collective public thing and within it customers are having their breakfast at different speeds. A young student has his textbook and a highlighter pen and takes a sip of his coffee every couple of minutes. Two women keep their jackets on, they are slugging

their coffee, they are chatting, they leave their table and continue their conversation as they walk out the door. The customers in the queue are monitoring the preparations for departure and ready to take each table as soon as it becomes free. Like [busy] roads the [busy] cafe has to deal with people moving at different paces. Like drivers offering spaces to other cars in a traffic queue, customers rush their breakfast to offer other customers their table. Customers in a hurry show disgruntlement over the student studying which is at a slow pace that is out-of-kilter with the rushed breakfast of the business commuters. There is a moral order to the cafe over what is appropriate in this cafe at this time of day and under these circumstances.

Again without the striking of a bell at 9am, as the end of breakfast time approaches there is a discernible collective departure of customers to their nearby workplaces. It is different from how a railway carriage empties on arrival. More gradual, with accounts of departure overhearable. The breakfast time buzz is gradually dying down. Individual customer's voices become discernable. The staff shift from behind the counter to tidying up and wiping tables down. The student is still studying at his table and the ethnographer is still jotting notes down.

* * *

A night out in the city is a familiar setting for adventure and misadventure as much because it can extend further into itself with seemingly no boundary but an eventual need to sleep (Blum, 2003). Breakfast out in the city is the occasion for beginning again, for restarting the dialogues for the day ahead. It does not extend into an unbounded and unstructured time ahead, instead it anticipates the day to come, it holds that day off for a little while. It is a time of day to be not quite underway with commitments, duties and the play of the day in its fullness. For the members of British culture it is still being investigated for what it means for doing being British and the cafes are the sites where those daily observations of ourselves take place.

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È al mattino che bisogna nascondersi. La gente si sveglia, fresca ed efficiente, assetata d'ordine, di bellezza e di giustizia, ed esige la contropartita.

Samuel Beckett, *Molloy*, 1951

La contropartita è un resto di sonno strappato alla notte, una resistenza metropolitana di dormienti che stinge, che perde colore per acquistare in luce. Dalla periferia alla città la corsa è una sospensione: un uomo lascia la casa prima dell'ultimo treno notturno, lascia letto moglie e figli, arriva a Zócalo, la piazza principale di Città del Messico, richiude gli occhi sul cartone per aprire il negozio all'ora in cui tutto è risveglio.

Fare della città una casa, un prolungamento della propria per necessità - o all'opposto, fare della città una creazione del mattino: uscire dal sogno, muoversi quando tutto è ancora immobile, modificarlo attraverso i passi, il rumore delle pagine appena stampate, la prima conversazione della giornata. Produzione di spazi e di tempi, traduzione di un mormorio appena percettibile in una voce che ancora non ha gola: dove la notte della metropoli è tracciata dal rumore, l'alba si riproduce nel silenzio, nel rispetto degli inizi: non disturbare, muoversi piano, accennare ad una cortesia muta.

Gli scatti di Erin Lee non restano frammenti separati, ma un corpo unico che si risveglia, una luce blu attraversata dalla visione. Perché anche Erin - fotografa di origini neozelan-



desi che vive a Mexico City – è lì come tutti: un casualità, una casa distante, un lavoro albeggiante, la testa china sulla prima metro. Ma al posto del silenzio atteso trova un leggero brusio, un sottofondo che cattura con gli occhi, un movimento impercettibile, come il corpo che prima del risveglio comincia a muoversi rigirandosi per non uscire all'aperto, che stenta ad aprirsi.

Piccoli scatti, movimenti rallentati, respiri.

Due facce per un unico volto: nella città-corpo che si risveglia c'è allora la perfetta solitudine dell'orinatorio all'una del mattino di cui scriveva Camus nei Taccuini, e la gente beckettiana assetata d'ordine, di bellezza e giustizia. Ma il contrasto non è marcato, i contrari non sono secchi: i sensi si mescolano, l'odore della sigaretta s'imprime sulle coperte e sulle divise, i gradini diventano i cuscini di tutti, una donna attende il successivo inizio - l'inizio che verrà dopo, come un secondo risveglio - l'uomo in giacca e cravatta legge sotto l'insegna degli umori rossi.

Ed è come se al risveglio la città catturata da Erin Lee, anziché dichiararsi nell'esibizione frenetica del giorno, potesse per un momento smettere di leggersi e cominciare a (ri)scriversi.

Mariasole Ariot

<http://erinleephography.com>



Morning is the time to hide. They wake up, hale and hearty, their tongues hanging out for order, beauty and justice, baying for their due.

Samuel Beckett, *Molloy*, 1951

The due is a bit of sleep wrested from the night, a metropolitan resistance of sleepers that fades, loses color to gain light. From the periphery to the city center, the run is a time of suspension: a man leaves his home before the last night train arrives, he leaves his wife and kids in bed, gets at Zócalo, Mexico City's main square. He does not look at the people sleeping on the ground enveloped in cardboards, as he's actually only heading to open his shop, set up everything for the time the city wakes.

How to make a home of the city, a prolongation of one's home – perhaps just out of necessity. Or, how to make of the city a morning creation: leaving the dream, wandering when everything stands still, changing the immobility through one's own steps, the noise of pages just torn, the first chat of the day. Production of spaces and times, translation of a barely perceptible hum into a voice which still lacks a throat to speak through. While the night of the metropolis is marked by noise, the dawn reappears in a silence that is respectful of all beginnings: do not disturb, move quietly, a mere gesture of silent courtesy.

Erin Lee's snapshots are no separated fragments, but like a single body that is waking up,



a blue light crossed by vision. For Erin – a photographer born in New Zealand who now lives in Mexico City – is there as everybody else: just by chance, a distant house in the periphery, an early morning job, the head napping on the first metro. Instead of silence, she meets a humming, a background noise which she decides to capture with her eyes, a minimal movement, just like the body a minute before you wake up begins to move and slowly twist, to resist the new opening.

Small flicks, slow-down movements, breaths.

These are two profiles of the same face: in the body-city that wakes up one can find the perfect solitude of that toilet in the dead of the night described by Albert Camus in his Notebooks, as well as those people 'hanging out for order, beauty and justice', described by Beckett. Yet there is not stark contrast. For the senses mix, the smell of cigarette imbues blankets and uniforms, staircases become everybody's pillows. While a woman waits for a new beginning a second wake the man wearing suit and tie sits reading beneath last night's erotica banners.

It is as if the city captured by Erin Lee at dawn, instead of declaring herself in her frantic daily exhibition, could for a moment stop re-reading herself, and begin re-writing herself.

Mariasole Ariot



Mentre tu dormivi

Traghetti e pendolari in British Columbia

Philip Vannini

Per molti critici culturali il pendolare è una figura stereotipa della cultura popolare moderna, caratterizzata da un comportamento abituale, irreflessivo, automatico. Legato ad una cintura di sicurezza, nascosto dietro un giornale, immobilizzato all'interno di un vagone del treno, collegato a un telefono cellulare o a un iPod, il pendolare è apparentemente privo di sensazioni, emozioni, di senso del luogo, perennemente intrappolato nel vortice dei flussi translocali. Questa immagine, però, è indubbiamente superficiale.

Recentemente le pratiche di movimento quotidiano dei pendolari hanno attratto l'attenzione di molti ricercatori interessati alla mobilità: si è così sviluppato uno studio interdisciplinare delle intersezioni tra il movimento corporeo e quello virtuale di persone, oggetti e informazioni (Adey 2010). Lo studio della mobilità ha cominciato a far luce in dettaglio sulle soggettività, le esperienze e le pratiche apparentemente banali dei passeggeri (come i pendolari) con l'obiettivo di sfatare l'idea che le loro zone di transito (dal terminal dell'aeroporto alle autostrade) siano spazi privi di interazioni significative.

Con questo articolo vorrei contribuire a uno studio etnografico della mobilità. In particolare, mentre gran parte della ricerca ha privilegiato i mezzi quali le automobili, i treni e gli autobus, il mio obiettivo qui è di analizzare una modalità di mobilità trascurata: i traghetti. Utilizzando una etnografia di tre anni condotta tra i residenti delle isole e delle comunità costiere della British Columbia, Canada (Vannini, 2012), ho cercato di interpretare le esperienze e le pratiche di mobilità quotidiane dei pendolari di traghetto come *performances* attive di spazio e tempo.

Navigando di mattina presto da Langdale (Lower Sunshine Coast) a Horseshoe Bay (West Vancouver)

"Biglietto?", chiede il marinaio addetto all'imbarco.

"Accidenti, ho dimenticato di timbrarlo", risponde una donna sulla quarantina, "Mi dispiace".

"Hai bisogno di dormire ancora un po', Ellen! Non sarà che il tuo nuovo fidanzato ti tiene sveglia fino a notte fonda?", commentano i suoi colleghi pendolari prendendola in giro.

Timbrare il biglietto, d'altra parte, non è così secondario come può sembrare. Non c'è alcuna necessità di acquistare un biglietto da Langdale a West Vancouver; l'intera tariffa viene infatti pagata sulla terraferma, e il prezzo comprende il viaggio di ritorno dalla Lower Sunshine Coast. Ciononostante l'equipaggio addetto agli imbarchi ha bisogno di un preciso conteggio delle persone che salgono, e laddove in altri posti è abbastanza facile contare effettivamente

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le singole persone mentre raggiungono l'ingresso camminando, qui l'afflusso dei pendolari renderebbe praticamente impossibile una simile tecnica di conteggio. Così, i passeggeri a piedi devono prendere una sorta di "permesso" da un distributore automatico e mostrarlo al personale addetto mentre salgono a bordo della nave.

La *Queen of Surrey*, tipico traghetto per pendolari, è per così dire essa stessa un pendolare alla buona. A causa della mancanza di rampe di carico a Langdale, i passeggeri a piedi salgono sul traghetto dal ponte garage. Almeno duecento pendolari che scattano verso la nave

Riguardo al sonno, ci sono almeno due tipi di pendolari: i "cinguettatori", che si dividono posti in comune – a quanto pare tutti a babordo – e gli "assonnati" che invece stanno a dritta, dove non verrebbe tollerato neanche il rumore di una mosca

alla stessa velocità di partenza dei maratoneti hanno bisogno di farsi spazio cercando di non schiacciarsi a vicenda. Io rimango indietro a scattare una foto della corsa a piedi attraverso la grande bocca spalancata del traghetto. [La fotografia](#) risulta mossa a causa

della velocità esasperante dei passeggeri che entrano di corsa a bordo per accaparrarsi il loro posto preferito.

Mentre salgo le scale, il salone principale è deserto. Dove diavolo sono andati tutti? Sono senza fiato. Dov'è la coda alla caffetteria? Perché non ci sono persone in giro per i corridoi? La risposta diventa subito evidente. Anche se la *Queen of Surrey* è identica alla *Queen of Cowichan* e alla *Queen of Coquitlam* – conosco bene tutte le imbarcazioni che servono l'isola di Vancouver – viaggiare su questa nave in questo momento della giornata è un'esperienza completamente diversa. Non c'è una sola anima viva, tutti stanno seduti nelle sale anteriori ed in quelle laterali, oppure nella caffetteria.

"Sappiamo dove sederci – mi risuonano nelle orecchie le parole di una persona che ho ascoltato durante le interviste dei giorni precedenti: – ognuno ha i propri gruppi di amici e si siede sempre insieme a loro, nello stesso posto, giorno dopo giorno. Quelli di noi che salgono a piedi prendono i posti per i nostri compagni che salgono con la macchina e che inevitabilmente arrivano sul ponte alcuni minuti dopo. Vogliamo essere sicuri di prendere il posto prima che qualche *floaters*, qualche viaggiatore occasionale, lo occupi non sapendo che è *un nostro posto*. I *floaters* non hanno rispetto!"

I pendolari giornalieri hanno 40 minuti per trattare la *Queen of Surrey* come una propaggine di casa. I passeggeri seduti attorno al tavolo della caffetteria sono seduti lì per fare colazione: ma non alla tariffa della BC Ferries. Chi potrebbe sostenere una spesa di 10 dollari al giorno per la colazione? Tengono nei loro contenitori i cereali portati da casa, i toast in contenitori per panini, burro di arachidi e barattoli di marmellata negli zaini. Le tazze ancora fumanti provano che il viaggio verso il traghetto è stato breve, o fatto di corsa. Il latte è conservato in piccole bottiglie di plastica, e spesso condiviso con gli altri. Il tavolo per la colazione viene sgombrato in pochi minuti, poi si passa alle carte da gioco. "Diavolo, George, finalmente! Questa è l'unica mano buona che hai avuto in tutta la settimana", dice un giocatore di poker.

È ancora troppo presto per i quotidiani, e gli occhi sarebbero comunque ancora troppo assonnati per leggere. Riguardo al sonno, ci sono almeno due tipi di pendolari: i "cinguettatori", che si dividono posti in comune – a quanto pare tutti a babordo – e gli "assonnati" che invece stanno a dritta, dove non verrebbe tollerato neanche il rumore di una mosca. Gli stessi annunci di servizio sono ridotti al minimo per non disturbare i dormienti, e il volume degli altoparlanti qui è tenuto così basso da passare inosservato. Con mia grande sorpresa vedo che

ci sono zone nelle quali alcune persone dormono insieme: gruppi di due, tre o anche quattro passeggeri seduti su sedili uno di fronte all'altro, a dispetto di file vuote e posti liberi poco lontano.

Gli appartenenti alla folla dei cinguettatori, dall'altra parte della nave, hanno un sacco di cose da dirsi e molti argomenti in comune. La differenza di età è minima. Difficilmente i pendolari giornalieri sono molto giovani o molto anziani. Da giovani infatti non si riesce a trovare un lavoro che paghi abbastanza bene per giustificare un pendolarismo del genere; da anziani, d'altra parte, una vita del genere sarebbe difficilmente sopportabile. In altre parole età e classe sociale sono piuttosto omogenee. I cinguettatori hanno tantissimo da dirsi sull'argomento preferito da tutti: il fine settimana, che è appena dietro l'angolo, e tutte le passioni che il tempo libero prospetta ad una classe media di lavoratori.

Fuori è buio. Per ridurre il bagliore che proviene dalle luci del salone passeggeri, l'equipaggio ha persino tirato giù le tende. Con la luce elettrica e le carte, c'è quasi un'atmosfera da casinò di Las Vegas se non fosse per il fatto che, a differenza della atemporalità del gioco, tutti qui hanno una profonda percezione del tempo che scorre. Ci sono autobus da prendere, sacche di traffico dell'ora di punta da combattere e appuntamenti pianificati con grande cura. Insieme al fine settimana, la puntualità del traghetto è l'altro grande argomento di discussione. L'equipaggio poi sembra essere in un'analoga condizione di transizione, specialmente il gruppo della caffetteria. L'odore di pancetta fritta non ha ancora pervaso il salone, il bagno degli uomini profuma di sapone da barba, quello delle donne risponde con odori di cipria.

Inutile cercare di fare interviste a quest'ora. Da quel punto di vista, avrei più fortuna se mi sedessi in fondo all'autobus degli studenti insieme ai ragazzi più discoli. Così me ne sto solo a guardare gli zaini, interrogandomi sul loro contenuto. Come imparerò poi, sono dei veri e propri strumenti di sopravvivenza. Mezzi vuoti, hanno abbastanza spazio da riempire con cose prese in pausa pranzo dai negozi sulla terra ferma. Mezzi pieni, accanto alla colazione e ai prodotti da bagno, contengono libri da leggere in autobus, spuntini vari, vestiti per cambiarsi dopo la giornata di lavoro, oltre ai vari rimedi per le lunghe giornate di pendolarismo: da una fornitura di aspirina a un bottiglia di vino per celebrare un compleanno o, persino, l'ultimo giorno di pendolarismo dopo una lunga carriera, sulla traversata delle ore 17.30 verso casa.

Tutte le partenze sono processi temporali

Tutte le partenze, su qualsiasi mezzo di trasporto, sono processi temporali. I viaggi sui traghetti hanno però un modello temporale diverso di attività rispetto agli autobus (Jain 2009) o ai treni (Bissell 2009; Watts 2008). L'ora del giorno e il periodo dell'anno, la durata del viaggio e la velocità della nave costituiscono differenze importanti. Queste caratteristiche temporali chiaramente non *determinano* le esperienze dei passeggeri; piuttosto, vengono "incorporate" dai passeggeri diventando parte delle loro *performances* di mobilità, come "effetti di particolari pratiche e performance di viaggio" (Watts 2008, 711). Le caratteristiche temporali e le pratiche dei pendolari risultano in profonde trasformazioni delle temporalità pendolare, minuto dopo minuto, giorno dopo giorno, anno dopo anno.

I traghetti differiscono in modo significativo da altri mezzi di trasporto. La loro velocità inferiore dà ai passeggeri la possibilità di coltivare una temporalità particolare. Sui traghetti della British Columbia queste temporalità sono caratterizzate non tanto dalla fretta quanto da uno spazio più rilassato che assomiglia a una soglia di trasformazione: un tempo liminale che facilita l'entrata nei e l'uscita dai ritmi di vita delle diverse isole. Insieme alla velocità, gli orari di viaggio formano dei ritmi caratteristici. Quasi ogni viaggio, a seconda del tempo di partenza e di arrivo, raccoglie una differente comunità di passeggeri. Dai camionisti della

tarda notte ai pendolari della mattina presto, dagli studenti della tarda mattina ai pensionati del primo pomeriggio, l'orologio genera diverse forme di viaggio in traghetto, diversi modi di sperimentare il viaggio. La fatica, il sonno, l'eccitazione, l'anticipazione, la noia e molte altre sensazioni accompagnano così i ritmi quotidiani.

In conclusione, non si può dire che le tecnologie di trasporto semplicemente limitino, alienino, confinino, o creino dei regimi di "dromomania" (Bissell e Fuller 2010, 2) surmoderni (Augé 1995). L'osservazione etnografica rivela invece che il pendolarismo è una pratica ibrida, sfumata, dipendente in maniera precisa alle caratteristiche della modalità di trasporto. Il pendolarismo è un processo generativo ed emergente attraverso la quale i pendolari "incorporano" il loro mondo (Ingold 2000, 2007). Le pratiche quotidiane dei pendolari sono relazionali e soggette alle *performances* di persone reali, non teoriche. In questo senso si può dire che il pendolarismo è "ontogenetico" e che, attraverso le sue prestazioni, le potenzialità spaziali e temporali della vita quotidiana vengono continuamente attualizzate.

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While you were sleeping. Of ferries and commuters in British Columbia

Cultural critics have made of the commuter a modern popular culture stereotypical figure, characterized by habitual and automatic behavior. Tied to a security belt, hidden behind a newspaper, stuck inside a train coach, and linked to a cellphone or iPod, the commuter is apparently deprived of sensations, emotions, sense of place, endlessly trapped in the whirl of translocal flows. Such image is undoubtedly superficial.

Recently, everyday movement practices have attracted the attention of mobility researchers. An interdisciplinary study of the intersections between bodily and virtual movement of people, objects, and information has developed (Adey 2010). The study of mobility has begun to spread light on subjectivities, experiences, and the mundane practices of travellers (such as commuters) with the aim to overcome the commonsensical idea that transit zones (ranging from airport terminals to highways) are spaces without meaningful interaction.

With this piece, I seek to contribute to an ethnographic study of mobility. More specifically, whereas a large part of research carried out so far has privileged transport means like cars, trains and buses, I turn to a relatively neglected means of mobility: ferries. Drawing on an three-year ethnography among island and seaside communities of British Columbia, Canada (Vannini, 2012), I have interpreted the experiences and practices of commuters' everyday mobility as active space and time performances.

Early Morning Sailing from Langdale (Lower Sunshine Coast) to Horseshoe Bay (West Vancouver)

"Boarding pass?" asks the loading crewman

"Oh geez, I forgot the drill," answers a woman in her late thirties, "I'm sorry."

"You need to sleep some more, Ellen!" "It must be that new boyfriend of yours keeping you up late at night," her fellow commuters tease her.

"The drill" is not as simple as it may seem. There is no need to get a ticket from Langdale to West

Vancouver; the fare is paid on the mainland and the price includes the return journey from the lower Sunshine Coast. Yet the loading crew needs a precise headcount, and whereas in other places it's quite easy to actually count heads as they walk on, here the onrush of commuters would simply be overwhelming for that counting technique. Thus, foot passengers need to get a pass from an automatic dispenser and present their pass to the attending crew as they board the vessel.

The *Queen of Surrey* is as commuter-natured as a commuter ferry gets. Due to the absence of loading ramps at Langdale foot passengers enter the ferry from the car deck. That is a blessing. At least two hundred commuters sprinting onto the boat at the same speed of starting marathoners need as much space as they can get in order not to squeeze each other in. I stand back to take a picture of the foot race going through the large, gaping mouth of the ferry. It turns out to be out of focus, due to the maddening speed of the passengers racing onboard to get their favorite seat.

As I walk upstairs the main lounge is deserted. "Where the hell did everyone go?" I gasp. "Where is the cafeteria lineup?" "Why aren't people walking around the aisles?" The answer soon becomes obvious. Even though the *Queen of Surrey* is identical to the *Queen of Cowichan* and the *Queen of Coquitlam*—Vancouver Island-bound boats I am very familiar with—sailing on her at this time of the day is a completely different practice. Not one soul is standing; everyone is seated down either in the forward and side lounges, or in the cafeteria.

"We all know where to sit," an informant's words from the previous day's interviews ring in my ears.

"We all have our groups of friends and we always sit with them, in the same pod, day after day. Those of us who walk on save the seats for our friends who drive on, because they get onboard a few minutes later than us. You want to make sure you get your seats before somebody who's not a daily commuter sits there, not knowing it's our pod. Floaters have no respect!"

Daily commuters have about 40 minutes to treat the *Queen of Surrey* as an extension of their home. Passengers seated around the cafeteria table are there to have breakfast. But not the BC Ferries fare. Who can afford a \$10 breakfast every day? Cereal brought from home is kept in Tupperware, toast in sandwich bags, peanut butter and jam jars in backpacks. Mugs still steaming hot are evidence that the drive to the

ferry terminal was either short or hurried. Milk is kept in small plastic bottles and often shared. As the breakfast table is unset after a few minutes, playing cards are broken out. "Damn, George, finally! That's the only good hand you've had all week" I overhear a losing poker player exclaim.

It's too early for the morning newspaper to have arrived, and eyes are too sleepy to read anyway. With regard to sleep, there are at least two kinds of daily commuters. There are the chipper ones and the slumber fiends. The chipper ones share common pods, seemingly all on the port side of the ship. The slumber fiends are on the starboard side, where hardly a mosquito can be hard. To pay respect to them, announcements on this ship are kept to a minimum, and the volume of the PA system seems to have been turned down. Much to my amazement there are actual pods of sleepers: groups of two, three, and four passengers who sit on chairs facing one another, despite the presence of empty rows of seats elsewhere. These are people who sleep together, and they literally mean it.

The members of the chipper crowd on the other hand have lots to share and lots in common with one another. Age deviation is minimal. As a daily ferry commuter you can't be too young and you can't be too old. You can't be too young because at an early age you can't find a job that pays well enough to justify the pricey commute. You can't be too old because few older bodies can take this, day after day, for years. Social class homogeneity seems to go with age. There is lots of talk of everyone's favorite topic: the weekend just around the corner, and the many middle class leisure promises it holds.

It's dark outside, and to reduce the glare coming from the passenger lounge lights the crew has pulled down the curtains on all the windows. With no light and the card-playing, this would seem like a Las Vegas casino room, were it not for the fact that as opposed to the sin city's timelessness everyone here has a profound carnal perception of linear time. There are buses to connect with, pockets of traffic rush to beat, and carefully-planned appointments to make. Therefore, right next to weekend topics, ferry punctuality is a favorite topic for chatting. The ferry crew seems to be in a similar transition mode, especially the cafeteria gang. The first sailing from Langdale for them functions as a way of preparing for the food orders to come later. No one is ordering anything yet, and the smell of bacon hasn't pervaded the lounge yet. Gentlemen's washrooms smell like

shaving soap, whereas the ladies' room echoes of face powder chats.

I would be a fool to try and strike up a conversation on this vessel. I'd have better luck with acceptance if I tried to sit in the back of a school bus with the tough kids. So I keep to myself—cataloguing backpack after backpack, wondering about their precise content and purpose. They're lifesavers, I will learn in the days to come. Half-empty, they have enough space to be filled with things brought back home from shops on the mainland frequented during lunch hour. Half-full, beside breakfast and toiletries, they contain books to be read on the bus ride, snacks, clothes to change into after a long day in business attire, and even the occasional remedy to combat a long day of commuting: from a ready supply of Tylenol to a bottle of wine to celebrate a birthday, or the last commuting day of a long career, on the 5:30 sailing back home.

All departures are temporal processes

All departures, on whatever means of transport, are temporal processes. Ferry travels, however, have a different temporal pattern than buses (Jain 2009) or trains (Bissell 2009; Watts 2008). Time of the day and season, trip duration and speed also make a difference. Clearly, these temporal characteristics do not determine passengers' experiences; rather, they are "incorporated" by travellers, becoming part of their mobility performances. They are "effects of specific travel practices and performances" (Watts 2008, 711). The temporal aspects and the practices of commuters shape commuters' temporality, minute after minute, day after day, year after year.

Ferries are significantly different from other transport means. The low speed gives passengers the chance to experience a peculiar temporality. On British Columbia ferries these temporalities are characterized not by hurry, rather, by a relaxed space which resembles a transformative threshold: a liminal time that facilitates entry and exit into and out of the living rhythms of the various islands. Together with speed, time tables form characteristic rhythms. Almost every trip, according to departure and arrival time, gathers a different community of travellers. From late-night truck drivers to early-morning commuters, from late morning students to early-afternoon retired people, the clock generates different forms of ferry travel, different ways of experiencing travel. Thus, fatigue, sleep, excitement, anticipation, boredom and many other feelings accompany daily rhythms. In conclu-

sion, it is simply not true that contemporary transport technologies merely limit, alienate, confine, or create the “dromomaniac” regimes (Bissell and Fuller 2010, 2) of surmodernity (Augé 1995). Ethnographic observation reveals that commuting is a hybrid and many-hued practice, specifically connected to transportation means. Consequently, commuting is a generative and emergent process through which commuters “incorporate” their own world (Ingold 2000, 2007). Commuters’ everyday practices are relational and subject to the performance of physical,

not merely virtual persons. From this point of view it is possible to say that commuting is “ontogenetic”, and that, thanks to its performance, spatial and temporal potentials of everyday life *vita* come to be constantly actualized.



A dangerous proximity

The night-time economy and the city's early morning

Stephen Tomsen

In most human cultures the night has been associated with forms of danger or evil, and the breakdown of feudalism and rise of urban industrial capitalism reflected these concerns in new ways. Extended personal relations of control were displaced by exploitation in the private market and forms of contract labour that shaped the rhythms and order of daytime work. Time itself was more closely watched and measured by the owners of capital. Furthermore, it was fought over by socialists and labour activists in campaigns to reduce the length of working days. The backdrop to new industrial understandings of time was the sharp distinction between productive work and unproductive leisure (Melbin, 1978).

This fed bourgeois fears about idleness in city slums and claims about nightly immorality, crime and disorder in urban red light areas. It was these very fears and claims relating to violence and the dangerous classes that set off much of the political pressure to extend the old night-watch of city constables with modern forms of organised policing. By contrast to this emphasis on disciplined work and limited non-work time, the forces of capitalism in the late 20th century placed great faith in consumption and the circulation of finance, goods and services in leisure and recreational activities.

From the 1990s, post-industrial cities around the globe were revived with this form of expanded consumption and spending. A new urban middle class seeking closeness to their places of professional work and entertainment began the gentrification and transformation of formerly poor and neglected neighbourhoods. And this process often dovetailed with the conscious pursuit of cultural planning and neo-liberal modes of urban governance that sought to stimulate investment and growth in the night-time economy as an expanded realm of commercial entertainment operating after dark.

The utopian vision of this economy comprised new zones of shared and genteel socialising in a way that would naturally produce a collective experience of pleasure, belonging and security. Planners focused on the great potential of a broad mix of citizens accessing more theatres, wine bars, cafes and fine restaurants. In fact, advocates of new urban nightlife even celebrated the imminent rise of the '24 hour city' and a positive breakdown of the temporal and spatial boundaries between work and leisure, and daytime and night.

In reality, expanded urban night time economies rose in a period without any trend to reduced daytime work hours and less work discipline for most citizens. Spreading beyond weekends, the material night-time economy has actually been inserted between the end and the beginning of the working/business day. The early evening, night and late night to

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early morning economies have all been referred to in order to capture this evolving pattern of change between today and tomorrow.

These phases of night each have a typology of social patterns and behaviour. From early evening people engage in after-work drinks, watch films and theatre and seek out a mix of food and dining; this is followed by a phase of more pronounced drinking, followed by late bars and night-clubbing and then finally the early morning world that is most associated with general intoxication and use of illicit drugs, aggression and the potential for violence.

What if the city that wakes up is still also the city engaged in night leisure? Sometimes the result is nothing more than comical

The denizens of the very late to early morning economy are usually reduced to comprising a socially narrow and often threatening group of dishevelled and drunk young people. These revellers are caught between a numb sense of pleasure,

exhaustion and doubts about when and how to depart from the night out, alongside always yawning and less sociable bar staff, security guards, fast food workers and insomniac taxi drivers. Also quite typically, there are a higher proportion of swaggering young males among those remaining in public.

The alco-centric aspect of the urban night-time economy is even more pronounced for those who engage in it and are attuned to the subjective but pervasive sense of hyper-masculine aggression including the bravado and loudness displayed in bars and night-clubs, and the competitive drinking and vying for female partners that is part of a highly gendered self-presentation among men and more clearly performative and less restrained at the night rolls on. Such forms of masculinity at night are knotted to the official masculinities of police and security that are similarly performative and further forms of aggressive urban spectacle.

In particular, these aspects of night-life aggravate local residents. They also progressively exclude certain social groups and even many of those gay men and lesbians known for their own important role in first creating key night entertainment locales. Furthermore, it is the most extended license for the disordered behaviour of very late to early morning leisure that creates a sharp disjuncture between the social atmosphere and rhythm of pre-dawn and morning in urban social and leisure areas. The aggressive and less ordered atmosphere of this social sphere is even more surreal in spaces of cities dedicated to night leisure that also serve as central business districts during day-time hours. They return to a more ordered state very quickly and with an extraordinary transition that few people witness on a regular basis.

What happens when this transition is not a smooth one? What if the city that wakes up is still also the city engaged in night leisure? Sometimes the result is nothing more than comical. At this time, a few world cities such as Berlin with all night public transport feature trams and trains with a bizarre cross-section of people travelling back home or to their early shift blue-collar work. In the early 2000s, I conducted focus groups with people discussing the urban impact of Sydney's celebratory gay and lesbian culture. These groups featured one man complaining about the inappropriate sight of near-naked people walking from all night dance parties as he was driving by to his regular game of Sunday morning golf.

More seriously, this transition can also be like a destructive social collision that tests the faith of city authorities in the shared use of spaces for deregulated and extended hours of heavy drinking and night revelry. A particularly striking but instructive example of this for urban

criminology can be drawn from an incident that occurred early one morning seven years ago in Melbourne. In June 2007, an outlaw motorbike gang member named Christopher Hudson had a long session of heavy drinking and illegal drug use inside the Spearmint Rhino nightclub located within the central business district of the city. After assaulting a stripper inside the club he then also viciously attacked his own girlfriend when she arrived at 7.30 am to take him back to a nearby hotel.

A passing lawyer in his 40s and a young male tourist saw what was happening and they attempted to protect the girlfriend. In retaliation for this action Hudson shot all three of them, seriously wounding two and killing the older man (see *The Age*, 22/9/2008). In 2008, the perpetrator was sentenced to life imprisonment for this murder with the trial judge voicing his horror about violence that happened in front of hundreds of people rushing to their jobs early on a Monday morning, and stating these events occurred in a time and place where ordinary people were entitled to feel safe.

How should we understand the timing and context of this violence? Noting that this crime was most shocking due to its peculiar rush-hour timing is not intended to be flippant. It does instead refer to the unstated socio-cultural assumptions about distinct modes of social action, different uses of social space, and the contrasting masculinities that are normalised and predominate across phases of the urban day. The gendered behaviour of morning rush-hour professionals, office and service workers, is built around restraint and a coffee-fuelled intent on reaching the workplace. The disorderly and often hyper-masculine aspect of night leisure has a cultural dissonance with the disciplined, rule conscious and even chivalrous daytime masculinity of the sort shown by Hudson's male victims. Urban violence is typically dispersed and often privatised whereas male night-time economy violence assumes a more public form (Ray, 2011). But the advent and early morning and the disruptive public behaviour of the perpetrator exceeded the level at which urban bystanders are loath to intervene.

Hudson was a dangerous criminal rather than a wholly typical reveller in the very late to early morning scene of urban drinking pleasure and social license. Nevertheless, this extreme incident was not a complete surprise given the commonplace violence of the night-time economy and the rapid temporal transition of late night to early morning patterns. In fact, this incident also raises questions about understanding the contexts of crime and the virtual normalisation of masculine violence in some urban zones and temporalities in the recent histories of cities that have embraced deregulation of night leisure and drinking hours. Hedonistic male drunken disorder, illicit drug use, fighting, and sexual hook-ups are a less acknowledged but real aspect of commodified leisure in the late night.

The sustainability of night venues and a new sector of private spending and state tax revenue are linked to this in the underlying hypocrisy of official promotion of contemporary night leisure. For most of the time, this social space is clearly structured and subject to tightening surveillance, anti-crime and policing strategies. Nevertheless, the sensual attractions of risk and unpredictability are marketed and sold to late night revellers. In all likelihood, any fully successful crime prevention response would erode the popularity and profitability of much late urban night leisure. It is in the time of the very late economy and early morning rush hour that there is a dangerous alignment of two distinct social milieus. These milieus seem to be social and culturally opposite but they reflect an increasing temporal and spatial proximity in many inner city areas reshaped along the lines of the neo-liberal vision of the thriving night-time economy.



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Good Bye Rush Hour Trains, Hello Morning Walks

Changes in Morning Experience for Japanese Retirees

Yohko Tsuji

Morning is the “junction between nighttime and daytime” when most people experience the transition from restful sleep to actions. It comes every day with the light dispelling the darkness and human motions and bird chirpings breaking the stillness of the night. While the morning thus described is repeated day after day, people’s experiences of it may change drastically when they retire. In this article, I will examine such changes in morning experiences among Japanese retirees who live in a suburb of Osaka, Japan’s second largest city, and who worked in the metropolis before retirement.

Mornings before Retirement

The unavoidable morning experience for the majority of Japanese is commuting by train. The crowdedness of Japanese rush hour trains is infamous and the frequent topic of foreign media and internet. A swarm of passengers overflow the platforms of the station, where hired “pushers” shove them into the trains. Once on the trains, people are literally packed like canned sardines and unable to move. If their arms or legs are caught in the walls of their fellow passengers’ bodies, they are unable to pull them out and forced to endure the uncomfortable posture. Taking advantage of this situation, some perverts harass female passengers with unwanted touching. Hence, most urban trains have at least one car reserved for women. Sometimes, male passengers, though much fewer in numbers, are the victims of such incidents. Because it is hard to identify who the culprit is in the super crowded trains, sometimes unfortunate men are falsely accused. It certainly is hellish to ride Japanese commuter trains during morning rush hours.

The “tyranny of the clock” (Smith 1961:85) also governs Japanese workers’ mornings. They race the clock to catch the train and report to work on time. In the quiet suburb of this study, streams of commuters appear every weekday morning and flow to the train station on the Hankyu Railway Kyoto Line. Whether walking or riding bicycles, all are in a hurry. To transport a huge number of commuters, trains come every few minutes between 7 a.m. and 9 a.m. They are operated with such punctuality that if they are at least five minutes behind schedule Hankyu Railway issues a proof of delay to their passengers. The clock dictates both the railway and its passengers.

Sleepiness is an integral part of workday mornings. Though many workers in other industrial nations may share this experience, Japanese workers’ lack of sleep may be more acute because they, especially men, work notoriously long hours. Consequently, evening rush hour trains are not as murderous as morning ones. Why do Japanese not go home when the clock

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strikes the end of their working day? What suspends the value of punctuality that tightly controls their mornings?

The answer lies in human relationships at workplace (Tsuiji 2006). The team spirit obliges Japanese workers to be present with their colleagues. They find it hard to go home, especially when their superiors are around, even if they have finished their job for the day. But whatever workers do, their presence after hours “may in itself be considered work” (Steger 2003: 188). It also indicates their loyalty and commitment to workplace. In short, Japanese workers’ time

belongs to workplace, whose customs and practices override clock time.

Mornings after Retirement

Morning experience of Japanese workers may change drastically after retirement. They no longer

Many retirees get up early again for morning walks. Though they share the suburban streets with commuters rushing to the train station, it is easy to distinguish two groups, even the retirees who walk as swiftly as commuters for exercise

have to tolerate the daily ride on rush hour trains. The race with the clock also ends because retirement affords them, at least symbolically, to “[break] the watch” (Savishinsky 2000). With no obligation to go to work punctually, chronic lack of sleep may vanish. What are Japanese workers’ mornings like after retirement?

Sleeping late and having leisurely breakfast is what people look forward to in retirement. When the charm of *mainichi ga nichiyōbi*, or “the life in which every day is Sunday” fades away, many retirees get up early again for morning walks. Though they share the suburban streets with commuters rushing to the train station, it is easy to distinguish two groups, even the retirees who walk as swiftly as commuters for exercise. For one thing, most commuters wear a suit and leather shoes in contrast with the retirees’ casual attire and walking shoes. A good number of retirees walk with dog(s). Dog ownership in Japan is higher among those in their fifties (21.4%) and sixties (18.2%) than those in younger cohorts¹. When dog owners meet with each other, they stop and converse. Some retirees interrupt their walk to pay respect to the guardian gods at neighborhood temples and shrines. Among retirees, it is not unusual to see married couples walking together. But commuters hurry to the train station by themselves.

Married couple’s joint walks may imply a change in the gendered division of labor after retirement. During working days, the common pattern is that husbands are “married” to their work and wives, often even those with jobs, assume most of the domestic responsibilities, including taking care of their children and husbands. Because retirement released men from their heavy commitment to work, some male retirees start doing domestic chores, such as shopping, cleaning, and cooking. Cooking classes exclusively for men proliferate everywhere.

Men’s participation in the domestic sphere is becoming a necessity and thus gaining social support in contemporary Japan, where the number of traditional multi-generation families has drastically diminished and the likelihood of living alone in old age has intensified. The single-person household is the most common type of Japanese household, and many of them are occupied by older people. Hence, *jiritsu*, or being independent and taking care of oneself, is highly regarded today in Japanese culture that traditionally emphasizes the value of inter-dependence. Several widowed retirees in this suburban community live alone

¹ <http://www.petfood.or.jp/topics/img/130101.pdf>

without regular assistance from their children. Retired husbands who continue to expect their wives to look after them are unpopular and, alluding to obstacles that are hard to move, called “bulky trashes” or “wet fallen leaves.”

Most retirees start their morning walks around the same time and follow the same route with occasional slight variations. Establishing such routines has some merits: it gives a temporal structure to retirees’ lives; it allows them to see the same people repeatedly and these encounters often develop into friendships. Many people use an old temple in the neighborhood as the goal or turning point of their walks. Consequently, the temple serves as an informal gathering place for retirees. Getting to know people this way helps to integrate retirees, particularly men, into the neighborhood community, where they had spent very little time before retirement. When daily walks enhance retirees’ physical strength, they may expand into more vigorous activities, such as hiking, back-packing, and mountain climbing. These sports also open up new social circles for them.

Conclusion

Morning walks bring multiple gains for retirees. Not only do they improve health, but also provide leisure activity and social engagement. They also serve as a time-regulator for retirement, in which the clock no longer dictates their mornings. Though retirees’ walks may occur regularly, the specific time for daily walks is more approximate than minute-exact. It is the routine, not the tyranny of the clock, that prompts their action. While the clock may have played some roles in establishing their routine after retirement, this routine also contains cyclical time that corresponds to the natural cycle of day and night.

Contrary to their working days, the retirees’ routine has flexibility. Even those who designate the exact time and length of their walk are no longer controlled by the exceptionally precise and punctual timetable of Japanese commuter trains. Whether retirees’ walks start at 7:00 or 7:10, it has little consequence on them, though this ten-minute difference in the morning would have a huge impact on Japanese workers. Furthermore, retirees’ designated walking time may be determined by a variety of factors, including not only the clock, but also the morning television show they like to watch and the schedule of other walkers or dogs with whom they plan to rendezvous.

As retirees’ first activity of the day, morning walks may smooth the transition from night to day. They are followed by breakfast, watching television, and various other activities of the day. Leaving home for a morning walk may accelerate this transition because home is where they spend the night. Before retirement, Japanese workers may have experienced this transition on rush hour trains, which separated — and connected simultaneously — night at home and day at workplace. Walking is a more desirable way to start a new day than riding a dreadful rush hour train. It is no wonder that the streets of suburban Osaka are busy in the morning, not only with rushing commuters, but also with retiree walkers.



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The streetartist's early morning

Emma Paulsson

When working illegally, graffiti writers and street artists are often working during nights and early mornings. During those hours, most people are inside, asleep, and the darkness also makes it easier for the artists to remain unseen. This narrative is based on a participant observation and an interview conducted in 2009 with Hanna, a 19-year-old Swedish graffiti writer and street artist. Hanna describes how the shelter of the night is not enough; she also has to take other security measures. For example she avoids blind alleys and narrow streets and she always checks the height of fences etcetera surrounding a place, all to make sure that there is an escape route. Hanna describes how many writers develop a very sensitive hearing and a good feeling for when something is wrong. She describes how some of her friends have turned paranoid after some years of illegal writing and how some have begun to relax, sometimes so much that they have been caught. Hanna tries to find a balance between being relaxed and being attentive. To be able to relax she always brings a friend along, somebody who can help her keep a lookout, and she chooses places that do not imply too many risks. If she wants to work in a place that is more risky, she chooses a technique suitable to the limited time.

However, if Hanna had a choice, she would prefer to paint during the day, in the sunlight, without the risk of being chased by the police. Hanna wishes that cities would assign more legal walls. She does not agree with writers who argue that graffiti would disappear if it was legalized. She explains that her interest lies in the artistic expression, not in the risk taking which seems to attract some people. In Stockholm where she has been living for most of her life, there are no legal walls. In Malmö there was one legal wall for writing graffiti when the participant observation and interview was conducted in 2009. Later the same year a second legal wall opened.

Hanna in action

I am heading towards a grocery shop. It is a Thursday night at the end of May in Malmö, a city in the south of Sweden with around 300 000 inhabitants. I am going to meet Hanna, a 19-year-old graffiti- and street artist, at three a.m. outside the grocery shop. Surprisingly many people pass by, considering the time and the day of the week. Most people passing by seem to be young people making for home after a night out. The grocery shop is situated in Möllervången, an alternative district with many nightclubs and pubs.

Hanna is going to put up spray stencils using cardboards, which she has prepared. It is not too cold and the sky is clear. A brisk wind is blowing. Hanna is walking towards me with a

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bag in each hand. The familiar clinking of spray cans give away the contents of one of the bags. In the other bag, Hanna carries her many spray stencils. There are stains of paint on her jeans and hoodie.

– As a street artist most of your clothes get stains after some time so I didn't bother putting on clean clothes. Then I'll risk getting stains on them as well, says Hanna. The places we're going to are quite safe anyway.

Hanna describes how the shelter of the night is not enough; she also has to take other security measures. For example she avoids blind alleys and narrow streets and she always checks the height of fences etcetera surrounding a place, all to make sure that there is an escape route

Hanna is directing her steps towards the first spot she has selected. It is a dumpster on the backside of the grocery shop. The theme of the spray stencils is animals that are "hitting back": a rabbit with an automatic rifle and a koala bear with hand grenades. Hanna is committed to the rights

of animals. Tonight she is focusing on places of dumpster diving, the act of looking for still edible yet thrown away food, such as bread or tins with short expiring date, in dumpsters.

– Almost all my friends dumpster dive, Hanna tells me. I thought it might be fun if I could get some attention from people I know by putting spray stencils on dumpster in backyards, places where most people don't go.

The dumpster behind the grocery shop is located in a parking lot. At this time of the day there are no cars. Here, seven to ten floors high residential blocks are surrounding the parking lot on all sides. In some windows the lights are on but this does not seem to bother Hanna. She squats down beside the dumpster and picks up the first spray stencil. Immediately she runs into problems. With one hand, Hanna tries to hold the A3-sized stencil in place. With the other hand, she presses down the cap of the spray can. But the wind gets hold of the stencil and Hanna's hand is too small to keep the big stencil steady in place.

– A friend of mine promised to come along and hold the stencils for me but he backed out last night as he had to get up early to go to work, Hanna explains.

When Hanna has sprayed the two layers of the rabbit she takes out the six layers of stencils making up the koala. The many layers of the koala are even more difficult to handle in the wind. The different layers should be sprayed on top of each other but the wind makes fitting the layers difficult. Hanna is using different colours for different layers: grey and white for the fur; black for the nose, eyes and ears; brown for the branch the koala clings to; brown and green for the hand grenades. A newspaper-man walks out from one of the houses. I am looking worriedly at him as he gets closer to the parking lot but Hanna calmly carries on with her stencils. The newspaper-man does not seem to care. He glances at us but does not slow down. Perhaps he is used to seeing all kinds of activities taking place at this time of the day. Hanna is not satisfied with the outcome. The images have not turned out the way she had expected. The wind and the fact that she had to hold the stencils herself have made the images blurry. With determination in her steps Hanna walks on to the next spot. Her fearlessness surprises me. The cans are clinking. The stains of paint on her clothes and hands can easily reveal her. Hanna keeps on talking to me not concerned about people and cars passing by.

– Your attitude towards what you are doing is important, she explains. If you feel like you're

doing things wrong, you also behave like that. If you are moving around town in a relaxed and casual way, you can do a lot without people noticing it.

Hanna stops by a foundation of concrete demarcating a building site, which has been left undeveloped for several years. A schoolyard is situated on one side of the site, a big grocery shop and its backyard on the other side. A big billboard tells about the plans for the site: residential houses with five floors. The building plans have been delayed and the site is still undeveloped. On the site, weeds such as foalfoot and mugwort are negotiating with weed-grown butterfly-bushes and Japanese creepers. All kinds of left over building material are making the ground uneven: gravel, bricks and here and there old car tyres. In one place it looks as if somebody has started to asphalt but has had second thoughts. There are also traces of people who have used the place: an old couch, beer bottles, smashed glass, sweet wrappers, an umbrella wrecked by the wind.

— I'm fond of vacant sites, says Hanna. I think places like this could be used much more. I can't understand why it is illegal to write graffiti in those places. Here, most people don't care about it or even notice. Or electric cabinets and transformer stations, I think it should be legal to paint or paste what you want on them.

Hanna takes out the stencils for the rabbit and sprays a rabbit on the concrete foundation. It works better now. The concrete is absorbing the spray paint, which makes the image less smeary. She has also learnt a technique that works in spite of the brisk wind. Hanna puts the stencils and cans back in her bags and starts to walk across the building site towards the backyard of the grocery shop. By now the night has started to turn into day. It is between four and half past four in the morning. The silhouette of the big wheel in the nearby amusement park is standing out against the dawning sky. A special atmosphere is created with the streetlights still on. It is dark and light at the same time. Phenomena usually existing at different times are suddenly there at the same time, side by side: the silhouette of the wheel, the street lights of the night and by my feet a group of red poppies whose colour has just started to show in the early morning light.

The dumpster behind the grocery shop is one of the most well known dumpster diving sites in Malmö. At this time of the day there is nobody here, but around nine to ten in the evening, one can often find several people here looking for bread and other kinds of food: homeless people, students and other people with low incomes. The people coming here have often learnt which day the bread is usually thrown away. Hanna sprays a rabbit on the dumpster and continues to another backyard where she paints rabbits on some garbage bins. She had thought of yet a few places to go to but now there are so many people around that Hanna decides it will be too risky: it is now bright morning and the early workers are starting to show up. We say goodbye and are off in different directions.



Paris s'éveille

Francesco Forlani

Se cerchi il silenzio te ne vai in campagna. Le città parlano. Sussurrano, gridano, fin dalle prime luci dell'alba. Anzi pare che suonino. Ogni città ha lo stile inconfondibile di un vecchio musicista jazz, di una leggenda venuta da altrove, certamente una città, New Orleans, Londra, Roma e sbarcata dovunque ci fosse la vita. Dove ci sono grandi fabbriche o un porto.

Quando Torino si sveglia la luce sembra fare a botte con l'oscurità, Piazza Castello, Piazza Vittorio, avvolte nella bruma rimangono deserte fino a tarda mattinata, al punto che ti sembra che i suoi abitanti abbiano trascorso la notte in ufficio. Ha un suono freddo e incalzante, dove ogni strumento si aggiunge strada facendo, alternandosi alla maniera di viali e contro viali, con il senso che è direzione dei flussi. Note lunghe, alla Jan Garbarek, e incedere pieno di ritmo e potenza; o il basso in movimento di *Slang*, Jaco Pastorius, in un'armonia progressiva di chitarre Pat Metheny Group – *It's For You*. E infatti Torino è per te, anche se non ti saluta per strada.

A Milano invece la vita al mattino brulica, in un caleidoscopio su cui rimbalzano luci dei neon delle metropolitane e dei negozi di Corso Buenos Aires. La vita sgorga da terra e la gente è un fiume in piena allertato dai primi raggi di sole. La sua voce è *cool*. È il Miles Davis Quintet di *Round Midnight*, con Miles accompagnato da Wayne Shorter ed Herbie Hancock. O il suo *duet* con John Coltrane in *So what*...

Roma ha due suoni alle prime luci del giorno. Quello monumentale di Gershwin della *Rhapsody in Blue* e un andamento bebop dai volumi ampi, e con architetture improvvisate che alla maniera di vecchi cartelli stradali ti dicono dove e perché sia passata la storia. Il suo risveglio ha lo stesso respiro di Charlie Parker & Dizzy Gillespie in *Hot House*.

A Napoli, nuova cosa, i raggi di sole sono colpi di clacson nervosi, con gli attraversamenti di strada improvvisi di gente a piedi poco disciplinata e le vespe e motorini a sfrecciare tra le auto in coda come in un attacco alla diligenza. La sua alba ha il suono *free* di Ornette Coleman, l'irruenza di John Coltrane, il disordine metafisico di Sun Ra di *Space is the place* o la scomposta poesia di Archie Shepp in *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*.

A Parigi l'alba è *Jazzing*.

Le lever de soleil

À Paris

Alors que lo effeue pinzava à sta chose que les ciudades toutes, comme li cristiani, se lèvent et se couchent d'une manière différente, les unes des autres, c'est cela. Que nun l'est mica

Francesco Forlani, casertano, ha vissuto per molti anni a Parigi e attualmente insegna filosofia al Liceo Francese Jean Giono di Torino. Ha diretto le riviste letterarie *Paso Doble* e *SUD*; è redattore di *Nazione Indiana*. Traduttore dal francese ha al suo attivo numerose pubblicazioni tra cui i romanzi *Autoreverse*, *Turning doors* e i racconti *Metro-morphoses* (apparsi in francese). Ha collaborato e collabora a riviste nazionali e internazionali, è conduttore radiofonico, autore e attore teatrale. Con Carmine Vitale ha fondato indipendentemente.com



vero que s'est lo istisse arbeggiari, pello sud e pello nord, pello est et lo west, tarvorte, sine cunsiderari aqui, d'autres variables. Car nu cunto l'est si se trattassi de ciudad piccerella de campagne, lu paisiello quoui et n'artra la Mèropol, c'est cela! Et puri si si limitassi à une seule ciudad, Paris, peffa l'exemple, toulemòn sapi assez bien que lo primmo matino change de quartè à quartè, tout comme li cristiani.

A lo primmo, qui tene lo Louvre, pell'existenza du bureau de la Poste Cintrali, le soleil se leve cum levée du courrier, et alors l'humori dependi daa cartuline, da lettre qui se l'est raccumannà, piazziri nun pode facirino au citizen, hèlas. Si parlàm invici de la Place de la Concorde, octavi arr., située da na parte des Champs-Élysées et da l'artra du jardin des Tuileries, eh bien ça alors, la journée comenza quando toutes les luz des lampari qui l'entourent, tout au tour, se stutano à l'entrasatte et lassari au soleil li compiti de luminari les rues street et larges. Et l'est spectacle de ville lumière veramòn. Pour la Bastille, bastoche quoui, l'aube c'est le café en face à l'Obelisque qui paraît nu Meridiani cum l'houra exacte ca ce manque seulement le cardelino daa rai. Et putisse fa d'autres exemples de lumina luminà pour gnuno des 20 arrondissements, quartè après quartè, et pour chaque quartè demonstrari que lo istisse nun l'est manko de poncto à poncto du quartè, et que financo de maison à maison, de casa à la case la chose la istissa nun l'est, nun se sumilia pennient, et financo sur le palier, de pianirottoli à pianirottoli, ça change et parfois de cammira à cammira, de leto à leto, comme li cristiani quoui.

Ce sta kela de la Gare du Nord du dicimo que te levi li oci ar celo pour rimirari la façade et l'horloge et manco fa deux pas que tout d'un coup te retrouve en quatre et quatròt à la Gare de l'Est et te confunni de pendulari tra kilì qui vont et qui viennent de Londres et Picardie, de Calè et Lillà et los otros de Strasbù et Lorraine. Qui se portent apprès d'eux les nubila doo mare du nord et s'enacanalà lo rajo de Soleil tout le long le Canal St.Martin, quoui. Ou alors comment diminticari kela qui te sguverna er troto à Montparnàs, qui est à cheval du sei, du quatorze et du quinziesm arr. et paraît nu sibilo, nu fisculo la Tour toute entière, nu missili de vitrâl et de fero, que si puri te paraît incomparable kell'ata Eiffel te fait quand même l'aimer, et attendre que tu te ramène de pintura en pintura, de souvenir à souveinr comme les cafès sur le Boulevà, quoui, en compagnie de l'anema de Cortazà ou Millè, et l'Ernest òa va sans dire. Faut pas rêver le reste. Et lo primo matino ar dodicè du marché d'Aligre que l'alligria se stampa sur la bankarè de fruits et de legumes, sur la ciconspectio du pikpokè qui controla el mouvement de grève générale da sacochè, ça alors, là oui que la fiesta comenza par de vrè et se reveille pure l'anema du paysan que ce purtàm à spass avant et andrè.

Peut-être aussi que, ammitten que te l'ere endurmentati à lo cimiter du Père Lachaise dans le ventiesm, et que'n mizo à la tombe de l'un et de l'autre, d'un Raymond Roussel, par exemple et qui te promene et walk jusqu'à Wilde, l'est matinée d'Oscar'o veramente, l'est nu scutuliamment de tripes and stars, là-bas, et pinzann pinzann jusqu'à Menilmontà qui est diciannove et à ses collines pudiri faciri el plein de café turque'n miezz à l'ate. Et si t'arriba, que si mascule ou si te prore ò maz, si si fimina, allo Pigal du disuittiesm s'embosca la galina, et puri si les stripteaseuse se promenant cum vestalia et bigudì bigudà in da la capa, na bota de vie en rose puri se pode aqui, artròv je ne sais pas. Le reveil intellectuel l'est sûr et certain à la Place de la Sorbonne, pequeña pequeña qui sta in da lo cinco arr., come le deta de la main et sta puissance etudiantine te sbaracia de complexitude surtout quand l'est primavera et les vestes se font alors fine fine et l'esprit de finesse aussi, into the Panthéon de l'arte et do mestie.

Ah ça alors que moviri per lo sexto catapèrè catapèrè à lo jardin du Luxe and Bourg, jusqu'à la fontaine, plata plata que'n miezze e fronne d'arbres et le feuillage qui tremula à tout coup

de vent, dans lo speculo d'aqua ar bon matin puri li barkete ce stano et les enfants cum les bakets de canne à spingiri et poussà, accà et allà, cimme na bataille de Lepanto à preparà. Si alors lo cor est tout en flame et foco que nun se vidiri les pompiers manco si la fumée se lève aussitôt mieux vaut alors d'encamenrase à la Place des Vosges, que li purtikati et ses formes toutes arrondies entre le trois et le quatre du quartè, à la-la la la, s'enferma er core à toutes les heures, et le matin aussi.

Ce sta na fievre toute petite et console sta matina participata collectiva, ou alors en tête-à-tête cull'amata, la lacrima napolitaine, la table ronde en fier battù et lo café serrè, ma mica assaje po', la sigarita na Gitane, en boca à la Prevert. Il y a l'aube Glamù qui merita er salto de l'oca, à la Avenus Montaigne, cum Diòr en terre, l'Ongarò, Chanel et son numèro starlet et la moda qui te menacia, da na parte cum lo lèche-vitrine, t d'arta te encanta lo parfum de roses et de fimmine belle assaje, et t'enarca al sol comme si vulari puesse, 'nzieme à li scupettari monnezzari que de premo matino scurazan per los Champs Elizé et curr en frecia vers le triumf de l'Arco. Ce sta pure le reveil des employès de banque et de Bourse, into the second arrondissement, et l'Opera Operà, et les grands Boulevà, et curre curre guagliò, curre curre toulemòn qui parait qui dansent de la boca du metrò jusqu'au burò. Le soleil naissant le trouve à la Porte a paris qui est terre d'orient t d'italie, treize que porte fortuna lo nummero, et treize pè nu loto loto gagnant. Ce sta n'artro quartè pe se reveiller en tuta calma et mesura, ma tene lo nummero sgaramantique et tique que te pasa la poisse et alors de sfika nun se ne parle aqui.

'Nzomme st'alba à Paris tene menemo menemo 1154 paroles différents pour le diciri. Et Naples aussi.



Io Squaderno 32

Early morning – As the city wakes up

**edited by // Mattias Karrholm, Andrea Mubi Brighenti
& Mariasole Ariot**

Guest Artist // [Erin Lee](#)



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