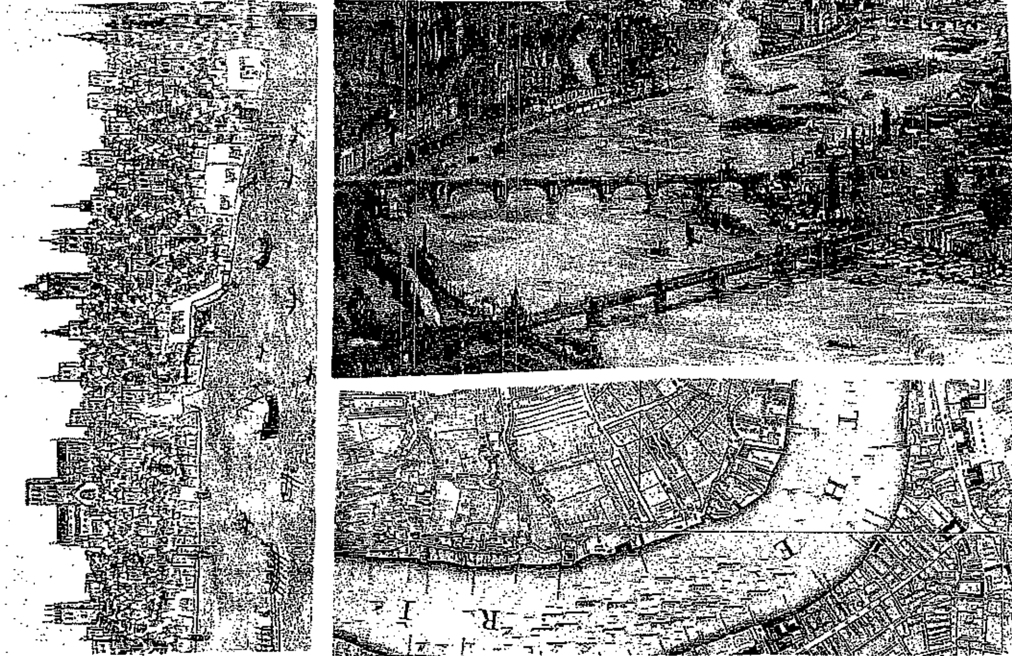
PSYCHOGEOGRAPHY



Lingua Inglese 2

Sainsbury

Spring term

Group Discussion and Initial Experiments

GROUP DISCUSSION

1.Discuss how, in each member of your group's life, movement from one place to another has been associated with strong feelings, moments of transition, change or discovery, space for thought and development.

2.Consider which of the following elements you each consider to be more significant in your personal experiences and why:

a) land air sea

b) speed slow, steady progress

c) repeated journeys over the same tract journeys in unfamiliar territory

d) aiming for a fixed destination wandering

e) being alone with your thoughts collaboration or contact with other people

f) being in tune with a vehicle being in tune with your own body

3. Each choose one significant experience and prepare a very short oral presentation (30-60 seconds). Consider how the way you deliver this presentation can underline the quality of the experience. Make the following variables a conscious choice:

the way you sit or stand

gestures

speed and volume of delivery

tone of voice

register of language etc

Try some out among yourselves and give constructive criticism. Then consider how these could be grouped to show contrast or similarity between different people's experiences.

INDIVIDUAL RESEARCH

A

Watch one of the following films or another film of your choice in which the main subject of the film is a journey.. Comment on the way it has been filmed, its pace and how you react to it.

The Straight Story (1999) directed by David Lynch

Into the Wild (2007) directed by Sean Penn

Wild (2014) directed by Jean-Marc Vallée

If you prefer, you may talk about a book or compare book and film. Two of the the films above were based on books:

Into the Wild, John Krakauer, Picador Classic, 2011

Wild. A Jouney from Lost to Found, Cheryl Strayed, Atlantic Books, 2012

B

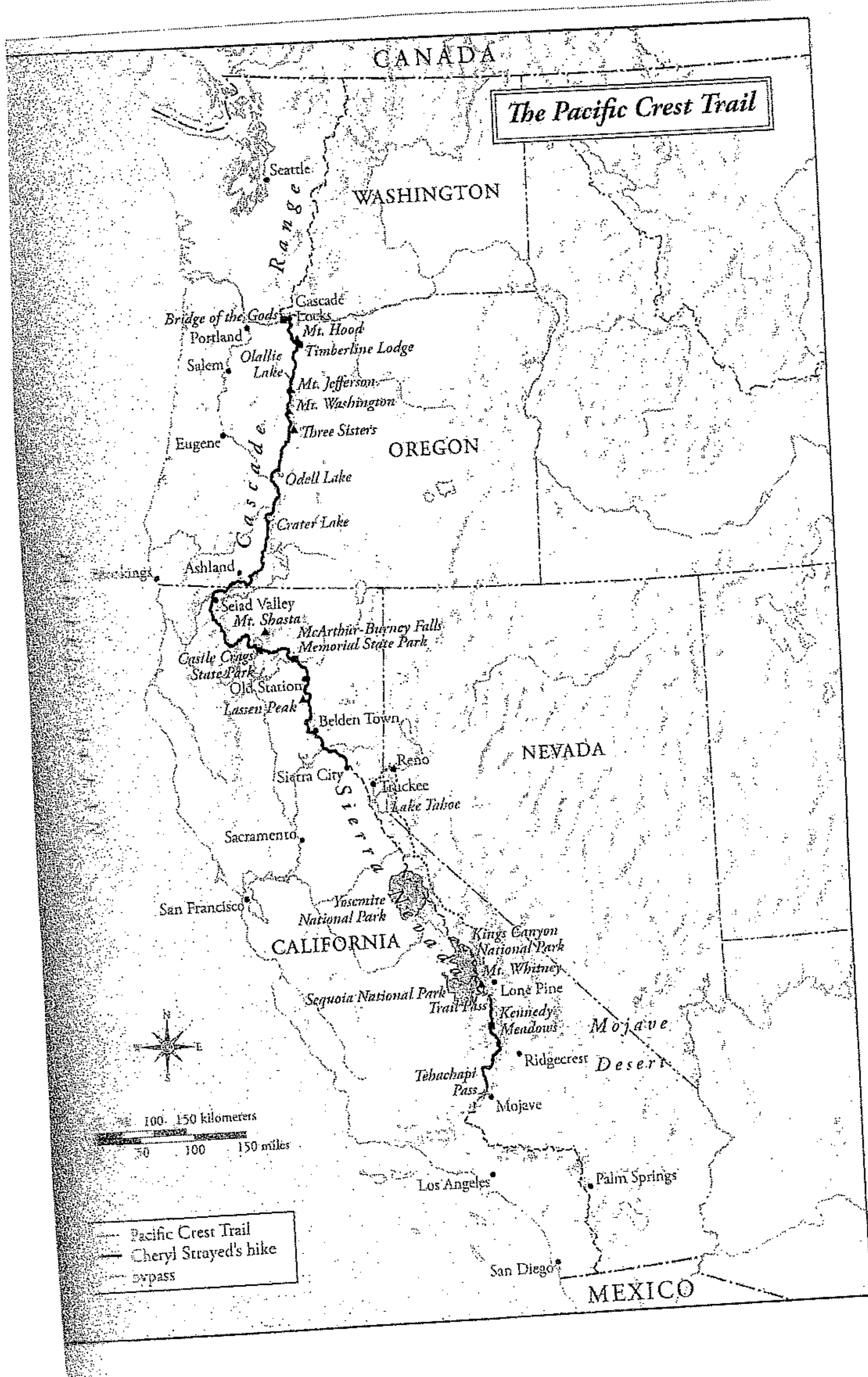
A lot of contemporary art relates to travel and exploration or deep knowledge of place. Either look at the article and work of Richard Long (on the following pages of this booklet) or find out about other artists exploring similar themes that you can relate more to.

C

Richard Long's piece 'Walking Music' is about the music he listened to on a journey while Cheryl Strayed includes a list of the books that accompanied her journey.

Plan a significant journey for yourself on your own. Imagine you have no phone but you can listen (play or sing) music and carry and read books. Plan the exact route and what you would take including a music list and a book list, explaining each choice.

Wild: A Journey from Lost to Found
Cheryl Strayed, Atlantic Books, London, 2012



BOOKS BURNED ON THE PCT

The Pacific Crest Trail, Volume 1: California, Jeffrey P. Schaffer, Thomas Winnett, Ben Schifrin, and Ruby Jenkins. Fourth edition, Wilderness Press, January 1989.

Staying Found: The Complete Map and Compass Handbook, June Fleming.

* *The Dream of a Common Language,* Adrienne Rich.

As I Lay Dying, William Faulkner.

** *The Complete Stories,* Flannery O'Connor.

The Novel, James Michener.

A Summer Bird-Cage, Margaret Drabble.

Lolita, Vladimir Nabokov.

Dubliners, James Joyce.

Waiting for the Barbarians, J. M. Coetzee.

The Pacific Crest Trail, Volume 2: Oregon and Washington, Jeffrey P. Schaffer and Andy Selters. Fifth edition, Wilderness Press, May 1992.

The Best American Essays 1991, edited by Robert Atwan and Joyce Carol Oates.

The Ten Thousand Things, Maria Dermoût.

*Not burned. Carried all the way.

**Not burned. Traded for *The Novel.*

Richard Long   A Line Made by Walking 1967

This formative piece was made on one of Long's journeys to St Martin's from his home in Bristol. Between hitchhiking lifts, he stopped in a field in Wiltshire where he walked backwards and forwards until the flattened turf caught the sunlight and became visible as a line. He photographed this work, and recorded his physical interventions within the landscape.
Although this artwork underplays the artist's corporeal presence, it anticipates a widespread interest in performative art practice. This piece demonstrates how Long had already found a visual language for his lifelong concerns with impermanence, motion and relativity.

May 2007

Artwork details
Artist: Richard Long   born 1945

Title:A Line Made by Walking
Date:1967
Medium: Photograph and graphite on board
Dimensions: Image: 375 x 324 mm
Housed: Tate   Purchased 1976

EAST DART RIVER	INTO A LOW SUN
LONGFORD TOR	GLISTENING FROST
LITTAFORD TOR	FOX TRACKS
CROCKERN TOR	BETWEEN THE GRANITE
WEST DART RIVER	DOWN FAST GROUND
ROYAL HILL	OVER A DRY WALL
STRANE RIVER	BOGGY AND SLOW
RIVER SWINCOMBE	ACROSS STEPPING STONES
FOXTOR MIRES	LEAPING
GREAT GNATS HEAD	FLOATING GROUND
BROAD ROCK	SUN SETTING
LANGCOMBE HEAD	CREAKING ICE
YEALM HEAD	FULL MOON RISING
DENDLES WASTE	DARKNESS

TWO STRAIGHT TWELVE MILE WALKS ON DARTMOOR

PARALLEL $\frac{1}{4}$ MILE APART OUT AND BACK ONE DAY

ENGLAND 1980

WALKING MUSIC

ROISIN DUBH

TRADITIONAL PLAYED ON THE WHISTLE BY TOM MCHAILE

ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC

CHUCK BERRY SUNG BY JOHN LENNON

ON RAGLAN ROAD

TRADITIONAL WORDS BY PATRICK KAVANAGH SUNG BY SINEAD O'CONNOR

RETURN OF THE GRIEVOUS ANGEL

GRAM PARSONS SUNG BY GRAM PARSONS AND EMMYLOU HARRIS

WAITING FOR A TRAIN

JIMMIE RODGERS

I STILL MISS SOMEONE

JOHNNY CASH SUNG BY JOHNNY CASH AND BOB DYLAN

IN MIND EACH DAY
ALONG A SIX DAY WALK OF 168 MILES
FROM THE BLACKWATER RIVER TO THE BURREN TO ATHENRY

IRELAND 2004

The artist who walks the line

Richard Long turns ambling into art. *Robert Macfarlane* follows the footprints and the scuff marks of worn paths and altered landscapes

Richard Long's 1982 photograph Shelter from the Storm is a black-and-white close-up of his walking boots, seen from above. They are lying on their sides on a tent floor, as if recovering from exertion. Their leather is knackered from days on the go. Their tongues are hanging out. They've done many kilometres over the rough basaltic lavas of Iceland, where Long was walking that summer.

The photograph nods to Van Gogh's 1886 A Pair of Shoes, which shows a pair of peddler's boots, worn out by use. It also quietly reproaches Andy Warhol's 1980 reprise of Van Gogh, Diamond Dust Shoes, in which immaculate high heels are scattered across the frame. The other allusion is to Long himself: the invisible walker, the boot-wearer, the trackmaker, the vanished artist. Long's work has always thrived on its maker's absence. Of the thousands of photographs with which he has recorded his walks and sculptures over the last 40 years, he appears in only a handful. Instead, the images show the marks he has made: footprints in river mud, paths scuffed through leaf litter, stones aligned or piled.

His best-known early piece is A Line Made by Walking. On a sunlit day in 1967, he caught a train southwest out of Waterloo. When the suburbs gave way to countryside, Long got off the train, and found a field whose grass was starred with daisies. He walked back and forth, until the flattened grass caught the light, "visible as a line". Then he photographed the line in black and white, and went home. The vocabulary of hunting has a word for such mark-making: foil. A creature's foil is the track it leaves. From then on, Long experimented with foil works. Fire Stones (1974) is a photograph showing the paths left by five stones that have been rolled down the shale slope of a volcano in Iceland. At Bertraghboy Bay in the west of Ireland, he walked a cross into tidal mud, let a film of seawater flood the cross, then photographed the shimmering mark. In 1979, he marched northwards across Dartmoor, treading a straight pathway into the heather, a meridian made visible. In Scotland in 1986, he tramped a circle into wet grass. The resulting photographs are eerily cryptic. They record the traces of an unspecific human body moving through space and time, causing temporary sight-dents in the skin of the world.

During the 1970s, Long also began to develop different methods of mark-making, using impression rather than depression. In 1970, he waded into the Little Pigeon River in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, and laid out flat stones on the bed of the river. In 1977, on the Alaskan shore of the Bering Strait, exactly at the latitude of the Arctic Circle, he arranged pale limbs of driftwood into a lunar circle. He added 1,000 stones to a cairn by the side of a Cumbrian footpath. He has described these pieces as "abstract art laid down in the real spaces of the world" – and this mingling of conceptualism and skewed functionalism is what gives them their distinctive texture.

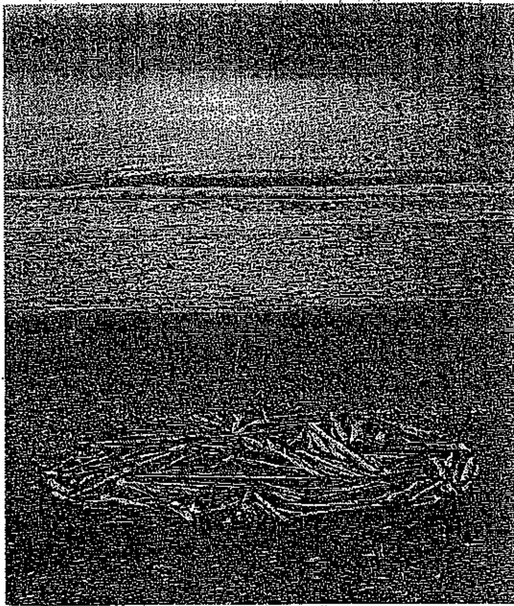
Photographs of these early works are hung in the Tate exhibition of Long's work, Heaven and Earth. Viewing them in number, you develop an almost sinister sense of time lag. Someone has been hard at work, rearranging the world – but has disappeared before you arrive. They remind me a little of Eric Ravilious's watercolours from the 1930s and early 40s: deserted English landscapes with hints of ghosts and infiltration.

The audacity of Long's early work lay in freeing sculpture from the constraints of scale. He dispersed his art into the landscape. "I could make a piece of art which was 10 miles long," he remembered in 1986. "I could also make a sculpture which surrounded an area of 2,401 square miles . . . by almost doing nothing, just walking and cycling." He pioneered vast acts of mark-making: art walks rather than art works, that explored what he called "relationships between time, distance, geography and measurement".

Long's other innovation was to make his work not only in the landscape, but of the landscape. Not land art – he's always resisted that label (as he has resisted any associations with the romantic walking tradition of Rousseau, Wordsworth, Thoreau). His early work was categorically different to the land art projects that were under way in America in the same period. Long's interventions were more modest, his sculptures bigger but less massy. "Nature has more effect on me than I on it," he observed in 1983.

Precedents did exist for Long's "big move" of the late 60s, his heave of sculpture into and across the landscape. Henry Moore, reflecting on the origin of his carved stone Recumbent Figure (1938), described how he had "become aware of the necessity of giving outdoor sculpture a far-seeing gaze". Ravilious had an unexecuted plan to paint a map of all the places on the South Downs that he and his lover, Helen Binyon, had kissed. Edward Thomas developed a method of making one-day walks in the design of "a rough circle", "trusting", as he put it in The South Country (1909), "by taking a series of turnings to the left or a series to the right, to take much beauty by surprise and to return at last to my starting-point". On these walks, Thomas would follow what he called "the old ways": the pilgrim paths and Neolithic-era chalk paths that seam the Downs. Thomas's walks knowingly laid new tracks on an already marked ancient landscape. "A walk is just one more layer, a mark," Long noted in 1980, echoing Thomas.

On Midsummer Day in 1972, Long tramped 60km westwards from Stonehenge to Glastonbury,



"following the sun". In 1999, he covered 560km in 11 days, from Cardigan Bay to the Suffolk coast. He knocked off the 1,657km of the Lizard to Dunnet Head in 33 days, leaving 33 stones by the wayside as he went. He possesses a pair of what Keats once called "patient sublunary legs". Long legs, too: he's 1.9 metres tall. Divider-like, they measure the land, and as his legs measure it, his feet mark it, leaving their "three-dimensional traces" (the footprint as an act in time as well as space). Long's legs are his stylus, his feet the nib with which he inscribes his traces on the world. Walking becomes an act of inscription, and his work is a reminder that our verb "to write" originally referred to a kind of incisive track-making. The Old English "writan" carried the specific meaning "to incise runic letters in stone": thus one would "write" a line by drawing a sharp point over the surface - by furrowing a track.

One of the surprises of Long's work is that the foot acts as an artistic instrument. We don't imagine the foot to be an expressive or perceptive body part. The hand always outskills the foot: we speak of manipulation, but not pedipulation. The historian of walking Jeffrey C Robinson wrote: "the foot . . . seems not quite part of the heart and mind . . . it mingles with the dust, lies in the mud, smells badly of the day. At once platform and engine, it bears us and launches us." But the foot is extremely sensitive: so sensitive that foot-beating is a notorious torture. Feet are receptive to pleasure too: the Scottish writer Nan Shepherd loved to walk barefoot, as a way of tasting the landscape. "Dried mud flats, sun-warmed, have a delicious touch, cushioned and smooth," she wrote in 1946, "so has long grass at morning, hot in the sun, but still cool and wet when the foot sinks into it, like food melting to a new flavour in the mouth." Long's feet mark, measure, taste and interpret the world. In personal correspondence, Long signs off with a spiky signature and, beneath it, a red-ink stamp that shows two feet with eyes embedded in their soles.

Long's feet see the world for him. But they also bear him and launch him. In interviews, Long has emphasised the pragmatism of his art: "My work has become a simple metaphor for life. A figure walking down his road, making his mark. I am content with the vocabulary of universal and common means; walking, placing, stones, sticks, water, circles, lines, days, nights, roads." He likes overnight walks because he likes "sleeping on the ground". He takes the same pleasures in the open path as almost any walker or wilderness lover. "My work really is just about being a human being living on this planet

left, A Circle in Alaska 1977

and using nature as its source. I enjoy the simple pleasures of . . . eating, dreaming, happenstance, of passing through the land and sometimes leaving (memorable) traces along the way, of finding a new campsite each night. And then moving on."

I like this unpretentiousness. It's probably what appeals to me most about Long and his work. His circles, lines and crosses are radiantly symbolic, but also childishly simple; or, rather, they're radiantly symbolic because they're childishly simple. It's for this reason that Long is ill-served by those interpreters who interpret his textworks (strings of words and phrases, often superimposed on to a photograph of the landscape that has been walked) as koan-like chants. Long is frequently compared by critics to Joseph Beuys, but his work seems to me remote from the shamanistic ecology of Beuys. No, Long is no magus. More of a high-end hobo.

Among my favourite of his pieces is Walking Music, a textwork that records the songs that trundle through his mind as he walks 270km six days across Ireland, the music keeping at bay the loneliness of the long-distance walker. Johnny Cash, Bob Dylan, Jimmie Rodgers's "Waiting for a Train". . . Samuel Beckett - who, like Long, found much to meditate on and much to laugh at in the act of walking; and who, like Long, loved country lanes and bicycles, pebbles and circles - once observed that it is impossible to walk in a straight line, because of the curvature of the earth. There's a great deal of Long in that remark. His art reminds us of the simple strangeness of the walked world. It's good that Long is out there, knackering another pair of boots, singing Johnny Cash to himself as he walks the line.

Richard Long: Heaven and Earth is at Tate Britain, London until 6 September

Walkabout, Medecine Walk, Vision Quest, Pilgrimage

I got out of the military in 1971. I had entered the service as a frightened young man and came out a few years later as a slightly older, very confused, and still young man. After catching my breath for a few months, I bought a ticket to Amsterdam on Icelandair for two hundred bucks and began hitchhiking around Europe, alone, for 7 months. I didn't know it at the time, but I 5 was honoring a call from deep in my being, and in doing so, repeating the ancient rite of passage of walking toward manhood. In Australia, there is an old tradition in which young male Aboriginals set out on their version of walking toward manhood. It's called the walkabout. The goal of a walkabout is to enlighten and heal the walker as he wanders alone across the 10 Australian Outback. The Aboriginals believe the Outback was literally formed by the songs their ancient ancestors sang and the directions for crossing and surviving in the desert are embedded in the music. The young males on a walkabout would follow these songlines for guidance. Lacking any ancient tradition for guiding young males in my culture, the route, experiences, and lessons learned during my walkabout in Europe were pretty much left to 15 chance. What I did have in common with all the young men who, each in their own way, head out on a walkabout, was that I left my people, comfort, the familiar, and my confused state behind. I didn't realize it then, but like so many wanderers, I was on a quest to find myself to discover important lessons and values that could anchor my life. I was looking for the man I could become.

Earl Hipp, 2013

Defining Psychogeography

from 'Pschogeography' by Merlin Coverley, Oldcastle Books, 2012

Psychogeography. A term that has become strangely familiar – strange because, despite the frequency of its usage, no one seems quite able to pin down exactly what it means or where it comes from. The names are familiar too: Guy
5 Debord and the Situationists, Iain Sinclair and Peter Ackroyd, Stewart Home and Will Self. Are they all involved? And if so, in what? Are we talking about a predominantly literary movement or a political strategy, a series of new age ideas or a set of avant-garde practices? The answer, of course,
10 is that psychogeography is all of these things, resisting definition through a shifting series of interwoven themes and constantly being reshaped by its practitioners.

The origins of the term are less obscure and can be traced back to Paris in the 1950s and the Lettrist Group, a
15 forerunner of the Situationist International. Under the stewardship of Guy Debord, psychogeography became a tool in an attempt to transform urban life, first for aesthetic purposes but later for increasingly political ends. Debord's oft-repeated 'definition' of psychogeography
20 describes 'The study of the specific effects of the geographical environment, consciously organised or not, on the emotions and behaviour of individuals.'[2] And in broad terms, psychogeography is, as the name suggests, the point at which psychology and geography collide, a
25 means of exploring the behavioural impact of urban place. And yet this term is, according to Debord, one with a 'pleasing vagueness'[3]. This is just as well, because, since his day, the term has become so widely appropriated and has been used in support of such a bewildering array of ideas
30 that it has lost much of its original significance.

The reason why psychogeography often seems so nebulous and resistant to definition is that today it appears to harbour within it such a welter of seemingly unrelated elements, and yet amongst this mélange of ideas, events and
25 identities, a number of predominant characteristics can be recognised. The first and most prominent of these is the activity of walking. The wanderer, the stroller, the flâneur and the stalker – the names may change, but from the nocturnal expeditions of de Quincey to the surrealist wanderings of
30 Breton and Aragon, from the situationist *dérive* to the heroic treks of Iain Sinclair, the act of walking is ever present in this account. This act of walking is an urban affair and in cities that are increasingly hostile to the pedestrian, it inevitably becomes an act of subversion. Walking is seen as contrary to

the spirit of the modern city with its promotion of swift circulation and the street-level gaze that walking requires allows one to challenge the official representation of the city by cutting across established routes and exploring those marginal and forgotten areas often overlooked by the city's inhabitants. In this way the act of walking becomes bound up with psychogeography's characteristic political opposition to authority, a radicalism that is confined not only to the protests of 1960s Paris but also to the spirit of dissent that animated both Defoe and Blake, as well as the vocal criticism of London governance to be found in the work of contemporary London psychogeographers such as Stewart Home and Iain Sinclair.

Alongside the act of walking and this spirit of political radicalism, psychogeography also demonstrates a playful sense of provocation and trickery. With roots in the avant-garde activities of the Dadaists and Surrealists, psychogeography and its practitioners provide a history of ironic humour that is often a welcome counterbalance to the portentousness of some its more jargon-heavy proclamations. If psychogeography is to be understood in literal terms as the point where psychology and geography intersect, then one of its further characteristics may be identified in the search for new ways of apprehending our urban environment. Psychogeography seeks to overcome the processes of 'banalisation' by which the everyday experience of our surroundings becomes one of drab monotony. The writers and works that will be discussed here all share a perception of the city as a site of mystery and seek to reveal the true nature that lies beneath the flux of the everyday.

This sense of urban life as essentially mysterious and unknowable immediately lends itself to gothic representations of the city. Hence the literary tradition of London writing that acts as a precursor to psychogeography, and which includes writers such as Defoe, de Quincey, Robert Louis Stevenson and Arthur Machen, paints a uniformly dark picture of the city as the site of crime, poverty and death. Indeed, crime and lowlife in general remain a hallmark of psychogeographical investigation and the revival of psychogeography in recent years has been supported by a similar resurgence of gothic forms. Sinclair and Ackroyd are particularly representative of this tendency to dramatise the

city as a place of dark imaginings. This obsession with the occult is allied to an antiquarianism that views the present through the prism of the past and which lends itself to psychogeographical research that increasingly contrasts a horizontal movement across the topography of the city with a vertical descent through its past. As a result, much contemporary psychogeography approximates more to a form of local history than to any geographical investigation.

These then are the broad currents with which psychogeography concerns itself and which the traditions outlined in this book reveal: the act of urban wandering, the spirit of political radicalism, allied to a playful sense of subversion and governed by an inquiry into the methods by which we can transform our relationship to the urban environment. This entire project is then further coloured by an engagement with the occult and is one that is as preoccupied with excavating the past as it is with recording the present.

pp 32,33 backmarkers and 'spirit of place'

This historical trawl for psychogeographical backmarkers has become common practice amongst contemporary writers such as Iain Sinclair, Stewart Home and Peter Ackroyd as they attempt to resurrect and reconnect with earlier literary and historical currents. Any reader of their work will soon become familiar with a small band of the usual suspects who are repeatedly name-checked in their texts and often recruited in support of a specifically English, or more precisely London, tradition. The first of these contenders for psychogeographical progenitor is Daniel Defoe, whose character Robinson is a recurrent figure within the literature of psychogeography. Alongside him we find William Blake, described by Iain Sinclair as the 'Godfather of Psychogeography.'[2] Thomas de Quincey's drug-fuelled wanderings in his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* were given official recognition by the Situationists themselves[3], while Robert Louis Stevenson's fictional portrayal of London in *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde* was to confirm this city as the most resonant psychogeographical location of them all. In his *The London Adventure, or the Art of Wandering*, Arthur Machen continued Stevenson's portrayal of the urban gothic, while also providing a blueprint for today's generation of urban wanderers. Finally, alongside these historical and literary figures, we have a writer whose work has possibly been as influential on today's self-proclaimed psychogeographers as Debord and the Situationists themselves. Alfred Watkins *The Old Straight Track* was originally published in 1925 but it was not until its rediscovery in the 1970s that the theory of ley lines was to become a cornerstone of the new age 'Earth Mysteries' school that has since provided an esoteric counterbalance to the stern revolutionary proclamations of the Situationists.

All these figures can be corralled into a loose allegiance of overlapping themes, whose geographical centre, London, is, together with Paris, one of the two poles of psychogeographical activity. They are linked, however, by more than merely a shared preoccupation with London, reflecting a wider awareness of *genius loci* or 'spirit of place' through which landscape, whether urban or rural, can be imbued with a sense of the histories of previous inhabitants and the events that have been played out against them.

Defoe pp 36-37

Robinson Crusoe, with its twin motifs of the imaginary voyage and isolation, provides a broad outline of a character who encapsulates the freedom and detachment of the wanderer, the resourcefulness of the adventurer and the amorality of the survivor. In short, all those characteristics necessary for the urban wanderer walking unfamiliar streets. As a consequence, this novel has released a troop of fictional counterparts who populate an extraordinarily diverse range of works, from the novels of Céline and Kafka to the poetry of Weldon Kees and the films of Patrick Keiller.

I shall be discussing the role of Robinson in more detail elsewhere, but while Defoe's most famous creation reappears with an uncanny regularity throughout this account, it is in his *A Journal of the Plague Year* that Defoe can be said to provide what is, in essence, the first psychogeographical survey of the city. At first glance, Defoe's blend of fact and fiction would appear to have little in common with a set of ideas and practices first named some two hundred years later, but his *Journal,* both in style and content, portrays the city in a manner that shares almost all the preoccupations that have come to be termed psychogeographical. Firstly, Defoe's account of the plague year of 1665 gathers the bare statistical facts, the precise topographical details and the peculiar local testimonies that were to become the hallmarks of psychogeographical investigation and presents them in the non-linear and digressive fashion that was later to characterise the drift of the *dérive*. Furthermore, this blend of fiction and biography, of local history and personal reminiscence, is bound together to form an imaginative reworking of the city in which the familiar layout of the city is shown to be transformed beyond recognition by the ravages of the plague. '

The flâneur pp 62–65

The *flâneur* is elusive to the point that he cannot be located at all, but the search for this figure itself takes on the characteristics of *flâneury* and offers new ways of experiencing the city. Like London before it, Paris in the nineteenth century had expanded to the point where it could no longer be comprehended in its entirety. It had become increasingly alien to its own inhabitants, a strange and newly exotic place to be experienced more as a tourist than as a resident. Soon the city becomes characterised as a jungle, uncharted and unexplored, a virgin wilderness populated by savages demonstrating strange customs and practices. The navigation of this city becomes a skill, a secret knowledge available only to an elect few, and in this environment the stroller is transformed into an explorer, or even a detective solving the mystery of the city streets. As these streets are gradually destroyed and reordered, so this wilderness is tamed and domesticated and the walker's arcane knowledge is rendered obsolete. As public spaces become private ones and the street is choked with traffic, so walking is reduced to mere promenading, explorers becoming little more than window-shoppers. In the modern city the man of the crowd must adapt or perish.

> *Not to find one's way in a city may well be uninteresting and banal. It requires ignorance – nothing more. But to lose oneself in a city – as one loses oneself in a forest – that calls for quite a different schooling. Then signboards and street names, passers-by, roofs, kiosks, or bars must speak to the wanderer like a cracking twig under his feet, like the startling call of a bittern in the distance, like the sudden stillness of a clearing with a lily standing erect at its centre. Paris taught me this art of straying.*
>
> Walter Benjamin, *A Berlin Chronicle.*[7]

Baudelaire equates Poe's *Man of the Crowd* with the *flâneur* but Benjamin challenges this position by arguing that the London that Poe describes, with its overcrowded thoroughfares, cannot support the aimless movement of the *flâneur*. The detached composure of the true stroller instead gives way to manic and uncontrolled behaviour more akin to a stalker: 'He is as much out of place in an atmosphere of complete leisure as in the feverish turmoil of the city. London has its man of the crowd.'[8]

Benjamin's unfinished magnum opus, *The Arcades Project*, offers a series of fragmentary insights into life in nineteenth-century Paris and takes its title from the series of spectacular glass enclosed arcades that were the highlights of the city. These emporiums were the threatened environment of the dandified stroller and were destroyed by Baron Haussmann's redevelopment of the city, as the arcades gave way to the boulevards of modern Paris.

The *flâneur* may be a symbol of the city as shopping mall but this insistence upon a walker's pace questions the need for speed and circulation that the modern city promotes (yet seldom achieves). The wanderer remains essentially an outsider opposed to progress and while 'the bazaar is the last hangout of the *flâneur*'[11] he remains, at least, a non-paying customer.

Ultimately, the *flâneur* is a composite figure – vagrant, detective, explorer, dandy and stroller – yet, within these many and often contradictory roles, his predominant characteristic is the way in which he makes the street his home and this is his true legacy to psychogeography. Yet the history of the *flâneur* is one in which the cities that he inhabits are shown to be increasingly hostile to him, and he is ultimately evicted from the street and forced to seek a new environment elsewhere. Benjamin describes Paris as a city 'which had long since ceased to be home to the *flâneur*'[12], but as he became increasingly hedged in and barred from the streets, the would-be wanderer devised new methods of travel that could be conducted from the safety of one's own armchair. Soon the mental traveller, immortalised by Blake, was to make an unexpected comeback and the *flâneur*'s disreputable and rather less well known cousin, Robinson, was to emerge.

Psychogeography: a beginner's guide. Unfold a street map of London, place a glass, rim down, anywhere on the map, and draw round its edge. Pick up the map, go out into the city, and walk the circle, keeping as close as you can to the curve. Record the experience as you go, in whatever medium you favour: film, photograph, manuscript, tape. Catch the textual run-off of the streets; the graffiti, the branded litter, the snatches of conversation. Cut for sign. Log the data-stream. Be alert to the happenstance of metaphors, watch for visual rhymes, coincidences, analogies, family resemblances, the changing moods of the street. Complete the circle, and the record ends. Walking makes for content; footage for footage.

Robert MacFarlane, *A Road of One's Own*.

Books on London

ADVANCE PRAISE FOR *LONDONERS*

'When you're dealing with such a massive amount of material, you can't help but ask yourself: isn't this what all writing is, more or less – taking the raw data of the world and editing it, framing it, thematizing it? Craig Taylor has done a masterful job here of editing the world, also known as London.'
David Shields

'It's a *wonderful* book – I wanted it to be twice as long.'
Diana Athill

'In this extraordinary portrait of London, told through the diverse voices of its people, Craig Taylor has taken the pulse of the city. Hope, despair, loathing, love: this passionate city invites passionate responses and *Londoners* is its song.'
Rachel Lichtenstein

LONDONERS • CRAIG TAYLOR

The Days and Nights
of London Now –
As Told by Those Who
Love It,
Hate It,
Left It
and Long for It

'Remarkable' *Guardian*

'Authentic London' *Observer*

'Electrifying' *The Times*

LONDONERS

CRAIG TAYLOR

GRANTA

Londoners

The Days and Nights of London Now – As Told by Those Who Love It, Hate It, Live It, Left It and Long for It

Craig Taylor

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'[A] splendid oral history of the city ... On occasion *Londoners* attains a level of eloquence as beautiful and blue as anything to be found in the works of Jean Rhys or Samuel Selvon ... Remarkable.' Sukhdev Sandhu, *Guardian*

'Craig Taylor tunes in to the multi-tongued, self-justifying noise of the streets. And he leaves us with a substantial account, not just of our imaginary riverside capital, but, more vividly, of himself: as inquirer, investigator, part of a long and valuable lineage ... Here is a monument pieced together from a mass of broken shards. A work made from work, from movement.' Iain Sinclair, *Observer*

'A reader does not have to be a Londoner to enjoy the book, but only someone who is fascinated by people ... This book must be read from end to end, and I would bet that anyone who does that will, like me, wish it was longer. To those two famous masters of oral history, Studs Terkel and Ronald Blythe, we must now add the name of Craig Taylor'
Diana Athill, *Literary Review*

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'Londoners' by Craig Taylor
Introduction pp 8 – 13

I didn't dare call myself a Londoner. But around that point I began to ask, who is? Who gets to choose? I began to feel as if I belonged. I guess secretly I was attaching another very inclusive definition to the word 'Londoners': if a person could get there, could stay there by whatever means possible, they could be a Londoner. It was then that the idea for this book began to take shape.

For me the geography, the architecture, the great mass of London facts and figures, all its history – these felt secondary to the lives of people here at the tail end of this first decade of the twenty-first century. I began to conceive of a book that might yield the richness of London now, a collage of voices that together would draw a picture of the city and find testimony in lively, demotic speech, as Studs Terkel and Ronald Blythe had done in their pioneering oral histories. I was inspired by books that focused on voices that were otherwise rarely heard, that relied on its subjects for poetry.

Anyone who wants to write about London works in the shadow of a stack of great books. There's no point in trying to out-Ackroyd Peter Ackroyd, out-Sinclair Iain Sinclair, or cram in more sheer fact than Jerry White's histories of the past two centuries. But perhaps there

was a different history accessible to me. I wanted to find people who had dreamt of London, battled London, been rewarded by London, been hurt by London. Those who stayed for a day and then got the hell out. Those who had never left. Perhaps I could find people who worked with the stuff of the city, who made it work each day.

Every Londoner must have a story, I was told. But it's not true. Some people retract when they come in contact with this city, like salt on an anemone; they become lesser versions and pine for the country. But more often than not, the word 'London' stirred up great emotion. Asking them about the city, people grinned unabashedly, winced or sighed, or would roll their eyes or reminisce. London meant a new beginning, a hell-hole, a wonderland; too big, too foul; a safety blanket, point of pride, unfortunate problem, temporary mattress location; safety, salvation, life's work. A place to stack empty tins of lager. Stage, Mecca, my water, my oxygen. London as cell, jail and favour. London meant 'not living in England while living in England', it meant 'ignoring what my father said', it meant 'I hope I like the husband I'm going to meet at the airport.' Londoners cling to reserve, but find a reason to ask a question and their reserve is broken. Living history is thrilling, especially in an eloquent city, in a talkative town, in a place where people fought to get here, fought to stay here, fought to get out.

There were those who had reasons to love it and who still felt its power. There were those who had come from much worse, who conveyed in a gesture the deprivation that came before, the not-quite living, not quite able to be oneself, the low horizons, the shabby estates. The man who slashed the canvas of a lorry and leapt out to run towards London down the motorway. Those who still couldn't believe their luck, couldn't believe the variety of sandwiches they could buy at Pret. The new Chinese arrival who watched students march down the Strand and looked for tanks. Those who had quietly made millions. I learned never to be surprised at the variety of love for this place, which was often marrow deep.

Over five years, I interviewed around 200 people all over London.

Some interviews took months to arrange and lasted ten minutes. Other people I met on a lark, visited multiple times and interviewed for hours on end. After speaking to me, most said, 'There's someone you should talk to.' There was always one more person. I was sometimes bruised by the onrush of sound, noise and stories. London keeps talking; it unspools regardless.

I avoided the official voices of London. I didn't want local politics or a report from City Hall. I shied away from bland professional soundbites and the monotone of the (mostly) men who populate Speaker's Corner. I spoke to a few taxi drivers, those famed London talkers, but stayed away from cabbies who resembled professional interviewees, the edges of their stock answers rounded by years of performance. I sensed that a more pressing, varied, insistent conversation was happening elsewhere. In London, 'I know the answer' is never as exciting as 'I'm not sure but I may have found a way.' The historian's single perspective gave way to conflicting accounts. Tell me about the history of London, I asked one teenager. He replied: 'It started with me; it ends with me.'

In Victorian pubs and chain cafes, sitting rooms and offices, I listened to a parade of London voices from all the thirty-two boroughs of Greater London; from Buckhurst Hill in the east to Hounslow in the west, from Barnet in the north to Morden in the south. I ranged over some 600 square miles, but I still don't know the city. I get lost, I use another (smaller) *A-Z* constantly. There is only one definite I came away with. It was a statement made by a pest control officer I spoke to years ago who said, 'The bedbugs in Tottenham look just the same as the bedbugs in South Ken.' Anything else seemed too grand. Anything else could be contested by another voice. 'It's too expensive.' 'Try Tokyo.' 'It rains too much.' 'There's always Vancouver.' This city, after all, is eager to see you out. 'If you care about mortgages above all, get one elsewhere.' 'If you care about your health, there must be better options.' 'But I couldn't be anywhere else,' I was told. 'This place is mine,' I was told, often.

*

Whatever it is, *Londoners* is not a definitive portrait; it's a snapshot of London here and now. I never did manage to sort out just who is, and who isn't, a Londoner. True Londoners, I was told more than once, are true cockneys, and to become one of those you must be born within earshot of Bow Bells. Or: true Londoners are born within the ring of the M25 motorway. Or are those who have spent a great deal of time in London – at least 70 years, or 52 years, or 33 years, 11 years, 8 years, 2 years or, in one case, just over a month. 'But it was a very good month,' this new Londoner said, fresh from the north of England. 'I've totally forgotten Macclesfield.'

If you want true Londoners, I was told, they all now live by the seaside. True Londoners are extinct, another said. Foreigners can't be Londoners, a BNP campaigner asserted one Saturday on Hampstead High Street, before telling me a moving story of his own father's journey from Cyprus to London and the way this shell-shocked man took refuge and was welcomed in the city. It made no sense, given his political views. A true Londoner would never support Man U, I was told. 'The only thing I know' – and this I was told in a very loud pub in Cricklewood – 'is that a real Londoner would never, ever, *ever* eat at one of those bloody Angus bloody Steak Houses in the West End. That's how you tell,' the man said, wavering, steadying himself with a hand on the bar. 'That's how you tell.'

To truly experience the city, I was told, you needed to be a first-generation immigrant, for that's when London hits you, comes at you hard and you mould yourself to it: the mysterious eventually transforms into the commonplace. But then, some said a Londoner had to have an existing connection to the city to build on. They needed to reverse or improve the work of their parents.

Some Londoners are trying to loosen their ties to the city. 'Society in London is dreadful,' said a wealthy woman in an airy South Kensington flat. 'I won't have my daughters marrying into London society. The only real society these days is Austrian.'

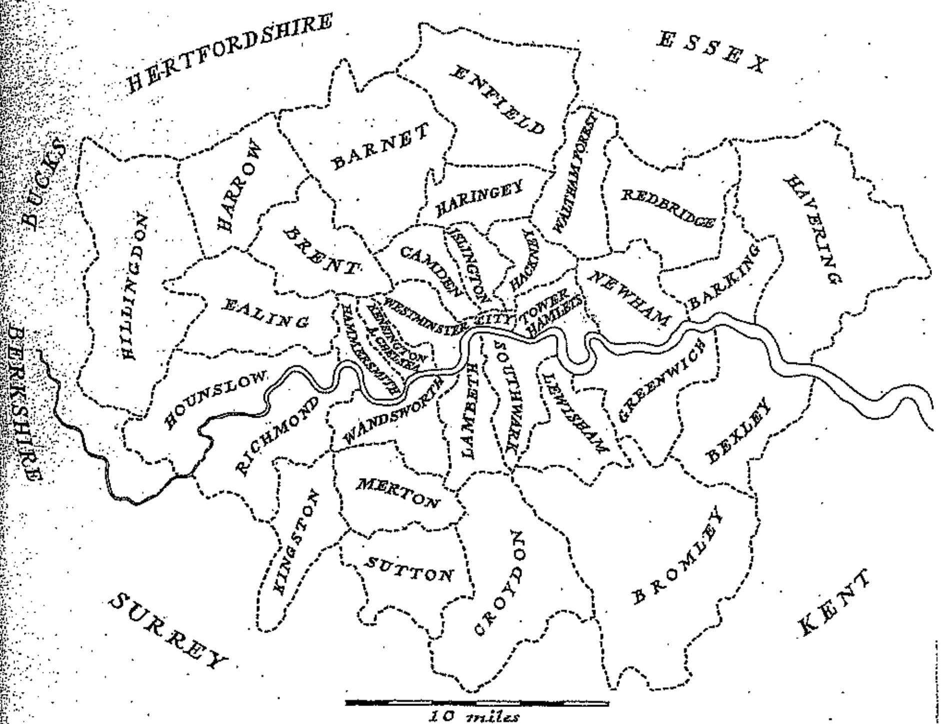
A Londoner would never call himself a Londoner, I was told. On this housing estate the postcode is what's important, I was told.

*

The only definition of a Londoner I followed was the people you see around you. The ones who stock the Tube trains and fill the pavements and queue in Tesco with armfuls of plastic-wrapped veg. Whatever their reason or origin, they are laughing, rushing, conniving, snatching free evening newspapers, speaking into phones, complaining, sweeping floors, tending to hedge funds, pushing empty pint glasses, marching, arguing, drinking, kneeling, swaying, huffing at those who stand on the left-hand side of the escalator, moving, moving, always moving. It's a city of verbs.

It's been exhilarating to capture all these words, all the conversation, loose talk, asides, grumbles, false history, outright lies, wild exaggerations, declarations, mistakes, strings of anger hung with expletive, affirmations and sometimes revelations – so much that is, really, so little. The voices are here: wise and ridiculous, refuting and improving and refracting. Each of the people I talked to demonstrated the shortcomings of any *A-Z*. Each person added another layer of meaning to these streets.

Near the end I looked through my notebooks, the ones I had labelled 'London Chase'. I had filled at least fourteen, and my writing became increasingly erratic and rushed as names piled upon names, directions on directions, numbers on numbers. When I open them now I can see that the act of researching this book mirrored the act of living here. I developed within myself a complicated love. London Chase – it's exhilarating, frustrating, surprising, reaffirming. It's tiring, it's never-ending, it fills your life. That figure I'm chasing, out in the distance, out in the grey streets, always slips away.



KEVIN POVER

Commercial airline pilot

There are certain times of the day when you're flying into London, and you're held – the skies are that busy – and it's just like bees around a honeypot. You'll be flying back in across from France, say, coming over north of the Bay of Biscay, past that nubbin sticking out south of Calais, and it's all nice and relaxed as you head for Heathrow or Gatwick. Then you hit the London frequency on the radio and suddenly everyone's jabbering away. There's a million and one voices on and the controller's not got five seconds to take a breath. You get a frequency, talk and then get off the frequency. They'll tell you what you need to do, and then you get out of the way. It's busy, you're gonna hold, everyone wants to get into London. Those planes are heading to London for a reason, and the people on board want to be there for a reason.

It can be absolutely glorious flying across Europe, coming into London on days when all the sea around the south coast is an awesome blue. If you're on the approach for Heathrow, out to the right you can see Wembley before the river, and out to the left you can see Wimbledon. You're flying over and then you can see the runway in front of you. So you've got Heathrow, Wembley and Wimbledon, and you're like, this is great. You come in and you pick out these views of these monumental areas and it's all there. Obviously it's all shrunk, if you ever visit Wimbledon it's a massive area – but up there it just looks small.

When you come into Gatwick they like to dance you around southern England, to keep you away from London City airport. You can arrive from any direction but they'll feed you round and then you will end up south of Gatwick and you'll circle round the Mayfield area, they call it, round Tunbridge Wells, and then they give you headings to turn you onto the runway centreline. You're usually on the westerly runway, because the winds are that way. What you see is beautiful countryside to the left, you've got the South Downs and you can see the North Downs as well, the light and dark greens of the ever-changing Downs. And then you see the city out to the right-hand side, and on a clear day it is magical. You can just see everything so clearly, you've got the beacon on the top of the HSBC building at the centre of Canary Wharf, and from there you can work your way across the city. On a lovely day when all is calm it's almost angelic. You don't touch the thrust lever, you keep the engine at 58 per cent. You coast down as if on rails, tickle the control column back, grease it on.

But London has crosswinds. Nothing's stable. Nothing's set. It can be tough work too. If it's rough you might duck into the grey clouds at 15,000 feet, into the mist and murk, where you can hardly see two hundred metres in front and you have to follow the white beams of the leading lights, just follow their intense glow right in. Some days you might hear a cheer and a load of clapping when you land. After that you might get ten seconds, or eight seconds to slow to sixty as soon as you're on the ground and then they're telling you to vacate the runway. It's London. Someone else has got to land.

Craig Taylor, Londoners, Granta 2011

NICKY DORRAS

Taxi driver

London taxi drivers are renowned for their encyclopaedic knowledge of the city's messy tangle of streets and byways. Since 1865, they have been required to take the famously difficult Knowledge of London exam, informally known as 'the Knowledge', in order to operate a black cab.

When I started doing the Knowledge, they gave you a little book with twenty-six runs on each page. You was meant to take yourself to the first place and work out your route to get to the next place. The first run, which everybody knows, is Manor House to Gibson Square. It's just off of Liverpool Road and Upper Street in Islington. So you worked out how you did that and then you had to learn bits and pieces that you saw on the way and around each area. In those days you had to go back in fifty-six days and they would give you tests on the first five pages. So you had like 130 runs to study in two months and if you did okay, they would say to you, come back in twenty-eight days and they would test you on anything in the first ten pages, and then twenty, and then eventually it was just a free shop. And they didn't ask you the route that's down there. They didn't ask you Manor House to Gibson Square. They would ask you something close by with a different name. They might say, take me from Woodberry Down to Myddleton Square, which is just on the other side of the Angel, so it would be the same route, but slightly different. And you had to know the bits at both ends.

I rode around on a little moped every day. Still got the marks on my arse. Some people are totally incapable of doing it, but most people can. You just have to force it in until eventually the map appears in your head and you can sort of see it. The first six months it's like a piece of poetry and then eventually you get it and you can see other things and other routes as well so that you can cut across from one to the other. You've really got to give it your attention. It's like a well. You've got to pump it every day. So if you're doing The Knowledge and then you take a two-week holiday, you come back and you've forgotten everything you've done in the last six weeks.

I bought myself a tape recorder and every day I used to record them runs into the tape recorder and listen to them. Every day. I know that sounds a bit hard to believe, but it's true. I'd memorize them, because then after you've done the run, you write it down in a book, all the streets, and then after I'd been doing it about six or seven months I thought, I can't clear these ones, these ones I'm a bit unsure about. So I made a point of learning all those like a piece of poetry and doing them every day until I was confident that I could do them.

Some of the guys would do memory tricks. So they'd go down Harley Street and the three roads that run across, they'd remember that by Don't Want None. It was DWN. Devonshire, Weymouth, New Cavendish Street. So you'd think, what street is that? Don't Want None. Weymouth, there, you've got it.

Craig Taylor Londoners Granta 2011

PETER DAVEY AND MILAN SELJ

A couple who met on Parliament Hill

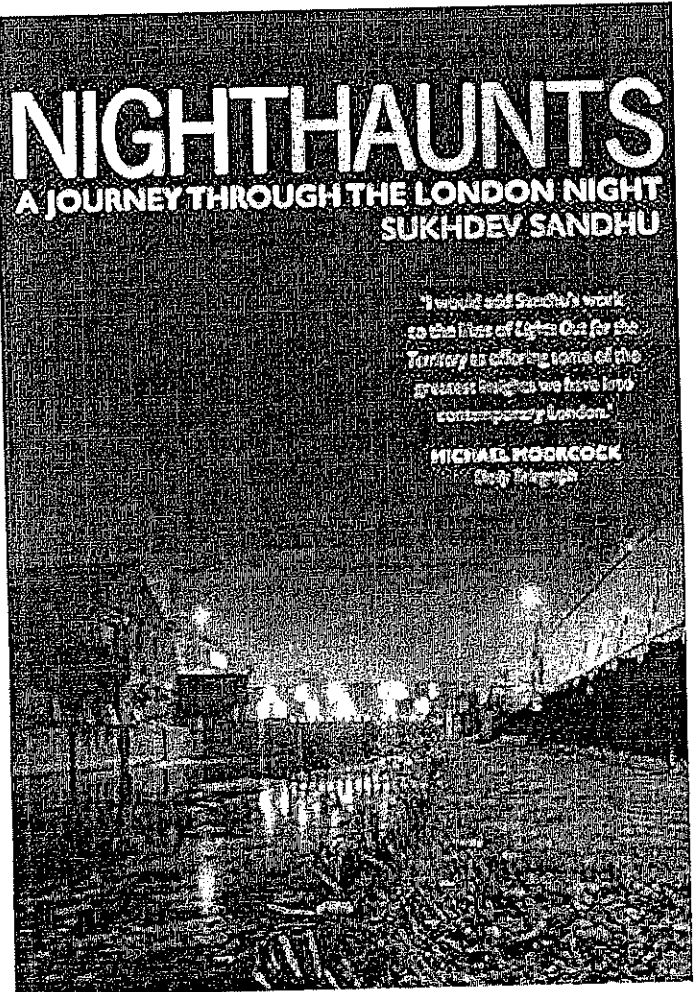
MILAN: London can be a horrible place if you're alone. I came here twelve years ago and started with a small company, so I didn't meet anyone through work. But then I took a walk and there he was.

PETER: It was 3.30 p.m., August 14, ten years ago on Parliament Hill. I was walking the dog when I saw him in the distance. I made eye contact and smiled.

MILAN: After the smile, I was so gobsmacked I said hello. He was just wearing a pair of shorts, no shirt.

PETER: We both walked on, stopped, looked back, then walked towards each other.

MILAN: Some people meet their prince on a horse. Mine came with a dog.



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Aborigines. That's what Papa, one of the cleaners at Tottenham Court Road station, calls the tens of thousands of commuters who skelter past him as he sweeps the Underground floors. He suspects they may belong to another civilisation. Racing, frowning, dashing – always in flight to some profoundly important destination. Even the girls with scanty dresses or the mascara-clad boys out to pout at Nag Nag Nag seem to be in a rush. Their speed makes them, in his eyes, insubstantial. Hollowed men and women. "They are ghosts," he announces, "Dead spirits."

But Papa is no reverse snob. He knows and feels all too acutely the pain of his fellow workers: "We are The Unfortunates." They are students whose money has run out, family men with dodgy visas trying to support their wives and children back in Ghana, unskilled guys trying to make a go of things in the city. They're all too poor to travel to work by tube – the private company that employs them doesn't offer discount tickets – so they arrive on buses. During the winter, it's common for them not to see any daylight at all: they return home from their night shifts at 7.30 am, fall asleep until 4 pm, only to return to work in darkness.

The cleaners can't afford not to be disciplined. They apply method and rigour into getting through the night. The thought of it stretching on endlessly is painful, so in their minds they lay it on a chopping board and slice it into sensible portions, navigable spin cycles of thirty or sixty or ninety minutes. They regard litter not as a sign of the city's opulence or as an assertion of its teeming liveliness, but as evidence of Londoners' lack of focus and proportion. They watch with bemusement and sometimes disgust as young men and, most horrifically in their eyes, young women totter the platforms in a hollering, pissed-up blur. Who, they wonder, are really the lowly ones: us diligents trying to save up for a two-bedroom semi in Southwark, or these cackling short-skirts who cannot even keep their breasts hidden?

This temporary pan-African community clings together for comfort. Its members – from Togo, Nigeria and Ghana – can be found in areas marked 'No Entry', in rooms little bigger than broom cupboards, knocking back one water-dispenser beaker after another to combat the sweltering conditions caused by faulty heating. They listen and add to underground information networks, many of them comprised of gossip masquerading as fact, about fresh passport scams, family-benefit concessions the government has introduced, new contractors who offer cleaning recruits an extra week's holiday each year. They heap good tidings on their colleagues who found a tenner or picked up a mobile phone near one of the tracks. Football, particularly their adoration for Arsenal's Thierry Henry ("He is like an emperor"), also unites them.

Mostly, though, it is a low-simmer sadness that they have in common. Some are getting old, beyond the age when they could imagine another more lustrous future ahead of them. They feel that those few Londoners who notice them presume they are illiterate and not worthy of respect. Night time, they know, is for lying down, not for bending down to pick up other peoples' trash. The past-midnight subway, often as noisy as the African market towns from which they hail, on account of the cross-roar of computer technicians, escalator repairers and track workers, can also fall silent suddenly. And it's then that they begin to hear noises; to spot, fleeing away from them into a distant tunnel, the ghosts of their former selves.

"I think London would collapse if the cleaners would go on strike for just one day. If they were radical the whole of London would be a mess. 'They' means not just the men that clean the Underground, but the streets and the toilets too. Without them you'd see one big mess."

London's cleaners don't exist. Those sleeping take their work for granted. Even those who do see them scuttling across roads in their overalls and starchy, non-flammable uniforms tend to look straight through them. Night time is all about glamour these days, its promise and its most heady realisation. But there's nothing glamorous about cleaners. They may as well be dead. They certainly appear to be only half-alive. In they creak, pushing distractedly at the revolving doors of the sleek corporate towers where they labour. They're sweat-glazed from rushing across town. Some have had to cut the last few minutes of their evening law classes in order to clock on promptly; others have come from launderette or corner-store jobs; others have been on the phone for hours desperately trying to get someone to look after their sick kids for them. They're exhausted by the time they arrive. By the time they finish, they're utterly spent.

AN ATLAS OF SUFFERING:

SAMARITANS

3 am is eternal. 3 am is infernal. It's the hour of the wolf. The time at which fear and sadness and regret rack up so that it becomes impossible to get to sleep. Insomnia and self-pity: it's a recipe for hysteria, for wild, lunging desperation. 3 am is the dark heart of the city, when the carefully repressed anxieties, aspirations and dreams of its emotionally parched inhabitants can no longer be contained. The silent night amplifies the din in our skulls, returns us to a primal solitude.

There is nothing to be done at 3 am except hold on. We stare at ceilings, play old melodies on repeat, curl into foetal balls, stare at old photos, sniff the bed sheets, dial the numbers of people we have not seen or heard from for an age. The pain refuses to go away. We step outside and pace the streets, walk the dog for miles, find a bar to prop up for a few hours, head for a canal pathway where we sit on benches desultorily watching joggers and cottagers go by. Still the pain refuses to go away. We are stuck, impaled between muteness and wanting to scream, madness and cold reason.

In an anonymous office located in a quiet Soho back street, two tired-eyed volunteers are sitting in front of telephones listening intently to people who they have never met before talk about how they are going to kill themselves that night. These volunteers are Samaritans. They have driven or cycled in, sometimes from as far away as Chiswick, to operate what they label the Night Watch. But they watch or patrol nothing. Their terrain is auditory. In a city where friendship is costed, where hundreds of chat-lines and sex-lines price their conversations down to the second, the Samaritans will listen for free to anyone who calls them.

Each call is a journey. It sends them to new social and psychological spaces which they, none of them professionals, must wade through with tact and caution. They have chosen to place themselves on the frontline of the city. They receive its emotional sewage untreated and unfiltered. Minute by minute, hour after hour, they are confronted by the wretchedness from which the codes and civilities of daytime shield them.

The London that they know is an atlas of suffering. They tap into a forcefield of unhappiness and isolation: a lone security guard at an industrial park in Redbridge gazing at CCTV footage while wishing he could be at home tending to his sick child; a housewife, the husband who gave her the black eye she sports asleep upstairs, trying to summon up the courage to move out and start a new life in a new town; a runaway teenager, fresh off the train from Newcastle, wandering the streets of King's Cross while looking in vain for a homeless shelter before resorting to McDonald's where he will try to make a plastic cup of foamy tea last the whole night. The widowers, the orphaned, the smack-heads, the cutters, the bingers, the pre-op trannies, the refugees, the wives of Japanese businessmen: all of them are desperate, all of them are at a dead end.

The avian police have to listen to six radio channels at once, a non-stop, mid-air, crosstown traffic of police sirens, command-centre requests, breaking news about pick-axe-wielding Turks on rooftops, random bursts of white noise. But they are also soundscape artists who bring noise to night London, calibrating it to create minimal or maximal impact. Too much roar gives suspects sound cover to break windows or climb fences. Too little, and would-be criminals think they can do as they please.

It would be an exaggeration to call the police sonic terrorists. But they do use sound as a weapon. On quiet nights without remand-centre breakouts or high-speed motorway chases, they fly out to patrol London's crime hotspots in poorer boroughs such as Brent, Tower Hamlets and Southwark. When they see clumps of youths hanging around, they make the equivalent of a handbrake turn in the air. The blades cut the air harder. There is a loud thumping and chopping sound and everyone looks up to see the word 'police' on the underside of their machines. "They've all watched *Air Wolf* and think we can see through walls," laughs one pilot, "We're not going to tell them otherwise."

Flying over a city, especially at night time, allows a brief glimpse of freedom. It is to be liberated from the stress and murk of terrestrial life. Towards the end of their shifts, as darkness slides almost imperceptibly towards dawn, the avian police start to fly back to Lippitt's Hill Camp. Their heads ache and their backs are sore, but though they're at a low-ebb physically, for a few minutes they relax a little and let their minds wander. They think of their families and of past loves. They look at the line of pollution that hangs above the city, so thick they could walk on it, and wish it could be disappeared. They look at the city twitching into motion below them and are touched by its fragility. How beautiful Hampstead looks as it rises out of the mist.

A pilot, his operational lingo replaced by dreamy reverie, reflects on his working life in London:

"When I was working on the ground I certainly didn't like the city. Quite the opposite. But everywhere's lovely from the air. Even the worst bits look good. Like King's Cross: I never noticed the architecture of St Pancras before – all the stations and the buildings are fantastic. To be honest, I'd rather spend more time in the air than on the ground. Whatever you see on the horizon you can go to. You feel like a giant because the world is smaller."

'Subterranean City: Beneath the Streets of London'
Antony Clayton

CHAPTER TWO

Buried Waters

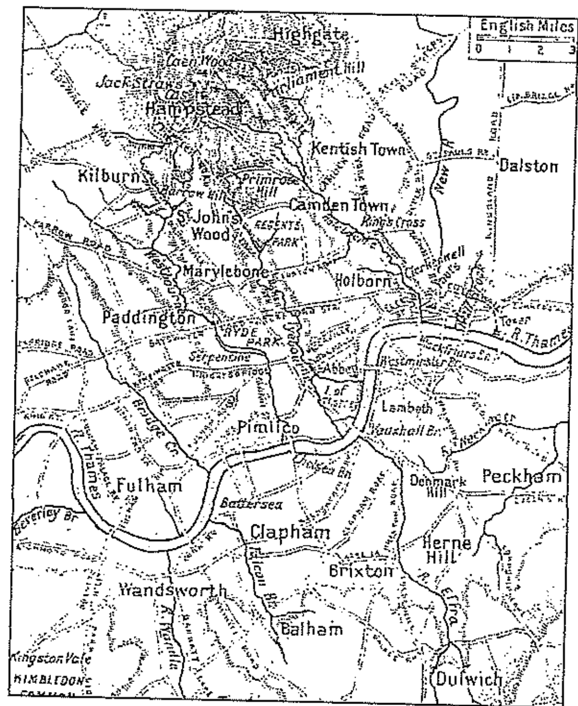
'London's rivers,' said Mr Snell. 'You can bury them deep under, sir; you can bind them in tunnels, you can divert them and stop them up and forget about them, you can lose the map, and wipe the name out of mind, but in the end where a river has been, a river will always be.'

'There's hundreds and hundreds of miles of it [sewers] under London. We have teams of flushers working, but it takes them a while to get round. Unless we gets a problem it might be more than a year before we come past somewhere.'

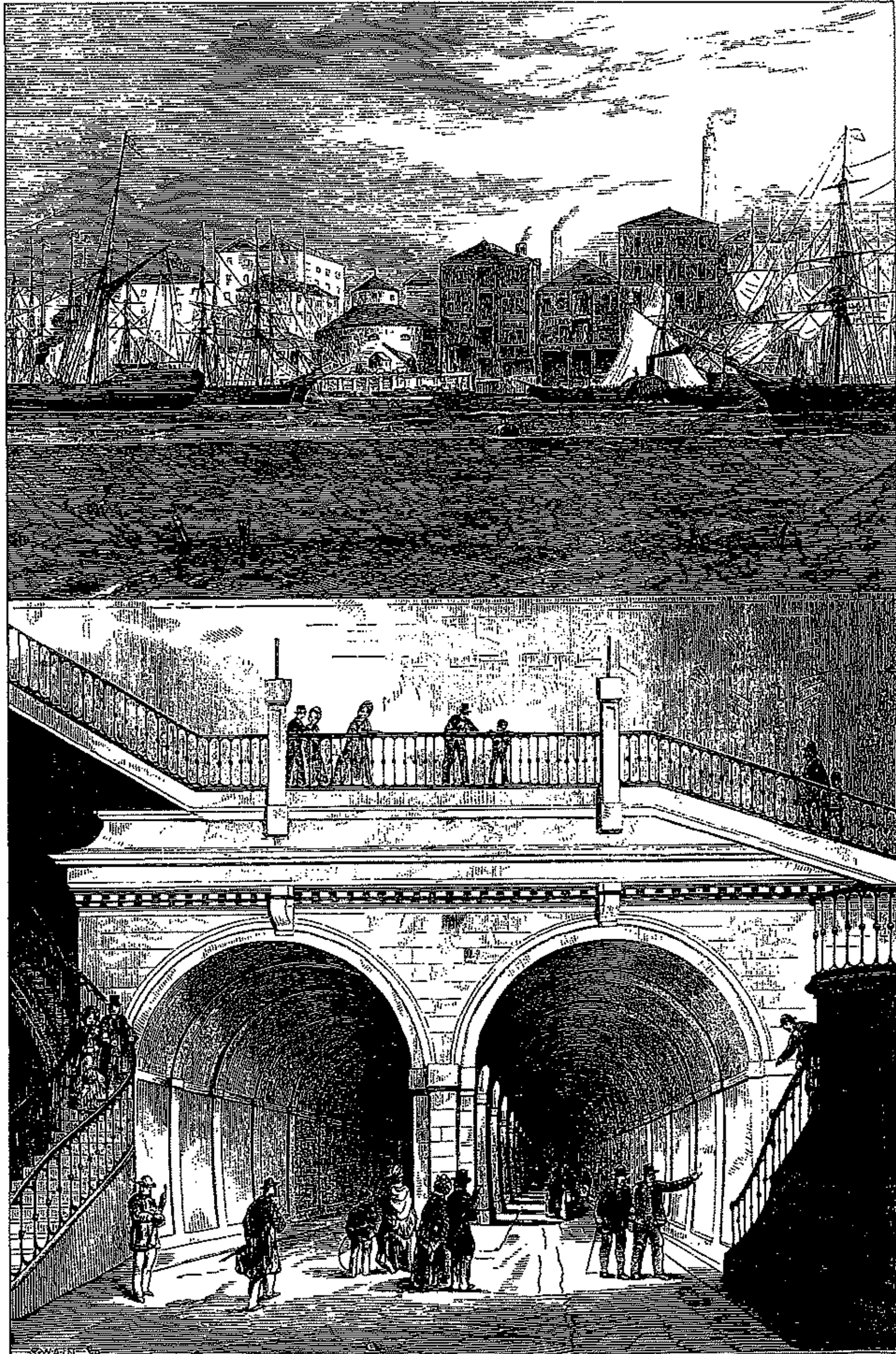
Dorothy L. Sayers and Jill Paton Walsh in *Thrones, Dominations* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1998)

THE 'LOST RIVERS' OF LONDON

London's fields were once intersected by many rivers feeding into the Thames: only a few of them are visible above ground today. They provided valuable sources of fresh water and fish, but as a result of the huge growth of the capital's population in the nineteenth century became fetid hazards to public health and were therefore culverted and subsequently covered over to become part of the expanding sewerage system.[1] In central London to the north of the Thames once flowed the Westbourne, Tyburn, Fleet and Walbrook and to the south the Effra, Falcon, Peck and Neckinger amongst others. The Wandle, Beverley Brook, the Ravensbourne and of course the River Lea have survived despite being canalised, partially built over or diverted over the centuries. At Dulwich and Sydenham in south London these rivers originated in the hills from springs where the porous, water-bearing chalk meets the non-porous London Clay in its thinnest layers. In the Hampstead-Highgate massif there are a number of springs where the sand and gravel rest on the impervious clay. These so-called 'lost rivers' of London are recalled in literature and numerous paintings and illustrations and are powerfully evocative of the metamorphosis of the London landscape over the last two thousand years. The courses and features of some of the more important of them are described below.[2]



20. *A map of the central London rivers, now mostly covered over.*



78. Brunel's Thames Tunnel when it opened in 1843.

A circular story

Walking round London's M25 became a Bunyanesque pilgrimage for Iain Sinclair

The story, for some time, has been leaking on to the road; along the downriver reaches, the dirty bits, into the estuary. Quickfit estates, grown overnight like dragon's teeth, have seeded brownfield sites. "Thames Gateway", they call it, the politicians and explainers. Reclamation; regeneration, re-vival: with helicopter rides, photo opportunities and men in bright yellow hardhats and fancy suits pulling on their wellies to wade across the latest toxic paddock.

That was my book, my longterm obsession. I had to walk around London's orbital motorway; not on it, but within what the Highways Agency calls the "acoustic footprints". The soundstream. Road has replaced river. The M25 does the job of the weary Thames, shifting contraband, legal and illegal cargoes, offering a picturesque backdrop to piracy of every stamp.

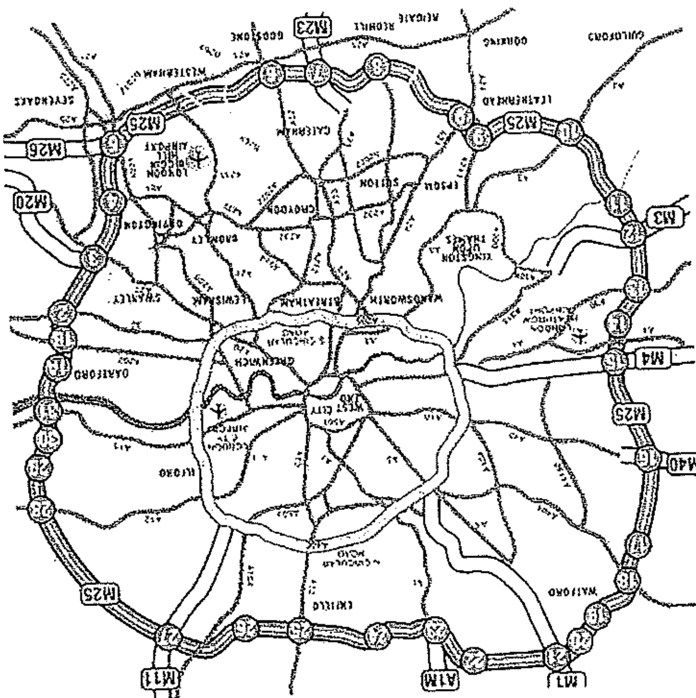
The opening of the M25 in October 1986 (Margaret Thatcher's dome moment) signalled the end of London and its liberties. We were now a traffic island. The pollution was visible from space; we would be living under a skin of bad gas, an anti-Eden project. Walking the road, anti-clockwise, let me in on all the secrets: the vanishing hospitals, the asylums that became gated estates, military and pharmaceutical bunkers, the ever-expanding airport runways, CCTV cameras, John Wyndham villages and "severed" communities.

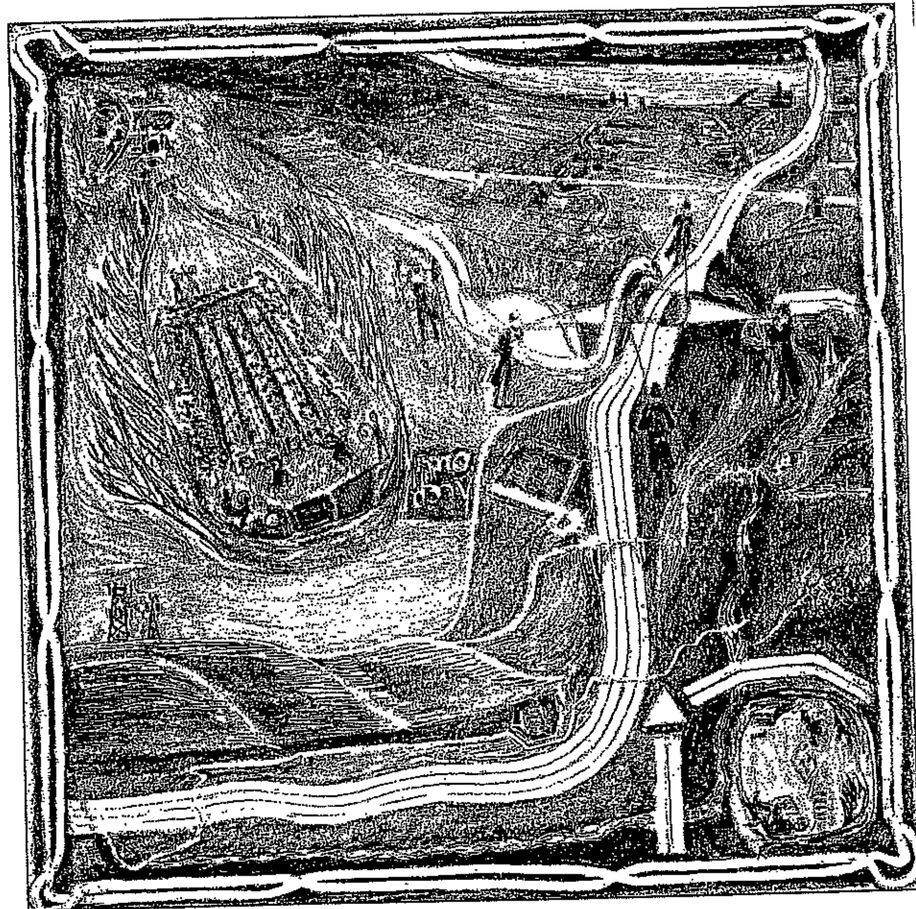
The M25 is a circle that goes nowhere (except Bluewater and the other shopping-city chalk quarries). A voyage into reverie, narcolepsy, murder (road-rage stabbing at Swanley interchange), drug deals, madness. A road that connects the rock star (later Russian mafia) dormitories of Weybridge with overspill Essex, wide boys, casualties of industry, displaced artists. A walk that becomes a Bunyanesque pilgrimage, a way of reimagining London from its scattered ruins. A grungy hike sustained by greasy-spoon breakfasts, epic skies over the estuary, epiphanies achieved in a fugue of diesel-exhaustion: 120 long miles – if you stick to the road. Much more

if you detour through the former asylums of Epsom, the shaved golf courses of Kent, the private estates on St George's Hill, Weybridge.

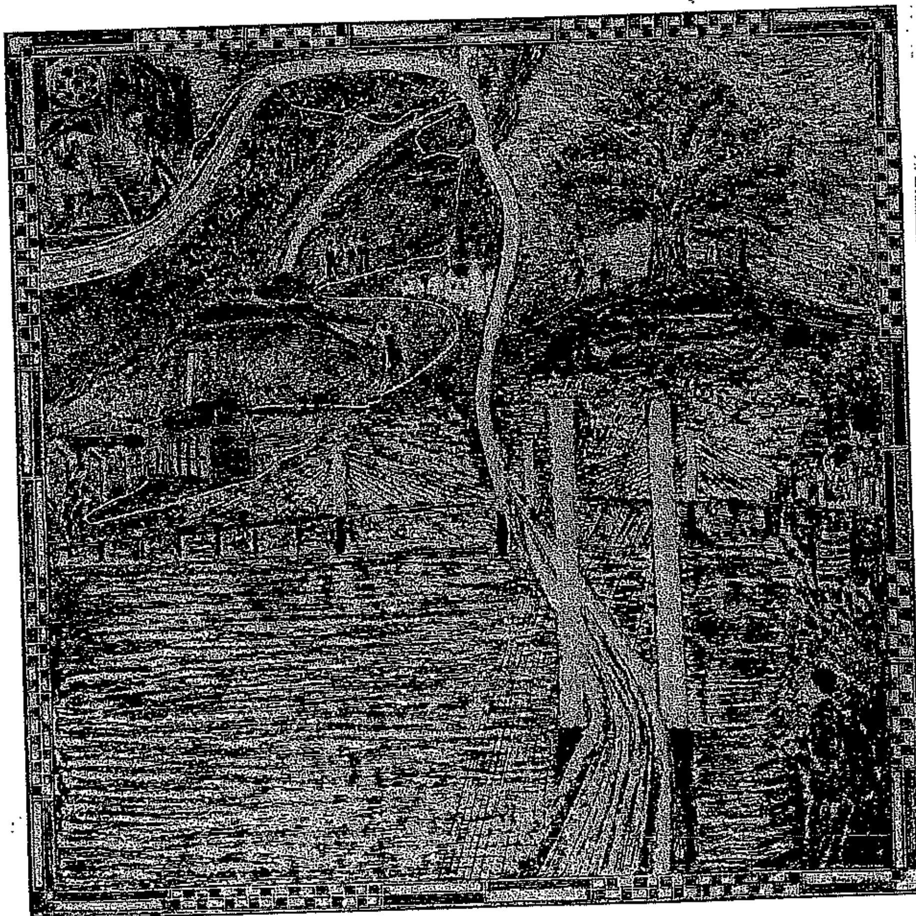
London Orbital, I discovered, was a book that wrote itself: I listened to the voices, looked at the photographs, relished the condition of elective vagrancy, the company of fellow walkers. Here was a narrative with a proper conclusion, a story that folded back to its beginning: an afternoon drinking on the Isle of Dogs, watching the laboured preparations for the big night, millennium eve, the opening of the dome. And the dawning of a new age of mendacity and doublespeak, in which the poor old M25 would look like an oversize coprolite, the post-humous dream of urban utopians; a highway born 50 years too late had arrived just in time to welcome the coming era of gridlock and real-time TV. A period when walkers would overtake motor-ists, trapped in their pods, glued to cell phones, staring, without seeing, at an unmoving landscape.

Adapted from Iain Sinclair, *Orbital, The Guardian 2004*





Epsom to Westerham.
Through the Valley of Vision,
to Dartford & the River



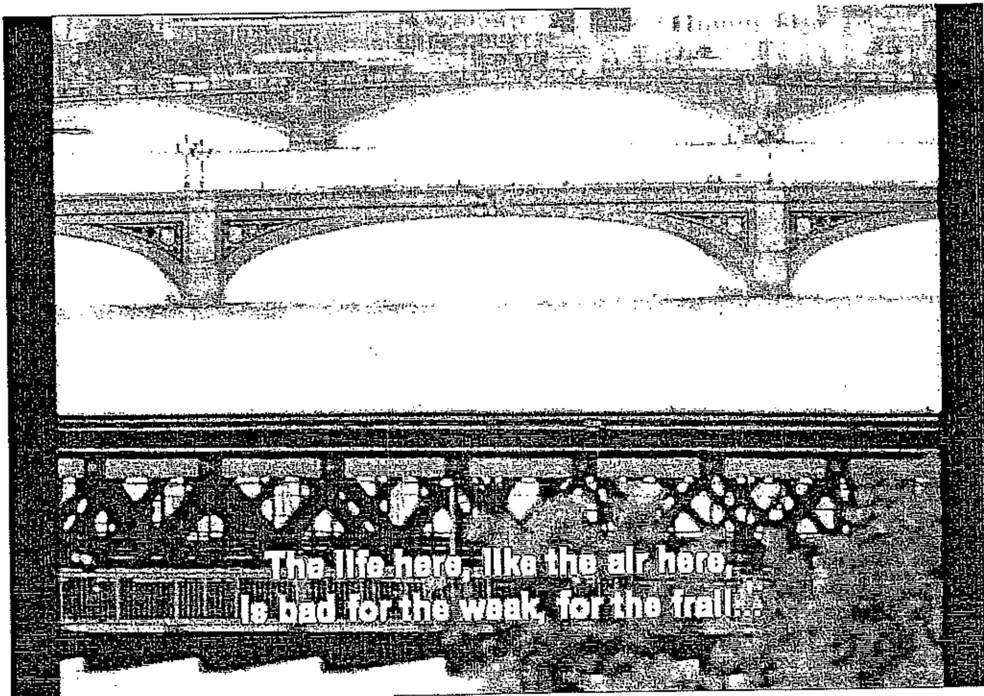
Carfax to Waltham Abbey

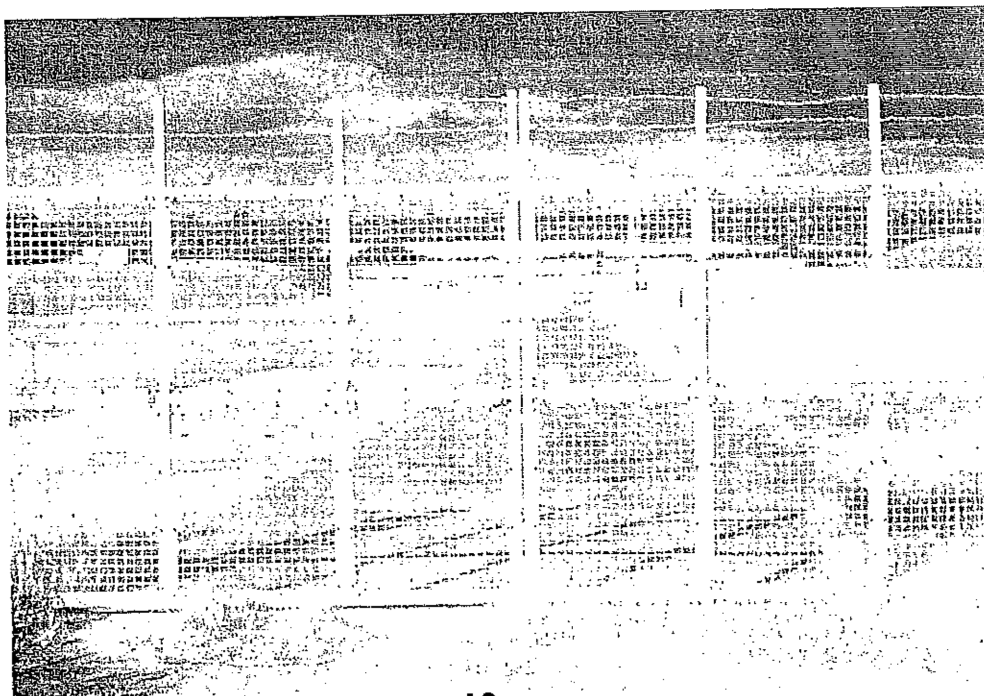
Renchi Bicknell (Chapter headings from Orbital by Iain Sinclair)

Films related to Pschogeography

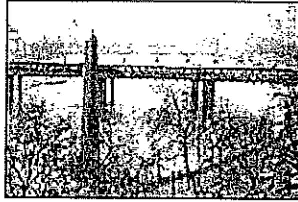
LONDON

a film by Patrick Keiller





London (1994)



Director	Patrick Keiller
Production Companies	British Film Institute, Koninck, Channel Four
Producer	Keith Griffiths
Script	Patrick Keiller
Camera	Patrick Keiller

Cast: Paul Scofield (narrator)

A *fin-de-siècle* personal portrait of London shot over a period of twelve months, which saw the election of John Major as prime minister, renewed IRA bombings, the 'Black Wednesday' European monetary crisis and the "fall of the house of Windsor".

Neither documentary nor fiction, *London* (d. Patrick Keiller, 1994) is more than either: a chronicle of a year in the life of England's capital through the eyes of Keiller's imaginary protagonist, Robinson, and the unnamed and unseen narrator and relayer of his insights, voiced by Paul Scofield.

1992 is a low point in the history of London. The fourth successive Tory election victory returns to power a government with no social or cultural interest in the capital, only in the City of London as a financial centre. IRA bombs continue to kill and destroy buildings, while anachronistic ritual dominates London in the form of royal pomp and ceremony. Robinson speculates that the nineteenth century, England's reaction to the French revolution and the failure of the English Revolution itself may all be to blame for London's decline and its imminent isolation and disappearance.

Obsessed with late-nineteenth century French poets (Arthur Rimbaud, Guillaume Apollinaire, Charles Baudelaire) and eighteenth century Romantic English writers (Horace Walpole, Laurence Sterne), Robinson declares London to be a series of monuments to these writers and their adventures: Canary Wharf's tower becomes a memorial to Rimbaud's wanderings in the London docks. London is not only an explanation of London as a failed city but an attempt to re-imagine it and reinvest it with all the values that Robinson (and Keiller) feel to be missing.

Looking for public spaces both lively and comforting, Robinson finds them only in the suburbs: in Wembley and in the arcades of Brixton Market. He identifies aspects of London's history as fragments of a never-achieved Utopia: Routemaster buses, Arnold Circus's social housing, and County Hall, the now-defunct seat of London's own government.

London was shot silently: ambient sound, narration and music were added subsequently, giving the film a layered quality: sound, images and music play off each other, in both harmony and contradiction. The recurring motif of ripples on water suggests the natural solidity of the Thames: London cannot after all disappear as easily as Robinson predicts.

Nearly ten years after the film's release, London is a different city. A Labour government has given it back a governing body, and new social architecture. The Millennium Bridge and Tate Modern have reshaped London's face, and Robinson's worst predictions have not come true. But the power of Robinson's visions remains necessary: in his monuments to French poets we can see what London might have been.

Sacro GRA

Film (2013)

Make a comparison of Patrick Keiller's *London*, Iain Sinclair's *Orbital* and Gianfranco Rosi's, *Sacro Gra.*

Gianfranco Rosi, travelled in his van the GRA or the "Great Ring Road", the biggest national motorway in Italy that encircles Rome, collecting not only this great road's history but also the stories of men related to it.

Director: Gianfranco Rosi

Writers: Niccolò Bassetti (story), Gianfranco Rosi

This little movie is classified as "documentary" and named after the GRA, which is the orbital road that surrounds the city of Rome. So it would be legit to expect the environment of the metropolis suburbia to be the center and the focus of the narrative. Instead, I was quite surprised to discover how "Sacro GRA" is basically a gallery of portraits, featuring a series of curious and inspiring characters.

All this people share the apparently unexciting fate of living their lives in the depressed urban context on the edge of the "Big Beauty". I mention the recent movie of Paolo Sorrentino because the comparison between the real characters of this "Sacro GRA" and the fictional characters of "La Grande Bellezza" was, to me, quite automatic: while in the lavish apartments and villas of Sorrentino's movie desperation grows like a sunflower in summer, in the much harder situations depicted by Mr. Rosi the people looks to be less prone to self-pity, and more than willing to hope, and trust, and love, and believe - just like if they were in a 19th century romance.

Filtered through the eyes and lives of these unbreakable spirits, even the occasional sad moments acquire a bittersweet aftertaste, and become more acceptable: just the negative proofs of the existence of happiness

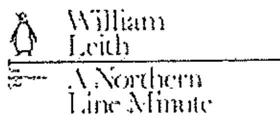
- like pawprints left in the woods by the passage of a wild, legendary beast.

review by Iworld (Italy)

The Underground

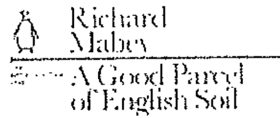
Penguin Lines ~ Celebrate 150 years of the London Underground

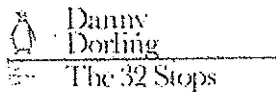
The city is filled with stories. For the 150th anniversary of the London Underground, twelve writers tell their tales, each inspired by a different Tube line. Some are personal, some are polemical; every one is unique, showing how we are connected, and how the space in which we live shapes us and our imaginations

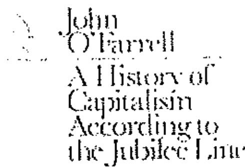


Lucy Wadham

Heads and Straights

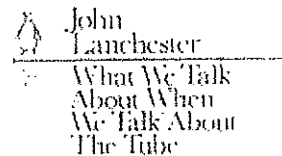


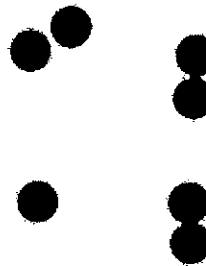


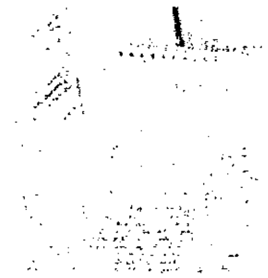


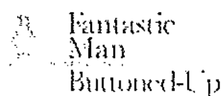
Leanne Shapton

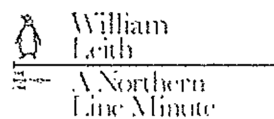
Waterloo City, City Waterloo





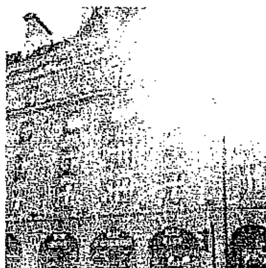


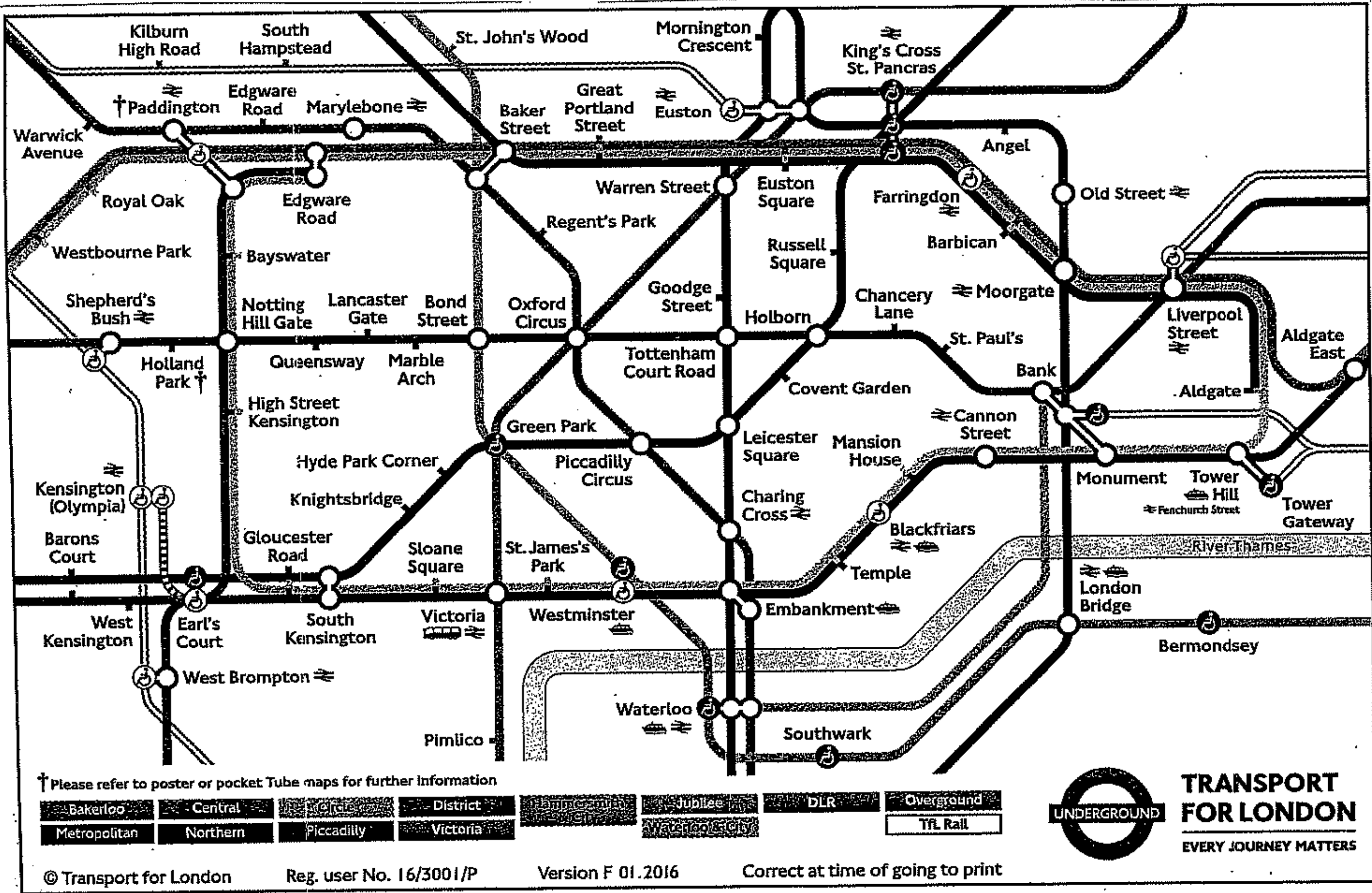




Philippe Parreno

Drift




Kilburn High Road
South Hampstead
St. John's Wood
Mornington Crescent
King's Cross St. Pancras
Warwick Avenue
Paddington
Edgware Road
Marylebone
Baker Street
Great Portland Street
Euston
Angel
Royal Oak
Edgware Road
Warren Street
Euston Square
Farringdon
Old Street
Westbourne Park
Regent's Park
Russell Square
Barbican
Bayswater
Shepherd's Bush
Notting Hill Gate
Lancaster Gate
Bond Street
Oxford Circus
Goodge Street
Holborn
Chancery Lane
Moorgate
Liverpool Street
Aldgate East
Holland Park
Queensway
Marble Arch
Tottenham Court Road
St. Paul's
Covent Garden
Bank
Aldgate
High Street Kensington
Green Park
Cannon Street
Hyde Park Corner
Piccadilly Circus
Leicester Square
Mansion House
Monument
Tower Hill
Fenchurch Street
Tower Gateway
Kensington (Olympia)
Knightsbridge
Charing Cross
Blackfriars
Barons Court
Gloucester Road
Sloane Square
St. James's Park
River Thames
Temple
London Bridge
West Kensington
Earl's Court
South Kensington
Victoria
Westminster
Embankment
Bermondsey
West Brompton
Waterloo
Southwark
Pimlico
Please refer to poster or pocket Tube maps for further information
Bakerloo
Central
District
Jubilee
DLR
Overground
Metropolitan
Northern
Piccadilly
Victoria
TfL Rail
UNDERGROUND
TRANSPORT FOR LONDON
EVERY JOURNEY MATTERS
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Version F 01.2016
Correct at time of going to print

Bifocals, reading article on how to cure chronic back pain.

Black suit, rotating index finger inside ear, then subtly sniffing finger.

Navy blue dress, distracted expression, black bra-strap showing.

Quilted jacket folded in lap, hands cupped to window, looking out:

3

Fourteen today.

from *The 32 Stops* by Danny Dorling

Like the trace of a heartbeat on a cardiac monitor, the Central Line slowly falls south through west London, rises gently through the centre and then flicks up north through the east end of the capital. At the start of the journey life expectancy falls by two months a minute. The train is rapidly crossing many invisible boundaries. Between the first four stations every second spent moving is exactly a day off their lives in terms of how long people living beside the tracks can expect to live.[1] And it is not so much the exercise people take, or how healthily they eat, or whether or not they smoke that matters. It's much more who ends up living here. At the very start of the line those who do better in life end up living, on average, further out from the centre. But luck has a lot to do with where you end up living along the line too, good luck as well as bad luck.

District Line 'What we talk about when we talk about the tube'
John Lanchester pp 82-87

Commuting is interesting and important for another reason too. It was a new kind of time in the day: an interstitial mental space between home life and work. Companies like Starbucks 5 talk about, and try to position themselves in, what they call the 'third place', in between work and home. Commuting can be a mental form of 'third place'. It can be when people get some of their most sustained reading or 10 thinking done, their most extended daily period of introspection or of listening to music. In order to be that, though, the commute has to be sufficiently reliable and sufficiently comfortable to not introduce extra difficulties into the day: 15 if your commute is a source of stress and hassle, then you aren't likely to accumulate any benefit from it.

I would say the split is broadly as follows: about a quarter reading a free paper, another quarter 20 on their handheld (mainly phones and music players but the occasional gaming-only console too), fewer than a quarter reading a book and a few more than a quarter staring into inner space. While they're doing that staring, they 25 usually look down, to make it unmistakably clear that they aren't staring at other people in the compartment. People are very careful about what they do with their eyes on the Underground.

30 Again, that's because the Underground is not a performance space. People don't go there to be on show, to act themselves in front of other people. They also don't like it when people do act up and act out – when somebody does that, 35 you can feel it, the disapproval and resentment, the pulling-back.

Research into our sense of personal space suggests that the normal radius for personal distance is between arm's length and 40 about four feet away. Closer contact than that is an intrusion into 'intimate space', which is reserved for close family members and lovers.

. Even without being jolted along in the dark tunnel – even without coming to a halt in a dark tunnel, 45 for an unspecified reason, for an unspecified length of time, as the heat mounts – this is a profoundly unnatural condition for human beings. We react to it by going somewhere else in our heads.

50 This, I think, is the reason there have been so few depictions of the Underground in visual narrative form. Orson Welles once said that the only two things which could not be filmed were sexual intercourse and prayer. I take him 55 to mean that they were the two human activities whose significance was entirely internal: they were happening to the people who were experiencing them in a manner which could only be experienced, and not depicted. The 60 Underground is like that – not exactly like that, because there are significant differences between travelling on it and either having sex or praying, but it is on the same continuum, because its significance for us is internal. It's 65 a going-in, a turning-in; not exactly a mystical state, but one which we know deep down inside ourselves is not an ordinary or routine condition. We escape it with distractions, or we try to switch off, but we can't entirely hide 70 from it.

Kim Stanley Robinson, in his SF novel *Forty Signs of Rain*, has a character float a theory about why this business of being underground connects so deeply with something inside us.

75 'He descended the Metro escalator into the ground. A weird action for a hominid to take – a religious experience. Following the shaman into the cave. We've never lost any of that.' And that, perhaps, is why people go quiet in the 80 Underground. It's the only time we experience a combination of twenty-first-century technology (the trains), nineteenth-century technology and vision (the tunnels, the network) and our paleolithic deep self. A person on the 85 Underground is experiencing the rare chance to be a twenty-first-century Victorian caveman. She is doing something we don't value enough, in the contemporary world: she is travelling in a direction we don't prize. She is going down 90 and in. Down under the ground, and down into the self: into the city, into the world, into the streets and also into herself. That, finally, is what the Tube does most and does best. It takes us down and in.

Ethnic and Religious Groups in the City

Comunita' italiana nel Regno Unito

Ambasciata d'Italia, Londra

L'inizio dell'emigrazione dalla penisola italiana si può fare risalire ai tempi dell'Impero Romano, quando molti coloni si trapiantarono nella Britannia romana.

La loro presenza si deduce anche da personaggi come Ambrosio Aureliano (V-VI sec), nella cui vicenda storica lo studioso John Morris ha visto la possibile origine della figura di Re Artù della leggenda della Tavola Rotonda.

Nel Medioevo la figura di maggior importanza è quella del teologo e filosofo Anselmo d'Aosta, il quale, come Arcivescovo di Canterbury dal 1093 alla sua morte nel 1109, ricoprì un ruolo rilevante nella lotta per le investiture che vedeva contrapposti i sovrani d'Inghilterra e il papato.

Nel Rinascimento vi fu una nutrita colonia di mercanti e banchieri (specialmente del nord Italia, dai quali viene il nome della Wall Street di Londra: Lombard Street, con il famoso "tasso lombard") che si radicarono a Londra e dintorni.

Secondo lo storico Michael Wayatt, vi era una piccola ma influente comunità di italiani nell'Inghilterra dei Tudor, costituita da artisti, mercanti, umanisti e finanzieri che diede un'impronta fondamentale al nascente Impero britannico. La stessa scoperta del continente nord-americano per conto degli Inglesi è dovuta al navigatore Giovanni Caboto (1497).

Nel Cinquecento numerosi furono i protestanti italiani che si rifugiarono nelle isole britanniche: tra di loro si ricordano Jacopo Aconcio, Pietro Martire Vermigli (che dal 1548 al 1566 fu Regius Professor of Divinity all'Università di Oxford), Michelangelo Florio, Giacomo Castelvetro, e Alberico Gentili (anch'egli professore di legge a Oxford). John Florio, nato a Londra nel 1553, fu il più rinomato figlio di quella generazione, avendo tradotto in inglese molte opere che servirono allo stesso Shakespeare. Nel Cinquecento giunsero in Gran Bretagna anche numerosi italiani chiamati a lavorare come musicisti di corte: Davide Rizzio (che fu anche segretario privato di Maria Stuarda) e intere famiglie, come i Bassano (Antonio Bassano), i Lupo (Joseph Lupo, Thomas Lupo), e i Ferrabosco (Alfonso Ferrabosco l'Anziano, Alfonso Ferrabosco il Giovane).

Durante il regno di Giacomo II (1685-88), Ferdinando d'Adda fu a Londra come nunzio apostolico con il compito di indurre il re ad intercedere con Luigi XIV a favore degli oppressi protestanti francesi.

Dalla fine del Seicento e per tutto il Settecento l'Inghilterra divenne una meta favorita di musicisti, artisti e intellettuali italiani; alcuni di loro vi si stabilirono, contribuendo a diffondere la conoscenza della cultura e della lingua italiana. Tra i più influenti furono i compositori Giovanni Bononcini, Francesco Geminiani e Muzio Clementi, i cantanti Valentino Urbani, Nicolò Grimaldi e Farinelli, l'architetto Giacomo Leoni, il fisico Tiberio Cavallo, e gli artisti Maria Cosway e Giuseppe Ceracchi.

L'arrivo del letterato Gaetano Polidori a Londra nel 1790 apre un nuovo capitolo nella presenza italiana in Gran Bretagna. L'ex segretario di Vittorio Alfieri contribuì alla traduzione di opere letterarie inglesi in italiano. Suo figlio, John William Polidori, fu medico personale di Lord Byron e autore della prima storia di vampiri in lingua inglese, Il vampiro (1819). Sua figlia Frances Polidori sposò un altro letterato ed esule italiano, Gabriele Rossetti, dal quale ebbe quattro figli, i quali tutti ebbero una straordinaria carriera come poeti, letterati e artisti: Maria Francesca Rossetti, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Michael Rossetti e Christina Rossetti.

Negli stessi anni due famiglie ebree italiane acquisirono enorme prestigio in Gran Bretagna: i Montefiore (da Livorno) e i Disraeli (da Cento, Ferrara). Il mercante Moses Vita (Haim) Montefiore era giunto a Londra attorno al 1745. Il nipote Moses Montefiore (nato a Livorno) emerse come uno degli uomini più ricchi e influenti dell'Ottocento come imprenditore e filantropo. Anche il mercante Benjamin D'Israeli si era stabilito in Inghilterra nel 1748; suo figlio Isaac D'Israeli fu un noto letterato e padre di Benjamin Disraeli che sarà Primo ministro del Regno Unito due volte: nel 1868 e nel 1874-80.

Nella prima metà dell'Ottocento l'Inghilterra fu terra di rifugio per molti patrioti italiani. Vi giunsero, fra gli altri, Ugo Foscolo (che vi trascorse gli ultimi anni della sua vita, dal 1816 al 1827), Antonio Panizzi (che nel 1831-66 lavorò alla biblioteca del British Museum fino a divenirne il direttore), e soprattutto dal 1840 al 1868 Giuseppe Mazzini (che ne fece la propria centrale operativa all'estero, adoperandosi attivamente anche a favore della crescente comunità italiana di Londra, promuovendo già nel 1841 l'apertura ad Hatton Garden di una scuola in lingua italiana).

Dopo il 1830 il flusso migratorio dall'Italia, specialmente centro-settentrionale, verso le principali città inglesi aveva assunto caratteri di massa. Nella seconda metà dell'Ottocento vi erano importanti comunità italiane a: Londra (Chelsea, South Kensington, Westminster, Kensington) Peterborough, Manchester, Glasgow, Bedford, Woking e Cardiff. Il numero degli Italiani residenti in Gran Bretagna crebbe da 4.608 nel 1861 a 24.383 nel 1901. Anche tra i figli degli immigrati cominciarono a emergere le prime personalità di rilievo come Louis Charles Casartelli, professore di letteratura e lingua persiana all'Università di Manchester e quindi dal 1903 al 1925 vescovo cattolico di Salford.

L'avvento del Fascismo bloccò l'emigrazione italiana. Il regime cercò di sostenere le istituzioni italiane all'estero, e di usarle con qualche successo per la propria propaganda. Già nel 1921 si era costituita a Londra una sezione del Fascio, che fu attiva fino allo scoppio della seconda guerra mondiale animata da intellettuali come Antonio Cippico, Camillo Pellizzi, Cesare Foligno, Piero Rèbora e l'ambasciatore Dino Grandi. La Gran Bretagna rimase comunque luogo di rifugio sicuro per molti intellettuali antifascisti e ebrei, come Piero Sraffa, Guido Pontecorvo e Arnaldo Momigliano.

Allo scoppio della seconda guerra mondiale quasi tutti gli Italiani in Gran Bretagna e Londra (oltre 20.000 nel 1940) soffrirono restrizioni ed internamenti, che colpirono indiscriminatamente anche molti antifascisti ed ebrei. Il tentativo di espellere gran parte degli internati italiani in Canada produsse il 30 giugno 1940 il disastro dell'affondamento dell'Arandora Star nell'Atlantico da un sottomarino tedesco con la morte di 476 dei 732 italiani.

« Non appena Mussolini dichiara guerra scatta un blitz di arresti che nel giro di due settimane porta nei campi d'internamento 4.500 italiani. Il blitz non avviene solo a Londra e nelle principali città britanniche, ma anche in paesi piccoli e relativamente remoti come, per esempio ad Hamilton, in Scozia. Gli arrestati vengono portati in campi di internamento, tra i quali Lingfield, che è un campo di corse per cavalli. Molti finiscono nei box dei cavalli. Poi passano ad altri campi come Warth Mills e nel frattempo il governo comincia ad attuare il progetto di inviare internati all'estero. Il Canada è pronto a riceverne 1.500, anche subito. Vengono approntate alcune navi, tra cui l'Arandora Star. L'Arandora Star salpa nella notte tra il 30 giugno e il primo luglio, senza esporre il contrassegno della Croce Rossa. Viene colpita da un sommergibile tedesco il 2, all'alba. Affonda in 20 minuti. Gli italiani a bordo sono 732. Le telecamere non sono ancora scese a far vedere quello che c'è sul fondo. Quindi si specula sul motivo per cui 476 italiani muoiono. Si dice che buona parte degli italiani si trovassero nel ponte più in basso e che quindi molti non fecero in tempo a salire le scale. Tra gli italiani c'erano poi persone anche molto anziane. »

L'affondamento dell'Arandora Star viene considerato il più tragico evento nella storia della popolazione italiana nel Regno Unito. Nonostante la tragedia iniziale, la maggioranza degli italo-britannici contribui' lealmente e con crescente coinvolgimento agli sforzi militari della Gran Bretagna, assumendo soprattutto dopo l'8 settembre 1943 un ruolo sempre più di primo piano. Attorno a Radio Londra, che comincia le trasmissioni in italiano gia' dal 27 settembre 1938 si raduna un gruppo dinamico di giornalisti e commentatori italo-britannici: Harold Stevens, Aldo Cassuto, Paolo Treves, John Marus, Ruggero Orlando, Elio Nissim e altri. Per tutta la durata del conflitto Radio Londra diventa il punto di riferimento privilegiato dell'informazione libera in Italia, contribuendo in maniera determinante, anche con i suoi famosi messaggi cifrati, al successo della campagna d'Italia (1943-1945).

Nel primo dopoguerra si ebbe una modesta ripresa dell'emigrazione italiana (specialmente dal Mezzogiorno d'Italia) verso aree industriali come Peterborough (dove agli inizi degli anni cinquanta circa 5.000 meridionali si sono trasferiti nella località di Fletton) e di Bedford (dove attualmente vi sono circa 14.000 italo-britannici) Si riconsolidarono anche i legami culturali tra l'Italia e il Regno Unito grazie anche alla presenza Alessandro Passerin d'Entrèves come professore d'italiano a Oxford, dal 1946 al 1957, e l'apertura nel 1949 dell'Istituto Italiano di Cultura a Londra.

Nella seconda decade del 2000 sono sempre più numerosi i connazionali che si trasferiscono nel Regno Unito, specialmente a Londra, con l'intento di effettuare un'esperienza di studio o linguistico-lavorativa o alla ricerca di nuove opportunità di impiego.

Solo dal 1 gennaio al 1 agosto 2015, il Consolato Generale di Londra ha registrato un totale di 11.547 nuovi iscritti, il 54,6% uomini, il 45,4% donne, di cui circa 3700 nati tra il 1980 e il 1989 (32,03% del totale dei nuovi iscritti) e oltre 1250 nati tra il 1990 e il 1997 (poco meno del 11% del totale dei nuovi iscritti). Gli italiani registrati presso il Consolato a Londra sono in totale 243.412. Pur in assenza di una rilevazione sistematica del titolo di studio, l'esperienza empirica prova che, soprattutto tra i giovani, sono numerosi quelli in possesso di una istruzione superiore, di una laurea, quando non proprio di una qualificazione professionale.

Italiani di Londra

A Londra fin dalla metà del secolo XIX si formò a Clerkenwell (vicino al Parlamento inglese) una "Little Italy", abitata anche da personaggi come Giuseppe Mazzini (che creò ad Hatton Garden nel 1841 una scuola in lingua italiana per la crescente comunità).

La chiesa cattolica di San Pietro a Clerkenwell fu fondata nel 1864 per servire la comunità italiana di Londra, che all'epoca contava 5.000 persone. Da allora annualmente viene fatta la "Processione della Madonna del Carmine" intorno al quartiere.

Molti Italo-britannici ai primi del Novecento si trasferirono a vivere nel quartiere Soho, dove crearono numerosi ristoranti e punti di ristoro (caffè, gelaterie, pasticcerie, ecc...) e svilupparono studi di artisti ancora oggi rinomati.

Durante gli anni trenta vi erano undici scuole italiane per gli Italo-britannici a Londra e la locale sezione del Fascio (promossa nel 1921 dallo stesso Mussolini, che la definì la "sua primogenita all'estero") era collegata alla crescente organizzazione dei fascisti inglesi di Oswald Mosley (fino alla guerra d'Etiopia appoggiati da Lord Harold Rothermere, proprietario del Daily Mirror e del Daily Mail, e parzialmente anche da Churchill).

L'entrata in guerra del Regno d'Italia contro gli Alleati produsse inizialmente forti restrizioni alla vita della comunità italiana a Londra. La situazione miglioro' gradualmente nel corso del conflitto, soprattutto dopo l'armistizio dell'8 settembre 1943. Per tutta la durata del conflitto la redazione BBC di Radio Londra fu il punto di riferimento essenziale degli antifascisti italo-britannici.

Nel dopoguerra si ebbe una ripresa dell'emigrazione italiana ed anche Londra registrò una crescita numerica della sua comunità italiana (in attività legate alla ristorazione, commercio e turismo), che si esaurì negli anni settanta con il rientro di molti emigranti in Italia.

Negli ultimi decenni Londra è diventata una delle mete favorite della nuova emigrazione intellettuale italiana; sono ogni anno migliaia i giovani italiani che vi si radicano alcuni anni per acquisire esperienza specialmente nella "City" finanziaria o vi si trasferiscono permanentemente.

Italiani in altre zone dell'Inghilterra

In Inghilterra altre aree in cui vi è una consistente presenza italo-britannica sono soprattutto quelle di Manchester, Peterborough e Bedford.

Italiani nel Galles

Nel Galles si trova una numerosa comunità italiana (circa 4.000) nell'area di Cardiff, Glamorgan e Newport, ivi stabilitasi tra la fine dell'Ottocento e gli inizi del Novecento, in massima parte proveniente dall'Italia centrale. Delle 476 vittime italiane dell'affondamento dell'Arandora Star 53 era residenti in Galles.

Tra i più famosi italo-gallesi si ricordano il pugile Joe Calzaghe (campione mondiale peso mediomassimo), l'attore Victor Spinetti, e il bassista Pino Palladino.

Italiani di Scozia

La presenza di artisti e intellettuali italiani in Scozia è documentata sin dal XVI secolo quando Davide Rizzio fu musicista e segretario privato della regina Maria Stuarda ad Edimburgo.

Una presenza significativa di italiani in Scozia comincia a manifestarsi però solo alla fine dell'Ottocento, nell'area di Glasgow. Il più celebre italo-scozzese di questa prima generazione fu il calciatore Giovanni Moscardini (1897-1985), che nato in Scozia da emigranti italiani svolse la sua carriera negli anni '20 in Italia e nella Nazionale italiana di calcio per poi rientrare definitivamente in Scozia.

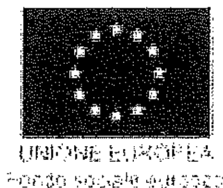
La seconda guerra mondiale fu per un periodo difficile per gli Italiani in Scozia, come per tutti gli italo-britannici. Molti italo-scozzesi furono trasferiti in campi di internamento nell'Irlanda del Nord e nell'Isola di Man. In quegli anni, la Scozia ospito' anche gruppi di prigionieri di guerra italiani provenienti soprattutto dal fronte africano. Tra il gennaio 1942 e il settembre 1944, 550 di questi prigionieri furono impiegati nelle Orcadi alla costruzione delle Churchill Barriers, una serie di barriere contro gli U-boats tedeschi. Su iniziativa di alcuni di loro fu edificata sull'isoletta di Lamb Holm una piccola chiesa (the Italian Chapel), con materiali di riuso. La cappella decorata con pitture e opere d'arte è oggi diventata una delle principali attrazioni turistiche della zona.

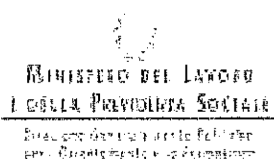
Nel dopoguerra la comunità italo-scozzese poté riprendere la sua vita e consolidare la sua presenza. Nel campo imprenditoriale domina la figura di Charles Forte, (1908-2007), nominato Baronetto nel 1981, capace di creare dal nulla uno dei più importanti gruppi economici della Gran Bretagna, incentrato sull'industria alberghiera. Nel campo delle arti emergono gli artisti Alberto Morrocco (1917-1998) e Eduardo Paolozzi (1924-2005), e lo scrittore Alexander Trocchi (1925-1984).

Oggi gli Scozzesi di ascendenza italiana sono oltre 50.000: il ministro scozzese Linda Fabiani (b.1956) (che ha ricevuto nel 2007 il titolo di "Cavaliere dell'Ordine della Stella della Solidarietà Italiana") è la loro più famosa rappresentante.

Italiani nell'Irlanda del Nord

Una piccola comunità italiana di 1600 persone si trova radicata da oltre un secolo a Belfast, nell'Irlanda del Nord. Lo stesso Guglielmo Marconi (la cui madre era irlandese) aveva legami con questi Italiani dell'Ulster, originari principalmente da Casalattico e dintorni come Lord Charles Forte[20]. Si calcolano in circa 8.000 gli Italo-britannici con ascendenza da quest'area della provincia di Frosinone.





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L'imprenditorialità straniera nella provincia di Firenze. I dati, le dinamiche, le storie.

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The rise and fall of the 'inner city': race, space and urban policy in postwar England

James Rhodes & Laurence Brown

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Fragmenting the 'inner city' (1990s–onwards)

The 'inner city' of the early-1980s, while resonating into the present, lacks its former symbolic significance. Recent decades have seen a dramatic reorientation evident in London but also Bristol and Leeds. Even Moss Side in Manchester, where a spate of gun violence in the late-1980s and early-1990s encouraged comparisons with the Bronx and South Central Los Angeles (Fraser 1996, 55), has more recently seen its negative reputation lessen somewhat. In 2009 Conservative MP Chris Grayling compared Moss Side to Baltimore, while revealing the enduring political saliency of the 'inner city' the widespread rejection of such claims was also notable, with the relative lack of gun violence, and the absence of residential segregation or depths of US poverty cited to reject Grayling's assertions. Since the early-1990s, the 'inner city' and its symbolic affinity with the American 'ghetto' have diminished. This has been shaped by a number of wider developments transforming the 'inner city', symptomatic of the changing spatialities of 'race' and ethnicity and racialised anxieties.

If the response to the 1980s' riots was to regenerate 'inner city' areas through public–private partnerships and urban entrepreneurialism, these policies continued as New Labour advanced a concerted strategy of culture-led urban regeneration. In recent decades, 'inner cities' have been revalorised as desirable sites for capital, residence, and consumption reflective of, 'The change from seeing the inner city as a place of poverty to a potential engine of growth' (Jones 2013, 51). The 'inner city' has been remade as, 'Global elites and the middle classes have apparently rediscovered city living, and they predominantly, but not exclusively have "remade" the inner city in their own image' (Millington 2011, 108). Investment, property speculation, welfare cuts, and large-scale gentrification, and newer migrations, have all reconfigured the racial demography of 'inner cities' (Butler and Robson 2003; Millington 2011). While this has been most pronounced in the 'global city' of London, it has shaped inner-city areas elsewhere. In St. Paul's in Bristol, Slater and Anderson (2011) document how the area's stigmatisation as a 'reputational ghetto', rationalised a suite of policy interventions promoting social mix through gentrification. More widely such processes have, 'contributed to the growing inhospitality of the city for minority "racial" and ethnic groups, the poor and homeless' (Millington 2011, 108). The diminishing of social housing and affordable private accommodation has seen the 'inner city' as traditionally conceived, fragment into 'problem estates' rather than broader 'problem areas' (Millington 2011).

The re-engineering of 'inner city' spaces has also involved a representational reappraisal. Within the urban regeneration of the 1990s, notions of racial and ethnic 'diversity' (particularly in commodified form) became central to the branding of urban areas as dynamic, exciting and edgy, as more politicised discourses of 'race' were supplanted by the more positive and often depoliticised terms of 'ethnicity' and 'diversity' (Keith 2005; Mavrommatis 2010). This has involved a process wherein, 'Reconceptualising diversity as a virtue has been part of reimagining it as a capitalist asset' (Jones 2013, 53). In the 1990s 'United Colours of Brixton' campaign, 'forms of inner-city ethnic concentration were transformed from causes of concern to causes of celebration differences became viewed as local assets to be capitalised upon' (Mavrommatis 2010, 571). Keith too identifies a trend whereby 'cultural policy and urban planning ... seek to harmonise economic development with social and aesthetic improvements based on the valorisation of

difference"' (2005, 122). Urban regimes in places such as Birmingham, Bristol and Manchester have marketed cities around more open and progressive sensibilities. This was particularly evident within the London 2012 Olympics, where the 'diversity' of London was celebrated as emblematic of the modern nation and the 'global city' (Jones 2013). Here, the nexus of cultural intermediaries, gentrifiers, capital, and housing and commercial developers have remade 'inner city' areas like Brixton, Hulme and St. Paul's through processes both organic and state engineered.

These physical and symbolic processes, along with shifting geographies of race and ethnicity, have destabilised the 'inner city' as an organising device for the contemporary politics of 'race'. The 'dispersal' of refugees and asylum-seekers across the country, the migration of large numbers of Eastern Europeans and their settlement in more provincial places, growing 'superdiversity', as well as the suburbanisation of sections of established black and minority ethnic groups are part of a re-spatialisation of racialised geographies as more peripheral regions are increasingly racially and ethnically diverse (Burdsey 2016; Millington 2011; Neal et al. 2013). Such spaces are 'emerging as unlikely meeting points for new immigrants seeking access to the city and also as places of dwelling for groups- often old immigrants- priced out of the city'. These 'dislocated and often fractious sites comprise the "outer-inner-city"', described by Millington as 'an ideal-typical urban formation ... that proposes to capture cross-cutting transformations in immigration, settlement patterns, racial politics' (2011, 182).

This does not mean the 'inner city' has ceased to function as a key site for racial politics, evident in on-going concerns regarding gun and knife crime, gangs, and punitive policing practices, racialised inequalities and systemic exclusions. However, there have been marked shifts in the spatialities of 'race' and ethnicity. This was signalled with the 2001 riots in Burnley, Bradford and Oldham, when whites, South Asian Muslims and the police clashed in the context of acute deprivation, far right mobilisation and longstanding racialised antagonisms. Occurring as they did away from metropolitan centres the riots were, 'emblematic of changing popular discourses about race and ethnicity in Britain' (Alexander 2004, 527). Following the Rushdie affair in the late-1980s, and disturbances in the mid-1990s in places such as Luton, Southall and Bradford, there has been an increasing emphasis within the politics of 'race' upon the Asian/Muslim population and the existence of a 'Muslim underclass' (Alexander 2004; Keith 2005). During this period, young Asian/Muslim men in particular are subject to criminalising discourses historically focused upon black Caribbean men. Keith notes that in London's East End, the purported 'criminality' of young Bengali men revealed how, 'The racialised subject of criminality can envelop British "Asian" communities as well' (2005, 94). Such views have intensified in the wake of the 2001 riots and the 2005 London bombings, with the association between Muslims and terrorism, and the rise of Islamophobia nationally and globally.

The shift in the discourses of race and ethnicity has been accompanied by a re-spatialisation. Alexander (2002) notes that within the fracturing of the political category 'black' and the emergence of 'new ethnicities', 'black' Caribbean urban cultures have often been endowed within popular and academic discourses with a progressive, hybrid quality, in keeping with marketable urban cosmopolitanisms. By contrast, Asian/Muslim communities have been cast as inward, static and communitarian. This seems to have a spatial translation as the shift from concerns forged around an all-encompassing notion of 'blackness' to those pertaining to 'Muslimness', has involved a re-spatialisation of anxieties away from urban sites associated with dynamic 'black cultures' to those

associated with 'Muslim communities' which also display particularly acute forms of social and economic disadvantage. This has challenged the symbolic and political centrality of the 'inner city'. Following the 2001 riots, while the Cantle Report referred to the depth of 'physical segregation of housing estates and inner city areas' (2001, 9), the 'inner city' did not feature prominently within subsequent discourses. Alexander observes how within accounts responding to both the 1980s and 2001 riots, 'The notion of racial/ethnic/cultural segregation runs clearly through these accounts (ghettos, no-go areas, outsider/insiders) and is seamlessly fused with images of dysfunction and social breakdown (drugs, gangs, violence)' (2004, 530). However, the 'inner city' is not implicated in the same way, and it is more peripheral, post-industrial territories that provide the spatial mooring for many contemporary concerns. Webster argues that in such locations there exist, 'perceptions of ethnic difference that are less amorphous, more visible, striking and contrasting than are found in larger more multicultural cities' (2003 p.102). Recently, this is also evident in relation to 'grooming', where it was Rotherham, Rochdale and Derby that represent national territories of racialised concern in addition to, and often more so, than traditional 'inner city' areas.

The re-spatialisation of racialised anxieties is also reflected in concerns around particular 'degenerate', 'marginal' forms of whiteness. White 'sink estates' and smaller, deprived post-industrial towns such as Stoke-on-Trent have increasingly become associated with poverty, dysfunction and racist political mobilisation, which has increased in the wake of Brexit. This has contributed to a view of such places as 'unmappable "Badlands" fostering right-wing extremism and majoritarianism' (Millington 2011, 202). As Millington states, 'outer-inner-city' areas suffer from a 'racialised territorial stigma ... noticeable because the wrong kind of whiteness is also invoked as a mark of shame' (203). Media and political attention upon these areas, 'is usually to point to the deficiencies of racist whites or to the perceived terrorist threat lurking in the concealed recesses of the far-metropolis' (204). Both diversities within conceptions of whiteness and the proliferation of racial and ethnic diversity have weakened the ability of the 'inner city' to speak to and stand in for the growing complexity of the nation's race-space politics.

The shifting cartographies of racialised anxieties, and the inability of the traditionally conceived 'inner city' to contain them, were illustrated in the 2011 riots. Triggered by the fatal shooting of Mark Duggan in Tottenham, the disturbances that followed revealed continuities in the spatial politics of 'race' through enduring racialised inequalities, on-going criminalisation and institutional antagonisms, in which young, black, urban men remain archetypal racialised 'subjects'. However, the spatial diversity of the disturbances, occurring 'in unracialised or only selectively racialised geographies', as well as the 'super-diverse' nature of the participants reflected the fragmentation of racial and spatial certainties (Murji and Neal 2011, 2.8). As Murji and Neal comment, 'the social and spatial complexity of cultural difference and ethnic diversity in England militates against those older and totalizing race discourses' (2011, 2.9), captured within previous iterations of the 'inner city'. The events of 2011 and the responses to them highlighted both 'the familiar racisms of threatening and disorderly "other" populations as well as newer complications that the super-diversity of the current formations of multiculture in England throw up' (4.3). Indeed, in comparison to the riots of the early-1980s, in which 'black, became *the* co-ordinate that the ... urban unrest was positioned and explained through', in 2011 'race' was much more ambiguously invoked (2.9).

The inability of the 'inner city' to epistemologically contain the 2011 riots points to its growing 'symbolic marginality'. One of the defining features of the riots was that 'there was no front line and these were not "inner city" riots' In contrast, 'Brixton 81 was a centred disturbance characterised by, what now seems like relative socio-spatial-historical clarity'. (Millington 2012a, 4.1–4.2). The shifting terrains of racial politics have reduced the symbolic saliency and intelligibility of the 'inner city'. This has important political consequences as while the 'inner city' has operated as a site of exclusion it has also represented a site for political contestations against racism and racialised inequality (Millington 2011, 2012a). In this sense, the fragmentation of the 'inner city' can also be seen as a part of what has been identified as the 'post-racial' and/or the 'post-political' city. Millington argues that, 'the displacement of racial conflict away from the cosmopolitan central city makes it easier for the global city to be imagined as "post-race", free of conflict and at ease with itself' (2011, 205). Jones too observes how, at a time when 'cohesion' and 'integration' are seen as key to resolving the nation's 'racial question' policymakers in places such as Hackney often promote, 'an ideal of unproblematic community cohesion in super-diverse inner-city areas rehabilitated from the image of fear and danger to one of desirable, successful multiculture and cosmopolitanism' (2013, 51; Harries et al. 2019). By contrast, locations such as Oldham struggle to manage reputations casting them as spaces of racism and racialised dysfunction and conflict (Jones 2013). This ignores persistent and obdurate racialised exclusions and inequalities within, as well as outside, metropolitan centres. Compounding this de-politicisation for Millington is his observation that the 'outer-inner-city' lacks the same political capital as, 'the imperceptibility of these sites from the centres of decision-making, suggests that racism here will not receive the same scrutiny'. Here, 'centrality matters, especially in terms of its social, political and cultural effects' (2011, 206). In this sense, the term 'outer-inner-city' might be somewhat misleading as the spatial fragmentation of racialised concerns resemble not a spatial transposing of the 'inner city' to elsewhere but rather its relative political dissolution.

The decentralisation of the spatialities of race and ethnicity and the fragmentation of the 'inner city' also suggest the emergence of a distinct political imagination. Concern has increasingly focused beyond its confines, and it is often more peripheral areas deemed most in need of policy intervention. It was telling, for instance, that the Casey Review (2016), which investigated 'integration', made no reference to the 'inner city', unthinkable in such a policy document in previous decades. This, in part, reflects a re-mapping of political anxieties. In 2016, the government announced plans to divest educational resources from metropolitan areas, including 'inner cities', to more outlying areas focusing on deprived post-industrial and rural areas. So too, a report by the Joseph Rowntree Foundation into economic decline highlighted the acute and specific economic challenges facing cities and towns outside of the South East and large metropolitan centres. The report listed those suffering the most severe patterns of decline as places such as Rochdale, Burnley, Hull, Bradford and Stoke (Pike et al. 2016). The spatial fix once afforded by the 'inner city' for an amalgam of 'racial' concerns has been compromised as the material and symbolic geographies of 'race' and ethnicity have shifted and evolved.