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SCAPEGOAT 10

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Night Poems, Sparrow
Every night fucks every day up.  
Every day patches the night up.  
—Frank Ocean, “Nights”

NIGHT drags architecture and landscape into the realm of temporality. The hidden, illicit, clandestine, lunatic, and aquatic are folded into the night. How can we “take back the night” while tending its oceanic depths? What tools do we need to counter the exploitation of the night as real estate? We watch the management of night, as an object of investment, growing, see it increasingly understood as a site of production and a horizon of consumption. What remains for the dreamer when night is pulled into the light of day? Contemporary debates about the urban night, from dark sky movements to the call for fully illuminated cities, all serve to complicate each other. NIGHT extends a conversation begun in EROS as to the architectural potentials of the less-than-conscious, remembering the creative fecundity of sleep in light of anti-capitalist, anarchist, ecological, feminist, queer, and post-colonial critiques. NIGHT also invites us to jouissance, the French term used in the recently published Toward an Architecture of Enjoyment by Henri Lefebvre, who explores the painful lack of architectures created to produce pleasure, such as the bath house. In this issue we find additional nocturnal architectures as typologies of public pleasure, including Philippe Rahm’s night garden for humans and non-humans; Eleanora Diamanti, Leo Zhao, and Marie-Paule Macdonald’s nightclubs; Natlie Jachyra’s alleyways; Curt Gambetta’s empty buildings; and Peter Lamborn Wilson’s school of Nite, where mystery and desire reign. The lightscape of the night reveals the competing claims of civic amenity and private enterprise on public space (Meier and Henckel). The inhabitants of the night, Sheraz Kahn and Christine Preiser remind us, are those who sleep and those who revel — but they also include the “security staff, bar staff, bottle collectors and police” of the working night. Maps of nighttime lighting and media-use across the globe overturn conventional understandings of the 24/7 world. They show us where the internet is turned off and where darkness persists, as night falls. And like eros, night’s capacity for violence cannot be ignored. Rita Leistner’s night reveals infrastructural warfare, and Pohanna Pyne Feinberg’s ode to the joys of night walking is haunted by fears sharpened by instinct and experience. Night is conflated with the unknown and with darkness in the symbolic imagination, its racist shadows following our every step (Kraler). The 24-hour cycle of day and night is marked, in geographer Luc Gwiazdzinski’s words, by a “discontinuous citizenship.” In the passage from day to night, the rights of women, racialized populations, youth, and the homeless wax and wane. One of the key new battlefronts in North American cities centres on the right to sleep at night outside of fixed addresses—on the sidewalk (in Kelowna, British Columbia) or in your car (Los Angeles). In gentrifying cities like Paris, the alcohol-centred economies and exclusions of the night are being pulled into the day, as café and bar owners expel the low-spending men of immigrant populations who traditionally gather until midday to drink coffee and converse. At another economic scale, the protected “dark skies” of the US–Mexican border regions intensify panics of immigration, but are themselves threatened by the

Editorial

Will Straw and Christie Pearson

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NIGHT POEMS

At night, in my dreams,  
I write poems.

The poems are like this one — flimsy poems.

Night or day, I am the same poet.
Editorial

24-hour spectacles of oil rigs and gas flares, which glow until plunging prices or resource exhaustion send them elsewhere (Mueller and Kripa). The authors of the 2014 São Paulo “Night Manifesto” ask whether the day should remember the night (Dietzsch). Should the day absorb the injuries and transgressions of the night, or make them its own? Or is the insidious work of the day, in every 24-hour cycle, to repair and contain the experiences of the night? Is the role of nighttime lighting to remember (and highlight) the power-architectures of the day, so that they do not disappear? Or should nocturnal illumination forget the daytime city, producing new versions of urban space with each setting of the sun?4

Circadian rhythms open new possibilities for creation (Rahm, Davis & Lin) and destruction. In the early twentieth century, an “astronomical imagination” was left to flourish on the edges of patriarchal science, in a cultural space inhabited by women (Pisapia). These richly elaborated visions of the night stand in contrast to the nocturnal desolation revealed in other traditions of image-making (Jachyra). The experience of art at night may see the white cube of the gallery shattered, absorbed within the night, or simply expanded, in Nuits Blanches, to be coterminous with the illuminated city as a whole (Kedzior). In contrast, the small-scale “night gallery” (Benivolski) may host relationships to art in which risk, inebriation, and intimacy prevail.

As well, night is a unit of time frequently imagined in non-temporal vocabularies, and the piece “Tokyo Trains at Night” speaks in spatializing terms of a void in the middle of the Tokyo night, between trains. The policy documents of contemporary cities refer to the night as a “space-time” (espace-temps), just as sleazy magazines of the 1950s wrote of “night worlds.” Night, writes French film scholar Caroline Renard, is a matière-temps, a substantive time that erases forms and fills spaces.5 As space, the night is now seen as a territory to be occupied, controlled, developed and represented. In the UK, London has appointed its first “Night Czar,” Amy Lamé, to speak for the people and practices of the night in city government. In the week in which we write this introduction, battles over nighttime noise intensified in Buenos Aires, Christian pastors promised to patrol British city streets during nighttime holiday festivals, the Colombian city of Cali revealed plans to “reinvent” its night, The Guardian collected stories of nighttime walking from around the world, and the city of Orlando, Florida (in a statement which made no reference to the Pulse nightclub shootings last year) announced the appointment of its first “Night Manager.” By contrast, SCAPEGOAT proposes the active and creative unmangement of the night—for ourselves and for future generations.

NOTES
2 Luc Owwadinski, La Nuit, dernière frontière de la ville (Tour d’Aigues: Editions de l’aube, 2005), 197.
3 See Anne Clerval, Paris sans peuple: La gentrification de la capitale (Paris: La Découverte, 2014).

THE MOON

The moon rose last night and she began to speak. She said, “Don’t write a Song—it will be weak.”

I said, “You are wrong. I will write a song. It will be beautiful, it will be strong.”

“No no no no no,” said the moon as she glowed. “Your song won’t be right; it will ruin the night.”

I said, “I don’t care. My song’s already there. I’m singing it right now, with my lips and mouth.”

The moon began to wane; she was in pain. She said, “You don’t know, down there below.”

I said, “I’m sorry,” as I poured tamari on a bowl of rice. “My song is very nice.”

The moon grew so small she couldn’t even call, and I sang my song all night long.
The Night Seminar in São Paulo was organized in 2014 as a means to discuss new ways of understanding the night. The independent group CoLaboratorio and the City of São Paulo partnered to see how regulations and incentives could enhance the city’s nightlife, strengthening both its creativity and economic importance. It was one of many initiatives that had been bubbling in the city for some years and found its pivotal point in the 2012 mayoral elections.

São Paulo is a metropolis of 20 million people within a vast area, fragmented by deep social-spatial segregation. One result of this segregation has been eight decades of car-oriented urban planning that has destroyed the pedestrian scale of the city. Together, these phenomena have exacerbated the split between private and public spheres. In conjunction with real and manufactured fear, daily life has become enclosed behind fortress-like walls, and public spaces have gradually become leftover spaces, spaces for no one.

In 2012, as a homophobic right-wing candidate rose in the polls, several independent arts groups got together to organize a cultural response by hijacking public spaces for music shows, community uses, and protest activities. These gatherings at Roosevelt Plaza came to be known as the “Pink Plaza Shows,” evoking the “rose” in Roosevelt, a firm stand against the homophobic and racist comments made during the mayoral race. These meetings went some way towards temporarily satisfying the desire for a new use of the city’s shared spaces, and brought them into the political arena through their occupation.

Out of this emerged CoLaboratorio, a group formed by professionals from different sectors and research areas who are interested in discussing new forms of urban interaction and development. We believe in the creation of “Cultural Territories,” in which urban space is understood as the interaction of its hardscape and softscape, and where voices and memories are as important as streets and buildings.

Nightlife is one of these territories, a time-space in which the city breathes differently and in which many voices can be heard. Rich with culture and life, as well as economic power, nightlife in São Paulo is large-scale but difficult to catalogue. As we began our research, we found there was little actual information about it. São Paulo’s Night Seminar was thus planned as a partnership with local officials to start building collective knowledge about the city’s night.

One hundred people were invited to the Night Seminar to discuss the topic in group roundtables, and over three days, artists, DJs, researchers, journalists, owners of night-oriented establishments, workers, and producers, all linked in one way or the other to the city’s night life, discussed São Paulo’s Night. During the evenings, seminars and presentations brought into the debate prominent figures in the city’s nocturnal cultural scene, as well as politicians, city officials, and three international guests: Luc...
trait, an essential organizing principle common to human communities around the world prior to the advent of class and hierarchy roughly 12,000 years ago. Because it brings people together voluntarily, and creates ecstatic group consciousness via collective trance states, communal dancing reveals divisions, categories, inequalities, and laws to be arbitrary and meaningless, and is a convivial activity inherently corrosive of top–down authority. As David Hesmondhalgh writes, [R]ave confirmed the subversive populism of dance. Its dangerous reputation was sealed by a “moral panic” in the national press about the drugs associated with the scene. [...] Accompanying this panic, though, was an especially strong Utopian discourse of collectivism and equality within club culture, which stressed the breaking-down of ethnic, class and gender differences. Dance events had long been viewed as rituals of togetherness and inclusion, but the new dance culture went further, and the rhetoric at least was genuinely democratizing: “No performers, no VIPs, we are all special,” was one typical slogan from a club flyer.7

The popular notion today that dance music and its “unreflective hedonism” is apathetic and apolitical needs to be turned on its head: participatory dance itself is inherently anarchic, democratic, and revolutionary. Re-connection to both the flows of our own and other bodies can be insurrectionary; and an embrace of communal, orgiastic sexuality on the dance floor, even if only symbolically, is itself a radical gesture caustic to authority and its enforced repression and alienation. House music, for example, came from the queer Black spaces that marginalized people had carved out for themselves, and Techno was “a reaction to inner–city decay, as by–product of African–American struggle, as a form of protest.”8 We may have much work to do concerning the utilization of the emancipatory power of dance in specific revolutionary praxis, but around the world it is already a central part of liberation struggles (such as the Freedom Songs and dances of Anti–Apartheid South Africa). Despite the effects of commercialization, and even within the co-opted space of the club, consumerist codes can break down and borders can dissolve, as ecstatic dancers experience extraordinary states anathema to normalized dehumanizing and exploitative relations. After all, dancing has the potential to take us beyond ego-identification, and break up impediments to libidinal flow. Perhaps in some ways, the 12,000–year–old oppressive walls of hierarchical civilization can be dismantled, and the structural cancer that is capitalism can be cured simply by joyful hip–shaking.

NOTES
1 Desmond Tutu, Power of Freedom Songs (Making Music, 2002).
2 Marc de la Maison, Facebook comment (Facebook, 2016).
3 Daniele Bolelli, The Slave Wars (History On Fire, 2015).
5 NYC Cabaret License, (NYC Department of Consumer Affairs, 1997).

Listen to soundtrack: https://soundcloud.com/djzhao/dance-dance-revolution

PRAYER
Come, Night, erase Day, with its grievous errors.
“Suppose we have in hand only fragments of accounts written on this city, which taken together cannot be regarded even as a history; suppose we succeed in collecting items alleged to be its remains from all over the world, including wigs, cheap watches, fake high fashion goods, and retouched landscape postcards; yet so long as we cannot find in the boundless ocean the island on which this city was once built, we cannot rule out the possibility that people systematically wove a web of deceit around it, created counterfeit documents, and forged a nonexistent past.”

—Dung Kai-Cheung

At a busy intersection in Kowloon, Hong Kong, an unusual shop stages ephemeral retail acts. On any given day you can find a range of items—fake designer handbags, universal chargers, Dr. Dre headphones, life insurance—grey goods that pass through a parallel economy, casting those who peddle them in daily performance. In a city of hypervisibility, skyscrapers etch ever further into the horizon, their surfaces populated by LED screens projecting an impermeable image of a bright and optimistic future. Yet, in a space of such capital velocity—breeding large income gaps, hyper-dense living conditions, accelerated trade flows—it is the conditions of asymmetry and the ingenuities they engender that provide substance for thinking. What characterizes Hong Kong is less its stable physical forms or sovereign subjects, but rather the interstices where the movements and activities of each converge. As much as bodies and structures are constituted by their physical attributes, and by the space they take up, so too are they defined by their traces and shadows.

Shadows are migrant entities. Inchoate and diffuse, they elude the reductive binaries of black and white, good versus evil, “inclusion” versus “exclusion,” and therefore wage a challenge to apparent truths of visibility and legitimacy. Light and dark, in the case of the shadow, are not opposites, but rather operate at the threshold where they merge, which determines both the strength and proximity of the light source and the density of the matter onto which it is projected. Through this interaction the thing–like nature of the shadow is revealed, while setting into relief the matter which has cast it. In a relationship of mutual constituency, the shadow proves to be substantial while subtly undermining stability; wherever there is matter, its double both dramatizes and leaves clues. Thus the shadow’s contours can be used to trace the processes and errant beings that uphold dominant structures, and further scrutinize these foundations and relations.

In cities, for example, the shadow can encompass the many shades of migrancy. This may refer to migrant peoples, those without rights, disenfranchised urban citizens the world over, and spaces—not only those architectures facilitating a migrant population’s movements, but structures whose meanings shift according to circumstance. Often, the two work in tandem. But such conditions of deprivation are also those of filtering and differentiation. Hong Kong as a facilitator plays host to this entire spectrum: those subjects beneath bridges, along walkways, in mixed-use shops—these brief but constant moments are implicit in the landscape, and perhaps best traced through their movements.
A SECRET
You reach the morning
by riding the night.
Black dogs are seen as uncanny in many cultural traditions. Faust had a black poodle who was Mephistopheles. In Ireland the dreaded Pooka appears as a huge black dog with glowing red eyes. (Incidentally, the psilocybe semillanceata mushroom is called a “pookie” in Ireland.)

Leonora’s black dog seems to contemplate a “pookey” (magic doll) or mandrake root. She calls him “into the dark house”—the magic space, the architecture of Night. He will be our “familiar” as we practice the witchcraft of love.

Finally, let me add one more work, not contained in Susan Aberth’s book but owned by her and kindly shared with me during my visit (with Chuck Stein) to her magical octagon house in the Catskills. “Crow Soup” is a lithograph, and shows a scene in an underground crypt with a gothic ceiling. A crow (Nigredo again) presides over a gathering of two white cows (or goats?), a flying two-legged fish or dolphin, another fish in a fountain, an old crone wearing the Isis Sun/Moon headdress, smoking a pipe and carrying a lion, a disciple, and a white rose (or what might be a peyote button; there is also or mandrake root. She calls him “into the dark house”—the magic space, the architecture of Night. He will be our “familiar” as we practice the witchcraft of love.

ENDQUOTES

“...Ariadne... From time to time we practise magic...”
—Nietzsche, last letter to Jacob Burckhardt, 5-6 January 1889, Turin

“Tis Magick, magic that hath ravished me!”
C. Marlowe, Faustus

NOTES
1 See Cyril of Antioch is patron saint of sorcery and magic. This translation of “his” book is by Jose Lealain, Hesian Press (France), 2014. Thanks to Mustafa al-Layla Bey.
3 Julius Evola, Artic Nights IX, 4, thanks to B. Rodjanski for sending me an reprint of “Introduction to Paradoxical Texts” by Rachel Hardelman.
4 See Muriel Bradbrook, The School of Night (1936), which, however, is weak on occult matters. More enlightening is Charles Nicholl’s erudite The Reckoning: The Murder of Christopher Marlowe (1992); see also Frances Yates’ A Study of Love’s Labor Lost, arguing for Shakespeare’s “membership” in the School.
6 On Bruno, there’s still nothing to beat Dame Frances Yates’ Giordano Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition (1964); you’d think by now someone would’ve gone beyond her, but sadly such is not the case.
8 In School of Night, with art by Nancy Goldring; (New York: Spuyten Duyvil, 2016).
12 Note: I’m sure the reference to opium is no mere metaphor. Thomson, like half the denizens of the nineteenth century, was obviously addicted to laudanum in some form, a third-rate Coleridge or De Quincey.
13 As described by Sir Walter Scott in his wonderful “Lay of the Last Minstrel” and James Hogg in his excellent Three Wives of Man. The real Michael Scott served as court magician to the Emperor Frederick II; see the great biography by Ernst Kantorowicz. Scott’s body was buried in the Abbey of Malrose in the Midthian.
14 In The Works of George Clareman, Poems and Minor Translating, with an introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne (London, 1875).
15 Translated by Dick Higgins (Kingston, N.Y.: McPherson and Co., 1978 [1985]).
16 This passage is from the manuscript version of the Hymns, which Novalis later re-worked as poetic prose for the published version in Athanasius 3, no. 2 (1800).
17 She also wrote the very best Surrealist Fiction, e.g. The Hearing Trumpet, The Owl Lady, The Seventh Horse, etc. See the bibliography in Susan L. Aberth, Leonora Carrington: Surrealism, Alchemy and Art (London: Lund Humphries, 2010).
18 See the quirky but informative by Patrick Leigh Fermor, The Bavarian重点 of Superstition, Origins, Magic, and Secret Societies (Rochester: Inner Traditions, 2012), which includes some good material on Carrington.
20 That is, the Magama or Putrefactio, which is weirdly egotistical, the very philosopher’s stone.
21 See my Ploughing the Clouds: The Search for Irish Soma (San Francisco: City Lights, 1999).
Interview with Philippe Rahm

to create a cold, black “night vault.” Because the night sky emits cold radiation, and it’s black. Lighting is like a micro-sun, and so here the idea was to create a kind of micro-night during the day. So we proposed a night vault, cooled with cold water and emitting a cold radiation, a black radiation, like a night lamp radiating night during the day. It was like an umbrella; everything was black inside. It was one piece of furniture, and an accompanying piece was an urban bed in the street. So it was possible to sleep, to have the night during the day.

For *Diurnisme*, the idea was similar, but with light, because it produces melatonin. We know that light with wavelengths higher than 550 nanometers, i.e. orange-red light, doesn’t affect the production of melatonin in the body. Under orange light your natural cycle of melatonin will still go on, which means that for the physiological body it will be like the night. The light that wakes you up is the blue light in the visible spectrum. *Diurnisme* was a room in which we had orange light, a little like creating a fake night inside the fake day inside the real night. First there’s the night, then as a result of modernity an artificial day, so we proposed the creation of an artificial night inside the artificial day, inside the real night.

SG: I’ve seen a nineteenth-century engraving depicting night swimming by electric light at Coney Island in NYC. They used arc-lamp electric lighting on poles by the beach in 1878, the same year as the invention of the incandescent bulb and the Edison Electric Company. What would electricity be good for? Obviously, swimming in the ocean at night! It’s a surging dark ocean surrounding a small area of illumination, as if to protect the swimmers...

PR: We’re doing a project in Taiwan for a park now, and one thing we’re doing is called Moonlight. It’s a black umbrella with a small light going through, small but intense, like under the moon at night. We want to reproduce a kind of night during the day in Taiwan, where when it is too hot you want to go into the night to protect yourself from the heat of the sun.

SG: What will the park be like at night?

PR: The lighting we’ve proposed responds to light pollution. On the road we need white light due to regulations, but inside the park we use 500-nanometer orange light for the animals. And there’s a gradient, made with LEDs. The first is the road: near the street the light contains all the colours of the rainbow, which makes it white. Then we remove the blue, then the green, and the farther you go into the park the more orange the light becomes, so that it won’t disorient the animals’ biorhythms. It should be complete by summer 2017.

SG: Fantastic!

NOTES

1 For example, “Mortals dwell in that they receive the sky as sky. They leave to the sun and the moon their journey, to the stars their courses, to the seasons their blessing and their inclemency; they do not turn night into day nor day into a harassed unrest.” Martin Heidegger, “Building Dwelling Thinking,” in *Poetry, Language, Thought*, trans. Albert Hofstadter (Harper Colophon Books, New York, 1971), 323.
Dossier: German Nights

Introduction by Will Straw

Josiane Meier and Dietrich Henckel, Urban Lightprints: All But Static
Jakob F. Schmid, Stadt nachacht: Mapping German Nightlife
Sheraz Khan and Christine Preiser, 168 Hours Berlin-Friedrichshain: A Spatiotemporal Analysis

Recent treatments of nighttime in cities often participate in what is sometimes called the “cartographic turn” in cultural analysis: the use of maps as devices for organizing and presenting data. This turn remains contested. The form of the map has been embraced for its capacity to set places and phenomena in intelligible relation to each other, laying bare relationships of complicity and conflict. It has also been criticized for the ways in which the flat spatiality of the map might obscure difference and relations of power.

Maps of the nighttime sky, with its constellations of stars, are among the earliest of what we might call night-maps. But the last hundred years are dotted with attempts to map the nighttime life of cities. Randomly, we might point to the following examples: art historian Anne Cauquelin’s maps of nighttime populations in the public spaces of Paris, which show, from one hour to the next, the concentrations of people in a shrinking number of locations as morning approaches; nighttime entertainment maps showing the circuits of restaurants or dance clubs in a city, such as those produced by Montreal newspapers in the 1960s; maps of criminal activity, within a broader cartographic turn in criminology and policing, distinguish between levels of crime at different moments in the 24-hour cycle; mappings of spaces of nocturnal festivity in Paris during the 1930s; and maps of human movement that, through continuous sensing or photography at intervals, capture the rhythmic dimensions of urban spaces. More recently, maps based on mechanized data input or satellite photography have registered levels of nighttime illumination in cities.

This very proliferation of map-forms diminishes the absolute truth claims of each. At the same time, the variety of visual styles used in mapping betrays the aesthetic impulses behind them. As Orit Halpern has shown, in her book Beautiful Data, attempts to render information visually regularly move between two poles. One of these is the search for forms that convey a sense of objectivity and irrefutable truth; the other is the desire for aesthetic invention, for ways of conveying information which will hold a viewer’s attention and sustain the desire to look.

This dossier brings together three short studies of nighttime activity in German cities. In Urban Lightprints: All But Static, Josiane Meier and Dietrich Henckel study aerial views of Berlin to note the shifting intensities of illumination. Lightscapes emerge here through the combination of commercial activity (like nighttime entertainment venues) and public utilities (such as transportation hubs). Jakob Schmid’s Stadt nachacht: Mapping German Nightlife uses data from location-based services to reveal the clustering of...
nightlife entertainment venues. This shows the proximity of nightclubs to transportation lines, and the preference of both for dense, mixed-use areas where, possibly, conflicts over noise may be avoided. Sheraz Kahn and Christine Preiser, in *168 Hours Berlin-Friedrichshain: A Spatiotemporal Analysis*, collect data using more conventional forms of observation in order to describe the structures, accessibility, and purpose of all spaces within a neighbourhood that had once belonged to East Berlin. Their map shows the fluctuating uses of spaces over the 24-hour cycle and across several days and reveals what they call the “overlapping regions and times of the night.”

Night-maps perpetuate that nocturnal sense noted by Caroline Renard: that it both space and time.\(^{11}\) The night is a period of time, but it is a “territory” as well, with its own populations, rituals and forms of citizenship. Across the practices of the night, that territory may be occupied or traversed, regulated or made free.

NOTES

I sing myself to sleep, then six hours later, sing myself awake.
Ersela Kripa and Stephen Mueller are principals of AGENCY, an interdisciplinary practice engaging contemporary culture through architecture, urbanism, and advocacy. Their projects range from media environments, to guerrilla infrastructures, architecture, and speculative urban research. Seeking productive anomalies in the overlooked and the under-represented, AGENCY identifies and transforms emerging urban paradigms. Kripa and Mueller are the recipients of the Rome Prize in Architecture, fellows of The MacDowell Colony and the New York Foundation for the Arts. Kripa and Mueller are faculty at the TTU College of Architecture in El Paso. Their upcoming book ‘FRONTS: Security and the Developing World’ will be published in 2016 by ORO Editions.

Xenia Benivolski is a writer and curator currently living in Toronto.

CoLaboratório is a multidisciplinary collective promoting urban transformation through democratic and transversal practices, art, communication and architecture. It activates the cultural, economic and social potential of territories. The construction of new spaces for social exchange is based on micro urban interventions proposing new experiences and inventions for the public and symbolic spaces, especially those which promote interaction and whose interest focus on people and their practices. Some of CoLab projects include Conjunto Vazio—which maps empty real state properties—Linear Park of Vila Madalena [Parque Linear da Vila Madalena] and [Anhangabau River Bridge Ponte do Rio Anhangabau] in São Paulo.

Will Davis is a PhD student in architecture at the University of California, Los Angeles, whose research focuses on the history and theory of urban form in postcolonial contexts. His dissertation project looks at the interplay of infrastructure, industry, and state “lawfare” during and after the American colonial rule of the Philippines.

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Christian Dimmer is assistant professor for urban studies at Tokyo’s Waseda University. He earned his PhD from the University of Tokyo on the conceptual history of public space in Japan. Christian’s research centers on citizen urbanism projects, new commons, social innovations and their impact on community resilience.

Pohanna Pyne Feinberg is an artist–educator whose work is generated by curiosity, a desire to share and learn, the resonance of collective memory, and an aspiration to reflect compassion. Her doctoral research explores the pedagogical potential of walking as a creative process and an expressive form. She designs co-creative workshops for schools and community organizations in addition to producing audio walks, sound installations, and photogram prints in collaboration with weather and time.
A SECRET
With my night goggles, I can see the human soul.