

Embodied Cities, Cited Bodies: Assembling Urban Research through Movement

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*This is to certify that to the best of my knowledge, the content of this thesis is my own work.
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Lucinda Petchell

This thesis was written on the lands of the Cadigal and Wangal people. In the process of conducting this research, I walked and thought and wrote on this land often, as well as on the lands of the Dharawal, Wallumedegal, and Cammeraygal people. They have lived on and cared for this land since before time; the units with which we measure time are not able to capture this. Sovereignty over this land was never ceded. I would like to pay my respects to the traditional custodians and to Elders past and present. Every step on the land that has only recently been named 'Australia' is a step on Aboriginal land. Always was, always will be.

Abstract

While urban environments are commonly characterised and studied as nodes in international networks of migration, economics, cultures and policies, they are also sites for everyday embodied experience through which local cultures and identities are performed and produced in dynamic ways. Cities are bricks and mortar, steel and sheet glass, concrete and bitumen, but they are also vulnerable bodies with their fleshy, wet textures, navigating the precarity of existing in and amongst others. These bodies both make and are made by urbanity, just as urbanity makes and is made by these bodies. And more. The flows and frictions that result from being in and moving through environments complicates the binary frameworks that are often used to study ‘the city’. This thesis inhabits the gaps between these polarities, attempting to mediate dichotomies of space and place, local and global, past and present, human and ‘non-human’, among others. To do so, I dwell in the specifics of the urban assemblages that are Sydney, Australia and Lisbon, Portugal. Drawing on ethnographic and autoethnographic methodologies, I offer a hybrid account of how these cities are (co-)produced through movement and how bodies passing-by are (co-)produced through cities. Urbanity emerges in the varied configurations of textures, structures and ruptures that both make and are each of these cities, as well as in the stories I tell here. As such, I argue that cities are not just physical points of interconnection, but as an object of study, urban assemblages require research approaches and methodologies that sit between academic disciplines.

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Trajectories: An Introduction

The sun beats down, eye-wateringly bright. The air ripples. Through the blur of my eyelashes, the e-bike appears like a mirage, a wavering purple spectre glinting in the midday glare. I pause. The meagre shade of the sapling beside me reaches my chin. My hair sticks to my neck.

I circle around the bike. Low to the ground, a helmet clipped into its basket, QR codes taped to the handlebars. I consider. \$1 to unlock, plus 45 cents for each minute of riding. How fast can I ride? Google Maps tells me that a walk from Botany to Leichhardt will take me an hour and 17 minutes, but the blue dotted line shrinks when I click on the bike. 29 minutes. \$14.05. So maybe less.

I pull the bike forward, dislodging the kickstand. Panting, I wheel it up and onto the footpath, noticing for the first time how heavy it is; its weight tugs my arms as I angle it downhill. 1 minute. Another 45 cents.

Helmet on. Leg swung over the squat bicycle seat, my feet still flat on the ground and knees bent. Ready.

Go.

And I'm off, juddering down, down, down my fingers pumping the breaks as the road below gets closer and the hum of cars gets louder. The bike whirs sporadically, its electric engine kicking in and propelling me forwards and then pulling me back. There are no gears on this bike. The muscles in my neck and shoulders are taut.

Whirrrrrrrrr.

My bike ferries me closer.

Whirrrrrrrr.

I can see the brand of his backpack.

Whirrr- my fingers close around the brakes.

The pedestrian strolls ahead, his head tilting up towards the buildings with their tinted glass panels. Cars zoom past. I wait. 9 minutes. \$4.05.

When he turns left off the road and the footpath is clear, I kick off. The electric motor clicks on. The air rushes past my ears, and I am in and of the city, in flow with the cars, surging and soaring forwards. I reach Green Square, pedal across the road and continue. Pedestrians follow behind me, but I'm out of reach. 2 minutes. I pass through Alexandria, past the McDonalds we used to eat at on rare excursions to the city, past the discount Christmas store which stays open year round, past the empty shell of The Beanie Cave, past the Subway restaurant and its artificial bread smell. 1 minute. Construction sites rise up on every corner, marked by half-finished apartment blocks with rendered grey walls. Then the motor stops and I am heaving forward, uphill, feeling as if I've never ridden a bike before. I turn a corner, finding myself behind a woman and her dog. Its head swivels to look at me, its tail wilting. Embarrassed by its stare, I shift onto the road. The word 'ride' seems too smooth for the strange gait I adopt here, using one foot on the gutter and one foot on the pedal to lurch along the bitumen. 100 metres in 8 minutes.

The reproachful terrier is led away and the path is clear.

Whirrrrrrr.

I woosh past a cricket game, letting myself enjoy the wind on my face. 1 minute, no, 30 seconds. I am fast, so fast. And then I see a father and child ambling hand and hand in front of me and the bike won't stop so my fingers are curling around the brakes again and a jogger overtakes me.

I ride like this, pulling back and then soaring, idling behind pedestrians, feeling too shy to ring the bell and too clunky to ride around them, then pushing too hard on the pedal and whooshing past, cranking the bell too late. I assume this is a bike path, but to my left, the traffic lights

change and the cars begin to move. Amongst them, a woman dressed in lycra, gliding past on her bike, turning the pedals as if she is moving through water. Easy. 16 minutes.

A pram is parked across the footpath ahead so I turn the wheel to edge around it. The motor clicks on. I am carried across the grass away from the turn-off I was just about to take. It ferries me under the canopy of some strangler figs where the air is cooler beneath their unfurled branches. Some of the roots that jut out are decorated by 'spoon gardens' where children (I assume) have drawn faces on wooden spoons as a lockdown activity. Their faces have faded in the recent rain, some lying prostrate in the dirt. A googly eye looks up at me. 7 minutes.

As I approach a steep hill, the motor switches off. My breath comes in short gasps. Pedestrians coming the opposite way step off the footpath to let me through. I stamp down on the pedals. Again. And. Again. And. Again. Grinding the wheels round and r o u n d and r o u n d. Halfway up, I realise the walkers are moving faster than I am and hop off the bike, dragging it up the hill beside me. 17 minutes, probably, maybe, I've lost count. I park the bike at Erskineville station, clip in the helmet, and slip down the stairs, legs trembling.

Sydney, 21st December 2021

This was not the bike ride I had intended it to be. It was unexpected not just because it cost \$27 and brought me only half-way to my destination, but because of the questions it raised about the city I was moving through: *How do I get home now? Is this for real? What just happened?*

Although the first one was resolved (relatively) easily, the other two questions have lingered. Until this moment, Sydney had appeared to consist of slick corporate skyscrapers and, separately, worn-down warehouses. It was a city divided into zones for movement, consumption, production, or leisure. The jagged trajectory of the \$27 bike ride that carried me halfway to my destination was all of these things: reluctantly chewing through my weekly transport budget on this crooked commute, producing obstacles and interruptions for local passers-by, and enjoying the feeling of the tyres on the bitumen and the wind on my face (sometimes).

What just happened?

There is no zone in Sydney demarcated for consuming-commuting-playing-plus-some (tensing, laughing, sweating, scowling, soaring), so what was it that I had just experienced? And as I consumed-commuted-played-laughed-plus-some-etcetera, what was I passing? Other blurred boundaries where sports grounds had become fairy gardens and footpaths became construction sites, overlooked by new developments that backed onto antique stores. Side-by-side with second-hand car dealerships, artists had made their studios in warehouses slated for demolition. Each person passing me by was both human and obstacle and potential collision. All these constituent parts, flowing and fracturing, becoming this thing I knew as City, as Home, breaking down into Suburb, Road, Building, Person. The zones of consumption, movement, and production wavered, then melted. Where were the limits? And if there were none, what held, and what continues to hold, everything together in the conglomeration I have come to know as Sydney?

These were not the questions I set out to ask, nor is this the thesis I set out to write. Commencing this research in March 2020, my study into illegal raves as sites of resistance was over before it began. With waves of lockdowns sweeping the world, I began to consider other performances of transgression that were woven into the fabric of everyday urban life. Mostly stuck indoors, confined to exercising in a shrinking radius around my residence, I became obsessed with practices that could still disrupt the mundane whilst adhering to the Coronavirus safety recommendations and restrictions. Even more so, I became obsessed with the sites that facilitated these opportunities; structures and zones “where it might be possible to live outside the dominant ideology, places where everyday life might be taken back, experienced fully and transformed” (Smith 2019, p.27). How could this experiential fullness emerge from within these Covid-19 confines? What places and practices could still trigger affect and intensity to differentiate each passing day?

These were existential, rather than academic, questions, but I clung to them regardless. This is how, one year after I abandoned my initial research project, I found myself interviewing Gaston. He was one of six people I spoke to about abandonment and the practice of urban exploration (known more colloquially as urbex). This embodied engagement with disused, derelict, or otherwise restricted areas often involves trespass, resulting in a highly secretive scene. Because of its sometimes-illegal nature, trust and reciprocity must be established between practitioners before exploring together or sharing locations with each other. While this made participants difficult to find, the consequences of these unwritten rules is that explorations

tend to occur individually or in small groups, and can occur anywhere deemed interesting to the explorer. Gaston, then, was an expert in seeking out zones in which life could be “experienced fully”.

I am walking with Gaston in the sunshine. It is winter, and the light is feeble but warm against my back. The recorder is not yet running, and as we move through Callan Park, he tells me about his explorations here.

“I took my girlfriend’s kids down here - they’re 7 - to put some rocks through the window,” he tells me.

I laugh. The grass is long and scratching at my ankles. In the afternoon light, the sandstone appears yellow and casts long shadows across the ground. A buggy drives past with a ranger or security guard. We watch it pass.

“Have you ever thrown a rock through a window?” he asks.

I haven’t, and I tell him so. Heat is creeping up the back of my neck, prickling at my hairline.

“We’ll have to fix that.”

I am aware of the thrumming of my blood in my ears. The fact that he has said ‘we’ makes me feel like a confidante, an accomplice, or maybe his apprentice.

“I don’t think ethics would like that,” I say, laughing again.

“You can’t be worrying about ethics; you just have to do it.”

There is an awkward pause as we settle on the grass beside the old school; its windows gape with broken glass. I hand him a consent form.

I fumble with the recorder. When he opens his mouth to speak his stories have shrunk down to a sentence. When I prompt him, he offers one word answers. My questions become longer as I fumble for words, and the silences stretch like shadows in the afternoon sun.

There is a paper that could be written here on the mismatch between the habitus of a researcher and that of the field they are researching, but that is beyond the scope of this thesis. The trouble I had encountered went deeper than Gaston's reticence and my inability to overcome it; it was the premise of my research. The problem lay in the very formulation of the problem I had set for myself: that the taking back, experiencing and transforming of everyday urban life occurred only by seeking out alternative zones like abandoned buildings or heritage sites. In designating these areas as 'meaningful', I had sliced the city in two - cleaving old and new, interesting and not interesting, areas to pause and areas to move through. These false binaries are reflected in other areas of urban literature, juxtaposing place and space, urban and suburban, local and global, among many other dichotomies. Wobbling through Sydney on my bike, watching the suburbs bleed together in the blur of passing-by, the city joined back together.

If I mapped these abstract categories onto Sydney, I would lose not only the embodied experience of moving through an urban environment, but the embodied experience of Sydney's identity. I had lived in Sydney all my life, and the city that I knew was not the one I saw represented in the binaries I was now trying to force it into. At the time, I was a resident of the Inner West, around Leichhardt, but I grew up in Greater Sydney's outer South West, the sprawling suburbs where my mother still lives and I visit regularly. Leichhardt consists of houses packed together on narrow streets, and narrower footpaths criss-crossing in and out of cul-de-sacs, through tunnels, and along canals. A short bus ride could take me to the bay or to the city centre or to my university. But not long after my bike ride, I went home again, catching one train and two buses to the city limits. This is a two hour journey and throughout it I returned again and again to this passage from Elizabeth Farrelly's book 'Killing Sydney' (2021).

One reason the inner city is generally so much more enchanting than outer suburban areas is that the relatively constrained nature of the private space – that is, homes – encourages people to spend a greater proportion of their lives in public space. People in inner cities go to restaurants and cafes rather than entertaining at home, and often even conduct their working lives there... They share. That's the deal. The spin-off is the very fact of all that sharing: it's streets that, like King Street, Newtown, hum day

and night with energy. Shop-owners who become mates, cafes that welcome people who spend half a day over a coffee, bookshops that host poetry readings where people flow out into the street... This is community.

Farrelly 2021, p.115-116

Here Farrelly argues that areas like the Inner West of Sydney (which encompasses both Newtown and Leichhardt) are vibrant because they are contained. Being held in close proximity breeds energy, interest, and variety. By contrast, the outer suburbs (particularly those in the West and the South West) are linked together by vast stretches of highway. At the end of these long drives or train and bus rides there are clusters of identical houses with their own manicured lawns and a car (or two or three) in the driveway. This ‘solipsistic’ living is opposite to “connection, beauty and genuine respect for otherness” (Farrelly 2021, p.113). While the Inner West was filled with the jumble of life, the outer South West was empty. But for me, it felt different. This contrast is made apparent in a note I scribbled during that visit home.

Here is where I understand Sydney best. Tonight, my mum and I walked through Western Sydney Parklands. It's a half hour drive to the park, but all the suburbs we passed were familiar. I have memories in each of them, and all of them offer a sense of Home far beyond (literally!) what I feel in the immediacy of Leichhardt. When we were on the highway, I cracked the window open and listened to the woosh of the air, the hum of traffic and a chorus of lorikeets chattering in the dying light. Night was setting in and the construction sites looked black. As we passed the petrol station, my mum pointed out the moon – just a sliver in the pink-tinged sky.

These are the experiences that are lost in abstraction. Henri Lefebvre argues that abstracting space fails to account for embodied experiences in everyday life (2017). To counter this, Lefebvre suggests that space is produced in a triadic relationship between perceived space (including spatial practices such as daily routines in urban environments), conceived space (including representations of space through architecture or cartography), and lived space (including spaces of representation where embodied experience unfolds).¹ Farrelly’s account takes into consideration only the ‘conceived’ space of South West Sydney, rather than the ‘lived space’ outlined in my own stories of Sydney’s suburban limits. For me, and for my mother, these suburban outskirts are just as much Sydney as the bounded Inner West is for Farrelly.

¹ Other theories of space (and the concept of ‘space’ itself) will be explored and problematised in more detail in chapter 2. For more on Henri Lefebvre’s theory of spatial production, see Stanek 2011 & Lefebvre 2017.

While dichotomies might be useful in discussions of city planning, they were not an accurate reflection of what it is to be actually emerged in the flows and frictions of lived experience.

So...I changed my project. Taking as its locus the question “how are cities (co-)produced and performed through passing-by?”, this thesis explores the role that movement, affect, and inconvenience play in the unfolding of an urban environment. I suggest that in the specific processes and intersections from which facets of a city come together and pull apart, there is intensity, feeling, and vulnerability that is grounded in the ‘here’, under these feet that are treading (or pedalling or driving) this indistinct road past this anonymous building. It is this, I argue, that gives a city its particular texture.

In what follows across this introduction, I will sketch out a short history of urban walking research, and the possibilities and limitations it contains. This leads me to the defining trope of my thesis – the notion of *passing-by*, which is both the subject and the methodology of this research. I explain how this thesis will examine what emerges from my case studies and explain how this story will unfold. As such, this introduction is not just a map of our passing-by in Sydney and Lisbon, but a compass that hopes to orient this research for you, the reader, between disciplinary borders and theoretical binaries.

A History of Walking in Urban Research

Studies of urbanity are often centred on one particular mode of movement research: walking. One of the earliest iterations of the urban walker was the *flâneur*, usually associated with Honoré de Balzac, Charles Baudelaire, and, later, Walter Benjamin (see Gluck 2003). This trope emerged in the 19th century as a term for a detached gentleman wandering the streets of Paris. The exact characteristics of the *flâneur* are unclear: for Balzac, the practice of *flânerie* is not strolling, but watching (Boutin 2014; Aroles & Küpers 2022); for Baudelaire, to be a *flâneur* is to be an artist. The term gained most prominence in the work of Walter Benjamin (2006) who interpreted Baudelaire’s heroic literary figure as a journalist documenting the modernisation of the late 19th century city. While debate still exists as to exactly who the *flâneur* is and what he represents² – stroller, artist, consumer, detective, hero, journalist, aesthetic sensibility, modernity – he has maintained a dominant position in urban studies. While urbanity

² For more information and debate about various interpretations of the *flâneur*, see Tester 1994; Gluck 2003; Lauster 2007; Boutin 2014; Aroles & Küper 2022.

has changed since Baudelaire was meandering through the Parisian arcades, the *flâneur*'s contested legacy persists in positioning walking as a primary mode of engagement with cities.

Despite debate about the exact relationship between the *flâneur*, consumerism and art, walking has become intertwined with urban artistic practice, resistance literature, and research, particularly in mid-twentieth century performance practice. The Situationist International (1957-1972) combined all of these facets in their practice, drawing on the Lettrist International's (1952-1957) *psychogeography* along with their own *dérives*. *Psychogeography* was the study of affect in "altered or détourned urban geographies or environments" (Stracey 2014, p.9) which often involved mapping emotions and effects of cities rather than their physical landscapes. These affective contours were revealed through *dérives* or 'drifts' which Situationist founder Guy Debord described as a "playful-constructive behaviour and awareness of psychogeographical effects" (Debord 1958). Situationist practices fed into each other, operating as part of a wider strategy of intervening in the 'Society of the Spectacle'. The spectacle extended beyond image-driven consumer-capitalism; for Debord, it was a "social relationship between people that is mediated by images" (Debord in Stracey 2014, p.6). Urban environments epitomised and concretised this alienating cultural landscape, as Situationist Raoul Vaneigem explained.

What spark of humanity, which is to say possible creativity, can remain alive being dragged from sleep at six every morning, jolted about in commuter trains, deafened by the racket of machinery... tossed out at the end of the day into great railway-station halls – temples of arrival and departure for the hell of weekdays and the nugatory paradise of the weekend, where the masses commune in brutish weariness?

Vaneigem 2012, p.37

As such, Situationist walking practices were more than city strolls, they formed part of a network of techniques to resist the diversions of a spectacular society. Along with *détournement* and 'unitary urbanism', *psychogeography* and *dérive* were part of 'constructed situations'. This term explains how the Situationists intended to challenge 'the Spectacle' through collective, unpredictable, and dynamic events (Stracey 2014, p.9). These ephemeral moments of collective play and re-diversion were foundational to the Situationist movement. However, this overarching purpose is often reduced to their walking practice. Removed from their original context, Situationist tools for collective subversion and transgression have shifted

in both purpose and meaning to become a more commercial literary genre, an artistic practice, and a methodology.

Likewise, *flânerie* has morphed from its original definition. No longer a detached observer of urbanity, the *flâneur* became a figure of resistance himself in the late 20th century through the work of Michel de Certeau. In ‘The Practice of Everyday Life’ (2002), de Certeau argued that ordinary practices are also acts of resistance against dominant ideological structures. His essay ‘Walking in the City’ was particularly influential in linking urban walks with revolutionary practice.³ As he said:

walking affirms, suspects, tries out, transgresses, respects, etc. The trajectories speak. All the modalities [of pedestrian enunciation] sing a part in this chorus, changing from step to step, stepping in through proportions, sequences, and intensities which vary according to the time, the path taken and the walker.

De Certeau 2002, p.99

This highly located, aware, engaged and emplaced *flâneur* differs from the aesthetic wanderer and detached observer of the late 19th and early 20th century. For Justine Shih Pearson, these early wandering practices fell “between introspection and observation... a practice of kaleidoscopic colour, a reverie or poetics of walking that generates solitary and social spaces” (Shih Pearson 2012, p.52). In contrast, de Certeau’s walker challenges social space, and thus, reframes *flânerie* as a political act. As such, de Certeau’s work sits in-between Situationist resistance and Benjamin’s *flâneur*. As the field of urban walking research has opened further, Situationist practices and de Certeau’s have blurred in a proliferation of perambulatory stories and histories⁴.

Psychogeography and *dérive* in particular have expanded beyond their original context. James Sidaway highlights how these subversive tools have transitioned from their role within a

³ Walking is just one example from De Certeau’s ‘The Practice of Everyday Life’ which positions mundane or routine spatial practices as minute acts that resist or at least reveal and interrupt capitalist power structures (see de Certeau 2002).

⁴ See Thrift 2006; I & A Ruby in Wilkins 2010; Turner 2010; Case 2014; Ghiabi 2018; Chaudhury & Lundberg 2018

framework of resistance to a mainstream mode of urban engagement, as well as a research methodology. Sidaway details how writers such as Iain Sinclair, Will Self and Nick Papadimitriou have chronicled their walks through gritty urban environments, reanimating city margins as zones for creativity, reflection, and resistance. Calling themselves ‘*psychogeographers*’, the popularity of their works have led *psychogeography* into a market where the practice can be bought and sold itself (Sidaway 2022). Situationist praxis has also been useful in developing or participating in walking-based performance. Although Phil Smith argues against broad applications of *dérive* (Smith 2010), he does cite the technique as a useful tool for developing site-specific performance and resisting the “brutal homogenisation of the city” (Smith 2019, p.27). Kris Darby argues that many forms of site-specific performance can be tied to the Situationist movement, employing the term ‘Situation-specific’ (2013). These could include Sophie Calle’s ‘Suite Vénitienne’ (2015) which documents her time following a stranger on foot through the city of Venice.⁵ As *psychogeography* and *dérive* have been appropriated across different fields, their definition has shifted from their original intent.

This decontextualization has brought Situationist walking practices and *flânerie* into the field of research. Despite Debord’s assertion that psychogeography and *dérive* were not designed as an academic methodology (Stracey 2014, p.122), the flaneur and the psychogeographer have also become ethnographers, teachers, and more. Chris Jenks and Tiago Neves (2000) highlight parallels between urban ethnographic studies and the wandering gaze of these walking practitioners. They suggest that ethnography can learn from *flânerie* as a field methodology, although a balance must be struck between the “poetics” of the flaneur and the politics of the “researcher”. Meanwhile, Keith Bassett examines psychogeography as a pedagogical exercise to open up questions and issues for students of human geography. Bassett argues that the value of the practice lies in prompting a critical engagement with other methodologies and epistemologies like ethnography, urban forces such as tourism, and the value of an avant-garde walking practice across different cultures and time periods (2004, p.408-409). Although the use of the flaneur as a methodology is not widespread practice in scientific fields, these studies show the malleability of the *psychogeographer* and the *flâneur*, as well as the dominance of these tropes in discussions of walking as research.

⁵ For more in-depth accounts of ‘situation-specific’ art, see Doherty 2004.

Although there may be some evidence to suggest the usefulness of these tropes for research, the extent of their value is still in question. The arguments against using *flânerie* and *psychogeography* in order to understand urban environments are divided into two strands. One group of researchers such as Erik Swyngedouw (2002), Phil Smith (2010) and Frances Stracey (2014) ask whether these tools can be effective outside their original contexts, and another group like Lauren Elkin (2017), and Stephanie Springgay and Sarah E Truman (2018) question whether the privilege inherent to the white, male *flâneur* or *psychogeographer* means that these icons of walking as research should be left behind⁶. Taken together, the criticism suggests that embodied engagement with urbanity must be reconsidered beyond what is offered by 20th century walking theorists. This is what my thesis hopes to do.

One particular critique of *psychogeography* and *flânerie* is worth visiting here in more detail. As Frances Stracey suggests, using these techniques of walking, mapping and observing as literary genres and research methodologies can rob them of their efficacy (2014). As I have mentioned above, discussions of Situationist tactics in particular are concerned that the aestheticisation of *dérive* has enmeshed it within the capitalist spectacle it attempts to criticise.

The situationists' tactics were not sufficient to protect them from the spectacle. Nevertheless, these tactics have been widely rifled and appropriated; the most popular objects of selective desire: *dérive* and *psychogeography*. The other side of appropriation is exclusionary citation, a recent example being Merlin Coverley's *Psychogeography* (2006), which attempts to wrench psychogeography from its theoretical frame in the critique of the spectacle. Coverley follows Rebecca Solnit's lead in *Wanderlust*, contemptuously dismisses Debord as a comic neo-flâneur, detaching psychogeography from politics and origins; the situationist project a backdrop for a neo-romantic literature.

Smith 2010, p.104

Here, Smith identifies a selective engagement with Situationist work that extracts walking practices from their wider theoretical framework.⁷ As a consequence, *dérive*, *psychogeography* and *flânerie* have begun to bleed together despite their different contexts. While *flânerie* was

⁶ This will be discussed in further detail later in this chapter

⁷ For a more comprehensive account of the shifts in psychogeography and the debate surrounding its decontextualisation, see Sidaway 2022.

always a solitary practice, Frances Stracey notes that constructed situations (of which *dérive* and *psychogeography* were part) were intended to be “anti-hierarchical, non- or trans disciplinary, amateurish or non-specialised, iterant, ephemeral and, most importantly, collectively prepared and developed” (Stracey 2014, p.9). Decontextualising and blending these practices has fundamentally changed them. Psychogeographical creative works populate the ‘travel’ section at the book store or have been legitimised within academic disciplines such as geography (Sidaway 2022, p.552). It seems that these practices no longer belong to “revolutionary, anti-establishment, anarcho-marxist and radically transformative movements” (Swyngedouw in Sidaway 2022, p.551). As such, these critics feel they are no longer effective in challenging the ‘Society of the Spectacle’. Given that Situationist walking practices were part of a framework for resisting this spectacle, this thinking suggests that contemporary *psychogeography* and *dérive* are not useful for urban research.

Yet others argue that losing the revolutionary impulse of these practices may not matter. Contrary to those who feel this resistance should be embedded within urban walking, Merlin Coverley (2006) suggests that *psychogeography* predates the Situationists. Coverley writes that *psychogeographic* practice has its roots in 19th century literature, particularly in the work of Thomas de Quincey. His dazed wanderings, for Coverley, turn London into a strange twilight realm. As such, he claims that *psychogeography* can be considered distinct from the Situationists’ political motivations. Others suggest that the definition of Situationist walking practices has always been vague, offering the researcher the flexibility to adopt the practices as valid research methodologies (Robinson 2014). Indeed, although the Situationists were resistant to their work being absorbed into academic institutions, they also saw their movement as transient and transferrable. Debord himself emphasised that “the very term Situationist was only employed by us to *pass on*, in the renewal of the social war, a certain number of perspectives and theses” (Debord et al. in Stracey 2014, p.123, original emphasis). To my mind, the literary debate is not about whether or not Situationist practices are still effective, but which perspectives are taken up and how. For this thesis, I have accepted Frances Stracey’s assertion that *psychogeographic* techniques make most sense in their original context as a collective practice. As such, I have resisted applying the term to my own work.

Psychogeography and *flânerie* are just two strands of walking literature. There is also a plethora of methodologies that have built on the foundations laid by the thinking and walking of the Situationists and the *flâneurs*. Some of these more contemporary methodologies are direct

descendants of *psychogeographic* traditions while others are less explicitly linked. One example of the latter is Tina Robinson's '*schizocartography*'. Robinson develops this term due to the "historic problems attached to the term... and to differentiate [her] own style of psychogeography from many other existing forms" (2014, p.59).⁸ In uncovering and exploring the moods of a site (in Robinson's case, a university campus), '*schizocartography*' could be considered a branch of psychogeography that is also informed by work on multiplicity by Felix Guattari. As Robinson makes clear, the term *schizocartography* is designed to invoke Félix Guattari's '*schizoanalysis*' and '*schizoanalytic cartography*'. Robinson notes that the prefix is not intended to "promote mental illness... [but it was used] as a way of offering up the possibility of multiple voices" (2014, p.60). However, I follow Judith Butler (1997) and Simidele Dosekun (2015) who assert that discourse is "excitable" and exists outside of the control of the authors' intention. Appropriating the prefix 'schizo' is, to me, impossible without also adopting the connotations it carries—so I have not been attracted to using Robinson's term in my own work.

Other walking methodologies seek to establish themselves separately to the Situationists. '*Mythogeography*', also emphasises multiplicity by engaging with the 'layers' of an area and blending concepts of space with the fragmented asymmetrical walker or 'self'. Phil Smith (2010) describes this as a method of *détourning* the spectacle, recognising the splintering of urbanity, but focussing instead on the experience of movement, rather than the urban environment itself. For Smith, *mythogeography* is an answer to the problems he identifies of a deradicalised *dérive*.

In yet another development, Carl Lavery (2014) moves on with Bruno Latour and Emilie Hermant's notion of the 'sociological opera' which recognises how hidden infrastructures (drains and sewers and electrical wires for instance) produce the daily lives. Lavery argues that one issue with walking as the Situationist or the *flâneur* practiced it is the failure of these methods to recognise the interpenetration of human systems and wider ecologies that shape human life in urbanity. Using this methodology in conversation with Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari's work on affective bodily experience, Lavery explores what he names '*ecography*' as a possible alternative methodology.

⁸ Robinson does not specify which problems she is referring to here.

Across these three methods, *schizocartography*, *mythogeography*, and *ecography*, there are varying degrees of acknowledgement and engagement with the historical understanding and practice of *flânerie* and *psychogeography*. However, walking thinkers like Robinson, Smith and Lavery show that these older methodologies can still be useful, relevant and present in the lineage of those who walk to grasp and understand the relationship between cities and city bodies.

A glaring omission in the approaches and their critique that I have canvassed above is the masculinist construction of the *flâneur*, which has also seeped into discussions of psychogeography. Lauren Elkin's focus on literary women wanderers leads her to coin the feminine term '*flâneuse*' as a challenge to the traditionally male-dominated practice. She argues that women have been erased in many discussions on the history of *psychogeography* and *flânerie* because of the paradox that they represent in public life; women are both too visible and not visible enough. She points, for instance, to Lucy Sante's writing from 2015. Sante argues that women cannot be *flâneurs*: "it is crucial for the *flâneur* to be functionally invisible" (Sante in Elkin 2017, p.13). Elkin also suggests that despite their visibility, a woman is made visible through the weight of the male gaze. The women who were *flâneurs* have been lost to history, exemplified by Will Self who sees psychogeography as a "fraternity" (Self in Elkin 2017, p.19). This attitude is also reflected in the work of Chris Jenks and Tiago Neves who recognise that there is a distinctly masculine framing in the practice of *flânerie* but claim it would be unfair "to condemn once and for all the flâneur because of his pleasures in aesthetic excess or abstract expression... or because of his relation with women" (Jenks and Neves 2000, p.12). Jenks and Neves also appear not to have considered that the position of the flâneur could be occupied by a woman. In doing so, these more contemporary framings not only fail to challenge the patriarchal aspects of urban walking practices but perpetuate them.

Although there have been some attempts to address this gender gap by redefining the *flâneur* and the *psychogeographer*, there are other critiques of inherent inequalities embedded in these walking practices of the past and the present. They not only operate within a problematic gender binary but also fail to consider the intersection of class, race and being able-bodied. Psychogeographer Morag Rose:

'joked' uncomfortably that if I had read more canonically before embarking on my explorations I would never have bothered, because the oppressive myth of the flâneur

was, and too often still is, dominant in psychogeography. I certainly see no reflection of my body or reality in him

2022, p.536

Like Rose, I find no resemblances between myself and the Situationists. While Rose has been able to connect with a more inclusive version of *psychogeography*, I have chosen to avoid the term to more accurately reflect my experiences in urbanity.

Of course, *flânerie*, *psychogeography* and their more contemporary urbane offshoots are not the only ways to walk or the only setting that can be studied on foot. There are numerous walking methodologies that act, to use a term from Phil Jones and James Evans (2011), as a type of ‘walking interview’. A walking interview refers to a range of practices employed in social sciences from structured urban tours and guided walks in gardens to joining participants on their regular ambles. These are not necessarily used as engagements with urbanity and may have different aims. Some include offering insights into place and self as in the work of Rebecca Solnit, or exposing “hidden or unnoticed habitual relations with place and the environment” as in Margarethe Kusenbach’s ethnographic ‘go-alongs’ (Kusenbach in Evans & Jones 2011). For Tim Ingold and Jo Lee Vergunst, walking is a way to understand trajectories as productive, arguing that “walking is itself a practice of architecture that generates its own forms” (Ingold & Vergunst 2008, p.15). In other words, walking produces its own environment. The connections between walking that these researchers are investigating can be forged anywhere. Moving away from cities as an object of study, walking has also assumed strong presence in the field of nature writing (Sidaway 2022, p.561). In other less defined contexts, there are ‘bimbles’ in which a researcher wanders on an undetermined route with a participant (Anderson 2004). In fact, walking research and writings are so wide ranging these days that it would be difficult to canvas them all here. While these alternative approaches have no explicit link to *flânerie* and *psychogeography* or even to the city, they are not exempt from the criticisms of privilege that I have mentioned above.

Bodies that walk are subject to the same intersecting oppressions as bodies that do not walk. In his argument that walking is a mode of resistance against totalising power structures, De Certeau states that “trajectories speak” (2002, p.99). Yet as Elkin (2017) and Rose (2022) note, not all bodies and trajectories speak equally. Stephanie Springgay and Sarah E Truman argue

that there is privilege in being able to move freely (Springgay and Truman 2018, 2019, 2022), while some authors argue that this is exactly what makes walking an act of resistance. Rebecca Solnit is one author who points out that walking is not accessible to everyone everywhere. In Solnit's interpretation, those areas that have restricted movement through privatisation of public arenas have imbued walking with heightened capacity for resistance. Unable to be or move in public, people in these urban environments have nowhere to exercise their freedom to exist, speak, or revolt. Walking becomes an assertion of a right to exist on the street as well as a dangerous political act.

All the efforts to control who strolls and how suggest that walking may in some way still be subversive. At least it subverts the ideals of entirely privatised space and controlled crowds, and it provides entertainment in which nothing is spent or consumed.

Solnit 2014, p.285

But Springgay and Truman argue that this framing is itself a manifestation of patriarchal ideology. For them, these narratives are "individualistic, heroic, epic and transgressive" (Heddon and Turner in Springgay and Truman 2019, p.55-56). They suggest that all bodies have equal right to wander, and that all bodies are granted the same unfettered access to roam. Yet walking is not joyful or free for all bodies everywhere. Sometimes bodies are bounded, halted, by failed infrastructure, or they are bodies that carry the economic burden of others. They are the transporters of food, water or other commodities, making walking an act of necessity rather than joy. Placing one foot in front of the other can be tiring. This exhaustion is felt unevenly across the diverse populations. In order to address these concerns, understandings of what walking is and how it can be useful to research must be diversified even further.

Springgay and Truman are helpful here. They advocate for abandoning the trope of the flaneur altogether, suggesting that Debord's notion of the *dérive* (playful and constructive 'drifts') may still prove useful when applied cautiously and with critical positionality. By considering how a researcher's own intersecting positions may shape their walking, these accounts can elucidate how landscapes and bodies are assembled with each other, reproduce each other and change each other. Springgay and Truman's research is grounded in a 'trans-ing' of walking by

figuring it as a ‘walking-with’. This hyphenated construction does not presuppose the presence of another person, but the presence of and attention to the ‘more-than-human’. An example of this approach can be found in Clare Britton’s PhD thesis ‘A Week on the Cook’s River’ (2020) which employs walking-with as one method to learn about and critically reflect on the impacts of colonialism, capitalism and climate change in Sydney. Britton argues that walking is “a tool for exposing latent cultural information... in a landscape” (2020, p.34). By moving through an area, a walker has time to meditate on the feeling of a place, noticing its features and revealing a story about the location. In this Britton followed Henry David Thoreau who argued that walking allows the researcher to dwell “deliberately” in place (Thoreau, 1889, in Britton 2020, p.33), suggesting careful, considered and intentional interaction with the landscape. In employing this approach, Britton suggests that she is able to notice and interact with the place she is studying in a way that other less embodied approaches would not allow. Other similar literature includes David Watson’s account of walking and swimming across Sydney (2012) as well as work from other human geographers and writers such as Naomi Stead (2010) and Vanessa Berry (2017). In foregrounding attention, slowness and interconnectedness, these writers contend that walking highlights other perspectives that can be found and experienced in urban environments.⁹

The Potential in Passing-By

Above I have laid out, in brief, the possibilities offered by various modes and practices of walking as research, as well as their limitations. But for my research, I have been much more than a walker. As a city dweller, I am passenger. Bus stop loiterer. Researcher. Daydreamer. Pedestrian. Dancer. Obstacle. Shape-shifter. Though this urban CV is impressive, my adaptability is not unique; inhabiting these positions is a pre-condition of being in process as part of a city. At any one time, footpaths may contain *psychogeographers*, *flâneurs*, tourists, commuters, guides, protestors, walkers and wanderers, co-producing cities whether they intend to or not. Whatever the term, there are many different methods of movement in urbanity. In order to recognise these disparate practices, I use the term ‘passing-by’. In doing so, I am not only including many forms of urban movement, and shifting away from the patriarchal, able-

⁹ This account of walking research may have given the impression of a chronology of walking research stretching from the *flâneurs* to this project. This account is incomplete, nor is it entirely chronological. As I will discuss in the following chapter on methodology, care and attention as moving embodied practices have been part of Indigenous ontologies since beyond time.

bodied legacy of twentieth century walking practice, I am also hinting towards a collective form of movement.

As I have established, much of the research around walking has been based on the figure of the *flâneur* or the *psychogeographer* as a lone urban wanderer. However, the prepositional construction of passing-by signifies something beyond the body that is moving. Passing what by? Passing who? In urbanity we are always in-relation with other city bodies and objects. This construction recognises that in passing-by, bodies cannot be separated from the world they are traversing. This interrelation is where urbanity emerges: in passing-by, in the connection between materials, species, and textures.

To examine how passing-by both produces and reveals urban environments as cultural and geographic identities, I have structured this thesis around three sub-questions. Firstly, I explore what a city is and how viewing an urban environment as a living process rather than a geographic location complicates abstract theoretical approaches to city research. This subsection, which I have called ‘Process’, commences by re-framing urban environments as specific, moving processes. Following the work of Elizabeth Grosz (1992) and Manuel de Landa (2006, 2016), I argue that urban environments are best understood as an assemblage of topographical features, architecture, bodies, movements, textures, and languages (and more) that live in the bodies of their inhabitants. Rather than viewing urbanity as a fixed entity, Chapter 1 frames Sydney and Lisbon as ever-unfolding processes that co-produce embodied cities and citted bodies through passing-by. In this chapter, I will focus specifically on language and habit as examples of these intangible facets of urbanity, but I do so with the understanding that there are infinite case studies that could be offered here. Having foregrounded movement and ‘thrown-togetherness’ as key ingredients to understanding urban passing-by, Chapter 2 examines how urban processes complicate the concepts that are often applied to city environments. Here, I focus on ‘space’ and ‘place’ as well as ‘urban’ and ‘suburban’ dichotomies that fail to capture the ever-shifting character of a city. Passing-by, I argue, reveals a messiness in urbanity that defies static theory. As such, I draw on the work of Brian Massumi (2002) and Doreen Massey (2001, 2002, 2004, 2005, 2014) to emphasise urban movement, as well as to re-frame ‘place’ as thrown-togetherness and ‘space’ simultaneity. Furthermore, I extend Massey’s work to suggest that passing-by is an encounter with a hyphenated ‘place-space’ as a continuous being-in-relation both here and elsewhere. In doing so, this section intends to act both as an analysis of how the movement of passing-by produces urban processes,

but also as a model for the interdisciplinary, hyphenated research that I have attempted in the following sections.

The next sub-section, called ‘Affect’, responds to the question: ‘what sustains a city?’. I argue that embodied experiences of city assemblages become stories that hold urban conglomerations together, and that these stories are reproduced, maintained and performed as affective or cultural sensibilities. Building on the idea that passers-by are always oriented to particular urban atmospheres, histories, or memories, I suggest that some performances in cities are designed for the purpose of producing a particular identity. In Chapter 3, I examine how Sydney and Lisbon carry their pasts into the present through the bodies of passers-by, experienced as urban affects. Drawing on Sara Ahmed (2006, 2010), I note that these affective states are not latent within a built environment but emerge from bodily ‘orientations’ towards, or away from, particular histories. I examine how this can sustain the colonial identity of cities like Sydney and Lisbon by orienting passers-by towards certain aspects of their history, and consequently, obscuring other facets. The intersection between body and urban environment is fertile ground for affective states that can linger long after urban encounters, and in doing so, I suggest that urban orientations are also always disorientations. However, as I will argue in Chapter 4, not all urban affective experiences have the same intensity. Urban passing-by weaves between many modalities and intensities, resisting a binary approach to urban experience. This chapter centres on two instances of passing-by that reveal how both mundane and special events contribute to the sense of Lisbon being a coherent whole. This is the process whereby A City becomes This City – a cultural identity that is sustained through its own performance.

However, in the final sub-section, I will also suggest that the very things that create cities are also the things that make them vulnerable to change. While the first two sections deal with creating and sustaining an urban environment, the final section asks how cities change. The title of this section – ‘Inconvenience’ – is a reference to the work of Lauren Berlant (2022) who recognises the discomfort of sharing a city, a country, a planet with other bodies from whom we are inextricable. Chapter 5 stretches the term ‘body’, proposing that urbanity is both produced and destabilised through intercorporeal and interspecial encounters. This chapter collapses theoretical binaries between human animal and nonhuman animal bodies, focussing instead on the textures that are encountered in passing-by. I suggest that moving through a city is also a process of rubbing up and brushing up against different materials, bodies and species that upsets the notion that we might be in control of experience in urban environments.

This lack of control makes urban environments dynamic and precarious. However, as I will argue this precarity is not carried equally by all bodies. Here I will revisit the idea of resistance, not as an act of transgression, but as a material condition of passing-by. The rubbing up and brushing against of interspecial texture could also be a stumbling, tripping or tearing open if urban environments are not constructed to account for our particular bodies as they pass each other by. I will argue that while infrastructure is designed to smooth the gaps between different facets of an urban assemblage, these linkages are designed largely for white, able, male bodies. Other bodies, I suggest, may experience urbanity as a precarity that emerges from dwelling in the gaps left by failed infrastructure. Rather than being an abnormality in the otherwise smooth functioning of a city, these infrastructural failures are inherent to urban environments. As such, the assembling of bodies and cities is not just an act of collective producing, but also a collective unravelling. I expand on this further throughout Chapter 7, emphasising that the instability of an urban environment extends beyond a city's locale, challenging even the boundaries between 'here' and 'there'. Returning to Doreen Massey's concepts of 'simultaneity' and 'thrown-togetherness', I point out that cities are also changed through simultaneous processes that produce or disrupt other cities elsewhere. While texture and precarity are experienced as immediate (here, in this building, on this street, in this city), these conditions are seemingly produced in another location and imported through the forces of globalisation and mass tourism. The embodied experience of passing-by is also dependent on the many acts of passing-by that are unfolding elsewhere, making a city both 'here' and 'more-than-here' at the same time. Thus, although cities are produced in the immediacy of dynamic experiences, they are also produced through simultaneity and the passing-by of other bodies in other cities.

In these stories of passing-by in Sydney and in Lisbon, this project attempts to inhabit the gaps between theoretical binaries. Over the course of this project, I have passed-by concepts such as place and space, urban and suburban, ancient and modern, every day and special, human and 'non-human', passive and resistant, and even here and there. Assembled from different disciplinary approaches, the thesis is a tangle of flows and frictions that is enfolded in the thickness of urban passing-by. In constructing the tale of these two cities as such, I hope to model an approach to research that is much like the urban environment: dynamic, connected, and always in-process.

A Tale of Two Cities: Sydney and Lisbon

I have grounded my research in two case studies located 18 166km away from each other. Both cities are port cities. Both cities have colonial histories that reverberate into the present. Both are important hubs; one city is the national capital, one is the capital of its country's most populous state. They have similar climates. They are undergoing similar housing crises. Yet each city is distinct in their unique cultural, social and economic configurations, producing separate Lisbon and Sydney sensibilities. These specifics are produced in every act of passing-by, and then reproduced within that urban environment and beyond. Being of Lisbon or of Sydney is more than a located-ness in either city, it is the performance of an ongoing located-ness that remains in city bodies even after they have left the city of their construction behind. Furthermore, city bodies do not stop producing their cities after they have left; their representations in literature or in maps are all part of the urban assemblage I will explore throughout these chapters that make up each of the three subsections of this thesis. As such, the 18 166km is not the only gap this thesis attempts to traverse. I also navigate the orientations produced by maps and narratives, of which my thesis is now a part. In doing so, I add distance between Sydney and Lisbon, their stories and their lived, embodied every day. All maps, including the one laid out here, are invitations. Solnit explains: "you can enter a map, alter it, add to it, plan with it" (2010, p.8). This, then, is an entry point, not just for this thesis, but for a wider interdisciplinary approach to urbanity.

Methodologies: Treading on Uneven Ground

Like many of my contemporaries I have yearned to find my place in this world, to have a sense of homecoming, a sense of being wedded to a place. Searching for a place to belong I make a list of what I will need to create firm ground. At the top of the list I write: “I need to be able to live where I can walk. I need to be able to walk to work, to the store, to a place where I can sit and drink tea and fellowship. Walking, I will establish my presence, as one who is claiming the earth, creating a sense of belonging, a culture of place

hooks 1997, p.2

In the final year of writing this PhD, I travelled to South Africa for a conference and to visit a friend. After spending most of my time seeing Johannesburg from behind windows and gated buildings, the exterior seemed to assert itself in Cape Town. Table Mountain felt omnipresent. I walked beneath its gaze, climbed its cliffs dizzy with altitude, brushed my fingers against its dying proteas, twisted my ankle against one of its loose grey stones. Existing in its shadow was not uncomplicated, even for the few days I was there. The mountain had been weaponised in city planning, implicating it in the ongoing spatial apartheid of the city, separating white urbanity from the predominantly black suburban communities. Uncomfortable and unsettled by the volcanic landscape that gave this city its most defining features, I asked my friend: how do you *be* here?

Producing this thesis about two other very different urban environments, I realise that the question I was really asking is: “how do I ‘be’ here?”. Or, more specifically: how do I make sense of this in order to be here? How is here? Anxious, restless questions that reach towards the firm ground that bell hooks is searching for in the quotation that opens this chapter.

This unsettled line of questioning does not just characterise the first two years of my candidature throughout various lockdowns. This is a line of inquiry that must plague me, as a ‘Sydney’-sider, as a researcher, as an ‘Australian’, as a Lisbon resident, as a human in the continued unfolding of being in and co-producing the unsustainable urban environments that form the subject matter of this thesis. I am reminded of a quote from Peter Conradi in his discussion of Alfred Watkin’s research: “his quest to understand landscape and history resembles the quest behind all narrative: to seek secret connexions, to make links visible, to find coherences - *to tell a persuasive story*” (Conradi in Sidaway 2022, p.149; original

emphasis). To tame Sydney and Lisbon into coherent narratives in which I could live and dwell and walk was perhaps my attempt to settle the disquiet of being in urbanity, to rest my feet on solid ground. The hybrid thesis I present here is a testament to the impossibility of this.

In her book ‘Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Cthulucene’ (2016) Donna Haraway defines living on Earth as living in “disturbing times, mixed-up times, troubling and turbid times” (Haraway 2016, p.1). For Haraway, the solution is not to seek resolution, to ask “how do you *be* here?” and expect a coherent answer, or to reconcile the unreconcilable amidst the pain and joy of being here. Instead, she instructs us to do as her title suggests, staying with the trouble, the Cthulucene, which is:

learning to be truly present, not as a vanishing pivot between awful or edenic pasts and apocalyptic or salvific futures but as mortal critters entwined in myriad unfinished configurations of places, times, matters, meanings. (Haraway 2016, p.1)

Like any writer who has ever struggled with how to render lived experience in text, the production of a cohesive thesis forces my hand into narrative – taming the trouble by seeking connections, linking, producing a coherent body of text to be marked and to persuade the marker that what I have presented here qualifies me for the award of my degree. This chapter details how I have attempted to preserve the unsettled, ever-shifting, always-processual elements of researching cities.

What I did

As a methodological meander through my research I will begin in the backstreets of Annandale, Sydney, in the early hours of the morning:

There are no lights in the windows, just the fluorescent glare of the streetlamps flickering above me. Dawn is beginning to break behind the rooftops, and the air is grainy. I pass rows of terrace houses in big strides, peering beneath the awning of each one. Some have sensor lights that switch on when I step by, and my footsteps seem louder at these moments. I walk faster. Across the road, down a lane, then wheeling back around. Round the corner, up the street, then straight back down again. I am trying to get lost. I weave between parked cars, their windcreens still dewy and stare into the houses they are guarding. More lights snap on and the empty streets are speckled with yellow windows now, but the doors are still in shadow. The

horizon is turning pale orange, and the sky is less deep blue now and more grey. Parramatta Rd, only a block away, is starting to hum with cars. A bird squawks somewhere above my head. A woman passes with her dog straining on its leash. I pause by a picket fence, raise my phone to photograph the yellow door behind it and keep walking.

To examine how passers-by engaged with the city, I attempted to become one myself. I took wanders like the one captured above through Sydney at different times of day and through different suburbs. Sometimes these meanders lasted up to nine hours, such as my 29km walk from Leichhardt to Hornsby in Sydney's North. To keep track of these walks, I used a tracking app that mapped my movement and how long I stopped for in different places. Designed for exercise rather than passing-by for pleasure/leisure/research, the app would talk to me, its tiny robotic voice cutting through my reverie and making me jump: "you have walked. 1 kilometre. In. 15 minutes. You have burned. 7 calories."

I used the camera feature of my phone to take photos of things that interested me, such as the yellow door above. I created collections of saved locations on Google Maps, creating lists with titles like 'Yellow Doors' and 'Nice Gardens'.

I would save objects that I found on my wanders – dusty old corks, crumpled pieces of paper, a large piece of unripe fruit that I later learned was a papaya. These anthologies of things served as prompts for the details I would record later both from fieldnotes and through the maps I made. These were not accurate maps, but ones based on my memories of the salient features I passed-by. The example below, for instance, shows an illustrated map depicting a walk I took between locations populated with lots of dogs.



The purpose of these photographs and maps was not simply to keep track of what attracted me when I was walking. Joining Instagram under the username ‘citywandermaps’, I found a wealth of other people not just within Sydney, but within my specific suburb, who walked in similar ways. They documented tiles (such as ‘innerwesttiles’), old shopfronts (‘oncewereshops’), doorways (‘doors_of_sydney’), ugly buildings (‘sydneyeyesores’) and odd signs or artworks (‘sydneyurbanart’) that they found on their journeys. One account even framed themselves within the tradition of French avant-garde walkers that inspired my project: ‘theflightyflaneuse’. I found these accounts through popular tags and Sydney postcodes. Scrolling through these pages gave a sense of joining them on their jaunts through the city and seeing it through their eyes. Looking to join this community of urban wanderers, I began to post pictures and maps from my own strolls, tagging them with the hashtags I saw other accounts using like: ‘innerwestisbest’ ‘wanders’ ‘sydney’ ‘sydneydoorways’. As such, I began to amass followers that I thought I would be able to contact for more information.



Liked by innerwesturbanart and 15 others

citywandermaps Some things I saw on a walk with my good friend James. If you were busy that day and couldn't join us, no worries, here's a map with some of my favourite sites to wander past (or to go in and buy some honey cake, thanks Sixpenny)

#stanmore #map #psychogeography
#streetarteverywhere #walkswithfriends

View all 2 comments

Of course, the advent of Sydney's lockdown in 2021 disrupted my intentions for my newest research project: walking with others. While I was able to complete some walks with company, these were masked, distanced and limited. Extending the invitation to strangers outside of my regular circle posed risks both to myself and my community. These wanders through Instagram feeds came to operate as a virtual walking-with, and comments from the virtual walking communities offered insight into the affective experiences they were seeking on their walks.

The geographically-specific nature of my research also drove me to research beyond the boundaries of the Australian coastline. In April 2022, I moved to Lisbon to complete fieldwork as part of my thesis with the goal of completing a cross-cultural study with my home city of Sydney. As already stated, both are port cities and have similar climates (although this fact has become less stable even over the course of my candidature as climate change continues to advance), and both are produced by colonial histories. The details of these histories, their cultural approaches to remembering (or forgetting) their pasts, and even their particular sea-faring dispositions differ. By juxtaposing the two case studies in this thesis, I call attention to the particularities of their city-ness and the unique configurations of movement and affect within them. In Lisbon, I lived centrally, experiencing different modes of pedestrianism. I learned Portuguese to a conversational level and took tours of the city. I also joined a walking group that met for thrice weekly walks and connected with locals at 'MeetUp' events. I also went for walks with those who expressed interest in my research.

Between the solo wanders, social walking, walking tours and mapping, this project grew to employ a plethora of methodological frameworks – traditional ethnographic methods, auto-ethnographic focuses, my language learning – noting how my relationship changed with the urban environment. In doing so, I was both studying and producing affective relationships with place-space in urbanity. These methods support the embodied focus of the thesis, mixing disciplinary approaches and unravelling abstract theoretical binaries. This coalesces into a thesis which looks at how cities are made in the sum of their parts, and the stories that we bring into existence through passing-by.

Caught up in the Details: The Importance of Specificity

The question of how cities are co-produced through passing-by is dependent on the geographical, social and cultural context in which a city is situated. As this thesis will reveal, the rules and regulations around development contribute to the co-building of the environments

we call our/their cities. As I argue here, with the help of others, all these encounters – the types of buildings and the legislation that governs the city, the culture that manifests in planned or spontaneous ways on the streets, the collective habits, historical and contemporary nostalgia and imaginings – are the things that citizens bring when they traverse their own or visited other urban locations. Though this thesis asks some broad questions, my answers often dwell in the minutiae. Cities, and the affective experiences they co-produce and the manner in which affective experiences produce them, can only make sense within the specificities of the cities and its citizens' (and visitors) own contexts.

My context includes conducting this study across national borders but in English. I am a child of Sydney and a visitor to Lisbon. I can speak Portuguese at a conversational level, after completing 18 months of Portuguese classes prior to departure and two intensive courses in Portuguese through the *Instituto de Cultura e Língua Portuguesa* at the *Universidade de Lisboa*, and I also completed assignments offered by the Instituto on: the impact of shopping centres on traditional modes of commerce in Portugal; the advantages and disadvantages of tourism in the country; climate change; and contemporary Portuguese culture for which I completed a study on Portuguese architecture. These units and assessments involved interacting with members of the Lisbon public in Portuguese. Speaking Lisbon's official language offered me a different experience of the city compared to those who do not speak Portuguese, and I came to see this as a tangible aspect of being in any city environment. Roaming the streets with the language of the city changes the sound, navigation, and embodied experience the environment. Nonetheless, the global dominance of my native language meant that most local residents spoke English better than I could speak Portuguese. Combined with cultural assumptions and stereotypes about tourists and what appeared to be conventions of language etiquette, this led many participants initiating interactions with me in English. However, the acquisition of Portuguese allowed me to see how talking too is a sound of the city as well as part of one's bodily interaction with that city. This hints at the drastic ways that Lisbon is changing as well as the role that my presence, as an outsider, impacted on my engagements in Lisbon. At the same time, it allowed me to see what I take for granted, or do not notice, in my own environment in Sydney.

These nuances would have been inaccessible to me had I only situated this study within the boundaries of my home town. The process of researching and writing this thesis between two distinct localities has encouraged me to oscillate between modes of insider-ness and outsider-

ness, both in studying unfamiliar Lisbon and familiar Sydney. Nonetheless, the bias towards English in my lived interactions and in the theoretical frameworks I am working within mean that each of my engagements within/in the cities has offered different material for the investigation of my key questions: an exploration of how passing-by co-constitutes, sustains and changes cities in geographically and culturally specific ways. This challenge is not unique to Sydney-Lisbon comparative studies, but to ethnographic approaches in general which inflected other aspects of the study that I explore in more detail below.

As the reader may have already surmised, there were two significant difficulties with this approach. The first was not specific to my research project but is related to the pandemic that commenced in 2020. As well as shifting the focus of this project in its early stages, the Covid pandemic introduced uncertainty into how to research affective experience in cities when it seemed that these place-spaces were drained of people. My original strategy of inserting myself in a community of walkers through Instagram never eventuated, at least not in the way I had imagined. While I was able to connect with walkers and attend events in fleshy togetherness throughout my fieldwork in Lisbon, my pool of research participants in Sydney was limited. While the Covid-19 lockdowns saw a rise in walking as a social activity (Springgay and Truman 2022; Rose 2022), it stifled new connections. To limit risk, I walked, behind a mask and socially distanced, with individuals who were already part of my community of university-educated 20-somethings in the inner-west—a very particular demographic. This located my observations and descriptions largely within a 5km radius of the house I occupied at that time and amongst individuals with familiarity and a similar habitus. I continued to supplement this limitation by posting Instagram stories on a weekly basis and connecting with others who had a similar interest. Seeing their posts of sites that I had walked past only a week before did give me a sense of virtual ‘withness’ that shifted my experience of these walks in my own city. Commenting on each other’s stories and posts also created a sense of togetherness: “omg I love this spot” or “my favourite!! [heart eyes emoji]” or, in response to a post I made about imaginative wander experiences, “I do this too!”. I argue here, that, despite its limitations, scrolling through my carefully-curated feed at this time became a form of walking with, by building a community that I felt part of in an emplaced way, but it was no substitute for the ‘liveness’ of stepping in time with others and must be acknowledged as a limitation of this methodology at this time.

I found that throughout this period, my own experience of walking changed. I adopted an external gaze on the things that I saw that may be visible in some of the jottings I took at this time. This manifested in imagining captions which played over and over in time with my footsteps or in the framing of the pictures I took from these wanders. Without realising, I adopted a preference for photographing rooftops as a means of cutting out unsightly cars that would disturb the image. There is an entire thesis in how this digital performance of walking changes the embodied act of it, but it is beyond the scope of my research here. Nonetheless, aspects of this thesis may incidentally touch on this bleeding together of posting and wandering.

The other issue I confronted in my research was that it is difficult to isolate passing-by as an object of study. It is often sandwiched between or embedded within other activities, such as walking from one bar to another on Lisbon's infamous Pink Street, catching the bus from one isolated Sydney suburb to another, or even being lost in a shopping mall. All of this movement is productive in that it contributes to the assemblage that is urbanity, but not all of this movement is salient or noticeable to the passer-by. Gaining access to these most mundane parts of everyday life is difficult. To allot time to walking, for instance, distinguishes it from the most unremarkable performances of the day-to-day, but in doing so, the act of the movement itself is lost. The Walking in Lisbon MeetUp group grew from its establishment at the beginning of 2023, but the walking itself became more secondary to the social aspect of the group. Meeting individually with walkers also changed the dynamic of their/our walks, particularly in Lisbon. The change that occurs in the presence of an outsider is an issue that ethnographers may encounter in participant-observation, but the familiar genre of 'tour' made it especially easy to assume roles when 'walking with' in these situations. Being from Australia, conspicuously not-Portuguese, meant that I was still seen as a tourist even as a resident. Furthermore, the flexibility of passing-by as a genre resulted in slippage between the roles of 'researcher' and 'tourist' or 'participant' and 'tour guide'. While this offered its own insights into the city, it made Portuguese everyday movement more difficult to understand. While this could be supplemented with interview, a similar problem emerges. Passing-by in cities is often so mundane as to be rendered invisible. Attempting to talk about this or probe into everyday activities means confronting the issue that Michael Jackson elucidates: "the knowledge whereby one lives is not necessarily identical with the knowledge whereby one explains life" (Jackson 1996, p.2). Because of this, I drew from a range of methodologies, including auto-ethnographic approaches, which also forced me to apply a critically reflexive lens to my own experiences.

Positioning Privilege in Colonial Cities

As I will explore in the following chapter, the hybrid approach I adopted here is drawn from Elizabeth Grosz's (1992) interpretation of the assemblage theory developed by Deleuze and Guattari, and extended through the work of Brian Massumi (2002) and Manuel DeLanda (2006, 2016). Tom Roberts has noted that the term's flexibility "has served as a powerful framework for questioning the role of various essentialising categories within the social sciences" (2021, p.691). The theory of assemblages also fits within a 'new materialist' and 'ontological' turn in research. This theoretical framework has also drawn more attention to categories of 'human' and 'non-human', arguing instead for an intertwined understanding of our being-in-the-world. This 'post-humanist' approach is also present in Karan Barad's work on entanglements (2007) and in the 'post-human' feminism of Donna Haraway (2016) and Rosi Braidotti (2019). As explained by Juanita Sundberg, this work is grounded in a refusal to "treat the human as 1) an ontological given... and 2) disembodied and autonomous, separate from the world of nature and animality" (2014, p.34). In other words, 'new' materialist concepts such as assemblage theory help to reject a theoretical binary that cleaves us, human animals, from the rest of what is present in the world, distinguishing us as active agents acting on the passive receptacle that are other creatures and the earth.

However, the terminology and framework within these calls to what is often identified as a 'new' materialism is problematic. While these approaches function to destabilise the dichotomy between human and 'non-human' presence, such approaches can also be accused of appropriating Indigenous ontologies in a way that perpetuates colonial and racial structures in academia. There is nothing 'new' about these ideas associated with a post-materialism. As Shara Cherniak & Ashli Moore Walker explain "the 'new' is a violent act of colonisation" that reframes Indigenous thinking in white academic power structures (Cherniak & Walker 2020, p.425). Celebrating this discourse as new not only perpetuates a binary between new and old knowledges but obfuscates its origins. Zoe Todd points out that the arguments advanced in 'post-humanist' or 'new materialist' discourses are given credit only through the work of white, European thinkers (Todd 2016). White academics are able to advance their career on unacknowledged or unknown (to them) Indigenous ideas while Indigenous thinkers are erased or unacknowledged. Furthermore, both Todd and Vanessa Watts (2016) respectively highlight that this tendency to discuss Indigenous ideas "without Indigenous interlocutors present to hold the use of Indigenous stories and laws to account[,] flattens, distorts and erases the embodied

legal-governance and spiritual aspects of Indigenous thinking” (Todd 2016, p.9). Without these voices, ‘new materialism’ is simply another form of colonialism within academic research.

Utilising the ideas of ‘post-humanism’ is equally fraught. After all, the term ‘human’ itself has been used for the purposes of exclusion, creating hierarchies of human-ness along masculine, heteronormative and able-bodied lines (Sundberg 2014). Blurring human and ‘non-human’ boundaries passes-by/over this violence by failing to recognise that ‘human’ was never a status afforded to everyone equally, particularly denied to black, Indigenous, enslaved, and trans bodies (Springgay and Truman 2018, p.9). A shift into using the ideas and acknowledgements of ‘post-humanism’ without reckoning with this violence only obfuscates these structures of power once again.

As such, I acknowledge the problematics of working within this theoretical framework, but I also acknowledge my inability, as non-Indigenous, to do ethical/ontological justice to the ideas of Indigenous cultures and scholars. This is particularly troubling in discussing two cities whose identities are still shaped by their colonial histories. In the case of Sydney, my passing-by has occurred on stolen land belonging to the Cadigal, Wangal, Dharawal, Wallumedegal, and Cammeraygal people¹⁰, each with their own epistemologies and ontologies that cannot be lumped into the broad citation of Indigenous knowledges. In an attempt to reconcile this short coming, I follow Stephanie Springgay and Sarah E Truman’s call to work with ‘more-than-human’ rather than ‘post-humanist’ ideas. I also feel the ‘more-than-human’ is integral to urbanity. Passing-by, thinking and writing urban environments is an exercise negotiating the boundedness of the term ‘human’. Critiques of posthuman or ontological turns towards ‘new’ materialism rightfully problematise the colonial foundations of this literature. Transplanting Indigenous methodologies into what Linda Tuhiwai Smith (2021) demarcates as the colonial field of research is a cut and paste subjugating Indigenous voices. Yet, maintaining a rigid boundary between human and other within the realm of my research perpetuates anthropocentric hierarchies. And so, as I researched and wrote this thesis, I had to remind myself and my reader that my material encounters here are mediated by the position I hold as a white cis-gendered human. For this reason, I draw on auto-ethnographic methods through solitary acts of passing-by. In this, I follow Satoshi Toyosaki who follows Carol Rambo Ronai in pointing out that bodily experience is better-centred in autoethnographic work:

¹⁰ There are many other groups’ lands on which ‘Sydney’ stands, but these were the sites of my passing-by.

“autoethnographers explore our own lived experiences while connecting the mind, the body, and the heart, and embody our ‘coming-to-know’ enquiry processes” (2018, p.33). Because the work produced is intrinsic to the position it was produced from, the knowledge offered has no pretensions to objectivity. Furthermore, Toyosaki argues that by writing from an admitted-subjective perspective, autoethnography is inherently intersubjective by recognising the conglomeration of voices and practices that have shaped it. As I passed-by and wrote in Sydney, I was aware that the experiences I was describing were particular to me as a white woman, forcing me to grapple with the colonial history of the land I was wandering on. When I did the same in Lisbon, my tourist status was always a reminder of the privilege I occupied as a resident on an Australian stipend. As Toyosaki notes, this critically reflexive approach is never entirely de/post-colonial, particularly when the person conducting the research has benefited from colonial structures – such as I have. Nonetheless, by positioning my work within this frame and methodology, I recognise that these experiences explored in this thesis are my own and are not representative of every passer-by in Sydney or Lisbon.

This reflexive positioning is integral to passing-by. Indeed, Springgay and Truman (2018) argue that critical positionality is characteristic of methodologies that ask the researcher to walk with care. As Sarah Pink (2008) argues, this is especially so because these methodologies necessitate attentiveness to the surrounding world, centring emplacement.¹¹ Not all auto-ethnographic practices are inherently critically reflexive, but I use this positioning to approach my case studies from a “partial” perspective. I have drawn this term from Clare Britton who, also researching on Aboriginal land as a white woman, in turn drew this concept from Aileen Moreton-Robinson. In discussing how to speak about colonialism as a white person, Moreton-Robinson argues that any account of Aboriginal land must be framed as “situated and therefore, partial” (Moreton-Robinson in Britton 2020, p.163). Like Britton, I needed to approach this project aware of the limitations of my perspective.

At the same time, auto-ethnographic methods are not always successful in deconstructing the privileged position I hold as researcher or offering a solution to these issues. This is something that ethnographer Philippe Bourgois warns against, particularly in writing from a privileged position, stating that: “scholarly self-reflection often denigrates into narcissistic celebrations of

¹¹ Springgay and Truman (2022) are critical of the terms emplacement and embodiment, and I will problematise the concept of place in the following section.

privilege” (2003, p.14). The self-affirming propensity of a critically reflexive approach is also explored by Wanda Pillow (2003) and following her, by Simidele Dosekun (2015). Pillow argues that critically reflexivity requires “personal accounting of how the researcher’s self-location (across for example, gender, race, class, sexuality, ethnicity, nationality), position, and interests influence all stages of the research process” (2003, p.178). In doing so, the knowledge produced is continually called into question and is recognised as a construction. This practice has been seen as particularly useful in destabilising hierarchies inherent to traditional ethnographic practice (see Conquergood 1991). Pillow and Dosekun both advocate also for a “messy and unsettling” (Dosekun 2015, p.436) approach to reflexivity. This means that rather than “seeking a neat or transcendent solution” (Dosekun 2015, p.436), the researcher leaves open these complexities. In this thesis, I have attempted to do so by drawing on a range of methodologies to inform my stories about these cities.

Even approaching passing-by from a critical perspective, my work is subject to the same pitfalls in shifting from lived experience to discourse. This is an issue that plagues all ethnographic and auto-ethnographic writing. Though I engage with other people to fill some of the gaps left by autoethnographic passing-by, this results in grappling with the editorial power I have over participants. Philippe Bourgois describes this in his ethnography of El Barrio in New York City:

While editing thousands of pages of transcriptions I... became acutely aware of the contradictory collaborative nature of my research strategy. Although the literary quality and emotional force of this book depends entirely on the articulate words of the main characters, I have always had the final say in how – and if – they would be conveyed in the final product.

2003, p.13

This is reflective of the process I have gone through in writing this thesis. Though I have not dealt with the issues associated with transcription, my account is framed by what I noticed, what I wrote down and what I removed from these moments of passing-by. The process of using social media to curate my fellow walkers already restricts the view that I have of this practice, which becomes narrower still in the process of writing. I am also always already arriving at a practice with my own set of assumptions, beliefs and experiences, my own body even, that has structured and structures my experience of the world in a certain way. There is

never an objective view that I am able to take in the process of participating and observing, and the account I offer will never be entirely ‘true’ to life.

However, this is not necessarily the purpose of ethnography. Kirsten Hastrup notes that “ethnography is so much more than recording” (Hastrup 1992, p.122). It is learning about and writing a culture or a practice from a very particular position. Hastrup argues that while ethnographers and participants are equal in their point of contact, at “the level of the anthropological discourse, their relationship is hierarchical” (Hastrup 1992, p.122). This is also the concern that Phillipe Bourgois grapples with in the process of writing his book ‘In Search of Respect: Selling Crack in El Barrio’ (2003). As the real people he interacted with, befriended and studied for years congeal into characters, his power in these relationships becomes apparent. Hastrup notes that this is a burden that is inherent to the role of ethnographer: “It is *our* choice to encompass their stories in a narrative of a different order. *We* select the quotations and edit the statements” (original emphasis; Hastrup 1992, p.122). The account I present here is not a representation, but a curated glance through my eyes within the world of my wandering. Both to reflect this and to highlight my position within the text, I offer the rest of this account in first person, present tense. This grammatical shift was prompted by Hastrup again, who advocates for a style of writing that identifies the author and removes it from a temporal flow, presenting “a knowledge which is *out of time*” (original emphasis; Hastrup 1992, p.128). This present tense acknowledges the infinitude of meanings and perspectives that I could take on this lived experience and frames this particular account as my own.

Mapping Interdisciplinarity

As the reader will see, I offer maps throughout this thesis, both of the sketched and narrative kind, but of course, even mapping is not free from the power structures that surround it. There is a well-documented history of the power inherent to cartography (Woods & Fels in Evans & Jones 2011, p.857), as well as in choosing what gets to be mapped and how (Breitbach & Mitchell 2011, p.211). While cartography was also typically a tool of empires, used to categorise and carve up stolen land, it can also be a tool for challenging ongoing settler colonialism in cities like Sydney by defying usual understandings of place and space (Irish 2017). By employing an approach that centres my bodily experience at the heart of this thesis, I attempt to recognise my own role in constructing the cityscape; both dismantling the power of perceived objectivity in a map, as well as acknowledging the position I hold, at least in Sydney as a white woman walking on Aboriginal land, and in Lisbon as a tourist/interloper. As

Toyosaki argues, the ever in-process nature of post-coloniality and capitalism means that I can never hope to fully decolonise my research and writing. It is my hope that the approaches I have utilised complement each other in the gaps that they leave, simultaneously recognising the incomplete nature of this attempt, but continuing to try nonetheless.

My focus on embodied experience is drawn from the discipline of Performance Studies in which this thesis is situated. An interdisciplinary and hybrid approach to research, Performance Studies draws on sociology, anthropology, philosophy and the more traditional drama studies (among other disciplines) to understand and analyse events. Drawing on the work of both Richard Schechner and Ian Maxwell, Rosie Finlay argues that the field is a kaleidoscope of theories, methodologies, subjects and opinions that coalesce around human action and experience (Finlay 2014, p.40). This multifaceted approach has already proved useful in the study of urbanity, challenging dominant textual narratives in urban research such as ‘the’ city as an archive or a discourse (see de Certeau 2002; Roberts 2015). D.J Hopkins, Shelley Orr and Kim Solga have questioned the limitations of this trope, asking:

at what point does the idea of the urban ‘text’ fail fully to account not only for the multiple physical, material, and psychic interactions between city and citizen, but also for the city as a space of tension and negotiation framed in countless ways by formal and informal works of performance?

Solga et al. 2009, p.5

This thesis is grounded in the affective multiplicities of urbanity that are lost in the textual metaphor. My focus on passing-by also points to other performance and walking theorists Phil Smith and Carl Lavery, whose work I referenced in the introduction to this thesis, as well as the work of Rebecca Schneider. I have found echoes of my approach in Phil Smith’s *mythogeography*.

Instead of a spatially defined, ordered utopia, mythogeography proceeds by trajectory rather than architecture and art or anti-art and anti-architecture. Where useful to its asymmetrical projects it adds what it needs, from any discipline, to its conceptual and material orreries (‘itinerant toolkits’), curating artists’ and activists’ interventions in the streets, rubbish tips, sewers and monumental squares of the city its ‘unitary’ mission

not the reintegration of the fragmented city, but rather that of the citizen with their own experience.

Smith 2010, p.23

Like Smith, I am drawn to trajectories of passing-by studied in-between disciplinary boundaries. Like Carl Lavery, I too am concerned with how “the textures and surfaces of the city perform on the body and produce type of embodied writing that is sensate and sensitive to fleeting moods, and floating perceptions” (Lavery 2014, p.60). These materialities are present in my accounts, shaping the story I tell of these two cities and folding back into these environments. By dwelling on the textures of these intersections, I am also following Rebecca Schneider who frames her work on patriotism, patricide and passing-by as an “effort to stimulate further possibilities in thinking the spaces between the passerby [sic.] and the passed-by” (Schneider 2009, p.61). My work uses these possibilities as a point of departure, and in turn, hopes to open up further methodological approaches and understandings of urbanity.

However, as I have already noted, I am hesitant to claim this thesis is (auto)ethnographic, *mythogeographic*, *ecographic* or *psychogeographic*. The experiences I draw from here are not presented as traditional fieldnotes, although they did begin as jottings I took as I passed-by. As I mapped (literally) my trajectories through urbanity, these jottings became stories. I present these alongside my amateur cartography throughout this thesis. In his work on Venice, Nicholas Whybrow adopts a similar approach, suggesting that these traces of leftover material could constitute “disintegrated performances” that are re-situated and re-performed in essay form (2013, p.111). By working my field jottings into organised stories, and presenting them with the maps I sketched throughout my research process, my stories reveal their own construction, and I hope, their own performance. Sarah Pink notes that ethnography, one of the research frameworks I have drawn on here, is a generative act that continues to produce, reproduce and co-produce the place-spaces in which research is situated, even after the temporal event of that research is concluded (2008)¹². These are stories about the stories that co-produce cities, and research, and research about cities. My presentation here, part story, part analysis, part amateur cartography, reveals each city in its becoming and the city body shaped by and alongside it.

¹² I explore the hyphenated nature of place-space in Chapter 2.

As the reader will see, the footprints of agitation and anxiety are imprinted on this thesis. Produced by and within the same milieu as a Covid-19 urbanity itself, the methodologies I was moved towards (both literally and figuratively) form something of a (co-)construction site. The narrative I have offered here, calling attention as it does to its own author and the way that author sees and experiences the world, is not isolated from its subject matter, but another piece in the ever-expanding, living assemblage of the Sydney and Lisbon urban environment. Given the interdisciplinary approaches to this topic, the hybrid nature of this thesis could be seen itself as a performance of this assemblage-ness. It is as Doreen Massey suggests: “representation is no longer stasis, but an element in a continuous production; a part of it all, and constantly becoming” (Massey 1999, p.269). If holding knowledge is a process rather than a product, my thesis should be viewed both as the product of this research and the process of its emergence, offering one collection of stories that respond to the question: how are cities (co-)produced and performed through passing-by?

PROCESS

1. Assemblages All the Way Down

Discussions about the production of urban environments often explore how cities should be produced by focussing on different facets of urbanity: economics, flows, architecture, health, and community. These disparate studies reflect a range of disciplinary approaches that must be employed to understand a city. Many of these accounts do not seek to understand cities, but to determine how cities should be planned to produce better community outcomes, whether that is increased economic output, ‘walkability’ or social connection. However, how cities *should* be produced is a different question to what cities *are* and how they actually emerge (and each of these questions is its own thesis). This thesis focusses on the latter. In this chapter, I suggest that passing-by in urbanity is characterised by dynamic intersections between separate parts. As such, I argue that a city is not a product or a fixed location, but infinite living processes unfolding and evolving together simultaneously. To do so, I begin by attempting a broad overview of my two case studies. While these may orient the reader to the rest of the story that I weave throughout this thesis, my accounts highlight the impossibility of this aim. Instead, I explore Elizabeth Grosz’s conception of cities as ‘assemblages’ that co-produce urbanity and urban bodies together in specific ways. Although Sydney and Lisbon may have similar topographies and colonial histories, passing-by reveals that the two cities are quite distinct. One obvious example of this is in the languages that they use, which I mentioned in the introduction, but I will also explore how their urban bodily schemas differ. The story I offer in this section dwells in the minutiae of urban existence rather than in abstract theoretical constructions. Here, in the in-between, is where Sydney and Lisbon emerge.

Starting Points: Lisbon and Sydney

Lisbon

See that the cartographer in describing the territory must make another map, and another, and another, and that the description will never close the distance entirely between itself and its subject.

Solnit 2010, p.2

During my time in Lisbon, I lived on the edge of *Arroios*, bordering the city centre. My apartment was nestled in the back of a converted monastery from the 13th century with thick

stone walls and tiny windows. It was situated in an alleyway opposite *Campo dos Mártires da Pátria* – a popular park filled with ducks, roosters and dogs. Ten minutes' walk in any direction would bring me to the beautiful areas of the city (and the most touristic areas as well). My jottings about Lisbon are full of descriptions of yellow and pink painted apartments that frame the footpaths, terracotta rooves, and ornate tiles. Not all of Lisbon is like this. Less centrally, huge blocks of apartments dominate the hills and loom over the river.

Any visitor to the main squares or *miradouros*¹³ of Lisbon will be drawn to the white skeleton of a palatial structure perched on one of the city's central hills. Closer inspection will reveal this to be the *Convento do Carmo*, both a viewpoint and a view in its own right. Built in the 1500's by a retired crusader, the unfinished project crumbled under the 1755 earthquake. More recently, the influx of tourism provided the council of Lisbon with the funds to restore the site, but halfway through it was decided to leave it unfinished, as a testament to the tragedy that occurred there. It also serves as an archaeological museum and its bleached stones are a popular backdrop for tourist photos.

The earthquake that reduced it to its current roofless state has taken on mythic proportion both within the city and the country. Occurring on the All Saints Day at the beginning of November in 1755, candles were already lit and the occupants of the city in churches when the quake began to ripple through the floors. Its tremors were felt 470km away in the northern Spanish city of Salamanca, fracturing the tower of their cathedral in two. In Lisbon, the damage was more severe. Within minutes, 85% of the city was reduced to rubble, and the alight candles lit a fire that ripped through what remained. Those who survived rushed to the water's edge for safety, only to be swallowed by the tsunami that followed the quake. This chain of tragedies, triggered in quick succession, killed almost a quarter of the city's population and continues to shape the city today. The magnitude of these events necessitated a widespread rebuilding of the city, presided over by the *Marquês de Pombal*. Known for his cruelty and his genius, his statue presides over one of the city's main parks and the *Pombalino* architecture, for which Lisbon is famous, was developed by him in the rebuilding of the city. With many of the city's

¹³ *Miradouros* are viewpoints or lookouts. In Lisbon, these are popular locations for tourists and locals alike to watch the sunset over the river.

squares left empty and the *Convento do Carmo* still presiding over the central city, Lisbon's landscape has been designed for the story of this tragedy to live on¹⁴.

Sydney

At the end of a 24-hour flight from Lisbon sits another city. Here there are no skeletal convents, no limestone ruins, no crumbling castle walls. Where Lisbon's monuments are white, Sydney's are yellow, built from sandstone quarried at various sites on Cadigal land. These now heritage-listed buildings only began emerging after the invasion of the British in 1788, but the mortar holding these structures together comes from Aboriginal middens melted down for their lime signifying an Aboriginal presence on and in Country for beyond time (Britton 2020).

What is now considered Sydney encompasses Gadigal, Wangal, Bidjigal, Cameraygal and Dharawal land depending on where the boundaries are drawn on this sprawling metropolis. Sydney's polycentricity is one of its defining features. Spiralling out from the main harbours of Circular Quay and the Central Business District, it spans more than 12000 square kilometres and 650 suburbs (City of Sydney 2023). As its tentacles have spread further south and west, multiple urban centres have emerged under the Greater Sydney Region such as Parramatta in the west, Campbelltown in the southwest, and North Sydney. The city reaches up to the edges of the Blue Mountains where the landscape is scrub and stone, and down into the floodplains of Wollondilly, and beyond.

If Lisbon is limestone, marble and yellow paint on apartment block windows, Sydney's architecture is less cohesive. While the South West was originally agricultural, other areas sprang up around quarries or slums whilst many popped up as part of diasporic communities that reflected their cultural heritage (Burnley 2005; Hoskins 2009; Stead & Falconer 2015). Despite these disparate identities, the inner city gives no indication of Sydney's vastness beyond the train station route maps that read as a shopping list of suburbs that are only known to their residents.

Assembling Urban Stories

¹⁴ For more on the history of the quake and its continued impact on Lisbon and Portugal see Voltaire & Fleming 2005; Newitt 2009; Hatton 2018

With so many disparate parts, it is difficult to understand what it is to pass-by in Lisbon and in Sydney. Cities are their built structures, their economic status, their flows, their diseases, their traffic and their encounters between people, and they are the result of the motion of the intersections between all of these parts. It is the live negotiation of these different arenas that co-produce a city and city bodies. Here, I am inspired by the work of Elizabeth Grosz to ask not how a city should function, but what emerges from the geographically and culturally specific (dis)functioning of a city.

The goal is not to distinguish conducive from unconducive environments, but to examine how different cities, different sociocultural environments actively produce the bodies of their inhabitants as particular and distinctive types of bodies, as bodies with particular physiologies, affective lives, and concrete behaviours.

Grosz 1992, p.250

These specifics are missing from the accounts that I have provided of Sydney and Lisbon so far. Although these brief histories and accompanying geographies are facets of these urban hubs, city bodies emerge in the intersection of these facets. Furthermore, this fixed rendering fails to acknowledge the pace at which these urban environments have changed since I last passed-by on their streets. Cities are made and fractured and changed and reproduced in the interactions between their topographies, histories, bodies, architectures, climates and cultures. Although architecture suggests fixity and stasis (particularly in prominent landmarks like Lisbon's *Convento do Carmo*), each city moves and is moved by the flows and frictions of separate parts. Each facet is never entirely a whole unto itself; instead, it is made up of its own parts, pulled into what looks like one whole, but is in fact, an assemblage. Elizabeth Grosz describes an assemblage as:

a fundamentally disunified series of systems and interconnections, a series of disparate flows, energies, events or entities, and spaces, brought together or drawn apart in more or less temporary alignments.

1992, p.248

Adopting this model from Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, Grosz recognises the impacts that bodies and their built environments have on each other. Although architecture is made by and

for these bodies, it also-shapes how bodies interact and these encounters then feed back into the process of making a city. While Grosz speaks specifically to bodies and built structures, she also offers an invitation to extend her argument through analysis of particular urbanities. My cities are Sydney, Australia and Lisbon, Portugal, and my body and the bodies I encountered in both places are the conduits through which the similarities and differences will be examined, explored, explained and analysed in this thesis. There are many things that have made up the experience of this research: tangible components that are wholly or partly body—embodied and disembodied: disease, pandemic, language, habitus, affect, hills, water, sun, muscles; all fusing together and pulled apart to co-produce, maintain and change a city.

‘The’ city does not exist. Cities live in their specificities, and their assembled nature resists essentialism. As Manuel DeLanda states, “the identity of any assemblage... is always the product of a process and it is always precarious” (2016, p.26). Even in cities with similar or different climate or architecture, topography or geography, there are other processes that connect (or disconnect) them in distinct ways. These other processes are also assemblages. Cities are parts of assembled states in assembled countries on assembled continents that, eventually, add up to “the grand cosmic assemblage, the plane of immanence, consistency, or exteriority” (DeLanda 2016, p.7). This plane of immanence is outside the scope of this thesis, but the concept reveals the way assemblage theory links the minute affective experiences of urban life to the co-production of global hubs to globalising forces. Processes of territorialisation, such as defining a city boundary, stabilise urban assemblages, but these processes also make urbanity vulnerable. From body to world, there are many processes that rub up, overlap, complement and fracture each other. In their moving parts, they never quite replicate each other, and it is in these moments that Sydney-ness or Lisbon-ness emerges.

This endless chain of assemblages is what connects cities to their wider contexts and recognises their nuance. At the same time, the elasticity of Deleuze and Guattari’s concept has also been the subject of criticism. Some argue that if the theory can apply to anything from a body to a city to the entirety of this planet, the theory is overly descriptive and loses analytical weight in being so widely applicable (see Roberts 2021, p.692). Others have suggested that DeLanda’s interpretation of Deleuze and Guattari’s assemblage theory is incoherent with lived experience of moving through cities (particularly through cycling) and, thus, not useful for city planning (see Lea et al. 2022). However, I feel that by heeding Grosz’s call for specific studies of specific bodies in and as specific cities, these concerns are mediated. If these studies of specific urban

environments are positioned within an interdisciplinary research framework, the broad reach of Grosz's urban assemblage theory holds both micro and macro in balance, and in doing so, the theory illuminates, rather than obfuscates, lived experience. It is true that the proliferation of processes that make an assemblage is viscerally overwhelming. Bodies, for instance, are not just their materiality and physiology, but also their habits and histories and the meanings that are inscribed upon them and performed by them. Furthermore, being in a particular urban environment produces different embodiments that are fed back into a city. This accretion of habits is a process of becoming an urban body in geographically and culturally specific ways. My Sydney body gradually 'faded' as I was learning to be a Lisbon body. Then, having internalised the latter city, with its limestone footpaths, disregard for traffic flow, and steep hills, I returned to my home city a hybridised Sydney-Lisbon body. Far from misrepresenting lived experience, the theory of assemblage, translated by Grosz, is useful in its particularity and recognises bodies as a co-constitutive core of cities.

Of course, not all aspects of cities are obviously dynamic. Furthermore, the connectivity between buildings can change as 'precincts' or hubs emerge (DeLanda 2006, p.75). Sydney's wharves were once clusters of private companies; then they were government owned ports; now, many are zoned as residential areas or entertainment precincts. In Portugal, as stated earlier, I lived in an apartment that had once been a 13th century monastery. Urban assemblages may change slowly, but this change does happen, shifting through time like the sandstone cliffs that frame Sydney's harbour.

(More-than) Port Cities

Seaport cities hold a special position as transport hubs; they are traditionally crystallisation places where new developments occur and converge. They share structural similarities, developed in response to common dynamics, yet in a way no two seaport cities are alike, and no seaport in the world is like another. Each has its own face, special character and individual history. Their geographical conditions, technical possibilities, historical development, constellation of stakeholders and transport connections to the hinterland are different.

Schubert 2011, p.54

There are many factors that distinguish Sydney and Lisbon and imbue the urban environment with an identity that is distinctly Sydney or distinctly Lisbon. One thing that brings them together, and the reason I decided to use these cities as the key locations for my research project, is that they are both port cities. Their function as ports has become entwined with the shape of their urban landscape, urban psyche and urban mythology. Sydney and Lisbon's ports connect these cities to networks that spanned across the world, making them useful sites for the study of urban assemblages. While all cities play a role in these globalised networks, Carola Hein argues that ports "render visible the multiple flows of people, goods and finances as they cross from and to their forelands" (Hein 2011, p.7). Sydney and Lisbon exemplify this. Their ports are assemblages of natural landscape and built infrastructure, arrival points and departure points, the 'here' and the 'over there'. City-specific sensibilities and bodies emerge in this interplay and feed back into these cities as the waterfronts are regenerated and repurposed. In making these connections visible, urban port studies suggest ways of thinking and writing about cities in the interstices of architectural, cartographic, economic, sociological and anthropological approaches. Not only are port cities part of an international trade network, they also represent the need for a networked approach in academia for examining urbanism and the bodies this phenomenon produces. But, as Dirk Schubert explains in the above quote, no two ports are the same. While Sydney and Lisbon share similarities as a result of their being ports, the hubs that emerged and are still emerging on the water front are vastly different and require a networked research approach to understand each of them.

Despite their topography as port cities, which means water contributes to a sense of cultural identity that is produced and performed in both Sydney and Lisbon, each place is shaped by its own position in the global network of exploration, colonisation, dispossession, settlement, trade and migration. Comparing these two port cities highlights how one facet of an urban assemblage, water for instance, can have a significant impact on others, and may constitute a defining feature of a city. At the same time, the configuration with other elements of a city's production make each location distinctive. According to Schubert, ports are woven into the urban fabric of the city as a result of the "close spatial interdependency of the city... and port-related services" (Schubert 2011, p.55). Even as technological advancements have rendered port functionality less integral to city life, the infrastructure remains. Lisbon exhibits this through city planning. The wide open space of Terreiro de Paço, a sharp contrast with the narrow winding streets of the nearby Alfama district, was designated for unloading cargo. However, it also offered public space for residents of the city to mingle with visitors. Left in

its original shape, the area still accommodates boats, and facilitates sociality, although largely through tourism. As the city has spread, the docks have been shuffled further away from this revenue-generating waterfront or across the river where the cranes are still visible from the main banks of the city. Although this trajectory follows other port cities like New York, the city that has emerged from this process is uniquely Lisbon and has also produced particularly Lisbon-esque sensibilities.

In Lisbon, the orientation towards water is not just physical, but cultural, and this connection to a watery materiality has manifested in distinct ways. Visible reminders of this are present in Lisbon. The wealth that resulted from the expansion of the Portuguese empire is still visible in its architecture. Portugal's richest king, Dom Manuel I, was also the pioneer of an architectural style which is visible further down the river in Belém. The seaside gothic *Manuelino* buildings of the *Torre de Belém* and the *Mosteiro dos Jerónimos* are intricately carved with ocean motifs. Their extravagance attests to the wealth amassed during this period, but is also evidence of the cultural significance of their seafaring (Maia 2012). Other reminders of the wealth resulting from this topography would still be here were it not for the 1755 earth quake. The riverside palace, for instance, where cargo was unloaded and paraded in front of royalty is gone. It is as if the physical absences make concrete the demise of the Portuguese empire, an idea echoed in Portuguese poet Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen's works on Lisbon (1977). This backward glance towards the 'Age of Discovery' is a part of the national identity, housed in the word 'saudade' for which there is no exact translation in English. It loosely means a deep yearning, longing or nostalgia, or as it was once described to me by one local: "the feeling of your true love going away into the ocean and you'll never know whether you'll ever see them again or if they're even alive". The river that has always connected to the port and this city to the world brought wealth and heartaches that have shaped the landscape of the Portuguese psyche.

While Lisboetas see their own 'glorious' past reflected in the surface of the Rio Tejo, Sydney-siders see their harbour through a different set of circumstances, events and sensibilities that the port allowed. As a settler-colonial city, constructed for and by invaders and immigrants on Aboriginal land, Sydney's deep water harbour made it the perfect landing place for ships that brought the first waves of invasion, colonisation and immigration. This harbour is also, as Gay McAuley has suggested, a reminder of distant homelands (2014, p.143). This pelagic orientation means that, for some Sydney-siders, the past is elsewhere. McAuley argues that this results in a city that feels impermanent, and while this may be an overstatement, the history of

Sydney's continual development has led to a continually shifting cityscape (Hoskins 2009). This contrasts with the anchored sense of pride that Lisboetas demonstrate in their city, even with all its absences. While *Manuelino* architecture announces its origins, many of Sydney's architectural landmarks pay homage to elsewhere: the Harbour Bridge has its original in New York, the University of Sydney is built in the style of prestigious English universities and the Opera House was designed in the likeness of the sails of a ship by an architect from Denmark.

Like Lisbon, Sydney's shape is oriented around its port. However, the former is situated near the mouth of a river running straight alongside the city, while the latter is dotted around its main harbour known as Port Jackson. The curving, jutting bays and beaches create many access points in Sydney, and this topography produced many privately managed docks that jut out separately into the water, rather than one main square as is the case in Lisbon. In regenerating the water front, these piers have become various cultural precincts rather than one central hub, reflecting the polycentric nature of this contemporary city. Sydney's outwards sprawl follows the lines of this water, travelling along its rivers and inlets, splintering into creeks and streams. Here, Sydney's cultural landscape maps onto its topography. McAuley states that water permeates all of Sydney through its tributaries and rivers, but its inland suburbs are drier and hotter (2014, p.143). As such, they are more drought-prone, and their smaller bodies of water are often dry in the summer months. These droughts leave greater metropolitan areas more tenuously linked to the central inner city and its harbour; they are of Sydney but also not-quite-Sydney. The trainlines, which cluster near the harbour and spread outward towards other bodies of water, have a similar trajectory. Each stop on the trainline towards inland regions signifies further decreasing average household income. Out here, there are longer distances to travel and less ways to get there. Growing up at the end of one of these train lines, I always felt that Sydney's heart was on the coast. Dislocated from the sea, we were Sydney-adjacent, never quite of it but never entirely separate from it. Quite literally, we were Sydney (be)siders both geographically and culturally.

Sydney Ears and Lisbon Mouths

Although Sydney and Lisbon have relatively similar waterside locations, there are other major differences that shape the cityscape. One obvious aspect of this is the language that dominates each urban environment. As intimated in the introduction, being able to speak the language of a city changes the experience of passing-by in that city. As such, mouths and ears can play a significant role in navigating and co-producing urban environments.

Martim Moniz is a park at the centre of the city. There's a fountain, wooden benches near the garden beds and a few trees. It is framed by roads which bear the burden of gridlocked traffic every peak hour, stretching off up into the more residential zones that are situated uphill. On the other side of these long lines of cars and buses, backed up to weave through the tuk tuks and trams and trucks, there is a rooftop bar called Topo on top of a Chinese shopping mall, Nepalese restaurants, several indistinguishable souvenir shops and a Continente¹⁵. Several staircases lead underground to the green metro line, decorated with stone cut-outs of soldiers to pay homage to the one who gave his life and his name for this square.

The pedestrian crossings are marked with limestone tiles to contrast the cobbled roads. In the rest of the city, most zebra crossings are accompanied by traffic lights to direct the flow of traffic; until now, it seemed superfluous. I wait for a break in the traffic, looking left and right, but the cars roll on past without a glance. Their engines are no louder than any car I've encountered, but they sound wrong; I hear them approaching from one side only to realise that they are on the other.

There's chatter on the opposite curb. An argument between a large group, I think, but now they're laughing so maybe not. Someone calls across the road - to me? I look around. Laughter again. They've reached the corner, and without turning their heads, they cross the road. Easy as that. A red car lets them pass. Too late, I realise this was my chance, but they're halfway across now. Somewhere, someone honks. Laughter. A hand gesture; an exclamation; raised voices - frustration? No, more laughter. They're coming towards me. I step to the left to let them pass at the same time as they shuffle right, and they have to split apart to go around me. Chatter; a grin; an eye roll - at me? More shouting.

Lost, jet lagged and unable to turn my head in the right direction, I stay still while the world flows past.

The role of language in co-producing cities and corporealities were only visible (and audible) when I lost, and was lost in, language. Although I had taken a year of Portuguese lessons before arriving in Lisbon, these online classes and verb conjugation sheets left me unprepared for

¹⁵ *Continente* is a Portuguese supermarket chain

moments like the ones I experienced at Martim Moniz. With road rules reversed, the Portuguese drive on the right and Australians drive on the left, and no way to differentiate the onslaught of sounds from open mouths, I navigated the city with compromised ears. I could hear, but the sound felt blurry and I had no reference for how to interpret what was happening. My notes from this time describe the experience as: “like wearing noise cancelling headphones or being underwater”.

How language connects to assemblage theory is not uncharted territory, but there are few accounts of its role in producing urban city and body assemblages specifically. Manuel DeLanda explores language as an assemblage, as part of an assemblage, and as a means of coding assemblages (2016). For DeLanda, sounds, letters, syllables, words, phrases and sentences are enmeshed with their material production (my fingers clacking against the keyboard; in the moment described above—the throats and tongues of locals; my untrained ears). The meaning of these words change when assembled in different contexts and with different expressions. As such, language connects and enacts different components of social assemblages at the same time as it defines the limits of other encompassing, interwoven assemblages, which then continually co-produce each other: all the way down to most minute utterances. In cities language facilitates connection between people both through day-to-day interactions and through the creation and perpetuation of belongings to wider communities and hierarchies (Maehlum 2010). Speaking and understanding are functions of habitus as much as linguistic competence. To lose language means losing access to markers of social differentiation such as class or locale (Maehlum 2010, p.26), both in interpreting others and in asserting one’s own social status. More practically, a lack of language makes navigating urbanity difficult, disruptive and potentially unsafe.

On the street corner in Martim Moniz, my discombobulated, jet lagged Sydney body grappled with this in numerous ways. But, in time, I would become more accustomed to “pushing” onto the road and weaving through traffic (although I was never quite as comfortable as others around me seemed to be), but in that moment, my Sydney sensibilities bound me to the curb. As I waited for the traffic break that would never come, my ears registered the sound of cars, but reversed the direction from which they were approaching in accordance with the road rules in Australia. Unable to locate myself, I was unable to draw on linguistic cues from other people, unlike in Sydney where I would have had other peoples’ English to orient me. All I could see

was an approaching group who may or may not have been about to cross the road. Who may or may not have been talking at, to or about me.

Why would I have been worried about these strangers chatter and its orientation to me? Did my disorientation produce a long lost teenage self-consciousness? Perhaps, but if DeLanda is right, language plays a role in coding or territorialising an assemblage. Not understanding that language means being denied participation in this process. In some configurations, this verbal facet of the urban assemblage reveals how a group of oncoming men in my home town might interact with the presence of my body in particularly gendered ways, which I am then able to respond to – by continuing my route, by taking a detour, by smiling, by scowling, by noticing who might be nearby to intervene. Whilst safety (beyond crossing the road) was not a concern here, being unable to pass-by smoothly in a new place, without the language of negotiation to support me, meant the inconvenience of impact. If I had been told to “move!” but remained inert, I would become an obstacle (as well as an outsider). Navigating this co-presence on the street without language removes a link between my being and my passer-by’s beings and that produces friction instead of flow. The affect that emerges is not mere self-consciousness (if there ever such a thing as ‘mere’ self-consciousness), but consciousness of a disturbed-self. That is, the idea that I was a bounded individual asserting their own position in this assemblage which was destabilised. In this moment, I was unable to sustain the fantasy of being an individual in-control (Berlant 2006, p.3).

Encounters with language in urban environments act as events that position bodies within urban assemblages. As Brit Maehlum argues, the geographical dimension of language is entangled with its sociocultural meanings through accents and dialects. Speakers signal their belonging or lack thereof to a particular location or group through their manner of speech. More pertinently in a world with increased access to different ways of speaking, local dialects and habits can also signal a choice to belong (or not): “they are part of the doxa of the community... they have a *conserving* function – that is, they contribute to consolidating current conditions and practices” (Maehlum 2010, p.30). As Portugal changes through increased tourism and digital development, other languages are becoming more prevalent on the streets of Lisbon. As Joelton Duarte de Santana notes, many Portuguese citizens see their language as an important expression of their national culture and a symbol of their identity (2012, p.56). My embarrassment on the street corner was not just the difficulty of being unable to effectively respond to social cues, but in being revealed as an outsider as a result. The vulnerability of my

position this precarious assemblage was a sense of being outside the city that was produced in part by language.

Embodied Cities

Despite some similar geographic elements, Lisbon and Sydney's relationship to the sea has produced slightly different sensibilities. Closer examination of city bodies highlights how other topographic aspects come to shape embodied experience in urbanity, and how these actions are then reproduced. These re-enforce everyday performances as belonging to a particular city. This process was revealed in my own body when a friend from Australia visited during my stay in Lisbon; I experienced my bodily adjustment to the city's steep topography (rendered loosely below) as a sense of being 'at home'.



We return from the beach via the metro station, spat out from Intendente onto the busy street. I peel off my mask, wiping sweat from the lower half of my face, breathing in the smell of rice and petrol and cigarette smoke. We veer off the main street and angle ourselves up the slight incline.

“So. Many. Hills!” Anna says.

Her voice catches against her breath which is coming in gasps now. I don’t tell her that the next turn will increase the slope further still. My calves are warm, but not strained and I am relaxing into the rhythm of our walk.

I travel ahead, keeping my pace slow so that she can keep up. I pause at the corner, watching her open mouth suck in mouthfuls of air. I uncap my water bottle and swig from it, then continue.

We turn left and now we’re on a real hill, our feet hitting the ground at 45 degrees to our ankles. I breathe deep, feel the tendons in my ankles flex and keep my torso upright, enjoying the stretch in my calves and the increase of my heart. Anna is bent forward at the hips, groaning.

We take the hill single file, me in front, watching as a group of walkers careen down the hill, their sandals slipping against the limestone. They approach fast, and my skin prickles with sweat.

I step out around the barricade, a car looming in my peripherals. I don’t stop. I keep walking; the car keeps driving. Anna is standing tensed on the gutter as the group trundles past, their bags thumping against her back so that she teeters at the edge of the road. Her breath comes in gasps. I cannot stop, because to stop on these hills is too difficult to start again.

But the car does not stop either. The space between us is shrinking, and as we are about to pass each other –

“Ooh! Oooh! Ooooh!”

Anna flings her arm out, catching at my waist. Her mouth is pulled into a tight 'o', releasing a high pitch squeal that reminds me of the sound a rabbit makes when caught by a predator. I let myself be tugged back against the barricade, but with no sense of urgency. The car circles past where I had been walking, half a metre away, enough for the driver to see the nod that I have already raised my chin to give them.

This story reveals the process through which I was becoming Lisbon. This is not just an encounter between people and traffic, but car, limestone, bitumen, city infrastructure, topography and weather. Furthermore, the bodies encountering each other were from other locations, with their own geographically and culturally produced understandings of how to pass-by. Gay McAuley suggests that cities' environments and histories produce bodies that perform as being 'of' somewhere (McAuley 2014, p.142). In the description above, the group passing-by myself and my friend Anna, who had come to visit me from Australia, were identifiable as tourists. This was plain to us, not only from their language but from their sandals, which slid and slipped against the *calçada portuguesa*¹⁶. Anna with her Sydney-turned-Canberra body, was accustomed to wide, flat footpaths and low population density. After nearly three months of living in Lisbon, my legs had become more muscular. But, as well as developing visibly stronger legs, I had learned the textures beneath my feet. Limestone required more effort, a more upright torso to guard against slipping. Bitumen was easier but came with the cost of ducking in between cars. To my friend's distress, I was emulating the modes of perambulation I saw around me; my Sydney body was becoming Lisbon.

Grosz's urban assemblage extends McAuley's argument, emphasising that becoming acquainted with a city is an embodied process.

Different forms of lived spatiality... effect the ways we live space, and thus our comportment and corporeal orientations and the subject's forms of corporeal exertion – the kind of terrain it must negotiate day by day, the effect this has on its muscular structure, its nutritional context, providing the most elementary forms of material support and sustenance for the body. Moreover, the city is, of course, also the site for

¹⁶ *Calçada portuguesa* is a type of tiled Portuguese paving consisting of white and stones in various patterns.

the body's cultural saturation... the place where the body is representationally reexplored, transformed, contested, reinscribed.

Grosz 1992, p.249

Cities settle and move in bodies just as bodies settle and move in cities.

But, unlike the locals I met, I never became fully Lisbon. I developed different sensibilities throughout my time there, gradually my understanding of 'hillness' or 'flatness' changed. The slope that prompted my friend to complain about Lisbon's topography had ceased to appear (or feel) hill-like to me. A more significant change was my sensibilities surrounding traffic. Leaving Sydney, I had been required to submit a safety plan to my university for approval of international fieldwork. When asked what safety precautions I would undertake for walking in Lisbon, I wrote: "use footpaths", "follow traffic safety" and "be aware of local customs". In the time I had been living in the Portuguese capital, my understanding of what was 'safe' had shifted through my exposure to local customs which were produced by Lisbon and were producing Lisbon. Applying Grosz's argument to this everyday moment reveals more about the co-production of urbanity than can be gained from abstract analyses. For me, moving between traffic so as not to lose momentum was partly a physical calculation: *on limestone in these shoes, it will be harder to start moving again if I stop to let this group past and there are no cars close-by*. However, what constituted being 'close' to a car had changed from when I was a Sydney body. The proximity at which I would feel a sense of danger had shrunk. Canberra, where the roads are wider and flatter even than in Sydney, had produced Anna and she had adjusted to a wider distance between self and car that made her feel this Lisbon distance so acutely. Here again, bodies produced by cities producing cities.

It is these changes that constitute minute shifts in the way that cities are performed and understood. By seeing cities not only as a collection of buildings and bodies, but also as the habits that these bodies develop, transient aspects of cities also disrupt theoretical understandings of how a city is made and changed. Encounters like these are fleeting and may barely register on the landscape, but they embed themselves in the next passing-by and the next unfolding. These actions reinforce or change embodied sensibilities themselves – performing the city becomes a habit in a geographically-specific way. The gaps that open through these

ruptures are moments in which the specific assemblage of the city shifts, and re-emerges as subtly, but crucially, different.

2. Where does it End? Reaching for the City Limits

A city is a/in process, but its infrastructure is a framework that can be located on a map. This sense of specificity, of this process unfolding somewhere, is part of what gives a city its identity. As such, cities are prone to being discussed as ‘spaces’ and ‘places’ – green space, open space, public space, space-making; place-making, public place, displacement. Throughout this chapter, I contrast an experience of ‘passing-by’ in my home city of Sydney with the concepts of ‘space’ and ‘place’. In abstraction, these terms appear separate, but I argue that they exist simultaneously, blurring together as I move across the city. As I recount my passing-by, I will examine common definitions of space and place and what distinguishes one from the other. However, I suggest that these concepts are often translated onto lived experience through the terms ‘urban’ and ‘suburban’. In these constructions, there is an implicit separation of movement from meaning. Furthermore, these terms can be applied differently for different city-bodies, and designating a here or over there a ‘space’ as opposed to a ‘place’ is an act of privilege. While these two categories may be useful in their separation, I argue that ‘space’ and ‘place’ must operate together in order to more accurately reflect the lived experience of passing-by in an urban environment. As such, I advocate for a hyphenated approach to cities that both recognises movement and ‘throwntogetherness’ as integral to city-body processes.

Then

continue to follow Pacific Highway.

The dotted blue line stretches along a thick yellow stripe marked 'Pacific Highway'. A circle moves across the screen, following the line, chewing up the dots like Pacman being played in slow motion. It leaves a grey string of dots in its wake from my starting point at Killara in North Sydney to here. My hour-long walk has been reduced to a trail of breadcrumbs that represent the slow plod of my feet past the car dealerships, the petrol stations and the glass apartment blocks. It feels like I haven't moved at all. Cars flow past, coloured blurs purring against the bitumen, heading towards the silver cityscape outlined in the distance.

Continue to follow Pacific Highway then

Turn left onto Park Ave, 170m

The thick yellow stripe on the screen splits apart and peels away from itself becoming a thinner white strip. It goes straight through grey space, suggesting more glass and steel and concrete, but here is brick and leaf and the smell of grass. These federation style houses are surrounded by hedges; above the bushes, their stained glass windows stare, inscrutable.

Turn right onto Rail to Riv Walk, 350m

Trees fan out their branches above me. I walk in the gutter because there is no footpath and the grass is too manicured to cross. The blue dots continue straight ahead, but the road undulates up and down hill. I keep walking...

A mosaic of interactions makes a healthy city, as opposed to color-by-number and staying within the lines. These lines are drawn with distinct clarity, rejecting the blurriness inherent in a city. The limited space of a city engenders multiple uses and functional overlaps. The edges of things and of activities are blurry and indeterminate. To live in a city requires us to understand this blurriness. Essentially, it is *out of focus*. To live in a city, a person must color with many colors and outside of the lines.

Pitera 2010, p.170

Understanding the assembled and assembling nature of cities in their specific configurations is a project that stretches the conceptual boundaries of urban literature. Analyses of the city are frequently structured around binaries in which the modern globalised city (so called ‘space’) as an impersonal, fast-paced and slick environment is contrasted by the ‘old’ city (so called ‘place’) in which people dwell. Alternatively, the urban is frequently placed in opposition to the suburban where cities hold interest, variety and meaning (place) and the suburbs that encase them, snaking further and further away into the surrounding landscape, are seen as empty of community and life (space). In this dichotomous approach, those who live on the outskirts of the city are doubly denied agency: firstly because city planning within these binaries results in a spatial reification of settler-colonial power and class structures in the boundaries of what is considered ‘the city’, but secondly, within academic literature in the misrepresentation of creative and imaginative suburban lives. To reflect lived experience, urban studies must dissolve disciplinary divides, dwelling in dynamic of the hybridity and the inevitable messiness of Pitera’s mosaic. This begins with passing-by the separation between the concepts of space and place as foundations of urban studies and wandering outside the lines into the blur that is both urban and academic assemblage.

...then the houses give way to tangled brush. A bush turkey scratches in the soil at the edge of the sign which reads: Nature Preservation Zone. An arrow points down down down, and my trail of blue dots urges me into the scrub.

I leave behind the bright sunlight and the bluster of the wind. The tops of the trees move, but the air is still and damp amongst the twisted roots and vines. Rocks are slick with moss; ferns with leaves like fish spines brush my ankles as I pass. The spongy earth becomes sandstone steps. Other walkers climb towards me, dressed in lululemon yoga tights and sweat-resistant t-shirts. I press myself into the trees to let them pass, but they wave me through. My breath is ragged and hot under my mask.

The circle on the screen has become unstuck from its trail of blue dots. It is swept away, swinging wildly as my phone's reception wavers beneath the canopy. I watch myself, condensed into this circle of pixels, spin as Google tries to locate me. It hovers in my approximate location, then drifts across the screen, unmoored, somewhere between Chatswood and Lane Cove, kilometres from the undergrowth I'm descending into. If it loses me, what then...

Place and Space

As the previous chapter explores, urban environments are made up of disparate, dissonant parts that (dis)function in the production of cities and of city bodies. They consist of restaurants and bars and business districts, of modernity and dereliction, of construction sites and demolition, of cars and buses and pedestrians, of people and buildings and roads, and more. As such, cities encourage varied embodiments and emotions, and city bodies often exist as strange in-betweens threading in and out of local and global flows. Much of the literature on space and place cannot capture these zones and as such, this thesis calls into question these definitions.

Yi-Fu Tuan distinguishes the concepts of space and place in a way that is closely attached to embodiment and time. He describes place as a “pause” (2011, p.138) in the limitless expanse of space. His figuring of place as a pause does not just denote a pause in movement, but in time as well. For Tuan, “permanence is an important element in the idea of place” (2011, p.140), whereas space “exists in the present” (2011, p.118). This idea pushes place onto a different temporal plane in which meaning for and attachment to place have a history and evoke memory. This is different to the freedom implied by space-time. There is no mention of space in Tuan’s discussion of intimacy and meaning made manifest. This exclusion of how we gain meaning from space is made more explicit in Anthony M. Orum and Xiangming Chen’s definition of place. For them places are “specific sites in space where the lives and work of people are regularly conducted” which therefore makes them “specific locations in space that provide an anchor and meaning to who we are” (Orum & Chen 2003, p.x & p.1). Steven Hoelscher suggests that space can be considered a “more impersonalised arena” (Hoelscher 2011, p.252). These definitions not only define place as meaningful in its stasis and space as movement, they also hint towards how these two concepts might interact with each other.

Other theorists of space and place problematise the interaction between the two concepts. Edward Casey notes that space is often conceived as prior to place, asking “are we to believe that human experience starts from a mute and blank “space” to which placial modifiers such as “near,” “over there,” “along that way,” and “just here” are added sooner or later...?” (1997, p.15). Perceptual meaning-making is attributed to place in Casey’s definition as he argues that humans are emplaced, always. Casey’s concern here is not the separation of place from space, but the weight they are given in constructing human experience. Human experience, for Casey, is always emplaced, and this is true, but is it not also always enspaced, using the ‘en’ to denote with or in? Whether or not place or space precedes the other is, I would suggest, not as pertinent

in urban environments. In these assemblages, place and space should be considered together. Dividing these concepts is only possible in abstraction, and while they may be useful to keep apart in theorisation, the dichotomy between place and space has unequal and even has colonialisng ramifications when enforced on how we can experience urbanity.

In literature on cities, these divides have an impact how urban processes are interpreted. Other concepts have emerged along similar boundaries. Marc Augé uses the term ‘anthropological place’ and ‘non-place’ to characterise ‘supermodern’ cities. This contemporary urban environment, according to Augé, is characterised by increasingly efficient flows that link a specific site to the rest of the world. Technological advancements produce sameness across national borders, exemplified in global chains like Starbucks or in airports. For Augé, if places are “relational, historical and concerned with identity, then a space which cannot be defined as relational, or historical, or concerned with identity will be a non-place” (2008, p.63). These ‘non-places’ are often places of transit, suggesting that movement and meaning making are removed from each other. Architect Rem Koolhaas employs a similar argument in different terms, using ‘ancient’ and ‘generic’. If the ancient city is unique and feeling lingers in its crumbling walls, but a fast-paced modern environment is a generic city. As “large sections of urban life cross over to cyberspace”, we are left only with an emotionless void that can produce, at best, “weak and distended sensations” (Koolhaas 1998, p.1250). Those conditions that do produce affect are unpleasant and come from an existence constructed in and around machines:

The roads are only for cars. People (pedestrians) are led on rides (as in an amusement park), on ‘promenades’ that lift them off the ground, then subject them to a catalogue of exaggerated conditions – wind, heat, steepness, cold, interior, exterior, smells, fumes – in a sequence that is a grotesque caricature of life in the historic city.

Koolhaas 1998, p.1254

Both the ‘generic’ city and ‘non-place’ are terms for that same binary which equates meaningful experience with dwelling in ‘place’, and motion with empty ‘space’. What is actually being described is a moment in which something that should be there is not. These are

disruptive moments: “bodily experiences that throw the world up, or throw the body from its ground” (Ahmed 2006, p.157). This feeling may be unpleasant, but it is not meaningless. By dwelling on the specificities of bodies and cities, the indistinct greyness of abstraction dissipates. Even as Koolhaas describes the deadening impact of being in a generic city, he reveals a plethora of experiences that imbue urbanity with textures and impacts that give a city its geographically-produced identity: “wind, heat, steepness, cold, interior, exterior, smells, fumes”. This description also contradicts his own description of the “smooth” surface of the generic city (Koolhaas 1998, p.1251). His description reveals a city that is both smooth and steep and cold and hot and windy and smelly. At the centre of his argument is a paradox. This paradox emerges because what Koolhaas describes cannot exist. The topographical, geographical conditions of a city still exist in these ‘generic’ cities and the body that responds to these phenomena is still experiencing them.

...the feathered moss is springy underfoot. Water rushes at the boulders I am now using as stepping stones, echoing in the stormwater drains nearby. Vines hang from the canopy like fat pythons, bodies full from a midday meal. They are so thick the breeze cannot rattle them, and their silhouettes loom in my peripherals.

The location pinpoint on my phone swings again and then again; I watch myself, the dot that is me, pitching between straight streets and green space. But I am in neither area: I am now in the mud between a rock and a child charging past with a German shepherd at her heels, its muzzle wet, its snout peppered with grey whiskers. A path veers upwards toward the sunlight and I take it up up up, finding myself on the edge of a golf course, kilometres from the dotted line I'm supposed to be following. And so

Down down down again into the scrub: wet stairs, muddy shoes, a jogger close behind me with their unmasked face huffing into the air. Everything green and humid. Everything soil and sweat and shade. Everything soft and squelch, squelch, squelch of their Nikes as they pass. They leave a trail of footprints around me, curving around the shape of where my body had been. I follow them, a dotted line across the earth. Slats of light thrust through the vines. Hard edges and straight lines thrust upwards through the foliage, which is thinning now. Glass, corrugated iron, solar panels. Concrete. Brick mansions. Balconies with macrame pot plant holders and mirrors reflecting the afternoon glare.

At the top of the stairs and the tangle, a man in a long-sleeved polo is bent at the waist pulling weeds in the garden. They form a pile at his feet which he then punches into an overflowing green bin, packing them down. In the distance, a flash of neon activewear. The runner plodding uphill, rounding a corner, still running...

Troubled Binaries: Colonial & Class Dichotomies

If place is designated as meaning and space as movement, movement and meaning exist on opposite sides of an intellectual binary. Why has motion been so maligned in these discussions? Meaning-making can emerge from flows and frictions as well as pauses, but movement, in these writings has become emblematic of disconnection and loss of salient experience. The idea of the urban as assemblage challenges these dichotomies as it is through continual unfolding that cities and city-bodies, be they in the ‘ancient’ or the ‘generic’ city, are produced in relation to each other. Without accounting for movement, these binaries can only offer a universalising snapshot. Doreen Massey points out the totalising effect of one of part of this binary. “Place is *always* meaningful? For everyone everywhere? It is *always* a prime source for the production of personal and cultural identity?” (Massey 2004, p.7). But the same can be said of the way non-place can be experienced. Space, non-places, generic cities have meaning for those who engage and occupying these spaces: the worker in the W. H. Smith bookshop at the airport, or the teenage servers at a McDonalds store, for example. When we ask who gets to decide what and where is meaningful and what is not, we realise that there are experiences of being that are lost in the binaries that have been laid out by Tuan, Casey, Augé and Koolhaas.

The misapprehension that movement signifies disconnection rather than attachment has also been mapped onto urban studies since the emergence of this discipline. Early urban sociologists such as Lewis Mumford distinguished cities from their surrounding areas as “a geographic plexus, an economic organisation, a theatre of social action, and aesthetic symbol of collective unity” (2011, p.93). In order to conserve the social connection that he saw as integral to urban life, he argued against the expansion of cities by limiting population and spatial extension. Mumford wrote on the cusp of the major population booms of the twentieth century, with rapid globalisation, technological advancement, consumer-capitalism and increased migration. His concern that these forces would disrupt sociality were realised. In 1938, Louis Wirth argued that cities had become fractured and fracturing, producing only a simulation of social interaction. Movement and migration were seen as the cause of this disconnection: “overwhelmingly, the city dweller is not a home-owner, and since a transitory habitat does not generate binding traditions and sentiments, only rarely is he truly a neighbour” (Wirth 2011, p.101). Guy Debord would voice similar concerns 30 years later, suggesting that with so many workers existing on the suburban edges of cities, social interaction had been reduced to a function of production and consumption (Debord 2013, p.64). Here, as in Yi-Fu Tuan’s

distinction of space and place, urban dwelling is seen as meaningful while suburban dwelling is misapprehended as impersonal and disconnected.

The problem lies not just in this particular dichotomisation, but in the act of separation more generally. Brian Massumi examines the impact of this theoretical perspective. Drawing on conceptions of subjectivity, bodies in Massumi's estimation, are afforded meaning in "an oppositional framework of culturally constructed significations" (Massumi 2002, p.3). In these binaries, bodies are made meaningful through their position on a grid that marks them as 'child' or 'adult' and 'male' or female', among other distinctions. Moving from one category to another is possible, but "movement is entirely subordinated to the position it connects" (Massumi 2002, p.3). In this positioning, the act of transformation, the process of becoming, is lost. The categories I have explored in this chapter so far function similarly. In these dichotomies, meaning is not made in movement but in the point that that motion begins and ends. A moving body is untethered, simply gliding through space towards (another) place. However, like Massumi, Kathleen Stewart argues that affect is tied to movement and motion; it is "an animate circuit that conducts force and maps connections, routes and disjunctures" (2007, p.3). There is meaning in movement, in the motion between positions on a/the/any grid. Urban environments are always moving and always made in movement, in passing-by, and in the being-in-relation that passing-by entails. Within the binaries offered by theoretical engagement, cities are robbed of their meaningfulness.

Another thing that supports these dichotomies is who gets to map categories onto living processes. Sydney's history offers a case study of how these dichotomies justified and continue to perpetuate settler-colonial practices by side-lining movement. This idea is present even in accounts that seek to recognise Aboriginal sovereignty, such as in the work of Gay McAuley.

[A]lthough the Indigenous people living in [Sydney] were virtually wiped out within two years of the arrival of the First Fleet, they left behind them an absence that continues to haunt contemporary Sydney.

2014, p.141-143

While colonial violence and the smallpox epidemic did devastate Aboriginal groups in the area, Paul Irish notes that there was continued Aboriginal presence and belonging to this coastal area

even after the invasion. Extensive trade networks and Aboriginal kinship ties across clans “created complex and shifting webs of connection to land and other people that linked bands across and beyond coastal Sydney” (Irish 2017, p.18). This was incompatible with European colonial sensibilities that mapped more closely dialectic conceptions of emplacement and movement. They used Aboriginal movement along the east coast as proof that First Nations people in Sydney were from other parts of the state. It was a double displacement: enacted first in the invasion of Aboriginal land, and again in constructing surviving First Nations people as visitors to the city.

Binaries like these serve to maintain power structures in a settler-colonial state. The European view that movement through space signified that detachment was one way that early non-Indigenous governments could justify decreased welfare within the city and increased limitations of Aboriginal movement in and around the land. Melinda Hinkson suggests that binaries like past/present, traditional/modern and, I would add, movement/meaning serve to ‘other’: a process that is “central to the construction of nation states and their maintenance of stability” (2002, p.63). Examples of this proliferate Sydney’s history. Johanna Perheentupa details how similar policies were enacted throughout Sydney’s more recent history. For urban Aboriginal communities in the inner city suburb of Redfern, receiving housing support meant demonstrating ‘suitability’. Perheentupa notes that “[t]he scheme offered no relief for many potential applicants as they were unwilling to conform to western ideas of a ‘respectable’ nuclear family and thus weaken their ties to their broader family and kin” (2020, p.159). These communities not only came from or lived in Redfern but came from and lived across other lands on which they expected to be able to move and meet. Their ties to family and Country were incommensurable within the narrow binaries that dictated what a family should be and how and where they should be located. Viewing the network of movement across space from place to place as impermanent and disconnected makes little room for differences between cultural meaning-making practices. It is not just the divide between space and place that serves to alienate Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people in Australia – it is the very structure of a dichotomy itself.

Space and place are cultural categories and, through their conceptual opposition, the Aboriginal history of Sydney was, and is, perpetually erased. Constructing place as a meaningful pause, as separate from space as movement across and between, supports a settler-colonial narrative in this city. The conceptual divide is symptomatic of a larger trend within theoretical binaries

that produce 'otherness'. Applying any dichotomous framework to Sydney works to delegitimise First Nations connection to Country. Indeed, this is what has already unfolded in the abstraction and separation of space from place: a widespread misrecognition of Aboriginal belonging to Sydney that conveniently upholds settler-colonial narratives of the city and perpetuates lived and embodied inequalities that are still being reproduced.

...up and down, up and down and straight straight straight straight along the highway. The houses are blurred. I am tired. My feet hurt. The circle has returned to the blue dotted line again. A message from my housemate comes through as I watch my progress on the screen: "how's the walk?". I respond in haiku format just to take my mind off the slow march of my circle across the screen and the wide expanse of dots still waiting for my feet.

"24/7/21 Sat 14.47

*I feel like I've been walking
Through Lane Cove for 7 years.
Why is this suburb so long"*

Continue straight, then...

Divides between urban and suburban boundaries also offer little in terms of understanding how movement can be meaningful in a sprawling city. Sydney suffers from a highly competitive rental market and inflated house prices that have pushed some residents to the margins of their cities. Urban sprawl has led to dislocating residents from infrastructure such as work, public transport and health care. The over-reliance on cars continually drives demand for bigger highways and reduces what city planner Jeff Speck terms ‘walkability’ (Speck 2013, 2018). Speck suggests that vibrancy and community emerge from living in close proximity - a state that is already impossible in Sydney. People are marginalised and disconnected from each other and from their locales as cost of living crises heightens inequality, and sprawling city limits have rendered this phenomenon more visible.

However, these problems are failures of policy rather than inherent characteristics that distinguish urban and suburban areas. This dichotomy – the urban vs the suburban – are often structured in the literature around the same binaries that underpin conceptualisations of space and place (Wirth 2011; Debord 2013; Speck 2018; Farrelly 2021). Movement as disconnection and dwelling as attachment has remained a persistent theme in these analyses. In Wirth’s work, it was cities that necessitated transitory-ness in opposition with their rural counterparts. For Debord, Speck and Farrelly, urban liveliness is a result of living in one locale. By contrast, the unwalkable suburb, is (literally) driven by individual commutes, and as a result, is seen as a drab, homogenous area. The concerns are the same, the subject differs, but as I will suggest urban and suburban environments are not made, or more meaningfully, experienced in opposition to each other.

There are real inequalities being perpetuated along city boundaries, and in deciding where urban and suburban lines are drawn. Sydney’s Covid-19 lockdown in 2021, for instance, was drawn along suburban lines. Sydney’s culturally diverse western suburbs faced harsher restrictions and higher penalties than those residing in other areas of the city. While politicians at the time argued that the restrictions were necessary, those along Sydney’s east coast where the Delta variant first emerged were not subject to the same stringent rules. Here, the divide between Greater Sydney (the western suburbs, including the south-west and north-west) and Coastal Sydney (Sydney’s East and North) was concretised in policy and privilege¹⁷. However,

¹⁷ Although the Northern Beaches were also cut off from the rest of Sydney Covid-19 broke out in the area over December in 2020, the terrain made the region easier to isolate (Visontay 2020). The area is a peninsula-like shape bordered in the North by the Hawkesbury River, in the West by the Ku-ring-gai National Park and in the South

Dan Pitera notes that such distinctions fail to reflect the porosity of lived urban boundaries (2010). Those that live in Sydney's West are still part of the urban fabric as they commute for work or perform jobs that benefit corporations located in the central city. The density of these areas is increasing, leading to new shopping malls, restaurants, leisure facilities, exponential development, and accompanying infrastructure for cars. Where can the line be drawn between Sydney and Greater Sydney, between city and suburb? Certainly there are cultural and socioeconomic differences between the populations of each area, but these are not essential to the categories of urban and suburban. Networked flows like these are lost in this binary, but these networked flows also produce and change the urban fabric. Far from being drab and homogenous, (sub)urban environments emerge in the functions and dysfunctions of these flows.

Movement, flows and frictions are the joinery of an urban environment's facets. Recognising these temporal elements is integral to understanding cities as the result of unique, culturally and geographically-specific processes. Without an acknowledgement of the effect of movement, urban environments are reduced to essentialising categories that fail to accurately understand city-ness. Witold Rybczynski (1996) suggests that social hubs in cities are subject to change in his exploration of American malls, arguing that these commercial centres are the new 'downtown' of American urbanity. With high streets reduced to ghost towns by the migration of commerce to strip malls, the fabric of the city is changed and changed again. People and their movements play a fundamental role in the production of a city, whether they reside in suburbia or not. The changing face of urban environments through technological development, through architecture, through commerce suggests that the boundaries defining 'city-ness' are being stretched further and further. Sydney's own horizon has become unstuck from presumptions about what the limits of a city are or should be and its outward expansion is a real-time negotiation of what this city is or is not, now. Where to demarcate the borders of 'city' (as a concept) and 'cities' (in their particular configurations) is a question with high stakes.

The boundaries between suburban and urban confer privilege and marginalise communities, which is perpetuated and reified in urban and suburban analyses. As I alluded to in the

by the bay at Pittwater. The time of year, the homogeneity of the area and its relative affluence makes it an area of Sydney that dealt with the restrictions with more ease than Western Sydney was able to.

introduction to this thesis, in characterising suburban residential zones as drab, homogenous and Euclidean, Elizabeth Farrelly (2021) further isolates West and South West Sydney communities. It is true that the new housing in some of these areas tends towards homogenous estates of enormous concrete-rendered houses, are linked by increasingly long stretches of highways, and are privately designed, built and sold by developers. In turn, this may, as Jeff Speck suggests, reduce walking, clog roads and damage the natural environment (2018). Nonetheless, the urban and suburban characterisations and stereotypes do little to mitigate these concerns. Suburban residents are denied the privilege of imaginative, interesting experiences in this literature, misrepresenting their experiences of movement and disenfranchising them further. There are parks and diverse communities and difference, even when there are no footpaths. To base understandings of this entire region on the question of whether it is urban and conducive or suburban and un-conducive to walkability, to imagination, to interest, to attachment, is asking the wrong question. Urban research is both situated within and a part of the co-productive urban process. This process lives and moves and breathes in the bodies that pass-by in cities, whether they are situated on the outskirts of a city or not. In moving, in traversing, in passing-by, the landscape of the city changes. And as this landscape shifts, so too will the stories and maps that urban research produces.

...eventually, Lane Cove bleeds into Lane Cove North into Linley Point. I measure the suburbs in the size of their hills. The road dips down towards water. It is many colours: the sinking sun casts a shadow over the inlet, splitting the water into steely greys and greens, and marine blue. Boats rock at the edges of sandbanks and wooden piers. In the distance, the city glitters. Wind stirs the surface of the water, slapping the hull of the yachts. I see the impact but the noise doesn't reach me over the buzz of cars. The view is more comfortable from behind the windscreen with the air conditioning on: the air smells of salt and petrol, and a pelican has fixed its unblinking eye on my weary body. A pelican watches in profile; the eye unnerves me. My throat burns.

I keep walking. The highway doubles: less footpath, more lanes. A cliff rises up beside me, and I press myself against the rock face to let a family on bikes whirl past in the opposite direction. My body is not the only one without a vehicle. Stragglers congregate at a bus stop near the footbridge. There is nothing but rock and bush on either side. I sidle past. A woman takes a drag on her cigarette.

I keep walking...

...then stop. A dog barks. On screen, Google Maps has become tangled, the blue dots knotted over themselves just ahead. The cyan stretch on the map suggests water. But - I look up from the screen - the only thing here is a dirt track heading down hill and an aggressive dog snuffling behind the fence. Grass tickles my ankles. I zoom in: the path loops around and curls in on itself like a snail shell before emerging on a thick yellow line that cuts through the blue. My circular location marker stays steady; Google exudes confidence. I follow the dirt track until it becomes a concrete path beside a grassy knoll on a residential street. I am staring at the screen so intently that I don't notice the bridge above me, dwarfing the two-storey houses. All I see is this inexplicable spiral of blue dots, but then...

The Hyphenated In-Between: Place-Space

Moving from abstractions to lived experience partially mitigates the issues I have canvassed above. The divide between space and place has been absorbed into other areas of city research that obfuscates, rather than illuminates, what it is to be in and to produce urbanity. To undo the boundaries that urban and suburban categories force upon lived experience, this overarching divide between space, place, movement and meaning must be resolved.

Doreen Massey offers more nuance in her understandings of space and place when compared to Tuan, Casey, and Hoelscher by rejecting the idea that space is “a surface” and place (and life and meaning) are simply “phenomena ‘on’ the surface” (2005, p.4). Instead, Massey sees it as “the dimension of simultaneity, of things, events, people existing at the same moment” (2014, p.38). Here, space is a network and simultaneous unfolding in perpetuity. Dynamism is a central component to Massey’s understanding of space, describing it as a process: “always under construction... never finished; never closed” (2005, p.9). This fluidity, which is what gives space its multiple meanings, defies the cultural freeze frame that Masumi cautions against. Meanwhile, place is also moved, moving and changing as it is the point of “negotiating” these trajectories, events, people, and textures (Massey 2001, p.6; 2002, p.294). Both concepts are grounded and both embodied, and as such, there is room for somewhere to be both place and space at any given time for any given subject. These definitions take these concepts from the abstract into the realm of lived experience where space is a network and place is ‘thrown-togetherness’. In other words, the concepts themselves are assemblages that feed into each other.

While these definitions mediate the theoretical divide within the concepts themselves, talking about space ‘or’ place, or even space ‘and’ place still forces a dichotomy into written representations of cities. Cities are both network and thrown-togetherness at once, producing and produced by an embodied in-betweenness. Justine Shih Pearson mitigates this through reference to Homi Bhaba’s ‘thirdspace’, developing it in conversation with Henri Lefebvre’s ‘lived space’. In these two concepts, there is room for this embodied in-betweenness: “hybrid, hyphenated in-between space; one that is between/both walked and thought, real-and-imagined” (Shih Pearson 2018, p.49). Still, both terms foreground ‘space’ in their construction. Extending Massey’s argument that, as a network and a sense of thrown-togetherness respectively, space and place are assembled in and through each other, I suggest that both concepts must be held in simultaneity with each other. Rather than navigate where one stops

and the other starts, I refer to place-space in this thesis to invoke a networked thrown-togetherness that is urban embodied experience. The hyphenated assemblage nods to multiplicity and process at the same time as attempting to solve the problems that come with writing about dynamic and co-produced phenomenon. It is my hope that this construction (in conjunction with Massey's redefinition) offers a shift towards the embodied in-betweenness that is missing in the abstractions suggested by Tuan, Casey, and Hoelscher.

But, this lexical manoeuvre is not enough on its own. It must be supported by an approach to urban research that is itself networked and hybrid. The distinctions between place and space are created and perpetuated in part by divisions between disciplines. Just as the divide between concepts like place and space breakdown in-between lived experiences of cities, so too do disciplinary dichotomies. Performance studies analyses of urban place-space deploy theatrical, sociological and anthropological concepts as starting points for understanding how facets of urbanity emerge in tandem with each other. Likewise, Doreen Massey notes that geographic studies must involve conversations across urban geography, human geography and environmental geography. Cities could be sites for these interdisciplinary encounters, not as surface-level theoretical engagements or as fodder for university marketing material, but as a starting point for hybrid, sometimes messy research that is itself processual and unfolding. In this light, researching urbanity resembles living in it. Here an appropriation of Pitera's words quoted earlier is helpful.

A mosaic of interactions makes [healthy research] as opposed to colo[u]r-by-number and staying within the lines... The edges of things and of activities are blurry and indeterminate. [Research] requires us to understand this blurriness. Essentially, it is *out of focus*. To [research], a person must colour with many colours and outside of the lines.

Pitera 2010, p.170

...the iron structure that is Gladesville Bridge stretches across the river in symmetrical slats of iron. Its bolts are the size of my head; each beam is more than twice my body. In the concrete pillar holding it up on this side, there is a small square opening where the shadows are thicker. At the other end, a blur of white light. A man emerges from the tunnel and I enter as he rounds the corner. The air is cold and smells of an alley behind a night club. A woman strides ahead of me. The sound of cars is gone, the waves are gone; there is the faint buzz of insects burning on the fluorescent light strip and the echo of our footsteps becoming enormous in the stillness. The light strips flicker, illuminating spray-painted penises and graffiti tags. A dead moth lies amongst the cigarette butts and empty chip packets.

The blue dots thread through the tunnel which is depicted by a thin black line on the map. My location dot follows it faithfully, making even progress through the heart of the tangle. In the tunnel, I scuttle towards the exit, bursting through towards the dying sunlight, enjoying the smell of petrol more than the stale air.

Turn left.

Then...

...the path winds around and around. For a panicked moment, I think I will be taken north in the direction I've just come, but find myself angled south west on top of the bridge. Its railings loom over me as if I am in a metal cage suspended above the cove. Backyards are spread out below with their own jetties and beachside spas. A half-drained pool is green with algae. And beyond this, a stretch of sand and private access to the sea. Tiny figures move across the beach. One stands staring out at the water. Two girls settle side-by-side on the jetty, their feet swinging over the water. Another wanders on the shore, trailing a stick behind them, leaving faint lines through the sand.

Above them, a man on a red tricycle rushes up behind me and then past me. The clicking of spokes fades quickly into the drone of traffic. I blink. All that is left of him is the sun flashing off one of his back wheels. Then he becomes too small, and that too is gone.

Ahead of me on the opposite bank, growing larger with each step, is a Norfolk Island Pine. It sways in the wind. I'm suspended between the two sides of the water now. On one side, a dog thunders along the beach chasing tendrils of white foam curling on the sand. On the other, a

knot of strangler figs move their leaves as one entity. Grey dots. Blue dots. And on the screen, there is the thick yellow line, the stretch of cyan and that string of blue extending beyond what my phone screen can capture and I walk towards the vanishing point, and keep walking then...

keep walking then...

keep walking then...



AFFECT



citywandermaps
Wangal Country



Liked by **hobartwalking** and **14 others**

citywandermaps Sometimes I am walking and my mind floats away until I emerge somewhere and I don't know how I got there. A map of some daydreams and the buildings I found myself in front of when I stopped

3. Urban Orientations

In the former chapter, I explored how cities defy abstraction by problematising binaries like place and space, urban and suburban, and meaning and movement. As well as perpetuating colonial and class power structures, these understandings also misrepresent the nature of urban experience. While this literature suggested that experience is flattened in modern cities, my explorations produced intensely embodied moments: I was moved to sweat and moved to exhaustion. Far from being emptied of meaning, these sensory experiences point to the moments where topography, geography, and culture collide with bodies passing-by. This could happen anywhere, even outside urban environments, but cities foreground our thrown-togetherness: bodies and buildings and cars and roads and insects and, and, and... . These separate facets are brought into contact through movement, such as passing-by, generating affective experiences that feed into the urban fabric. Stories and performances of particular cultural sensibilities and identities are moved into existence partly by the pressure of being intertwined. We are moved by and moved to imagination, reverie, memory, boredom and pain. In this chapter, I discuss the role that affect and atmosphere plays in producing cities and city-bodies. I begin by introducing Sara Ahmed's concept of 'orientations', arguing that urban bodies are thrown-together from different directions, precipitating new encounters with seemingly-fixed infrastructures. These orientations are registered as affects and atmospheres that can become part of an urban identity. These moving, breathing orientations sustain stories about 'the past' in 'the present' and carry them into 'the future' which function to sustain colonial power structures in urbanity. On an individual level, this collapse of temporal categories is an affective experience in and of itself: discomfort, dissonance, disorientation. I explore urban nostalgia as one example of affective states that are born between disoriented bodies and changing landscapes. The stories created in these gaps are as much a part of cities as the buildings and bodies of an urban environment.

Turning Towards

The day has the texture of over-ripe fruit – a wet sponginess to the air, cloying against my neck. I can feel my breath against my mask, condensation slick on my cheeks the way my hair is slicked to my skull beneath a sheen of sweat. The ground is soft underfoot.

I follow her through the grass, my eyes straying to the asphalt path ahead. Long grass tugs at my socks, trailing rain drops across my ankles, leaving them damp and warm. The sky is

washed white after the rain, the sun reduced to a glare which shrouds everything and we walk through the park with a squint and a strange gait – picking our feet up high as if that will stop the itchiness of these weeds against our calves. Tiny black seeds fleck the exposed flesh of my legs.

When we reach the path, I follow her down past the sandstone buildings that once held Sydney College of the Arts. Strangler figs line the footpath, their roots dripping from the branches, the ground warped beneath their trunks. The leaves above us look waxy. I watch Dolly as she walks, her eyes shifting left to right as if looking for something. Her feet quicken against the footpath, the soles of her sneakers, now soggy, muffling the scuffing of the asphalt.

We pass buildings with broken or boarded over windows, gaping like missing teeth. They are locked up behind wire fences baring signs that shout: “SURVEILLANCE. NO TRESPASSING.” And “ASBESTOS”. One ground-floor window, shattered, reveals a glimpse at the room inside: it is thick with dust, mould blossoming on the skirting. A pine dresser, emptied of its drawers, stands at the edge. In the middle of the floor, the carpet is adorned only by a brick. I imagine the hand that threw it, its arc through the window, the splintering of glass. We keep moving.

As we follow the road down towards the bay, Dolly veers off the road, apologising.

“I was just looking at this for work,” she tells me, “There was a swimming pool here, and –“

She trails off. We trudge along the curve of the water to some rocks by the shore. She clambers onto them, probing the sandstone, her fingers fluttering against the pock-marked surface. Her hands press down into the larger grooves, her eyes intent as she works her thumb into it.

“It would have been here,” she says.

She explains that she has been working on a historical interpretation of Callan Park. Her days at work are spent bent over old and incomplete maps, piecing together the stories behind places of historical significance through yellowed photographs she has tracked down through the archives. This pool would have been used for inmates at the asylum which currently looks down on us, only its spires visible over the thick foliage. As one of the first of its kind, this hospital

aimed at rehabilitating patients, pioneering humane treatment methods. This swimming pool was one such attempt.

She points out to the water, opaque and steely under the overcast sky. The shore has shrunk after the rain, and the water sucks at the black silt, sloshing as it draws in and out. A capsized boat decays near a barnacle-spackled rock.

“This would have been much lower.”

As she speaks, images of men in striped bathing trunks appear beside her. Nearby, children are playing soccer, and I shift my gaze so that their fluorescent sports vests are obscured by a wide tree trunk. Their voices, shrill with shouting, become the echoes of the patients as they waded through the water, watched over by orderlies dressed in grey, their faces blank and severe.

Dolly stands, her foot skidding against the rock as she climbs down and I lurch forward to help her. She is fine, but the movement has brought the soccer game back into view, and the echoes are gone. We continue walking, ducking around a cyclist bent low over their handlebars, feeling the spit of the bicycle wheels flicking against our calves as we walk.

In this story, I pass-by old sandstone buildings and older trees with a heritage consultant in Sydney’s Inner West¹⁸. It is at once a rehabilitation centre, a recently closed art school, the site of music festival Laneway, and a popular spot for dog owners, runners, walkers and cyclists. It provides sporting grounds, and its proximity to the water also encourages those with kayaks and rowboats to use this area as an entry point to the harbour. Its location is also prime real estate, and the developmentally-minded government of New South Wales is also seeking to privatise the land by leasing it. The famous sandstone building at the top of the hill here is now a heritage listed site, but was once a psychiatric hospital. Interviews with those that have broken in here during the hospital’s various periods of disuse have reported feeling “creeped out” by the padded room, as well as the empty room with the piano. One participant reported that the security guard who caught him warned him that the instrument could play itself on dark nights.

¹⁸ The Inner West is an area west of the Central Business District (the CBD), or what people also call the Inner City, but it is not as west as the Western Suburbs mentioned in the last chapter. For a beginner’s guide to the demographics and characters of Sydney’s regions, see Frost 2017.

Contrary to urban legend, Dolly asserts that Callan Park was not built for the purpose of torturing patients or hiding dark secrets. Instead, it was (by the standards of its time) a state of the art rehabilitation centre, predicated on a philosophy of kindness to the patients that resided there. The waterfront setting, the pool and even the pet emu that made rounds at the wards were all intended to promote welfare and healing. The infamous padded room is a feature that really existed only as a preventative measure against patients harming themselves. Given that this facility that was actually ahead of its time in terms of humane treatment of its patients, this chilling atmosphere that explorers reported is inconsistent with the lived reality of this space. Instead, their experience maps neatly onto tropes from the horror genre and plays off cultural narratives around mental illness. But I have also heard accounts from other passers-by that suggest the location was less an act of kindness and more a case of ‘out of sight out of mind’ for the Sydney inhabitants of the area at the time. The waterfront location allowed patients to arrive by boat, preventing them from crossing paths with other members of Sydney society.

On this day, passing-by the same buildings, recalling old and learning new stories, Callan Park offered a different experience. By walking with a specialist in Sydney’s cultural heritage and someone who conducts site visits as part of their job to illuminate historical narratives that underpin the city, I was able to ‘sense’ the history of that site. However, I was able to do so by reaching towards the prompts offered by my companion, not because I was able to sense it in the world around me. My experience did invoke a shifting atmosphere of the place and it recalls Gay McAuley’s experiences at historically significant sites in Greater Sydney. McAuley describes exploring a rural site in the Blue Mountains west of Sydney where a tragic event was enacted by white settlers on the Aboriginal locals — the site is now called Blackman’s Leap. For McAuley, the site of this massacre is permeated by a sombre atmosphere; the air hangs heavy over McAuley as she visits the unmarked, unmemorialised site. She speculates that this atmosphere is *in* the place, suggesting that past events linger as “traces that endure into the present” (McAuley 2013, p.8). In Callan Park, the holes left by the ladder of a now-vanished swimming pool and the presence of the sandstone monolith of the hospital provoked imaginings that brought the past into the present. Our passing-by in the present meant brushing up against these echoes.

At first glance, McAuley’s atmosphere and my imaginings appear to be prompted by resonances still reverberating through each place-space. Indeed, this is how we sense them: as

separate entities located within or fixed to a site that exercise their affective capacities on us. This model suggests both that the past lies out there in place-space which we encounter as external to us. These encounters produce a response — curiosity, in my case; pain, in McAuley's — and perhaps these responses are visceral — goosebumps, a shiver. In this conception, pastness is external to bodies until we encounter it in a specific site and we react to its call. However, there is a static quality to this that fails to account for the ever-unfolding nature of urbanity. The flows and frictions of these assemblages are always in process, and, as part of them, so are we. Kathleen Stewart suggests that affects are “rooted not in fixed conditions of possibility but in the actual lines of potential that a *something* coming together calls to mind and sets in motion” (2007, p.2). In other words, affect lives in trajectories and movements just as bodies do. If we encounter the past as an affective state, this suggests that pastness itself is more dynamic than McAuley's model suggests. Following Sara Ahmed, I argue that the experience of pastness in urbanity is co-produced in the present: “if bodies do not arrive in neutral, if we are always in some way or another moody, then what we will receive as an impression will depend on our affective situation” (2010, p.40). The atmosphere that McAuley and I felt in our respective sites then did not necessarily exist prior to our presence, it emerged in the relation between body and site.

My experience with the heritage consultant offers an example of how this is produced. For Dolly, Callan Park does not just exist for leisure. It forms part of an archive that she digs through for her work, and her understanding of it is complemented by written and cartographical histories. My sensing of the past here begins with her reading the markers of the built landscape to me. Her being able to locate pastness here is a product of her own habitus as someone trained in archival research. My encounter was mediated by her presence, pointing me towards physical evidence of these pasts which then, by being in relation to them, became resonant. Ahmed describes this pointing as orientation towards the object:

To experience an object as being affective or sensational is to be directed not only toward an object but to what is around that object, which includes what is behind the object, the conditions of its arrival.

2010, p.25

It matters that the heritage consultant was there informing me of her research. It also matters that I like Dolly, that I want her to like me and that I was open to receiving the impressions she left upon me. In some ways, being interested and engaged and moved to imagination is a step towards being a part of an affective community. Ahmed describes this being “directed or oriented in the same way” (2010, p.38). In this instance, I was quite literally directed to look at what Dolly found interesting, influenced not only by what she said, but the affective register in which I received them. David Lowenthal notes that “[t]he place of the past in any landscape is as much the product of present interest as of past history” (Lowenthal 1975, p.24). As such, not all would experience pastness the same way, just as I may not experience the same way a second time. In the intersection of past, present interest, and (I would add) our own corporeal schemas, atmosphere and affect emerges as dynamic lived experience.

As such, sites do feel as if they are pulling us or calling to us, but our orientation to that tug is co-constructed, co-produced much like the wider urban environment. To feel this pull, we must be oriented towards it. My experience explored above reveals the tangible impacts that the past can offer into the present. The feeling of grass against my legs, the people currently using the space, the noises, the weather all contributed to the atmosphere of the park that day. My experience with Dolly the heritage consultant suggests a relationship with the past that became real and tangible, not through engagement with place in and of itself, the feeling, the history was not ‘in’ the place, but through this engagement in conjunction with other forms of practices and habits - her own body, adjusted to moving through older, forgotten spaces; her research practices; the stories that the city of Sydney tells itself and its residents; the cultural milieu in which we exist (in which abandoned psychiatric hospitals are ideal settings for the plot of a horror novel); my own presence as a fellow researcher who is interested in these stories and sought her out for the stories she knew. Likewise, Gay McAuley’s description of atmosphere being ‘held’ at a massacre sites is inseparable from the prior knowledge she had of a place. Affective pastness in urbanity is a relation between then and now, mediated by human interest and imagination.

Settler-Colonial Orientations

Approaching pastness in place-space as dynamic connection between environment, body and the stickiness of affect, reorients settler-colonial relationships to heritage. Often, past is a contested realm. Memory is subjective and humans are imaginative. Taming the past into a clear narrative means drawing boundaries around whose perspectives matter most. These

narratives can become a way of orienting a community or society towards something, forging a collective identity which is continued into the future. Ahmed says that “we are asked to reproduce what we inherit by being affected in the right way by the right things” (2010, p.45), and this is a project with high stakes. The relationship between production, reproduction and affect further ensures the continuity of narratives around which power structures and culture adheres.

Cities with colonial histories offer an example of this. Lisbon is oriented towards its maritime past, its discoveries, its tragedies and its resilience in overcoming them. Parts of these histories are visible in the landscape of the city today, because residents and tourists are directed towards them. These orientations sometimes guided the walks I took with a ‘Walking in Lisbon’ MeetUp Group. My first walk with two other members of the group highlighted which features of this city were most salient for them.

“Oh you’ll love it,” Katie says, “There are so many underground bits and tours you can do. There’s one at Millenium Bank, did you know? And so much history.”

Her voice drops an octave, as if she’s telling us a secret.

“That’s actually the bigger project, you know. There’s so many locations, the goal is kind of to visit them all.”

The street has opened out, perpendicular to another, and her words are washed away by the river and the sound of construction on its banks. The air is white in the morning light and the sun has turned the water pale. Against it, the red and blue cranes dominate the landscape, but to our left, there is a spread of church spires and a Lisbon yellow.

“Like Praça do Comércio,” adds Susanne.

“Exactly! And down by the water! So much history. Just a totally different city, a completely different picture.”

They are here, beside me, their bodies brushing against the walls, their squeaky new sneakers dodging more dog poo that has been left along the road, and yet they are not here. Their gaze

is to the water, past the scaffolding and the cranes, as if they are watching imaginary ships roll in with the tide.

Susanne continues: “And that’s actually the point that all the imports came in.”

“I want to follow the elephants down to the water!” Katie says.

“And they had lions and tigers and...” Susanne says.

Katie and Susanne’s bodies are oriented towards the waterfront, conjuring romantic visions of the city’s grandeur during the reign of Dom Manuel I. Indeed, this period was characterised by maritime commerce that made this king Portugal’s richest monarch and included the import of African animals (Hatton 2018, p.57). The experience of encountering these animals as imaginative affects was a result of Katie and Susanne’s cultural attention to these stories, which were then held in close proximity to in the urban landscape. This orientation hides the full uses of the docks; one element frequently goes unmentioned. *Casa dos Escravos de Lisboa* (The Lisbon Slave House) no longer exists and its records have since been destroyed, but it once played a significant role in the city and in the Portuguese colonial project. Established during the reign of Dom. Manuel I, the slave house was intended as an administrative body, centralising and consolidating the import and sale of people from West Africa and Guinea in the port city of Lisbon. John L Vogt argues that “while the institution of slavery in Portugal was as ancient as the nation itself” (1973, p.1), it was formalised during the Manueline period and could even be considered a distinguishing feature of the city at the time. Divided into three main units, the slave house was at once a prison, an office and a cooperage for the cutting and shaping of casks for further colonial expeditions. As such, this building was “more than merely a peripheral agency” (Vogt 1973, p.6); its role in authorising colonial trade contracts led to the expansion of the empire and accumulation of the wealth that defined this period of Portuguese history.

Parts of the city were built using slave labour, whilst the opulence of many of Lisbon’s most famous buildings were facilitated by wealth generated through the slave trade. Yet despite the pivotal role that the slave house played in centralising the trade in Lisbon, its history often goes untold in public life. Consider Susanne and Katie’s orientation towards the water. Today, the riverbank is a recognisable landmark and a popular tourist attraction. As well as offering views

of the Golden Gate-esque bridge known as *Ponte 25 de Abril* and the opposite banks of Sétubal, hazy with salt and sun, it also offers one of the few flat places to walk in this city. A footpath stretches from the station and ferry terminal at Terreiro do Paço, past Cais do Sodré with its over-priced waterfront bars before continuing onwards, stretching towards Belém and all its museums, pastries and Gothic architecture. Now, the area is populated by joggers and tourists sipping 10 euro cocktails from disembowelled pineapples. Then it was a place where slaves

served as laborers and porters for the burgeoning maritime commerce of the Tejo and its chief port. By Manuel I's time, it was not at all uncommon to encounter there dozens of work-gangs of [...] slaves, many of whom belonged to the crown itself. These chattels were chained together and used to transport grain and other commodities among the various royal ships, workshops, and storehouses.

Vogt 1973, p.1

Vogt's account reveals that the economic status of the Portuguese empire under the rule of Portugal's richest king can be traced back to *Casa dos Escravos de Lisboa*. The slave boats are gone from the water, but *Torre de Belém* with its *Manuelino* architecture, funded by and built by/for an unjust system, remains. The "work-gangs" are done loading boats, but odes to the monarchy that owned them remain in the form of a statue in the centre of *Praça do Comércio*. The slaves no longer arrive at the water's edge, but *Terreiro de Paço* remains, marked by a building by award-winning Portuguese architect João Luís Carrilho da Graça. It is still a point where people disembark, but instead of slaves, they are tourists or commuters alighting from the half-hour ferry to Setúbal. The material landscape of present day Lisbon has been shaped by slavery, but there is no mention of this at the docks, at the terminal, at the monument to the monarchs that facilitated the system. Having knowledge of this might shift the orientation of tourists or immigrants like Katie and Susanne and inform a more nuanced sensibility towards the city, but this would also mean turning towards less pleasant affects. The sun is warm, the stretch of *calçada portuguesa* is smooth underfoot, the sound of the waves lapping at the rocks is a steady rhythm beneath the music that the buskers play. Leisurely wanders on a Sunday morning will provide encounters with dancers leftover from the previous night's parties. The king's statue casts a long shadow as he towers above the tourists, propped up on stone horses and marble elephants which serve as a reminder of the exotic animals that Portugal once

imported and unloaded right here, at this spot. This area calls back to the past, and the tourists answer with cameras, taking turns to pose in front of the city's many statues, buildings and ruins. It is a lively atmosphere hinged on a partial narrative of the past and reinforced by commonly recounted histories of Lisbon.

Not all aspects of Lisbon's past are pleasant to encounter, of course. Although often considered one of the oldest living cities in the world, Lisbon's story is also one of destruction in the wake of the earthquake of 1755. In this event, the city's landscape was not just changed; in parts, it ceased to exist. This history, easily accessible and frequently told, is also an orientation towards the beauty of the city now and the resilience of its culture. The statue of the Marquês de Pombal bears down on the city's busiest roundabout as a reminder of this. A few weeks after I moved to Lisbon, I passed-by the statue in a Bolt (a European ride share company). The driver told me the history of the Marquês: "he's the reason we're still here". The orientation is deliberately produced and re-produced in the stories that the city has been built to tell. This framing also challenges the notion that pastness can exist in place-space, forcing a reckoning with the type of questions that we ask of history. Here, it is not whether the past can linger on and within urban place, but also whether the spectre of the past can even haunt a city that no longer exists. If it can, with historical time in Lisbon wrenched apart by earthquake, fire and flood, what is it that pedestrians are meant to feel and remember – the shackled hands that built this city and this empire, or the shuddering earth and the swelling tide that reduced it to dust? Further, who is doing the remembering – the residents who have been forced away from this waterfront site to the newer suburban outskirts of the city or the tourists who come for weekends, occupying the oldest parts of the city in short-term rentals. And in posing these dichotomies, in revealing this city to be the paradox that it is, the winding streets of Lisbon lead us to the conclusion that affective experience of the past is the product of the cultural and social orientations that we hold towards it in the present.

The stakes in this project of orientation is also revealed in Sydney. Orientation towards a settler-colonial history turns away from Aboriginal history. This is evidenced in names like Cooks River, Royal Prince Alfred Hospital and Queen Victoria Building which connect Sydney to its colonial founders. Even as signs emerge in different parts of the city proclaiming the traditional custodians of the land, the experience of the past for many is still experienced within a settler-colonial framework. Our affective responses to the past are born in the intersection between physical proximity, social and cultural orientation and corporeal schema. In a city still

operating under settler-colonial logic, engagements with these parts of Sydney's past are rife with absences and misconceptions owing to the saturation of settler-colonial sensibilities. Many sites of importance are still unmemorialised in any official capacity, continuing a long history of silencing and erasure of First Nations Peoples (Stanner 1969; Hinkson 2002; McAuley 2006; Mitchell 2009). This approach does not stop in place-space. Hilary Whitehouse et al. note that "European colonisation in Australia was, and is, a structure, bound within a particular sense of power relations, and not an event that only existed in the past" (2014, p.61). They point out that the continued impacts of the invasion are erased in the state-sanctioned education system, orienting students towards colonisation in past tense — a disembodied force that Australia has overcome.

Sydney, as the first point of contact between the colonial invaders and First Nations People, has many sites that could provoke affective engagement with the past. However, with few platforms for Aboriginal voices to mediate interactions with these sites, these engagements can only be settler-colonial. In Sydney's inner-west, for instance, there are several suburbs that mark their borders with a sign that says: **Welcome to CADIGAL-WANGAL Country**. There is no further information provided, and on busy sections of highway, they can be easy to miss in passing-by. Although they acknowledge Sydney's Aboriginal past they fail to facilitate any meaningful orientation towards Aboriginal Sydney.

These sites and signs are effective reminders that Sydney has an Aboriginal *past*. But they are typically encountered without a living Aboriginal presence, giving the impression that Aboriginal Sydney is a thing of the past, something that was, but is no more, a people and past deserving of respect and remembrance, but nonetheless ancient, disconnected from modern life and utterly replaced by the city. For many, these brief encounters mark the beginning and end of their curiosity about Aboriginal Sydney.

Irish 2017, p.1

Every step taken in Sydney (and Australia as a whole) is taken on Aboriginal land that always was and always will be. Yet, as Irish notes, the resonance of Aboriginal pasts is often overlooked in discussions about place-space. cursory acknowledgements without any in-depth

engagement or without any sensibilities to ground them only perpetuates settler-colonial hegemony in Australia. What echo lurks behind those signs? What story? That is not to say that there is no possibility of affective experience here, but that every aspect of Sydney orients bodies away from being affected.

If affective and imaginative experiences emerge in relations between place-space, body, imagination and orientation, what happens when this orientation is lopsided? Habituated to erasure of Aboriginal voices and experiences, white bodies re-enact these dynamics in day to day encounters with sites in Sydney. Place-space is allowed to speak on behalf of present-day Aboriginal voices, and to be mediated by settler-colonial imagination. In Melinda Hinkson's words, this is "a heritage 'unhinged' from the concerns and aspirations of living Aboriginal people" (Hinkson 2002, p.74). Hinkson offers numerous examples of sites that fail to provide any interpretation or orientation for continued Aboriginal presence and belonging to Sydney including Bennelong Point where the Sydney Opera House is situated. However, the recognition of Wangal man Bennelong is eclipsed by the iconic landmark that boasts thousands of visitors each week. Hinkson notes that there is no sign to explain its significance; instead, visitors must go searching in the adjacent botanic gardens for further information. Without acknowledgement and interpretation, Aboriginal past is registered as a footnote, as something to be passed over. This too folds into the city's affect and orientation.

In averting our gaze from those sites that were produced in encounters between [Aboriginal people] and Europeans, we shield ourselves from having to confront the reality of our involvement in the colonial process.

Hinkson 2002, p.64

In failing to facilitate meaningful engagement with the past in relation to the present, the city choreographs an orientation away from responsibility in the present and away from guilt about the past. Viewing the past as static allows this past to have no bearing on the present, and settler-colonial bodies can interact with these sites of encounter as no more than a jolt of discomfort and a quick turn of the head.

Orientation is, like urbanity itself, assembled in the relation between location, sensibilities, corporeal schema, imagination and culture. It is from these dynamic interconnections that affect and atmosphere emerges. The colonial histories of Sydney and Lisbon produce a particular orientation away from aspects of the past, perpetuating cultural narratives that erase the violence in their pasts. This attempt at forgetting is also an affective turn away from the unpleasantness of guilt and the burden of responsibility. In these orientations, colonial power structures are brought into the present and maintained for the future.

Turning (or Stumbling) Towards Nostalgia

Sydney comes to me at twilight, when the sky is washed out and the sun is receding into the horizon, casting an orange glare across the city. Rua da Palma is hazy, blurring the edges of the Liquidamber trees that are so familiar. In these moments, my previous home descends on Lisbon and I find myself following a map that doesn't exist here. I am both here and not here: the limestone footpaths slipping underfoot, but the hard toe of my boots are kicking the conkers that gather at the base of the tree trunk as I did for years and years on my walks to and from school; men are unpacking crates of loose onions, but they could be doing so anywhere in the world; the harsh 'shh' and closed vowels moves like liquid over me, but evokes only the hum of muffled conversations on the platform at Sydney Central Station. My home there superimposed on my home here.

Nostalgia is another register of affect that emerges in relation with urban place-space. The state itself is one that exists outside of dichotomies. Challenging boundaries around history, memory, imagination, joy and pain, this affective state is slippery. Originally a medical diagnosis for homesick soldiers, nostalgia was seen as longing for somewhere else (Lowenthal 1989; Sedikides et al. 2008). I experienced this in Lisbon; rushing to meet a friend or returning home from class, I was vulnerable to being wrenched from the flow of Lisbon's everyday by the intangible weight of Sydney. I would hover, suspended between here and over there, caught against the stumbling block of memory, imagination, and possibility until my orientation caught up with my location and I could see, taste, smell, touch, move through Lisbon again.

Yet this feeling has never left. Now back in Sydney living on Cadigal and Wangal land again, uphill wanders are Lisbon-oriented. This is to be expected. At times though, I walk Sydney itself into existence: not this Sydney, but the Sydney I knew before I departed for Portugal. David Lowenthal (1975), Svetlana Boym (2001) and Andreas Huyssen (2006) argue that this

is because nostalgia is not longing for another place, but another time. In this, it is, as David Lowenthal explains, more about the present than it is about the past or as Susan Stewart states, more about the distance than traversing it to return to its object (Stewart in Boym 2001, p.50). This is not necessarily Sydney as it was, but Sydney as I remember in the maps I carry: orientations to once-significant place-spaces and once-significant people. This is not history embedding itself in place-space or an echo that summons me to the past. Pastness is present, alive and moving among other assemblages in assembled bodies.

This is a strange, in-between affective state. As I have explored, cities and city-bodies unfold together as a process. I inhabit the corners of my city, learn its grooves as it learns mine, our topographies moulding to each other. Sudden shifts that render the familiar strange are disorienting; the topographies of my bodies and city no longer match each other. This can emerge from an influx of tourists, new infrastructure or the crumbling of old infrastructure. All of these shifts can add up to feeling unsettled, but this is not contained in place-space itself. Instead, this is disorientation, in turning towards something that is only noticeable in its loss.

The stumble that results from turning towards something that is not there requires continual recalibration. However, bodies may not adjust at the same rate that cities change. For those have lived in the city for a lifetime, reorienting themselves takes time, particularly in a place-space that has been rendered “unrecognisable”. Habituated to passing-by in a particular way, such changes are a stumbling block that interrupt and disrupt. For Rebecca Solnit, this is because:

[t]he places in which any significant event occurred become embedded with some of that emotion, and so to recover the memory of the place is to recover the emotion, and sometimes to revisit the place uncovers the emotion. Every love has its landscape. Thus, place, which is always spoken of as though it only counts when you're present, possesses you in its absence, takes on another life as a sense of place...

Solnit 2017, p. 118

Memories do linger, but as I have discussed previously, this is not the result of any inherent emotion being pinned to place. Instead, orientations are stubborn, born in the intersection of

body and built place-space and they can remain long after the body and buildings have changed. There are many forms and registers this misorientation can take, but all transcend boundaries of past and present, and meaning and movement.

Regardless, nostalgia is common in urban environments, although it is not unique to urbanity. There are entire industries dedicated to the manufacturing of what Boym calls ‘ersatz nostalgia’ - nostalgia for times that the participant has never actually experienced (2001, p.38). Movies, songs, cafés with a rustic aesthetic may all call back to a time that is out of reach. This hints at the imaginative element of this affective state, making it neither history nor memory. Like many of the categories discussed and defined in this thesis, nostalgia itself should not be viewed within binary categories - history or memory or imagination - but as an assembled affective state in itself. Urban environments are particularly prone to prompting nostalgic states due to the rapid expansion and increasing populations. The continual change that drives urban assemblage makes it fertile ground for the joy and pain of nostalgia.

Furthermore, I suggest that there is a specific form of nostalgia experienced by city people. This emerges in the moments where urban body and urban environment are no longer unfolding in tandem. There is a stumble in the assemblage: not necessarily as the result of failed infrastructure, but in the imaginative misorientation to another time-place-space, as when I am in Lisbon in Sydney or in Sydney in Lisbon. Every person has their own version of orientation to their urban environment. For Solnit, “a city is many worlds in the same place... or many maps of the same place” (2010, p.5). Forces of gentrification and globalisation (as I will explore later) make these living maps particularly vulnerable.

Points where orientation is mismatched with present infrastructure are the points where urban nostalgia emerges in all its bitter joy and rage. In the act of passing-by, it can creep up suddenly. I experienced this myself in Lisbon as I have explained above, but this was also the case for Luka, a Sydney-sider who is both an urban explorer and passer-by. Luka’s late father, Konrad, owned an Annandale junkyard selling things that he collected in abandoned buildings. Konrad was also a caretaker of the Tramsheds in Sydney’s inner west before the buildings were converted into a cultural precinct in 2016. Luka and his older brother, Gaston, spent their childhood investigating the cracks of Sydney’s infrastructure with their dad. Now, passing-by in Sydney for Luka is an exercise in nostalgia—remembrance mixed with emotion and

imagination. He tells me: “I drive around the city and go ‘that used to be this’, ‘this used to be that’, ‘I’ve been in there’.”

We meet in a pub at the corner of Parramatta Rd and Johnson St. As Luka talks, he gestures to different corners of the pub as if he is conjuring his map of Sydney while he speaks. His partner, Tessa, sits opposite me with a French bulldog on her lap. His name is Marcel, and he is built like a loaf of bread, dense and square, but with a shiny black coat and pink tongue that peels away from his teeth when he yawns.

“Like, it’s almost every building,” she says.

As Luka talks, he lists off an impressive catalogue of buildings he’s explored and buildings whose history he knows. For him, everything has had an alternative purpose (and an alternative entry point), now largely forgotten except in his memory and the memories of others like him.

“It’s all been developed now,” he says. And it is clear from the scrunch of his face that this is a bad thing.

Of all the buildings Luka has visited, Sydney’s Tramsheds were the biggest part of his childhood. They’re still there, and though he still passes them now when walking Marcel (stopping off sometimes to get a serve of the lasagne he likes), he will never experience them the way he did before.

“They’ve developed them now, right?” I ask him.

“Don’t even get me started,” he says, and then starts.

The Tram Sheds, in their current form, are an upmarket food hall near Sydney’s waterfront in Rozelle. Built in 1904, the sheds became a storage facility for old trams once Sydney’s tramlines were discontinued. Bought in 2010 by the property developer Mirvac, they were renovated into a dining district that opened in 2016. The original façade is still intact, allowing diners to “connect with Sydney’s past, dine with Sydney’s future” in one of the many restaurants boasted by the ‘precinct’ (Tramsheds Sydney 2022). As well as a supermarket, a

ramen bar, a French-inspired restaurant, and a popular gelato chain, there are rooms available for community hire. Most of the trams have been sent to transport museums across the country, but one was restored and “stand[s] proud in its original home” (National Trust 2023). And for Luka:

“It’s fucking terrible.”

Between housing trams and their opening as a cultural precinct, Luka’s father was a caretaker for the otherwise abandoned site.

“We converted a tram into... essentially a liveable - it had a bed. And 3 or 4 friends of mine, we cleaned it up, waterproofed it and that was where we hung out for nearly two years.”

I have seen photos of this graffiti from Luka’s other friends and I heard about the parties that would eventually get Luka’s dad kicked out of his job as caretaker. For Luka, the abandoned trams housed here were not just a place to play Xbox, practice graffiti and smoke bong. It was his bedroom on the weekends when he and his brother stayed with their father. The redevelopment, heralded as dynamic and authentic by the National Trust, has changed the landscape of an area that was so formative for Luka. For him, this refurbishment fails to respect the original structure of the building.

“They took a beautiful building and they made it ugly. Like one of the office’s was Dad’s bedroom, you know? And that, that’s fine. But the actual layout is terrible. They essentially eliminated most of the structure, kept the shell and put in a bunch of, you know... uh, and, and, and I - you know, I don’t think business is doing that well, every time I walk in there I get a little bit mad... I wish [they’d] put in a bit more time. Which for me were a huge part of my life, before we could visit the pub that was where we spent every day, every weekend. And then to go in there and see this kinda brand-jammed, mini classy shopping mall and the businesses aren’t doing that well. Um... Feels like a waste of money when it could have been much more...”

Marcel yawns. We coo. He stares back impassively, and I ask Luka what he means.

“The thing is, no one knew what the insides looked like. Like you’ve got people who haven’t been in there. Or they don’t live in the area. And everyone’s like ‘ooh tram sheds, look, they’ve got a tram in the front!’... There was eight, actually. You know. I lived in one. I, yeah, you know, I- yeah.”

He trails off.

Luka’s map of Sydney no longer matches the built environment. While he can still walk Marcel or buy lasagne at the Tramsheds grocery store, he is disoriented by the version of the past that Mirvac’s Tram Sheds evokes. The gap between map and site produces a stumble through which his specific urban nostalgia is stirred. His memory, his stories, his imaginings about what the site could or should be and alternative futures are lively in these moments.

[Affects] work not through ‘meanings’ per se, but rather in the way they pick up density and texture as they move through bodies, dreams, dramas, and social worldings of all kinds. Their significance lies in the intensities they build and in what thoughts and feelings they make possible.

Stewart 2007, p.3

The affective state of urban nostalgia is not only produced in the moment of encountering the disorientation of a gap between map and lived experience in place-space. It lingers. It reproduces. It infects. Tessa, Luka’s partner, nods as he talks. Having grown up in the United States, Tessa’s map of Sydney is partly his. I too am vulnerable now to the emotional pull of the past that is now covered over by redevelopment, both in my passing-by and in my writing. As with other accounts of changing cities, like Christopher DeWolf’s writings on Hong Kong (2017) and Olivia Laing’s account of New York (2017), I too borrow affect from the stories I have heard. I now carry Luka’s urban nostalgia into my research and my map of Sydney.

Since my meeting with Luka, I have felt a disdain for the polished, overpriced food hall. I shake my head at it as I walk past, pretending I hadn’t enjoyed the expensive ramen and corn karaage I ate there once.

I am reading Vanessa Berry's *Mirror Sydney* (2017) when I experience the stumble.

While I read a chapter about Annandale and the creeks that snake their way through the suburb, I am thinking about all the times I have followed these slow trickles of water. I map my own journeys onto Berry's, our views of Annandale and the surrounding areas coalescing into one long walk. First, the Tramsheds as she journeys towards the foreshore: "once derelict and full of decommissioned carriages, [they] are barricaded with fences, awaiting conversion to a food hall" (Berry 2017, p.263). I blink: these are the Tramsheds before me and after Luka – the transition period between his dad being fired and my becoming an inner-west local. The history of this site compressed into one sentence in this way startles me.

And then I flip the page, and there's Luka's dad himself rendered in the final paragraph of Berry's essay, flanked by blank space:

Between the road and the beach there is a strip of vacant land. The lot at the end of the row was once a junkyard called the Thunderbird, operated by a man who had moved here from Oklahoma. His drawl could be heard weaving through the yard as you wandered among the wrecks of boats, statues, coils of rope and wire, and unidentifiable junk stacked up in rows. The last time I went in there I was drawn to a cardboard box among some rusty machinery. Inside there were half a dozen small brown puppies, which all turned their heads to blink up at me.

Berry 2017, p.265

He is gone as quickly as he appeared, sucked back down into the depths of memory by Berry's own reminiscences. I am slow to recognise this American as the man from the tales Luka has told me, but somewhere between the Thunderbird and his Oklahoma drawl, something clicks. In Berry's description, I encounter each wreck, each statue, each rope and wire, each piece of lovingly collected junk that this man and his sons carried home from abandoned buildings together. I imagine them all as Luka has described them – shimmying up through crawl holes of the old piers, the danger and the darkness they skirted around to find the treasure, the whoosh of air against their face as they plopped back into their dinghy, weighed down by signs and broken mirrors and scrap metal. Each one of them has something they like collecting most,

and for Luka's dad amasses a key ring of 50 toilet chains he has plucked from abandoned bathrooms. Now, they belong to Luka

and to Tessa and to me.

I think of Luka, his brother and Vanessa, and the moment that their lives intersected and passed each other by. It is an insignificant almost-encounter, but everything bears the imprint of the history and memory and nostalgia that has unfolded behind it, much like the fingerprints amassed on those toilet chains by every hand that has ever gripped them. And my collision with the invocation of Luka's dad in the final paragraph of this book, a man I never knew and will never know, is another fingerprint, another addition to the unspooled threads of memory and history and imagination that make up the parts of this city.

Cities are a shifting entity that defy any static conception. In these near-collisions and almost-intersections where one living map passes-by another, boundaries between past and present collapse under the weight of nostalgia and imagination. The Tramsheds are a heritage restoration project, a marker of a more gentrified Sydney, a convenient grocery store, a “diverse and vibrant meeting place” (Tramsheds 2022), and, for Luka, a “disgusting” refurbishment of what used to be a beautiful building. Multitudes of meaning circulate in the moving parts of an urban assemblage raising questions that only imagination and nostalgia can answer definitively. What could this city be? What should it be? Studying a city means negotiating processes like gentrification that make a city more liveable for some people and less so for others like Luka in Sydney. Always in process, cities are alive, challenging what categories of what past and present even are. In this ever-shifting landscape, Nicholas Whybrow asserts that studying cities requires “a form of situational, relational and performative writing that is premised on the multifarious inflections of bodies and actions in space” (Whybrow 2014, p.5). Yet those that write and study cities are not immune to the “immanent force” (Stewart 2007, p.1) of affect that emerges, circulates and builds within them.

Urban nostalgia, then, is a reminder of the gap between our orientations and our environments. Luka's Sydney is the Tramsheds then and the Tramsheds now and the chasm that stretches between the two and beyond. His body, his habits, his memories and his imaginings form a moving, breathing cartography. And as he takes Tessa through the city, as he talks me through

his experience with dereliction, all our passing-bys change. We are infected with his disorientation and the gap widens a little more.

4. Intensities and Identities

Employing the Elizabeth Grosz term ‘assemblage’ highlights the conglomeration of architecture, bodies, habits, language, and cultures that results from living in and through, and co-creating, urban place-space. Affective experiences emerge from these intersections, becoming part of urban assemblage itself and imbuing them with distinctive characteristics. However, experiences in cities are not lived in a dichotomy - affective or not affective - but are woven together as more or less affective, salient experiences. To differentiate affective intensities, in this chapter I examine the events and encounters through which these moments can emerge; how meaningful experience is possible both on large and small scales within urban environments, and how these experiences are part of particular urban assemblages. I draw on my fieldwork in Lisbon in particular, contrasting a moment at a bus stop with a month-long festival that envelopes the entire city. Doing so, I want to suggest here that play and intercorporeal encounters build intensities of affect that distinguishes the mundane from the extraordinary within the process of passing-by. As with all facets of urbanity discussed in this thesis, these moments unfold from and fold into urban assemblage – always emerging through the relations between a city’s many facets. It is these events that give cities their texture as cultural hubs. In these moments, it is not just the Lisbon landscape that is being made, but Lisbon as an identity.

The days are getting longer and the sky is a washed out shade of blue. The bus is late, and the stop is crowded with people. As the 730 rolls around the corner, there is a communal wave of adrenaline – a sitting up straighter, a leaning forward – and then a communal release as we realise this is not our bus. I keep my head facing left towards the flow of cars, waiting.

The clouds are turning gold then orange then pink. With the last of the sunlight leaking away into dusk, the air is cold, I think my cheeks turn red; the wind stings my face.

A note rises up under the hum of the car engines, a warble that might be a bird’s call, but then gets louder, steadier, begins to calcify into the shape of words.

“É a menina tão bonita”

A second voice joins in.

I glance back. Two women under the bus shelter have begun to harmonise. I watch their cheeks crease as their mouths open, stretched into smiles, their chests rising and falling with the melody. One is standing, leaning into her walking cane, her voice soaring then dissolving into a hum.

The purr of wheels on bitumen gets louder and those waiting for the 723 turn their heads to their left, then shuffle into a queue. The bus pulls in, full already, and we pile in. I watch as the two women remain in their position. Their gaze is still cast out towards the cars that roll by as if they are waiting for another bus, but the only two routes that stop here have been and gone while they were singing.

Much of the existing analysis of movement and interaction in cities in sociological and geographical studies is framed through the metaphor of theatre and performance. From Lewis Mumford (2011) to Jane Jacobs (1961), who sees the footpath as a ‘dance’, the image is useful for many theorists (see Makeham 2005). However, this ‘dramaturgical metaphor’, which is usually associated with the work of Erving Goffman (1959), fails to highlight the complexity of being and acting in urban environments. If cities and bodies co-construct each other, viewing the city as a ‘stage’ upon which actions are ‘performed’ fails to differentiate experiences and capture the process by which cities themselves are produced. Drawing on my discipline of theatre and performance studies can help reveal the analytical weight the term *performance* can have for understanding resistances in city spaces, highlighting the value of an interdisciplinary approach (an academic assemblage) in the study of urban environments.

Nonetheless, the metaphor of theatre captures the public nature of life with all its watching and watched-ness, its improvisations and its spectacles. In order for this metaphor to be useful, it is necessary to distinguish between different types of performance events. Waiting for a bus, walking from a café to an office block during morning peak hour have very different qualities to a street festival. The more everyday actions are still laced with potential for unexpected disruptions but they could not be said to carry the same weight or involvement for others that the latter, public, celebratory event might. In recognition of this, I draw on the continuum that John Lowell Lewis (2013) suggests for analysing performance events. Rather than force various actions into a binary of performance and not-performance, Lewis suggests mediating the dichotomy through embodied experience that designates events as more or less

performative.¹⁹ Awareness of bodily-ness may be heightened in highly performative events; involve more people with higher levels of investment in what is happening; and be demarcated as special or important through divisions in time and space-place. On the other end of this scale, performances may be folded within daily life, mattering only to an individual and recede from awareness because they are performed so regularly.

I argue that cities are shaped by events at all points on this mediated continuum. One particular aspect that is central to the urban experience is resistance. By resistance, I mean moments of disruption or deviation from expected or established modes of being in urbanity. Because these events can be special or ordinary, the ruptures that they engender in built environments may be more or less significant and may happen in planned or unplanned events, intentionally or incidentally. Some scholars draw on Victor Turner's work on liminality as a way to recognise the possibilities of schism and reparation that occur through play in urban environments. The non-practical nature of play makes it difficult to characterise in schemas of city life. Quentin Stevens (2007) splits urban actions into 'productive' and 'unproductive' acts. Play, belonging to the latter, is often seen only as 'waste' in that it exists only for itself rather than in the service of capitalist goals. The distinction between productive and unproductive play (as well as the other dialectics Stevens maintains) is upheld in the separation of everyday life from play. Play is figured as a disruption to daily life that is engaged in for purely hedonistic reasons (Stevens 2007, p.36), separated from life by both time and place-space (Stevens 2007, p.35). Drawing on Huizinga's ideas, Stevens argues that though play can occur within the everyday urban realm, it is distinguished from everyday life either by spatial boundaries or belief, resulting in play being divorced from everyday roles, rules and restrictions. This belief signals the degree to which people are invested in play and how much they participate in the act of playing. Stevens renders cities a stage on which play can happen, creating a 'play world' that is suspended between ordered daily life and chaotic carnival. This suspension allows individuals to push against the boundaries of their everyday life, and thus, play is never without stakes as players bump up against unknown limits:

¹⁹ This use of the term 'performative' differs from Judith Butler's understanding of performativity as a "stylised repetition of acts" (1988, p.519) whereby gender is performed and becomes naturalised in bodies. For Butler it is a productive thing to say something is performative (as she follows Austen and his conception of a performative utterance). In contrast, Lewis uses performative to mean events that are more or less like a performance. For clarity, although I adhere to Butler's understanding in general, I have used Lewis's definition whilst discussing his work.

people at play are always to some degree in real jeopardy because they are bodily present, and... not everyone has the same understanding of the rules that apply, and the level of different people's involvement in play cannot easily be pre-determined or controlled.

Stevens, 2007, p.36

However, these very real consequences of play suggest that the boundary between play and everyday life is not so sharply defined as this understanding would suggest. Although Stevens hints at this when discussing imaginative play, a form that can open up place-space to alternative uses, he ultimately upholds a binary between play and ordinary life. He states, quoting Cohen and Taylor, that play is an escape, even as he acknowledges that "the potential of play... resides in within people's everyday bodily experiences" (Stevens 2007, p.53). If this is the case, which I believe that it is, the binary between productive and unproductive acts no longer holds. If play is enmeshed in the daily life of city inhabitants, it is necessarily a productive act regardless of the intention underpinning it. Play is paradoxical. Its variations, and at times its everydayness, resists "any totalising control or any overall schema" (Stevens 2007, p.31). At the same time however, these practices do serve a function in urban life. Rather than simply representing 'freedom', they are a form of freedom in and of themselves (Stevens 2007, p.30-31). City life is produced in moments of 'unproductive' action, even if these actions are driven by hedonism. Whether this occurs on a large or small scale, these acts of play are instrumental in creating disruption that is then enfolded back into the assemblage of the city, changing it and re-producing it.

My encounter at the bus stop in Lisbon is one such playful moment embedded within the fabric of the day-to-day. As the women harmonise, my daily commute assumes an affective intensity that distinguishes it from every other wait for the 723, past and future. Their 'performance' is apparently 'unproductive'; they are not selling anything, they only sing with their dreamy faraway smiles, warbling away the evening. They seem oblivious to the heads that turn to look towards them, and they show no response to the arrival of the buses or the departure of their audience. Although I mull over this encounter for weeks, I never hear those women again. Questions linger: was this planned or a spontaneous eruption? Was this a regular routine of theirs? Why were they there? Did they know each other? Without answers to frame the event,

the line between memory and imagination blurs, and I am drawn, still, into the play world they created.

The fuzziness of this event problematises binary categorisations of urban experience. Although I do not know the women singing, their presence at a bus stop suggests that the event was located at the level of the everyday. Framed, literally, by the bus shelter and surrounded by commuters, the singers were playing within daily lives of spectators, if not their own. Whether or not the singers were in the habit of serenading commuters, those participating in this act of play as spectators were performing their everydayness. Certainly, this was the mode in which I encountered them: in the midst of the mundane, moody over a late bus. Their song interrupted the day-to-day in its novelty, bringing awareness back to an experience that had been dulled by repetition. This is the point at which Lewis's sliding scale of performativity tilts; here is where the everyday becomes slightly more special, or perhaps, extra-daily. This term comes from the work of theatre practitioner Eugenio Barba in describing performance techniques "that do not respect the habitual conditionings of the body" (Barba & Savarese 2011, p.7). Training in these methods brings a new awareness to a body's every day expression that would otherwise fade from perception. Justine Shih Pearson notes that this extra-daily can become its own everyday: "the dancer approaches their performance on stage or in the studio with a certain practiced familiarity, at the same time as the act of performing is beyond the everyday" (Shih Pearson 2018, p.63). Whether these bus stop performers were regular practitioners or not, their song defies boundaries of ordinary and special. My ears are brought to the foreground for that moment when I, within my routine, hear their song. But rolling away on a crowded bus, their singing becomes a memory and my ears fade from consciousness again. The sense of specialness shrinks. The extra-daily becomes daily—the bus stop will always be a singing one, I will always look for these women again. It is this dynamism that defies dichotomies of everyday and playfulness because being in urbanity is punctuated by more or less salient experiences that are woven together in the act of passing-by.

This analysis has repercussions for how we understand the co-constitution of that urban environment. While two women singing at a bus stop does not have the same level of impact or intensity that might characterise larger events, the more-than-everydayness of the moment may still shift the course of Lisbon's unfolding for all of those who were party to this performance. At the time, the moment was a two-minute reprieve from the soundscape of the street - horns, tyres, engines. Passers-by waiting to become passengers were drawn from their

search for the bus to the source of the sounds. These changes were transient: heads returned to their original position, the bus arrived, and the women were never at the bus stop on a Tuesday evening again, at least for the remaining 6 months of my catching the 723. Nonetheless, their melody has become part of the city for me, and perhaps others, both in that moment and beyond. Though no one joined the two women in their chorus, I (and others) became invested in the play by spectating and, perhaps, speculating. The questions I chewed over weeks after the event were a form of imaginative play in themselves; they entertained me during other tedious transits. As I dwelled in their performance, Lisbon became a city where musical encounters were possible. The timbre of their voices have been lost and I can no longer remember the tune, but my ears were now primed for melodies as I traversed the streets of Lisbon. And I found them, these orchestras of the slightly more-than-everydayness, bubbling up from mundanity all over Lisbon: the sound of a saxophone escaping through an open window as I trudged past an apartment block on the way to the library, an opera singer running scales on their balcony while I wandered below. These moments fed into the ethnographic account I offered here, the story I tell and the ones I do not, about what Lisbon 'is'. For me, experiencing these more or less special events at different intensities is part of urban assemblage and is bound up in a city's identity and its representations.

As I have noted, nuanced experiences like these are misrepresented in the literature by unmediated binaries; cities are multifaceted, moving, living and breathing processes. Quentin Stevens (2007) argues that this multiplicity is possible because urban environments are liminal spaces: experiential zones that are, using a Victor Turner analysis, thresholds, "betwixt-and-between", "realm[s] of pure possibility" and "fructile chaos" (Turner 1990, p.11). According to Victor Turner, this subjunctive mode of life is wedged between periods of separation from and reaggregation into society during and after a ritual event. While cities may possess some liminal characteristics in the possibility and uncertainty they offer, these liminal states or experiences are not bound to rituals - events that necessitate participation and belief, or "matters of ultimate concern" as Lewis describes them (2013, p. 9). As a city does not exist as a single encounter or event, particularly a ritualised one, the term liminal only partially explains the waxing and waning intensities of urban affect. Urban environments are not necessarily experienced in in-between realms; they only look this way in abstraction. The existence of cities as a betwixt-and-between place-space is not due to an actual liminal status, as defined by Turner, but to the forcing of urban analysis into binaries of waste and production, control and release, morality and desire, and order and disorder among others. These are false dichotomies,

as I said, existing only at an abstract level, and urban environments appear in-between because these concepts have been angled and stretched to fit an ever-evolving subject. Focusing on the degree of intensities produced and producing a city, as I am doing in this chapter, accounts for urban multiplicities without losing lived experience in the process.

Of course, sometimes cities do seem to fit one side of a theoretical binary and some events may be more liminal than others. Many of the walks I took as part of this research have bled together in their mundanity. Sydney overlayed on Lisbon, streets jumbled together, feet sore with cobbles and with concrete. In contrast, significant events or festivals (like the one I will explore now) are vibrant beacons with which I can (re)locate in my memory in other times and place-spaces. These moments can appear to be either everyday or special, ritual or liminal or not, mundane or magic. Moving away from these dialectics does not necessarily mean that there are no extremes, but that experience usually falls between two poles of less and more on Lewis's continuum between performance and Performance, ritual and ritual-like, everyday life and the extra-daily (2013, p.31). The unaccounted-for middle on these continuums is what is often missing in the binaries of others. Stevens is not necessarily wrong to claim that "liminality is an intrinsic characteristic of urban social experience, if not always recognised as such" (Stevens 2007, p.53) as long as this liminality is considered in its more-ness and less-ness. The whirling chaos of the liminal may be present in some cities during some periods such as festivals or during tourist season, but not always, and not with the same intensity that Turner insists upon. Lisbon, for instance, has more Catholic religious celebrations with a higher number of participants due to its number of Catholic residents. Because of this, strictly religious ritual events are more likely to occur, and events may fall on the more liminal side of the liminal/not liminal continuum. The positions of liminal and not-liminal are, like specialness and everydayness, "coherent only in opposition to each other, and this coherence is itself grounded in... underlying commonality" (Lewis 2013, p.9). Upholding these positions as mediated continuums still differentiates modalities of urban affect, but also highlights the interwoven, ever-changing nuances of these experiences as two trees grown from the same roots. In addition, distinguishing between liminal, liminal-like (or *liminoid* as named by Turner 1974) and not-liminal experiences as points on a mediated continuum, Lewis provides a model for upholding the analytical weight for the original term and for understanding the particular social and cultural nuances of any city. While there may be varying degrees of liminality present in a city on any given day, holding the liminal for special events in tension with daily life could be a more useful framework.

From: My Landlord

To: Me (Tenant, PhD Candidate, Researcher)

Date: 28th May 2022

Hi Lucy,

I am reaching out to share some additional tips/information regarding Lisbon.

Starting this weekend and until the end of June there will be a big event in Lisbon called "Santos Populares".

Some of the oldest Lisbon neighbo[u]rhoods will have stands in the streets selling food (sardines, bifanas etc) and drinks. There will be outdoor music/concerts most afternoons/nights until 2.00 AM in these neighbo[u]rhoods and the night of the 12th (biggest party day) the event will last until 5-6AM. At around 22h00 the marchas de Lisboa will take place in the Liberty Avenue (music and dance competition between the different Lisbon neighbo[u]rhoods)

Note: *All the concerts/events are for free and happen in the streets/squares of Lisbon*

Main neighborhoods: *Alfama, Castelo, Graça (Vila Berta and Graça Square) and Bica. ([link1](#), [link2](#))*

*There will also be two big music festivals in Lisbon happening in June and july: **Rock in Rio** and **Nos Alive***

Just sharing these with you since you might be interested.

Hope everything is going well and let me know if you have any other questions

Cheers

My landlord (or one of them) was a Portuguese man living in Dublin, Ireland. Along with his brother and two other relatives, they let various apartments in the converted monastery where I lived. Although he sent me intermittent emails with advice for enjoying Lisbon, I never met him. His email at the end of May, offered above, heralded a shift in Lisbon's urban fabric. The temperatures rose, and the pace slowed. True to his word, music began to fill the streets more frequently, and the city's atmosphere felt different. While some events and encounters produce more everyday affects, other events, like *Santos Populares* are planned for the purpose of intensifying affective and embodied experience, breaking up the mundane with heightened anticipation. Santos Populares, known in English as the Festival of Popular Saints, is such an event, celebrated in June in Portugal in honour of Santo António (patron saint of Portugal),²⁰ São João (patron saint of Porto) and São Pedro. The tradition began following the earthquake of 1755 that destroyed all but the main chapel of *Igreja de Santo António* (the church of St Anthony). Initially consisting of prayers and processions on 13th June, the festival has come to incorporate the other saint's days that are celebrated throughout the month. Festivities are held all over the country, but it is most celebrated in Lisbon where there is a multi-day festival spanning the first two weeks. Leading up to Santo António's birthday on the 13th, there are individual parties and city-organised events in the oldest *bairros* (neighbourhoods) of Lisbon. Neighbours grill sardines on street barbecues and pop-up stalls proliferate public parks selling *bifana* (a type of pork sandwich), fish and *caracóis* (snails). Events culminate on the night of 12th June with *Festas de Lisboa* (parties of Lisbon) with a parade and dance competition on Avenida da Liberdade (the main avenue of the city) as residents of the oldest neighbourhoods in the city perform traditional dance and song in costume to enormous crowds. Spectators often don hats shaped like sardines or green wigs representing *manjerição* (basil) - both symbols of Santo António. At the conclusion of the parade there are multiple parties in each *bairro* that last the entire night. As the email from my landlord suggests, this event is special in Lisbon's annual calendar.

8th June 2022: Campo de Martires de Pátria - Arroios

In the cul-de-sacs, neighbours gather at the end of the streets, squatting over a grill to the soundtrack of sardines sizzling, skins splitting as they blacken. The air smells of fish and garlic

²⁰ Although São Vicente is the official patron saint of Lisbon, I learned in my studies at *Instituto de Língua e Cultura Portuguesa* that Santo António is considered the unofficial patron saint of Lisbon due to his popularity. Born in Lisbon but residing in Italy, São António de Lisboa is also known as St Anthony of Pádua.

and pork. My eyes itch with it. In the local park, the basketball court is now a jumping castle; the old worn benches where teenagers gather to smoke after school have been scrubbed, glowing in the dusk under strings of lightbulbs.

Its evening but the sun still beats down so that the asphalt footpath radiates heat. A thin film of sweat coats everything; I feel it at my back. The stalls have opened, all advertising bifanas and snails and sardines. We can't decide which stall to buy from, so we pick one with no pictures on the menu. A woman with leathery skin and false teeth stands at the barbeque squirting water from a plastic bottle over the fish. Smoke tumbles outwards, stinging my eyes and making my nose run. The ducks and roosters seem unbothered by this; they are crouching beneath bushes and crowing as they always do. The ducklings have grown bigger, mottled with feathers as their down gives way to feathers. Summer is here.

We shuffle around the park – it's not big and we're not willing to move beyond the dappled shade. A store in the shape of a lemon sells caipirinha²¹ for 5 euros. A man stops us to ask for change and we give him what we have, but his words are swallowed up by the music. In the struggle to hear him, we miss the traffic lights and jaywalk.

Beyond this pocket, life continues. Construction is still hammering on a nearby street. The Italian restaurant in the park is still operating at maximum capacity. But the noise is louder and people are beginning to spill over onto the streets. This is just the start.

Special events point to a deliberate collective production of affect that feeds back into the sensibilities of an urban environment. As the weather changes and sardine season arrives, urban place-space in Lisbon begins to transform. In my locale, this manifested as fairy lights and bunting in the park, the smell of pork and fish and garlic lingering on the streets, and my neighbours returning home at increasingly late hours to have drunken arguments. There was music everywhere, always: live singers on make-shift stages, speakers blaring from nearby apartments all day, drumming in distant *bairros* seeping in through my walls each night.

These melodies become louder and more frequent the closer we come to 12th June. This gradual intensification of everyday urban noise does not just occur through volume, but through

²¹ *Caipirinha* is an alcoholic cocktail from Brazil that is similar to a mojito.

participation with more and more people appearing in the streets each night, overtaking footpaths and eventually the roads. The crescendo of musical activity and bodily engagement with different urban rhythms also marks a decrease in everyday routines and patterns until eventually, traffic stops on the streets altogether over the long weekend. Comparing my two minutes at the bus stop and the annual frenzy of Santos Populares reveals how daily life and special events distinguish themselves whilst still existing in relation with each other. Both are musical encounters, only one had the longevity and framing to be considered truly special and more liminal-like than the other. Unlike the women singing at the bus stop—a brief interruption in a mundane commute, Santos Populares is more framed, therefore special. It cultivates its specialness and marks the city as festive through decorations, demarcated time for celebration (three public holidays are offered within one week in the middle of June), designated areas or reappropriated urban place-spaces like parks for cooking, eating and drinking together. Even the email from my landlord was a form of framing, indicating the established importance of this event and marking June as the festival month. Friends and acquaintances begin to make plans around the culmination of festivities on the 12th, deciding which *bairro* to party in and who with. Lewis argues that planning and delineating an event as special produces anticipation that sets it apart from mundanity (2013, p.31). Doing so also imbues everyday life with a sense of purpose and excitement.

10th June 2022: From Arroios to Graça

Thud.

Thud.

Thudthudthudthud.

Thud thud —

We go by motorbike over the cobblestones, juddering all the way. The day's heat still lingers on the roads, radiating from the bitumen. Despite the rush of night air around us, my hair is growing damp beneath my helmet. Down, left, right, then bouncing up up up up into Graça. To my right, the city is spread out beneath us, leached of colour by the yellow lamplight so everything is bathed in a golden glow. It is eerie and still. Distant lights of cranes and construction vehicles wink from across the Tejo.

Our pace slows. The air closes in around us and the padding of my helmet is growing wetter. Cars queue, gridlocked, and we crawl between them. My guide weaves us forward, the bike lurching. On the footpaths, more and more pedestrians are beginning to appear, all trudging in one direction. Diogo shuffles forward, kicking his feet against the pavement to propel us. The engine sputters. When we reach the main drag at the crest of the hill, the footpaths are thick with bodies and bikes. The vehicles are double and triple parked around each other in a precarious knot. We move in behind the tangle and Diogo kills the engine. Double, triple, quadrupled parked.

Tugging off my helmet, the smell hits me: beer, smoke, exhaust and sweat. Sound rushes back to me: car horns, engines, voices, DJ's, dogs. Honking, beeping, vibrating, singing, shouting, mixing, barking. Hoarse throats call out the lyrics to songs I've never heard. Everything at once. Cacophony. Pure noise.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump thump.

Every hundred metres there is someone new for Diogo to greet. It seems as if every person he's ever met in Lisboa is piled into these streets, and maybe they are. He doesn't introduce me, just keeps us walking from arraial to arraial. At each one, there are hundreds of people, their hands clasping plastic cups of beer and sangria, fists thrust to the air as they sing. Diogo joins in as we thread through the crowd. We join queues of other people pushing their way through the masses but get stuck behind lines that snake away from the wooden tables serving drinks. People push their way to the front, tapping coins against the counter, shoving them into open palms and wheeling away again with their drinks held high. Thirst has left my throat as dry as

the air is wet, but we are on the side of a street it could take 10 minutes to cross. We keep going.

We seek refuge at a Miradouro. The arches are dripping with bougainvillea and the blue-tiled walls are grainy in the dim light. People are everywhere – draped over the railings, lying prostrate on benches with half empty cups of beer beside them, kissing against the church. Less densely packed, the summer night feels cooler. Music drifts up from the nooks and crannies of the city, dissolves into the shadows. The edges of the buildings seem softer. Night has swallowed the river into its dark expanse.

Stillness.

Then:

Thump.

Thump.

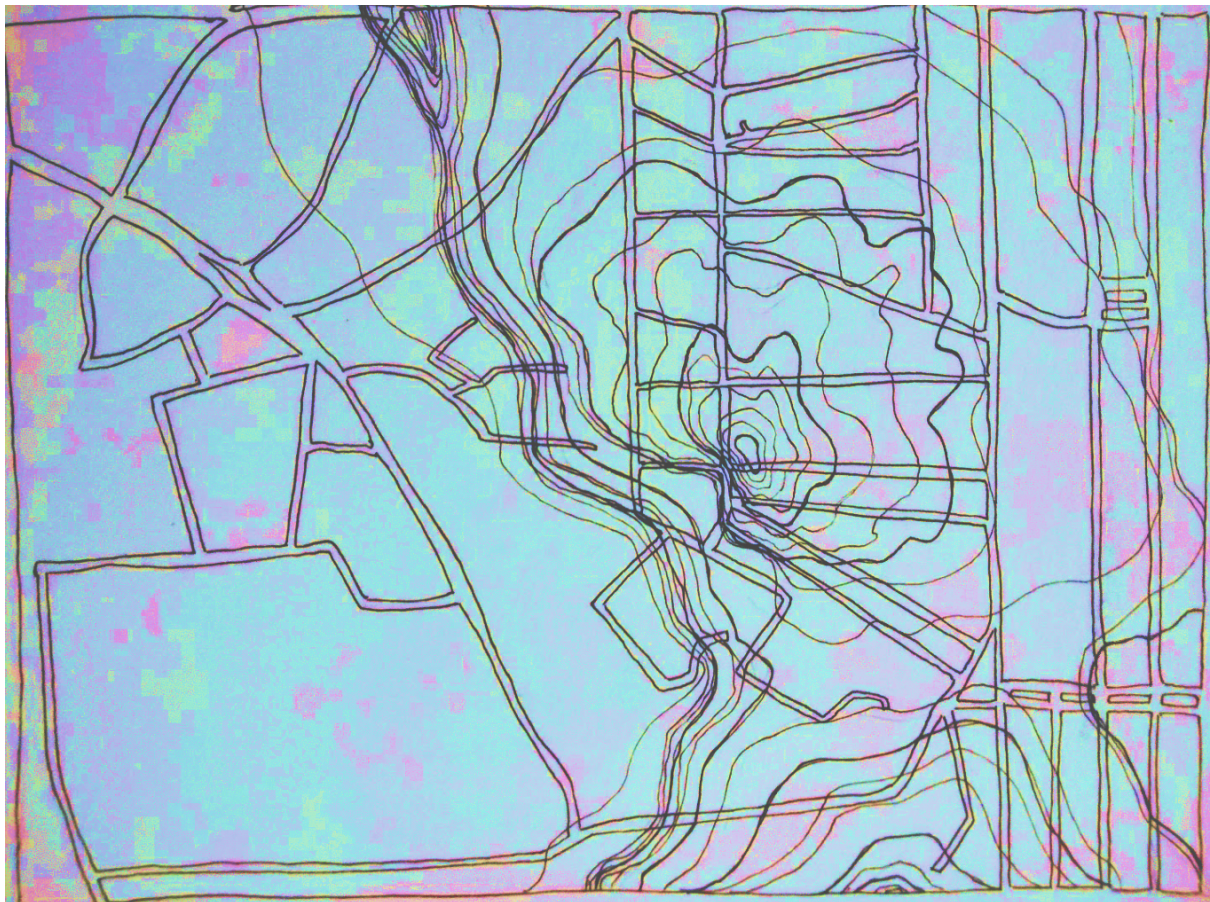
Thump.

Thump thump.

While Santos Populares is a planned event, its disruptive potential reverberates through the city in distinct and unintended ways. Although the parade on the 12th June is designated as a night of parties, the roads were still open to cars and bikes on the night Diogo and I visited Graça. Despite this, the street had been claimed by bodies dancing, wandering, pushing, whirling and singing together. The night air, which felt cool when I left my house in Arroios, became hot

and wet in the crush of the crowd. This bodily excess could not be contained inside the boundaries of standard road regulations – celebration spilled over into zones for vehicles even before the roads were officially handed over to pedestrians. Many times throughout June, Lisbon appeared to transform into a liminal space; not a place of work or a place to live, but a place to celebrate, alive with possibilities, free from restrictions that manage the flow of day-to-day life.

10th June 2022: Graça



A drumbeat rises from somewhere in the darkness. The tempo of the parties below picks up; coloured lights flash, lifted up on a chorus of shouts. As we walk towards the sound, my feet lose the texture of the road. Plastic cups crunch underfoot, although the noise is lost in the songs. Diogo explains that the DJ's are now playing 90's rap songs that "everybody knows". The words move so fast I can't catch them.

We haven't gone far but I've grown tired of the stickiness on my skin, plastic splintering beneath my every step, the push and pull of bodies. Diogo has bought us cups of Sangria and even those are sweating. I press it to my cheeks until I feel it grow warm under my palm.

On the stairs, there is an empty space. We make our way towards it. A song finishes, ushering in a lull. We take advantage, surging forward, claiming the step.

There is a moment where the air feels cool.

Again:

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump thump.

Louder now.

The sound comes from a bass drum strapped to the chest of a shirtless man. He is glistening under the streetlamps, resplendent in sweat as he throws his arm back again and again to strike the skin of the drum. He is followed by others – not all shirtless, but all wearing drums – who circle around him and throw themselves into the rhythm.

The ground trembles as though the beat comes from below the earth's surface. I feel, rather than see, bodies in nearby crowds orient themselves to the rhythm. The air begins to grow hot around me again.

Faster now. Thumpthumpthump. Thump. Thumpthump. The street moves, transforms into a writhing, rushing landscape as bodies respond to the call, thundering down the steps beside us

and crowding in. Soon, the steps are full, and I am hemmed in by a forest of legs, pushing me closer and closer to the garden bed. I lose Diogo momentarily even though he remains seated beside me.

The drummers are obscured by the crowd now, but I can feel their pulse travelling up through the bodies beside me as they call and stamp. Every fourth beat is emphasised, sends a high-pitched cry back through the pack. The agapanthus beside me is brushing my cheek. If I remain here I will be trampled; the drums are urging us closer.

I stand, and the crowd sucks me in. I move with them, leaning in as I pound my foot on every fourth beat, my hips pitching forward. The crowd knots around the drummers. Dancing has become thrashing, more shirts are peeled off, sweat blisters on exposed chest, glitters under the gaze of the old street lamps. And the drummers conduct it all with the twirls of their sticks, heaving their arms, pounding and pounding and pounding and

it stops.

Suddenly. They wipe sweat from their brow, the crowd bellow for more and then resign themselves, forgetting the surge already, disintegrating into the tangled streets, pitching drunkenly up hill, searching for the next eruption. The music still rings in my ears and my pulse remains quick.

On a nearby street, a new rhythm begins to pound, but I am wet with sweat and spilt beer and my limbs have gone limp. I follow Diogo through the streets, letting him fight a path through the crowd. Glazed, I trail behind him. Bodies. Bikes. I slide on the helmet and my fingers tremble with the clasp. It wobbles on my head.

Bikes. Bodies. We leave the tangle of parked vehicles and ease our way onto the road. The crowds are less dense and make way for us. Exhaust splutters out behind us. Through the visor, I watch the dregs of the city at 2am: still-lit cigarettes smoking in the gutters, a teenager vomiting at a street corner, men urinating on doorsteps. We follow the trail of crumpled into

the heart of Lisbon. As they peter out, the streets become still again. No parties, no bodies, and the only bike is ours. Perhaps somewhere else in the city there is still a drum being flayed, but all I can hear is the rush of the wind and the uneven cobblestones beneath our wheels.

Thud.

Thud.

Thudthudthudthud.

Thud thud —

Even in a citywide event such as Santos Populares, there are still varying levels of investment and participation. Unlike a true liminal event that emerges within the confines of a ritual, Lisbon's festivities fall somewhere in the realm of Lewis's limen-like or Turner's *liminoid* (1974). Though it bears resemblance to liminal in the chaos I have described above, it does not envelope the whole city equally. For its religious adherents, the march that occurs on 13th June from the church may signify a matter of ultimate concern, but many participants on the streets that night (especially before the height of the festival) seemed preoccupied with drinking and dancing. Tracing my journey from Arroios into Graça, a festival hub in Lisbon's oldest *bairro*, reveals different levels of engagement with the festival in different parts of the city. Victor Turner argues that liminality exists outside of everyday life (1990, p.11). Of course, this distribution of intensities (as highlighted in the contrast between Graça and the more tame Arroios) could be considered a means of separating festivities from everyday modes of being, but this separation was never complete. From my experience, there was no part of urban Lisbon that went untouched by the festivities whether that was streamers or sardines or street parties. Throughout June, it seemed that the city operated in a different register where different degrees of liminality could be mapped out by suburb. These distinctions must be upheld to capture the nuance of passing-by and (co-)producing Lisbon.

This limen-like mode generates different affective experiences to those that often punctuate the day-to-day. The curious phenomenon of two women singing at the bus stop in October would barely have registered for me amongst the spectacles of daily life in June—and I would have attributed to a particular event. Liminoid or limen-like spaces are ludic realms “characterised by the presence of ambiguous ideas, monstrous images... maskers and clowns, gender reversal

and anonymity” (Turner 1990, p.11). On the 10th June 2022 (and the early hours of 11th June 2022), the streets of Graça were transformed into bars, dance floors, ash trays and toilets. People assembled and disassembled, becoming part of one crowd then dissolving into another. Bodily boundaries became fluid — was this my sweat or someone else’s? Who has breathed this air already, bitter as it is with smoke from hundreds of cigarettes? This porosity made bodies indistinguishable and locating friends was near impossible. As 12th June crept closer, the nights lengthened and held more and more possibilities, culminating on the night of the parade:

12th June 2022: Chiado

I am running out of ways to describe sweat. It streaks every face. When I meet Alix and Katerina, they are wiping it back from their eyes, breathing open-mouthed in the shade of a tree. They buy one beer to share between them, condensation dripping from the bottle, and pass it between their cheeks which are shiny and flushed.

Drinking between morsels of sardines and dry bread which they pick apart with their fingers, they tell me that the city has been packed, so dense with people that it’s getting hard to move. I notice sweat beading on Katerina’s upper lip, feel my hair plastered to my scalp and wonder about the parade tonight and whether it will be worth it. We sit and eat, my tongue tingling with garlic and salt. The sun begins to slip and the light piercing the trees becomes golden. The colours are brighter, and a breeze slips through the park. Alix throws his head back, laughing and lets the air hit his face.

Already, the streets are empty of cars, blocked by metal barricades and police officers who appear untroubled by the throngs of people carrying glass bottles. The golden glow is subsiding into a washed out dusk. Under the huge plane trees flanking Avenida da Liberdade, the air is white with haze and heat. Gaps at the barricades are still free, but they’re filling up fast. Smoke billows out from around the corner. A line of people snakes around the block and we follow them up to see what they’re queueing for — a whole pig skewered and turning over an open fire in the neighbourhood park. Beside it, children play in the fountain.

The barricades are no longer visible through rows of people. Rubber fish tails flap on their heads; others have jammed curly green wigs onto their heads. The extra height makes it

difficult to see. We perch on gutters, craning on tip toe, then resign ourselves to watching the screen behind us. Alix swings Katerina onto his shoulders, placing her eye-to-eye with a child on their mother's shoulders.

I scuff my shoe against the gutter. The marchers in the parade step forward, spinning in their costumes festooned with carnations, a crown of basil sprouting from the tops of their head. The trumpet player sucks on a cigarette between his notes. They step forward, perform, then stop. And continue. The gaps between performances stretch out. As spaces open in the crowd, others rush to fill them, and I try to remain interested. Alix is growing restless. Music from other parties is beginning to boom from other parts of the city. The show crawls on.

Despite being the culmination of the month's events, the officially-sanctioned parade was not the most heightened experience I had throughout those two weeks. In comparison with my late night at a street party in the rush and crush of other bodies, this spectatorship struggled to maintain my attention. Although the parade demonstrates a link to the cultural significance of the month through traditional costume and dance, the specialness of Santos Populares resided in some of its unintended consequences of being in and amongst other bodies. Clearly demarcated areas for marches, official speeches and costume did not have the same impact of being side-by-side, sweat-on-sweat with strangers.

The affective intensity of being in communion with a crowd of bodies was not the intended outcome of this celebratory month. Nonetheless, it was the most salient experience I took away that time in Lisbon. Victor Turner suggests that this sense of togetherness - termed '*communitas*' - is one of the defining features of liminal spaces and *liminoid* events (1974). As I have argued, mediating Stevens' assertion, urbanity may offer limen-like experiences and may even be temporarily transformed into a liminoid realm (a ludic zone outside of, but not fully detached from daily life, as Lisbon was in June). *Communitas* is a state of grace for Turner, an "intersubjective illumination... the gut understanding of synchronicity" (Maxwell 2008, p.61). For some, Santos Populares may have been experienced as grace with all its religious connotations, given that its origins are grounded in the celebration of the city's most famous saint. However, the appeal for many attendees appeared to be the noise, movement and disorientation, and the spontaneous moments of connection that emerged by being a crowd. As Ian Maxwell notes, Turner's framing of the phenomenon as a state of grace posits *communitas* as unconditionally positive despite the amorality of the crowd (Maxwell 2008). Being in the

throng sometimes dissolved my sense of bodily boundedness. I lost perception of where my limbs began and ended. Surrounded by other people in altered states of being as they pushed the limits of fatigue and drunkenness created new intensities and awareness. The heat of our compressed bodies made the air humid that slicked the surfaces of our assembled selves with sweat that was never truly just mine or theirs, but ours. This may be *communitas*, but it could also be considered a heightened sense of intercorporeality. I hesitate to argue that we achieved the belongingness that Turner discusses, but I do suggest that for a moment we transcended our own corporeal limits to move together.

Of course, I was not able to access all aspects of the celebration. Some intensities were lost to me due to my status as an outsider:

12th June 2022: Graça

Everyone is doing the same dance moves, and I lean back against a wall, attempting to look out of breath. I am trying to communicate: “I could join in, I just don’t want to at this moment”. Francisco reaches towards the sky then dips his hands to his shoulders then knees. He is in time with the rest of the crowd. I am beginning to notice the patterns and the rhythms and feel a twitch in my shoulders – a tiny movement that mimics my companions on a microscopic scale. Breathing deep, I lift my arms to join for the next chorus.

All at once, the music softens then rises again. My arms are half-raised like I am in surrender. I flap my hands as if I’m fanning myself, as if I had not just tried to throw myself into the song then attempt to sink into the background. But people are grabbing each other’s shoulders forming a conga line that mills around and around the block. I shrink back, but feel someone against my shoulders and force my mouth into a smile. The words of the song are coming too fast for me to grasp them. I catch “comboio” and gather that these direct us. I cannot relax into it (not least because I have never enjoyed being a part of conga lines). I am waiting for another directive that I can’t understand, and as the song comes to a close, I find myself holding onto my partner’s shoulders for too long.

Santos Populares is an assemblage that heightens embodied, cultural and intercorporeal experiences in cities. The sense of outsider-ness I was sometimes reminded of during the day-to-day of my life in Lisbon, emerged in this moment as I navigated being at a Portuguese party.

Special events are designed for this: not to isolate me personally, but to amplify the affects that characterise a belonging to a day-to-day existence. At the bus stop listening to two women singing, I strained to understand the Portuguese lyrics. As I did so, I noticed that I was not the only person tuning in; others waiting for the 723 had turned their ears towards the source of the song. This sense of listening together was only intensified during the long nights at Santos Populares, just as my not-Portuguese-ness became more obvious amongst bodies that responded to the instructions of the song.

Ludic and intercorporeal experiences are key contributors to producing affect in urban environments, although they are regulated by different registers. Some occur daily, some emerge from the humdrum before sinking back into the world of that city; others are planned and heightened, producing more intense experiences. Most are neither entirely mundane nor wholly special. Passing-by means navigating these affective intensities, but not every city produces the same affects in the same way. After one year of traversing Lisbon, I packed up my things, emailed my landlord to thank him for his kindness, then returned to Sydney. Despite my best efforts to record my time in Lisbon, memories have become fuzzy despite a proliferation of stories. My commutes and many of my walks, for instance, have merged together so that most have become indistinguishable from each other. However, the bus stop song and the parties of *Santos Populares* punctuates this fog, differentiating the days. In the movement from mundane to magical and back again, Lisbon emerges – as a chapter in a thesis, as a landscape, as an identity.

INCONVENIENCE

5. Snout-Tooth-Claw-Paw (and More): The Textures of Urban Precarity

To be alive is already to be connected with, dependent upon, what is living not only before and beyond myself, but before and beyond my humanness. No self and no human can live without this connection to a biological network of life that exceeds and includes the domain of the human animal.

Butler in Puar et al. 2012, p.174

Under the shade of the strangler figs, a stranger is tugging at a blob on the end of a string. As I get closer, the string becomes a leash and the blob becomes a corgi refusing to move its stumpy legs. Its weight pitches away from her. I am close enough now to see the waggle of its backside, the whip whip whipping of its tail, the tautness of the lead and the tension in the woman's arm. Beady eyes watch me from above an open snout - all sharp teeth and wet tongue.

The little body trembles and emits a shrill noise that is simultaneously the huffing of a steam train and the whine of a stovetop kettle.

"She thinks you're my daughter," the woman says, squinting at me, "You like a bit like her."

Only one of her shoulders is facing towards me. She holds the loop of the leash in a fist.

I stoop, and the corgi launches to meet me. Its front feet have left the concrete, and one claw catches my hand as it paws the air. I ask for its name. The corgi's tail wags faster - thump thump thump. The woman tells me: Freya, but I don't know whether she's talking about the dog or the daughter.

The intercorporeal nature of urban existence means that affective intensities can also emerge in unplanned ways. Like the moments between humans that were explored in the last chapter, these moments of inter-species encounter can challenge the notion that bodies are individual bounded entities not only for their own species but across species. As this chapter will suggest, passing-by in urbanity can also challenge our stories and assumptions about corporeal and species autonomy. In navigating the flows and frictions of assembled urbanity, passing-by becomes an encounter with, and an exposure to, the textures of being in-relation. The city

bodies produced in these encounters are vulnerable to collision. This chapter explores the texture of being thrown-together as a challenge to the boundary of a corporeal integrity in the city. To do so, I expand the category of ‘body’ to include ‘more-than-human’ facets. As such this will be an assembling of thick descriptions of my own inconvenient encounters with the more-than-human, suggesting that cities invite an interdisciplinary rethinking of bodily edges that mediate assumptions about human and ‘non-human’.

Intercorporeal intensity is not only created and sustained through planned events such as Santos Populares which I explored in Chapter 4. Nor does it follow that these bodies have to be human, as my opening story to this chapter suggests. Throughout my research, I passed-by many bodily assemblages. At times these were dog-human assemblages: a hyphenated body where a leash connected human arm and dog body. In one instance, I passed-by a human-pony assemblage. The human informed me that the pony at the end of the leash was called Horse. At other times it was the traces that nonhuman animals left behind: the echo of a bark, the smear of droppings on the footpath, the smell. These relationships are not always consciously cultivated by humans as in the case of the domestic dog. While certain species are bred, bought and sold for companionship and are invited into the hollows of private residence, others like rats, cockroaches, possums and certain species of birds are exiled. The way that these species fit within, or disturb, an assemblage differs. The native possums darting across the road in Sydney are absent in Lisbon, but there are always facets of urban assemblage that extend beyond human bodily-ness. Furthermore, bodies themselves, whether human animal, ‘non-human’ animal, microbial or other, have a textural, and vulnerable quality, that are a source of resistance – skin against concrete, bitumen against sunlight, clawed feet against electrical wires. Held in proximity in urbanity, different facets of assemblage become entities and surfaces we encounter through movement.

Like the disruptions explored in the previous chapter, these encounters between surfaces have varying impacts on urban environments. While some species have suffered from the impact of urban sprawl, Australia’s native koala for example, others have benefited from living in close proximity to humans. One park in Lisbon, Campo dos Martíres da Pátria, is described fondly as ‘the duck park’ for its population of feathered residents, which despite the name also includes various breeds of chickens. Birds, humans and their dogs move amongst each other in relative harmony in the duck park. Staff at the local restaurant even kept a table reserved for a hungry rooster they dubbed Frederic, serving him pizza and pasta scraps from the kitchen until Frederic

was killed in a rare incident involving an off-leash dog. Beyond Frederic, there are whole species that have adapted to depend on humans for their survival in cities. Known as synanthropes, they include animals such as seagulls, rats, deer and ibises who feed off rubbish or scraps, and make streets, parks and rooftops their breeding grounds.

In recognising the role of other species in co-producing a city, assemblages and our approaches to understanding them become complicated. The moving, breathing act of passing-by is not just enacted by humans with their bipedal orientations or their motion aids like wheel chairs and walking sticks. Passers-by also have snouts and wings and claws and paws. These snouted-winged-clawed-pawed animals have the capacity to upturn bins, interrupt traffic, puncture skin and otherwise tangibly disturb the flow in urbanity (see Jarvis 2021). However, other animals are also assemblages in and of themselves, carrying and transmitting bacteria and spreading zoological diseases (see Biehler 2011; Connors & Short Gianotti 2023) that transcend the borders of bounded built environments. Therefore, the question of how to co-exist is at once biological, epidemiological, philosophical, practical and geographical.

An underlying current in this thesis has been that humans are not entirely or even predominantly in control of the urban assemblages they perceive to be built by and for them. It is in this ultimate inconvenience that urban resistance emerges: in the friction of being thrown-together with snout-wing-claw-paws and against the hard edges of architecture. Some theorists may argue that this points towards interspecies ‘entanglements’ that complicate human subjectivity and intersubjectivity (see Barad 2007; Kirby 2017). As I explored in the methodology chapter, there are problems with this approach. Instead, I move away here from the notion of entanglements, to dwell on the impact of these co-presences on our affective experiences in urbanity. I suggest that being precariously assembled in relation to one another, as textures, produces a dynamic urban intercorporeality that emerges from and seeks to guard against our bodily vulnerability and integrity, causing interruption and inconvenience.

‘Inconvenience’ describes a feeling state that registers one’s implication in the pressures of co-existence. In that state, the body is paying attention, affirming that what’s in front of you is not all that’s acting on or in you... [disturbing] the vision of yourself you carry around that supports your sovereign fantasy, your fantasy of being in control.

Our precarity is made more perceptible in urban assemblages as the infrastructural requirements for supporting higher population numbers are more prone to failure. Many bodies, buildings, roads, footpaths, technologies and accommodations (amongst many other facets) must function together to produce urbanity. Inconvenience lurks always beneath the surface. When the coronavirus pandemic emerged, being in-relation was made terrifyingly perceptible. Thrown-togetherness was foregrounded, not just for humans or with other species, but in relation to viral loads and vectors for disease; the leaky and never-fully-bounded nature of bodies were always salient. Although writing before the pandemic, Donna Haraway's words continue to resonate.

The task is to make kin in lines of inventive connection as a practice of learning to live and die well with each other in a thick present. Our task is to make trouble, to stir up potent response to devastating events, as well as to settle troubled waters and rebuild quiet places.

Haraway 2016, p.1

Haraway's 'staying with trouble' is a rejection of humanist hierarchies in favour of a networked understanding of existence. Rejecting dualisms, attending to the minutiae of multispecies 'entanglements' that reveal the interdependencies of life and the necessity of becoming attuned to spores and stalactites and species. Doing so also unsettles disciplinary boundaries within academia, necessitating conversations between science and art. For Haraway and other scholars, this is not just an interdisciplinary approach to research, but to living as well. For example, Deborah Bird Rose suggests that this is not just an approach but a moral obligation: "to act as if the world beyond humans is composed of things for human use is a catastrophic assault on the diversity, complexity, abundance, and beauty of life" (Rose 2017, p.G55)

The materiality of cities as conglomerations of many entities not only suggests co-presence with the 'non-human' but highlights the difficulty of maintaining a divide between human, nature and objects. Buildings, for instance, may be created by humans for human use, but are subject to natural processes of weathering and decay (Dixon et al. 2017, p.118). Carl Lavery also recognises the "inter-penetration of human and non-human systems" on a walk through Paris (hyphen in original; Lavery 2014, p.59). Here, the atmospherics of the city are

experienced through passing-by and through an environment that reveals a network connecting human animal to nonhuman animal to plant matter and mineral surfaces. Lavery terms this ‘urban ecology’. Clare Britton (2020) also applies the approach of ‘composting feminisms’, from Haraway and Plumwood’s work, to the settler-colonial city of Sydney, drawing on the work of Saskia Beudel and Astrida Neimanis. Britton suggests that Sydney’s past is revealed through the ‘non-human’ changes that have occurred over time.

I am drawn to these interspecies encounters as textured embodied experiences that create friction in an urban assemblage. However, attending to these moments requires grappling with the boundaries of ‘human-ness’ as a category. This echoes the argument made by Judith Butler who states that “the affective register where precarity dwells is something like dehumanisation... yet we know that such a word relies on a human/animal distinction that cannot and should not be sustained” (Butler in Puar et al. 2012, p.173). To be animal, in this formulation, is to be denied the status that accompanies humanness, funnelling networks of liveness into a hierarchical order. Butler notes that precarity demands grappling with the boundaries of humanness: “we have to rethink the human in light of precarity, showing that there is no human without those networks of life within which human life is but one sort of life” (Butler in Puar et al. 2012, p.173). In response to this, Springgay and Truman advocate for the use of the term ‘more-than-human’, upholding the boundaries between human and ‘non-human’ whilst still recognising their impact upon each other (2018). The hyphenated form brings differences between human and ‘non-human’ into sharper focus. Here I draw on Luciano and Chen as well, who suggest that instead of bypassing difference, considering the more-than-human explores the way that power structures are perpetuated materially; this is a strategy for examining “how those categories [of human and ‘non-human’] rub on, and against, each other generating friction and leakage (Luciano & Chen in Springgay & Truman 2018, p.9). Here, in this chapter, I attend to the inconvenience of intercorporeal relations between bodies as human, as more-than-human, as urban bodies and their textures.

Fur

“Uh UH. Stay. Stay!”

Fur and tongues and paws hurtle towards another dog that is just arriving at the park. The new arrival hangs back, tugging away from the leathery noses that are now investigating its

tail. A hand tugs the leash, the reluctant hound shuffles across the threshold and the gate clicks closed.

I count the dogs as I pass. Some sniff at the edges of the fence. Others, like the new arrival, sit waiting for a hand to reach down to the silver clasp on their leash. The hand pauses to scratch the wiry fur of its neck, then the dog, free, slips and skids across the grass, swooping in and out of the pack. Salt-and-pepper, brindle, and black; sleek, scruffy, and soft.

One dog is parked firmly at the feet of a man on the phone. He leans against a brick wall, ignoring its gaze. Its fur is long and curly, but cut away from its eyes. It gives the impression of a small creature hiding inside the tangle, mournful and afraid. As we pass, the man pushes himself from his backrest, stretching his arm out to us. The dog steps backwards without removing the pleading eyes from his face.

The outstretched hand stops us: "Wait wait -"

Reoriented, into the hand gripping the phone: "Sorry sorry, there's a stray or something. I'd better go."

Then, speaking towards the outstretched hand again: "This yours?"

The hand gestures from This, the dog, to us. We shake our head, but the enormous eyes follow the movement of the fingers, then bore into us. The paws kick into gear and it motors forward, claws ticking on the bitumen. The man sinks back onto the wall. We hesitate. Those eyes are fixed on us now.

"No, wait. That's ours! Olympia!!"

Skin and tongues and sandals skid around the corner, rubber soles slapping the concrete. Five children emerge. The tallest one holds a collar and leash. They are panting. The dog's head swivels. A paw lifts. Its body reverses in a neat circle then bounds towards them.

We open the gate, let them through, and keep going. Behind us, we hear: "no. NO. Olympia!!!"

On another lockdown outing, I pass-by a lost dog and an inconvenienced man. In this encounter, uncomfortable questions reveal themselves. What is a city dog body when it is not tethered to a human arm? Olympia's presence beyond the gate of the dog path was an inconvenience that highlighted her own furry vulnerability. Her eyes beg the question: what do we owe each other? As Lauren Berlant (2022) says, inconvenience is continual adjustment to the presence of other people. However, this presence does not necessary have to be human. It can also be furry and panting.

(AND MORE)



citywandermaps
Wangal Country



Liked by **crashiola** and **13 others**

citywandermaps 127w · A walk through one of my favourites. Some of the mulberries are almost ripe, and they made our walk taste sour in the best way. Lots of clover and daisies and almond trees around. Thank you to those who cultivate this happy space, who gave us a place to wander and breathe deeply during a heavy week. Most of all, thank you to the Wangal people - the traditional custodians of the land on which this garden now grows

Trunk

Behind the picket fence, a succulent has unfurled its tendrils. Each bud is pastel pink and green, translucent and jelly-like. It is covered in what look like tiny hairs, blurring its edges in the sun's flare. Alice stretches out one finger to trace the buds, finds them firm and smooth under her fingertip. A man with a sunburnt face watches from his verandah.

"It's this way," I say, and lead Alice onwards down a back street, past the withered cactus in the cracked pot.

To our right, the interconnected streets slope away to reveal a view of the city. Rows and rows of windows from the skyscrapers, blue and silver beneath the clear sky, wink out at us. Cars hum in the background. A bird trills in a nearby tree. We turn left.

She pauses again in front of a window that has been blotted out by leaves from an unruly vine. Its flowers are so orange they almost flash in the sun. At her feet, weeds thrust upwards from the cracks in the concrete. A dandelion's feathered head has been crushed beneath her Birkenstock.

I guide her past the park which is sinking into the shadow of the she-oaks. Our feet slide against the footpath, soft and slippery with pine needles. At the top of the street, we're plunged back into sunlight. Some houses have their front doors open, and snippets of conversation escape. Others are quiet, but not empty; residents type in front of open windows or lounge in too-small chairs in their shade of their front garden, stubbing out cigarettes in ash trays. Birds of paradise are in bloom everywhere.

Another back road and -

"That's it," I say.

"Oh I love it!" she exclaims, charging forwards.

She follows my finger to the gap where the fence has been gouged out. The bottle tree. Its tree trunk bulges. Stubby branches splay out above us, providing a smattering of shade. Alice edges around it, awe-struck, then stretches her arms out and tries to wrap around it.

“It’s like a pregnant belly,” she tells me, running one hand across the swell of the tree. Her left cheek is pressed flat against the bulb of its trunk.

“She got so big we had to cut the fence out,” a voice says.

Alice’s head whips round, her torso still flat against the trunk, watching as the man fiddles with the front gate and wheels his bike through. The spokes click with each movement.

“Just keeps on growing,” he continues, throwing a nod to the offending tree, but he seems pleased when Alice tells him how beautiful it is.

“How old is she?” I ask him, and he makes a low noise. Ooooooh.

“Ooooooh, I dunno. Someone said she was planted in the 70’s”.

As this story suggests, encounters with more-than-human textures can also re-orient city bodies to difference. These re-orientations challenge the boundaries of urbanity for passers-by, but this unravelling is not always unpleasant. The roundness of the bottle tree stretched both the limits of its own trunks, and the property boundaries of that garden in Leichhardt. Its unusual shape as well as its presence in a city garden must be reckoned with. While Alice, as a hobby gardener, is perhaps more attuned to the textures of leaves, stalks and bark than other passers-by, the size of the bottle tree asserts itself on the footpath, usually designated for public space. Alice’s contact with the tree that she describes as a “round belly” is an orientation towards its bulbousness and its more-than-tree-ness. The momentary disorientation of Alice encountering is, in this case, “a source of vitality as well as giddiness” (Ahmed 2010, p.4) that becomes a turning towards the tree, producing trunk-body intercorporealities. In doing so, city boundaries become more fluid, as do the boundaries between city bodies (tree or human or more).

Leaf

So this is the entrance to the aqueduct.

I stumble across it on an Annandale backstreet at the bottom of a steep set of stairs. I follow them down, then notice a path peeling away from the park below. I continue along, finding

myself suddenly higher up than the street below. It veers away to the right. Somewhere below, children shout in a nearby park. Ahead of me, a metal gate blocks my access. If the rusted padlock wasn't deterrent enough, a coil of barbed wire is arranged around it, spiralling out from the centre. I hold my breath against the sulphuric air and clatter towards it. I am level with the middle branches of the trees. Rooftops sprawl beneath me. The grip on my boots has worn down to smoothness and the path is soft with pine needles and dried leaves. Each step is muffled. The ground moves with each step, a mass of dead foliage rubbing and shifting together. Moves beneath me as I fling my feet down too fast and pitch forward, arms outstretched. The barbed wire looms. Then, I'm in control again, slowing my pace as the ground moves beneath me. My ankle itches from an encounter with a leech last week. I pause to scratch it, feel the slipperiness of the sweat under my nails. My footprints have left gaps in the tangle of leaves.

In this story, the sliver of the pine needles point towards a being thrown-together, not just with other human bodies, but with other growing and shedding vegetational-beings with all their roots and branches and leaves. More pertinently, both these instances of passing-by the more-than-human reveal the adjustment that bodies of all kinds are always making towards or away from other things as they mediate inconvenience (Berlant 2022). However, disorientation is not always delightful, but can be a sharp sudden turn towards the ground as with my pine needle encounter. In these processes of negotiation more-than-human entities are enfolded into urban assemblage.

Water

Dwelling in Sydney and Lisbon means diving into an encounter with water. These textures, like special events, can be more or less intensified. Minute moments can be experienced as parts of patterns, heightened when the rain falls or the river beds are empty. Once during my time in Sydney and once in Lisbon, the sky opened and rained to the point of flooding. Houses were speckled with black mould. Foot paths were dug up. The water authorities of both cities announced that residents should refrain from swimming. Often though, water is a ghostly presence. As coastal cities they are framed by the expanse of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans respectively, our encounters with water come at the undrinkable edge: the salt of sea or sweated out from too-hot bodies. Sydney, particularly, is built in a way that amplifies its already humid coastal climate, trapping the thick air within its concrete topography. But both cities stretch inland and there, they become the crunch of dying grass, the haze of smoke on the skyline. In

summer, flames often hover at the limits. Water restrictions implemented in response to droughts prompt an attendance to water in its absence.

In either case, Sydneysider and Lisboaeta relationships to water become present in the moment that water either overflows its infrastructural obligations or fails to fill them. Just like economic and social capital, the burden of experiencing these cities' as watery is not evenly distributed. Storms are existential threats to those without shelter and the impacts of drought are felt more keenly in less affluent and more suburban areas. The affective currents that flow through Sydney and Lisbon as convenient and inconvenient bodies of water (or watery bodies) point to aspects of these urban assemblages that are outside human control. However, Leticia Sabsay notes that "affectivity is never fully autonomous since its chiasmic structure makes it impossible to separate the affect from what affects it" (Sabsay in Butler et al. 2016, p.291). The permeability and leakiness of bodies is felt differently: "when it comes to intercorporeal vulnerabilities, some skins are more porous than others" (Neimanis 2017, p.8). For some bodies, precariously positioned in the intersections of ableism, racism, sexism and classism, it is being soaked to the skin, residing in watery inconvenience.

Water has permeated this thesis. From the geography of both my research cities, to Santos Populares and solitary Sydney meanders, there is always a leaking: from surfaces, onto surfaces, between surfaces. Dampness was not the focal point of many of the moments I have described already in other chapters but moisture demanded my attention and many of my field notes, and their working up into descriptions (what I have continued to call stories), are soaked through.

Cloud covers the city. The sun is still warm somewhere behind it, but not hot enough to burn off the moisture, so the air is gluggy and still. A truck passes, belching smoke that seems to linger before dissipating. For a moment, the air is thick with exhaust, then I cross the street and I'm hit with the smell of a men's change room — deodorant and damp underarms. A man with a glistening head is withdrawing cash. His t-shirt is damp, bunched up and stuck to his biceps. His scent is stuck to my nostrils. I continue my walk, unsure whether the smell follows me or I follow it, breathing in the trajectory of his walk to the ATM. My shirt sticks against my torso and I peel it loose again.

Dog tongue lolling from a dripping snout. Human tongue slurping from drink bottles. Duck feet paddling against the stagnant pond. Human hands pressing cold cups to warm cheeks, relishing the dribble of condensation as it mingles with sweat. Cloying air. Damp grass.

Sweat. Sydney's harbour dotted with jelly fish and plastic bags, billowing and bloating with the swish of the sea. The salty breeze cuts through air which is dense, the texture of a low hanging cloud.

And sweat. Lisbon's waterfront in the sunshine, too bright to look at directly in the glare. The slap of the river against the stones, the cry of the gulls. A breeze rolls in across the water. A cruise ship, solid, unmoved by the currents. On rainy days, a whirl of brown water. The smell of sewage. Debris washed down the hill and into the Tejo. Still, the cry of gulls, wheeling and swooping at the surface.

And sweat on sweat on sweat: gathering on the back of a t-shirt. Tickling as it drips. Slipping between the damp limbs of the crowd at Santos Populares. Slick, then sticky, then dried to salt.

In these examples, all bodies are mediated through the watery interfaces that are humidity and sweat. In the stillness, smells loom larger, and my lungs work harder to suck in air. I am disoriented by the heightened presence of other bodies with their wetness and warmth, and aware of the wetness and warmth of my own body beneath a polyester blend t-shirt. The heat and smell of other bodies, human and 'non-human', in these conditions seem to overextend the container of their skin; it becomes hard to know where my moisture ends and another's begins. This overflow creates a visceral response which makes salient our intercorporeality. Astrida Neimanis suggests that water issues a challenge to our perceived autonomy: "discreet individualism is a rather dry, if convenient, myth" (2017, p.2). By contrast, the smell of others, slippery surfaces are inconvenient: these are the "aftertaste, aftershock, afterglow" of being "inescapably in relation with other beings and [things and we are] continuously adjusting to them" (Berlant 2022, p.2). These adjustments produce frictions that are the texture of urban life.

Glass

I stop to take a photo of a pink wall and the green foliage that spills across it. The angle is not quite right. I shift my weight, duck into a crouch and angle my phone upwards. A worn-down

*snout peers out at me. It is a toy rabbit taking shelter under the bush — a relic from the first Covid lockdowns? Jacaranda petals whirl down from a branch above me, showering me with mauve. They scatter on the wind, but the breeze doesn't register against my skin; I am tapping at the phone screen to get the white balance of my screen right. Tap. Tap. **Tap.** The camera moves in and out of focus.*

***Tap.** There. Snap.*

The scent of gardenias lingers in the air. Shadows have become long in the setting sun, but I am angled towards the golden glow of the horizon. I pull up the picture I've just taken but it's hard to see my screen in the glare.

I rehearse Instagram captions in my head: Look at my new friend #innerwestisbest #innerwestwanders #friends #walkingtogether #lockdownbubble

Our increasing entwinement with technology often means passing-by twice: once on our fingertips traversing the glass of the screen, then once again in place-space. These modes of engagement often unfold simultaneously. Past and future are also made present in this pixelated mediation of urban environments. Planning a route using Google maps conjures future trajectories and throws us into relationship to what we have not passed-by yet or did pass by before. Taking a photo means bringing future reminiscences of the past into the present. Digital facets of more-than-human assemblages bring our now-ness and then-ness into visual relationships, but also extend or confuse our here-ness and there-ness. This is partly due to a foregrounding of the network that extends beyond our immediate embodied experience, creating communities across physical borders. Hashtagging was even a way of bringing others along, a means of passing-by together without passing-by together. Morag Rose, academic and founder of the Loiterers Resistance Movement, reflects on our interconnected experience through glass, offering digitally mediated modes of meandering: “it has been a delight to catch glimpses of London, New York, Berlin, rural Derbyshire and many other places alongside various Mancunian suburbs” (Rose 2021, p.103). These separate walks experienced in glass-textured togetherness was a passing-by of distant cities on fingers, scrolling and stepping.

The digital can also be disorienting. The sense of throwntogetherness is interconnected but not intercorporeal. For Rose, attunement to a smartphone screen means losing attentiveness to

visceral experience: “the digital disembodies co-walkers who are all embarked on their own, embodied multi-sensory journeys” (Rose 2021, p.104). Whether or not this constitutes a disembodiment, it is certainly a disorientation. Textures become confused. While my feet were subject to the feeling of the earth (slippery leaves, cobbled stones, gravelly bitumen, gritty concrete), my fingers crossed undifferentiated glass. Beneath it:

yellow roads, white lanes. Pastel shopping precincts. Houses flattened to grey squares bearing their house numbers. A dotted blue line chewed up by that moving dot. Its gaze radiates outwards like a torch light. Sometimes, it becomes indistinct and swells, enveloped by a wider translucent circle that indicates: somewhere within this radius is you. In these moments, the little torch swings wildly trying to orient itself. Other times, an invisible force picks it up and drops it a block away, only for the dot to inch its way across the city back to itself and the trajectory that the app has mapped out for itself.

In these moments, I was suspended between the stillness of an embodied here and the possibilities of a not-quite-disembodied there. Pixels, touchscreens, fingers: the texture of lostness in Sydney’s urban maze.

As we have seen in this chapter, passing-by is a mode of engagement with urbanity that has the potential to activate different shared embodiments in cities. It can be a rubbing up against, brushing past, colliding with, tripping on and ripping apart and tearing open. In its hyphenated, prepositional construction, it points to a thrown-togetherness of being in urbanity that we are never in complete control of, always in relation to something that we may never fully know. Instead, passing-by facilitates a leaky and porous intercorporeality that connects other bodies, but also other beings, substances and surfaces. This hybridity is missing in conceptual binaries, and the affective experience of navigating different textures produced by co-presence is more vulnerable than dichotomies can capture. Texture, from literal to affective, produces more or less salient experience in the (dis)functioning of constituent living parts. In doing so, urbanity is a challenge to colonial disciplinary approaches to research as well as to convenience.

6. Not Drowning, But Glitching: Precarity in Urban Assemblage

The idea that everyday practice could be an act of resistance has dominated the landscape of urban literature. In particular, Michel de Certeau's work in the 1980's positioned practices of passing-by as transgressive or subversive. Some of the stories that I have presented in this thesis so far suggest that this could be the case as city bodies perform passing-by or being passed-by in unexpected ways. Yet there is also complicity with capitalist power structures in some of these acts, and the resistance they might enact is felt as no more than mild inconveniences. This chapter contrasts seemingly different modes of engagement with urban passing-by – a wander, a protest – that for me reveal that the category of 'resistance' (and its counterpart 'passivity') is not so much an act as a material category. As a counterpoint I explore 'disruption' as a mediator of this binary and a key driver of change in urban environments. Disrupted passing-by and disruptive passing-by results in a continual adjustment in city-bodies that gives urbanity its precarity. While these frictions can be economic, structural, and cultural, they are also visceral and as always in-between.

Of these different modes, it is that of the defiant (disruptive) pedestrian that has captured the imagination of walking theorists most strongly. As I have noted previously, the narrative of resistance in cities has been a prominent theme in walking literature since the Lettrists of the mid-twentieth century. This approach leads to the emergence of another dichotomy in how cities and the movements within them are studied. Wanders could be enacted either with passivity or agency, but my experience of walking in Sydney and Lisbon suggests otherwise. There are many genres for passing-by, only some of which involve production and consumption. Others, like being a guide or being guided, are familiar frames for gazing at a built environment that are fun to enact. Being guided was something I experienced often in Lisbon which resulted, it seemed, as much from pleasure of sharing something familiar with someone else as it did from my looking and sounding like a tourist. Unlike commuting or enacting resistance like the Situationists, playing tourist or tour guide is neither a complete acquiescence to capitalist flows nor a clear act of resistance. It exists, as so much of this thesis does, in the gaps.

Cities do encourage certain forms of movement and ways of being through their built environment. The role that architecture plays in the formation of a city is explored in Jeff

Speck's analysis of Euclidean planning (2018) whereby space is divided and neatly categorised by use.

As much as city planners may try to choreograph movement to maximise efficiency in public place-spaces, passers-by do have some agency in how they participate in the unfolding of urbanity. We make paths through gardens or cut across grass—people do not always stick to the designated, paved or cemented path. The resulting tension between regulation and the freedom to move suggests that everyday acts can carry weight in an urban environment. For Solnit, the disappearance of areas to walk is “the disappearance of that musing, unstructured space in which so much thinking, courting, daydreaming, and seeing has transpired” (Solnit 2014, p.259). The orientations of passing-by — to thinking, courting, daydreaming, and seeing (and, I would add, smelling, tasting, hearing and touching) — are choices that may run counter to the orientations of streets, buildings and services. These choices can create obstacles in the flows of capitalist hubs, or even obstacles in the choices that other passers-by may make. In this light, moving through urbanity is an act of resistance, no matter how small.

However, moving through cities can also be complicit in acts of production and consumption. In Lisbon, tuk tuk drivers holler into crowds of tourists, looking for passengers. In Sydney, window shoppers flirt with the displays in designer shops at Queen Victoria Building. In both cities, food delivery cyclists wobble towards their destinations, skirting in and out of traffic. Meanwhile, potential tenants wander down the street to a viewing for a rental property, discovering a line of people snaking around the block. Those that occupy precarious positions in urban environments do not choose to do so, even if they choose their routes or stop to smoke a cigarette on their way from one job to another. Others in positions of privilege may make leisurely choices for no other reason than fun, but these decisions are intimately bound up in consumption. Springgay and Truman (2018, 2019, 2022) highlight the ways that walking can be implicated in structures of power. Not all people have the time to wander for fun. Not all people have the mobility to find pleasure in passing-by. Not all people are afforded the safety to move freely. As a cis-gendered white woman, I never worry about being suspected of loitering. I could move freely without being concerned by the presence of police. At the same time, I am vulnerable to the stares and hollers of men, always an object of consumption for the male gaze. My body is the point at which privilege and precarity intersect in raced, and gendered ways.

To suggest that urban walking (as an act of passing-by) is an act of resistance supposes that other actions in cities are passive. The binary is too simplistic. It is disempowering to suggest that there is no opportunity for fun and joy for those experiencing precarity in urbanity. At the same time, to argue that they are transgressing capitalist choreographies by finding moments of interest or meaning in their passing-by seems like an overreach if no lasting change is being achieved. What is occurring in these moments bears similarity to what de Certeau describes as ‘*la perruque*’ (2002, p.25). Translating literally as ‘the wig’ from the French, the term actually refers to the re-appropriation of capitalist resources for leisure. De Certeau uses this term specifically for instances when a worker diverts paid time into their own projects, such as writing a love letter during office hours. While de Certeau does not apply this term to his analysis on walking in the city, using public place-space in capitalist urbanities could constitute *la perruque*. Walking for pleasure through an area that has been constructed for the purpose of consumption and production could be considered using the resources of those with power for the purpose of leisure for those without. It re-appropriates the existing fabric of the urban environment without taking anything but time. Movement itself could be considered *la perruque* – a person veers off the expected trajectory (perhaps leading them from work to home or vice versa) and into a place that has not been designated for public consumption or thoroughfare in that way. Whether this is pausing to examine a flower or climbing through a window in a derelict building, this repurposing disrupts urban flows even while being enmeshed within them. It is an act that subverts expected practice in an urban environment for the pleasure of the participant.

The first flowers deemed worthy are at the corner where Renwick St meets Marion St. In the shade of a concrete apartment block, Alice bends down, apologising, to take a picture of the reddish-pink flowers.

“Are these paper daisies?” I ask.

I rub my pointer finger across the thin petals. They are not.

We take a left on the street after Day St, past the window decorated with fake vines. A man used to make free hot chocolates here or meals for those who needed it. But the window is closed. The sign is gone.

The shadows shift as the sun tilts west of centre and we follow them, weaving in and out of parked cars and old chairs on footpaths. We keep a slow pace, with Alice bending down to take photos of more flowers.

“I just. Sorry. I just love that someone has done this, just to make the world a better place.”

We continue. Rambling down the lanes and rambling up the lanes and rambling down and up again. Occasionally, we step off the sun-dappled footpaths, enjoying the sponginess of the grass beneath our feet. As we wander, she points out houses and gardens she likes.

A woman opens her front gate, her hand hovering on the latch. Alice points out that the wooden gate frames her nicely. We turn a corner and leave her behind.

Around the corner, Alice pauses.

“Are you ready for this one?”

Her phone is poised, sky angled. I tilt my head back, the sun hitting my eyes and blink. Through my eyelashes, there is blue, then slats of brown and then the shape of gumnuts emerges from the glare. The twigs and branches are fringed with gum blossoms that become pink when my eyes are shaded. When I remove my hand from above my eyebrows, it recedes into darkness.

Alice shuffles around the tree, her handbag tucked into the crook of her elbow, bending backwards.

“Nuh, uh, nup. Hmm.”

She takes 6 paces back to the smaller gum blossom with paler flowers, the colour of a fairy floss zooper dooper.

She snaps the photo and we keep walking. She is telling me a story when she breaks off, flapping her hand like she’s waving it away.

“We’ll come back to that later,” she says, “But the thing about colonialism and trying to achieve English gardens is, like, look at that.”

She waves her hand out at the tree she’s just photographed.

“And the red over there,” she says of a grevillea half-visible behind a white ute, “How can you not think that’s beautiful?”

I nod.

I point out the hippeastrums, but Alice’s nose is already buried in a bush of lavender.

This is one of many modalities of passing-by that defies binary logics. To analyse my walk with Alice in Sydney as resistance attends to the enjoyable sense of purposelessness that pervaded it. We wound through Leichhardt, drifting and daydreaming along an inefficient route, following the colours and the smells and the architecture, lingering in front of houses and gardens that we liked. This was an area built for living. Straight, narrow footpaths dictated orientations and modes of movement that we ignored in favour of feelingfulness. Yet as we moved and stopped and started, our hands clasped smartphones. With their cameras we chopped and framed our winding wander into the hard edges of a rectangular photograph. Later, I would crop cars from the background of these pictures and upload them to Instagram as ‘citywandermaps’: #flowers #nature #wander #innerwesthouses #innerwestisbest #leichhardt #sydney

Analysing our walk as a form of *la perruque* reveals the interplay between leisure and profit. As passers-by our pursuits still intersected with multi-billion dollar corporations, even as we used their services for our own enjoyment. Furthermore, our tastes for what was enjoyable and interesting are not innate. We came to the footpaths of Leichhardt with tastes already forged partly by the capitalist culture in which we were immersed. Even our penchant for walking is a product of our socioeconomic status. To live in an area that is deemed worthy of photographing and that has the infrastructure for wandering (even if only on narrow footpaths) is a contrast to the more heavily car-oriented suburbs of Sydney’s west and southwest. Carrie Breitbach and Don Mitchell reveal the way that landscape is constructed: “the very idea of landscape [has] a history and it was not at all an innocent one” (Breitbach & Mitchell 2011,

p.211). Landscaping, taming the Australian native trees into the shape of streets and gardens and fences, trying to produce an English garden in Australia, is tied up with colonialism and capitalism. In a settler-colonial city, this means that stolen land is designated for viewing pleasure by the upper and middle classes. Our tastes, our environment, our passing-by is enmeshed with colonial and capital histories in specific ways. Like de Certeau's office worker, we did not 'resist' the city's hard edges, but, at times, appropriated them for what we perceived as meaningful, even as we participated in their production.

And yet, even this reframing fails to address the problem of access. As I outlined above, *la perruque* is possible for me because of the differential privilege that I hold. My white, seemingly able-body is not perceived as inherently disruptive the way that a black body could be. Being a disruptive body (a body that is read as disruptive simply in and by its existing) means that there are no actions that can constitute *la perruque* because there is always more at risk than 'just' time. Resistance is bound up in precarity: "vulnerability, reconceived as bodily exposure, is part of the very meaning and practice of resistance" (Butler et al. 2016, p.8). To be vulnerable in cities is to be exposed to the frictions in the interstices of assemblage.

The link between precarious positions and resistance is rendered visible in protest. One example of a wider scale event occurs every year in Lisbon on the 25th April. The date marks the anniversary of the peaceful revolution in 1974 which resulted in the end of the Portuguese dictatorship. Each year it is commemorated by city residents with demonstrations and festivities which I experienced during my fieldwork in 2022.

The city is red. Carnations everywhere. Marching bands stop at restaurants to hand them out to wide-eyed tourists. Others hawk them from the side of the street, leaning into the flow of foot traffic as people fish in their wallets for small change. The balcony on city hall is covered with carnations too, red petals against white marble.

When the footpaths become too knotty with people, I escape to a miradouro for some quiet time. I watch the sun inch across the sky; by midday, the sounds of the city have reached the viewpoint. Below me Avenida da Liberdade is hidden by the canopy of plane trees. The distant hum of cars has been replaced by the rhythm of a chant, punctuated by more shouts, bursts of song and occasional laughter. Some voices have the tinny quality of coming through a megaphone. I slip down from my perch down the limestone stairs, past the fountains, through

the gardens, beyond the houses adorned with azulejos and follow the noise. I don't know yet where I am going.

The sounds lead me to Avenida. I sidle onto the main avenue. For a moment, it is unrecognisable: a river of people pouring through it, each one flashing red accessories as they pass. Carnations stuffed into buttonholes, clenched in fists, tucked behind ears. Skirts and shirts and vests and scarves. Red marker shouting down from cardboard signs. Lipstick.

I hover at the shallow gutter, moved by the sound of the voices but held back from the fray. People march behind banners I mistranslate as they go past, puzzling over them until the next banner has already passed.

“Vinte e cinco de Abril
Facismo nunca mais!”

Still only 5 days into my stay in Lisbon, the words mash together:

“vintsinkdabril
fashizmoonuncamais”

It runs too fast for me to catch, and my tongue trips to keep up. I keep my mouth closed, let the crowd chant without me.

As they march down Avenida, I follow on the footpath until we reach Praça Dom Pedro IV where a stage has been set up. People cluster around the stage as a woman speaks into a microphone. I catch snippets of her speech –

“democracia”
“educação”
“diversidade”

and try to piece them together as if they are a puzzle. Each time I come close to slotting the words together, a cheer rises through the crowd, the chant roaring up again and her words are swept away. The march continues, flowing in from Avenida and into Rossio. The air

assumes the quality of a summer music festival; it is all smoke and beer and sun as people lounge on the edges of the fountains, trailing their fingers across the surface of the water.

My throat is growing scratchy. I have begun to join the chants. A group of old cantadores line up in costume under stiff brimmed hats. They pose with a banner celebrating freedom and raise their voices as the Portuguese national anthem begins to play. Their hands beat their heart as they call, their brows knitted in concentration. Those marching past stop to listen. A woman with a weathered face joins in, her voice wavering, a film of tears across her eyes.

The song finishes and the group poses for photos with marchers and their cardboard signs and carnations. Dogs scuttle on short leashes, red flowers tucked into their collar. A fresh wave of marchers washes over the street, bringing with it a heavy thrumming from the skin of a timpani-like drum. It is clutched to the chest of a woman, her hair ropey with dreadlocks. The congregation around the cantadores splinters, and the crowd surges forward to find their new rhythm.

This event, the annual march on 25 de Abril, upholds and celebrates the city's history and mythology as the place where the dictatorship ended. Residents carry this legacy into the future as they march with signs continuing to protest for justice and fairness across all aspects of life in Portugal. It provides an opportunity for residents to experience heightened connection to their culture and their history, as well as for play. While it has been endorsed by the city, the presence of police and the demarcation of the main avenues for marching may hint at the possibility for the event to spread beyond its sanctioned limits. Indeed, as a counter-protest against the world media and vaccines began to march in a counter direction, there were boos and shouts, and some scuffles broke out as the two crowds met. This is an event that continued to shaped the city that day with an interruption to the usual 5pm traffic gridlock in Marques de Pombal, but the event was also shaped by the history, nostalgia of the political and cultural consciousness of Lisboa; and continues to shape them. The ideas, the mythology, the people and the infrastructure all jostle together in a different formation in this moment, continuing to change and re-assemble the assemblage that is the city of Lisbon.

These clear demarcations of protest zones in the city contrast the carnivalesque whirl of the Santos Populares in Chapter 4. Both events had similar elements in their foregrounding of bodily presence, disruption, Lisboa history and culture, however the distinctly political

motivations of 25th of April distinguishes this day from the parties and festivities of Santos Populares festival. While Santos spilled over into many residential streets, the boundaries at 25 de Abril were defined, hemming the crowd in with police bodies in uniform. In de Certeau's understanding, both events have a resistant quality, however there was a deliberate political aim for the demonstration that was lacking at the festival. As such, the protest felt more volatile due to its political framing. The two are not commensurable, and to label both events as equally resistant and volatile would flatten these differences. 25 de Abril calls attention to bodily presence as mediated by social political conditions, more so than Santos Populares. Yet the latter is still disruptive; it claims city place-spaces for celebration and movement.

Assemblage here points to an important facet of resistance and passivity in urban life. The word 'resistance' suggests a pushing together and pulling apart from that which is always operating with or against something else. Like all other concepts explored in this thesis, acts of resistances are not the binary opposite of the passivity of being acted upon. Instead, these resistances point to disruptions in urban assemblage that occur on smaller or larger scales. However, the term assemblage also suggests another interconnection that must be attended to: being assembled, whether as crowd or as city, foregrounds a being-in-relation-with that is missing from my experimentation with *la perruque* or other accounts of daydreaming or thinking or wandering as resistance. Common tropes of the white male Situationist and the able-bodied *flâneur*, or even the *flâneuse*, are not just exclusive, they are incomplete in their presupposition that resistance is an individual act.²² Bodies are not autonomous entities, bounded units that feel vulnerability in isolation. The group protest that occurred on 25 de Abril revealed communal history, communal dissatisfactions and communal hopes for the future. In this plurality, Judith Butler argues that demonstrations like this "manifest the understanding that a situation is shared, contesting the individualising morality that makes a moral norm of economic self-sufficiency precisely under conditions when self-sufficiency is becoming increasingly unrealisable" (2015, p.18). The presence of gathering bodies, living and breathing and feeling

²² I refer to the "white male" Situationist with caution. These epithets are intended to refer specifically to those members that carried privilege as a result of being white and male (who made up the majority of the group). In doing so, I am also referring to the common perceptions of the movement that have been perpetuated by its critics. Frances Tracey (2014) and James Sidaway (2022) note that Situationism was more radical than is commonly recognised. Tracey argues that despite containing only 3 women being members of the Situationist International, they formed the backbone of the movement - particularly through their financial contributions. Likewise, Sidaway points to the Congolese, Tunisian and Algerian members of the group. By ignoring the work of these members, he quotes Andrea Gibbons who suggests that Maghrebi Situationist activity has become "a continuing footnote to psychogeography" (Gibbons in Sidaway 2022, p.564). He also states that anti-colonial activism in support of Algeria was central to the Situationist's most active period.

together, is a reminder of which bodies suffer precarity that is co-created and lived *here* in racialised, often gendered ways. Gathering demands specificity: “it is *this* body, and *these* bodies, that require employment, shelter, health care, and food” (Butler 2015, p.10, original emphasis). While 25 de Abril is partly a celebration of a historic day, it also draws attention to the inequalities that still permeate everyday life in Portugal. In doing so, the protest-celebration is a reminder: it is *this* body, and *these* bodies, that dwell in the frictional joints of urban assemblage.

Accounts of resistance must consider relationality because these are the conditions under which precarity is produced. As a “social position” (Lorey in Puar et al. 2012, p.165), precarity emerges when the existential precariousness of human being is exposed to the frictions of assembled parts. Our soft fleshiness, so prone to bruising, feels fleshier against solid objects. Our thin skin, so vulnerable to tearing, seems thinner when we stumble and the promise of an engagement with concrete looms below us. These negotiations and configurations are smoothed by infrastructure, making life in throwntogetherness possible.

Everyone is dependent on social relations and enduring infrastructure in order to maintain a liveable life, so there is no getting rid of that dependency... . The dependency of human creatures on sustaining and supporting infrastructural life shows that the organisation of infrastructure is intimately tied with an enduring sense of individual life: how life is endured, and with what degree of suffering, liveability or hope.

Butler 2015, p.21

In the absence of this infrastructure, there is resistance, precarity and vulnerability. Political, social, existential and textural, these conditions are both inherent to human being and exacerbated in the co-production of place-spaces and who gets to dwell there. Urbanity is not the only arena in which this can be explored, but in the concentration of large numbers of the populations with varied needs, desires and orientations, precarity is always perceptible, even in the smallest of ways. When I arrived in Lisbon I was not yet used to its narrow footpaths and slippery surfaces. Loose stones rocked under my ankles. My steps shrunk, becoming cautious. Many times, a misplaced step led to me sliding off the gutter and onto the road, startled by my sudden here-ness (standing on the road-ness) when I intended to be experiencing

there-ness (walking on the path, not pitching into the path of oncoming traffic). In Sydney, as a body with undiagnosed endometriosis, I was often pitched into precarity without warning.

The train clicks along its tracks.

Yellowed grass

Naked trees

A pigeon on a telegraph pole

Somewhere a baby cries. Sunlight cuts through the window and bathes my face in its pale warmth. For the first half hour of this train ride, the winter sun felt pleasant. But somewhere between Panania and Wolli Creek, the heat becomes unbearable. I sway with the movement of the carriage, turning hot then cold.

Then it starts: a jab in my lower abdomen. Once, twice. Thrice. Spasms radiating out through my legs and up through my back. In two minutes, my breath is shallow.

A robotic voice announces our next station and the train slows. I press my cheek to the window and watch a mother struggle to push a pram from the carriage to the platform. My gaze slides away. I see my hands folded in my lap; they look far away. Each shock – travelling from my core up to my throat – increases the distance between my hands and I.

People are filling the carriage. Now is the time to move my bag off the seat so that someone can sit down. Now the hands on my lap are shaking. Now they will not move. I peel my head away from the glass and my fragmented reflection in the window moves with me. I am a pair of green lips; I am an enormous eye with a vacant stare.

I pitch my torso downwards onto the seat and curl around my backpack.

The pulsing increases.

The jabbing in my abdomen sends ripples through my arms and legs.

I stretch out and flop my head over the side of the seat. I see their feet, hesitating beside my chair. I mumble “sorry” at random intervals. No one responds. When I pull my head up and roll over to stare at the ceiling, I catch their eyes before they look away.

What is at stake in the infrastructural failures of a narrow, pock-marked footpath? What happens when precarity is suddenly thrust upon a body with an invisible disability navigating a sprawling city? Lauren Berlant answers.

So, we can see the glitch of the present as the revelation of what had been the infrastructure of the lived ordinary. When things stop converging in the reliable patterns of social and material reproduction, they also threaten the conditions and sense of belonging, but more than that, of assembling.

2022, p.95

For me, this is the texture of the glitch: the abrasiveness of a disrupted trajectory.

Throughout this chapter, I have worked towards the assertion that disruption must mediate the opposition between resistance and passivity, a vulnerability to being acted upon. In the interaction of their various parts, disparity becomes inherent to urban assemblages. An uneven texture throws off-kilter some bodies more than others, their vulnerability and their resistance, because of that vulnerability, cannot be considered in isolation. Off-kilter movements are the frictions of assemblage that are created from and experienced as being always in-relation. This is the glitch. The concentrated thrown-togetherness of urbanity is facilitated by infrastructure that, when functioning, is invisible in its smoothness. Yet instability is always possible. As I was working on this thesis, Covid-19, endometriosis, sharp increases in inflation, increased rental costs, produced personal and cost of living crises. My body buckled (sometimes). Infrastructure buckled (gradually). Each city, each citizen, in bodily, geographical and culturally specific ways, experienced jolts that came from the rubbing and ripping of relations that were supposed to be smooth, to sustain them. Things were not always, or were no longer, converging or sustaining, they were often glitching.

7. Locating More-Than-Here

As we have seen, urbanity is a plurality. There are always multiple urbanities being produced, intersecting and overlapping in any place-space. As the world gets more intertwined through technology, migration, tourism, our cities extend beyond the location of their built infrastructures. At the same time as an urban environment may feel rooted in place-space, grounded ‘here’, there are simultaneous ‘heres’ unfolding elsewhere that resonate beyond their city limits. In this final chapter I explore the impact of seemingly global forces from out ‘there’ being produced (and producing) precarity ‘here’. Following Doreen Massey’s argument that local is also global, I suggest that the location of a city is neither here nor there, but somewhere in-between: more-than-here. I begin with the precarious position that Lisbon’s residents are currently occupying as a result of increased migration. I argue that this results in an unstable urban identity as well as a shifting urban landscape through increased tourism. Depending on which bodies are passing-by in Lisbon, the act is an interstitial embodiment that co-produces the unsettling qualities of cities both as locations and as research subjects.

Here

Mid-shot. The camera focuses on two women walking side by side on an unusually wide Portuguese footpath, the sun against their faces. A dark-haired woman, Tania Ramalho, is gesturing as she speaks. She wears a white suit over a black shirt, her dark hair swept over one shoulder. Her red nails are the same shade as her lips. She is more formally dressed than her companion — a blonde American in a cotton dress named Erin Riska. Erin’s family trails behind in t-shirts and shorts. Out of frame, a low-flying plane whooshes overhead. Tania raises her voice:

“We love [immigration and tourism] because it makes us develop. A lot.”

A pause for response. Nodding from Erin. Her neck is the colour of a fading sunburn.

“It’s because of the tourists that all the city is being renovated. It’s becoming more and more beautiful, you know?”

Erin knows. Emphatic nodding, a half-smile.

“It’s because of you.” A half-shake of the head, a wry smile.

“Honestly, it is.”

A head tilt, another smile.

Tania Ramalho, a real estate agent based in Lisbon, is describing the shifts the city has undergone as a result of increased migration and tourism. With 10 000 new residents arriving each year, Lisbon’s changing demographic is producing a new cityscape. As Ramalho describes in Arte TV’s documentary *Sold Out Lisbon* (2022), tourism and foreign investment have made over the city. With this transformation, along with the city’s climate, culture and waterside location, Lisbon has become an even more popular destination. However along with the renovated facades on previously crumbling buildings, the city has seen a boom in the purchase of investment properties, used not as long term rentals, but as short-term rentals attached to companies like Airbnb, and, consequently, housing costs are soaring. Gentrification and inflation have led to the displacement of local residents, pushing Portuguese citizens on comparatively low salaries to the margins of their capital. As well as changing the population of the city in drastic ways, everyday engagement with the urban fabric of Lisbon is shifting. Social and economic trends may appear to have global flows²³, but they are lived in local performance, felt in the day to day experience of passing-by. The ebbs and flows of tourism crowd or drain Lisbon, at times making the footpaths impossible to traverse. But equally, other cities around the globe have always been enfolded in Lisbon. These ‘other’ locations travel to Portugal in the bodies of new residents and tourists whose habits and movements are unwitting performances of being from somewhere else. Despite this, much of urban literature on this topic maintains rigid binaries between the two forces. But lived experience confuses these neat theoretical approaches; international networks and flows are enacted as distinctly Lisbon-ish. As such, the textures of passing-by are forged in the networks of immediate intercorporeal experiences which are always in relation to somewhere else at the same time as they are experienced ‘here’.

We want a fair life. Queremos a vida justa.

²³ There are complaints about the impact of short-term rental markets all over the world: see Hoffman & Heisler 2020; Clancy 2022; Valente et al. 2023.

We hear them before we see them. The call of voices and the cheep of a police whistle. Then Rato, empty of cars, is lit up by red and blue lights of a police car. It crawls down the street, shrill and flashing. Then the sound of feet drumming against the footpath, and the crowd comes into view. We've caught up to the demonstration. I am led into the fray.

Queremos a vida justa.

Theodor sucks on hand-rolled cigarette that he keeps alight with great difficulty. Between taking pictures of cardboard signs and grabbing pamphlets that are thrust towards him, he fumbles with the lighter. The flame is snuffed out on the wind again, and as he thrusts the stack of paper at me and pauses to cup his hand around the burnt-down nub, I am ferried onwards by the crowd, dodging cardboard signs.

The wind wreaks havoc here too. Paper and cardboard bend and flap so that each message can only be read in fragments. Some signs are taped to stakes that spin with each gust. But the crowd keeps surging. Passers-by, not part of the protest, are stuck on either side of the street, thrust apart by the flow. They wave at each other. Sometimes, a member of the crowd will dislodge from the huddle and embrace someone they know. Others wave. Their flapping hands are quickly indistinguishable from the muddle of raised fists and fingers gripping placards and banners. Up close, the calls of the crowd break apart. Pressed up against the noise, their cries are as disconnected as the words written in permanent marker on the home-made signs:

***Queremos a...** Voices crackle from megaphones. **Punhos...** Choruses rise up; their melodies louder than the words. ... **Tudo para...** The stomp of feet. **A cidade não é...** Spectators chatter, greeting the crowd. ... **na rua** ... thump, thump, thump of a steady drum beat from somewhere ahead ... **poésia** thump stomp chatter*

An intersection causes confusion and the crowd falters. Theodor appears at my side, cigarette precarious between his lips, a can of beer now in one fist. As the footsteps slow and the wind stills momentarily, I scribble down the messages I can make out around me:

***A poesia está na rua** (Poetry is in the street); **Sobreviver não é viver, chora de raiva** (Surviving isn't living, cry with rage); **Lagriminha? Só se for de punho erguido!** (Tears? Only with a*

*raised fist!); **Pelo: Ensino público; conhecimento; criatividade; espírito crítico** (For: public education; knowledge; creativity; critical thinking); **Queremos vida justa e digna** (We want a fair and dignified life); **Habitação em acção** (Housing in action); **Tudo para todos** (All for all); **Habitação é um direito** (Housing is a right); **A cidade é tua especuladores rua** (The city is yours, street developers); **Pela direita à habitação e à cidade** (For the right to housing and the city); **Lisboa não está a venda** (Lisbon is not for sale).*

This part of our march started in Rato, a central suburb of Lisbon bordering the wealthy (and gentrified) suburb of Príncipe Real. On this day in February, not long after Canada had announced regulations on Airbnb owners, the people of Lisbon marched, protesting for their right to live in their city as Portuguese citizens. The area they chose to march is a popular tourist destination, evidenced by the number of shops with English names and small perspex plaques reading AL (*Alojamento Local*) - accommodation for visitors to the city. The walls of the Pombalino style buildings are freshly painted, suggesting that this is an affluent area; and, indeed, a quick look on the country's prime real estate website Idealista reveals this to be true. They are not only asking for the right to rent or buy, they carry signs calling for education, health as well as housing, for their right to the city, for their right to the streets, as well as proclaiming the creative and imaginative potential to be found in urban environments.

But what they are protesting more specifically is the impact tourism and migration from wealthier countries is having on their city. In response to the increase of visitors, shops that used to offer entertainment and stock local produce have been replaced with souvenir stores. This form of commerce provides work for migrants to Portugal from China, India and Pakistan particularly the areas of Martim Moniz, but it drives local commerce for everyday essentials out into suburban areas of Lisbon, pushing Portuguese residents into cars to access the enormous *centros comerciais* (shopping centres) on the periphery of the city. The impacts on the city's landscape are so noticeable that they were taught in units as part of the *Instituto de Cultura e Língua Portuguesa* (the Institution of Portuguese Culture and Language) courses that I completed at the *Universidade de Lisboa*.

Dogs scramble around our ankles. Their tails droop as they are tugged through the forest of legs, panting. Some tremble. They hang back, pulling the lead taut until they are removed from the crowd and find reprieve sniffing discarded cans in the gutter. The crowd continues.

Even amongst the crush of people with all its stamping and stomping and shuffling, the streets feel deserted. There are no customers in the shops, no cars, no scooters, no motorbikes belching exhaust. There are some bicycles, but they are wheeled along beside their owners at the pace of the crowd. Very few tourists traverse the uneven footpath – those that are present have become enfolded in the crowd. Occasionally, I snatch snippets of French and German. Theodor tells me that the group beside us is Spanish which he knows because he himself is from Salamanca, a city in Spain's north. He chants with the crowd in Portuguese, talking to me in English, slipping temporarily into Spanish when he hears the conversation beside us.

Queremos a vida justa.

The crowd has slowed, moves carefully down the steep limestone footpath. Bodies turn perpendicular to the path, creeping on bent legs, crab-like and cautious.

Queremos vida justa.

On either side of us, newly painted buildings bear the letters AL on small perspex panels, boutique hotels or Airbnbs. Some blocks display banners in English: FOR SALE. Other buildings have awnings that cast the empty shops into shadow. One man leans in his doorway, blank-faced. Above us, guests and residents have come out to wave. Children's faces peer down from windows, their noses smudging the glass. Their parents take pictures through the open door. A woman with grey hair and brown eyes watches from the balcony, conducting cheers with her raised arms. Her fist is clenched in an emphatic thumbs up. She grins. The crowd is grinning. Theodor - grinning. I want to walk under her, meet her eye and smile. I want this long-term resident to give me a nod to know that I deserve to be here — but I don't, and I am.

We are nearing Bairro Alto now, the party district, as we're funnelled towards the parliamentary building. The calls get louder; a song swells in the narrow streets. Not far above us, there is another woman. Watching the march from the second floor, she casts a very different figure in her window frame: leaning forward, bent at the shoulders, her elbows propped on the stone window frame. It would be easy to miss her. Wrapped in a grey shawl against the lemon façade of her apartment building, she fades into the background. She is almost still. The crowd gets closer, and I see the movement of her wrist as she brings a white cloth to her nose again and again. Dab dab dab. Then we are beneath her, and I realise the

cloth is a flakey tissue. Her eyes are red and wet. Those who notice direct their chorus up to her. Her nose drips and her wrinkled cheeks glistens and her hand dabs and dabs and dabs.

The influx of wealthy immigrants from the United States in particular is the result of Portugal's visa programs. The so-called Golden Visa was created to encourage investment in Portugal, allowing the purchase of property or investments at a minimum of 250 000 euros in order for the purchaser to also receive a Portuguese passport. As working remotely becomes more possible, more immigrants are able to live in Portugal on American salaries and receive tax breaks that further advance their economic situation. As Portugal's capital city, Lisbon is bearing the brunt of this visa pressure. Despite more restrictions being legislated to control the effects of the country's infamous Golden Visa policies, the city has already changed. The updated façades and increased infrastructure have made parts of the city more liveable, but the people living there are not Portuguese. For instance, the district of Alfama where I first stayed upon moving to Lisbon is a prime example of the shift. Once the working class area of the city, the districts colourful, crooked houses and cobbled streets now make for a picturesque tourist attraction. Once the residential population of Alfama numbered close to 20 000. Today it has shrunk by 90%. Some of the original residents remain having signed onto lifelong leases, others were fortunate enough to purchase their property before the boom, the rest have been displaced to social housing far from their communities of origin. Those that have been able to stay in this part of the city face challenges traversing its hilly terrain as they age. The slippery textures of the footpath, so much a part of my experience as I gradually developed my Lisbon-legs, are beautiful to look at but hazardous to those with limited mobility. Although some areas have sacrificed *calçada Portuguesa* to create roads, the footpaths must remain for heritage reasons. The funiculars, trams that run up and down Lisbon's steepest hills, were put in place to help mitigate the problems of traversing a mountainous city. However, only two remain, one either side of the city's main avenue. These are often dysfunctional or have become so popular amongst tourists that long queues exist to board them.

These problems of failing infrastructure or unevenly distributed access to infrastructure is not unique to Lisbon. Sydney's infrastructural problems are similar, even if they manifest in culturally specific ways.²⁴ Looking at forces like gentrification and economic disparity would

²⁴ As explored in Chapter 2, Sydney's housing infrastructure has problems, but these have manifested in a distinctly Australian way. While apartment blocks are more common in Sydney's central business district, a cultural preference for houses (rather than higher density accommodation) has produced urban sprawl on a

suggest that these issues, particularly pertinent in urban environments, are global. Doreen Massey notes that this academic orientation towards global trends can be particularly dangerous when it leads to a division of everyday actions and international forces. Day-to-day experience may seem texturally unique and specific, but it is also forged in relation: “‘the lived reality of our daily lives’ is far from being localised — in its connections, its sources and resources, and in its repercussions, that ‘daily life’ spreads much wider” (Massey 2002, p.295). What Lisbon’s and Sydney’s housing crises demonstrate is that the global network of urbanity is grounded, as well as affectively and viscerally experienced. Binaries such as space and place, global and local, and ancient and modern cannot account for this plural precarity that is everywhere at once.

Movement is at the centre of the glitching I have discussed above. Transport networks that link these urban assemblages make their boundaries increasingly porous through immigration and tourism. However, I would argue that in doing so, the cities themselves are stretched, brought into contact with other hubs anywhere and everywhere in the world. Bodies are assembled facets of city assemblages, they produce and are produced by the environments they are immersed within. In these bodies, urbanity travels. As social media becomes more and more prevalent, relations that link one city-body to another become more visible and:

the identity of place [is] the product also of its relations with elsewhere...different stories coming together and, to one degree or another, becoming entangled. This is the throwntogetherness of physical proximity and it is even more marked in an age of globalisation

Massey 2002, p.294

Digital technologies have advanced further since Massey’s observations in 2002. These advancements have both changed Lisbon’s and Sydney’s landscape in the ways being protested

massive scale. As a result, other cities have emerged within ‘greater Sydney’ such as North Sydney, Hornsby, Parramatta, Penrith, Liverpool, and Campbelltown. Some of these centres are beginning to shift towards the building of apartment blocks, particularly around train stations, but much of Sydney’s infrastructure is still surrounded by a sea of nuclear (single occupancy) family houses. This landscape has been produced by Australia’s size, topography, regular policy failures, and negative cultural attitudes towards high density living (see Kohler 2023 for a more in-depth analysis). Most recently the NSW government has proposed the development of new high density housing in the leafy, affluent North Shore which have stations at their centre. But this has brought out local residents to protest against the development. Those who support expanded high density housing often call these protestors ‘NIMBYs’ (Not In My Back Yard). As an example, see Lewis 2024.

and explained above, but they also foreground other bodies in other cities. At times, this amounts to marketing material from tourists, influencers and digital nomads. At others times it forges deep connection and obligation to somewhere that is not-here. Judith Butler discusses this in relation to extreme examples of precarity, but her argument applies to urban environments more generally as well.

[I]f we are filmed on the street, the body and the street transport to some degree, acquiring potentially global dimensions; and yet that report and transport are only intelligible on the assumption that some dimensions of the time and space of that bodily location cannot be transported, are left there, or persist there and have an obdurate thereness.

2015, p.104

After the *Rato* protest, I would tell stories and share pictures of protest signs to friends and family in Australia: Lisbon suffering brought into proximity with precarious Sydney bodies, flicking through their phone in their own rental properties. Their day-to-day experience of precarity are brought into some form of affective contact with elsewhere. In motion, in relation, this process is the undoing of geographic dichotomies of here and over-there. Butler argues that “what happens there also happens here, and that ‘here’ is already an elsewhere” (2015, p.122). In the context of urban assemblages, this suggests that movement and simultaneity are crucial ingredients. Standing in Lisbon, standing in Sydney, there is no elsewhere or over-there, just a here and a more-than-here.

All of these factors are laid bare in that march through Lisbon. However, the event itself is an act of passing-by that reverberates through the urban environment. People drank, sang, played music and waved to passers-by as they moved; this was both party and protest, laughter and fury. However, as I have previously discussed, the liveness of intercorporeal relations are intensified in crowds, leading to different behaviours and experiences. As such, everyday frustrations were elevated and exposed in the march.

As we reach the parliament, the crowd loosens. The streets are wider here. A speaker stands on a crate in front of the marble steps and begins to shout. Despite the microphone, the words sound like white noise under the shuffling and calling of the audience. Noise echoes back, back,

back up the hills into Bairro Alto as more people come down the hill and gather around the orator who now has her fist thrust in the air. My view is obscured by a child hoisted onto an adult's shoulders. People have climbed up street lights or stand from walls or on tip toe at the edge of the gutter. One man has even climbed onto a political billboard and teeters behind it.

The speech turns to singing. As people around me take up the melody, the rise and fall of the tune becomes audible. Fists begin to raise in salute — a gesture that begins at the front of the crowd and then ripples backwards. I don't remember choosing to, but I find my own arm in the air too.

The song gets faster and though the woman at the microphone keeps the tune going, the crowd is becoming restless. Cheers erupt. The drones, hovering above the buildings, dipping down closer to the assembled bodies. Some faces are still turned towards her, but others are looking around. Restlessness. My arm is growing tired. More cheers, and then — ripppppp.

Heads snap towards the billboard where the man has torn the sign open. Rippppppp. It had proclaimed the failure of socialism (a message, presumably, to Portugal's leading party), but now gapes open. The yellow apartment block is visible through the hole. Cheers get louder, and the drones inch closer to the man. He ignores them, raises both arms to grip the fabric then throws his body weight downwards. The split widens. When he lets go, the poster flaps in the wind.

"Those are police drones," Theodor whispers, nodding towards the sky.

He jams his sunglasses on his nose then flicks his middle finger towards the sky.

"How do you know?" My feet hurt, my head hurts, my throat hurts. My arm hurts. I lower the fist.

"No drone would be allowed that close to parliament house." Middle finger again.

*The man at the billboard is still going, yanking at its skin, tearing apart the logo of the smashed hammer until it is no longer recognisable. It flutters, slack and pathetic. A child watches from behind her sign. It reads **QUERO UM FUTURO! Educação, saúde e habitação** (I want a*

future! Education, health and housing). Her father's hand rests on her shoulder, his eyes moving between the crowd and the sign as if assessing the mood. They stand near a shelter made from rubbish, assembled in the shape of the fishing boat. Its signs, written in English, Portuguese, Spanish and French, explain that the occupant is out of work and housing due to new legislation. I first encountered this dwelling in November, but it remains, still, in February. A little faded, but otherwise intact, it continues to glare out at parliament house.

This form of passing-by together, in solidarity, also signifies the here-ness and more-than-here-ness of Lisbon. The signs responded to social and economic problems that manifested in the lives and bodies of these marching Lisboetas. Their bodies, present and vulnerable and under police surveillance, spoke to the specific violence that glitching infrastructure enacts on them every day in this urban assemblage. It is not in the content of their march, but in the fact of their assembled bodies and their being in relation that their passing-by has the potential to change the fabric of their urban configurations.

It matters that bodies assemble and that the political meanings enacted by demonstrations are not only those that are enacted by discourse, whether written or vocalised. Embodied actions of various kinds signify in ways that are, strictly speaking, neither discursive nor pre discursive. In other words, forms of assembly already signify prior to, and apart from, any particular demands they make.

Butler 2015, p.8

The very act of being gathered is an act of vulnerability and resistance that exposes precarity. Assembling as a group of bodies, calling and sensing and moving together, is a performance of thrown-togetherness. It produces a connectedness not dissimilar to Turner's *communitas*, pointing to a feeling in relation before the crowd even opens its mouth. In this way, "the gathering signifies in excess of what is said, and that mode of signification is a concerted bodily enactment, a plural form of performativity" (Butler 2015, p.8)²⁵. This impacts Lisbon's assemblage. Its texture: sweat (always when walking up those hills, even in winter), smoke, skin brushing skin. Beyond the immediate cluster of bodies, its (in)convenience: disrupted movement, traffic, business. All of these states are temporary, but in the very act of coming

²⁵ Here the word performative is designates enactment not performance. For the difference when compared to how this word has been used by performance scholar John Lowell Lewis see note 17 in this thesis.

together, being thrown-together by circumstance, they perform and produce being ‘the people of Lisbon’ as an identity. Doing so means there is also its counterpart: those who are not-of-Lisbon, and for those caught at the intersection of multiple marginalising forces, perhaps, not people at all in this moment of protest. This too is a relation that is located here (us in our city) and more-than-here (not us, but acting upon us and amongst us in our city).

More-Than-Here

In Lisbon, those of the more-than-here included the digital nomads, the tourists, and the wealthy immigrants as well as the politicians and infrastructures that created the friction of their presence. The march was a performative act that revealed a cultural and class identity that has already been generated and regenerated in the process of urban assembling. As one member of the crowd who did not share that identity, I occupied an uncomfortable position. My being ‘here’ as a physical location was not enough for me to belong. In fact, my presence itself was a symptom of infrastructural misconnections from which I benefited, as admitted much earlier in this thesis, living on an Australian University stipend in a Portuguese city. This sense of not quite belonging did not start and end with the protest, it was a role I was always going to perform upon my arrival. As I acclimatised to movements and language and patterns, and as I settled into my own hybrid Sydney-Lisbon habits, this changed somewhat, but it never fully disappeared. Passing-by became a means through which I could become more and less tourist.

Tourism both seeks out and homogenises difference. In the case of Lisbon, it is the city’s performance of Portuguese culture and identity (as well as its famously good weather) that makes it so appealing to tourists and well-to-do immigrants. At the same time, it is also a significant contributor to the change that drives ‘Portuguese-ness’ from Lisbon. Older areas of the city that have been renovated or restored for the purposes of tourism, maintain an authentic Portuguese façade despite being underpinned by foreign investment. Areas of the city, like Alfama, look authentic but the population rises and falls with public holidays and weekends. During winter and on rainy days it can feel deserted. Moving through the area gives the sense that this area is ‘Portuguese’ but dwelling within the walls of the city reveals that the cultural identity of this place is only as deep as a cobbled stone or its fresh coat of paint. Aesthetic Portuguese-ness is often spatially separated from lived Portuguese-ness. The large blocks of flats that dominate the landscape on the outskirts of the city are rarely seen by tourists who may only glimpse them on the metro from the airport to the city. Other times, these nuances were less obvious to those who lacked the sensibility to see them.

Throughout winter, moving through the city has become easier. There are less tourists to dodge, less crowds to weave through, and the flow of movement has become faster. At the same time, the frequent rain has made the hills almost impossible to navigate, forcing us onto the roads to avoid the downward slide promised by the limestone. The potholes fill with water, become sticky with mud that only increases the risk of sliding. The air is never especially cold here, but the wind blowing in over the river and the tops of the hills (of which there are many) is always biting, and the uninsulated houses are always icy. Water sits in the stone facades, spreading mould across the ceilings, and the clothes I keep trussed up on a clothes horse never dry.

But it is March now and the cold edge is beginning to thaw. One morning, I exit my building and I know that Spring is here. It is not that the day is particularly sunny – in fact, the cloud cover keeps the air thick and slightly humid. What heralds the change in season is a flock of men dressed in flat caps and v-neck jumpers. Their sense of direction, or lack thereof, suggests they are not from here. I watch them muddling up the hill after their breakfast at the Padaria Portuguesa chain. Although I can't quite catch their words over the sound of dogs and cars, but their mouths move as if they are speaking English. I catch a twang to their discussion that suggests British-ness.

"Do you reckon that's a bucks party?" I ask Theodor. Their gait suggests they might be drunk already.

I watch them straggle up an incline I barely notice anymore. Theodor starts the car. The wind whistles through the cracked-open window and I hear the crunch of the tyres against the bumps.

As we reach Avenida, we wait at the lights watching a group of men cross. All seven of them are dressed in shorts showing their pale legs and football jerseys I don't recognise. The sides of their heads are shaved short and their hair reaches down over their forehead. Their hands are tucked into their pockets, their shoulders slouched, looking behind them to check the traffic. There is no way they're not British.

"The tourists are back." Theodor is driving one-handed while he rolls a cigarette.

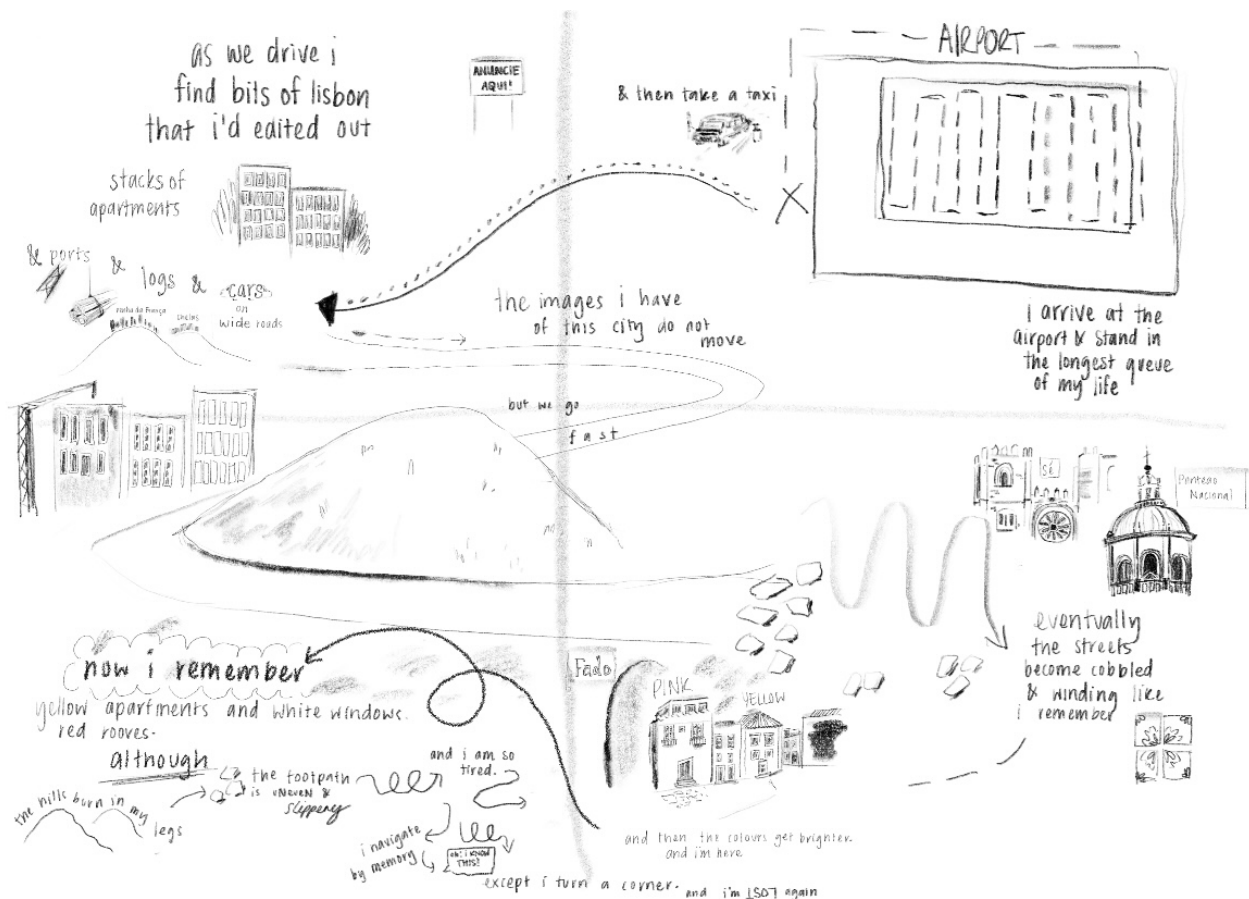
After that, I see them everywhere. When we arrive in Belém, the parking spots are almost full. The tuk tuks are in business. People criss-cross the pedestrian bridge where the fascist monument by the water is dotted with groups taking in the view. Pastéis de Belém has a queue that stretches round the corner and Mosteiro dos Jerónimos looks like a ride in a Disneyland theme park. I press my face to the car window and I realise that I haven't seen these crowds in months. They move so slowly; it is time to avoid the city centre again.

Within this moment, there are two facets at play in shaping the city. One is in the status of the city as a popular destination for bachelor and bachelorette parties. For these events, tourism acts as a for-hire *liminoid* realm. Rather than travelling for the allures of that particular place, those who are about to marry are travelling for the feeling of it not being home. Flights from the United Kingdom are cheap and frequently on special with budget carriers like Ryanair and EasyJet. Separated from their daily lives, Lisbon acts as a ludic space where these 'bachelors' and 'bachelorettes' participate in games and activities they would not do at home, often drunk and often in costume. Of course, by temporarily leaving their own daily lives they are frequently brought into contact with the everyday lives of other people. As I have demonstrated, the popularity of a city as a tourist destination dramatically changes its landscape in significant ways. It also shifts its atmospheres in minute (and often frustrating) ways. Difficult to traverse already, the city becomes even more frustrating to navigate when stuck behind a group taking photos in front of a tiled façade. As the trams became choked with people, they fail to be a reliable (and comfortable) source of public transportation. The frequency with which tourists arrive and change the city throughout summer weekends means shifting my own habits to allow for their presence; moving around them becomes a skill that I also had to develop.

Secondly, this experience points to the presence of other people who rely on these visitors for their income, changing the choreography of the city yet again. Not only do the streets become flooded with people, but the air thick with a plethora of languages and umbrellas from tour guides trying to keep their charges' attentions. The streets also become clogged with tuk tuks. Street vendors stretch out their wares on the foot path, people emerge in costume, posing as fake statues that tourists cluster around. I am not merely dodging tourists but locals who have come to rely on the tourist for income. The demonstration I described earlier pointed to the disadvantages that locals have faced as the result of seismic shifts in the city for which tourism

and a lack regulation on short term rental companies are responsible. But at the same time, there are many locals who have made these tourists their business, and the economic boom that has come from tourism and golden visas has made the city wealthier.²⁶

Being able to distinguish between tourists and residents was something I learned to do quickly in Lisbon. Portuguese-ness and, more specifically, Lisbon-ness was harder for me to identify. Even when my language skills improved I was never entirely of there. Over time I learned to jay walk, I could wander as if I knew the city, I adapted to the hills, and yet, six months after I arrived in the city, I discovered that this was not enough for me to be Lisboaeta. My sensibilities - the parts of the city I found remarkable, the foods I liked best, the people I spoke to - were still considered touristy. Sometimes, it was not how a body passed-by, but where, that signified its relation to more-than-here.



²⁶ It is worth noting here that many of the people that I interacted with in Lisbon were from a particular demographic, working in tech jobs that are also changing the landscape of the city, bringing with it a 'start-up culture' usually associated with Berlin in Germany or Silicon Valley in the US. Co-working spaces are emerging, bringing with them almost 19 000 digital nomads (Lança 2023). Those Portuguese citizens I am acquainted with, who were born and raised in Lisbon, are the ones who have economic capital to rent one bedroom apartments. By talking to these people, I have a particular view of Portuguese understandings of tourists, and this attitude may vary in other demographics and in on other cities. Having said that, Portuguese media shows a similar tension between reliance on tourism and increased cost of living across the country (see Silva Júnior et al. 2023; CE Notícias Financieiras 2023).

Jardim do Torel slopes down in front of me. The sun winks at the corner of my eye, slipping away over the terracotta rooftops and sinking behind the silhouette of Amoreiras. Eyes watering, I turn towards the river. Ahead, a ramshackle house is pink with bougainvilleas, dripping off the roof towards the city. Lisbon is laid out in yellows and pinks and blues below. Opposite, the Príncipe Real miradouro looks out towards me. I can see the fence lined with tourists. I am glad to be here and not there.

The city funnels down towards the centre – Baixa-Chiado (literally ‘low centre’). The steep hills flatten out into a row of trees that bristle above the red dome of another cathedral. I follow it with my eyes – “that’s Avenida de Liberdade,” I always tell my friends when they visit – down towards the theatre and the pastel de nata café and then onwards. The grand arch close to the water can only be the entrance to Praça de Comercio, a flat stretch of concrete framed by sunshine yellow buildings. No doubt it will be clustered with tourists at this time, snapping pictures of the statue (better to take pictures in the morning when no one will see; at this time of day, I prefer to rush by without looking back, to appear more like a local).

Beyond the marble arch, the water is flat, glittering in the impending twilight. Despite the banks on the opposite side, it feels like the open sea. Indeed, from some miradouros the cruise ships are visible, floating skyscrapers that leave me fuming as I count their many windows and trace the curling slides and pools on the deck.

I’m not alone in the park. Here, there is a squashed-looking pug, its head permanently tilted to one side, its tongue lolling from its greying snout. It looks as if it’s about to keel over. When it passes, I hear its breath rattling through its small body, heaving its legs after its friend – a black schnauzer that barks at picnickers.

Other dogs, less regular, scamper from group to group. People are clustered in the shade, drinking Sagres or Superbock, reading books, curled around each other as if for warmth although a hot wind is blowing through the 35 degree air. Somewhere, someone is strumming on a guitar. Somewhere, a car is honking. Somewhere, workers chatter from the scaffolding on rundown buildings (they catcalled me on my short walk here: “olá bebê! Inglês? Hey baby! Hey, baby!! You are French? Bêbé!”)

Occasionally, the smells of the city drift up to me on the breeze: home cooking; cigarette smoke; someone's perfume on a picnic rug nearby. There's a group speaking in English further down, but the sun is warm on my face and their words swim by without me holding onto them.

A real local place.

Diogo arrives half an hour late, but this is standard. We talk for a while, then I pack up my picnic rug, folding it up into my bag. I march us up past the fountain with its limestone base; the water is the colour of an indoor swimming pool. Through the gates which will close in 5 minutes, then winding up the street. We walk on the road, but this is standard. The limestone cobbles have come loose around the trees and council has cordoned off chunks of footpath. Standard. People ignore the plastic rope and duck around it. My foot collides with a loose stone, making a loud clunk.

I lead us towards the gelato shop and beyond it, deeper into Arroios. Campo dos Martires da Pátria unfolds in front of us as we come to the space between the yellow and the blue apartment block, the marble medical school and the statue of the Portuguese founder of modern medicine in front of it. It is littered with plaques and thank you cards in his honour.

The air smells of tomatoes from the opposite Italian restaurant and waffles from the gelato shop up the road. We walk side by side on the footpath – wider here than in the more touristy Alfama, where the streets become lanes that wend and wind their way through the secret parts of the city. Roosters crow in the park and even with the occasional bang of a motorbike, I can hear the ruffle of Muscovy duck feathers as they mate. A dog barks.

Now the road tilts up, past the hospital. The picturesque park becomes a less picturesque street. Proper local. The tables on the footpath from local cafés have no checked table cloths or candles on the table. They're bare, rocking on the uneven ground, blackboards beside them advertising cheap food in Portuguese.

I am watching Diogo watch the street life. We veer off now, following the wall of the hospital down past some more tiled buildings. It's all so Portuguese.

"This is nice," Diogo says, and I smile. I agree with him.

“It’s a great area.”

We walk further on in silence. Clean laundry is trussed up beneath open windows and I can see t-shirts and pants flapping in the breeze. An old woman stands on her worn down doorstep, glaring out into the street. A man leans over the balcony, drinking a beer. His bald head glistens in the dying light; a white singlet is stretched tight over his stomach. A chain hangs around his neck.

Diogo is momentarily distracted.

“That’s a typical Portuguese man. When you think of a Portuguese man, that’s what you should think of.”

Unsure what to say, I laugh. There is a silence while he looks around.

“I don’t get to walk here very often. I feel like I’m getting the proper tourist experience. It’s nice.”

“Tourist?”

“Jardim do Torel, Campo dos Mártires da Pátria... We don’t really visit these tourist spots so it’s nice to see them through touristic eyes.”

My time living in the suburb of Arroios was proliferated by moments like the one described above, revealing my touristic sensibilities and pointing to the question of what Portuguese-ness actually is. This question is replicated on a micro-scale in this suburb due to its layout and the numerous nationalities living within it. The zone begins ten minutes’ walk from the centre of the city and stretches back towards some of the larger apartment blocks. Because of this, the council area incorporates both lower socio-economic sections of the city and the gentrified area of Pena where I lived. Once, I walked home with an acquaintance after discovering we both lived in the same council, but upon checking the map I was following, she exclaimed: “but this is not Arroios!”, despite my apartment existing well within the boundary of the suburb. At this time I was living in a 13th century monastery that had been converted into apartments, owned

by an old Portuguese man and his wife, Senhor and Senhora António. We communicated in Portuguese, with them referring to me as *a menina Australiana* (the Australian girl). My neighbours were Portuguese, Brazilian and Nepalese, and the demographic of the building was steadily becoming more multicultural. Unfamiliar with the nuances of the city, the *Pombalino* architecture, the history of the building, the presence of a Portuguese community within my building as well as local facilities such as a hospital, suggested to me that I had found a pocket of authentic Portuguese-ness. Francisco explained: “tourists always think that these areas are Portuguese, but this is not what Portuguese is”. For him, it was the areas further away from the central districts that exemplified a Portuguese way of life, but what their defining characteristics were, he was unable to tell me.

As a capital city and a port city, Lisbon’s identity has always been slippery. It is the same in Sydney. As previously discussed in Chapter 1, Hein notes that portside cities have a tendency to adopt each other’s characteristics due to their status as nodes within a global network. Because they are major transport and import hubs, they have always been in flux as the population changed with the tides, quite literally. Temporary visitors and migrants alike would alight in these areas because of the ease of access, creating diverse urban hubs within an often homogenised country. This is not true of Sydney. Australia is so far away from the rest of the world as an island nation in the South Pacific that Sydney is a port city but not the same kind of hub as Lisbon. Lisbon’s old Fado neighbourhood of Mouraria was named after the presence of Islamic people who lived there after Dom Afonso Henriques’s victory in the siege of Lisbon in 1147. The siege, which occurred at Lisbon’s *Castelo de São Jorge*, played a pivotal role in the founding of the country. After conquering Lisbon, Afonso I designated the area now known as Mouraria to the previous occupants of the castle, and the area has been a multicultural hub ever since (Hatton 2018, p.35).²⁷ Furthermore, as has already been discussed, the city was populated by slaves but also free immigrants from China, Africa and parts of Spain. Until the 16th century, there had also been a strong Jewish presence in the city which went underground after a brutal massacre. As a gesture of reparation for the Portuguese Inquisition in the 15th century, Portugal’s government began offering naturalisation to descendants of Sephardic Jews from 2015. The law allowed descendants to access Portuguese citizenship through naturalisation (Pignatelli 2020). To be eligible for repatriation, applicants had to prove their ancestry through evidence of a link to a Jewish community, language skills and family trees

²⁷ For a more in-depth history of Mouraria and the evolution of the neighbourhood, see Moya 2019.

(Goldschläger & Orjuela 2021), but as of 31st December 2023 the Portuguese government announced a sudden end to the scheme.

At the event of the protest, despite friendly rivalry between the two countries, my Spanish friend, with his dark hair, eyes and Latin accent was afforded a sense of Portuguese belonging at the protest, an affordance not open to me. Pamphlets were thrust towards him, but never to me, suggesting that my blonde hair and light eyes marked me as tourist. It is difficult to say whether my discussions with Diogo and Francisco about authentic Portuguese-ness were about what it means to be Portuguese or anxieties about what Portuguese-ness will come to incorporate in the future. More Portuguese or less Portuguese, the fabric of Lisbon's suburbs continue to change through its dynamic relations with more-than-here.

As I have established, the right to the city is a matter of privilege and access and, as a result, different forms of movement are afforded to different bodies in a city space. While I have already argued that imagination and movement are interlinked, the kinds of movement may differ from body to body. Tourism is one example of a particular position one can occupy within the city. Proximity to the central (and most beautiful) areas of Lisbon means that walking is not only easier due to less hills and shorter distances, but it is also more captivating. If bodies like Diogo are driving to these areas for events before walking, their pedestrianism is likely one of necessity and not one of leisure. As this thesis suggests, imaginative and subversive acts can still be enacted in this mode, but it is the tourist's mode of engagement that better illustrates how movement and imagination can function together, particularly when coupled with the freedom of wealth and time.

As Diogo said, many locals do not have a strong presence on the central streets of Lisbon. While Diogo came into the city for specific events, his daily life was conducted outside of these central areas where sites of interest to walk past are sparse. In the outer areas of Lisbon, his wandering occurred on a motorbike. When he did walk he was usually in the city's centre for a reason and not for the purpose of strolling. This exists in contrast with the perambulatory mode of the tourist for whom renting a car is yet another expense. Being on holidays also results in being able to experience time differently. At the same time, the presence of so many bodies on the city streets being free from the constraints of day to day life changes the landscape of the city for locals as well.

Passing-by is a performance of being in relation that enfolds the here of Lisbon in the more-than-here of other cities and other countries. In the last two chapters, I have tried to attend to the thickness of these performances. In doing so, I attempt to connect the textures of unevenly distributed precarity with the networked nature of urban environments. Infrastructural glitches are never created or experienced in isolation, they come from somewhere and can be experienced everywhere. But cities can be both somewhere and everywhere at once — producing glitch and experiencing glitch. Perhaps this could be true of any environment, urban or not, as digital infrastructure continues to develop. Yet as economic, cultural, social and symbolic hubs, urban assemblages make this simultaneity particularly obvious. Their size and status are testament to international networks; their textures speak to the pressures of being physically in proximity and the struggle to maintain communities and identities. In this realm, binaries between global and local collapse. By studying cities with reference to their specificities, tourism, gentrification and economic forces are no longer abstracted to somewheres and everywheres. They are present: here, but also more-than-here.

Conclusion: Stories within Stories within Stories

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

TS Eliot 1915

In this thesis I have passed-by and rubbed up against the many bodies, textures and infrastructures that make and divide a city. These intricate processes are always in motion, breeding affect and inconvenience, shaping urban environments and the bodies that dwell within them. These co-produced flows and frictions are a performance of a city: its topographies, geographies, cultures and sensibilities. There, in the gaps and connections between all of these facets, is where a city becomes This City – the stories that we tell about that place-space, which in turn, become a part of its own and our own assembled genesis.

Throughout this thesis, I have worked towards the assertion that passing-by is both integral to the co-constitution of cities and city bodies as well as to urban research. To do so, I have divided this thesis into three parts that reflect three sub-questions that guided my work: What is a city? What sustains a city? What changes a city? Though there are many possible answers to these questions, my encounters with Sydney and Lisbon as a city body suggest that cities are the process of being thrown-together. I argue that these different 'thrown' facets constitute an assemblage held together in part by stories and performances of affective experience and collective events. At the same time, the dynamism and intensities that create cities and city bodies are also the very forces that threaten them. These ever-shifting, porous environments are destabilised by the precarity of intercorporeal encounters and disruptions. In passing-by, we are participating in the processes that make and unmake urbanity. By writing about them,

these encounters become stories and maps that extend an urban assemblage beyond its physical location.

Following the footsteps of TS Eliot's narrator, I made my visits to the restless streets of Sydney and Lisbon. Sometimes alone, sometimes in company, I have watched landscapes flash by from train windows, wandered through back alleys, slipped down limestone footpaths and climbed up hills, in/along the back streets of Annandale and up and down and up, up, up the hills of Lisbon. In the thick of these embodied encounters I explored how cities and city bodies co-produce each other in geographically and culturally-specific movement. To a certain extent, this research is grounded in a long lineage of walking research that stretches back to the 19th century. However, heeding the call from Stephanie Springgay and Sarah E Truman (2018, 2019), I also departed from the tropes of the *flâneur* and the *psychogeographer*. In part, this was because I could not find my own somewhat precarious body in these methodologies. However, my decision was also made in order to pursue a more inclusive approach that foregrounds being-in-relation to other bodies, other textures and other species. I have called this method of traversing 'passing-by'.

In presenting this account of passing-by, I divided this thesis into three sub-sections – Process, Affect, and Inconvenience – corresponding to the questions outlined above, under which my chapters were organised. The first of these sections centred around the process that is a city, and how the intricacies of its dynamic unfolding cannot be captured in abstraction. In the opening chapter of Process, I followed the work of Elizabeth Grosz (1992) and Manuel DeLanda (2006, 2016), arguing that cities are assemblages constituted by many intricate moving parts. As such, they are always unfolding, always feeding back into each other to create geographically and culturally specific environments. I examined how two similar locations, climates and colonial pasts can produce vastly different cities. As an example of these differences, I explored language and habits as two intangible aspects of urban assemblage that distinguish one urban environment from another. These are just two of the infinite processes that are performed and re-performed in the creation of an urban environment.

This focus on assemblage challenges assumptions around space, place and the limits of urban and suburban zones. If cities grow and shrink and shift in and through movement, then fixed understandings of space and place only limit our understanding of urban environments. In Chapter 2, I suggested that abstract discussions have led to neat dichotomies that cannot

account for the messy dynamism of a city. Extending the work of Brian Massumi (2002) I examined how theories of place and space can be interpreted to misrepresent movement in cities as detachment. This divide can be mapped onto other concepts such as urban and suburban, anthropological place and non-place, or ancient and generic. At worst, these formulations perpetuate settler-colonial and class power structures; at best, they mischaracterise embodied experience in urbanity. The overwhelming experience of passing-by can throw these dichotomies into question. For these reasons, I explored a different conceptualisation of place and space. I drew on Doreen Massey (2001, 2002, 2004, 2005, 2014) who understands place as thrown-togetherness and space as simultaneity. Building on these foundations, I suggested that cities are both at once. In recognition of their interconnection in urbanity, I hyphenate the two, arguing that a city is an assemblage located in place-space. By doing so, I attempted to showcase movement as a key ingredient in assembling an urban environment. At the same time, this approach was intended as an example for research in urbanity: hyphenated and interdisciplinary.

The following section, Affect, focussed on how affect is experienced in urbanity through movement, and the role this plays in perpetuating and sustaining a city's unique identity. For this reason, the third chapter explored how passing-by forges connections between city bodies and certain place-spaces. I concentrated in particular on urban stories that are carried from the past into the present, suggesting that city bodies are already arriving at their locations with their own maps and stories. As cities change, readjusting can be performed more or less successfully by us, producing emotional responses for those who reside there. Our responses are born at the intersection of body, culture, environment, personal pasts, and stories which are themselves enfolded in the landscape of a city. Borrowing from Sara Ahmed (2006, 2010), I argued that these are 'orientations'. This is a turning towards (or away from) something that complicates notions of past and present, as well as history and memory. In cities with colonial pasts, these orientations can uphold particular versions of events that glorify aspects of a city while hiding others. I also examined how disorientation is always enfolded in this temporal transcendence with a case study on urban nostalgia as an affect that is between bodies and environments changing at different speeds. It is these affective experiences that bubble up during passing-by, linking the multiplicities of a city, and giving them the impression of being a coherent entity.

Of course, not all urban affects are experienced the same way, and some are even choreographed to produce a city's identity. Chapter 4 illuminated the different intensities that

punctuate daily life. Passing-by in urbanity becomes a performance of both mundane and special events. I contrasted two separate events that I encountered while passing-by in Lisbon, examining how the city's identity is produced collectively in the everyday and intensified on special occasions.

If the first two sections elucidated how cities come together, the final section, Inconvenience, reckoned with the possibility of them coming undone. I began in Chapter 5, highlighting the contradiction at the heart of urban environments. While the previous chapter argued that collective experiences can tame a city into a cohesive identity, this chapter demonstrated how intercorporeality can also unravel an urban environment. To do so, I expanded the notion of what I meant by body, pulling from the work of more-than-human theorists. I argued that this interspecial being in-relation is made present in urban environments, manifesting as inconvenient surfaces and textures. Urbanity is skin, fur, feather, microbe, water, concrete, glass and more – all flowing together, rubbing together, adjusting to each other. I touched on the textures that I encountered through passing-by textures. In adjusting to the proliferation of more-than textures in urbanity, my research and writing had to adjust as well, challenging the boundaries of human and 'non-human' categorisations.

However, the following chapter, Chapter 6, suggested that these material conditions are weathered differently by different bodies. Here I returned to the concept of resistance, which plays a prominent role in urban research through the figure of the *flâneur* and Situationist practices. However, I argued that urban resistance is not the performance of a transgressive act, but a vulnerable encounter with the textures and inconveniences I had outlined in the previous chapter. In Chapter 6 I offered three contrasting examples of how passing-by in urban environments is made (im)possible by (dys)functioning infrastructure. This infrastructure bridges the gaps between the joints in an assemblage. However, I pointed out that able bodies, male bodies and white bodies benefit disproportionately, while other bodies exist in the perpetual breakdown of these linkages. As such, I suggested that urban environments are an encounter with what Lauren Berlant (2022) calls 'the glitch'. By experiencing disrupted trajectories, passing-by reveals what abstract urban studies cannot: that it is the frictions as much as the flows that produce urbanity.

In the final chapter, Chapter 7, I argued that urban assemblage extends even beyond its physical location. Returning to Massey's understanding of 'space' as simultaneity (2001, 2004, 2005,

2014), I proposed that unfoldings of other bodies in other cities can be implicated in the breakdown of infrastructure ‘here’, in ‘this’ city. As such, the co-production of urban environments is always more, more than just here. These precarities are felt on location – on these cobbles, in this maze of streets – but are produced elsewhere, seemingly imported from another country with their own cities and their own urban precarities. As such, urban environments extend beyond their own horizons. This is a location that I termed the ‘more-than-here’ – another hyphen that speaks both to urban assemblage and to the assembled nature of research itself.

This thesis is not the first work on urban environments produced through various methods of passing-by, nor will it be the last. Cities are densely populated urban hubs that form part of a global network of trade and politics. However, they are also sites for the performance of culture and thick embodied experience. As such, they have been a topic of various disciplinary investigations for a long time. Whole fields have been dedicated to the exploration of these vast and porous environments such as urban geography, and newer methodologies such as urban ethnography have emerged for the studying of these place-spaces. Much of this literature is founded on abstract categorisations that fail to reflect the immediacy of embodied experience in moving through urban environments. Other literature does privilege embodied experience, such as in the work of *flâneurs*, Situationists and their contemporaries. Their ideas of walking as modes of engagement with urban resistance and urban observation are reflected in twentieth century theoretical approaches to urban environments. These approaches are exemplified by the work of Michel de Certeau (2002) and Henri Lefebvre (2017) who have offered us new methods for thinking and writing about resistance and rhythm in cities respectively.

The paths these thinkers paved in urban theory have been well-worn. Yet despite their contributions to understanding urbanity, I felt there was still a gap in urban research. All of the interconnections and misconnections detailed in city literature are crucial to the production of an urban environment. However, these accounts work with abstract categories or serve a particular purpose, whether that is to resist ‘the Society of the Spectacle’ or to offer an economic analysis of trade flows in port cities. Working within disciplinary boundaries can be useful: these are the approaches that design cities, create blueprints or manifest political change. However, on their own, these approaches are not enough. The question of what a city *should* be is far removed from the embodied experience of being in an urban environment. Without bridging disciplinary divides, conversations about urbanity get stuck in dichotomies – space

and place, urban and suburban, past and present, human and ‘non-human’, passive and resistant, global and local. These binaries are theoretical tools that make sense in abstraction, but, as I have shown, urban assemblage is messy. Movement, affect and inconvenience reside in the in-betweens. These are not aberrations in the choreography of an urban environment; these are enfolded within them, producing, maintaining and changing cities. In order to understand a city, we must pass-by binaries and move through the muddle.

This thesis offers a reframing of urban assemblage across disciplinary lines. By situating my accounts of Sydney and Lisbon in the interdisciplinary interstices, I have attempted to mediate dichotomies that have previously structured urban literature. This lived, moved engagement both reveals and participates in the co-production of cities and city bodies as geographically and culturally specific sensibilities. Furthermore, this participation in city life recognises that the acts which produce these cities is also the force that destabilises particular urbanities – such is the nature of an assemblage.

Passing-by has performed many functions in this thesis. The first is as an object of study – a key element in the co-production of urbanity and a performance of a city’s sensibilities, geographic and cultural identity. At the same time, passing-by is a methodology that I have used to reveal a messy environment that disrupts the convenience of binary categories. There are more dichotomies and categories than could have been unpacked in this thesis, and there are many ways to do so. For this reason, passing-by has now also become a way to critically position myself both within my stories and within the wider field of academic research. As I move, think, and write, I am aware of my being in-relation to those who have done or are doing the same, and I am attuned to the gaps between us. My own work represents a gap in the shape of a western, port city-centred approach to urban research, and while the limited scope reflects the limitations of commencing a research project at the beginning of a pandemic, it also raises questions about passing-by in other cities in other times and in other countries. My exploration of nostalgia in chapter 3, for instance, emerged from research I conducted in Sydney in 2020 and 2021. In that time, passing-by was an encounter with recently-closed restaurants and empty bars, and my socially distanced conversations with other passers-by seemed awash with a shared longing for other times and other places. Furthermore, I am curious about the experience of passing-by in cities with other memories, other dominant languages or other topographies: what could passing-by reveal about the orientations of a landlocked city? What bodies and memories emerge in the urban environments of Brazil, a former colony of Portugal? These are

just a few of the questions to be encountered in the gaps of this thesis. As I explore them, I hope that passing-by will lead me to new interdisciplinary conversations, new cartographies and new embodiments that will open up new ways of telling stories about the trouble of co-existing on this planet.

Each city has its own stories which contain stories within stories within stories – stories all the way down. This is one story, or collection of stories, born from many modes of moving through cities. It is a collection of stories about the co-production of Sydney and Lisbon, the ways they pull together and threaten to fall apart, and the way that they adjust and readjust, with every passing. It is also a collection of stories that tells of its own production. As Sarah Pink (2008) notes, the methodologies used to study an urban environment become part of that place-space, part of the story-teller, and now...part of that story's reader. These stories are their own assemblage within wider city assemblages, a tiny footnote on the tale of two cities. This suggests, perhaps, that cities and research are not so dissimilar. Both are encounters with the inconvenience and precarity of being in-relation whether to other passers-by or other thinkers. Both have the potential to stretch beyond their own boundaries. Lisbon lives in my Sydney-again body, and Sydney will always live in where ever I go, just as the theories I have drawn upon are animated in the interdisciplinary stories I have been told and re-tell here. And in this, Sydney and Lisbon are both in-between, moved and moving encounters in their respective landscapes: sometimes glitching, sometimes stumbling, always assembling.

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