

## NIGHT POEMS

At night, in my dreams,  
I write poems.

The poems are like this one —  
flimsy poems.

Night or day, I am the  
same poet.

NIGHT: PASSAGES

# Editorial

Will Straw and Christie Pearson

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

NIGHT drags architecture and landscape into the realm of temporality. The hidden, illicit, clandestine, lunatic, and aquatic are folded into the night. How can we “take back the night” while tending its oceanic depths? What tools do we need to counter the exploitation of the night as real estate? We watch the management of night, as an object of investment, growing, see it increasingly understood as a site of production and a horizon of consumption. What remains for the dreamer when night is pulled into the light of day? Contemporary debates about the urban night, from dark sky movements to the call for fully illuminated cities, all serve to complicate each other. NIGHT extends a conversation begun in EROS as to the architectural potentials of the less-than-conscious, remembering the creative fecundity of sleep in light of anti-capitalist, anarchist, ecological, feminist, queer, and post-colonial critiques.

NIGHT also invites us to jouissance, the French term used in the recently published Toward an Architecture of Enjoyment by Henri Lefebvre, who explores the painful lack of architectures created to produce pleasure, such as the bath house.<sup>1</sup> In this issue we find additional nocturnal architectures as typologies of public pleasure, including Philippe Rahm’s night garden for humans and non-humans; Eleanora Diamanti, Leo Zhao, and Marie-Paule Macdonald’s nightclubs; Natlie Jachyra’s alleyways; Curt Gambetta’s empty buildings; and Peter Lamborn Wilson’s school of Nite, where mystery and desire reign.

The lightscapes of the night reveal the competing claims of civic amenity and private enterprise on public space (Meier and Henckel). The inhabitants of the night, Sheraz Kahn and Christine Preiser remind us, are those who sleep and those who revel — but they also include the “security staff, bar staff, bottle collectors and police” of the working night. Maps of nighttime lighting and media-use across the globe overturn conventional understandings of the 24/7 world. They show us where the internet is turned off and where darkness persists, as night falls. And like eros, night’s capacity for violence cannot be ignored. Rita Leistner’s night reveals infrastructural warfare, and Pohanna Pyne Feinberg’s ode to the joys of night walking is haunted by fears sharpened by instinct and experience. Night is conflated with the unknown and with darkness in the symbolic imagination, its racist shadows following our every step (Kraler). The 24-hour cycle of day and night is marked, in geographer Luc Gwiazdzinski’s words, by a “discontinuous citizenship.”<sup>2</sup> In the passage from day to night, the rights of women, racialized populations, youth, and the homeless wax and wane. One of the key new battlefronts in North American cities centres on the right to sleep at night outside of fixed addresses— on the sidewalk (in Kelowna, British Columbia) or in your car (Los Angeles). In gentrifying cities like Paris, the alcohol-centred economies and exclusions of the night are being pulled into the day, as café and bar owners expel the low-spending men of immigrant populations who traditionally gather until midday to drink coffee and converse.<sup>3</sup>

At another economic scale, the protected “dark skies” of the US-Mexican border regions intensify panics of immigration, but are themselves threatened by the

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

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

As well, night is a unit of time frequently imagined in non-temporal vocabularies, and the piece “Tokyo Trains at Night” speaks in spatializing terms of a void in the middle of the Tokyo night, between trains. The policy documents of contemporary cities refer to the night as a “space-time” (espace-temps),<sup>5</sup> just as sleazy magazines of the 1950s wrote of “night worlds.” Night, writes French film scholar Caroline Renard, is a matière-temps, a substantive time that erases forms and fills spaces.<sup>6</sup> As space, the night is now seen as a territory to be occupied, controlled, developed and represented. In the UK, London has appointed its first “Night Czar,” Amy Lamé,

to speak for the people and practices of the night in city government. In the week in which we write this introduction, battles over nighttime noise intensified in Buenos Aires, Christian pastors promised to patrol British city streets during nighttime holiday festivals, the Colombian city of Cali revealed plans to “reinvent” its night, The Guardian collected stories of nighttime walking from around the world, and the city of Orlando, Florida (in a statement which made no reference to the Pulse nightclub shootings last year) announced the appointment of its first “Night Manager.” By contrast, SCAPEGOAT proposes the active and creative unmangement of the night—for ourselves and for future generations.

## NOTES

1 Henri Lefebvre, Toward an Architecture of Enjoyment, ed. Lukasz Stanek, trans. Roberto Bononno (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2014 [1973]).

2 Luc Gwiazdzinski, La Nuit, dernière frontière de la ville (Tour d’Aigues: Editions de l’aube, 2005), 197.

3 See Anne Clerval, Paris sans peuple: La gentrification de la capitale (Paris: La Découverte, 2014).

4 See Roger Narboni, Les éclairages des villes: Vers un urbanisme nocturne (Gollion France: Infolio, 2012).

5 See, for example, Mairie de Paris, Les nuits de Paris: Etats généraux (Paris: Mairie de Paris, 2010).

6 Caroline Renard, “La nuit: Durée, espace, noir,” Cinergon 8, no. 9 (1999/2000).

## THE MOON

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

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

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

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

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

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

The moon grew so small  
she couldn’t even call,  
and I sang my song  
all night long.