

Handwritten notes: "Hilary & Lisa"

The Nationalization of Anxiety:

A History of Border Crossings

Points of Entry

The question of boundaries is the first to be encountered, from it all others flow. To draw a boundary around anything is to define, analyse and reconstruct it, in this case select, indeed adapt, a philosophy of history. (Braudel 1975, 18)

In his work on the Mediterranean in the age of Philip II, Fernand Braudel analyzes the power of boundaries. Every social setting or epoch produces its own world of borders, based on the need to signal differences or changes, but it is interesting to note that not all differences are circumscribed by boundaries. Which borders take up place, come into focus, stand out as very noticeable at different periods and in different settings? Borders are made to draw attention; they constitute a cultural signal system. The line drawn in the sand, the pause in the conversation, the door that must be opened, the ritual that has to be carried out—they all signal "Look out! Something is happening here," something starts, ends, or is radically transformed (see Fink 1993). Some cultural boundaries are so thoroughly internalized from early on that they need no warning signs, border stones, or alarm clocks.

Borders are a central theme in discussions of the making and unmaking

of the power of nation-states. Through a historical anthropology of the rituals and practices of border crossings, I will explore how the drama-turgy, scenography, and choreography of such movements work to make the nation-state visible and tangible, as well as producing patterns of national belonging and displacement.

In preindustrial Europe, one of the most developed border systems kept town and countryside apart. Here the system of walls and gates not only controlled the material flow of people or goods; it also marked the differences in privileges and status and the differences in the symbolic worlds of the two territories. It was—for a long time—a very successful way of territorializing cultural difference.

In the industrial state, national borders came to play a similar, central role and the immense success of the national project during the past two centuries owes much to the skillful deployment of the pedagogy of space and the ritualization of borders. Technologies of transport and communication have often been seen as a part of a history making the world of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries more global. Goods, people, and ideas moved more freely across borders, but the same period also saw a closing or sharpening of national borders: the nation starts or ends here! In many ways, national borders became the archetypal border of the twentieth century, the model for materializing boundaries with props such as red striped bars, an abundance of warning signs, officials in uniforms. This pedagogy of space has also been very seductive in the ways in which we envisage cultural differentiation in terms of bounded space, physically or metaphorically. In cultural terms, spatial boundaries are "good to think with."

Some borderlands, however, have become better to think with than others. The image of the Rio Grande has come to symbolize the clash between north and south, the First and Third Worlds, just as Checkpoint Charlie became the icon of the confrontation between East and West. Scholars have tended to flock to such "hot borders." The Mexican border town of Tijuana was once named "one of the major laboratories of the postmodern" (Saldívar 1997, 34). It was analyzed in terms of hybridity, fluidity, and ambiguity, sometimes romanticized. But borderlands are also territories of sharp divisions and distinctions where the nation-state is made visible in changing ways and for different reasons (see the discussion in Wilson and Donnan 1998).

Early states focused on the importance of strong centers and rather porous borders, but modern (and centralizing) nation making shifted the energy to the periphery where the state, its power, its cultural capital, its

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routines, rules, and ideas were materialized and challenged. (For two case studies of such changes, see Sahlin 1989 and Linde-Laursen 1995.)

Borderlands are often described as no-man's-land, as *terram vagum*, uncharted margins "in the middle of nowhere," but at the same time they are black holes, attracting a lot of energy and anxiety. Traveling through them, crossing national boundaries represents a multifaceted pedagogy, which changes from setting to setting and from time to time. In this experience, a number of polarities and tensions emerge or are challenged. People not only experience a transgression of "the national," but also of intensely personal boundaries, as their bodies are searched, their personal belongings are rifled through, and intimate questions are asked. In this compressed spatial and temporal event, basic issues of identity, of belonging and nonbelonging, are raised in the construction of a universe of "homeyness" and "abroadness."

In exploring such experiences, I will take most of my examples from a less dramatic borderland—the straits of Øresund, where southern Sweden faces Denmark. In a carefully staged millennium event, the gigantic bridge connecting the two countries was opened in the summer of 2000, carrying a heavy rhetoric of dismantling old national borders and barriers, creating a twenty-first-century model for a truly transnational region—as an economic and cultural laboratory of the future (see Berg, Linde-Laursen, and Löfgren 2000).

Anything to Declare?

In 1658, the province of Scania was conquered from Denmark by the Swedes and the Øresund straits changed from a waterway uniting the center of the Danish kingdom to a border zone. The transit ports of Malmö and Helsingborg now became national outposts on the margins of Sweden.

Today the traditional borderscape of Malmö still reads like a powerful statement of terminus: Sweden ends here! By the waterfront there is a cluster of buildings, communicating state power. The mighty railway station, with a tower from which the Swedish flag used to fly, is flanked by towers of the Royal Post Office Terminal and the Customs House. Further down along the quay are the old buildings of the steamship terminal and the train ferry, where people changed from train to boat, when embarking for Copenhagen, the Continent, and the World. Together these structures made up a "Fortress Sweden," guarding the exits and entries of people, goods, and mail. Remnants of a similar border landscape exist in Helsingborg.

During all the years I have been crossing this border—in all kinds of transport, in buses or cars on ferries, on board railway cars shipped across the waters, or seated in hydrofoils, hovercrafts, or catamarans—this borderscape has lost much of its drama. There is, however, still one diffuse feeling that always surfaces. Maybe it is based on a sedimentation of decades of border-control incidents: trained dogs sniffing their way inside the bus, the drug squad methodically taking a train toilet apart (acting on a tip-off), a family of immigrants having twelve liters of homemade plum brandy confiscated, teenagers trying to hide packs of cigarettes or a bag full of export beer, customs officials reaching for their rubber gloves, passport police scanning the crowd for aliens. As the border approaches and I watch the guards make their way along the train corridors or line up at the customs counter, I feel a vague sensation of guilt and find myself trying to act normal. It is years since I tried to smuggle a bottle of duty-free alcohol across the border. I have nothing whatsoever to declare, I am an extremely legal transient, but still the choice of red and green passages gives me a jolt. Why do border crossings instill these feelings of guilt?

In the 1877 travel journal *A Summer Holiday in Scandinavia*, the reader is taken across a number of borders as the author travels through Scandinavia. He enters Sweden by train from Norway, arriving at the imposing but deserted border station:

Our two portmanteaus were seized upon and carried into the custom-house, where the station master, in a very magnificent dress of light blue, with silver facings, a three-cornered hat on his head, and a sword by his side, was walking about with a piece of official chalk in his hand. We feared all our well-packed effects were to be tumbled about by the rude hands of the custom-house people, but we were spared that trial. Either the station master was in an amiable mood, or (very probable) our train was behind time, for after gazing benignly upon us, he asked P. if we were tourists, and being told that we bore that character, he mildly begged to know if we had anything contraband. On being informed that we possessed nothing illicit, he smiled a gracious smile, affixed a mark upon our things, and motioned to a porter to take them back to the luggage-van. (Arnold 1877, 246)

Arriving later at Helsingborg, the luggage of these British tourists was enthusiastically carried aboard the small steam ferry by a host "of industrious Swedeings" or "little Scandinavians." The ferry bound for Denmark had to be shared with peasants, cattle, and pigs, but on the other side of the Sound the Danish customs official waved them through as "friends of the ground and liegemen of the Danes." The only real trouble occurred with

the German customs officials south of the Danish border, where the travelers were "insultingly inspected by an arrogant gentleman in blue and silver uniform and spectacles." After a thorough search for contraband, he found their sporting guns and triumphantly "proceeded to fine us two dollars to the vigilant majesty of the German Zollverein."

Arnold was searched for contraband but not for his identity. In 1877, passports were still a scarce phenomenon. During most of the nineteenth century, British passports were so difficult to obtain, and so expensive, that many British travelers acquired French or Italian ones when doing the Grand Tour of southern Europe, if needed (Pemble 1987, 33ff.). There were no general rules about passports or visas in nineteenth-century Europe.

States could—at times—enforce such rules for political reasons. They were often absolutist states not only with a nervous attitude to the influx of certain goods, but also with fears of spies, troublemakers, and subversive ideas and literature. Over-controlled borders were seen as a sign of underdevelopment.

The latter part of the nineteenth century brought a general easing of paperwork at border crossings. This was a period when one could travel very freely from nation to nation. In Sweden, the absolutist state had previously tried to control population movements by demanding that all Swedes carry special travel permits for both internal and international travel, but such regulations were removed in 1860 as a part of a general liberalization. The old passport system was mainly directed toward interior movements, keeping the king's subjects localized to make sure they had work and did not roam the country as vagrants, thus making demands on the poor-relief system outside their own community.

But the new freedom of movement did not apply to all travelers. Arnold was a tourist—a traveling gentleman—but for those crossing the border from Sweden to Denmark in search of work the situation was different. The nineteenth century saw a growing migration of laborers from southern Sweden to Denmark, where job opportunities were better. Poverty-stricken Swedes gathered both in Copenhagen and in the agricultural districts, but at first their national status was not a great concern of local authorities. In 1875, however, the Danish government introduced laws that made it possible to expel aliens who had not secured work. The police had the right to march them directly to the boat, but soon it became evident that these laws worked very differently for different nationalities. A special rule was made, for example, for British subjects, who were not to be exposed to harsh measures such as these. Henrik Zip Sane

(1998a, 1998b) has analyzed this period of labor migration and points out that the tightening of the laws toward the end of the nineteenth century can be seen as part of a process of turning Swedish workers into *aliens*, a separate entity that during this period also came under increasing stereotyping, with a reputation for uncivilized and criminal behavior. Swedes were troublemakers and had to be kept under extra close scrutiny by the authorities. This was a period in which the Danes in some senses focused inwards and built a new, domestic identity, after the traumatic loss of Jutland territories in the German war of 1864.

For the Swedish authorities, the main problem with Swedish-Danish border movements was not immigration but illegal emigration. The last decades of the nineteenth century saw a sharp increase in emigration, mainly to the United States, and the authorities wanted to make sure that this option was not used to escape duties such as military service, unpaid taxes, or family support. A screening of ports of embarkation was planned and there was a critique of the ways many emigrants escaped such controls by finding transatlantic passages via Denmark instead of Sweden.

In 1907, new discussions of the need for monitoring transnational movements began, but the authorities were not enthusiastic. Such a system would create an enormous administrative burden and, after all, the argument ran, wasn't the passport system something of the past, abolished half a century ago? (Samuelsson 1993, 67ff.).

Even traveling gentlemen would, however, see their freedom of movement change, as the First World War put an end to a life without passports. In Britain they were introduced in 1915, in Sweden in 1917. The new rules were a wartime emergency measure, which became institutionalized into a permanent system for monitoring not only transnational movements, but also personal identity. For cosmopolitan elites and intellectuals, this was seen as a new nuisance, as state intervention in private life. As Paul Fussell (1980, 24ff.) has noted, the new passport routines called for standardized ways of defining identity and personal characteristics. The irritation among the traveling elites had to do with their exposure to procedures that hitherto had been used for the down-and-out. The techniques of "describable individuality" (Tagg 1988, 90) had been developed for the criminals, the insane, the outcasts of late-nineteenth-century society (see the discussion in Svensson 1999). Now one was ordered to produce what looked like a mug shot and have oneself categorized in passport terms in order to travel abroad!

The passport produced new forms of modern self-reflection and identity construction. How does one describe oneself, how do the authorities

squeeze a unique personality into their preprepared boxes? Does that passport photo really show a likeness of oneself? Or the more basic question: what is a likeness? (The genre of passport photos rapidly became examples of terrible unlikeness: "This awful photo is certainly not me!") The trendsetting British passport demanded not only a photo, but a list of characteristics, in terms of small, medium, and large. People now became blue-eyed or brown-eyed, blond or black-haired, of normal build, with straight or crooked noses, and fresh or ruddy complexions. A letter to the *Times* in 1915 voiced the resentment:

Sir,

A little light might be shed, with advantage, upon the highhanded methods of the Passport Department at the Foreign Office. On the form provided for the purpose I described my face as "intelligent." Instead of finding this characterization entered, I have received a passport on which some official utterly unknown to me has taken upon himself to call my face "oval." Yours very truly,

Bassett Digby. (Quoted in Fussell 1980, 29)

People now acquired a passport identity, which later was to be reproduced in other forms—*cartes d'identité*, driving licenses, and so on. Not only could one be troubled by discrepancies of self-definition and passport images, but as a traveler one now had to live up to one's passport identity, to be able to *prove* one's identity.

This was the period when crossings became linked to new forms of anxiety: the suspicious scrutiny of passports and visas. People cross the border like a criminal under surveillance. Who are you? Is this passport photo really you? Are you quite sure you have nothing to declare?

Once people left the security of their home territory, they became *aliens* at the mercy of others. In travel narratives, a genre of border-crossing stories developed. Even as a citizen of a major power, one was now subjected to scrutiny and humiliating treatment by ridiculous officials of very minor powers, representing operetta states and banana republics!

The passport regime was part of a strong nationalization of borders. In Europe, it was heightened by the redrawing of frontiers in the Treaty of Versailles and the discussions about "natural" borders. National exits and entries became more elaborated; borders were supposed to be very visible, their passages monumental.

This production of anxiety also became a machine for focusing on national differences, which is still with us. Looking into the eyes of the customs official, we may start searching for traits of national character: "You

know those rigid French officials hardly looked at our kids, but on the Italian side the customs man immediately tickled them under the chin and started joking!"

The history of border crossings illustrates the making of the nationalizing gaze, which increases with the growing emphasis on nations representing not only territories, but also national cultures and mentalities (see Lofgren 1993). People start to interpret cultural differences on both sides of the border as national, not local, regional, or class differences.

There is, of course, no unilinear development in the crafting and staging of border crossings during the twentieth century. Their forms depend on what different nations are trying to protect their borders from. What alien elements have to be kept out or what (or who) has to be kept in? In the new totalitarian regimes, borders were militarized and novel technologies of surveillance and monitoring produced. On the other side of the border, narratives of freedom often took the shape of heroic tales of escapes across the border—the genre of the Scarlet Pimpernel, people *breaking out* of their national prisons. Totally different narratives concerned those who tried to *get in*. The first half of the twentieth century saw a general sharpening of immigration laws and an increased sorting out of desirable and undesirable immigrants.

After the Second World War, border controls had to adjust to new conditions. The emergence of international mass tourism from the 1950s onwards created new categories of travel and also "the problem of the duty-free." Great energy had to be devoted to the control of petty smuggling, the search for that extra bottle of Scotch or carton of cigarettes. Smuggling duty-free became a popular game of "beating the state and its tax system," and much more energy and anxiety was channeled into this project than the actual economic gains could justify. Earning a couple of dollars could be seen as a major moral victory, but at the same time also strengthened the ties between state and citizen.

During the 1970s, increased drug traffic emerged as a more serious problem, which again resulted in new forms of policing borders and monitoring movements. Any traveler walking through the "nothing to declare" passage was a potential suspect, but some were more suspect than others. (As a student, I was often searched when commuting weekly to Copenhagen during the 1970s, until the day I decided to cut my hair and stop wearing a backpack.)

At the same time, population migrations rearranged the European social landscape. Growing numbers of migrants in search of a better life or refugees in search of security crossed, or attempted to cross, borders. New

international divisions of countries with or without visa demands complicated exits and entries in the 1980s and 1990s. Drugs and what was now called "illegal immigrants" became the two main elements in the policing of borders, together with fears of international terrorism. There was often a conflation of these fears in the criminalization of border crossings. Alien substances and alien subjects became intertwined, and new control techniques, from drug-sniffing dogs to thorough body searches, changed the routines of passage.

Border controls and security surveillance are subject to sudden changes. During the 1970s, the first hijackings led to a total restructuring of airports and their security systems. In the same manner, the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, led to a radical redefinition of national security. It was no longer enough to monitor national borders; any domestic airport became a possible danger zone. Everyday objects such as a pair of scissors, a glass bottle, or a penknife became potential weapons as airport security guards all over the world were alerted to the new dangers.

Homecomings

"Welcome home again" was the first message that used to greet me in the arrival hall when returning by hydrofoil to Malmö and Sweden in the early 1990s. To make sure the message got across, it was stated in both Swedish and English. Some of the people lining up for the passport control, however, soon realized that this message was not to be taken literally. During these years the policing of borders was heavily increased in Sweden, as immigration laws were tightened there as well as in other European countries. A new alternative of choice (besides the red and green corridors) stated Scandinavians and non-Scandinavians. (Since 1954 there has been passport-free movement for Scandinavians inside Scandinavia.) The passport police scanned travelers for "non-Scandinavian traits." If one did not look blue-eyed and white, one was asked to step aside. Many of those Scandinavians who did not conform to such a "Scandinavian habitus" felt themselves harassed and had to carry their Scandinavian passports even for a shopping trip across the border. A black Swede realized that he or she was not Swedish enough. Since the 1990s, this selective treatment of travelers has increased; visitors from "less desired countries" may find themselves interrogated in very personal ways: What is the purpose of your visit? How long are you staying? Can you show me a return ticket? How much money are you carrying with you? Who are you going to stay with? Can you prove you have relatives here?

When illegal immigration was defined as a major problem in many Western nations, new sets of metaphors were developed to describe this development:

a flow, a tide, a wave, an influx, a stream, a tsunami, or, after restrictions, a trickle. Immigrants are drained from their homelands. They wash up like "wretched refuse" on the shores. The country is inundated, swamped, submerged, engulfed, awash. (Christenfeld 1995, E4)

Another common metaphor is the nation as a house and the immigrant as a visitor knocking on the door or the window, standing at the threshold or in the backyard.

Welcome home again! This greeting tells us about changing conceptions of belonging and not belonging to the nation. During the twentieth century the concepts of home and homelessness became very powerful metaphors (see the discussion in Löfgren 2000, Malkki 1992, Smith 1993). As the metaphor of home is transferred to the nation, we need to ask how nations are made to look or be experienced as more homelike. How have people learned to feel at home in the nation and how has this process made others homeless? This is not only a question of a change in identity politics, but also of a slow homogenization of shared routines, habits, and frames of reference. We still lack ethnographies of this thickening of the nation into a lived everyday experience, a nationalization of trivialities (see Linde-Laursen 1993), which sometimes produces a feeling of homelessness. As a middle-aged Swedish woman put it:

My husband and I love to go to Norway on vacation, but all the same, there is a special feeling coming back. Every time we cross the border we look at each other and sigh. Great to be back home again! We long even for the prohibitory signs.

To a non-Scandinavian, life on the Swedish or Norwegian side may look pretty much the same, but the nationalizing eye is scanning the terrain for the small differences.

Crossing the border between two very similar countries, such as Sweden and Norway, or Canada and the United States, one can still observe how differently the national (and the international) is framed on both sides of the border, although often in rather muted and unobtrusive forms. There are many tiny details, for example, that make a Swedish supermarket or post office different from a Norwegian one. Some nations have carried this homogenization of the everyday further than others, but it is not mainly a question of what and how much is shared on a national level.

Rather, the idea of the nation as homelike places it in a specific semantic universe. A home is characterized by fitting in, knowing the unwritten rules, belonging and not belonging. Who is part of the family? There are guests and hosts, and guests should learn not to outstay their welcome. Those immigrants do not really belong here, they should go home!

The crossing of borders in terms of homecomings also signals important changes in the perception of citizenship: an ethnification of national identity is involved (see Frykman 1997, Löfgren 2000). It is as a true Swede that one is welcomed home. At the same time, the construction of a national home also creates a more distinct abroad.

South of the Border

"Asia begins in Malmö!" "Keep Copenhagen clean, escort a Swede to the ferry!" These two popular pieces of Danish graffiti remind us that borderlands often are part of a national moral geography. There is a striking metaphor of north and south in many national self-representations. One's own identity is contrasted with that of others who are more southern, flamboyant, and easygoing (but less dependable) and those who are northerners, both grayer and less easygoing than one's fellow countrymen. Ideas about emotional control or lack of it seem central to these kinds of stereotypes, where north and south often stand for the cultural opposition of cold and warm (see Löfgren 1989).

During the twentieth century, Denmark took on the stereotype of the warm and bohemian south in Swedish self-representations (see Linde-Laursen 1995), whereas Danish self-representation is based on the lucky fact that the country is totally surrounded by "cultural norths," with Swedes as the Prussians of the north and the real Prussians down south. This joking relationship has also been developed by the Danish tourist industry, which once ran a campaign with the theme: "It's more fun to be a Swede in Denmark."

Seen from Malmö, Copenhagen and Denmark are "south of the border" in many respects. This cultural construction of southernness feeds on a specific characteristic of borderlands. They are often extremely productive of desire, as John Borneman has pointed out in his studies of East and West Berlin (1998, 179ff.).

Over there, across Øresund, waits a land of tempting Otherness, easy-going and fun-loving. Such fantasies are furthered by Copenhagen's position just beyond the horizon, reachable only by boat. The horizon is a

great space for daydreams and desires, as Gaston Bachelard ([1958] 1994, 203ff.) has stressed.

Europe has relatively few marine borderlands like Øresund. The closest parallel is the English Channel, which has produced similar dream spaces of going south. At the gray and drab Victoria Station, the boat train for the Continent already held a promise of romance and adventure (see Fussell 1980, 15ff.). As with the Channel crossing, the short ferry trips across Øresund quite early acquired a hedonist aura. Some of the romance and rituals of the grand ocean liners (see Levenstein 1998, 125ff.) rubbed off on these more modest kinds of sea passages. The actual mode of transportation, casting away from land, sailing out into the blue, helped to produce a feeling of excitement and liberation. Even if the crossing only took one and a half hours by steamer (since the 1960s only forty-five minutes by hydrofoil), a space and time of liminality was created. From early on, this liminality was strengthened by the fact that on board one could actually *taste* the freedom. Swedes bound for Copenhagen still treat themselves to the classic ritual intake of a luxurious Danish open sandwich with shrimp and at least one bottle of Carlsberg duty-free export beer. "Go on, spoil yourself, getting there is half the fun!"

Before the bridge, the Øresund ferries provided a strange mix of passengers. Here very different rhythms and needs were confronted: Commuters on their way back from a hard day's work sat next to partying day-trippers; stressed executives worried about making their Copenhagen flight connections to New York and Tokyo, their ears glued to their cellular phones. Next to them were passengers who had refined the art of what was called *tura* (touring) in the local dialect. Most of them were senior citizens or unemployed people who went back and forth on the ferries, using them as a living room with inexpensive bar facilities. They had all the time in the world, they were not going anywhere, except back on the next returning ferry. With increased duty-free allowances between EU countries, some of them developed a profitable sideline. They bought low-priced beer and spirits in Denmark and returned with several loads every day to be sold at a profit back home.

Alcohol has long been part of the Swedish perception of the southernness of Denmark. Since the development of cheap steam connections in the latter half of the nineteenth century, Copenhagen has been a pleasure destination. This is where the Continent begins and the bright city lights are and here licensing laws are more relaxed. For thirsty or fun-loving Swedes, Copenhagen has represented a wealth of bars, entertainment, and shopping. The ferries still land in the old harbor district, which used to

carry an aura of sin and sailor's fun, with bars open all night and a neighborhood that coined the phrase "roll a Swede," which meant relieving a drunk visitor of his wallet.

The experience of going "south of the border" contains other elements too. Any border crossing may provide what Jean-Didier Urbain (1998) has called "the secrets of travel," the opportunity to hide oneself or parts of one's behavior from those at home or those one encounters abroad. This "partial invisibility" and the game of make-believe are an important part of the desire for abroad. Yes, Swedes may have more fun in Denmark, trying out different behaviors—being more Swedish or less Swedish. They can disappear into the anonymity of mass travel and roam the streets of Copenhagen, sheltered by their identity as foreigners.

From a Danish point of view, Swedes too often live up to the traditional stereotypes. They drink too much and are too visible in the urban landscape. That border towns such as Copenhagen and Helsingör have been a haven for Swedish day-trippers has not improved relations between the two nations. Part of the tension about "south of the border" discourse is, of course, that my point of departure becomes someone else's north.

Even if life (or licensing laws) in Copenhagen and Malmö were (at some level) identical, the border crossing by boat would still work as a ritual of transformation, producing a readiness for Otherness, a journey into Elsewhere. There have been laments about the bridge doing away with this romance of the sea, but other transit spaces and experiences are available. Even long before the bridge, Kastруп International Airport in Copenhagen was the hub of southern Scandinavia, where Swedes go to fly abroad.

Gateway to the World

"Someone you love will love lobster tonight." The tank with live but tired lobsters is next to the perfume area at Kastруп airport, where a young blonde woman is playing the harp, her music interrupted by loudspeaker messages: "This is a security announcement, all unattended luggage will be removed by the authorities." A flood of travelers pass between the lobsters and the harp; some of them stop for a moment, caught by the music, touched enough to get out of step. Moments earlier, they had been touched in a more robust manner, as uniformed guards let their metal detectors glide across their bodies, after X-raying their hand baggage. People step out through the passport and luggage control with a sigh of relief and feel they have been let free on international terrain. Many celebrate their va-

cation mood with a tax-free drink and then head off for some shopping. The world of duty-free paints a paradise outside the nation-state and the tax inspectors, but this is a very heavily policed paradise—there are more state officials and uniforms here than in any other public spaces.

People are in Kastруп for the same purpose: they are on their way to catch a flight, but their body movements show many variations. Some stroll leisurely along the shops, or have a drink or two in the business-class lounge. Others are running for their life, desperately trying to locate the departure gate. Still others are constantly checking to see if their ticket and passport are still there, nervously maneuvering in the sea of people surrounding them. The smell of perfume is mixed with that of anxiety; there is a lot of hectic travel fever in the air—an intensity that some find exhilarating and others very stressful.

What kind of place is this, a paradise of hedonistic shopping, reeking of perfume, malt whiskey, rich chocolate, and pure silk? A stress laboratory, a no-man's-land between the nation-state and the world, a surveillance machine for automated bodies, shepherded from control station to control station? As a point of entry and exit to the nation, an airport such as Kastруп has been shaped by contradictory forces over nearly a century of flying history.

"Blériot has crossed the Channel! Wars are finished: no more wars are possible! There are no longer any frontiers!" This was the message Le Corbusier heard from a colleague who stormed into his studio on July 25, 1909. The flying pioneers began to cross borders, to bridge waters. A year later, a Danish flyer was the first to cross Øresund—it took him thirty-one minutes.

Then came the Great War, which laid the foundation for the rapid development of civilian air traffic after 1918: abandoned military airfields, a surplus of planes, and out-of-work pilots. In Europe, this new traffic turned out to be transnational. On both sides of Øresund, *international* airports were built outside Copenhagen and Malmö.

Air traffic reorganized transnational travel and the rituals and practices of border crossings. A new dramaturgy, scenography, and choreography of exits and entries had to be developed, and the question was which earlier systems of transportation would provide the inspiration: transnational railways or ocean liners. The newfangled word *airport* suggests that it was the iconography of sailing that flights were modeled on. One *boarded* in the mode of the ocean liners, which in the 1920s and 1930s represented both luxury and high modernity. The flight crew took its titles and uniforms from the shipping world, and the actual rituals and aesthetics of the

journey were a scaled-down emulation of the ocean crossing, with champagne and pampering by stewards (and, as of 1930, also stewardesses—the first ones trained as nurses).

Like many passenger docks and railway stations, the new airports became national monuments. The first modern one was built in 1922 in the East Prussian city of Königsberg, not in Berlin. Königsberg was the German outpost on the other side of the Polish Corridor created by the Treaty of Versailles, and for Germany this monumental airport had a logical position as a marker of national presence. From the 1930s on, airports became the focus of avant-garde architecture, ways in which nations advertised their modernity to the world. In the 1950s, airports were still sheltered gathering places for a cosmopolitan elite, but the advent of mass travel, above all through the establishment of charter flights in the late 1960s and 1970s, changed the social landscape. Airports became large-scale machines for handling great numbers of bodies. "The passenger, a mobile unit, must be controlled and guided for safety and operating efficiency, in his own interest," the official language put it (Zukowsky 1996, 51). Now the airport experience began to become very different from other border-scapes and transit spaces. In the 1970s, the new fears of hijacking and international terrorism led to an even more radical restructuring of the airport into a defense system. Airports became "the perfect field for intense control and high surveillance experimentation" (Virilio 1986, 16).

The marriage of modernist functionalism, large-scale traffic, and drastically changed security conditions created a new kind of space. For some, these new machine-like qualities and this nondescript atmosphere were a blessing. In his praise of Heathrow, J. G. Ballard writes:

Airports, thankfully, are designed around the needs of their collaborating technologies, and seem to be almost the only form of public architecture free from the pressures of kitsch and nostalgia. . . . I welcome its transience, alienation and discontinuities, and unashamed response to the pressures of speed, disposability and the instant impulse. Here, under the flight paths of Heathrow, everything is designed for the next five minutes. (Ballard 1997, 11)

As Thomas Hylland Eriksen (1993) has pointed out, this emphasis on standardization and efficiency has turned airports into training grounds for transnational mobility. There is a *lingua franca* not only in signs and directions, but also in the orchestrating of movements, which makes them easy to use even for a very diverse crowd—a temporary democracy of the transit hall.

In the social sciences of the 1980s these "airports" often became the archetypal example of a new phenomenon called "placelessness," creating a new and often one-dimensional discourse of "pseudo-places" or "non-places," nondescript, anonymous, barren territories. But this was yesterday. In the 1990s, airports started to compete as pleasure zones and sites of national welcoming. For an avant-garde architect such as Rem Koolhaas, the airport should be a concentrate of both the hyperlocal and the hyperglobal (Koolhaas and Mau 1995, 1251). Airports were now being planned as "event-cities," copying the mall and even the theme park—high tech now had to be combined with high touch. The shopping galleries became longer and longer, with local attractions added, a casino in Amsterdam, Doktor Miller's *World of Erotic Fantasy* in Frankfurt, the Karen Blixen café in Kastrop. In these new settings, it is almost as if traveling disappears, the rush for closing gates exchanged for idling flâneurs moving through a Sensorama.

Kastrop mirrors the same historical transformations with upgraded shopping galleries, a Hans Christian Andersen theme, a wealth of local specialties and souvenirs. As the slogan in the promotional leaflet says: "Every day is national day in Denmark—celebrate with a great gift."

But the question remains to be answered: what is an airport such as Kastrop, Heathrow, Kansai? The answer still depends on what kind of traveler one is:

I hate airports and their false cleanliness, their nostalgias, the misty eyed farewells. . . . But more especially I detest the slumped shoulders, the frightened eyes and undisguisable sadness of the masses who congregate in its waiting rooms, its long queues, the teeming numbers who walk the plank of the slow moving conveyor track ferrying them to god-knows-what humiliation. I hate being one of these people: the men and the women with their bundles, their world and dreams contained in bags and boxes long out of fashion. Even more, I loathe the pawing fingers of the coarse young French officer at Charles De Gaulle, his rudeness and sullen manner, his angry inferiority complex.

This is the Nigerian author Okwui Enwezor (1996, 56) describing Western airports, suggesting them as a suitable parallel to the Foucauldian analysis of the prison, with the minute control and disciplining of unwanted bodies. Here one may learn what it feels like to be classified as an unwanted person, under constant scrutiny, trying to pass through the gates of fortress Europe. For millions of non-Western travelers, "the airport is a source of deep anxiety and trepidation," Enwezor concludes.

What is an airport? A very special kind of border crossing, combining the characteristics of the intimidating national fortress, a welcome wagon, a duty-free spree with an eternal cocktail hour, a gauntlet, the nonplace one never remembers or the place one never forgets. As on ferries, there is a mix of rhythms, but a different mix. This fast lane of travel produces hectic running as well as endless waiting. People may feel caged in by the claustrophobia of the waiting lounge, eyes tied to the screen messages of new delays or cancellations. There is a containment and control of movement in airports that would never be tolerated in other modes of transport. In the same way, the rational and effective smoothness of mass transportation is constantly transformed into chaos and disorder, with eating, drinking, sleeping, or waiting bodies everywhere. The transit machine may be turned into a temporary home, private life intrudes on this extremely public scene. As a passenger, one passes a Muslim couple rolling out their prayer mat right next to a basketball arcade game in Heathrow, or a group of soundly sleeping backpackers, grouped around an alarm clock in Schiphol, or one might witness the carpet traders in the transit hall of Karachi smuggling up inside their carpets as night approaches.

Millennium Mo(ve)ments: Bridging the Gap

Welcome to Denmark. Perhaps it does not say it outright on the sign when you land at Copenhagen airport, but that's not necessary. The whole airport says it.

This is a Danish journalist at the inauguration of the new transit hall of Kastrup airport in 1998. He points out that this new welcoming scene signals the ways "we Danes see ourselves," a light and friendly country with nice inhabitants, good taste, and functional architecture. "Old welfare Denmark—a good place to be." From the airport he can see the construction of the bridge in full swing: "Beautifully designed, it will give us a land link with Asia, and in purely psychological terms we are reconquering most of southern Sweden. . . . When will Skåne become Danish again? In 2000" (Hergel 1999, 4).

The rebuilding and expansion of Kastrup as part of the millennium plans for the Øresund region aimed to turn it into what is called "a Gateway experience." The bridge spanning the Sound ends right at the airport. No more ferries and reloadings, just a smooth transnational flow from coast to coast, served by a vast new system of motorways and railroads.

In his *Travels in Portugal*, José Saramago begins his journey by stopping

the car right in the middle of the border bridge, with the radiator in Portugal and the trunk in Spain. He steps out of the car and calls out to the fish swimming in the River Douro:

What kind of language do you speak down there as you swim through your watery customs stations, and do you have to show passports and visa stamps in order to get back and forth? (Saramago 1981, 1)

He wants the fish to remind him of the dangers of just looking for differences on both sides of the river. Like the bridge spanning the Douro, the new Øresund link has had a tendency to underline the national differences rather than pointing to the similarities. Some two centuries of the nationalizing gaze have provided a useful instrument for making proper distinctions: Danish plaice and Swedish herring swim the Sound, which is lined by typically Danish beech trees and very Swedish birches, the customs officials on both sides carry distinct national mentalities under their uniforms. This kind of national optic has given flora, fauna, behaviors, people, ideas, and things specific national qualities.

As the bridge was nearing its grand millennium opening in the summer of 2000, the nationalizing discourse increased in the media, and this in a project that is really about bridging differences and creating a transnational region. There was much talk about national mentalities and character traits, examples of genuine Swedishness or Danishness. The nationalizing gaze is both an economic and a persuasive model for explaining differences, which otherwise would stand out as more complex, diffuse, or ambiguous.

The bridge, planned and discussed for more than a century, is finally there, and its future has been invested with utopian and dystopian visions. The building of this structure has been characterized as a "social experiment in transnationalism," a test surface for EU integration, a cultural laboratory. In what was called a joint "declaration of allegiance," the Danish and Swedish ministers of transport declared in 1998:

In two years it will stand there—the Øresund Bridge. Perhaps it will symbolize the dawn of a new century, when boundaries staked out by history lose part of their significance and are replaced by coexistence, cooperation, and consensus. . . . A great deal can change when an hour on the water becomes ten minutes over the water. . . . Looking for work in another country will not be exotic but perfectly normal when we are linked together by the bridge. When an hour becomes ten minutes. . . . For us the new millennium is about building bridges and tearing down barriers. Let Øresund be an example. (Quoted in Nilsson 1999, 18)

Fifty years earlier, an American tourist had exclaimed:

We take a train from Stockholm to Malmö. From Malmö, an aeroplane. 10 minutes of flying over ÖRESUND and we are in Copenhagen. TEN MINUTES! (Reynolds 1928, 268)

Some have argued that such a bridge is an outdated project in the era of cyberspace. Why is it important to invest enormous sums in order to be able to cross in ten minutes rather than an hour—still much slower than a phone call, an E-mail message, or a fax? Is ground transport really important in a telematic society? The magic aura of ten minutes has to do with a long tradition of dreams about time-space compressions, but the minutes gained on the bridge have quite another symbolic power than air travel.

While waiting for the actual bridge opening, there was a lot of cultural bridging going on: reaching out, connecting, spanning, uniting, joining. "Mental bridges" were being constructed in the semantics of the outreaching open hand of friendship and contact. In the business community, the region was also marketed within the other more military semantic universe of bridges: constructing bridgeheads, establishing bases for conquering new markets on the other side of the water. A tunnel cannot do the same symbolic work, as the English Channel tunnel has already shown (see Darian-Smith 1999).

The mental bridge building is driven by a succession of events: proclamations, meetings, conferences, get-to-know gatherings, crash courses in intercultural understanding across the border, where local politicians, members of the business community, university people, and administrators mingle. Like most recent attempts to construct new transnational regions, the interest of most of its potential inhabitants is still lukewarm. Here the asymmetry of the project is striking. It is the metropolitan center of Denmark, the Copenhagen area, that is united with the more marginal and less economically powerful southern Sweden. Although many Swedes are enthusiastic about crossing the bridge in search of new jobs, great shopping, culture, and the bright city lights of Copenhagen, many Danes are less sure about taking the trip across the Sound.

The bridge makes the two nation-states visible in different ways. First, there is a lot of bewilderment, as a project like this cuts across two national systems of politics and administration, creating openings for new kinds of actors and combinations of interests. Second, the work to facilitate the movement of people, goods, services, and capital across the Sound has resulted in a new awareness of the thousands of minor national differences,

which are embedded in administrative routines and public life, state regulations and legislation. This thickening of the nation-state in everyday practices has a long history, but above all it is a result of the strong homogenizing effects of the period of "welfare-state nationalism" in Denmark and Sweden after the Second World War.

Paul Virilio (1986) has asked whether the modern metropolis still has a facade, a center, a boundary. Can we still pass into it, or are we in some sense always inside? His question could be rephrased: does the nation still have a facade or are the old buildings at the Malmö harbor just relics, a set of backdrops giving a false idea of the controlled border?

New border controls have been built to guard exits and entries through the bridge, although it can be argued that the nation-state faces a much more complex landscape of boundaries today. National borders have long been seen as threatened not so much by close neighbors as by distant global and transnational forces. During most of the past century, it is American culture that lurks outside the Scandinavian borders, that must be contained, controlled, checked (O'Dell 1997). As the nature of transnational flows changes, the border landscape changes. Borders have been transgressed in new ways, throughout the history of modern nationalism, from telegraph cables to communication satellites. At different stages, new national defense technologies of policing or of screening out transnational influences have been tried, as, for example, in the media field.

Today, immigration police and custom officials on both sides of Öresund increasingly operate inside (and outside) the nation, rather than just waiting at the borders. The frontiers are mobile.

The Pedagogics of Movement

Place and space are constituted by movement, but the experience of movement can be very different (see Clifford 1997; Hannerz 1996; Urbain 1998; Van den Abbeele 1991). Moving on can be a way of staying the same. Some people move all the time, but are safely anchored in their local identities; others travel business class throughout the world and have created their own safe and secure transit spaces. The trend guru and founder of the British lifestyle magazine *Wallpaper* was asked to present his view of the future in a Swedish newspaper interview from 1999. He says:

In communicative and cultural terms we are very mobile now. As individuals we identify more with corporations than with national borders. I am myself a citizen of both British Airways and SAS.

His view of the future is a life of two suitcases with a global booking that assures him of a bed close to any airport in the world—that is all he needs. In the next breath, he says that he has just rented a small cottage in the Swedish archipelago, which makes him wonder if this local setting is not what life is really about. This is not cultural schizophrenia, this is the way in which global elites are good at both eating and having their cultural cake. To be intensely cosmopolitan and intensely local is not a polarity, it is a great combination. Everybody should have a little red cottage in the countryside as well as standing hotel reservations all over the world.

In different periods, the notion exists that new forms of mass travel, mass migration, or mass tourism will change the world, turn locals into cosmopolitans, and break down artificial boundaries between nations, localities, classes, or generations: nineteenth-century emigration, modern-day tourism, or contemporary globe-trotting college youths will produce a more international world. But this is not always the case: today most of the young globe-trotting pioneers of the 1980s sit in their houses taking care of their families. The restlessness and mobility of youth may be just a "Sturm und Drang" stage in the life cycle, and before one accepts the idea that mobility equals cultural and social change or new identities, one has to look much closer at what people learn or experience or do not learn and experience by leaving their homes, their localities, their nations—by crossing borders.

In this essay, I have looked at the pedagogics of one specific movement, that across national borders. I have tried to show that there is a constant interrelation between the microphysics of movement, the technologies for crossing—walking or driving across, waiting in lines, taking a boat, boarding a plane—and the metaphysics of interpreting such movements in symbolic and existential terms. This fusing of motion and emotion has produced very different kinds of reactions.

The ways in which border crossings are staged today are the result of a long historical sedimentation of practices and rules, and some of them have been naturalized into givens. Once the passport, the X-ray camera, and the computerized visa system have been invented, or such problems as international terrorism, illegal entry, or smuggling have been defined, matrices and procedures might be established that are difficult "to unthink." Controls are easily frozen into necessities for the protection of the state. There is also, as I have noted, a process of conflation or slippage in which the illegalities of bodies, commodities, diseases, or ideas are merged, or, as an old Swede commented on the arrival of the bridge: "I am afraid it will bring all sorts of vermin."

The changing production and reproduction of the nation-state can be read in the transformations of the scenography, dramaturgy, and choreography of border crossings: the ways in which the borderscape is arranged against a backdrop of monumental buildings or nondescript barracks with endless corridors, warning signs, and surveillance techniques; the ways in which movements across borders are dramatized into rituals of passage, stages, and stops; and the actual choreographing of bodies and their modes of moving. In border crossings there is often a great focus on the staging of departures and arrivals, as well as on the liminalities of being betwixt and between, in transit. It is this process of intensification through various cultural techniques that gives border crossings their powerful charge.

When the state was defined as a coconut, a strong shell with a soft interior, rather than an avocado, the physicality of the border became important. A clear pedagogy of space was at work, which made the homogenization of all the stuff inside the shell easier. To this era belongs the whole dramatization of frontier crossings.

The fascination or strength of border crossings, which still exists in a world of deterritorialization and deregulation, has to do with the fact that in a world where fewer and fewer identities are based on the clear-cut pedagogy of space, the nation-state still tries to provide an absolute space: Sweden or the United States starts here! A powerful territorialization of culture and history is involved here. Few other identity projects have managed to stage this kind of representation and ritualization.

The pedagogy of space also works as a purifying process. All that is alien must be placed (and thus controlled) outside the home territory, which means that a constant process of cultural projection is at work. Border crossings help to develop certain interconnected kinds of polarities, such as familiar/alien, home/abroad, safe/dangerous, pure/impure.

At the border, the selective nationalizing gaze is scanning the terrain for alien elements, fluids, objects, individuals, influences. What must the nation be protected from—in a given situation and at a given time in history? Even more important, the actual crossing is a critical movement of identity fixation, the conflation of the national and the personal. In many ways, this is a vivid example of what Michael Taussig (1992, 111ff., 1997) has termed "state fetishism": the magic fascination and sacred aura the state has managed to hold for its citizens.

Who am I? I am reduced to a passport carrier: I am a citizen, a Swedish citizen. I do belong here or I do not seem to belong and am defined as an undesired arrival. Border experiences are shaped by class and gender (see

Buijs 1993), as well as by one's position in the hierarchy of nations or ethnicities. For immigrants and refugees, border situations may become a very strong organizing life experience. Here their position and future in the nation they are trying to enter are defined and their personalities judged: are they wanted or unwanted, seen as needy, trustworthy applicants or deviant swindlers? The same feeling strikes visitors coming from "low-ranking nations." Slavenka Draculić has described this feeling of constant humiliation from an Eastern European perspective. Is this person just a tourist or a visitor or is she trying to get in under false pretenses? "If you ever have been subjected to these suspicious glances, you never forget them, you can spot them at a long distance" (Draculić 1996, 21).

In psychological terms, anxiety is held-back energy. Border crossings mold and channel such anticipations, which can turn into both uneasiness and excitement, dread and desire. Through its ritual staging of such passages, the nation-state gives this energy cultural form and focus.

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15

Jeffrey Herf

Traditions of Memory and Belonging:

The Holocaust and the Germans since 1945

In the past half century, an often embattled and unpopular component of public memory in post-Nazi Germany has included the idea that belonging to a democratic Germany required facing the truth about the crimes of the Nazi past. The public interpretation of the Nazi past and its selective and divided memory played a central role in the way leaders of the two German states during the cold war thought about the issue of the nation and nationalism. Since 1989–90, the collapse of the East German government and along with it forty years of officially prescribed antifascism, followed by German unification, constitute the fundamental change affecting the way Germans in the public realm now discuss the link between memory of the Nazi past and the meaning of the nation today. As a result, the way memory connects to conceptions of the nation in postunification Germany draws on basic contours first established in the minority traditions of memory that first emerged in the early years of the Federal Republic (West Germany), and became more widespread from the 1960s to the 1980s (Herf 1997, 1999). Perhaps nowhere else have issues of memory and forgetting played such a key role in the delineation of the national self-image as in the two Germanys after 1945 and in Germany since 1989–90.

I have written a moderate revision of the conventional picture of the