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Abstract

This paper looks at modern gentrification from the perspective of art, artists, and artistry, and attempts to connect society's politics with its behaviors.
I was born and raised in Singapore, a city-country in Southeast Asia famous for economically, politically, and socially outdoing her neighboring countries in a miniscule amount of time. To people in the west, Singapore is known for its lack of crime, comprehensive education system, and the outlawing of chewing gum. While these stereotypes do hold some truth, the quality of Singapore that I most appreciate, particularly when travelling to other countries, is our lack of poverty—even the lowest socioeconomic rungs of society have always lived a good quality of life. A quick Google search of Singapore would draw images of a perfectly curated spectacular skyline like Fig. 1, and the websites of the Singapore Tourism Board and Singapore Airlines, two of the country's greatest success stories. Only after substantial probing did I find any information on homelessness and poverty in Singapore, probably, I thought, because such problems were essentially non-existent. I found that in 2013, there were at least 105,000 households earning below USD 1,100 per month, even though the national average monthly income per person that year was USD 2,200 (Chan and Basu 2013). Poverty exists behind the scenes, and is essentially made to be invisible, masked by the facade of brand new buildings and enormous paychecks. Singapore’s government has chosen to not define a poverty line for the country so as to avoid officially recognizing the issue, and thus preventing adequate help from reaching thousands. By taking the poverty line as half the average income, as is the standard in most countries, it can be found that in fact, 26% of citizens lived in poverty in 2011 (Ngerng 2013); and as the country continues to “prosper,” the average income increases and so does the number of people who fall below the poverty line—and through the cracks of a flawed system.

I now live in New York, where it didn’t take me long to notice a plethora of metallic spikes installed on various surfaces in different parts of the city (Figs. 2-4). These spikes, clearly a manmade device designed to threaten and intimidate, are installed in what appear to be public spaces; I soon figured out that they were intended to keep homeless people away. They are primarily
installed on flat platforms or surfaces that are accessible to all, usually on sidewalks, benches or near the parameters of buildings—they cover surfaces small and large, from fire standpipes that jut out of buildings to provide the perfect public stool, to entire parapets.

![Image of obstructive installations](image_url)

Fig. 2-4. Examples of obstructive installations and spikes that prevent people from sitting or lying of these surfaces. (Fig. 2: Courtesy of Slate.com; Fig. 3. Courtesy of Huffington Post; Fig. 4. Courtesy of The Guardian).
These short, dangerously sharp spikes commissioned by governments and corporations around the world serve few and are hated by many. They come in many different forms, but are all essentially installed to make it uncomfortable or impossible for someone to sit or lie on the surface. They look strong and mean, as though they were made to put someone through torturous pain, and send a clear warning to stay away from the surfaces they protect. The problem, however, with these spikes, is that they don’t actually solve the problem of homelessness, they only serve certain classes of society by preventing the tainting of polished “public areas” by other classes of society. Strangely, or perhaps not, a similar method is used to stop pests like pigeons from walking on surfaces where they are unwanted.

In the 15th century, the Coast Salish tribes used to build sharp, pointy boulder walls to protect their tribes from potential encroachers and invaders; in the 21st century, with the urban spikes, corporations or governments send defensive signals to society’s vulnerable in the most barbaric manner. It appears, therefore, that in cases specifically of the homeless or other struggling communities, governing elites or classes with power exercise high levels of control over public spaces, almost privatizing them, delineating spaces based on arbitrary boundaries of social status. The spikes represent a problematic necessity to separate public and private spaces in a way that changes the dynamic of public spaces—the very need for their installation sends a signal that society has been fractured. With these restrictions, we are beginning to see a change in the definition of “a public space”: we, the upper echelons of society, have become intimidated, afraid, and even resentful of the people we’ve left behind, who have now grown into the people that we’d like to forget about. Out of sight, out of mind. Out of guilt.

What, then, constitutes a public space, or even a public? Michael Warner, in his essay “Publics and Counterpublics,” attempts to explain the meaning of “a public” in the context of textuality through seven basic tenets. Warner tells us that a public, first and foremost, “exists by virtue of being addressed” (413)—in its access is the unspoken social acknowledgement of a public space—whether this is a “space of discourse” or a physical space. In the same way that discourse itself creates a space for that very discourse, Warner’s theory can be extrapolated to explain that public spaces become public through the physically un-discriminated access to them. Applying this to New York, or any large city for that matter, we see that areas accessible to citizens such as parks, sidewalks, or the parts of subway stations outside turnstiles can all be Warnerian publics. Hypothetically speaking, then, the exterior of a private building could be seen as a public space. However, Warner also states that “we have become capable of recognizing ourselves as strangers even when we know each other” (417), furthering the idea that exclusion or alienation is an active process that is a building block of society. Homeless spikes actively turn a piece of private property that is publicly accessible into an untouchable space, both privately and publicly.

Social class operates on the basis of exclusion, and nowhere in the city is this more evident than in the uptown neighborhood of Harlem. The term “gentrification,” while thrown around loosely in large first world cities,
represents a very real, explainable phenomenon. Officially meaning “the renovation or improvement of a district to conform to middle-class taste” (Oxford English Dictionary), gentrification usually begins with a group of people with high cultural capital, or “hipsters,” rather than one of high financial capital—even though eventually the movement may rope this group in too. The hipster is defined in the OED as “a person who follows the latest fashion and trends.” But in the context of this essay, a hipster is someone of middle-class origins and part of the dominant racial group who engages in creative industries through part-time jobs, a sort of avant-gardist by choice with a fairly well-heelied upbringing. Raised in relatively affluent environments, hipsters tend to be well-educated and may belong to families of higher-than-average financial capital. What makes them hipsters is that they forgo this financial capital for cultural capital by pursuing careers that perhaps have more cultural value than monetary gain.

Hipsters play a key role in gentrification due to the economics of the housing market. Unfortunately, careers in the creative industry pay significantly less than most other city-based careers, even though most arts thrive in cities and artists face the same high cost of living in these cities (Day). With their inconsistent incomes and financial statuses due to their unconventional occupations—baristas, waiters, and receptionists by day and photographers, writers, and actors by night—hipsters generally choose to live in areas where rent is cheaper, and this pushes them out of the areas where they would have grown up and those dominated by communities of similar wealth brackets, which were previously selected based on the affluence and social class of their parents. Typically, the areas they move to are dominated by minority races since in most large first world cities race is inherently linked to class (Mocombe, Tomlin, and Wright 118-121); therefore, hipsters become early deviants of the system their parents created by breaking away from the social class they belong to, and undertaking the financial struggles of a different class. And as humans behave, once this advanced party establishes a new standard in a particular neighborhood, other members of the same group or even groups of different careers and income brackets soon follow. Hipsters, out of a very real monetary need, explore new neighborhoods and make them more palatable for others to move there, eventually changing their socioeconomic makeup.

Due to market forces and the shifts in supply and demand, we eventually see an increase in the value of property in these areas, and minority populations who originally inhabited them are forced to leave for the same reasons that the forced the hipsters to move away from their original communities—unaffordability. This systematic form of neocolonialism is what I posit the term “gentrification” has come to mean. Gentrification is historically a phenomenon that both figuratively and literally begins at the real estate core of a city and expands its radius, continuously pushing communities further out of its middle-class bubble to maintain a geographical barricade between the classes (Myerson 4-8). The marginalized population, while not always the same demographic of people—blacks, Hispanics, queers, other poor and immigrant communities—all have one thing in common: they are socioeconomic and geopolitical misfits, clouding the perfect images of prosperous cities and
statistics that would much rather be kept hidden, easy to cast out of society because of their lack of privilege.

However, the soul of a neighborhood does not live in its buildings, it lives in the people who occupy them. Just like an invading force occupies a foreign land and drives out the indigenous population, communities with self-proclaimed cultural capital, the measure of which is decided by financially dominant communities in the first place, proceed to erode and then erase the visceral thread that connected this group of people to a group of parks, buildings, and homes of a neighborhood—both private and public, which are inevitably intertwined. Just as the space outside private buildings is protected by spikes, the space around homes in richer neighborhoods is protected by socioeconomic exclusion. The spikes drive away the homeless; the rich drive away the poor. City space, neighborhoods that were made for the public are, in their distribution, no longer public. Humanity has been raised upon a tradition of transient communities occupying spaces, and in today’s cities, instead of doing so with atrocity and force of war, this colonization is done with the force of the marketplace. Herein we have a paradox: the aforementioned hipsters, while hailing from privileged communities favored by economic systems, now deservedly occupy spaces that fit their significantly smaller budgets; does this not put them into the same group as other communities that have been left behind by the government?

Harlem, for example, has traditionally been synonymous with New York City’s large urbanized black population. Generation after generation of families have been born, lived, gone to school, worked, and owned businesses in the neighborhood and have contributed to the success of the City (Fig. 5). These people have, over time, emitted a character into their neighborhood that makes it theirs. But now, “German beer gardens, upscale supermarkets which sell nothing longtime locals eat or can afford are replacing black bookshops and barbershops and soul food joints” (Goffe). It appears that transient communities with no cultural interest in the area have adopted a more transactional approach, using the neighborhood to save money while still travelling to work and spending most of their time in other areas of Manhattan, only returning to their Harlem apartments at the end of the day to sleep. Large cities like New York thus become playgrounds for the rich, where the average resident must from the outset have a large capital—either cultural or financial—in order to survive, even though the marginalized communities, with their lack of options but to work for lower wages, quite literally make these cities run through jobs in service, transport and food. “A wave of luxury condos and artisanal cupcake boutiques uproot local delis and dive bars,” as the roots of neighborhoods are torn out of the ground in which they’ve grown for decades (Short). Not dissimilar to our treatment of the homeless, the sociopolitical tendency to support the trends of the rich usually means the systemic ignorance of large communities simply because they are consistent reminders of the exceptions to the rule—the “others,” the social burdens—and as a result, they gradually abandon the places they call home. Harlem has historically been a proverbial under-the-rug neighborhood, a pulsating example of systemic segregation, where the links between one’s race and his/her socioeconomic status are very
close. Until recently, minority groups have for years been forced to move to and stay in Harlem due to the gentrification of other areas by previous generations of hipsters.

![Fig. 5. A typical sight in Harlem. Courtesy of the Wall Street Journal.](image)

The livelihood, heritage, and character of Harlem are represented in its people, and among these people are the artists of minority groups who lived there before the hipsters arrived, and could be facing a more difficult albeit similar struggle because of both their race and occupation. Dionis Oritz’s piece, *Broadway Scene* (Fig. 6), is an artwork that serves the public without being an example of public art. Oritz, a Harlem native, captures the social pulse of Harlem. *Broadway Scene* consists of visual vignettes that exemplify American blue-collar life and depict his upbringing in Harlem in the shadows of its recent gentrification. His piece echoes the feelings of a collage, with bright colors and bold strokes reminiscent of graffiti, one of the most socially intelligent art forms in cities. Among other things, we see a road sign that reads “Broadway” with the letter A inverted upside-down: the longest street in Manhattan that cuts through almost every neighborhood, its road signs often vandalized with anti-establishment sentiments. We see the face of a black man but painted grey, wide-eyed and overworked, hopeful yet resentful. What has always been particularly interesting about artists is their ability to use their art to comment on the society around them, thus connecting their occupation with their life; Oritz has done just that. I wonder how the artists who perpetuate gentrification can do the same.
Within the discourse of government responsibility and who public spaces really belong to, it is encouraging to understand that the City simultaneously coexists in two dimensions: one that is private and one that is public. Blagovesta Momchedjikova, in her essay “My Heart’s in the Small Lands: Touring the Miniature City in the Museum,” addresses the cohesiveness of these two dimensions in the livelihoods of New Yorkers, in the context of a large model in the Queens Museum—The Panorama of the City of New York. She writes, “not only do we belong to all places at the same time... we ‘practice’ these places and thus activate them into spaces: the spaces of... the lived city” (279). Here, we see that active participation is necessary to transform a place into a space, and this is precisely the phenomenon we see with gentrification and the exclusion of homeless people from public spaces: areas that are supposed to be accessible or inhabitable are no longer so because of some sort of alteration. Momchedjikova goes on to cite Michel de Certeau’s essay “Walking in the City” to remind us that a place “has a fixed geographical location” (279); it exists in its physicality. A space, on the contrary, is a “practiced place” (de Certeau in Momchedjikova 279) and exists in “practice, gesture, performance.” If the city does indeed operate in two dimensions, perhaps Warnerian publics do indeed exist “by virtue of being addressed” (Warner 413). However, it seems that, as Warner stated previously, the line between these two dimensions is increasingly ambiguous, and what belongs to one New Yorker could very easily belong to another, and/or to the government.

In Singapore, on the other side of the globe, separated from New York by a 22-hour flight at the quickest, all males aged 18 have to enlist in two years of mandatory national service after high school. The conscription system does
not discriminate between social classes, educational backgrounds, or family history—everyone is part of the same process: eats the same food, wakes up at the same time, and wears the same uniform. Having lived a fairly sheltered life in one of the more well-heeled areas of Singapore, and having gone to school with children of similar families who lived in similar quarters of the city, I subconsciously grew accustomed to a Singapore that was exclusively like the families I knew—well-educated, stable, with promising futures. When I enlisted for service, I found myself having a culture shock in my own country: I saw types of Singaporeans I had never seen before, some were former drug addicts, some were living paycheck to paycheck, some dropped out of school and worked odd jobs since the age of 15. Not all of them had financially and emotionally stable families, not all of them were going to college after we were done, not all of them had the privilege of a high school education. Yet, the world only knows the Singapore of Fig. 1, one with an impressive skyline, clear waters, and stunning views. Furthermore, Singapore’s landscape of friendly nationalism is often used as a model for urban studies or technological development projects, often described as a utopian city. In 2014, the prime minister proclaimed Singapore a “Smart Nation,” (Lee) where “advances in digital technology have opened up new possibilities to enhance the way we live, work, play, and interact” (Singapore 2014). Scientists, innovators, and thinkers flock here, further improving the City’s infrastructure, applying what they discover elsewhere here. But who is this spectacular utopia for? Where is the share of utopia for the soldiers from my platoon? How did they somehow get lost in the Google search?

Perhaps it is necessary for governments around the world to forcefully hide the blemishes of their sociopolitical makeup, perhaps it is through this denial and through the focus on success both past and future that progress can truly be made, whether in New York or in Singapore. However, societies can benefit from a reminder of these blemishes, as seen in Stolperstein, the world’s largest public artwork (Grieshaber), spanning 48,000 installations across 18 European countries (Stolpersteine 2014). Created by Gunter Demnig in 1992, each installation is a cobblestone-sized metal plaque embedded in the ground of a public place (usually a street or sidewalk), that protrudes out less than an inch over the rest of the surface because each plaque is made to be slightly thicker than the cobblestones around it (Fig. 7). Every plaque commemorates a Holocaust victim or survivor, and has been installed in the physical vicinity of the place she or he lived or worked. Stolpersteine (plural), literally translated to “stumbling stones,” is concentrated in Germany and serves as a perpetual physical reminder of the Holocaust, one that is impossible to hide or escape from in daily life. These stumbling blocks interrupt the hyper-efficiency of today’s first-world city life and disrupt the image of increasingly clean, slick streets. Most importantly, they disrupt the process of sweeping the past under the rug in an attempt to present a cleansed, socially “sterile” city. Members of the public, no matter how detached from this moment in cultural history or how far away from Berlin, literally stumble over these stones while walking down modern-day European streets. They are literally jolted out of the worldwide

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systemic tendency to ameliorate the past, to forget atrocities and their victims; Berlin is not allowed to forget the Holocaust, its victims, and its survivors.

![Fig. 7. One of many Solperstein installations. This one is in Berlin. Courtesy of Da](image)

The human conscience is inherently performative, as we learn in Ngugi wa Thiong’o’s essay “Enactments of Power: The Politics of Performance and Space.” Thiong’o writes, “the main ingredients of performance are place, content, audience, time, and the goal... which could be instruction or pleasure... I can take an empty space and call it a bare stage, says Peter Brook” (Thiong’o 12), which I extrapolate to take space as a form of performance. Wealth or social status is most easily enjoyed through its expression, and the expression of status through imposition on physical spaces is a form of performance. Using Thiong’o’s ideas, and due to the influx and exodus of groups of people in certain neighborhoods, I question if a neighborhood defines its occupants or vice-versa. Thiong’o writes, “while the state performs power, the power of the artist is solely in the performance” (13), which makes me wonder if aside from their art, artists perform their working-class struggles and pretentions as part of their identity as artists, and if that somehow legitimizes their colonization of new neighborhoods. Moreover, when one hears a prospective resident say that a neighborhood is “cute, “quaint, or “homey,” is that a performance put on by the indigenous residents of that neighborhood or one that is projected and seen by outsiders? Do black people from Harlem find Harlem “friendly” or “unique”? Looking back at Oritz’ Broadway Scene, I am reminded of how a neighborhood could be performative, and how a public space like a neighborhood can be “privatized” due to its socioeconomic makeup. Oritz has used his craft to transform Harlem into something that cannot be lost—it is personal in his relationship with it as a space that belongs to its people but it retains its public
existence as a neighborhood that belongs to the city—it exists in both of Momchedjikova’s planes and follows Warnerian rules.

Culture can be defined as the byproduct of the education, history, and protocols of a group of people. New York’s cultural and creative capital is attributed to the city’s high concentration of places and areas with strong cultural significance and influence: almost any neighborhood can be pinned to a particular moment in the history of the city, the country, or the world. Education is an excellent example of something that holds cultural value in New York. However, as it is in our competitive nature to rank and rate the players of any game, the institutions of New York have varying degrees of quality to them, both in the quality of the education they impart and (especially) in the quality of student they admit through their gates—if they even have gates. The City College of New York in Harlem is usually a school that does not rank highly in most polls, at least compared to nearby Columbia University, which ranks very highly all over the world (College Factual). But what determines the contribution of education to cultural capital? Does being ranked lower reduce its cultural significance or impact?

On my first visit to Harlem, I came across the sprawling 35-acre campus of City College (Fig. 8), a more encouraging way to utilize cheaper land. City College is the fortress of Harlem’s community and heritage, in itself a monument of artistic and cultural integrity. Obnoxiously large, neo-Gothic

Fig. 8. City College of New York. Courtesy of CCNY.
buildings rise from the ground in the same way giant oak trees grow from the earth with eerily expansive spaces between them, reminding me of the pictures I’ve seen of Stonehenge or Easter Island. The College is a sight unseen anywhere else in the City: this amount of land and open space is now impossible to come by. Each building seems a lot larger than it needs to be, ornately designed and decorated for purposes known only by the architects of the 1800s, with white filigree adorning its edges and facades. The College represents the wealth and progressiveness that Harlem’s new demographic is commonly associated with, but, given the history of the school, is something the neighborhood has always had, just for its own community.

See, all of you know, for centuries, this city has been the gateway to America for so many striving, hope-filled immigrants—folks who left behind everything they knew to seek out this land of opportunity that they dreamed of. And so many of those folks, for them, this school was the gateway to actually realizing that opportunity in their lives, founded on the fundamental truth that talent and ambition know(s) no distinctions of race, nationality, wealth, or fame, and dedicated to the ideals that our Founding Fathers put forth more than two centuries ago: That we are all created equal, all entitled to “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” City College became a haven for brilliant, motivated students of every background, a place where they didn’t have to hide their last names or their accents, or put on any kind of airs because the students at this school were selected based not on pedigree, but on merit, and merit alone.

—Michelle Obama, First Lady, speaking at the Commencement Ceremony for City College’s Class of 2016

Historically, since its establishment in 1847, City College has provided free or highly-subsidized higher education to the children of immigrants and working-class families, serving the communities it was surrounded by; it was in fact the first free public institution of higher education in the United States—it was even called the Free Academy (CUNY 2015). Its early tolerance for diversity in socioeconomic backgrounds differed strongly from Columbia, which was seen as an institution for the sons of wealthy gentlemen. City College has always been and still is a charitable institute with the goal of creating upward social mobility for working-class students (Traub 17-18). Columbia, however, even today, prides itself (like many other universities) on its low acceptance rate, as the more exclusive or private the school, the better. Tuition fees are also typically much higher, allowing admission to only a certain social class of students. Today, we call universities like City College “public universities,” and universities such as Columbia or New York University “private universities.” However, the City College campus seems private—it has a gate, it has its own campus security, it contains within its walls an area unlike anywhere else in the City, and yet I (or anyone else) could walk right in and feel like I belong, just as any student can easily receive an education—the gates are never closed. Perhaps public spaces are public only by virtue of not being private or highly exclusive, by virtue of their accessibility by anyone at any time. Places of high
competition, on the other hand—Columbia and maybe even New York City as a whole—function on the basis of exclusivity. Does this make them private spaces?

It appears more and more that spaces intended for the public such as neighborhoods or areas of cities have become arenas susceptible to a form of neocolonialism. In Singapore, while public housing is the most popular form of housing, another type of residence exists, commonly called the “black-and-white house.” “Black-and-white bungalows” are large, prime real estate properties in Singapore painted white and have black beams and roofs (Fig. 9). They were all built in a distinct style to house European colonial and expatriate families in tropical places like Singapore, which was a British colony from 1819 to 1963. Designed for the comfort and luxury of those who may not be used to tropical heat and rain, these bungalows can therefore be found with high ceilings, tiled floors and large eaves; they are open, airy, and spacious. They have huge patios and gardens in a city where land is a precious commodity. They were particularly popular in the early 20th century, with a large presence of European military officers, government officials, and plantation owners in the country (Davison and Invernizzi 21-35). Today, many of these properties have been preserved, and while some are now used as charming restaurants and bars, many are surprisingly—or perhaps not—still home to Singapore’s large number of white expatriate families. These are families who have been sent here because the breadwinner has been given a position in the Singapore branch of a large multi-national company, for instance. They move to Singapore as an occupational necessity, will move away in a few years, and, therefore, choose not to engage in the local culture, instead forming their own isolated communities of white expats with an alternate lifestyle and set of interests—historically, a powerful force in Singapore. Naturally, these residents are not dissimilar to their colonial ancestors and the previous residents of these homes (many of these expats are British or European): they hold high positions in wealthy institutions and officiate over important decisions involving many people and lots of money. Most strikingly, however, in the workplace they are in charge of many local Singaporeans who work for comparatively miniscule wages in low positions; it’s like these spaces, the “black-and-white” properties, are still occupied by the same people for whom they were built even though Singapore itself is now a self-sufficient, independent country. The residents of these homes are closer to the hipsters in their transience and detachment from local communities. To what extent should colonial land that can now be put to better public use still remain in the hands of private, neocolonial market forces?
In March 2015, the Metropolitan Transport Authority raised the subway and bus fare by 10%, from $2.50 to $2.75. This was a highly controversial issue as, being the fifth fare increase in eight years (Fitzsimmons), the price hike is indicative of a city bursting at its seams—overcrowded and underprepared, and attempting to cover the cost of improving what is an aging public transportation system by inadvertently pricing people out of its service. Perhaps dreams do come at a cost, at least a monetary one. New York, as a global cultural capital, has become a competitive arena where people comes to invest and expand their high capital, cultural, financial, or both. While it is easy to forget the stragglers of society in the fast-paced city of today, it is more difficult perhaps to forget the humble beginnings the city is rooted in. Tom Otterness’ Life Underground (2001) is one consistent reminder of these beginnings. This is a piece that New Yorkers see often in their daily commute, as it is sprinkled all over the 8th Avenue and 14th Street subway station in Manhattan. Small brass and copper figurines litter the subway platform and underpasses at various points, and now 15 years on display, show signs of wear. The little fixed sculptures depict people—New Yorkers—performing various tasks of manual labor. There are portrayals of urban myths, of policemen and postmen, and Otterness’ work appears to be pulsing at the pace of the fast-walking commuters who pass his figurines, a gentle reminder to us all of the hard work the City was and continues to be built on. Overall, we get a picture of the “story of New York City”: people of no particular race equally hard at work, coming together to build a better future—both literally and metaphorically—for themselves and the generations that follow them. Contributions are significant regardless of socioeconomic background, and everyone enjoys the fruits of their labor in their space in the city. Otterness uses the underground subway space—where commuters generally don’t have much to do besides blindly transport themselves from one place to the next—to tell the story of what goes on above
them. He allows us to take the time to remember the different elements of society, to not forget those we often leave behind.

On 14th and 8th, I recall walking through the turnstile on my way to the platform, and in trying to get around another commuter, I stumbled on something. I looked down and looking back up at me was a small brass sculpture of a policeman stopping another sculpted commuter from crawling under the entrance gate and into the station: that was a public space privatized by the fee necessary to access it. Just on the other side of the gate, on the public side, where one can stand without a fee, sat a homeless man, leaning against the wall. He, however, was real.

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