A rapidly growing number of double homes connect different parts of Europe in new ways. The second home can be a cottage in the woods, an apartment in the Costa del Sol or a restored farm house in Tuscany. However, other forms of double homes must be added to these landscapes of leisure. There are long distance commuters who spend most of their week in an overnight flat, in a caravan on a dreary parking lot or at a construction site. Economic migrants dream of a house ‘back home’ for vacations or retirement. Dual homes come in all shapes and sizes – from the caravans of touring circus artists to people turning sailboats into a different kind of domestic space.

This special issue of Ethnologia Europaea captures some dimensions of lives that are anchored in two different homes. How are such lives organized in time and space in terms of identification, belonging and emotion? How do they, in very concrete terms, render material transnational lives?

The next issue of the journal (2008:1) will take such a comparative perspective into another direction as the authors will consider different kinds of research strategies to achieve European comparisons and to gain new cultural perspectives on European societies and everyday life.
INSTRUCTIONS TO AUTHORS

Manuscripts (in English) should be sent to the editorial address mentioned below, both in a paper copy and as a computer file (through e-mail). We also welcome suggestions for articles in the form of an abstract or a short outline. Authors will be notified after the review process about acceptance, rejection, or desired alterations.

Papers should generally not exceed 50,000 characters. Illustrations with captions should be sent together with the final version of the text, preferably on a CD. Desired position of illustrations should be marked.

Too many grades of headings should be avoided. Long quotations should be marked by indentations, and double line spacing above and below.

Five key words as well as an abstract should accompany the manuscript. The abstract should be short (100–125 words), outline the main features and stress the conclusions.

A short presentation of the author (2–3 sentences) should be included, preferably giving the name and academic position, e-mail address and interests of research, including a recent example of one or two publications.

Notes and references: Notes should be reserved for additional information or comments. Bibliographic references in the text are given as: Appadurai (1998: 225) or (Hobsbawm & Ranger 1983; Shaw 1995, 2000).

In the list of references the following usage is adopted:

For journals or composite works:


For books:

For websites:

Manuscripts should be sent to:
Professor Orvar Löfgren
Department of European Ethnology
Finngatan 8
SE-223 62 Lund
Sweden
E-mail orvar.lofgren@etn.lu.se
CONTENTS

Regina Bendix and Orvar Löfgren
Double Homes, Double Lives?  7

Johanna Rolshoven
The Temptations of the Provisional. Multilocality as a Way of Life  17

Marius Risi
Vacation Home Culture at 1,000 Meters. The Thirty-Something Generation in
Engelberg, Switzerland  26

John Bendix
Refugee’s Refuge  35

Magnus Berg
Generations and Transnational Homes. Nazim goes:  39

Daniel Miller
Why the Best Furniture Goes to the House You Can’t Live in  45

Maria Alzaga
The Travelling Lives of Circus Artists. Home and Homelessness in a Nomadic Life  51

Martina Kleinert
Homes Afloat. Observations on Long-Term Cruising Yachts  57

Anne-Marie Palm
Waking up in Two Nations  67

Nik Luka
Waterfront Second Homes in the Central Canada Woodlands. Images, Social Practice,
and Attachment to Multiple Residency  71

Anne Leonora Blaakilde
“We Live Ten Years Longer Here.” Elderly Danish Migrants Living on the Costa del Sol  88
Klaus Schriewer and Irene Encinas Berg
Being Misleading About Where One Resides. European Affluence Mobility and Registration Patterns 98

Daniella Seidl
Breaking Out into the Everyday. German Holiday-Home Owners in Italy 107

Deborah Kapchan
A Colonial Relation Not My Own. Coming Home to Morocco and France 115

Jonathan H. Shannon
Village Homes 118

Eleftheria Deltsou
Second Homes and Tourism in a Greek Village. A Travelogue 124

Ulrich Mai
Paradise Lost and Regained. German Second Home Owners in Mazury, Poland 134

Glenn Bowman
At Home Abroad. The Field Site as Second Home 140
A Colonial Relation Not My Own
Coming Home to Morocco and France
By
Deborah Kapchan
E-article
Copyright © 2008 Museum Tusculanum Press
ISBN 978 87 635 0997 8
ISSN 1604 3030

IN
Ethnologia Europaea
Journal of European Ethnology 37: 1-2
E-journal
Copyright © 2008 Museum Tusculanum Press
ISBN 978 87 635 0981 7
ISSN 1604 3030

Unaltered version in pdf-format of:

Copyright © 2007 Ethnologia Europaea, Copenhagen
Printed in Sweden by Grahns Tryckeri AB, Lund 2007
Cover and layout Pernille Sys Hansen
Cover photos Pernille Sys Hansen and Robert Lau
Photos Susanne Ewert, page 6
Richard Wilk, pages 16, 34, 44, 50, 70
ISBN 978 87 635 0885 8
ISSN 0425-4597

This journal is published with the support of the Nordic board for periodicals in the humanities and social sciences.
“I work in New York City,” I tell my friends, “but I live in the south of France.” Our village is not particularly idyllic. Yes, it has its historic quarter of stone houses (where mine is located), a city hall, a Catholic and a Protestant church. It has a population of North Africans, and a clandestine mosque in the apartment of one of its residents. It has a Sunday market, and a café where the locals watch and bet on televised horse races. It has its petanque court whose soft beige dirt floats softly up into the heat of the summer air. But it also has a sprawl of development along its outer edges – concrete villas and walled yards without trees. There are kids who park in the square and blast loud music out of car windows. Just outside town there are strip malls where grape vines used to be; a bit further on, more grands surfaces. But I still long to be there when I’m not. It is my home.

I was born in Yonkers, New York – a working class suburb of New York City, a city blanketed with a vast complex of garden apartments. My father’s family had been immigrants in New York’s lower east side, and then in the Bronx. Yonkers was a step up from the dirty city streets. When I was two I moved to another suburban city. New Rochelle was a little more middle-class, and we lived by the beach of the Long Island Sound, with horseshoe crabs and black-mud mussels along the coast.

As a young adolescent I was marked by a passionate, if idiosyncratic French teacher who had us reading the short stories of Guy de Maupassant in the second year of language study. I began to dream of spending a summer in France. I got a job waiting tables at a local diner on weekends, and in two years had saved enough for a ticket and a little spending money. Fortuitously, my mother met a French woman in a park while caring for my younger brother. The French woman agreed to write letters home to her little village in the Massif Central. In fact, the mayor of this town himself extended me an invitation to live with his daughter’s family for the summer. So when I was seventeen I was finally on my way home.

France didn’t feel like home right away. It’s true that I felt a new sensation in the layers of my skin, but that could easily be explained by being in a foreign country, operating in a language that I did not yet master, living on the edge of my senses. But by the time my first six weeks in France had ended, I knew that I had come home.

How is it that we know home? Is it by its odor, its warmth? The smell of a madeleine cake brought Marcel Proust back to his childhood. And certainly I have smells and memories that bring me back to my youth. But my true homes were found as an adult. I have two. And they are related as if by a bridge, of history, of climate, of sentiment, sometimes even of violence. But that doesn’t explain all.

What brings us back to a place that we have never known? Is it music? Taste? Is it emotion? Where does the sense of recognition come from? The climate? The particular light at dusk? Or is it the conjuncture of all these senses and sensations at a moment of plenitude that marks us indelibly and haunts us, calling us forever back?
I spent my seventeenth summer in France in a village of no more than 3,000 people. It had two bakeries, a tobacco and newspaper store, a grocery store, a post office and a Catholic church with catacombs where resistors had hid during the résistance. It had one café owned by “le Kabyle,” an Algerian Berber who had married a French local. There were two practicing doctors in town, and my “family” had one of them. Monsieur Chaubier had an office on the ground-floor of his home (that he had shared with his father-in-law, the mayor, before he retired from medicine and went into local politics). Madame Chaubier was also a doctor, but she didn’t practice, volunteering at local children’s organizations and raising her two children. Dr. Chaubier sometimes took me and his children with him on house-calls, to hamlets in the area where the beds were built into the walls of the living-rooms and the people still wore clogs.

I was to spend the summer with his daughter, Isabelle, though at ten, she had little to say to a seventeen year old. Most often she played with her little brother Pilou and I spent as many hours as possible with her grandfather, the mayor of the town.

I was soaked in my own melancholy that summer, mourning my parents’ divorce and writing bad poetry, at once too old and too inexperienced for my years. The silence and the heat of the village didn’t help the mood. I would write letters home and walk the half-mile to the post-office on the outer dirt road that circled the village. The sun beat down on the dry fields, the cicadas chirped loudly. That walk was one of my only daily activities that summer – other than meals, of course, which I looked forward to more for the conversation than for the food (which was, however, delicious). At lunch-time the grandfather and I would retire to the salon and talk some more. He corrected my French, introduced me to the composers Albino-si and Pachelbel, and when he was in a particularly jovial mood, he would play his old 78s with the folk songs of his youth sung in Occitan. He would smoke and sing along.

That summer I was initiated into several connais-sances: the appreciation of an array of local cheeses, an understanding of French culinary practices (particularly the local peasant food, which this bourgeois family cooked with pride), but most of all, the art of conversation. My French flourished.

Perhaps the most important thing I received that summer, however, was what I was most unaware of: I came to love what the French grandfather loved – North African Culture. This particular grandfa- ther, you see, had had a colorful past. He had fought against the Vichy government in the very neighbor-hoods in which he grew up, but he also served as a doctor in Tunisia when he finished medical school. He had a picture of himself on a camel in the Tuni-sian desert, wrapped in an off-white wool burnous. Orientalist, perhaps, yet he was so enamored with Tunisian culture that his parents had to send for him and insist he return to France after his military serv- ice. When he did come back he enrolled in Arabic classes at the School of Oriental Languages in Paris. And when he finally married and went back to the Limousin, he furnished his living-room in North African décor. The summer I was there we spent many hours reading Rumi’s poetry out loud to each other – a lesson in French for me (the poetry was in translation), but also an introduction to Sufism.

My relationship with Dr. Aumasson (as I called him, practicing the bourgeois formality that reigned in that family) was unique. He was part mentor, part father, part spiritual guide. He would occasionally take me for drives in the countryside in his two-door Alfa Romeo sports car. He took hairpin turns at speeds far exceeding the safe, and his eyes twinkled as he did. Once he took me to a little chapel in the middle of nowhere. I stood in its stone dampness, dipped my fingers in the holy water and told him that one day I would be married there. He was, truth be told, part lover as well, though ours was a platonic love, it was also a sensual one. He was seventy-one.

I corresponded with Dr. Aumasson for many
When I went to live and teach in North Africa six years later, I wrote him all about my experiences. I told him that I had found my second home. When I fell in love with a Moroccan, my lover and I went to France, and, squeezing into the Alfa Romeo, Dr. Aumasson drove us to that little chapel in the French countryside. There, I lit candles for the three of us, a symbolic wedding à trois. Dr. Aumasson (or Camille, as I was calling him then) was delighted. We were reunited, and with me was a North African that he could talk to for hours – even in Arabic! O temps suspend ton vol, Camille exclaimed, citing the poet Lamartine. He was seventy-seven by then, in good health. He brought up the best wine from the cave, and we spent hours à table enrapt in conversation. When our daughter was born, we went back again.

When I received my Ph.D. and got a job as a professor Camille wrote me, “maintenant tu n’ennuiras jamais,” now you will never be bored. He was right of course. But I sometimes wonder if the conditions of my life would have been different if I hadn’t left France. Would I have divorced the man that Camille loved so dearly? And had I stayed in Marrakech? Unthinkable. Living at home without a livelihood is impossible; somehow one is always expelled – if for no other reason than to see where one has been. To find one’s home, it is necessary to lose it. Perhaps James Baldwin was right when he said that “home is not a place but simply an irrevocable condition.”

Yet I do have my little stone house in the village in France – my first home. Neither Provence nor the Cote d’Azur, there are few tourists, though more and more Brits are buying there. I strike up conversations with the North Africans in the square. I bicycle in the region, through vineyards that may be sold tomorrow to developers of malls. Oddly enough, it is the foreigners like myself who are conserving the history here, and the local French developers who are changing the landscape so radically. But no doubt that’s what the French ex-patriots in Marrakech say as well. It is always ‘the other’ responsible for the loss of tradition, after all, which is why we can give ourselves license to rebuild or “preserve” it in our own image.

Be that as it may, I am the caretaker of these stone walls for now. They are centuries old. They hide scorpions in their crevasses, and stories. I am making mine. “If I die in France,” I tell my second husband, “don’t take me back to the U.S. Bury me here. I work in New York, but I live in the south of France. This is my home.”

Camille Aumasson committed suicide more than ten years ago at the age of ninety-four. He jumped out the window of his bedroom on December 21st 1997, thirty years to the day after his wife had done the same. In the end, there were many things I did not know about Camille. But I have come home now. I am ready to assume my place in history.

Deborah Kapchan is currently Associate Professor of Performance Studies at New York University. She has been conducting ethnography on narrative, music and expressive culture in Morocco for more than twenty years. She is the author of *Gender on the Market: Moroccan Women and the Revoicing of Tradition* (U Penn Press, 1996) and *Traveling Spirit Masters: Moroccan Music and Trance in the Global Marketplace* (Wesleyan U Press, 2007). She is currently conducting research on the aesthetics of piety among Qadiri Sufi groups both in Morocco and in southern France. She is also translating an anthology of Moroccan poetry into English.

(deborah.kapchan@nyu.edu)