Consumption and Market Society in Israel

Edited by
Yoram S. Carmeli and Kalman Applbaum

2004

BERG
Oxford • New York

plan. They too referred to the hotel as a symbol of security, a life preserver. "If you don't change things now, it will be the end of it all. The banks will soon come and take your hotel from you!"[9]

Endnote

As initiators of the tourist development, the Kibbutz members showed marked confidence in their ability to create a "Kibbutz Tourism" that would be compatible with the Kibbutz character. Moreover, in planning to integrate tourism among their economic branches, the members pedantically separated the tourist area from the "real" Kibbutz, by dividing the physical space and creating a "tourist bubble" distinct from the Kibbutz area. With this bubble, members of Gvanim intended to protect their Kibbutz community life, to ensure the continuation of the "socialist bubble" in a country that was abandoning these values.

However, in the context of a transforming society that included the Kibbutz, the existence of the hotel alongside the Kibbutz became a basis of comparison from the day the "guesthouse" was founded. Physically close but initially socially distant, the distinctions between "Kibbutz" and "tourism" eroded, both in terms of the physical as well as the cultural and organizational aspects. Eventually, as this account has shown, the hotel and its world would overcome the Kibbutz. By the time I discontinued the collection of data, it was not clear what future the Kibbutz has in this different world.

–5–

The Ultraorthodox Flaneur: Toward the Pleasure Principle. Consuming Time and Space in the Contemporary *Haredi*[1] Population of Jerusalem

Tamar El-Or and *Eran Neria*

> Around 1840 it was briefly fashionable to take turtles for a walk in the arcades. The flaneurs liked to have the turtles set the pace for them. If they had had their way, progress would have been obliged to accommodate itself to this pace. (Benjamin 1970: 197)

It is little wonder this endnote by W. Benjamin from his essay "On some motifs in Baudelaire" is frequently cited. The image is one of turtles as pets, and elegant Parisians strolling behind the icon of slow movement under fashionable arcades. The symbolism captures a brief moment, a critical point in time: on one side the flaneur, the hero behind the turtle, and on the other side the heroine, "progress'. He is trying to hang onto an urban experience of pleasure, of "fun pour fun," while "progress' has other things on her mind – crowds to get through, carriages to take across town and time to be well managed. Benjamin closes his endnote by citing Taylor`s watchword, "Down with dawdling," which ultimately carried the day.

The privilege of flaneurism was not solely dependent on the era. Moving around the new metropolis, exploring the space with one's own moving body, was class- and gender-dependent as well (Wolff 1995). Benjamin's take on that brief moment sought to close the distance between him and Baudelaire, the subject of his essay, and to reconstruct the different experiences of the urban poet in mid-nineteenth-century Paris. Benjamin was actually trying to understand the same questions a century later, when "progress" had turned into "modernity" and the independent flaneur was lost in the crowd of consumers.

The bourgeois male flaneurs were not the only ones to be trampled by progress. This chapter tells about a community for which progress was the ultimate threat as well as the main driving force – ultraorthodox urban Jews.

The pre-progress moment allowed resistance to what modernity eventually did to the crowds and to the flaneur. Benjamin closes his essay with Beaudelaire's realization of the transient nature of that resistance: ". . . he envisaged the day on which even the lost women, the outcasts, would be ready to advocate a well

ordered life, condemn libertinism and reject everything except money" (Benjamin 1970: 193).

The subjects of this chapter did not resist money in order to maintain libertinism. But, like the "lost women" and the "outcasts," they rejected the culture of luxury and abundance in order to differentiate themselves from the crowds – in this case the Jewish crowds who for the first time in history were experiencing life in an open cultural market. Consumerism, the ultraorthodox say, is the fourth in a series of trials visited upon the Jewish people in recent history. The first was the enlightenment, which was perceived as a spiritual disaster; it allowed the Jews to become citizens of European cultures and nations, offered different knowledges, and invited border crossing. Then came the Holocaust, a physical trial, unveiling, according to the ultraorthodox historiography, the falsehood of the enlightenment and brutally reducing the number of Jews even further. Zionism is the national disaster that offers yet another false dream of rescue and revival. The current disaster, the trial of luxury/consumerism, is, according to a leader of the community, "no less of a threat. It looks innocent, and it is aimed toward a much weaker generation than the previous ones" (Hertzman 1985: 22).

Let us begin with the end of the story, the fourth trial. It appears that one of the last urban communities to resist the culture of consumerism is about to give in. They were never really out of the game, they were just against turning it into a fetish and enjoying it, knowing that once they did it would be very difficult to remain on the threshold. The ethnography of this chapter follows ultraorthodox women, families, and men as they cross the line and join the crowds in the malls, the city center, the parks, the zoo, restaurants, and fast-food stands. It describes the ways in which they explore their own city of Jerusalem, which during the last 20 years has become increasingly orthodox. This trend invites examination of the options for flaneurism in its twentieth-twenty-first-century version, enabling us to reconsider the relations between urban/modern experiences, consumerism, movements of the transit body, and exploration of one's own city within a specific cultural context.

The analysis of these changes rearranges the city borders and thus the urban rhythm of Jerusalem 2000. Furthermore, it might offer new understandings of contemporary orthodox/secular experiences in mixed urban zones.

Before delving into these explorations, let us look at the city of Jerusalem in relation to its ultraorthodox inhabitants.

Exile at Home, or at Home in Jerusalem

> . . . the analysis of the metropolis as the focal point of the circulation of commodities and individuals also concentrates upon the sphere of circulation, exchange and consumption. (Frisby 1997: 21)

Jerusalem is Israel's largest city, in both population and size.[2] At the end of 1998 the non-Jewish population in greater Jerusalem was 180,900 (30 percent), and the Jewish population was 421,200 (70 percent), of which 126,100 (30 percent) were ultraorthodox (*haredi*). The total land area is 126,000 dunams.[3] Jerusalem has 85 percent more people than Tel Aviv (Israeli Central Bureau of Statistics), Israel's other metropolis, and 241 percent more area (Choshen 1998: 5).

During the 1990s the population of Jerusalem decreased by about 7.5 percent: most of the people who left the city were young (25–40 years old) and non-*haredi*, and 25 percent of them were new immigrants (mostly secular) who settled first in Jerusalem and then decided to leave (Choshen 1998). The number of ultraorthodox Jews leaving Jerusalem has also been on the rise, although it is still lower than that of the other Jewish sectors. They leave mainly for more homogeneous ultraorthodox communities such as Betar Elit, Bnei Brak, and Telshe Stone, where housing is cheaper (a reason cited by all sectors for leaving the city).

Due to this process, the *haredi* hegemony in Jerusalem is solidifying and the city's appeal to the secular Jewish population is waning. While the *haredi* population comprises only 30 percent of the Jewish population, four out of seven deputy mayors are ultraorthodox and one is orthodox. The word on the street is that Jerusalem has gone completely *haredi*. The gap between the numbers and the feelings appears to stem from a two-step process: the enlarging orthodox sector of the city translates into a growing feeling on the part of the orthodox that the city is home for them. This notion of home encourages the ultraorthodox to change their habitus and traffic in the city, making them more publicly visible. The result is the feeling that Jerusalem is all *haredi*. Somewhere between the actual numbers and the feelings, the ultraorthodox community is changing its way of city life.

The change was not foreseen by researchers, who pointed to a process of "growth with segregation"[4] (Shilhav 1993). But, the reality is that more and more ultraorthodox people are crossing the lines drawn by researchers in the late 1980s and early 1990s, in activities connected with consumerism and leisure.

Spending time and money and exploring new territories is organized and performed according to social parameters (class, race, gender, etc.). The study of leisure from Veblen to Marxist criticism to feminist scholars reads consumerism and leisure as actions of reproduction. These works strive to unmask the "true motivation" for consumerism and leisure: namely, the stability of capitalism and patriarchy. What seems to be a fun, private, free-will activity is a well-managed act of reaffirming a social order.

Benjamin's approach to both consumerism and leisure is different. It starts with the flaneur, the person on the street, and moves to the cultural system, leaving room along the way for subversion and change (Rojek 1997). Benjamin does not disregard social stratification and neither will we, especially since the ultraorthodox community is generally poor. The family poverty rate in Jerusalem is 8.3 percent higher

than the national average (http://www.btl.gov.il, 1999), and is concentrated mainly in the *haredi* and Arab communities. The fact that men tend to stay at *yeshivot* and avoid steady jobs, plus the large number of children per family, both create this poverty and are the impetus for change. The heroes of this chapter who stroll the city malls, parks, and urban centers are signifying both the cry for change, and the change itself.

Before we go into the ethnography of how they do it, we will look at where they can do it.

Prior to the mall era, Jerusalem had three urban centers located about a kilometer apart. These centers served three different communities of the city: Arabs, the general Jewish population, and the ultraorthodox.[5] Before the tremendous population growth of the 1970s and 1980s and the construction of new *haredi* neighborhoods, the *haredi* congregation utilized mainly the northern center in Geula and frequented the other two centers only minimally.

Until the recent construction of Ramat Shlomo, the Jerusalem city planners designed neighborhoods without taking into consideration the needs of the ultraorthodox (Choshen 1998: 39). Thus, the *haredim* were forced to leave their neighborhoods for commercial and recreational facilities as well as public services. Some of the places they went to are the locus of our flanerie and observation. We both (T.E.-O. and E.N.) observed in these places sporadically during different hours of the day in August and September 2000, and revisited them on the holidays of Succoth and Hanukkah in October and December that same year. During those periods, especially the *ben hazmanim* period in August, yeshiva students and teachers are on holiday from school and are expected to spend time with their families in recreational activities.

Our research protocol required that we first explore the city and note the areas in which ultraorthodox people spend time and money. The ethnography describing those explorations has been categorized, edited, and divided.

Malls: You've Seen One, You Haven't Seen Them All

Center One

Center One is situated at the entrance to Jerusalem[6] adjacent to the central bus station.[7] The mall is very accessible, especially to the northwestern *haredi* neighborhoods surrounding it. Center One was built in 1986 as a mini mall, the first of its kind in the city, and subsequently changed its character from secular to more *haredi*: television sets were removed from shops windows and cinemas were closed. The management, realizing that gearing the place to the standards of the *haredim* would diminish its economic feasibility, created a balance between the "spending-time-and-money" mall atmosphere and the *haredi* prohibitions. The

center of the mall houses a coffee shop with tables on a raised platform encircled by a shish-kebab restaurant, a Chinese restaurant, a pizza counter, and an ice-cream kiosk. All restaurants are Glatt[8] kosher. The food court fosters practices uncommon in the *haredi* community: men and women mixing in public to spend time and money and enjoy themselves. The coffee shop anchoring one end of the new habitus has couples, families, singles, friends, sitting high up, visible, on a stage, drinking cappucino, eating stir-fried vegetables, engaged in intimate coffee-shop conversations or family birthday celebrations. The pizza/ice-cream stands bordering the other end offer cheaper fast food that can be taken out or eaten at tables near the entrance to the mall and on the central raised platform. Scattered around the food court are toy stores, clothing stores, an optician, souvenir shops – all tailored to the new consumers. Dresses are long, prices are low, the optician is orthodox, and the new Internet café promises a safe surf on the Web. A store on the second floor converted into a synagogue offers services throughout the day, and a *netala* (a place for ritual hand washing).

Another part of the same complex located nearer the central bus station is called The Station Center and has a different, more secular character. It sees more working people from the nearby office buildings and passers-by on their way to and from the central bus station.

Rav Shefa

In the middle of the new northern neighborhoods of the city, an area populated exclusively by ultraorthodox, a courageous entrepreneur built the world's first *haredi* mall. The idea was both appealing and high-risk. Now almost three years later, the mall, whose advertising is directed exclusively to the *haredi* population, has failed to take off. On the face of it, all the elements for success seemed to be in place. The new apartments surrounding it belong to the more well-heeled people of the community, and it is no more than two kilometers from the traditional ultraorthodox neighborhoods. The economic venture appears to be enlightened by cultural sensitivity: "I am the Lord your healer" reads a large inscription on the wall of the pharmacy, photos of rabbis cover the window of the photo shop, and the hairdresser-wig shop window is shielded by a shade to hide the ladies inside. The men's and women's bathrooms are on different levels and each has a *netala*. The supermarket is part of the inexpensive ultraorthodox chain Shefa Mehadrin. All the fast-food restaurants are Glatt Kosher, and while none invite people to sit around, many find chairs and do. No coffee shop was permitted. Despite this cultural sensitivity, most of the stores are vacant; some open for a few hours in the afternoon; others have been rented as office space. Rumor has it the owners are looking to sell.

Malcha

Malcha mall opened its doors in 1993, the Jerusalem branch of Israel's most successful chain of malls belonging to the Canadian-Jewish Azrieli family. It is located at the southern end of the inner-city highway and is easily reached by car from most parts of town. The rectangular three-storey building affords easy access to a mixture of standard mall stores. The food court on the first floor and the several cafés on the other levels offer standard mall fare. Malcha differs from the other Azrieli malls in its fairly large number of ultraorthodox visitors and the Glatt Kosher signs on most of the restaurants.

A Tour

The tour described here is a synthesis of several visits to the different malls. Starting from the south end at Malcha, going north to Rav Shefa, the tour moves from the secular mall to the mixed mall to the designated ultraorthodox mall. It follows in the footsteps of the ultraorthodox flaneurs as they navigate the post-modern mall.

Eran writes: I am wondering whether I should take my notebook with me. While it's the 24th of August, still the *ben hazmanim* period, why would *haredim* come to this place? It's far from any of their neighborhoods, and is known to be a standard mall with movie theaters, large fashion stores, book and music stores, a video game arcade, and the like. I left my notebook in the car and realized my mistake as soon as I reached the entrance. *Haredim* do come to Malcha. Every seventh table is occupied by *haredim*. A couple with a baby stroller sit at the Chinese restaurant; he is tightening the safety strap across the baby's tummy while she is reciting her after-meal blessing from a small prayer book. Three teenagers, a couple with two children and another couple with three children are all sitting near the hamburger stand. Two elderly women from the Sephardic *haredi*[9] community eat falafel. Two fathers speaking English to several children occupy tables in the center of the court. A young couple, his side locks hanging loose and her hair uncovered,[10] have run into another young couple and they decide to sit down together by the hamburger stand. A security guard told me to go to café Neeman-Coros: "It's full of Dosim."[11] And indeed it is. A third of the tables are occupied by ultraorthodox people. Their presence dwindles as I stroll through the corridors. Glimpses into the big fashion stores, Tower Records, and Apropos Café turn up no *haredim*. Children congregate around the main stage, waiting for a show put on by three actors to begin. I spot only two ultraorthodox families in that crowd, and an occasional ultraorthodox parent peeping through the crowd to see what's happening on the stage and then moving away. Gradually I realize that most of the *haredim*

strolling the mall are with babies or very small children. One gets the impression they see Malcha mall as a decent enough place for adults but not for older children. I look for the synagogue and find it near the mall offices. The rather fancy room with wooden doors and stained-glass windows bears the name of the mall owner's father. The chairs are laid out in rows like in a cinema. To get into it you have to ask for the key at the security desk. The woman guard tells me there is no *miynan* (the minimum of 10 worshippers required to hold a public service), that only individuals ask for permission to enter in order to say the prayers required four times a day.[12] Most of the *haredim* in Malcha are dressed in the *Mitnagdim*[13] tradition, very few as Hassidim, and some, mostly those speaking English or French, dress in modern orthodox attire. As I leave the mall, I notice a Hassidic man speaking Yiddish to six small children. They are standing in front of a photo shop advertising the Hebrew new year's calendar decorated with personal photos. Another teenager reads a secular newspaper that is not available in *haredi* shops. I look at my watch. It's time to head north to Center One mall for my appointment with the manager.

Seven minutes on the freeway, a left turn toward the hotels, a right, and straight ahead in the direction of "Exit from town". Jerusalem is the only city I know that has signs all over town pointing the way to Tel Aviv. The mall is full. I run upstairs to the manager's office. I enter through a small room with a table, a computer, a printer, and an empty chair. Further on, Yoav welcomes me with a big smile but asks me to come back in half an hour because he is busy. I stand on the gallery upstairs and look down. I remember Tamar's first description of the place. She was shocked:

> You wouldn't believe it, ultraorthodox people sitting in a cafe like people anywhere, couples, families, enjoying themselves, ordering from young waitresses wearing pants, drinking cappuccino, eating zucchini quiche and three-layer chocolate cakes. Dates are taking place there between adults 35 and up, maybe divorcees. There are family parties, family get-togethers that include orthodox, traditional, and nonobservant members in the same group.

I look for the groups and individuals she mentioned and count. It is 7:15 p.m. Twenty tables in the central café are occupied. It looks like a place for dates for couples 25 and older, and families. There are no young children. People tend to spend a long time around the tables. I walk down the stairs and stroll around, hearing Hebrew, English, Spanish, French (several times I even heard Yiddish[14] in the café). There are two groups of two couples each; one group of five *Mizrahi* women, three who look orthodox and two who do not. (One is wearing a tight sleeveless shirt.) A big noisy party that appears to be some kind of celebration combines National Orthodox[15] with ultraorthodox, Hebrew with English. They

have pulled several tables together and the young ones (those aged 18–25) are at one end and their elders at the other. I notice four Hassidic men with their long coats and characteristic hats. They're eating pasta. Nearby at a smaller table another couple of Hassidic men are eating pasta. They take no notice of each other. All six eat with concentration, drinking cappuccino, and by the time my half hour is up they're gone. There are some nonorthodox tourists (maybe from the nearby hotel), a mother and a daughter, both orthodox, a grandmother with what appears to be her granddaughter of about 25. There are more women than men, as in any café. People are still coming in as I head back upstairs. An elegant couple (looking *Mizrahi),* he in a fine suit, she wearing a long black dress and a beautifully coiffed wig. Another couple speaks English; he has a black yarmulka, a dark suit and a yellow tie, and she is wearing a monochromatic well-cut suit.

"Come in," Yoav says, "sit down." He wears a colorful yarmulka and smokes a cigar. " You can't assume that the visitors to this mall are *haredim,* Even when you see white shirts and black head covers, it doesn't mean they didn't go to the army."[16] When I press him a little he divides the crowds into daytime and nighttime visitors:

> During the day we get all kinds of people, at night I admit it turns *haredi*. It started with boys who left their *yeshivot* and were looking for a place to hang out, and youngsters who came from the US and Europe to study in the *yeshivot* for a year – they have no family here and are accustomed to going out. It's no longer a terrible thing for someone to tell you, "I saw your son at Center One." But when they say, "I saw him in Malcha mall," that's a different story. Youngsters are not supposed to hang out in Malcha. On the other hand, look at the Rav Shefa mall. It's closing down. Why? Because its for *haredim*, targeted to *haredim*. No fun there, no café, no restaurants, just fast food and take out. At the same time, their buying capacity is poor. You can't make money only from *haredim*, you have to have a mix. I won't put an ad in a *haredi* newspaper because it will look bad and cost a lot. But I can spend a pittance and print pashkevills[17] and thousands will come. I've proved it more than once. They don't think of this place as *haredi*, but feel comfortable enough here with *haredim*.

It's almost two hours after I left Yoav's office. The place is still noisy, stores are closed, and the fast-food section is almost empty, but the café still has some thirty orthodox and ultraorthodox people. Tomorrow evening I will visit the *haredi* Rav Shefa mall to check out Yoav's theory, imaging it will be at its best at this time of the year (*ben hazmanim*).

Approaching the Rav Shefa mall entrance the next day around 6 p.m., I maneuver my way through the pack of children racing around, waiting to get into the park of inflated toys. Entrance to this area of oversized inflated trampolines of different shapes and colors is cheap. Exhausted-looking mothers stand nearby supervising their children, others are looked after by older sisters. The "park" is actually a

neglected unfinished wing of the mall. The "park" and the poor level of maintenance stand in sharp contrast to the fancier, better maintained, fully constructed center section of the mall. Loud popular Hassidic music fills the air around the "park" and pours out into the streets. There is no background music in the central part of the mall, and the loudspeaker is used only to call people for a *minyan.*

Entering the mall itself, one is met by a hectic vision of Jacob's Ladder. The escalator is treated as a slide and is packed with children trying to run in the opposite direction or running in circles around it. At one point it stopped working and a mother approached the security man: "Can you operate the escalator . . . the children have never ridden on one and would like to experience it." His irritated warning about children who required medical attention as a result of misusing the escalator, and a sign prohibiting usage without an adult, go unheeded. The people seem to see the mall as "home," a place where they can behave as they wish. The absence of food courts and other public areas to hang out or relax in is partially compensated for by plastic chairs scattered around the fast-food shops in the empty corridors and in the main hall.

The hordes of mothers and children in the afternoon hours begin to disappear as evening falls. More men and families are seen, but the number of couples, young people, and singles remains low. Parents leisurely push strollers as their many young children flock around them, making their way down the mall corridors. They practice window-shopping with no windows to look at and hardly any open shops to enter. They demonstrate consumption culture almost without consuming, except at the fast-food shops on the periphery. Around 9 p.m. most of the second floor is vacant, the "park" is closed, and gradually the place empties out until the mall closes at 10:30 p.m.

Throughout the entire afternoon and evening, I can count the number of secular visitors on one hand. Even the *haredi* visitors here look more devout: Yiddish replaces English as the second language, and most of the women's kerchiefs are tied tight around their heads in the stern Hassidic tradition. Of all the sites I have visited for this research, this is the place I feel most alienated. My feelings are shared by the manager, who sends his security man to inquire about my presence in the mall. Ironically, I find myself on common ground with the guy, whose yarmulke is only part of the uniform.

The economic slump was reaffirmed when I set off to purchase a pen. Looking for a place to buy one, I was struck by the number of empty shops. Almost two-thirds of the shops are vacant. The first one I entered had half-price sales because it was moving to Malchi Israel Street. While I am still searching for a pen, a saleslady, crocheting to keep busy, tells me: "There is a shop but it's probably closed because there are no customers, although sometimes it opens for a few hours." When I ask her, "How's business?" she continues, "Let's say no shops here take in more than 6000 shekels a week, and everybody wants to close down." Another

worker told me that the builder wants to close the mall but reached an agreement with the shopkeepers to stay open for another three months. The shop selling the pen was, indeed, open with all the merchandise stacked on tables in the corridor under a big sign – *Clearance.*

Up and Down the Streets

Midrachov *Ben Yehuda*

The *Lonely Planet* guidebook tells tourists that Ben-Yehuda Street is located in the center of the city and is considered "the secular heart of Jerusalem."[18] The north end is bordered by Jaffa Road, which divides the ultraorthodox neighborhoods from the inner city. For years researchers considered it a barrier, but following the footsteps of the ultraorthodox flaneur reveals a different story.

The cool summer evenings of Jerusalem compensate locals and tourists[19] for the hot hours till sunset. Hundreds of people from most segments of the Jerusalem population leisurely stroll the *midrachov*. What an easy place for observation, what a classic place to walk after the walkers, to gaze at those who gaze. Walking decisively is difficult; the *midrachov* acquires its own unhurried pace by the strolling masses. Throw a casual glance at the shop windows, watch the beggars and street performers, or take a seat at one of the tables. Be seen and watch the passing parade. The eyes are looking now for *haredim*. Most of those who come here are either Sephardic-*Mizrahi* youth, or non-Hebrew-speaking lads and young couples. The former sit mainly in cheap sandwich bars where some night-shift workers also come looking for conversation. The orthodox youngsters come slovenly dressed, as if they've just come from a hard day's work, but all of them wear a white buttoned shirt. Fashion does play a role, however, and they sport the requisite cellular phone hanging on the belt, a good haircut, and for those who wear them, eyeglasses with thin metal frames. Ultraorthodox American youngsters stroll in groups of three and five. One guy comes up to me, his white shirt half pulled out of his pants. He mistakes me for one of them, but I am still surprised that he addresses me (a secular person) and I chalk it up to his not being a local. His friends wear baseball caps and seem to be enjoying the freedom from the supervising eyes of their parents across the ocean. It is rare for an ultraorthodox person to approach a secular one; when it does occur it is the non-Hebrew-speaking *haredi*, who is more open to secular people than the Hebrew-speaking *haredi*.

The young normative-looking couples tend to stop at the few Glatt kosher cafés and pizza bars in a specific part of the *midrachov.* Some go to the more up-scale Café Rimon. A completely different *haredi* group in that public sphere is the Braslaws.[20] On proselytizing forays to recruit secular Jews to their stream of Judaism, they occasionally put up a booth and hand out pamphlets and stickers, often to the

accompaniment of free-style jump dancing to loud Hassidic music. All this fits with their concept of worshipping God with joy, and goes very nicely with the new-age spirit. They attract the attention of passers-by, who look at them as if they are weirdoes or local Hari Krishnas. At 11:30 p.m. the *midrahov* activity is slowing down, there are fewer people on the streets, and fewer still are sitting in the restaurants. The action moves to the nearby night club/pubs/bars area, leaving the ultraorthodox behind.

Malchi Israel Street

Eran meets me at Center One mall and we drive four minutes to Moishe's home near the Rav Shefa mall. Moishe is a friend of my husband and a Karliner Hassid.[21] It is quite cold out, a typical December afternoon in Jerusalem. We arranged to start at 4 p.m. to leave us enough time before lighting the Hanukkah candles.[22] Eran and I are appropriately dressed for a stroll through the ultraorthodox urban center, although my hair is not covered.

The section from between Rokach Square and Yossef Ben Mattityahu Street has no stores and therefore fewer strollers. The rest of the street to Shabbath Circle[23] and into Mea Shaarim Street is crowded. The biggest, most important *yeshivot* in Jerusalem line this street: the Sephardic Port Yossef Yeshiva; the Gur Hassidic Sfat Emet Yeshiva; Haii Olam, the Satmer and Mir centers; and close by in the Bucharian neighborhood, the huge new Yeshivat Or Haaim (Sephardic and mainly for people who become religious) is rising.

"Compared to Friday, it's quite empty today," says Moishe, as we try to pick our way along the narrow crowded sidewalk. "You call this empty?" I say. "Yes, on Friday everyone rushes to do last-minute shopping. There are long lines at every food store, people are buying stuff they used to make at home, like *chale (*Sabbath bread), cakes and cookies, different kinds of salads, and even gefilte fish and chopped liver.[24] Look at this store," he points across the street at some ordinary-looking shop with no special window or sign. "They're the best, their food is so good they broke the tradition of eating only homemade. They aren't expensive, they're clean, let's cross the street and go in." We follow Moishe`s zigzag trail from the delicatessen to a bakery that makes the best Hanukkah donuts, to the popular store for teenagers. The store looks like any other of its kind, with birthday cards, stuffed animals, perfumed candles, little dolls. The aisle is blocked by a baby stroller. The women behind the cash register are speaking English. One wears a wig, the other a hat that exposes some of her hair on her forehead. "Come, come to Gal Paz before they close." Moishe hurries us up, but he meets a friend and we stop. I imagine a regular member of the community must meet several acquaintances walking down this street. Moishe has lived in Israel for only 20 years, and has this afternoon already met four people he knows. One of them sitting in an ambulance[25]

called Moishe's cell phone to get him to look where he is waiting at a traffic light. Near Gal Paz, the music store, he meets a good friend, born in the USA, a musician whose stage name is Zuki. Inside the store he shows us several CDs of Zuki & Ding – mainly songs for children. "He's a real artist. It's not easy to be one around here, but he found his way and now he's quite famous, especially among the English-speaking families."

I pay special attention to the shoe and clothing stores to see what's in. It seems one woman's shoe style catches on, becomes "kosher," and appears in abundance in every store. This winter it's a combination of leather and elastic. Scattered along the short strip are three modern-looking pharmacies, photo shops that offer photocopying, and a fancy Judaica store next door to an old-fashioned religious-articles shop.

At one end of Sabbath Circle before reaching Mea Shaarim Street, I look back for a long view of the busiest *haredi* Street in Jerusalem. No one is walking slowly. Each and every person gives the impression of being on the way to somewhere. They know where they're heading, what they're up to, and why they're there. Even groups of teenage girls, who look like any other bunch of girls walking down a city street, are hurrying. Inside the stores it's a little different, especially the music store where people take their time and look around and flip through the CDs, moving up and down the racks of Hassidic, Mizrahi, Cantorial music, songs for children, to the video section and the toy department. Entering the heart of the ultraorthodox section of *Mea Shaarim*, the fast-forward accelerates. People almost run through the alleys. Evening falls, the stores close down, there are candles to be lit. Moishe is going into a Stolin (a Hassidic sect) *yeshiva* to pick up his 11-year-old son Pinchas and take him home with us. As we walk north, we notice people lighting candles in public, in accordance with the custom of "publicizing the miracle of Hanukkah." Pinhas tells me about something they discussed in Talmud that day. It deals with a man who led his camel down the road overloaded with flax. The flax caught fire from a Hanukkah candle on the street. Who should pay for the damage? The candle lighter who performed a good deed but did not watch his fire, or the camel owner who overloaded his animal. Moishe enjoys his son's presentation of the issue and says: "My father never liked 'ostentatious' actions (demonstrative actions done for the sake of the gentiles), and I follow his example."

Fresh Air

Sacher Park

Sacher Park is one and a half square kilometers of grassy meadows situated in the middle of town and easily accessible by foot.[26] The park has the usual Western features: sports facilities, joggers, dogs with their owners, and during Sabbath and

holidays it attracts barbecue fans. In August, and especially during *ben hazmanim*, the character of the park changes. To quote one of the regular nonorthodox visitors, "The park turns black."[27]

Going there to observe, I first noticed the high percentage of *haredim*. This surprised me and made me wonder whether I was not used to seeing them there or they had recently begun to frequent the park.

Apart from the sports courts,[28] seculars constitute about one-third of the park's population in August, most of them singles, couples or teams, and very few families. There are fewer secular than *haredim* families. Nevertheless, the predominant feel of the park is secular. Maybe it's the setting. Rising on the hills above is the postmodern building of the Supreme Court, standing across from the Knesset (the Israeli Parliament), and way across the valley are the secular neighborhoods of the city. In the park itself, walkers and joggers still appear on August nights in their tight skimpy attire, teams practice on the central mound, and dog owners continue to walk their pets for lack of an alternative.[29]

The open space seems to tolerate its different visitors, and *haredi* teenagers play soccer next to a women's rugby team in shorts.[30] An ultraorthodox father teaches his daughter to ride a bicycle on the joggers' lane, another father and his sons toss around a ball that sometimes finds its way to a dog's mouth. Women relax on blankets and tend to the food. No one is moving to more remote parts of the park. At least half the ultraorthodox come to the park in groups: older sisters with siblings, groups of mothers with children, youngsters in small groups, and entire families numbering maybe a dozen members. Most eat light dinners, enjoy the evening breeze, and don't bother barbecuing. Around 10 p.m. the *ben hazmanim* visitors depart till the next evening.

Biblical Zoo

The Jerusalem Biblical Zoo opened its gates in 1950 on the northernmost part of the city where a new *haredi* neighborhood now stands. In 1993 the zoo moved to the southern end of the city to a recreation area that includes a football stadium, Malcha mall, and Ein Yael Park. The area, which is not within walking distance of any neighborhood, is easily reached via a new inner-city freeway.

Sprawling over beautifully landscaped grounds, the zoo breeds and shows animals that are mentioned in the Bible. Biblical texts accompany the names and descriptions of the different animals. The paths and a small train take visitors through the grounds, around an artificial lake, a picnic area, and a playground, criss-crossing the natural canyon and its gently sloping walls. During the holidays the zoo offers special activities and lectures beyond the usual explanations and feeding demonstrations given by the staff.

The zoo is a major attraction for the ultraorthodox community, for whom animals and pets are beyond everyday reach. The weight of their massive presence among the visitors is kept in check by several adjustments. A description referring to Darwin's theory was removed at their request, an unwritten agreement was reached with the zoo not to advertise in the *haredi* newspapers, the mini-train "observes Sabbath," even though ultraorthodox are absent on this sacred day, and *netala* sites are available near every kiosk although the level of kashrut is not Glatt. There is no synagogue, and open-air services are a common sight during the summer.

"During *ben hazmanim*, holidays, and even Friday afternoons and other summer days, almost half our visitors are *haredim*," says Sigalit, the zoo's public relation person. "They visit the entire park with no restrictions, You may see fewer of them in the souvenir store because of their financial situation. Having already spent so much on the entrance fee for the whole family, they might buy less at the kiosk and bring food from home and have a picnic. But, other than that they take full advantage of all the facilities." Eran is a little suspicious. He follows a family to see whether they'll stop at the petting corner where children are allowed to touch the animals. Some do, some watch, some move away. The man who gives the feeding demo near the mountain goats acknowledges his audience and lingers on the Halachic characteristics of the goats, which will or will not make them kosher. When the demonstration is over a father summarizes the lesson to his son: "The shofar [the horn blown at rituals] is made from its horn." The zoo is a popular site for young couples who "take walks" as part of their courtship. Fathers taking care of their children might come to the zoo to pass the time. And *haredi* tourists are taking pictures near the lake.

The zoo was not crowded on this chilly Hanukkah morning. I (Tamar) was sitting near the small animal pavilion watching the passers-by. The gardens had a soothing effect. I was attracted by a group of eight girls on their own. The one in charge was about 14, another one helping her was 12, and the rest ranged from a baby in a stroller to a 10-year-old. They had just finished eating and the older girl starts reading the blessing after meals. She can't stop but turns around and bends down so the other girls can see her lips and repeat or follow. Some of them cooperate, others don't. "Esther, we better run or we'll miss the train," says one of the girls. Then she feels uneasy and says one line of the blessing. "It`s already been said," a girl tells her with a serious look. The "bad" girl pushes the "good" one and they start chasing each other. "I don't allow fighting," says Esther, when she is done blessing, "Hannela and Hinda, come back here immediately." Eventually the red-cheeked girls return. Esther bends down to Hinda and says, "You give me too much trouble, come hold the stroller." Near the swan lake I notice a young Hassidic woman with a baby in a stroller. Quite odd, I think to myself, for a woman to come here on her own. I stick around to hear her cell phone ring and her reply in Yiddish:

"*Yo Eich been yeitz do*" (Yes, I am already here). Relieved that she is waiting for someone, I look for the exit. When I leave the grounds people are still parking cars and walking in, and taxis keep pulling up and discharging ultraorthodox, most of whom do not own cars.

Time, Money, Space and Affiliation

> We here encounter a paradox. For though money may represent social labor time, the rise of the money form transforms and shapes the meaning of time in important and specific ways. (Harvey 1985: 170)

The meaning of time is defined in capitalism by its scarcity and usefulness. The common definition is that time=money. Any deviation from this set of meanings reshapes the significance of time (and money) and the community that redefines it. Ultraorthodox people distinguish between two different time cycles: the sacred and the secular. The latter is the time for work, for production and money-making. Via this time, the ultraorthodox community cooperates with capitalism, unites with the world "labor time," and embraces the value system of the contemporary economy. At the same time, this time cycle is never formally approved or positively described. Compliance to capitalistic time is morally presented as a by-the-way action, a constraint, never a chosen or preferred act. The ideal time cycle is the sacred one, the time devoted to the study of Torah. Free from the capitalistic ethos, and dysfunctional in terms of production, it offers an alternative to the taken-for-granted money/social order. The secular community dismantles the division between the two cycles. It sees sacred time as wasted time, and reads the "alternative" order as a cynical exploitation of the working communities. The ability to adhere to sacred time as the real time, and to minimize the power of secular time, depends on . . . money. "It takes money to construct any alternative to the society predicated on the community of money" (Harvey 1985: 185). While the ultraorthodox community in Israel is supported by the state and by its members who do work, the conflict over the social/moral alternative it offers to the capitalist view of time and money might change drastically if more and more people join the "mob," the work force.

The growth of participation in the culture of capitalism, beyond the labor itself, will determine whether or not the ultraorthodox can stand outside the morals (not the praxis) of modernity and capitalism. The ability to refuse those morals is the ability to stay away from the contemporary culture of leisure and consumerism. For the time being, the ultraorthodox walk on their designated public sphere in fast-forward mode. Whenever they expose themselves to others, they make sure to convey a special perception of time – I am in a hurry, I am not spending time. Be it a teenaged girl on an errand to the grocery store, or a man on Malchi Israel Street,

everything is done in fast-forward, as if secular time is hallowed by using less of it. Thus, changes in the consumption of time are strongly connected to the space in which it is used and the social affiliation to that space.

> The crowd – no subject was more entitled to the attention of nineteenth century writers. (Benjamin 1970: 166)

> The boundary is not a spatial fact with sociological consequences, but a sociological fact that forms itself spatially (Simmel 1997: 141)

Space and Belonging – or Being in Place

The choice to read contemporary ultraorthodoxy through nineteenth/twentieth-century scholars might look as though we are relegating the ultraorthodox to an earlier time in history, confronting old issues. Indeed, the opposite is the case: the ultraorthodox are completely here in the early twenty-first century, but, rather than taking modernity for granted, they reflect upon it as some of the nineteenth/early twentieth-century scholars did. Juxtaposing Simmel and Benjamin with a contemporary community that is about to join a major symbolic experience of modern life offers the opportunity for an interesting exercise.

In the rich sociological harvest left us by both Benjamin and Simmel, a matrix is offered that can enlighten the phenomenon under study here. The first dimension of the matrix is *space* and the second is *affiliation*. Rather than reread Benjamin or Simmel, or cover the vast discourse they generated, we will make modest use of their lasting understandings of modernity.

Walking in the city, claims De Certeau, is a speech act. "Walking affirms, suspects, tries out, transpasses, respects, etc., the trajectories it speaks" (De Certeau 1984: p. 99). To walk the city is to say something about oneself and about the city via one's interaction with others, people and objects alike. Choosing a certain path, walking this way instead of that, picking a tempo, regarding/disregarding the scene are outcomes of active decisions. They are part of the make-up of the personal agent who negotiates modern conditions. De Certeau's analysis of these negotiations is a postmodern one, but it echoes the micro–macro analysis that underlies Simmel's modernist understanding of the individual and the metropolis.

The intensity of interactions is at its peak in the metropolis. There, Simmel claims, more than in any other modern site, individuals experience modernity. The quantity of interactions and the variety and richness of stimuli offered by hyper-cities are presented in contradiction to the country-life habitus where one is not confronted with new events every morning. The city-dweller, according to Simmel, develops a "blasé" attitude in order to survive, a kind of individual shield to cover oneself while walking through the city.

As much as one's mode and pace on the sidewalk reconstruct the meaning of one's being in the city, Simmel knows that these are set by and beyond the individual's experience. As a sociologist, he is interested in the supra-individual and in the community. Simmel counts four "qualities" of the spatial form upon which the "structuring of communal life relies" (Simmel 1997: 130): (1) the exclusivity of space; (2) its division into units by borders; (3) the capacity to fix contents to a certain space, and (4) proximity and/or distance in creating (virtual) spaces.

Let's take the city of Jerusalem. Simmel talks about Jerusalem when he looks for a pivotal point that fixes and contains a certain content. He mentions the temple in Jerusalem as the only site for the ritual of sacrifice, a ritual that ceased to exist once the city was destroyed. The destruction of the temple rearranged the relations between space and community for the Jews. The Diaspora was made up of numerous communities, centered around their institutions. Each community offered intense interactions to those in close proximity, while the relations between the communities created an ethnic-holy space beyond distance (Simmel 1997: 150, 157–8). The city of Jerusalem waited. Some waited (and still do) for the Messiah to come before they could build the temple and renew the sacrifice; others got tired of waiting and came to Palestine without him. Several of them built The Hebrew University in 1925 at Mt. Scopus. At a certain point they waited for W. Benjamin to come, but he did not.[31] It's hard to imagine what he would have thought of Jerusalem, but one can try to extrapolate, from his description of Rome, the chances for fun flaneurism in the town of Jerusalem. ". . . in Rome even dreaming is forced to move along streets that are too well-paved. And isn't the city too full of temples, enclosed squares, and national shrines to be able to enter undivided into dreams of passers-by, along with every paving stone, every shop sign, every flight of steps, and every gateway? The great reminiscences, the historical *frissons*, these are all so much junk to the flaneur who is happy to leave them to the tourist" (Benjamin 1997: 263).

A distinction is made here between the tourist and the local flaneur. The former is interested in the history, heritage, and symbols of the city, wishes to collect information *about* it. The latter is into moving along, strolling, looking for an opportunity to be *within* the city like within any landscape, willing "to trade all his knowledge of artist's quarters, birthplaces, and princely palaces for the scent of a single weathered threshold or the touch of a single tile – that which a dog carries away" (Benjamin 1970: 263). It is the landscape composed of living people that can turn into the Promised Land of the flaneur (like Paris, or Tel Aviv: Gurevitz and Aran 1994). Benjamin follows Franz Hessel this time, one Berliner after another. His Berlin/Rome is our Jerusalem, loaded with meanings and memories, trying to hold on to the "cult of dwelling in the old sense, with the idea of security" (ibid.: 264), and block the new architecture of Le Corbusier with its transitional spaces and waves of light and air.

The combination of Simmel and Benjamin juxtaposes the individual and ethics with formation, material and architecture; or where and whom with how and why. The ethnography is analyzed within a matrix formed around this tension. The space is divided into inside (shielded, marked, contains a fixed content, belongs to someone) and outside (open, transparent, exposed to changing uses and meanings); and the blurring of the line between inside and outside (Benjamin's arcade, the contemporary mall). The *affiliation* is divided into ours (a place where we feel "at home," marked as ours by us as well as others, contains our memories, signifies "us," etc.) and theirs (where we are visitors, a new place for us, signifies "another" culture/group, etc.).

A major parameter in addition to *space* and *affiliation* is the act of *Entrance*: whether one enters a place officially, pays admission, moves away from the window and crosses the threshold to enter a shop (to say nothing of buying something), sits down and watches a performance, orders food at the café. Those actions run contrary to those of the ideal flaneur, who remains at a distance and participates just by passing near or by being a potential participant.

The subjects were the guides for our observations in this study. We followed them, as Benjamin went after Hessel and Baudelaire. They mapped out the path of their excursions in the city, they chose the venues for their leisure and shopping. The matrix is applied to our observations in an effort to make sense of the changes that have taken place in the ultraorthodox consumption of time and space, and to decipher the meaning of those changes.

> World exhibitions are the sites of pilgrimages to the commodity fetish . . . It proceeds from the wish "to entertain the working classes, and becomes for them a festival of emancipation" . . . They open up a phantasmagoria that people enter to be amused. The entertainment industry facilitates this by elevating people to the level of commodities. They submit to being manipulated while enjoying their alienation from themselves and others. (Benjamin 1978: 150–1)

Outdoors	*Indoors*	
Malchi Israel Street	Rav Shefa mall Center One mall	Ours
Zoo, Sacher Park, the *Midrachov*	Malcha mall	Theirs

Outdoors/Theirs: the Zoo, Sacher Park, the Midrachov

Consuming an outdoor space that is not designated as ultraorthodox is a complicated action. It offers the ideal experience of flaneurism – exploring streets and alleys, wandering through neighborhoods and around – and at the same time it carries the danger of transpassing. To control the dangers, ultraorthodox people will avoid wandering on their own and will go armed with reasons. At the zoo and Sacher Park, it's the school and work holiday, the kids, the heat, the crowded flats, the lack of means for any other kind of vacation.[32] Like other middle- and lower-middle-class families, they are looking for inexpensive entertainment. The novelty is that they acknowledge the need, the right, the urge to be entertained: to spend time and money, to be exposed to new places and amusement, to explore.

Benjamin claims that what turns merchandise into fetish is the move from symbolism to allegory, the disconnection between the signified and the signifier, the separation between phenomena and their meaning. This is a danger for any moral community, including the ultraorthodox. Thus, they need to make a place Glatt Kosher, to reach a general consensus that the zoo is okay, within bounds, that Sacher Park is okay, that kids riding bicycles is not too *goyish* (non-Jewish). It takes a few pioneers to begin the process, and the masses to follow. The zoo is a signified place; it bears a clear mark meaning, you cannot say that it is for example a place "good for one's health" so you have to tell yourself that you are going to see the magnitude of God's creation. You won't buy food but you'll permit the children to have a popsicle. You'll listen to the secular zookeeper, watch his feeding demonstration, and sum up his words by stressing to your child that the goats' horns are material for the shofar. In the park, fathers can play football with their sons but they keep their shirts on, unlike the secular fathers, and the mothers will restrict themselves to their blanket zone but stretch out on it. The children will race their bicycles on the same lane used by the joggers, whose outfits – a teacher or sister points out to the younger girls – are not *tzanua* (modest).

The *midrahov* is different. It's the inner city, the city center, difficult to pretext, hard to signify as Kosher. Wandering the "triangle"[33] means looking for adventure, watching how the secular people spend time and money, hoping for quasi-interactions with them, or maybe (God forbid) more than that. The flaneurs of the *midrahov* do not come alone as the ultimate flaneur does, but neither do they come in masses. They are there as small groups of liminal people: ultraorthodox tourists (mainly teenagers), Sephardic teenagers who belong to more moderate communities, young couples, or people looking for an evening outing. Mainstream local ultraorthodox families might cross the zone along their way, but they will avoid it as a space for leisure and consumption.

Indoors/Theirs

Malcha mall is the only site that fits this cell. It is referred to symbolically as "their place,"[34] but in the new reality of Jerusalem, the mall recognizes the needs of the orthodox. (One could say this to a lesser extent about many other public places in Israel as well.) The important point is that those needs are met in the market place: the ultraorthodox are recognized as potential consumers. With self-imposed restrictions (no teenagers on their own, and even not with their parents), Malcha mall, with its inside/outside characteristics (like the nineteenth-century arcade), is a good place for flaneurism. The ultraorthodox use it for wandering without buying, for exercising the contemporary experience of leisure in the presence of merchandise, for presenting themselves as potential customers who should be recognized, and for actualizing limited to minor extravagances, mainly food. In a way, this is what most people do in the mall. Most come there to stroll, to hang out, to eat cheap food, and to actualize their right to window shop; to see and be seen, to enjoy the fact that the salespeople have no idea how much money they are ready to spend.

In Benjamin's terms, they are full participants in the contemporary era. By joining the crowds they do not automatically confirm structural capitalism. According to Rojeck's reading of Benjamin, they also practice an act of subversion (Rojek 1997). When they become part of the masses, both their ultraorthodoxy and the secular designation of the mall lessen. They become part of the tribe of potential consumers and blur other cultural parameters that separate them from the mob. They experience the fantasy of consumerism, and fantasy is one of the moral community's greatest enemies. The connections between content, appearances, and meaning weaken, threatening the cultural (not the religious) structure of ultraorthodoxy.

As opposed to those who read consumerism only as a means of control, Benjamin makes room for liberating experiences. The fact that people do not stroll the mall on their own or as couples, tend to come in larger groups, and eat only in certain restaurants restricts those experiences but does not eradicate them.

Outdoors/Ours

In this cell of the matrix, we follow the people on Malchi Israel Street, the ultraorthodox Oxford Street. It runs through the heart of ultraorthodox territory and offers a classic urban stroll, taking in a combination of public institutions, historical sites, modern venues, essential stores, and a few luxurious and fun ones. This is where real shopping is done, for clothes, food, school supplies, medicine, and limited luxuries.

At the same time this classic urban street does not offer its stroller the anonymity of the metropolis. Every individual who exposes him/herself on the pavement can be easily affiliated if not recognized. The clothes, the hats, the hair cover, the stockings – all tell exactly who you are. Thus, the outside/ours experience of flaneurism on Malchi Israel Street is a real phenomenon of the contemporary city, an exhibition of private exploration under social supervision. Every city street has its rules. Here the rules run counter to the culture of contemporary consumption. The people maneuver between the two, knowing how tight the restrictions are and what their bodies should convey. They convey the requisite busy, goal-oriented mode, but capitalize on the fact that no one can really tell why they are out there. They rush on the pavement but take their time inside the stores. They buy some food at the take-out deli, but stop once in a while and eat at the falafel stand.[35] If walking the street is indeed a speech act, as De Certeau claims, and if it "affirms, suspects, tries out, transgresses, respects, etc." (De Certeau 1984: 99), this is what the movements on Malchi Israel Street say:

> I know I am walking within the borders of my community, and therefore I do not allow my body to display time spending, pleasure, strolling, or lack of purpose. I look around and know that I am being looked at. I carry out expected actions but look for new ones. I buy what I need, but look at (and sometimes buy) what I want. I am aware that the fantasies of Malchi Israel Street are limited, but I notice (and affirm by participation) a steady pushing of those limits to accommodate more and more luxury. The zone of Malchi Israel Street offers a vivid urban experience balanced by the social-moral order but not choked or denigrated by it.

Indoors/Ours

If one is looking for the capacity of the moral order to denigrate the culture of time and money spending, look at Rav Shefa mall. The developers of Rav Shefa assumed that the presence of ultraorthodox people at Center One or Malcha meant that mall culture is legitimate. They assumed that once they built a mall suited to their needs, it would be an instant success. But cultural changes are more complicated, and as of now Rav Shefa is a failure. The open invitation to spend time and money in a designated zone requires full recognition of those actions. It demands a clear exhibition of mall behavior with no way out, no blending into a mob, no hiding within the "other culture." Coming to Rav Shefa and keeping it vital means creating a "them" site within "us." It leaves us naked and exposed with no excuses, no way to detach from it. We cannot say we have just come to look at "them," or pass by, or take a peek. Keeping the venue vital means the ultraorthodox have joined the dominant culture. Thus, the only vital spots in Rav Shefa are the orthodox supermarket, the pharmacy, the hamburger stand, and the makeshift amusement

park open in the summer. Maybe time will change the current depressed state of the mall, but as of now the only full amusement mall is the hybrid ours/theirs – Center One.

Center One was built for the secular population. The ultraorthodox community does not have to apologize for or explain its existence. Its growing use by the orthodox resulted in elimination of the symbolic[36] secular expressions of the mall: movie theaters, television sets, and regular fashion stores. At the same time it kept alive certain stores, the restaurant, the fast-food stands, and, of course, the café – the only café in Jerusalem where most of the customers are ultraorthodox, where ultraorthodox people display spending time and money action with coffee-shop manners. The scene looks like any other café, unlike, say, the food stands in Malchi Israel Street. The waitresses look like their counterparts in other eating places in Israel, young (mostly students), wearing pants, and obviously nonorthodox. The menu offers the trendy salads, quiches, stir-fried dishes, pastas, and fancy cakes with Italian names found in other up-scale cafés. It does not offer traditional Jewish food. The territory of Center One is not affiliated to the community, but the community has koshered it. It is not an orthodox mall, but they are the majority in it. Mall habitus has not been approved by ultraorthodoxy, but more and more members of the communities participate in it and experience it.

In the middle of winter in 1999, I (Tamar) had to be in the vicinity of Center One and made a date to meet a student of mine there for lunch. It was raining heavily and I was pleased to find a parking spot nearby. I was early and had some time to walk around. The place was not full. After going twice around the ground level and once upstairs, I sat down at a table at the café and continued my observation. When Rina arrived, wet and breathless, I immediately began pouring out my impressions: "That's it, this is the end, they have joined the mob. Look around, a Hassidic couple drink cappuccino? ultraothodox people sitting in clear view on a stage, casually eating spaghetti Alfredo? ultraorthodox mothers with baby strollers eating tri-colored lettuce salad with olive oil and herbs?"

Rina, a modern orthodox herself, listened to my words, and more to their tone, looked around and said, "Now that you mention it, yeah, kind of new, but isn't it to be expected?"

Maybe the community leaders expected it, and maybe this is why they have been attacking the "culture of luxury" for the last 30 years. But what one sees in Jerusalem is a paradoxical change. More secular practice is seen in the city – done by ultraorthodox people. One could say that contemporary Jerusalem is "less holy," not because it lost its ultraorthodox population, but because that population has expanded its habitus, which includes now new practices, many secular in character. A growing number of religious people are carrying out profane activities. At the same time, the "Public Sphere" of the city, zones that were never marked as

orthodox, is less lay or secular due to the presence of ultra/orthodox people in them. The power relations between its different inhabitants set the social rhythm of the city. A change in this rhythm affects the appearance of the Public, which in return bears an impact on the communities themselves. The gaps between the secular and orthodox habitus lessen, the border zones of the city are blurred. Crossing them becomes an easier act, although more orthodox people are seen in the secular sections than vice versa. More and more are participating in the same culture wearing different costumes. They meet in the consumption and leisure zone where they are all equal, and diminish the moral differences between them. The fact that they keep their costumes on, and many more aspects of their lives are separate and unique, hides this change and moderates its pace. It does not block it.

References

Benjamin, W. (1970), "On some Motifs in Baudelaire," in *Illuminations*, trans. Harry Zohn, London: Jonathan Cape.

—— (1978), "Paris, Capital of the Nineteenth Century," *Reflections*, New York: Harcourt Brace Janovich.

Choshen, M. (1998), *Jerusalem on the Map – Basic Facts and Trends, 1967–1996*, Jerusalem: Jerusalem Institute for Israel Studies.

De Certeau, M. (1984), *The Practice of Everyday Life*, Berkeley: University of California Press.

Frisby, D. (1977), "The Introduction," in D. Frisby and M. Featherstone (eds), *Simmel on Culture*, London: Sage.

Gurevitz, Z. and Gideon, A. (1994), "Never in Place: Eliade and Judaic Sacred Places," *Archives de Siences sociales des religions*, pp. 4–14.

Harvey, D. (1985), *The Urban Experience*, Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press.

Hertzman, E. (1985), Untitled, *Marve Latzame*, vol. 50 (Hebrew).

Rojek, C. (1997), "Leisure' in the writings of Walter Benjamin," *Leisure Studies*, 16: 155–71.

Shilhav, Y. (1993), "Religious Teritorial Extremism," *Mahanaym*, 5: 174–85 (Hebrew).

Simmel, G. (1997), "The Introduction," "The Sociology of Space," and "The Metropolis and Mental Life," all in D. Frisby and M. Featherstone (eds), *Simmel on Culture*, London: Sage.

Wolff, J. (1995), *Resident Alien: Feminist Cultural Criticism*, New Haven: Yale University Press.