

3rd of August 2021

9:36am / 14°

Vaakuna
Clas Ohlson
H & M
Intersport
Vero moda
P
Visit Vaasa Finland
Hair rewell center wella
The body shop
P
Sokos emotion
Spec savers optikko
Vaakuna vaasa
Rewel
Intersport
Sale
Rewell
Elisa
Koti
Intersport
Koti
Nissen
B
Salkari
Synsam
Akateminen
Wasadent
Oral
Kirjakaup-
Aukia
Amarillo
Rkioski
Studio ticket
Gorans
Akademiska bokhand
Dongrai
C.J. Hartman
Social burger joint
Social burger joint
Stadium
Little pub
Högskolestiftelsen
Nooga
Panorama
Agentor

Lifti
Allen
Pop
A3
Cava
P
Intersport
Gina tricot
Mos ned
Nakcyl
Skall den har
Nakcyl
Sprida
Vasa Torgcafé
Tule tori-
Kahville!
Original by sokos hotel
Taste of holland
Wasa city
KLY 381
Burgers
Cafe de Paris
Pizza
Suomalainen
i
Original by sokos hotel
K
Tuoretta utta
Bar
P
P
Telia
Arnolds
Bis
Halonen
Kapphal
Åentik
Espen
Sweco
Partioitta
Lemon soft
Vasa
Waasa
City bus
Alko
Lindex
Telia
K city market

Espen
Op
Halonen
Kapphal
Friend's&Brgrs
Bio rex
Unitas
Chill house
Iggy blanc
Nordea
Amore
Ice cream and waffles
Jäätelöä
Glass
Ice cream
Softs
Apteekki apotek
Teatro
Sulaa suussa
Minetti
Jäätelö
Missäs Muussa
Tauko paus
Wa-
Tunne
Likenne-
Säännöt
Intersport
Aktia
Panorama

10:30am / sound I see the source

The rustling of the leaves from the tree on my left. Today is extra windy. The metal sign, las patas raspan el asfalto. The water dripping from that small fountain. The cable hitting the flag pole. The sneakers, the shoes, the people walking, passing by the bench I'm sitting on. The wheels of that suitcase against the asphalt. The people speaking on the benches far away from my bench in front of me. My nails, scratching my head. The wind in my ears, kind of the sound when you record with a device without a boom of fluffy stuff. The car. The case of my phone. A can opening. A squeaking sound. Kids speaking with their mom. A tall cart with some boxes being pushed. An ambulance. A sign falling. BAM! UIUIUIUIUIUIUIUIUIUI!! UIUIUIUIUI!! GGGGGGGRRGGGGGG. DPDPDPDPDPDPDPD. CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, CLACK, ME DEJAN. UST. CLACK CLACK CLACK CLACK.

10:23am / sound I follow

There is a van passing by that has just parked. The door glides open, and then it closes. There are actually two flagpoles making a sound. A bicycle passes by and steals my attention from the flagpoles. There's another clack sound but I can't see where it comes from. The delivery man is coming back with an empty cart which he then puts on the truck. I sigh. Tan solo de pensar en que tengo que hablar y compartir mis ideas o pensamientos me dio una pesadez en forma de suspiro. There is a big truck somewhere, I cannot see it. I try to find it. A family passes by. There's the big truck! Entering the square. I couldn't see the company but the truck was white. Bicycle. I always forget how to write it. Bicycle. Bicycle. Meh. People pass by walking. Someone is speaking on the phone with the speakerphone on. I don't know what language it is. It's ok. I have experienced that sometimes it is better not to know what people are saying. This person is walking. Moving. Speaking. Going around the bench I'm sitting on.

10:33am / Acousmatic sound

If I only look at the paper, really most of the sound is acousmatic since I'm not seeing the source of the sound. That flagpole is really going at it. It has been going at it the whole time. I heard it from a distance and thought "that is going to probably annoy me. It kind of annoys me already". Nevertheless, there I went and sat next to it. Rrrrrrrright next to it. Clack a thousand times. I wonder how many times it has clacked since I have been here. 10:37am, let's count: 21+100+26+5+47+7+26+49+7+62+26. 10:41am, so in 4 minutes there were 376 clacks I could count.

That is quite a bit much, maybe. I'm sitting here so I guess it's bearable.

15:54h / 18°

"Compass" 3 min. Changing positions.

Looking in front of me, knowing that something is happening on my back. Not the city, not the square, but a performative act.

The square has lost its shape, if it ever had one without restrictions. Stands, pop-up shops, alakazam! A fruit market. All there making a renewed square. Occupying? Dwelling? Streets start to form within the square, passages, lanes, hallways, paths. Surfaces where one can and cannot walk. People obey these structures.

15:59h / 18°

Now I'm somewhere else. The "not real grass" gives some kind of "look" to the place. The lines on the grass don't make sense to me. Not sure what kind of game is supposed to be played here. With the busses in sight I can see more of the city, or not see but I have the feeling of the city. The motors roaring, the people chatting on the bench, families stroll, entertainment for the kids is available.

16:03h / 18°

The sun is in front of me now. I can see the shadow of my hand and the pen on the paper. It's almost as if the shadow is chasing the pen which is writing. Or is it the other way around? Trees are still blooming, the clouds move, the wind blows; I have the feeling that the city is outside the square, but not inside the square. I'm not sure what I mean by that, but there is the feeling. Do I have that feeling because I'm not moving? Because I belong to the square at the moment?

16:07n / 18 degrees

I am looking at the most breathtaking, majestic display of t-shirts. They all have a black background and different animals and motifs in them. I can't stop looking at them. I might have to get one, but which one? The wolf with the Moon is a classic. The felines are not my jam but this mold dog one is giving me life & style. I don't think I can pull off the punter one, although the combination of blue and yellow in that one is (insert gesture).

4th of August 2021

9:48 a.m. 16 degrees

Line formation

Softness and hardness

It's a bit broad to think about softness and hardness. I see the cobblestone and I know the material is hard. However, the smoothness of its edges, The Shining areas that have been rubbed by the soles of the passerbys make them have a softness in them. The softness is, of course, eliminated the moment I begin to walk on them. I can feel every step resonating in my body. In the words of the police "Every breath you take, every move you make, every breath You take, every step you take I'll be resonating in you".

9:52 a.m. 16 degrees

Shadows seem soft. Not only do their edges softened on the surface, but they allow for some light in them so we are still able to see the surface they are resting upon. The cobblestones, the people, the chairs, the plants, everything on the surface cast a shadow, a gentle shade dancing with sun. I wonder if for ants a cloud is something too big to grasp; but the shade of the tree functions as a moving cloud. In fact, the tree is not moving, nor the sun, but the Earth rotating on the vastness that surrounds it.

9:56 a.m. 16 degrees

The sun is harsh, or it can be. Too much time under it and the face begins to boil. The sun can be soft, going out on a cold winter day while The Frozen ground crisps one's face, the Sun rests gently on it, caressing the skin like a silk drape. Shapes, surfaces, matter. It all has a softness and harshness. In the square, one can find soft faces, gentle gestures; or bump against hard stares. Days, soft days, hard days.

10:00am 16c

Hard plastic box. Soft strawberries. Soft plant. Hard plant. Hard pole. Hard wood. Soft rubber tires. Soft flesh. Soft cardboard. Hard metal chair. Hard metal drain. Hard stone. Soft rubber cable. Hard glass. Soft hoodie. Soft hair. Soft banner. Hard metal sculpture. Soft bird. Hard time under the sun.

10:03am 16c

I wonder about people. Softness and hardness can go so many places with people. Gestures, words, meaning, interpretations, intentions. So many things can vary. Needs, desires. There is a lot of depth in people. This depth is not always so simple as to attach this meaning only to depth in their thinking or their sensibility. But there are so many experiences

we build and construct our lives upon, that depth is bound to happen. Layers upon layers that talk to each other; communicating and activating things we don't even know are there.

10:07am 16c

I had to turn away from the sun. It was too hard on my face. It's funny to look at what was behind me. The past can be hard. But we can be soft on how we look at it. The square looks softer without the sun frying my face. I know "fraying" is too hard, scolding is hard too. The edges of the building look defined upon the blue sky backdrop. Is there harshness in definition? I would say somewhat yes. Definitions, for me, constrict the possibility of something, the flexibility and playfulness at times. The eyes of people squint at the harshness of the sun.

10:11am 16c

The wind is soft on my face. Voices resonate hard on metal. Wood is softer for sounds. Robust some would say. That person has soft fluffy hair. Light sweaters blown by the wind bring some softness to how fabric looks. Even if the actual feel is not soft on the skin, to the touch. A lot of brands and names rain into the eyes of the dwellers of the square. Marketing, that can be (or is?) harsh. Understanding is soft.

10:15am 16c

(Sweet baby Jesus, I got to the shade of the metal stage in the middle of the square- So much relief from the sun). Light can be soft or hard. Glow, a soft word for light perhaps? Soft colors, hard colors. I guess with color it also depends on its use. Hard spikes (punk spikes) on top of the light poles (lamp poles?) so pigeons or birds in general don't or can't sit there. Just like they do it with benches in some cities so homeless people can't sleep or inhabit them. Harshness, definitely harshness.

10:18am 16c

Curves of pipes and cables, tunes and letters. "Organic" forms seem softer to me. Soft light bulbs in the window displays. The feeling of soft coziness with some sort of light. Sounds, soft gentle sounds and harsh loud spiky sounds. People running or strolling. Softly breaking the ether on the square or a razor blade cutting it with their sprint.

10:22am 16c

Openness and closedness. I went from the middle of the square to the side because I couldn't walk forward anymore. I'm on the side where containers, back stages, cables, and side shenanigans find a room. The entrance of the parking lot seems to be here. I have to get there at some point this week (the parking lot). Harsh reflective stripes. Hard bricks. Soft mold on them. Soft moss on the tree. A bank, harsh. Money, harsh. Electricity, uhm, that's a good one. Harsh in the beginning but soft if I think how my dad told me you can think of electricity and current as flows of water.

10:26am 16c

I can see the other people writing. Soft. I am behind the containers as if I was hidden, soft. I see a pair of elderly people going both with their strollers and companionship, soft. I sigh, soft. The automatic doors open, soft, slowly. The wind blows that person's hair, soft. I move my fingers, arm, body, I stretch, soft. My hand glides on the jeans, soft.

XX:XX XX (A container is blocking the sight of the clock)

The sound of the city in the morning tends to be soft. I sense a smell. There is a bin nearby. Since the day of my arrival to this city I've been wondering about the smells of the city. And, this city hasn't given me almost any smells until now. In general I would say cities in Finland don't smell. Even in the cities where there are paper factories it doesn't smell that bad. Luckily, farming country areas smell. It's shitty though.

10:33am 16c

I am completely hidden now. I hear the soft roar of the cars. And smell the harsh pungent smell of the port-a-potties. I see a flag, or the reflection of a flag on a window in the building in front of me, softly waving with the wind. There's a sticker of a surveillance camera on the container. I guess it says, or it means, this area is monitored. Surveillance, harsh. Moss growing between the cobblestone, soft.

10:34am 16c

I'm almost at the end of the square. I can see the soft waving of the flag next to me now. The cars pass by in front of me. Giuuuuuu Giuuuuuu, the cars softly glide on the pavement. The shoes of that person look soft. The sandals of that other person look hard, especially on the cobblestone. Time. I'm unsure of that one. If I had to choose right now I would say it is harsh. The construction of time at least.

10:40am 16c

I'm at the edge of the square now. My feet are tired. The asphalt looks flat and harsh. The metal sound of those cables sounds harsh. There are some soft voices in the background. The sound of the cars is louder and harsher now. The pt-sssssss sound the bus makes is soft. The wind blows softer than yesterday. A person holds the infant's hand while walking. They stop next to me. Look around. Looking for something, and then go. The sound of the paper bag against the jeans, harsh. I closed my eyes and took a breath, soft. So soft.

4th of August 2021

13:36h 16 degrees

Organic paths

"When in doubt be a creep"

I followed a person, a pair, until the lateral edge of the square. If this would be a point where people enter, then 5 people just used this door.

There is a structure here with a roof and the entrance to the parking lot. I might have to follow my curiosity and desire to see the underground of the square. Is it an open space? Is it full of columns? How many cars are there?

13:41 / x

The parking lot or underground square is packed. I definitely thought there would be less cars. Much less than this.

There are roughly 320 cars here. There are more spots, I can see some empty spaces.

13:45 / x

I walked to another door within the underground square, I am unsure what I am. I was thinking of going up and seeing where I popped out. I have also been wondering if I could hear anything from the square but between the cars and the people here, and the wall, the layers of concrete I can't really hear anything from above. Or at least I think so. There doesn't seem to be more floors below. There are two security guards walking around. Police and security people always make me uneasy.

13:49h / x

I am at the square now, above. I didn't think I had walked that much below but I'm kind of on the other end of the square. I think I will walk above to the other end, then go down, walk above to the other end, then go down, walk, then up. A kind of weaving of the square between the square and the underground square.

The square is cozy on these sides where there are the structures for the entrances to the underground square or parking lot. I would have loved to see the hole that Johanna mentioned was here when they were building the square, or rather when they dug to build the parking lot.

13:54h / x

I walked across. Passed the stand in the middle of the square. I was quite a bit sad not to see the t-shirts stand there today. Especially since I wanted to get one for P. People use these two points, and create a line which resembles a street. And conveniently the stands are located to the sides. I wonder if they told the stand where they should place or if it's coincidental. Maybe it's not coincidental since the type of stones change from cobblestones to a flatter one.

13:59h / x

In the underground square. There are some doors going to specific spaces outside the square. One seems to be going to the supermarket. Other one to a place called espen. Ah, the one that goes to the supermarket goes to the shopping centre.

I have lost all my orientation right now. But that is not surprising since I'm always getting disoriented no matter where I am. I end up rotating on an axis and choosing a direction as a summer beetle.

14:03h / x

I love the vastness of the repetition here. The columns hide one after the other and then expand while I walk to discover the perspective. Columns grow and decrease in size. Cars become a mash above the floor. I wonder where the people entering the underground square are coming from. Which one is their car. Where are they going. Some heads pop up from the sea of hood. They float and move until the body appears.

14:07h / 17c

The temperature has gone up 1c between 13:36h and 14:08h

The cafe here is full now and there is live music. A person stares at the notebook while passing by.

I'm trying to find the other people writing. I see V... can't find L or S. There are some people standing next to me. The rest walk, again, as if these points were a sort of gate/door to the square.

14:12h / 17c

It's nice to be seated. I am mainly observing at the moment.

- I wonder if one could register the paths of people on the square, what would one see, or how would that look like?
- I wonder how many people have the habit of coming to the square to walk, or to have their favorite place here. Or/and how many people just come because they have a reason such as a "meeting point", an appointment, or a place they need to go to (bank, supermarket, etc).
 - With the white paper plus the sun I'm quite blinded now.

14:17h / 17c

I have returned to the starting point, which is also the meeting point.

Today the square feels a bit more like the city. Sounds are very dynamic. There are more people. Weather is nicer. The singer is singing in Spanish. Y así es, aquí estoy, para en medio de la plaza en Vaasa. Cada cierto tiempo llega a mi un tipo de realización, o un desfase, una voz que repite "vivo en Finlandia, "vivo en Finlandia". Es entonces que todo me parece tan surreal, lejano, desapegado. Pero aquí estoy.

5th of August 2021

14:44h / 19c

Describing a place in the square without recognizing it

There are many lines which bleed into the open area surrounded by tall structures. One can walk, run, glide, ride, move any way one wants to get there. Once there, if one goes to the center or middle one could rotate on one's axis until the eyes are caught by the change of the topography.

There is this point in which the ground seems to rise from beneath into a scalonated formation, bringing with it some of the soil between its fissures. The texture in the topography of the surface in this area and along the vertical structure variates. Some are more rough than others, some divided into smaller areas. Some have more relief. Colors diversify. Openings between its units change.

When you are able to reach the vertical formation feel free to engage with the levels available at hand. One can rest on the bottom or adventure upwards. It's not a long way up so once on the top you can take a rest and just be.

Be aware though, this place can be a peaceful point or a lively meeting place for people who enjoy the fermented beverages, the cloudy fiery sticks, and the high frequency resonances. If you are into all that when the sun is up, by all means, feel at home. You can meet plenty of people. You might also have to be aware that age groups are also diverse. So, I am unsure of the welcoming capabilities of the ones who haven't been dwelling on these planes for long. In my experience they can be quite unpredictable. But, overall, I would say quite harmless, they have proven to be mostly confused and unaware of either life expectancy, or too much of it.

The vertical formation has mainly four established sides. However, in reality, it was too many for me to count. It's sides and perspectives are not only attained from the horizontal movements but anything that surrounds it. Everywhere that surrounds it. But, if what you seek is the sides where it is possible to slow down to the point of stillness, then, you will only find the four points of entrance. And five levels to explore upwards, and once on the fifth then downwards. Today I am at the fourth. The early dwellers next to me are spread through

all the levels. I like the fourth level, the high difference between the third and fourth level is enough to have my legs falling by its weight and even swinging them a bit. Well, I hope you find your way there. However that might be, whenever that might happen.

15:10h / 19c

Writing from the perspective of the square

Every day passes, although time is not really here in the same way that it is for the passerby. I get hot, I get cold, I get frozen. I hold a lot. I am empty. I was here before I was. Or rather, maybe the possibility of myself was always here, and the shape came one day. A shape defined by others but not by myself. A shape, a name. I had no say in that. I have become what someone has done of me. I am what they do. Or... What was I before? Before I belonged to everything and nothing. I just was, boundaryless. I still am, deep down, way deep down. Below where they have sectioned my insides, or at least a layer of it. A lot has changed through the years, and a lot will. In the scale of things, space wise, what you see is but a pore of me. In the scale of time, well, you invented that so you tell me. I am space, now a place containing more space and places. Places come and go, or the type of places at least.

The New kinds of the block begin to sound like a distant echo "step by step, ohhh baby..."
En realidad no tengo límites, esos los has impuesto tu para ti. Me pregunto por qué. ¿Por qué decides ponerte más y más límites? Como diría Juan Gabriel "pero qué necesidad, para qué tanto problema?... ¿Qué necesidad (o necedad) tienes de delimitar las cosas? De limitarlas. De limitarte. ¿Es acaso que te da miedo perderte, no saber, qué? Quizás son muchas preguntas combinadas, es posible. Probable. Andable. Moldeable. Pasable. Able, dicen en inglés. Hable dicen en Español. Con h y sin h. Lugar y espacio. Juega, juega pero no te delimites. Juega, pregunta. Juega sin la expectativa de una respuesta. Piérdete, aunque sea tantito. Poquito. Tantitititito. Okey va, pon si quieres tu timer y piérdete, déjate ir, por ese periodo de tiempo. Dale un chanza.
Atentamente. La plaza / Zócalo.