

This was one of the many trips I took to and from the Ferry terminal. Tourists and locals would pack onto the bus and often spark up conversations with one another in order to facilitate the awkward physical closeness.



This photo was taken on the first day that Gozo began the new bus system (new bus times and routes). All the elderly local ladies (who would later be found gossiping on the bus) were lined up in front of the staff room to complain about the new system. Ir-Rabat was completely chaotic that day.



This is a bus driver named Ronnie I befriended throughout my time in Gozo, he would often invite me to accompany him throughout his driving shifts.



This is the view of the Azure Window from the 311 bus to Dwejra. I always enjoyed taking this bus as it acted like a tour bus for me at the same time as a field site. The drive down to the Azure window was beautiful and always united the tourists on the bus in the same side to side head movements while passing different scenery.



Although I had not set out to study people on the busses it grabbed my attention when locals began chatting to me on the bus rather than plugging themselves into portable music devices or avoiding eye contact at all costs (my usual bus experience in Canada). I am interested in how the bus itself is never really a "place," as a bus is always in motion, or stalling before heading to the next location. As a result the bus is not really a place but many spaces always moving around the island, creating unique social environments at each stop. At one stop it is a tourist bus, and at the next stop it becomes a shuttle for a large group of gossiping elderly ladies to complete their errands.

My methodology consisted of waiting at Ir-Rabat (the heart of the bus system in the city centre), and I hopped on which ever bus happened to be leaving. Once on the bus I would observe the interactions that took place between groups of people (school children, elderly people, tourists, etc.), individuals (lone travelers, work commuters, bus drivers etc.), and the bus itself. While taking notes on the bus I would often strike up conversations with anyone near me and would chat with them about anything and everything, thus becoming a part of the social environment (participant observation). I also befriended several bus drivers and learned a lot about the bus system, which happened to change part way through my field study. Throughout this process I was able to record an immense variety of interactions in my field note book.

One of the greatest moments I experienced was when I sat at the rear of the bus, observing many different interactions between several elderly ladies, heading back home after a morning of shopping and errands. At a stop right outside Ir-Rabat, another elderly lady flagged the bus with her left arm. The bus pulled over to her and she took a seat at the front of the bus near several other elderly ladies. As the bus departed she turned to speak to a woman to her right. Suddenly her eyes grew wide and she yelled to the bus driver, the rest of the bus began to laugh; she had flagged the wrong bus! The bus driver pulled up at the following station, and she alighted the bus. While she left the bus she laughed and yelled with the rest. As the door closed a woman sitting to my laugh made a loud comment and the bus was united in more roars of laughter. I loved this moment as is demonstrated the social interactions and communities that the bus allows, and the amount of laughter that often took place on the Gozo busses.

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# The Gozo Busses a unique 'place' for social interactions