

[27 August - 23 September 2012]

[www.play-urban.org]

**[p l a y > u r b a n
j o h a n n e s b u r g]**

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This short publication is a project of Play>Urban, a collaborative project initiated in 2011 by Ecole Supérieure des Arts Décoratifs (Strasbourg, France) and the Wits School of Arts (Johannesburg), in collaboration with the Académie des Beaux Arts de Kinshasa (Democratic Republic of Congo). It focuses on a residency that brings together some fifty students, faculty members, artists, researchers and cultural activists in a collaborative process centered on site-specific urban interventions in Johannesburg.

The publication is structured around three sets of interventions by Johannesburg-based artists and responses to these by residency participants. These three sets of interventions, proposed by artists whose work exists in a symbiotic relationship to the city of Johannesburg, served to anchor the residency process. The artists involved were Bettina Malcomess, Dorothee Kreutzfeldt and the Ntsoana Contemporary Dance Theatre (Sello Pesa, Humphrey, Brian, Vaughan).

What follows is not a finished product. The goal of these pages is not to present the residency in its entirety, nor even a part of it, but rather to capture key moments in its ongoing process. In this sense, it is a snapshot. It is also part of a much larger publication project, slated to span several years.

Play>Urban is a **>>collaborative<<** project initiated in 2011 by two art schools, Ecole Supérieure des Arts Décoratifs (Strasbourg, France) and the Wits School of Arts (Johannesburg), in collaboration with the Académie des Beaux Arts de Kinshasa (Democratic Republic of Congo). Participants are students and faculty from all three schools, as well as invited artists and researchers. Together, they aim to investigate and, where possible, to bridge the gap between

creative practice & research

in the elaboration of knowledge about cities.

In its initial phase (2011-2013), the project is structured around a series of residencies taking place in France and South Africa: moments of joint endeavour that facilitate exchanges between students, pedagogues, artists, researchers and cultural activists. The first residency (August 27 -September 23, 2012) is underway as this publication goes to press.

The focus of the 2012 residency, and of *Play>Urban* as a whole, is neither urban planning nor architecture. It is the types of environments that city-dwellers construct through their **daily interactions**. Via experiments with

time-based media,

site-specific interventions,

performances

and, more generally, a reflection process articulated around collective action, the residency seeks to elaborate responses to – and an understanding of – the ways in which such environments function.

The residency takes place outside the physical purview of the academy and, wherever possible, beyond the realm of what is generally referred to as the built environment. Its primary staging ground is the street.

An open-ended series of hypotheses and questions shapes the **process.**

Core queries centre around: the notion of play; that of the city as a theatre of operations; the concept of people as infrastructure; the role of body politics in the making of city life; the nature of audiences in the production and reception of art in the city.

What follows is a brief outline of some of the ideas we seek to explore.

[The city] *A locus of play?*

To play is to interact and, in the process, to elaborate new relations and identities.

This is true of the most innocent games and the most elaborate theatrical productions alike. In the context of a residency and project such as ours, can play be deployed as a methodology – a way of thinking about and interacting with the city – that allows us to look at the city through new eyes? Can we invent rules and roles for ourselves, akin to rules in a game or parts in a play, which bring us to engage with the city in ways that we would not have otherwise? In the process, can we impact our practice as artists in lasting and relevant ways? What are the political and the ethical stakes involved in such an experiment? What is the risk that we will succumb to superficial readings and encounters – a skating on the surface of the city? Might such surface encounters prove productive? Is our position that of voyeurs and, if so, is this problematic? With whom are we playing? Is this a game among ourselves or does it involve others? If others are involved, how are they chosen and to what extent are they given a choice as to their participation? How do we define who is “us” and who “they”? Do we have a right to make such distinctions? Are the categories that result from the making of such distinctions flexible? Are they reversible? Might they be done away with altogether? If so, what happens to the state of play?

RANDOMNESS & CHANCE

are two key aspects of play: without them, there can be no play(ing); if the city is (at least in part) a space of play, how do randomness and chance shape the quotidian experiences of those who live in and travel through the city? What are their (differing) impacts on individuals and groups or, more broadly, communities? How, in such a setting, does one define community?

[The city] *A theatre of operations?*

As the questions outlined above suggest, play is not a matter of (simple) amusement. Indeed, it commonly proves deeply fraught. As such, it offers a useful entry point into a second set of issues that stand at the heart of the Johannesburg residency.

CONFLICT

is an integral part of city life and, in this setting, we would posit, ***theatricality*** – quite literally the making of play – has a significant role. It structures confrontations between and cohabitation among competing interest and points of view. What does this mean concretely for urban artists whose practice (as is the case with many of us) bears close links to the theatre: scenographers, choreographers, dancers, performance and installation artists? How, by engaging with practices of theatricality, do we move beyond production that reflects given, conflictual states of affair to production that impacts on these states of affair? Is it productive and/or legitimate to seek such impact and what responsibilities does this entail? Is it legitimate not to seek such impact and, once again, what are the responsibilities involved? Are we (or do we seek to be) activists? If so (or if not), what exactly does the term mean? Is it possible to create art that simultaneously interrogates and draws upon urban practices of theatricality without upstaging the very practices that drive this creative process? One approach is to privilege context-driven modes of artistic production: processes and outcomes that exist only insofar as they are in dialogue with the urban environments within which they are staged. Such a strategy – or, more properly a

tactic –

demands that one be open to producing work that morphs: work that, because it mirrors the city to which it seeks to speak, is forever unstable, whether in form, meaning or both. What are the practical and the theoretical implications of this?

[The city] *an infrastructure of people?*

Implicit in what precedes is a rejection of canonical representations of the city. Mainstream urbanism commonly presents cities in the global South as dysfunctional on the grounds that they lack viable infrastructure: bridges, sewage systems, highways and the like, which (should) structure the economic, social and political activities of their residents. A “proper” city, the argument goes, is predictable and therefore stable. Alternative models for understanding cities of the global South (and, increasingly, cities in Eastern Europe) look to infrastructure as an infinitely more complex concept and privilege both ***instability*** and **unpredictability** as an integral part of what makes cities work. Thus, AbdouMalik Simone, who, in a seminal text, writes the following on Johannesburg’s inner city core:

[The city is] characterized by incessantly flexible, mobile and provisional intersections of residents ... These intersections ... depend on the ability of residents to engage complex combinations of objects, spaces, persons and practices. These conjunctions become an infrastructure – a platform providing for and reproducing life in the city.

Flexibility and **provisionality** are key building blocks of this infrastructure, he argues, as are **movement** (physical and virtual) across a wide range of spaces and temporalities. This is so in particular, he shows, where conventional infrastructure is lacking or has proven entirely unadapted to those meant to make use of it. The result, he proposes, is a radical **REINVENTION** of urban life on a daily basis.¹ How, the residency asks, can artistic production speak to such a process of reinvention, not only reflecting it, but also (and more importantly) embodying it? Can the process of making art in the city be understood as a form of infrastructure building? If so, to what ends and for whom? And how does what is built intersect with other infrastructural projects?

¹ A.M. Simone, “People as Infrastructure: Intersecting Fragments in Johannesburg.” *Public Culture* 16, 3 (2004), pp. 407-408.

[The city] *a body politics?*

In conventional studies of the city, the subject of infrastructure is often addressed in

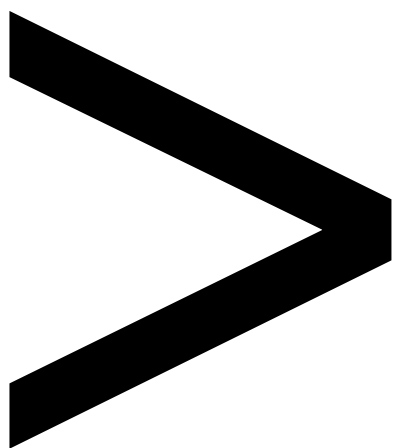
conjunction with that of **public space**. This is so because the construction and maintenance of bridges, sewage systems and the like and those of spaces reserved for interaction between city-dwellers are seen as belonging, for the most part, to the purview of municipal authorities whose function is to ensure the well-being of the city's inhabitants. In many cities of the global South, such studies hold, the absence of viable infrastructure goes hand in hand with that of viable public space(s). Alternative analyses suggest that such a vision of public space is reductive.

Of significantly more interest, and far more productive, are takes on the city that imagine public space as something that is created by bodies in movement. A key concept, in this regard, is that of **body politics**: the notion that through one's presentation, or one's stylisation of self (Nuttall 2004), one actively inflects the very nature of the urban space one inhabits, transforming it in ways both ephemeral and lasting (or altogether structural). In the process, one can be seen to actively carve out public space where no such thing was previously in existence. Such space-making has powerful political implications that speak directly to core questions the residency seeks to address. Experiments with play and theatricality such as are outlined above are deployed in an effort to understand mechanisms whereby public space is constructed in places like the inner-city explored by Simone. Can the type of context-driven practice that is at the heart of the residency produce public space? If so, in what manner does it intersect with other forms of space and infrastructure-making and to what ends? In the act of producing (or seeking to produce) space, what types of relations emerge between those who create space and those who use it? Are such distinctions apposite?

[The city] *audience as generative space?*

If, through a deployment of bodies, public space can be carved out where it previously did not exist, is there an inside and an outside? And are these associated with particular types of actors? Are there those who do – the creators of space – and those who witness this creation? Or are the two inextricably linked? What might answers to these questions mean for artists interested in the type of context-driven, theatrically-inflected practices that the residency seeks to explore? Does public space created through a process of art-making become a manner of **stage** and, if so, how should this stage be understood to function? What kinds of relations to it might we devise that radically unmoor it from the classical viewer-viewed, actor-audience relationship(s) that structure classical theatre and, more generally, performance? Can the concept of the stage be done away with entirely? What of the audience? Should the types of practices that we seek to explore seek also to generate new (unexpected, provisional, shifting) audiences or does such a process smack of precisely the kind of elitism that alternative forms of theatre and performance have for decades, now, sought to undermine? Should the very notion of audience be done away with? If so, are we, as artists, in a position to effect such an erasure? Should we rather think through the possibility of audiences as generative of our practice? If so, how do we conceptualise the notion of audience: simply put, who are its members and how are they constituted?

Neither what precedes nor what follows is a finished product. These pages speak to an ongoing process, spanning several years. As the Play>Urban experiment unfolds, many new directions and queries will emerge, altering our course(s) and gaze(s) alike.





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WITH RAIMI GBADAMOSI

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it starts

with a walk

[Bettina Malcomess] Vantage Point: The City Planned and Unplanned

[Public space]

Planning/ Public Square / Surplus Ground

The 'walk' will start with a bus drive to a public square called the 'library gardens', a nodal point for the East-West and North-South Rapid Bus Transit routes. The library gardens is the site of the city's original Market Square, the centre point of trade and political gatherings in the first 10 years of JHB's history. Further along we will come to the site of the city hall and the burnt out shell of the Rissik Street Post-Office, another 'civic', public space.

In the run-up to the soccer world-cup the city was transformed by the new transport system: the BRT, 'Bus Rapid Transit' system running from Ellis Park to the City Centre and Braamfontein and to the townships. Along the BRT routes, new shops and food franchises opened up – most the same brands as those inside Malls. The stations provide a certain degree of security along the routes and have shifted traffic flow and the sense of safety.

They incorporated artworks done by sand-blasting onto the glass facades – often the artist makes reference to the history of the area in which they are located. We will also pass the Oppenheimer Park, a site developed by the artist collective: Trinity Session along with the Johannesburg Development Agency.

The BRT forms part of the vision of Johannesburg as 'A World Class City', as do new precincts such as the 'Library Gardens', Mary Fitzgerald Square in Newtown and the Oppenheimer Park.

Note the integration of art works with new development on the BRT Stations and in Oppenheimer Park.

Note how these public spaces are they are used and by whom. DO they remain empty, surveilled?

Note what 'marks' these sites as spaces/places (public sculpture, walls of adjacent properties, dumps, signs)

Can you Imagine what has been here before?

Think about the point of view from which a city/urban planner/architect would imagine this space? Discuss the notion of vantage point versus the ground level point of view – of the user/ citizen/pedestrian. How would you represent these different representations of 'space' or 'imaginaries'.

Choose one of the public sites; ask the group to move in across it or come up with a formation (line, walk etc.) or action that responds to these two levels of viewing the spatial character of the site.

[Drive] public transport/ route/ p.o.v	[Walk] territory/ owner- ship/ codes	[People] informal trader/ con- sumer/ commuter / guard	[Gentrification] mall/ rentals/good and bad buildings
<p>To Note while driving:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -newly renovated buildings, marked by developers, eg: AFCCHO, THUFF, City Prop -Churches, often located in warehouses, light industrial and other buildings, Garages -Buildings or flats to let -Flats for sale -Buildings on Auction -Clothing and Material shops (the route we take passes the so-called 'Fashion District' – zoned by the Johannesburg Development agency as an area occupied by traders in clothing, materials etc – and developed and upgraded along these lines) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - notice formal and informal guards (security guards of property, car guards, shop security, etc.) - uniforms and stance - field/area they patrol (public/private) - how they patrol/guard - numbers - signs of security (beware of dogs; entry at own risk etc.) - notice if you can oversee the 'territories' of the walk (open public square, enclosed mall, entrances) -vacant plots, parks, open spaces, trees, walls, streets, empty spaces etc. 	<p>You will pass people along the route (both walked and driven) which takes you through different areas whose character is determined mostly by the kinds of trade.</p> <p>Note how people move through these planned and informal spaces; where you find informal trade; how people claim spaces, gather; or hurry, or watch.</p> <p>Note interactions, transactions between people on the streets, inside the mall, security, surveillance.</p> <p>Note how people greet each other.</p> <p>Note different dress codes.</p> <p>Note the languages you hear.</p>	<p>In the last 10 years several companies began developing and financing the renovation of office blocks in the city into residential units. They are renovated at low cost, maximising the number of units per floor, often rented for short terms, but also for sale to young couples and families.</p> <p>En route note the number of buildings that are:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> -squatted -have been re-developed and re-zoned from office to residential use. -go into one of the buildings to inquire about viewing a flat and the rules of the building and term of the leases.





[Dorothee Kreutzfeldt]

[Guides]

walk/route/orientation

You will lead the group and mark the route.

Notice and map the shifts/edges and cross overs in the neighbourhoods (industrial, sport, transport, leisure, ...).

[Guards]

territory/ ownership/ codes

you are in charge of 'security' of the walk

- walk at the head of the group
- walk at the end of the group

- notice formal and informal guards (security guards of property, car guards, shop security, etc.)

- uniforms
- stance
- field/area they patrol (public/private)
- how they patrol/guard
- numbers

- dogs

- signs of security (beware of dogs; entry at own risk etc.)

- notice if you can oversee the 'territories' of the walk (open public square, enclosed mall, entrances, vacant plots, gardens, walls, streets etc.

[Shops]

trade/transaction

- map the types of shops you will pass
- indicate what buildings the shops are in

- map the traders you will pass (street traders...)

- map any other type of transaction/sale you may notice on the walk

- notice if the types of shops shift from neighbourhood to neighbourhood
- notice if you can guess the nationality of the shop owner

- enter shops if you wish

- China Mall:

Decide for the group if you should enter the mall or not and what you should purchase (umbrella, shoes, nail polish etc.)

[Sounds]

Map the sounds you hear along the route/walk –

Industrial, traffic, churches, birds, wind, objects, conversations in shops, music...

Allocate the source of the sound;

Note the impact of the sound – familiar, disorientating, activity, sense of neighbourhood, accident...

Be silent if need be.

[people]

infrastructure/ neighbourhood/ stranger/resident

You will pass people along the route which takes you through different neighbourhoods.

The neighbourhoods of Bertrams and Troyeville are known for their mixed residential fabric

(Portuguese South Africans, immigrants from Ethiopia, Mozambique, DRC, Somalis, Nigeria,

South African low and middle class families, etc.). See if you can recognise these classifications.

Note how people walk; where you find more people; how people gather;

Note what people do (garden, shop, talk, hang out, play, wash, drive)

Note interactions between the group and people in the neighbourhood, shops, streets, etc.

Note how people greet each other.

Note different dress codes.

Note the languages you hear.

Greet.

[Field]

Planning/Surplus Ground/drawing

You will pass a public square in the sports precinct, vacant lots, a basket ball court – they form part of urban development, planning and the history of the neighbourhoods.

Note how they are used and by whom.

Note what 'marks' these sites (public sculpture, walls of adjacent properties, dumps, signs)

Choose two of the sites; ask the group to draw for ten minutes; decide what you want the group to draw; Imagine what has been here before.

Choose one of the sites; ask the group to move in across it or come up with a formation (line, walk etc.) that responds to the spatial character of the site.

Locate these fields along the walk – how are they linked by streets or structures, signage or landmarks.

[Churches]

Grace/ neighbourhood/ ritual

You will pass many churches on the route.

Write down the names. Map the denomination of the church and the times of services.

Note in what buildings the churches are set up. What do you think the buildings were used for?

Enter two churches if you can – observe the interior/atmosphere/ dress/icons..

Notice anything that speaks of faith and religion.

[Green]

urban/sub-urban/underground/source

Doornfontein = doringbome (thorn); fountain (spring)

You will walk in a valley; you will be close to the source of the Jukskei River which runs into Bez valley,

then north through Alexandra, Hartbeesport Dam, into Crocodile River and the Indian Ocean.

You will walk on one side of the watershed.

You will walk above storm water drains;

You will walk in an area that used to be a farm;

You will pass old Oak trees and newly trees;

Notice and map where the 'natural' landscape intersects with the urban landscape;

Notice the ridges to the north and the south;

Notice grass patches, shrubs, lawns, gardens; distinguish types of trees (are they maintained), flowers;

Distinguish between maintained greens and 'wild' greens.

Notice any animals that you see (birds, dogs, chicken, rats...)

[Games] neighbourhood

chance/planned/

You will pass a sport precinct, where rugby, soccer, boxing, tennis, athletics, swimming, etc. take place.

This is where some of the World Cup Games were played.

The precinct also often houses concerts and church gatherings.

You will also pass Schools with playgrounds and a basket ball court. Map all of these – indicate the differences (branding, scale, maintenance, impulsive...)

Map the types of games you may come across – as indicated in the architecture and in the

use/activities (kids playing, betting, card games, slot machine, hair dressers, bars/pool tables etc.)

Map potential uses of the spaces/architecture that could become games (BRT route, vacant lots, trees, streets for racing etc.)

Notice anything that is 'performative' (the way people walk, the way kids play, the way buildings have been altered etc. .

Notice anything that you would consider an event – an accident, a confrontation or joke.

If you find a bar with a pool table, enter and play a game.





*Lime Light on
Rites*

Sello Pesa

Inner-city Johannesburg

Marshall and Nuggett, Anderson and Goud streets

Remains of a park

Dealers and pimps

A white tent

Thirty plastic chairs

We are invited to sit

A man in a gold shirt

He is distributing flyers for funeral insurance

Ambiguous : is he with us ?

People gather. They are not with us

A man in black, with an umbrella

He walks toward us

More people gather

The man in black is joined by a man in brown

Back and forth, they pass a plate

On the plate, a chicken

They drop the plate, pick up the plate

Up and down, over and over

The man in gold, the man in black and the man in brown walk over to a table and chair nearby

They take turns breaking the chair

We are made to stand

Our chairs are collected

Who knows who was the audience and who the performers ?

JCL – *The people in the space: you think about them as an audience*

SP – *For me, I think about them more as performers than as an audience. As performers ...*

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*Know-how and No-How:
stopgap notes on “method” in visual art as knowledge production*
Sarat Maharaj

visual art

<as>

*knowledge
production*



[Jean-Christophe Lanquetin]

In a park, between Marshall
and Nugget Street. 3rd sep-
tember 2012.

With Humphrey Maleka
from Ntsoana Contemporary
Dance Theatre
We sit in the middle of people
for quite a time, and ob-
serve...
Michel plays with a tyre.

[Alice Neveu] *A Funeral*

A funeral

A tent, some chairs set in line, a place to mourn the chicken flesh

A funeral.

A space created to fill the gap between us and what frightens us: death

A funeral

A ceremony precisely structured with its own codes and expected behaviours

A factory

You're dead / next / you're dead / next / you're dead...

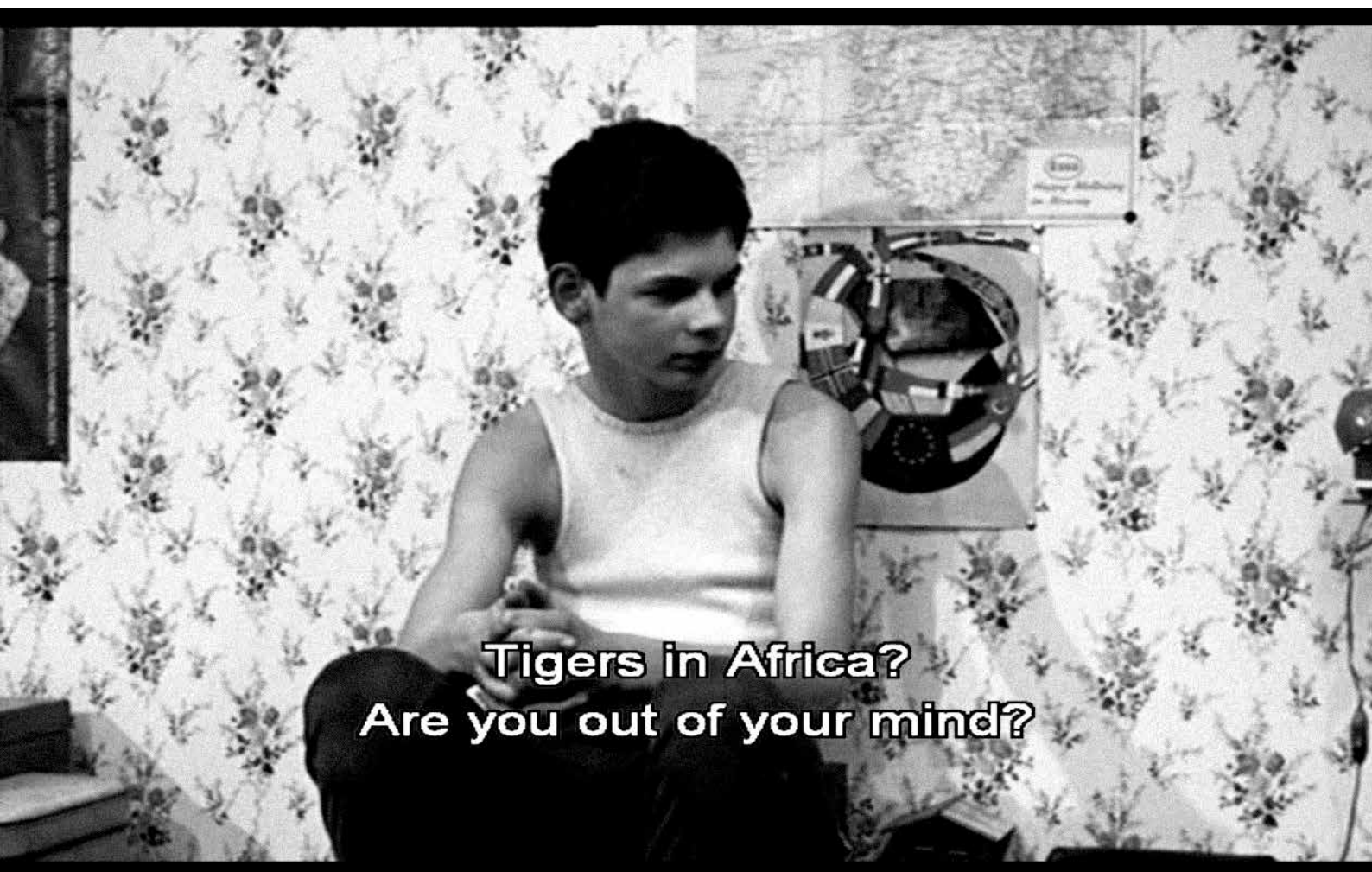
In/for their performance, Sello Pesa and his dancers studied the complex organisation of a funerary business and that also of the space in which they were performing (a pretty dark park in the middle of the city): analysed them, deconstructed them and finally played with them.

How to break the codes that surround us, deal with their structure, criticize or show their failures? He has also questioned for me the freedom of our own body. The dancer's body, the dead body, my body in the city. Is it only an object? Have we lost control of it already? Could we take it back? He has also questioned the idea of a performance in itself, and in particular of a dance performance. Are there expected motions, expected stage(s), expected audience(s)? Sello Pesa and his dancers, Humphrey and Brian, break all such expectations. When we arrived in the park, they were already there. We couldn't tell when the performance started, when it finished. We couldn't tell what was real and what was fiction in this place. Those three men lying on the ground on my right are they a part of it? And these gamblers at my back, could they be dancers? The people around are also "inside" and as an audience we are completely included in the performance: we're part of it.

At a given point, we felt that it was ending. No clapping, but a beautiful silence. Sello and his dancers had transformed

the space and softly shaken something inside it and inside us. When we left, I think that everybody had a different gaze on this place than when we arrived. This is what is powerful in a performance: you can change the timeframe, transform the space and shift the way people look at it. You can also break the codes with which you struggle or are in conflict. For me a performance starts with a conflict. Working/playing in urban spaces is a way to regain a freedom and a full consciousness of what is around us, and it is also a way to communicate with the people who share these spaces with us. A place is certainly not only a geographical space. This may seem obvious, but sometimes I can forget that. People who inhabit a space define it in part through their presence and sometimes you have to realize that you are a guest within it. Talking with Sello Pesa makes clear the importance of this – the importance of taking the time to observe in order to understand, of taking time until eventually the space comes to inhabit you.

[Eve Chabanon] *Tigers in Africa?*



1) what
sort of

knowledge?

[Irène Tchernououtsan] *Betty is not anymore*

At the beginning of the day, as the city starts to be inundated with sun, we all «players» have to join the king kong building situated in the new Doornfontein area.

Facing north, this place stays cold and humid. This microclimate is the stage for our discussions in group and meetings with artists and today Sello Pesa and his dancers are coming.

Brian, one of Sello's dancers is our «godfather». In a group, we start to talk about the dance performance that we saw two days ago in a park. How they were anchored in the context. How they appeared and disappeared. We also talk about their work on the ground. They often dance at two millimetres' distance from the grass and the sand, recalling the attitudes of other, nameless inhabitants of the space having a rest in the park.

We divide into teams. Each team chooses two words, writes them on pieces of paper and drops them in a hat. Our group chooses «appear and disappear».

We start to play.

All the words are in the hat, now. A member from each team digs into the hat and comes away with two words. Ours are «incident» and «death dance»: almost the exact opposite of what we came up.

Brian now leads us to a place of his choice. It's not far, though we still have to get there by car.

We park the car at the beginning of Betty street.

We are close to Arts on Main. The complex occupies two blocks in the inner city. Once, it was something else. Now, it's entirely given over to galleries and trendy shops.. Cross the street and you will find yourself in another dimension. Each street is a new dimension.

As we are walking further, people start to look at us. A bunch of white and black students wandering in this place is not a usual thing. Betty street ends abuts on Woluter street.

This street has a bipolar aspect. One side is occupied by men, the other by women. People are looking at us. Some girls on the team will tell me later how uncomfortable this situation was for them. Honestly, I didn't feel any of the men looking at me. I just felt like a total stranger. A feeling without any kind of nuances.

We walk by a few shops, old garages, a laundromat. Chemicals have spilled out onto the street, tinting the pavement in pleasant hues. There are dead rats. Old shirts. Old skirts. Old trousers. God, it feels like home. Except for the rat. As we are walking, we all have in mind our two words: Incident and death dance. They are

giving to our tour a morbid connotation. We come upon some red and white tape, like the kind police use, on the ground surrounding a manhole.

We need to talk. We need to find a place where we can sit. There is a park. A peaceful place.

Who is Betty? Why does this street bear her name? Is Betty one of the hidden women living in this place?

Her absence is everywhere.

Somehow, a police investigation starts to take place in our mind.

Let's ask «who is Betty?» Maybe city-dwellers know about it.

Easy to say. The reality is that the women are not answering our question; the only man who is inclined to speak is slightly drunk.

We collect some clothes, some records, some photos. Trying to compose a character.

One of the streets we are walking on ends up in a strange public park.

The place is quiet. We are silent. We are in a circle.

We are staring at the ground. People start to look at us. They stop. We stare at the ground some more. We start to put on the ground, one by one, all of the objects that we found thinking about Betty. A credit card, a letter, a dress...We break the circle.

After 10 minutes, we leave the place without Betty's clothes.

Back at Vansa we re-enact this death dance around the table. Not too far, not too close. Just the way we felt about the space. Divided, looked-at, conscious.

I wanted to go back. The women on my team advise me against this. Don't go twice without purpose. It's too close. Not the day after.

***This place is a territory. Don't fuck
with Betty's memory.***

***A territory is an identity, which
needs to be constructed by its
present inhabitants. Betty belongs
to the past.***



activity that is *neither* hard-nosed

know-how

<nor> ignorance?

>nor>

non-

knowledge?



During Dorothée's walk, I was in charge of collecting items relating with sports and games. After looking at physical games, my interest shifted to games of word. I began to work on the headlines (1)... installed all along the streets, panels which deliver daily enigmatic collages of words, mixing English, Zulu and Afrikaans. Drivers are bombarded by continuous mysterious word assaults. With their bold typography and grammatical shortcuts, these captions are meant to remain tattooed in the brain.

About nonsense and the restructuring of meaning ... further about logical reflection, consciousness... or submission and mental abdication

(1) The word for "headline" in French is "manchette". The word "manchette", in turn, has a second meaning: in boxing vocabulary, it means a punch in which the head is the target.



**2) Thinking
through
the visual**

It is not only about thinking by means of the visual <...>
It is about unpacking it, taking apart its components, scouring its
operations.
<...> what makes <...> visual art
<...> distinctive <...> in contrast to other disciplines at the
more academic end of the spectrum <...>
anthropology, sociology, literary and communication studies or his-
toriography?



During the intervention of Sello's Collective, Humphrey Maleka showed to my group two parks close from each other, with similar layouts but with very different atmosphere.

Whereas we had been quickly at ease when visiting the first park, we felt like outsiders when we arrived to the second one. We spent a few minutes working out a strategy, before entering the space. Through our simple presence, we could clearly notice a contrast between the two places: in the first one, we were just ignored as strangers, while in the second one we were scrutinised as maybe undesirable.

I wanted to work on this uncomfortable position of being a stranger, an intruder somehow. When I spoke about it to Humphrey, he proposed to organize a gambling game, a game played with dices, very common in Johannesburg's streets, notably in the second park. This strategy gave me the opportunity to reverse my alien position, and to become the one who set the rules of the game, while it permit me to play with people familiar to the parts.

[Ricky Mapeki] *A walk through the city with Sello Pesa's dancers*

- The mind finds strength in creation
- Together in a space we do not know
- Two parks
- Eyes upon us, scaring us
- Impossible dialogue : we lack the words



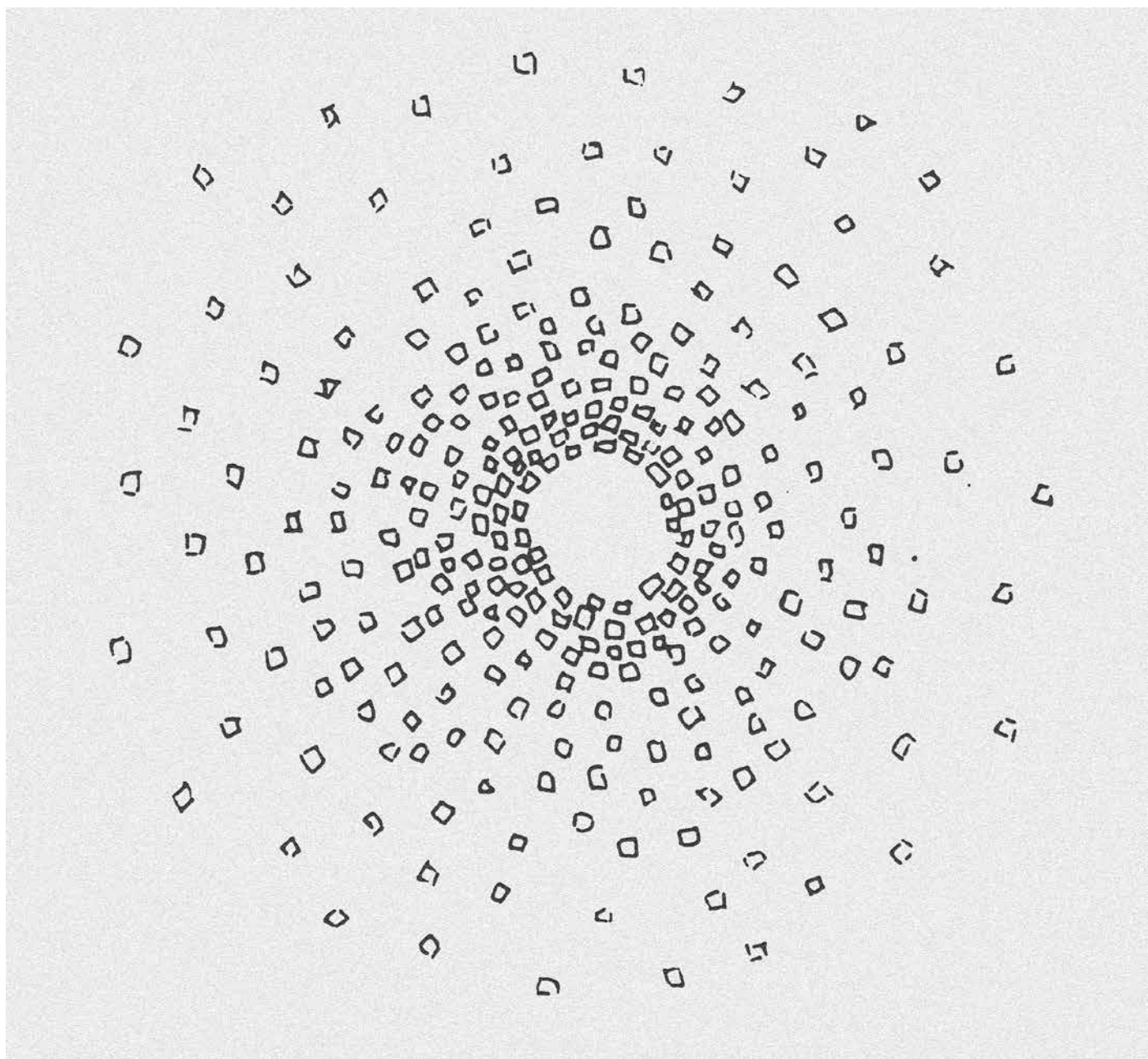
**Any
Space**

**What-
ever**

any space whatever
takes on the force of method:
it embodies the concept of “singularity” that cuts
across the poles of the universal and
particular dissolving them.

deleuze

[Madeleine Dymond]

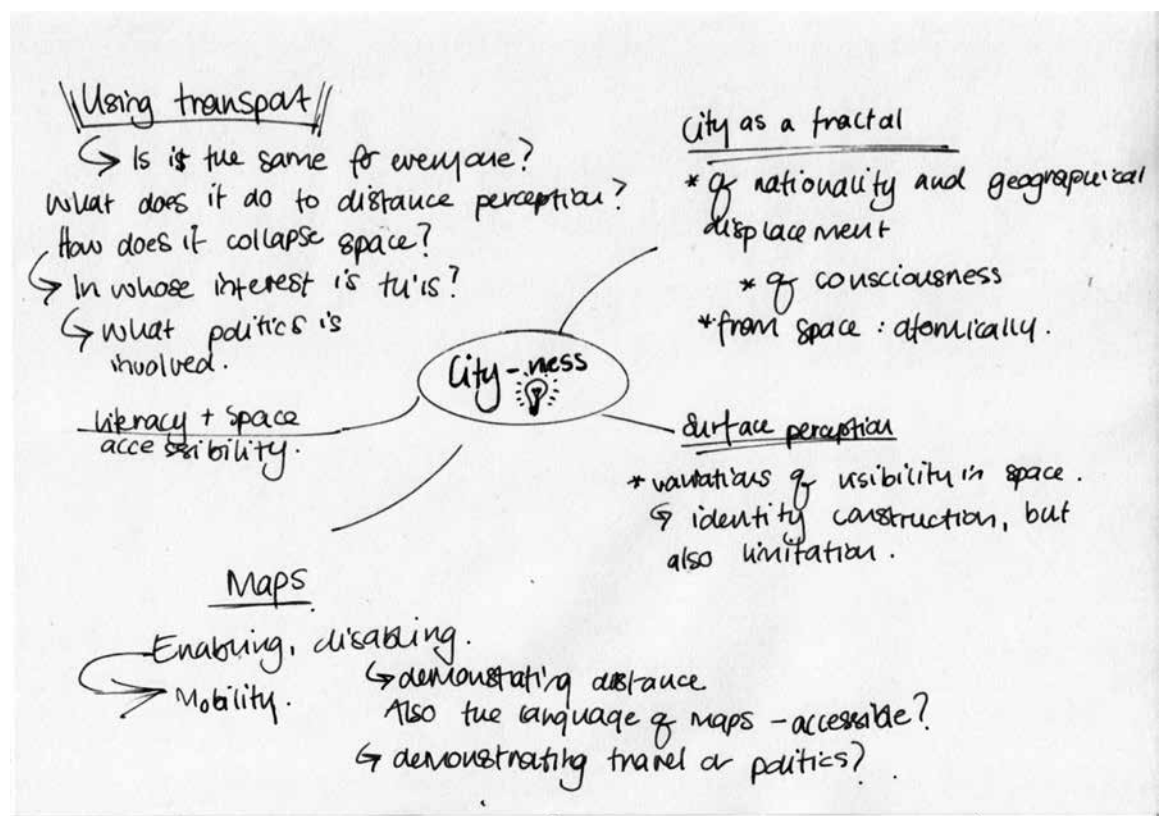


The city is a nexus, comprising many systems which operate on many different levels of interpretation and accessibility. On one level, site specific and context specific spatial and social codes dictate behaviour and govern the manner in which bodies are read and constructed. These codes can designate or alter functions of spaces and routines and are not necessarily universally accessible.

On another level the city is just an idea: it is a mentality which positions itself in relation to what is perceived as the epicentre of the nation-state. It relies on all of the surrounding parts, because definition is a relative one. The city is a state of mind, which develops its own system of movement and structure in order to demonstrate its centrality and complexity. Maps for simplicity are generated which reinforce positions of insider/outsider (this relationship should also be read on multiple levels), and which also delineate the politics which dissects the land (going down through time as well as visible in experience, and recorded on maps).

On satellite images the city as an epicentre is most visible. It is the radial arrangement which gathers at its centre: communication, information, networks, systems, concepts, light and connections.

My interest is in situations where 'maps' are constructed and experienced. These are maps which used action, experience and metaphor to collapse multiple levels so that they can converge in one reading. I will be working with map books of various kinds, as well as history books and African literature and sectioning them into cubes. A radial construction will be made using the cubes on the floor. Over the next few days I want to experiment with different levels of 'drama': the extent to which interaction physically changes the installation; as well as experiment in different areas. I would like to explore Park Station and Ghandi Square specifically.



what

what

what

what

tever

tever

tever

tever



Johannesburg is made of so many strata of urbanity, of histories, of infrastructures and inhabitants that it is sometimes difficult to clarify what is part of what. And some other time, it's as clear as crossing the street. This collage is what I remember from the experimentation proposed by the artists Dorothée Kreutzfeldt and Sello Pesa.

Dorothée directed our walk through the ancient Olympic installations, through Bertrams and Troyeville, giving each of us a point of view to work with (games, security, player, etc.). This strategy helped us creating in our mind a relation between those specific locations.

Sello Pesa was observing and accumulating situations, attitudes and settings from a specific environment, in order to use them later in his performance. His choreography is based on the strategy of redeploying the information, of condensing and juxtaposing the found elements, and by that creating a state of displacement, an ambiguity in status of the viewers, who become also participants.

From those processes I have been trying to work in a similar way toward building a living archive of the Play>Urban residency, collecting images and objects from other students, trying to know more about what they saw, or noticed around them, what they think Play>Urban is or could be. It is also an attempt towards a research process, by linking locations and concepts the students choose to work with into a big mind-map of the project.



Georgio Agamben's WHATEVER

<...> will have to do as a more digestible <...> version of a methodological alternative to the “universal/particular”

polarity - to what can be
slotted neither into the category
of the “individual” nor into
the “generic” without grievous
distortion.

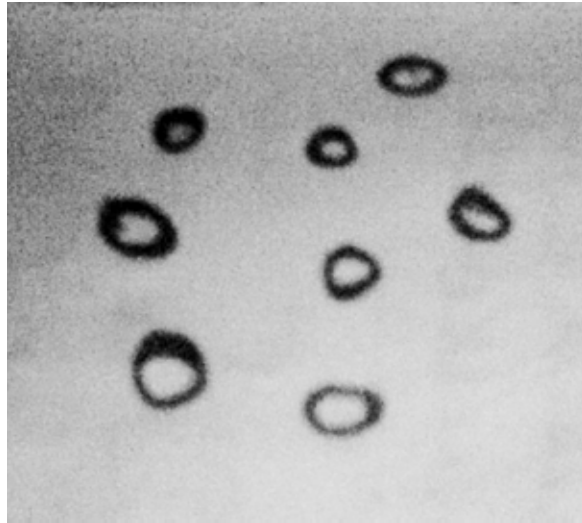
[Vicky Wigzell] *Things to do in Port Plein Park*

Port Plein park is a perfect square.

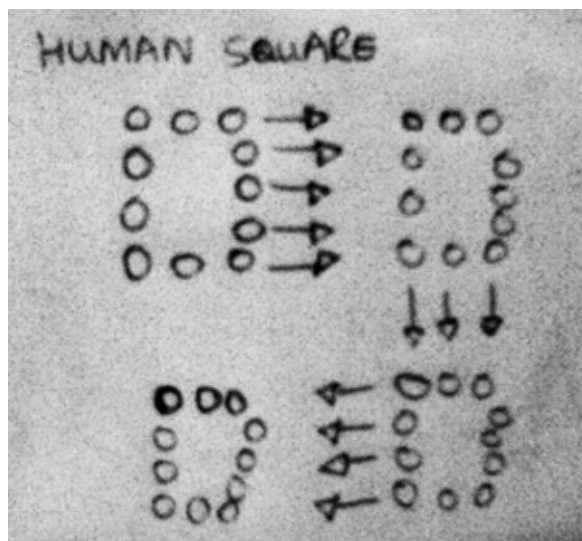
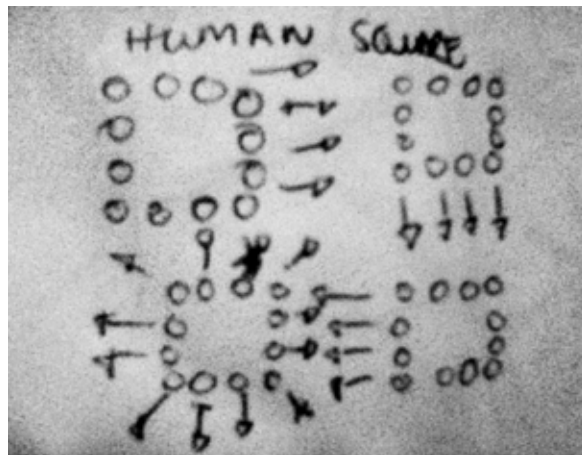
Lodged between Nugget, Marshall, Goud and Anderson Streets in Johannesburg's CBD. Having already been acquainted with the space after seeing there a performance by Sello Pesa and the Ntsoana Contemporary Dance Theatre - our group decided to return.

Both within and around this park are a variety of commercial enterprises: some more legal than others.

Once we arrived (on foot), we stood there in a loose cluster. Realizing very quickly how obvious our presence was in the space, we were unsure of what to do next.



We decided to formalize our cluster by forming a human square. Employing the theory of strength in numbers, we planned to move the square around the park like a ship.



[illegible]

It was clear that we had to do something, but we seemed to be paralysed by the tension of our presence there. We decided to split up and place ourselves at different points within the park. Much like everybody else, we found loose bricks, piled them up and sat down.

What I am trying to finger eventuates not so much in the well-trodden terrain of the academic disciplines or in the so-called gaps, chinks and cracks between them or in any designated "interdisciplinary/transdisciplinary" belt. Rather it is a force in its own right, always incipient in "whatever" spaces - windswept, derelict brownfields and wastelands - where intimations of unknown elements, thinking probes, spasms of non-knowledge emerge

and come into play. It is distinct from the circuits of know-how that run on clearly spelled out methodological steel tracks. It is the rather unpredictable surge and ebb of potentialities and propensities - the flux of no-how. The term is Samuel Beckett's although I intend it here without that shot of bleakness with which he normally imbues it. No-how embodies indeterminacy, an "any space whatever" that brews up, spreads, inspissates

[Marie Fricout] *A spectator in the middle of a city*

It was a way to clearly take for a moment the place of a spectator in the middle of a city, in the middle of a space. The intervention on the site allowed me to gently move from the role of a spectator in a public situation to the one of a passer-by.

Arriving to the place, a white tent housing several rows of chairs was inviting us to sit on, as real spectators, and to observe what was going on from this specific point. Everything became something worth to watch: every gesture, every attitude, every action, every walk became theatrical. The performance took place gradually; passersby stopped and watched us in return. Then came the time for the performers to dislodge us, to pick up chairs, so we had to stand up and eventually we spread all over the place. I was then very close to the people I was watching from far a few minutes earlier. I became suddenly part of the place; I had a history there. I drifted from one point to another, I prowled around as the performance vanished gradually; the performers packed up their things, the place came back to its usual life, including me in its network of inhabitants.



[Christ Mukenge] *Thoughts following a walk through the city with Bettina*

I was born and grew up in Kinshasa. The city there, unlike Johannesburg, has grown old. In the centre of Kinshasa there is just one kind of building: a rectangular structure, no taller than ten stories, whose rooftop is not visible from street level. In such edifices, there are no elevators. Soldiers often occupy these spaces, or homeless people.

In Kinshasa, no respect is given to historical buildings – to what should be archives conserved for future generations. Instead, moss is allowed to overrun their facades and the result in humidity that causes illnesses. The result is uninhabitable spaces, which people flee. We should have conserved our buildings as has been done in Johannesburg. Or perhaps we should have built new structures, designed so as to take into account our past errors.

In Kinshasa, construction is anarchy. There is no direction, no urban planning. We dream of South African-style modernity. Of technology. We dream of the future and, in the process, forget our architectural past.

Before we forge ahead, we should look back – back to that which gave the city a certain beauty in the years immediately preceding independence.

Johannesburg is firmly anchored in the 21st century. Despite the fact that they are not recent, the buildings look so contemporary to me... That's because I've never seen anything like this. The structures are clean and well kept: a far cry from what I know in Kinshasa.

This statue really caught my attention. In my country, you would never see a statue of a naked man on view in the street.

Nudity, where I come from, is never foregrounded in this manner. To show a famous person in a state of undress is to dishonour that person: it bodes ill. From generation to generation, this view is passed on.

In my Bantu world, this is unheard of. And yet, such a statue brings me to think about nudity in a different way – that is, from an artistic and a contextual point of view.

I think: why not? After all, our ancestors did not go clothed. Perhaps such figures would help give a better sense to our children of what Congo and Africa were like long ago.

I wonder if something like this could be reproduced in Kinshasa. Would it pose ethical difficulties? Might it open up onto a lesson about culture, about nudity in the lives of our ancestors, of the people of Eastern Kasai, the region from which I originally hail? Might it open onto a novel understanding of space?



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KNOW-HOW

THAT RUN ON CLEARLY SPELLED OUT
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- the flux of

no-how

[Marie Fricout] *In the middle of a place*



After the experience of *Lime Light on Rites*, we continued to work on ways to just be in a place. For this purpose, we choose open situations, places exposed to other people, but also places where we could stop, have a break, sit down and look. These places are like theater stages spread around the city. We began to make a series of picnics in various locations. The picnic became a tool for observation and being in a place in quite a visible way, assumed and offbeat at the same time.

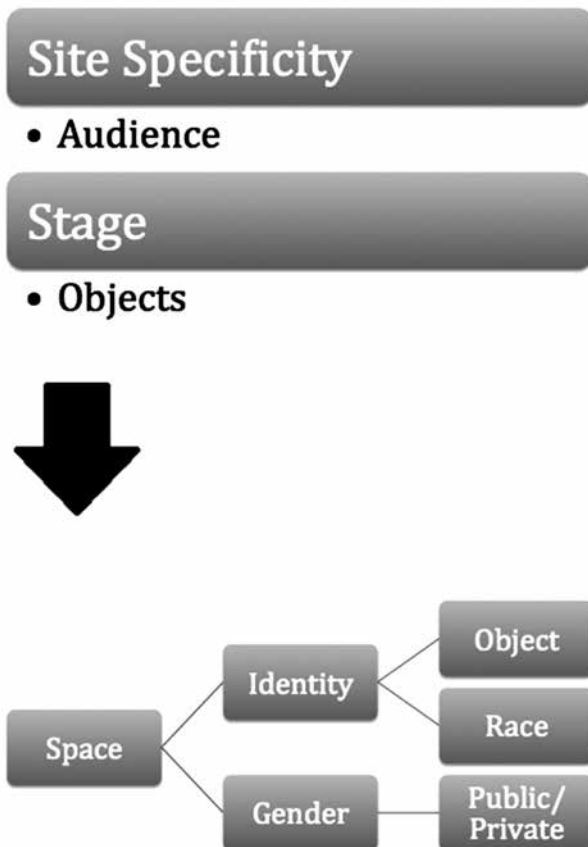


No-how
embodies indeterminacy,

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The performance that took place in Port Plein Park introduced concepts and ideas that relate to our interaction with the city of Johannesburg and our interaction with it. The following: Site Specificity/ Stage (city)/ Objects/ Audience then led to the development of some of the concepts I have chosen to work with in the city: Space/Identity/Gender/Race/Public and Private. The concepts are related to specifically individual experiences in specific parts of Johannesburg.

In certain areas of the city it is difficult for the female body to operate or move through a space without some sort of objectification. Some environments highly regulate behaviour whether be it in a negative or positive way and in areas that are deemed unsafe it tends to be very negative and defensive. In the case of the female body their role in the city is limited due to gender, they are often interpreted as objects of desire or objects of an invasive nature. This then leads to the repression of female identity and the alienation or inarticulate feelings of inadequacy or shame.

This also then led to the ideas of experimenting with the accessibility and usability of public spaces, the negotiation of spaces, manipulation of spaces through the use of the controlled of identity (masculinity and femininity), Displacing routine. Also displacing identity. The disruption of tension in particular spaces and the reaction of those who 'belong' in the space, to use the current tensions and feelings of anxiety as a way to enter or insert oneself into the spaces.

[Floriane Jan]



A big white tent, set as a wart on this place where the only women we can see are prostitutes.

We, sitting under this canopy as if it were a tourists bus- with cameras having replaced our faces. This overvisibility provokes the uneasiness, the desire to disappear.

Everything becomes suspect. We, the first. Who are the audience? Who are the actors? Is it the man who is sleeping in the garbage? Or the group of men gambling at our backs? Maybe ourselves. Probably these two men walking side by side under the same coloured umbrella.

The reality is shifting softly and makes our eyes wide open, but we are still unable to distinguish the truth from the fake.

Although we have just started to feel at ease, we are totally focussed on the three dancers playing between the abstract and the everyday life. At this moment, we are forced to move out of this comfortable island, uncaged in the action's place. With no more ordered chairs to sit on, we have to choose our point of view in the space.

The time of the performance is finishing, without any visible break with the time of the daily life around us. The dancers redress and repack their things, and the life around simply goes on.

**The
Lab**

has featured widely in recent years as a model for what the contemporary Art Academy might look like.

Emotional architecture

The act of building is born from unnecessary violence. The gesture of sheltering is based on necessity. This contradiction between the aspiration to build and the urgency to get shelter might appear ontologically impossible, still we are confronted with it and are shaped by it at every moment of our urban existence. At the end of the day, it all burns down to the choice one makes between the two: building or shelter, city or body. This conflict is so problematic that it stays mostly in the oppressed areas of the psyche, ungraspable, coagulating frustrations and insecurities in a pressurized zone expecting to burst.

Thus emotional architecture, a prosthetic frame that might allow some active contemplation of a structural dilemma that we inhabit with some self-protective unawareness. Emotional architecture is not a construction of brick and mortar, nor is it a state of mind, or a feeling; it is a dynamic flow of micro-events which occur constantly and mostly unnoticed, between people and their habitat, between urban dwellers and the urban tissue, between citizens and their cities, between architecture and those who live within and around it.



Mouse story

The realization of this contradiction between being protected and being contained is grounded in my experience of Bucharest during the late 1970s and the 1980s. In the aftermath of an earthquake which devastated conveniently the city, the events preparing the advent of Ceaușescu's Palace (the largest building on the planet, to this date) started to unfold rapidly. Behind the closed doors of Power, decisions were made to change radically the face of Bucharest. Architects started to work frantically on proposals for a new political and administrative city centre. Bulldozers were simultaneously put at work, demolishing indiscriminately whole areas of monumental living quarters, landmark institutions, hospitals, markets, churches, monasteries, and schools.

Houses in the areas designed for demolition were cheap, so I ended up as a young head of family owning a small place in a neighborhood right on the edge of the no-man's-land where the Palace started to take shape. Huge trucks were shaking the wood frame of our house, day and night. At the beginning, they were taking away the rubble from the old housing areas. Later, they were bringing materials for the new thing to come. The whole area sunk under a thick cloud of dust that didn't leave for years. Water and gas pipes were breaking constantly under the pressure of the traffic. Washing, cooking, sleeping, and warming up became random affairs. Getting into the city center, a two tram-stops trip previously, became an adventurous march through the mud. Meeting the neighbors became a burden, since people were overly suspicious or simply depressed. Some older ones committed suicide, cutting short the unbearable tension of the feared visit from the removal team.

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And then came the mice. Cohorts of mice chased from the demolished houses looked for shelter and food in the surviving neighborhoods awaiting their turn to bulldozing. This was raising in our family an ethical problem, because nobody wanted to assume the killing. Therefore, we took on the old trick of the empty jar balancing top-down over a wooden board on the edge of a half nutshell filled with lard. The mouse was getting in and the jar was falling flat, capturing it. It was my responsibility to take the beast somewhere in the open and release it, every day, before anyone else was up. One particularly harsh winter morning, while fighting a monster hangover, I pulled the rubber boots on my bare feet, I put a coat over my pyjama, and marched through the thick snow with the jar in my frozen hand. At a convenient distance from the house, I emptied the jar: the mouse disappeared for a moment into the snow, and then with a heroic jump started to run towards the huge shape of Ceaușescu's Palace, barely visible through the blizzard. It was a moment of epiphany: I suddenly realized that the violent epic of demolition and construction was there just for allowing me and the mice play a game of strategy. I went back home and slept well.

Wearable architecture

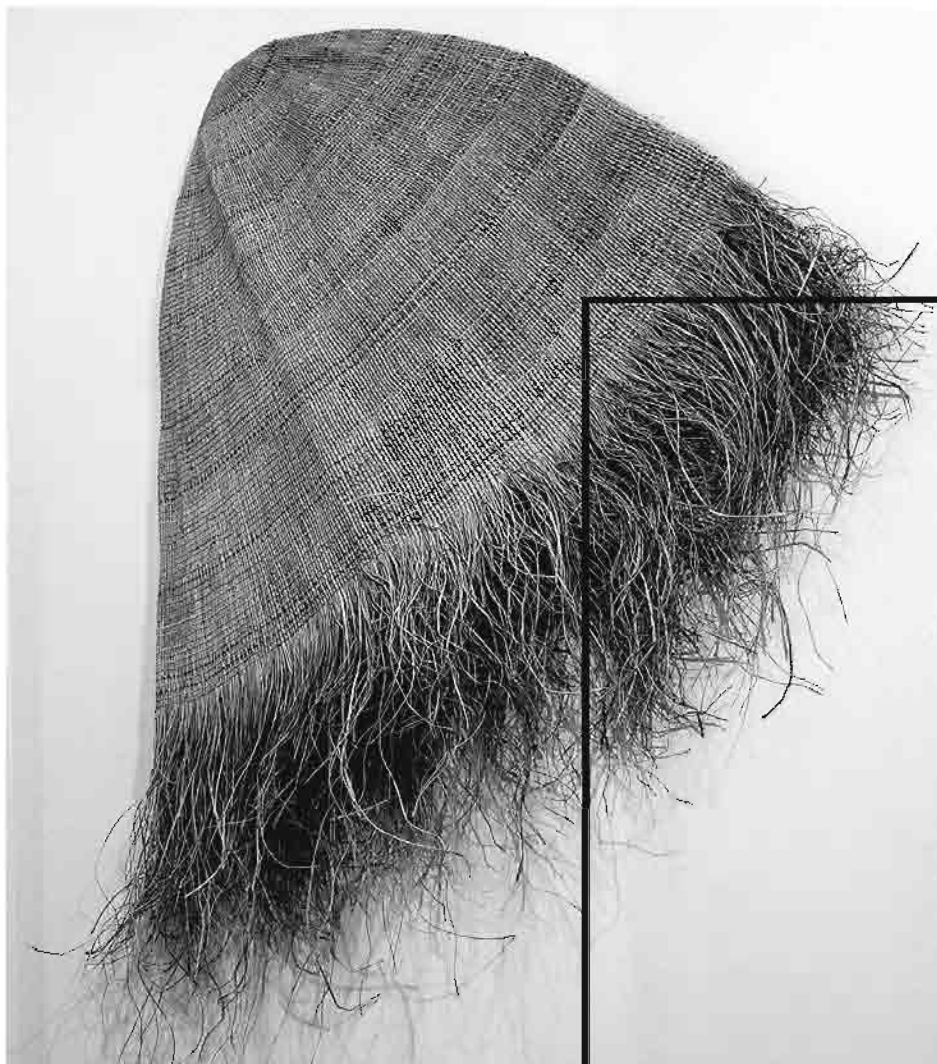
In the Museum and Art Gallery of Darwin (Northern Territory, Australia) there is a piece knitted from vegetable fiber, whose multi-purpose design brings the concept of habitat to another level. The piece was produced and used exclusively by Aboriginal women, and filled three functions:

- basket for the transportation of fruit, roots, tortoise eggs and other foods gathered in the wild;
- sleeping shelter in the days of the monthly period, when women were supposed to isolate themselves from the community;
- the sole piece of garment to be used by a woman, and only during her pregnancy, when it became evident.

The basket-shaped object was not only a tool through which nomadic people exercised control over their environment in an unassuming manner, it was also an object charged with magic power, carrying a narrative about gender, fertility, social codes, hygiene, labor division, among other things. But more than anything it was a piece of wearable architecture, and therefore a silent rejection of a most enduring paradigm: the social inevitability of the building as a voucher for human condition, as opposed to the non-human condition.

Pulling the door after (him)self

This photograph was taken in 2003, while making *Sample City*, a film about Bucharest. The actor walking with a door on his back through the whole movie was just having a moment of rest between two shots. This is when I took the picture, as a memento of our being there, together, at that time. Since then, the image has been on demand by institutions and publications of all kind, from a book on trauma published by a small organization in Romania, to the annuary of a German Federal institution, to an experimental music festival in Melbourne, to this or that art event ... What did all those people see in there? Profiled on a row of (late) modernist high rise buildings, the man is distant from everything: the green meadow at his feet, the blue sky, the city in the far. Sitting on the edge of a concrete slab suspended in the air, he is perched above the cityscape like a gargoyle demon from medieval cathedrals, and his face is stone cold and motionless. But all this is literature background, and does not matter. What remains is the door tilted on his back, lying there as if organically connected, like an appendix of his tormented, curved body, like a cover. What connects people with this image is the acknowledgment of the contrast between building and shelter, between a body carrying painfully yet naturally its load and the far away but oppressive reality of the city.



Symbolic temperature

Before getting there, Africa is an abstraction governed by heat. Therefore, one is surprised at first by the frequent use of blankets as pieces of garment. Then, the cold night comes and the lost traveler understands the use of warm clothes, of warm drinks, of a shelter. But besides this process of getting acquainted with meteorology, there is another, more relevant fact. It is connected to a special type of blanket, light, slightly fluffy, always tinted in gentle colors, which is used only for the wrapping of little children. Pushed in carts, hanging on the back of their mother, or (surprisingly) in the arms of their dad, the kinds are literally housed in the blanket transformed into a soft protective construction. The same types of blankets cover the round bellies of pregnant women, making evident the primary and ultimate shelter – the womb.

Eat, rape, kill, talk, walk

Last autumn, while working on an unrelated topic (the role of ecstatic shaman techniques in art historian's Aby Warburg life and work) I had a vision of Johannesburg. It was fed by different other encounters, but for some mysterious reason, all those came together in a city I never been to. Here it is:

“Mediya, a Zimbabwean immigrant woman sits at a plastic table in a Chinese eatery, in downtown Johannesburg, and speaks to God. Across the room, on a bar stool sits Ángel, a Chinese cook from Macau, waiting for orders. God is not present, but touches Mediya now and then in ways that make her body twitch and curl and dance with unexpected, fascinating or just trivial Tourette-syndrom-like movements. The woman is angry, shouts at God and points at the space behind her, filled by light boxes with discolored photos of Chinese menus. The boxes respond randomly: one explodes, another one opens up, showing its guts, another just switches off to darkness, another bursts in fire. Each accident is the gate to a story Mediya tells with the help of images flooding out of the menu boxes. Mediya becomes increasingly restless as her broken monologue reveals that she is a fugitive from justice, who killed her new born baby conceived during a gang rape in a refugee camp. Suddenly, the remaining light boxes start behaving erratically, blinking and making sounds like a poker machine when hitting the jack pot. A rain of golden coins falls upon Mediya. Ángel comes forward with a huge knife, stabs her to death and drags the body to the kitchen.”

While this is just a dream incorporated into a scientific research about the magic power of archives, it carries elements of interest for the wanderer into the urban conundrum that is the real Johannesburg. First of all, the relation with the city, like the relation with God, is purely individual, any mediation being corrupted by external, exploitative interests. Secondly, both relations are intensely performative, in the sense that they send around signals in a spontaneous, un-directed way. Thirdly, one should be aware that this signaletic randomness goes back and forth between the City-God and the dweller-prayer, and can have lethal consequences. Fourthly, there is always a charge of sexuality to the dynamic of an urban agglomeration, and the explorer has to negotiate this in a careful manner. And the fifth issue concerns the imagology of things – dreamed and real things alike: our psyche is loaded with clichés, with media patterns, with pre-conceptions; they all build our narratives and ultimately the narratives, the story telling is what keeps gods and cities alive. That would be the sixth element to keep in mind when wandering, in Johannesburg.





Back to the dogs

In order to be accepted into the playground of difference posed by cities evolving out / on the fringe of the post-industrial paradigm, one should recognize the human dimension of dogs. Dogs are versatile creatures, with a high knowledge about the functioning of urban agglomerations. They can both connect to urban dwellers as a valuable resource, or they can fall back into the pack condition, exercising their skills as opportunistic hunters and scavengers. Dogs are both social and solitary, and while they seemingly need to connect emotionally with people, they can also live in a state of marginality and depression, and find their ways of functioning there as well. Dogs are also disposable, their numbers don't count, and their carcasses can be recycled without remorse. By dogs, but not only.

The anamorphosis humans-dogs is a valuable way of understanding how pocketed cities like Johannesburg function. But one should shake off the prejudice of hierarchies before looking at the similar ways in which the outsiders, the marginal, the dis-empowered are taking control of areas in the city tissue where they establish temporary autonomies governed by transient rules.

The cities belong to the dogs, rats and birds as much as they belong to the humans, and they also belong to the plane or to the desert which surrounds them, and to which they will ultimately return, and history has given enough prove of that.

Deleuze relates the

**aggregative-
utilitarian-**

to a "loose, open-ended
logical structure-in-progress". Its
components are linked together
by no more than a lick of glue -
threaded together with no more
than the humble conjunctive
form and+ and+ and+..."

Saturday Games (01/09)				Saturday Games (01/09)			
Mexico Liga de Ascenso, Apertura				Poland Liga			
SAT 01 03:00 8/10	Necaxa	23/10	Merida	3/1	GKS Tychy	5/2	Polonia Bytom
SAT 01 03:00 8/10	Estudiantes T	2/1	Turkey N	19/10	Legia	22/10	Lechia
SAT 01 03:30 8/10	Corinthians	5/2	Pumas More	4/2	Wisla Krakow	22/10	Necaxa
Mexico Primera Division, Apertura				Portugal Primeira Liga			
SAT 01 20:30 9/10	Club Toluca	2/1	J Chivas	2/1	Benfica	22/10	Estoril
SAT 01 04:30 1/1	Monarcas	28/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	FC Porto	4/1	FC Porto
SAT 01 17:00 64/10	Monarcas	7/2	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	17/10	Benfica
SAT 01 17:00 16/10	Monarcas	1/1	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 17:00 13/20	Monarcas	5/2	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	24/10	Benfica
SAT 01 17:00 6/10	Monarcas	15/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 17:00 17/10	Monarcas	13/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	33/10	Benfica
SAT 01 18:45 6/10	Monarcas	11/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	8/10	Benfica
SAT 01 19:45 1/1	Monarcas	5/2	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 19:45 17/10	Monarcas	15/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 20:45 1/1	Monarcas	19/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00 22/10	Monarcas	11/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00 6/10	Monarcas	4/1	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00 14/10	Monarcas	17/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00 22/10	Monarcas	13/20	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00 9/10	Monarcas	11/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00 1/1	Monarcas	11/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00 1/1	Monarcas	11/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00 1/1	Monarcas	11/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00 1/1	Monarcas	11/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
SAT 01 13:00	Monarcas	6/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 14:00	Monarcas	12/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	21/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	5/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
Norway 2nd Division, avd 2				Scotland Premier League			
SAT 01 13:00	Monarcas	6/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 14:00	Monarcas	12/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	21/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	5/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
Norway Division 3				Scotland Premier League			
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	6/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	12/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	21/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	5/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
Norway 2nd Division, avd 4				Scotland Premier League			
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	6/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	12/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	21/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	5/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
Norway Division 3 Group 1				Scotland Premier League			
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	6/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	12/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	21/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	5/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
Norway Division 3 Group 2				Scotland Premier League			
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	6/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	12/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	21/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	5/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
Norway Division 3 Group 3				Scotland Premier League			
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	6/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	12/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	21/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	5/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
Norway Division 3 Group 4				Scotland Premier League			
SAT 01 15:00	Monarcas	6/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	12/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	21/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	44/10	Benfica
SAT 01 16:00	Monarcas	5/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	5/2	Benfica
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SAT 01 18:00 11/20	Monarcas	46/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
Slovakia 2. Liga				Sweden 2nd Division, avd 1			
SAT 01 15:30 14/10	Monarcas	2/1	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica
SAT 01 19:30 1/1	Monarcas	23/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	36/10	Benfica
Germany Amateur Regionalliga Bavaria				Sunday Games (02/09)			
SAT 01 14:00 8/10	Monarcas	23/10	Unam Pumas	15/10	Benfica	18/10	Benfica

Points Spreads Available

JOBURG CBD'S STRANGE ATTRACTORS 2

**LET YOUR EYES WANDER IN FULL COGNITIVE DISSIDENCE
YOU MAY FIND YOUR REMAINS AND DECIDE TO LINK
YOUR PATH TO THOSE OF OTHERS
YOU SEE WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT YOU WILL FIND**



**< OBJECTS FOUND IN PORT PLEIN PARK
DURING SELLO PESA'S PERFORMANCE**

Coming to the Play>Urban project has been very useful, and having never having worked in a group of this style before has diversified my choices for future processes. Over the past few weeks I have been involved in many projects, from simple introductory adaptations of work, to various bivouacs into a city I am familiar with. Working with Johannesburg as an object from which to position joint reference with outsiders to the city is an instructive method of re-evaluating what I often take for granted. I brought to the project the a process of my own, the Information Desk, which subverts the implications of the title by drawing in information via the filling out of forms and the recording of conversations relating to the form. This has been a process of experimentation for much of the year in my own work, and had been selected for the Marteinsen, so in bringing it with me to the Play>Urban project I hoped to widen the scope of its discussion. This has been a success for me, and hopefully has added to the project as a whole.

At first the response was very literal, simply adapting the Desk for the first exhibition into something more exaggerated and menacing in tone.

Visiting Keleketla! near the centre of the city began the broadening of this scope, and it was interesting watching the various interactions of South Africans and French during the visit and the lunch hour afterwards. The lunch-hour more so in various ways, as interactions with the city as a visceral living object providing Ethiopian or Mozambiquean food was occasionally discarded in favour of a retreat to a safe refuge in Nando's or McDonalds.

However, refuge is not something the French had travelled so far for, and not therefore what the South Africans should have been working with either. My comfort with being in the city, with some Mozambique chicken warming me up was disrupted by arriving back at Keleketla! to find this implicit resistance, but shows a specific view of the 'other' in the central city.

Similarly the Hector Peterson Memorial was an interesting experiment in viewing the historicising of a specific area, while alienating it from its wider location. Again, there was an incongruent reaction in moving from the natural feel of the inner city to highly 'presented' atmosphere

of the tourist inspired walk which leads from the memorial. The area seemed to miscommunicate, to create a friction in intent.

Fietas is a community which exists on the periphery of my personal knowledge of the city. Literally, it exists within a hole of areas I have knowledge of all around it. The work done there as a group focused on the huge gap which seemed to exist between the extreme poor in the area (we met several times with a man called Lesley) and the community centre of the area. The group chose to operate as a 'tool' for each of these sections of the community for a period of two hours each. We broke firewood for Lesley's encampment into useable pieces, and sorted them by size. For the community centre we served food, washed dishes, and handed out oranges during the two hours school children came to the community centre. It was the break-down in communication between these two centres that was amazing however. Lesley asked us specifically to talk to the community centre on our first meeting with him, and the community centre turned some people who seemed considerably desperate away while we were there. It was like the couple of blocks between the two areas were some sort of vast wall.

The visit to Sandton to visit the Art Fair was also instructive in issues of the difficulty of communication. As a representation as one of the wealthiest and most highly accessible locations around Johannesburg it always manages to highlight itself on the landscape of the city. It is of close proximity to one of the least affluent parts of the city, Alexandria, which reflect a point about broken communication which seems to become a bit repetitive at this point.

Dorothee and Betina separated the Play>Urban group into two groups with a separate section to walk about in the city. The other group, Betina's, walked to the Calton Centre. Ours went on a circuit past Ellis Park, into the Chinese market, around some of the more desperate areas nearby and on the way back to VANSa. Again, we passed between various spaces that reflected issues of distance and the motif of unworkable communication. The codified relations in wide open spaces of commerce and 'play' at Ellis Park did not sit well with areas a mere stone throw away.

The repetitive line drawn between broken communication, division, and the presence of the 'alien' across these borders condensed for me in Yeoville. I know Yeoville, There are old friends of my family that have lived there since I was a young kid, and we have always kept in close contact, but especially when I was younger, my little sister and I used to spend the day there. I did not really know that there was a Congolese district at the end of Rocky St. though, and it was there that the sense of alienation was brought home.

Firstly in terms of language, the French and the Congolese had long conversations about politics and various other things that were translated in bits and pieces or specifically re-told in English for the South Africans in the group. This effect of re-telling and re-interpretation disjointed the experience, and hindered understanding. In the end this disjointed experience got absurd toward the end. Apparently a fight broke out between a Congolese student and a Congolese émigré over differing views over Kabila, who currently rules there. I and the other South African were not even aware of it, as we were inside a building having Kabila's atrocities emphatically explained to us.

Perhaps relating to the break in understanding that is based in language, a sense of reduction also came into play. The Congolese were not individuals if they had explain their context in Yoville constantly, and the South Africans were not much more than ostracised observers. I have personal knowledge of Yoville, but this was often disregarded due to my being a white male from the suburbs. This is a stereotyped position, and as I have a tendency toward caution, having been exposed at various times to other stereotypes of living in Johannesburg. However, the inability to communicate and wider failure to achieve complete understanding of the situation at any given time impressed itself on my viewing of the day and the work of previous weeks.

The response of the Yeoville group focused itself around three key concepts: alienation, the inter-zone, and dislocation. The six of us were separated into groups of two, and each had a conversation that in some way dealt with the issues of translation. In this process, the failure to communicate entirely surfaced within my head. There

are opportunities for exploring understanding through the failure to understand which appeal to me at this point. Communication allows for the exchange of ideas, and the creation of new ones, whether the communication happens in terms of conversation, reading, orders, or media. Understanding is bound in this, but if understanding fails, it is the attempt to understand that informs and is where a great wealth of thought is to be found.

AGGLUTINATIVE

and... and... and... and... and...

and... and... and... and... and...

[François Duconseille/Jean-Christophe Lanquetin/Naadira Patel/Vicky Wigzell/
Michel Ekeba/Madeleine Dymond/Laurenci Dow/Matete Motubatse/Juliette Autin]

Marshall street

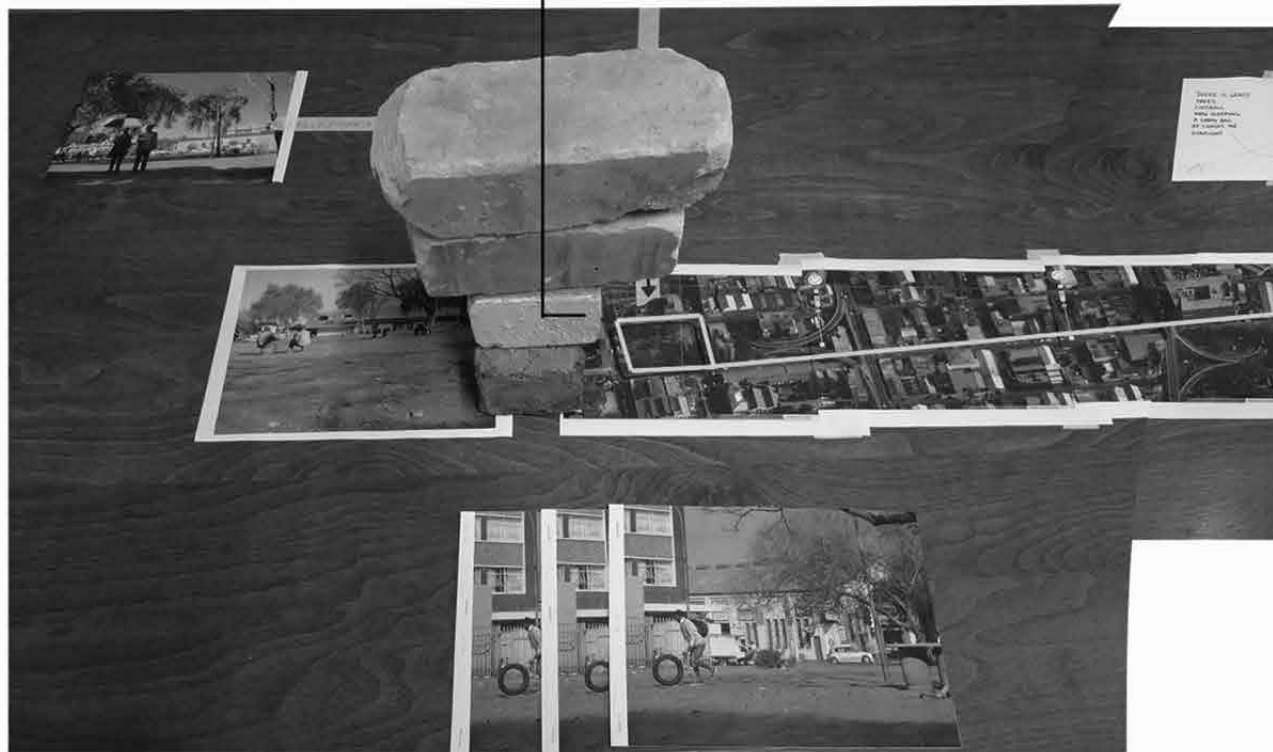


in this park people sit on bricks de-
packed of the floor, we decided to
do the same, trying to integrate
this quite hostile environnement



Nugget street

THERE IS GRASS
TREES
FOOTBALL
MEN SLEEPING
A GREEN BAG
HE CHASES THE SUNLIGHT



when Michel play with an abandoned tyre, JC can take some pictures of the area, focused on teh
action but in the same time that documente activities of the park

Park street



CONCRETE
BRICKS
MEN
DRINKING
LINGERING
SHORT SHORTS

different activities of this park
morning in week free
afternoon in week soccer and fufi
week-end religious offices



On monday 3rd the group working with Humphrey Maleka from Ntsoana Danse Theater went by feet to 2 parks in the neighborhood of King Kong building. These parks proposed by Humphrey are quite different, one quiet the other hard. We drifted in these places with 2 words chosen before randomly with the global group : "displacement" and "inversion" ...



In articulating the "streams becoming", the agglutinative brings into play associative manoeuvres, juxtaposition, blend and splice, non-inflectional modes of elision and stickiness. We have a dramatic contrast by setting it off against parsing - a function that epitomizes the "slice and carve" mechanism of grammar. It is about chopping up flows of information, experience and thought into combinatory bits, modules, units and packets to configure them into algorithmic sequences - into the computational mode. It stands at the op-

posite end of the spectrum to the agglutinating's "stick on" processes of figuring forth, of constellating assemblages. Whether this puts it entirely outside the ambit of grammar remains arguable. More likely we are faced with an agrammaticality that has the capacity to oscillate rapidly between several modalities. In this sense, it is at odds with the computational constancy and equilibrium of know-how and closer to the all-over smears, surges and spasms, the unpredictable swell and dip of no-how.

[Jean-Christophe Lanquetin] *Walk in London on Monday 17 September 2012*



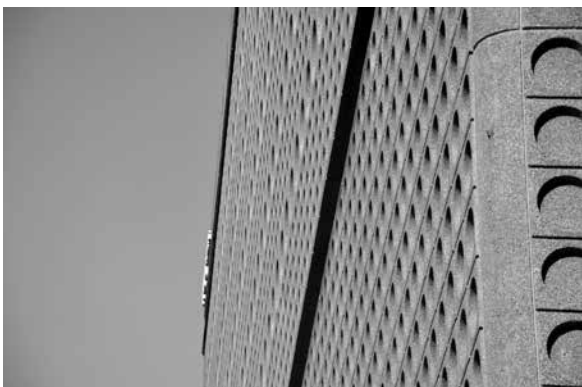


[Natasha Christopher] *Walk in Los Angeles on Monday 17 September 2012*





[Marielle Agboton] *Walk in Montreal on Monday 17 September 2012*





[Jean-Christophe Lanquétin] *Walk in Moscow on Monday 17 September 2012*



[Jean-Christophe Lanquétin] *Walk in Rotterdam on Monday 17 September 2012*



[Natasha Christopher] *Walk in Maputo on Monday 17 September 2012*



[Marielle Agboton] *Walk St. Petersburg on Monday 17 September 2012*



[Jean-Christophe Lanquétin] *Walk in New York on Monday 17 September 2012*



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[Michel Ekeba] *Tyre Games*

It all starts with a question and I don't know where any of it is going!

I look at the street signs. We are walking against traffic. When you make your way through a city, you create your own landmarks and you develop a way of observing things that is all your own. In this manner, you elaborate concepts and contexts on the inside, which you can turn outward when you need them. We move through spaces and I try to get to the bottom of things – I mean by this the history of the buildings and that of the traces that time has left on their surfaces. I seek to apprehend their shape, their size, their surroundings, what makes them remarkable and lends them their presence. At times, I stop and focus my attention on a specific point in an attempt to fully understand what I am seeing. I want to develop my own, subjective analyses. My gaze feels off kilter. This is because reality itself is off kilter. I can only imagine the past of a given space. What I imagine superimposes itself over the human and animal bodies occupying the space. I see abandoned buildings. I suppose that they tell a story of revolt, but against something that I cannot quite understand. And even if I could understand, the fact would remain: I am an alien here. And so I try, simply, to latch onto people's gazes, onto the wavelengths, visible and invisible, that capture my attention, onto the sounds that this space emits, and to all of this input I seek to interact spontaneously. I let my mind be shot through with each and every one of these stimuli, with all of these pieces of information, so that I may feel. I allow my senses to sense the city, I enter into a synergy with its movements and listen for the sounds of the reciprocity that it fosters within me.

One of Sello Pesa's dancers, Humphrey, first brought us to a park that held few people – a quiet place, mostly visited by women. We did not stay long. Then he brought us to Port Plein Park, the place where Sello's performance had taken place a few days before. We were on familiar ground. Here, there were many people. Immediately, I felt a strong sense of movement and of freedom. I turned my attention to an old, cracked tyre – the kind of thing you rarely find in Kinshasa, for it would be recycled rather than discarded. In Kinshasa, tyres are burned at funeral ceremonies, at roadblocks, in necklacings. The Port Plein tyre was there for the taking. I began rolling it along, and, with it, I entered into the energy of the city. I was overtaken with the strength of that energy, with a desire to share and spread it to passers-by. I wanted to draw attention to myself by playing like a child – an innocent child, whose games would threaten no one.

A few days later, while visiting the Johannesburg Art Fair, I began asking myself questions about this tyre. In the lobby, they were selling expensive champagne. Nearby, on a sleek, black table, someone had positioned an old tyre.



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[Eléonore Hellio/Eve Chabanon/Marielle Agbaton/Marie Fricout/Janike Fourie/]
The way is Shembe

“Shembe is the Way” is a performance that came out of a walk through the city led first by Sello, a choreographer, and then by Brian, a dancer: one walk, two versions and, as a result, doubt, for between the two versions there is a significant narrative gap. Established cartographies fall by the wayside.

Transposed into an exhibition space, the walks - or shall we say the spaces through which the walks led us - unfold onto new readings. Readings that echo the words of Olivier Py:

When I dance, there are two simultaneous mes. One no longer has control over himself, is in a state of trance. The other looks upon the first with lucidity. Sometimes, these two mes coincide, engendering a manner of folly, akin to white noise ...

The performance: six mystagogues, interpreters of a virtual act, offer up a sound, a visual and a haptic immersion, initiating the audience to a folly - yes, a folly akin to white noise. Behind, they leave little in the way of trace(s).

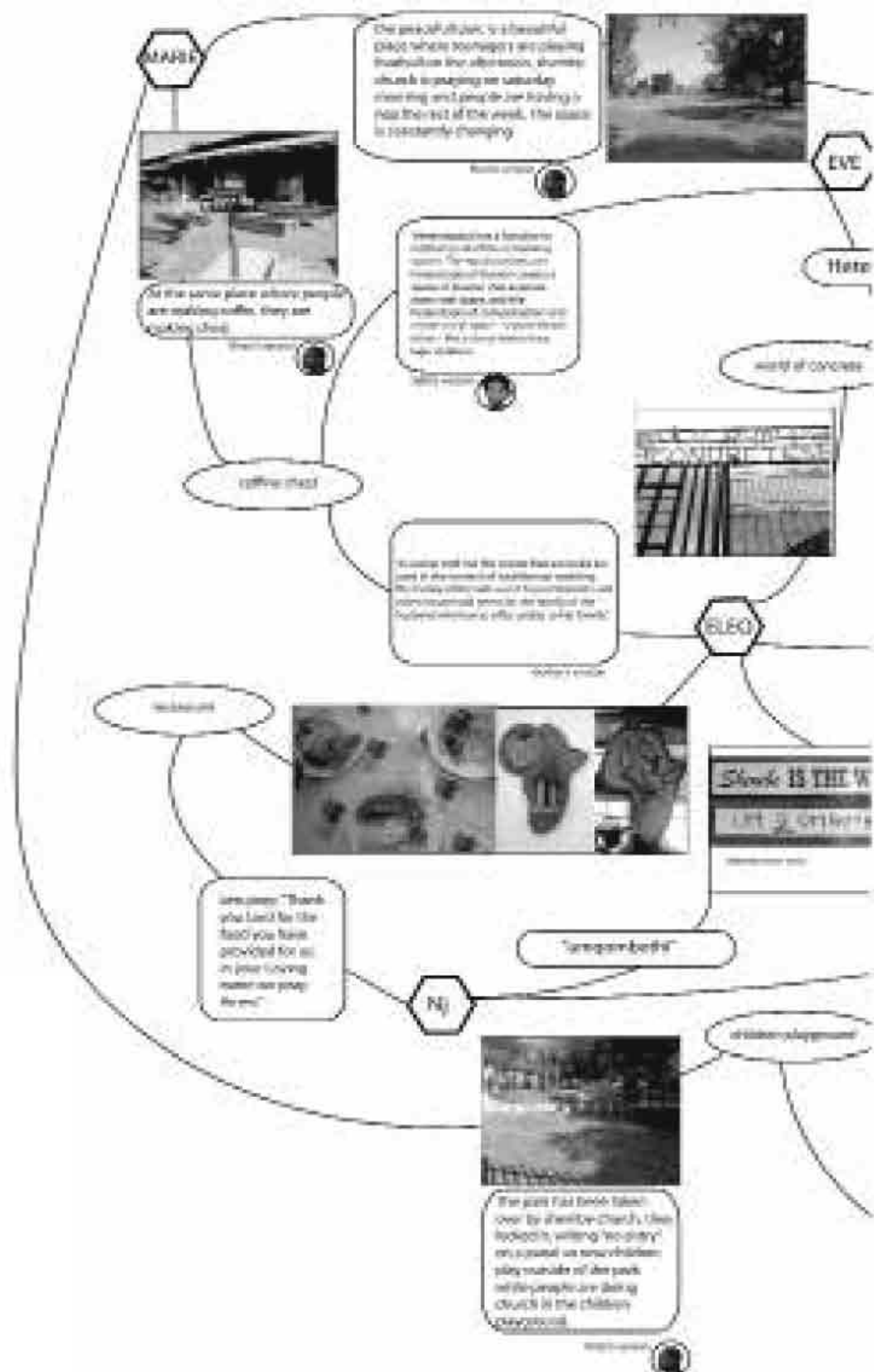
“Shembe is the way” looks to the origins of the cult whose name the performance bears and destabilises them. It reinterprets the past, rethinks it, counters it, plays with its rootedness. The believer and the flaneur become one.

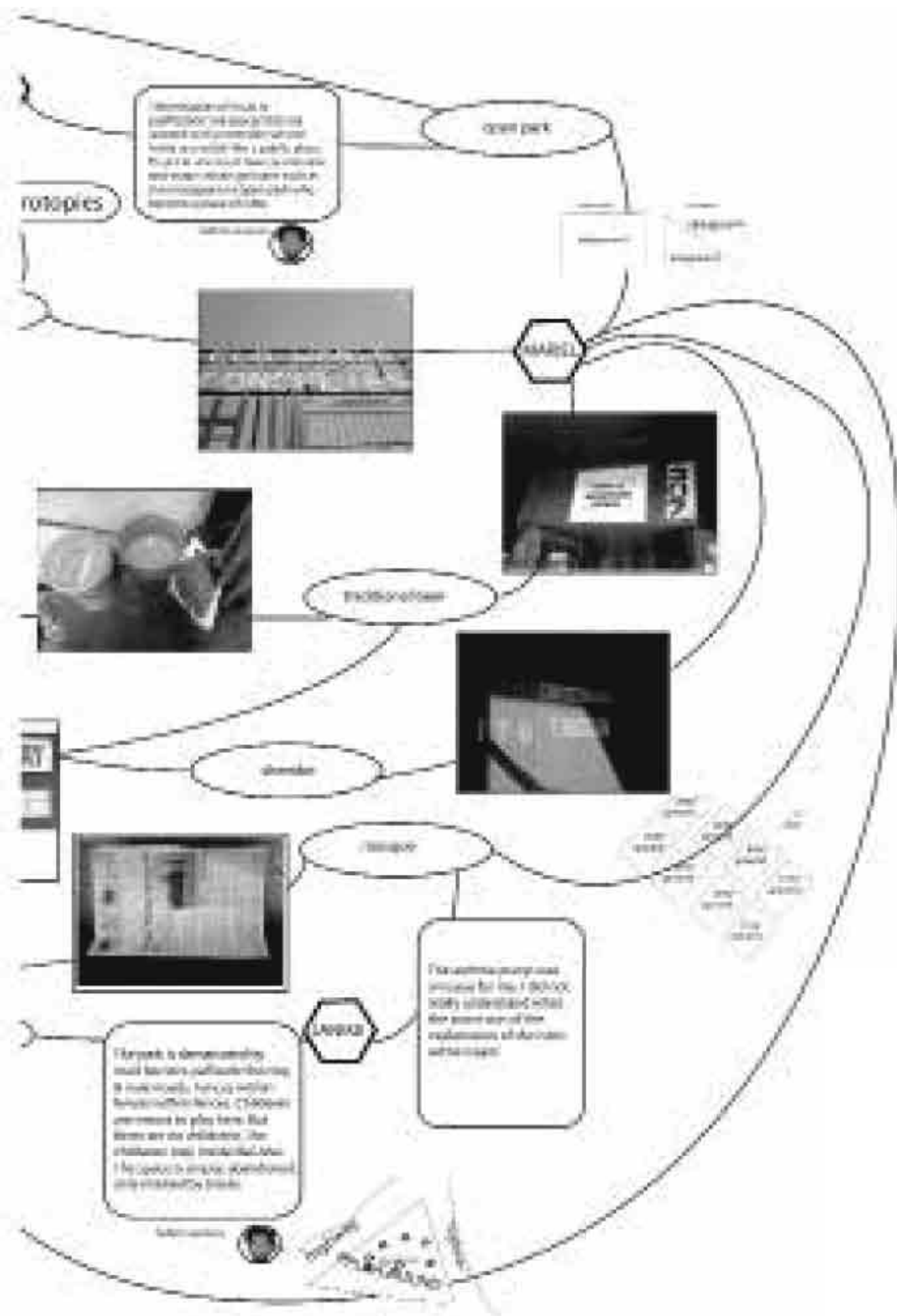
To perceive distance, the gap between two things, by moving between them, between what is certain, quotidian, and what is uncertain, what remains to be discovered: this generates a sense of unmooring, a state of apprehension that leads, in turn, to an intensification of one's capacity to perceive. Suddenly, space takes on meaning. Everywhere, suddenly, there is the possibility of a discovery, the fear of an unwanted encounter. Sight becomes more acute, and hearing too.

Stalker Collective

Shembe* : A syncretic South African church.

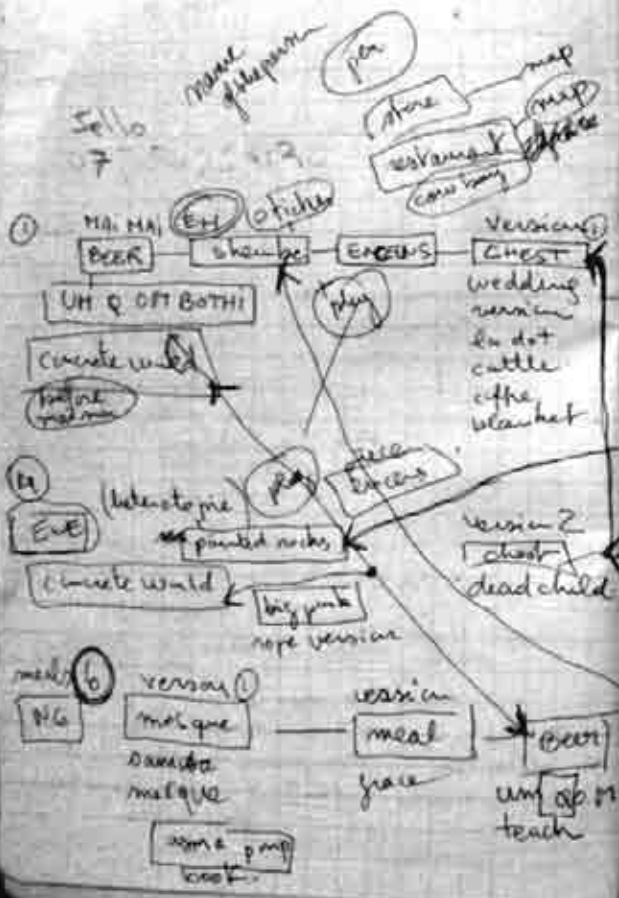






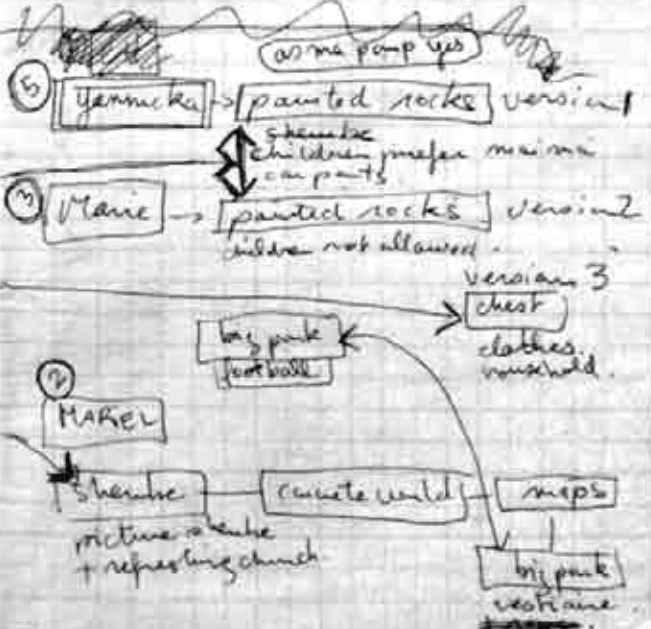
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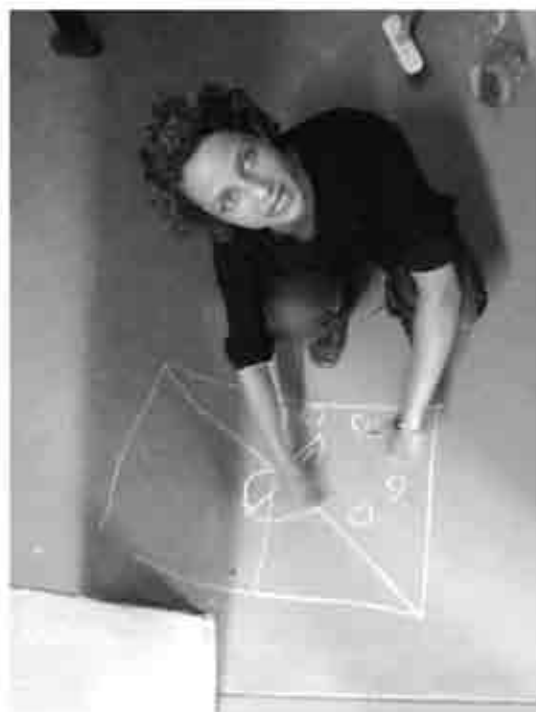
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Manche map

→ journey map
 plus espaces de prière à la
 une sur le sol
 → picture of refreshing church.





The city streets are a stage on which life's drama is played out

-Mumford

Asking, Collecting, Exchanging, fitting in, not trying to replicate and imitate, the placement of pieces, physical state, to object, collection of my experiences, a reduction of identity, subverting of a predetermined existence, a platform is available, could all be reconstructed and recreated?

Trying to construct in a continuously transforming space.



[Adrien Maufay]



landscape communication playing area stage



Today the “Academy” is seen as a Know-All Centre but as a stimulating educative-creative environment springing up afresh from successful art research projects. The monolith establishment, major or nano-labs that take shape at the edge practices - within the digital, retinal, computational, the somatic, performative, Each time an art or research project we might say, a micro-lab is set up for the occasion.

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[Silvio Milone]

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HELLO
Angel Services
Y'A DES PÂTES
À LA SON MAI
AVEC TON CHEDAR
ON POURRA ÊTRE
LE DUO COMBO

Carr Street, Newtown, JH8
Tel: 0860 angel services

Matete Motubatse

M.M.

Most of my collection of my views on Johannesburg are inspired by walks that I take alone. Walking gives a more detailed description of the city. These details of the city are subjective, as there are other views of the same place but with a different interpretations. Michel de Certeau's "Walking in the City" - a chapter from "The Practice of Everyday Life" (1984) - gives an interesting look at the city. One learns to understand that the city is a construct, a concept. Without the people who inhabit it, it is merely nothing.

The activity of walking thus calls to mind Richard Long's work. Walking is the medium to his work. Inspired by sculpture, he "saw sculpture as an activity, not just as a means of creating an end product. On this view it was not necessary to produce an object, whether on or of the plinth, which might be sold in an art gallery, and in which would count as 'sculpture'. The essential component was the activity, specifically the activity of walking." (Leuprow, 2005:31). With the walks that I have been taking in the last three weeks, I've been looking at the city as an object; an object that needs not to be represented. That is to say, the city as an object is the original; and any representation of it is a reproduction.

My point is that the object - the physical city - is already there, and all that one can do, really, is just to look and observe - do this as if it was a visual art piece; with you are observing and viewing. (Given the size of the city - Joburg - is big, it becomes harder to read this text - the city - with coherence. This is caused by the diversity

of human texts, which de Certeau refers to as 'walkers'; texts that compose a 'lieu' or environment. Hence "the long poem of walking manipulates spatial organisations, no matter how panoptic they may be" (De Certeau, 1984: 101). It is this view that interests me because then one can look at the city as a text written by walkers every second. The detail is dense in a way that no one can really read some of these texts. Walking, as a result, becomes the only - if not one out of a few - ways to try and read these texts. The texts are inscribed in the smallest of things too; it is not just buildings and structures, but also the subtlest of things like the smell of a place, the type of people who occupy the space, and even and every object (tangible or physical) found in the space. These are marks, and they all have a particular history; even the coin that may have been dropped on the street by that stranger you will never get to meet or know. These objects are all meaningful and significant in their own way or right.

And this brings me to my conclusion.

I am using the concepts of Richard Long to walk in attempt to capture, or rather, observe, the city as an object. The aim is not to make anything out of this, but simply to view an object, which is already apparent. With this activity of walking, I then become a reader, - separated from all the other passive human texts (walkers) and rise above the text which I am already a part of. That is, the city.

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[Melissa Bennett]

These photographs are of portraits taken in various parts of Johannesburg. I initially wanted to work with the relationship between people and spaces within the city. In play Urban this has been transformed through ideas such as staging, manipulation of space and people as infrastructure.



Throughout our research conducted in Ghandi Square, Noord Taxi Rank and Park Station, one begins to question the accessibility of public spaces within Johannesburg. One is forced to ask who owns this 'public space' and who exactly does the city belong to?

These two dimensions investigate ideas concerning access and usability, thus suggesting that public spaces may also be private and therefore have multiple functions.

As one moves between the three spaces, it is evident that each space is negotiated differently. one at first moves freely in the locations of: Ghandi Square and Park Station. These spaces are controlled areas where signs, rules and security govern and guide one within the area. On the other hand it is the lack of knowledge that one has as an outsider when entering the space of Noord Taxi Rank. The space is negotiated by a network of people that distinguish whether you belong within their space or not.

Ideas of staging comes into play whilst moving through these areas. The moment you move into these spaces - which are particularly there to provide specific services to the public; that being transport, you are altering the movement of people and obstructing the space.

The idea of Portraiture and staging comes into play with the very action of moving within these spaces and interacting with various people.

non-dialectical method <...>

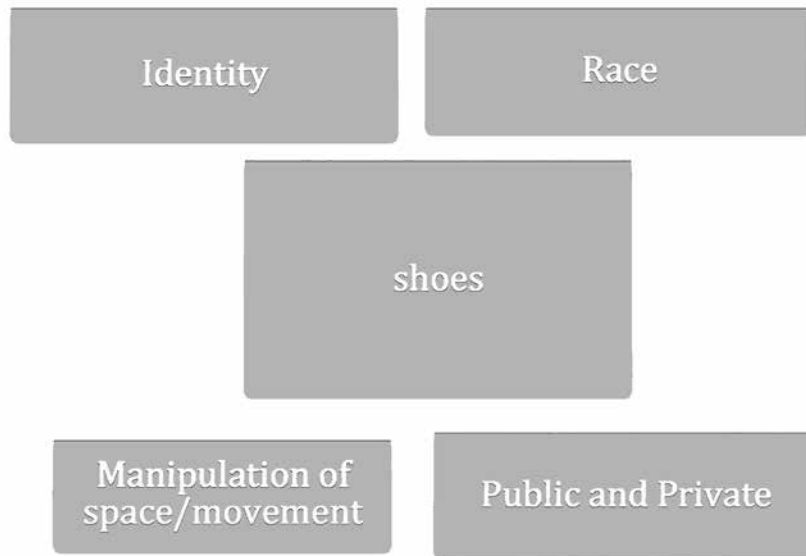
DEAD-ENDS

**a shuttle between
Muddle-Method-Madness -
an opening to otherness and difference that cannot be
known in advance**





[Anathi Hadebe] *Shoes and public space*



Ghandi Square (private and public space):

First thing I noticed at this space was the cleanliness. Also there's different kinds of race groups within the space, Easy to move around, people are more relaxed and free which tells me they feel safe it was. The amount of space allows for easy movement. The space is welcoming.

In this space I would like to take pictures of everyone who's using the space.

MTN Rank (Noorde) Public space

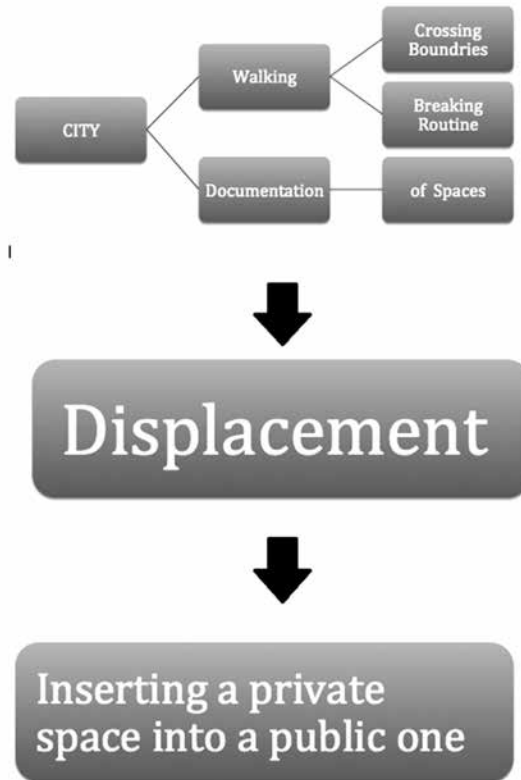
This space is dirty, noisy, congested and freedom of movement is hindered especially around the rank with too many taxis and people moving at the same time. Also one race group dominates the rank. The space is unorganized. Too many people using the space since its a taxi rank. Furthermore the space feels unsafe compared to Ghandi square.

In this space I would like to photograph shoes of everyone who is in line to catch the Taxi, maybe also photograph the people around the space who are selling food and fruits.

Park Station (Public Space)

The space is clean, congested with too many people using the space and its safe with a Police station within the space. Also seems to be dominated by one race group. Furthermore the space is well organized with benches for people to sit down to avoid too much congestion, Parking also available which means the space is welcoming to everyone.

In this space I would like to photograph shoes of only the people who are seated, people who are not in movement. I would also like to photograph shoes of the police officers inside the police station.



Noord Taxi Rank: Clearly dominated by the male taxi drivers, a space in which clearance must be given before any activity takes place. The spectator becomes the spectacle – easily distinguishable as someone who “shouldn’t” be there. Body politics in an arena where one feels restricted in personal mobility by the invisible eyes watching. A place of tension - allowing for a disruption of this tension. Crossing the fine line between standing out and becoming a spectacle. Deconstructing the male gaze through being overtly feminine (how?) . Bringing to the foreground gender and race politics in a space where clear-cut codes already exist.

Park Station: An internal hub of activity, people too busy to notice, an allocated waiting zone; people with a clear agenda – a routine is prescribed by the space. Outside transactions take place; money swaps hands between vendors; those on their way and those who have arrived. All kinds of people sharing one need - to travel; to move. The insertion of a person into an unfamiliar space causing the disturbance of the space’s dictated routine.

Gandhi Square: A sense of calm and ease walking along the streets surrounding Gandhi square. The anxiety often embedded in the streets of Johannesburg CBD, is not present in this small hub. People move more freely along the streets, the spectator blends into the diverse crowd. An engagement with the people who use Gandhi square on a daily basis. A displacement of the norm - bringing a private space into a public one, the pushing of boundaries between private and public. A tea party at Gandhi square?

Coming to the Play>Urban project has been very useful, and having never having worked in a group of this style before has diversified my choices for future processes. Over the past few weeks I have been involved in many projects, from simple introductory adaptations of work, to various bivouacs into a city I am familiar with. Working with Johannesburg as an object from which to position joint reference with outsiders to the city is an instructive method of re-evaluating what I often take for granted. I brought to the project the a process of my own, the Information Desk, which subverts the implications of the title by drawing in information via the filling out of forms and the recording of conversations relating to the form. This has been a process of experimentation for much of the year in my own work, and had been selected for the Marteinsen, so in bringing it with me to the Play>Urban project I hoped to widen the scope of its discussion. This has been a success for me, and hopefully has added to the project as a whole.

At first the response was very literal, simply adapting the Desk for the first exhibition into something more exaggerated and menacing in tone.

Visiting Keleketla! near the centre of the city began the broadening of this scope, and it was interesting watching the various interactions of South Africans and French during the visit and the lunch hour afterwards. The lunch-hour more so in various ways, as interactions with the city as a visceral living object providing Ethiopian or Mozambiquean food was occasionally discarded in favour of a retreat to a safe refuge in Nando's or McDonalds.

However, refuge is not something the French had travelled so far for, and not therefore what the South Africans should have been working with either. My comfort with being in the city, with some Mozambique chicken warming me up was disrupted by arriving back at Keleketla! to find this implicit resistance, but shows a specific view of the 'other' in the central city.

Similarly the Hector Peterson Memorial was an interesting experiment in viewing the historicising of a specific area, while alienating it from its wider location. Again, there was an incongruent reaction in moving from the natural feel of the inner city to highly 'presented' atmosphere

of the tourist inspired walk which leads from the memorial. The area seemed to miscommunicate, to create a friction in intent.

Fietas is a community which exists on the periphery of my personal knowledge of the city. Literally, it exists within a hole of areas I have knowledge of all around it. The work done there as a group focused on the huge gap which seemed to exist between the extreme poor in the area (we met several times with a man called Lesley) and the community centre of the area. The group chose to operate as a 'tool' for each of these sections of the community for a period of two hours each. We broke firewood for Lesley's encampment into useable pieces, and sorted them by size. For the community centre we served food, washed dishes, and handed out oranges during the two hours school children came to the community centre. It was the break-down in communication between these two centres that was amazing however. Lesley asked us specifically to talk to the community centre on our first meeting with him, and the community centre turned some people who seemed considerably desperate away while we were there. It was like the couple of blocks between the two areas were some sort of vast wall.

The visit to Sandton to visit the Art Fair was also instructive in issues of the difficulty of communication. As a representation as one of the wealthiest and most highly accessible locations around Johannesburg it always manages to highlight itself on the landscape of the city. It is of close proximity to one of the least affluent parts of the city, Alexandria, which reflect a point about broken communication which seems to become a bit repetitive at this point.

Dorothee and Betina separated the Play>Urban group into two groups with a separate section to walk about in the city. The other group, Betina's, walked to the Calton Centre. Ours went on a circuit past Ellis Park, into the Chinese market, around some of the more desperate areas nearby and on the way back to VANSa. Again, we passed between various spaces that reflected issues of distance and the motif of unworkable communication. The codified relations in wide open spaces of commerce and 'play' at Ellis Park did not sit well with areas a mere stone throw away.

The repetitive line drawn between broken communication, division, and the presence of the 'alien' across these borders condensed for me in Yeoville. I know Yeoville, There are old friends of my family that have lived there since I was a young kid, and we have always kept in close contact, but especially when I was younger, my little sister and I used to spend the day there. I did not really know that there was a Congolese district at the end of Rocky St. though, and it was there that the sense of alienation was brought home.

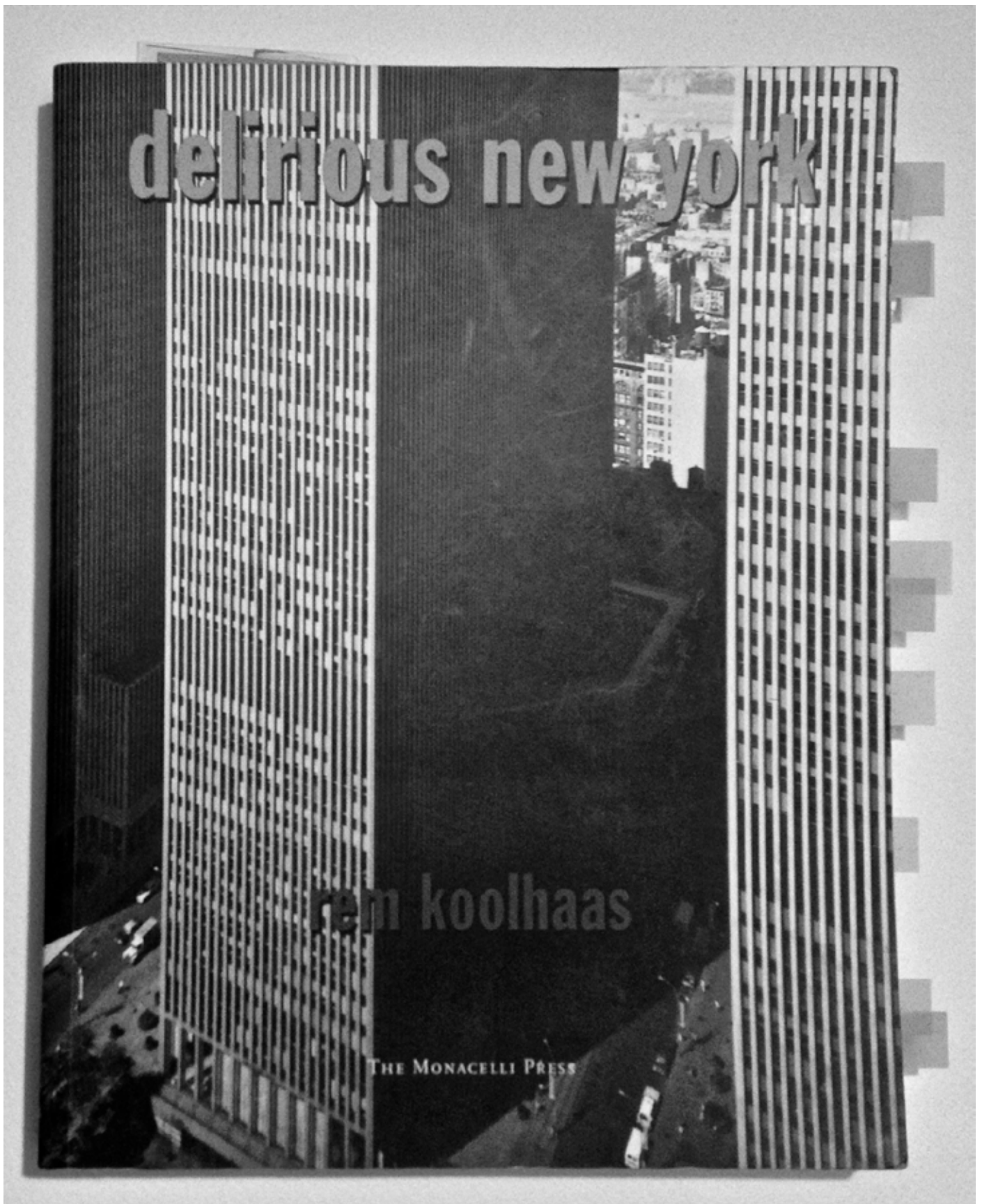
Firstly in terms of language, the French and the Congolese had long conversations about politics and various other things that were translated in bits and pieces or specifically re-told in English for the South Africans in the group. This effect of re-telling and re-interpretation disjointed the experience, and hindered understanding. In the end this disjointed experience got absurd toward the end. Apparently a fight broke out between a Congolese student and a Congolese émigré over differing views over Kabila, who currently rules there. I and the other South African were not even aware of it, as we were inside a building having Kabila's atrocities emphatically explained to us.

Perhaps relating to the break in understanding that is based in language, a sense of reduction also came into play. The Congolese were not individuals if they had explain their context in Yoville constantly, and the South Africans were not much more than ostracised observers. I have personal knowledge of Yoville, but this was often disregarded due to my being a white male from the suburbs. This is a stereotyped position, and as I have a tendency toward caution, having been exposed at various times to other stereotypes of living in Johannesburg. However, the inability to communicate and wider failure to achieve complete understanding of the situation at any given time impressed itself on my viewing of the day and the work of previous weeks.

The response of the Yeoville group focused itself around three key concepts: alienation, the inter-zone, and dislocation. The six of us were separated into groups of two, and each had a conversation that in some way dealt with the issues of translation. In this process, the failure to communicate entirely surfaced within my head. There

are opportunities for exploring understanding through the failure to understand which appeal to me at this point. Communication allows for the exchange of ideas, and the creation of new ones, whether the communication happens in terms of conversation, reading, orders, or media. Understanding is bound in this, but if understanding fails, it is the attempt to understand that informs and is where a great wealth of thought is to be found.

[Naadira Patel] *Delirious Joburg*



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This project, by the Wits School of Arts in Johannesburg, the Haute Ecole des Arts du Rhin, Strasbourg and VANSa, Johannesburg, with the participation of the Académie des Beaux-Arts of Kinshasa, took place between the 27th August - 23 September 2012, at King Kong, 6 Verwey Street, New Doornfontein.

Participants include

Wits School of Arts, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg:

Natasha Christopher, Zen Marie, Naadira Patel

Participating students :

Melissa Bennet, Laurenci Dow, Madeleine Dymond, Janike Fourie, Megan Mace, Taten-da Magaisa, Benjamin Metcalfe, Michelle Monareng, Matete Motubatse, Anathi Radebe, Zakara Raitt, Victoria Wigzell.

Haute Ecole des Arts du Rhin, Strasbourg:

François Duconseille, Eléonore Hellio, Jean-Christophe Lanquetin, Gregoire Zabé with Marie Fricout and Pauline Lepeu

Participating students:

Marielle Agboton, Juliette Autin, Eve Chabanon, Floriane Jan, Adrien Maufay, Silvio Milone, Alice Neveu, Irène Tchernououtsan

Académie des Beaux Arts, Kinshasa:

Patrick Missassi

Participating students

Michel Ekeba, Christian Mukenge, and Ricky Mapeki

Partners, invited artists and researchers:

- Joseph Gaylard and Lester Adams (VANSa)
- Simon Gush and Ruth Sacks (Parking Gallery)
- Dorothee Kreutzfeldt and Bettina Malcomess (Dead Heat)
- Rangoate Hlasane and Malose Malahlela (Keleketla ! Library in link with the Urban Talks Radio project with Radio en Construction - Strasbourg)
- Humphrey Maleka, Brian Mtembu, Sello Pesa, Vaughn Sadie (Ntsoana Contemporary Dance Theatre)
- Donna Kukama
- Khwezi Gule (Hector Peterson Memorial)
- Călin Dan
- Dominique Malaquais

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