

# **Wasted Space: performance, public space, urban renewal and identity.**

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## **Abstract**

This research aligns performance and socially engaged art practices with the current process of urban renewal and the re-definition of identity in the inner-western Melbourne suburb of Footscray. It enacts a sustained public art project, sited in central Footscray, that utilises performance and socially engaged art practices to interrogate the social spaces of Footscray and develop a methodology for the implementation of art as part of the urban renewal process by engaging with the rhythmic iterations of everyday life in order to produce a fluid story of space.

The analytical component of this research surveys the theoretical concepts of the production of space and the practice of everyday life through the key works of Henri Lefebvre and Michel de Certeau. It interrogates the proliferation of performance and socially engaged art practices and their role in creating social spaces and contemporary identities through the work of Claire Bishop, Shannon Jackson, Nicholas Bourriaud and Alan Kaprow. The creative component of this research comprises a program of observational, participatory, and performance art actions in Footscray that are documented and contextualised by the work of artists Miranda July, Francis Alÿs, Hans Haacke and the work of the social research project Mass Observation.

## **Student Declaration**

### **Doctor of Philosophy Declaration (by performance / exhibition)**

“I, Benjamin Cittadini, declare that the PhD exegesis entitled “Wasted Space: performance, public space, urban renewal and identity” is no more than 100,000 words in length including quotes and exclusive of tables, figures, appendices, bibliography, references and footnotes. This exegesis contains no material that has been submitted previously, in whole or in part, for the award of any other academic degree or diploma. Except where otherwise indicated, this exegesis is my own work”.

Signature:



Date: 31/8/2014

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# 1. Identibles and Fragmentities



I'm a Sagittarius. I like to talk and I'm bursting with social energy. I keep my hair short but tousled enough to display a wry disrespect for order. The three-day stubble on my face shows that I am too immersed in the intangible mysteries of life to bother about my outward appearance, however as little as three days ago I did inhabit the world of appearances and therefore I can't be easily dismissed as a bearded eccentric or worse, a sycophantic hipster. I dress in a manner that suggests a reluctant, slightly shabby maturity — full-cut shirts and secondhand suit-jackets — with a few carefully chosen anomalous accessories to remind everyone that I'm still wary of conformity. When I walk down the street I do so with a determined momentum that suggests a singular purpose, a thin-lipped focus that knits my brow and keeps my hands deep in my pockets.

When people casually surveil me as I walk past, I'm reasonably confident that I present what I believe to be an honest assemblage of identities that will be easily recognised and associated with, or disassociated from, the appropriate public/s; recognisable publics whose generalised terms of belonging I have to trust will successfully interpret these careful signifiers of my fundamental self-identity i.e. my appearance belongs to mild counter-publics of informed non-conformity and consensual misanthropy and my purposeful walk and inward gaze suggests I am an established member of the geographically localised public, aware of where I am and familiar enough with the sensual world around me to take it for granted.

But then I catch a glimpse of myself in the reflection of a shop-front window: an alienated and alienating shard of my projected appearance. My carefully wrought assemblage of informed misanthropy and mature non-conformity appears as a ghostly bricolage of laziness and weary compromise. My purposeful movement merely resembles a kind of facile stoop, or an evasive awkwardness that would seem to align me with a less gregarious star-sign. I am a stranger to myself, yet I know that this stranger is part of my public identity.



This reflected shard is also a curiously complete fragment of the way I present myself in public — if I were to collect all the reflected shards as I walk down the street they would not piece together a complete mirror, but they would be a more or less arbitrary affiliation of self-sufficient fragments that represent the individuation of various wholes, rather than the net result of multiple individuations.

Do I try to adjust this fragmented reflection to more closely resemble the assumed inherent identity of my embodied self, or do I disembody my inherently non-identical self in order to enhance my fragmented reflections? If I were to openly declare myself as belonging to certain publics, would these publics actually recognise me? Increasingly my everyday practice becomes the ritual of foraging the fragmented reflections, wearable desires and edible identities of contemporary everyday life and augmenting them with the lived realities of my interactions (bodily and virtual) with others and the social spaces (bodily and virtual) created by these interactions.

This chapter will address the following questions: how is identity assumed, consumed, digested, undigested and discarded? How does the fragmented nature of contemporary life and the fluid boundaries between public and private resist unified notions of *identity*, *community* and *public*? I will begin by exploring the fluid nature of identity, its increasingly consumable qualities and the performative nature of being associated with a public. I will then look at ways in which publics are created, identified and manipulated, and how notions of a “public opinion” or communal identity are forged through the practices of surveying and “community engagement” practices. Finally, I will look at the characteristics of fragments and their non-aggregating, self-sufficient nature in the flux of contemporary life.

### **Identible ingredients in the collective dish**

How do we define the collective identity of place, or rather, how do we locate the multiple publics that coalesce within the geographically determined spaces that constitute a place, and identify the collective characteristics of these publics as coeval with the place they inhabit? The difficulty with defining a *place* by its collective identity, and thereby augmenting self-identity through its association with place, is that *place* itself does not contribute to this definition — it is merely the space created by the play of identification. The physical attributes of a place are identified by, rather than identifiers of, the social relations that ascribe them with meaning; even the body — which creates the space, which locates the place — might be considered formless and indeterminate until subjected to the flux of social relationality, or the ‘senseless volatility of everyday life’.<sup>1</sup>

But firstly — and finally — how do we, as individual identities, collectively identify with, or become identified by, the publics we coalesce with? Harvie Ferguson suggests that our self-identities are formed by a ‘process of differentiation within totalities’, that is, by highlighting our singularity within the whole. However, this whole, or ‘totality’, is not the result of our consummated singularities, or ‘the consequence of aggregating individuals.’<sup>2</sup> The collective then is not so much a unified identity, representing the singular expression of a number of individual identities, but a grouping of *interactive* singularities whose borders are arbitrary and forever shifting. As a result of the process of the interactivity of an arbitrary grouping, our self-identities are formed and reformed, professed and renounced, sometimes through our own agency, sometimes through the actions of others, sometimes through our actions *upon* others and their subsequent reactions.

This is a process of self and collective identification founded upon the fluidity of social interaction and the performativity of identity, which form the presentation of individuals complete with the transformative process of the world within them, individuals that Ferguson refers to as ‘whole social actors.’<sup>3</sup> However, there is a tendency, or a need, in contemporary society to define collective identities by certain characteristics of individuals and groups i.e. age, race, gender, sexual orientation, disability, religion, politics. This tendency creates categories from these characteristics, and these categories then become signifiers of ‘communities’ i.e. gay/lesbian, blind/deaf, youth/elderly.<sup>4</sup> But to what extent is the self-identity of an individual represented by the *naming* of chosen characteristics they may share with other individuals? Whilst individuals may share a name and an identity that ‘adheres’<sup>5</sup> to this name, they may not share other *named* characteristics of their self-identities. In other words, two individuals might share one characteristic but differ in many others (sometimes antonymous to the one shared characteristic). Therefore the naming of a public or group — arbitrarily drawn around interacting individuals — by one chosen characteristic, may impose an identity upon the individual, which limits the freedom of the self to *not* identify with the group; an individual’s self-identity is at once expressed and suppressed by its association with the characterisation of a “community”. Naming, Ferguson notes, ‘is a powerful device of containment; it is the prison of the self.’<sup>6</sup>

### **Publics privatised and privacy publicised**

Although I am a Sagittarius (by definition gregarious and sociable) I consider myself a very private person. And yet in public or social situations where I find myself predominantly amongst strangers, I find it easy to share my most private sentiments. In fact, there is a quality to interacting with strangers in public that is ideal for revealing what I consider to be my most private self: the fleeting and anonymous nature of the interaction with strangers means that judgement is momentary, and strangely desirable, even liberating — amongst strangers my private self is suddenly not so precious. Likewise, I am less likely to judge the private selves of strangers when they are revealed to me — or, conversely, because of their anonymity I feel I can judge them with uncommon harshness. This quality of strangers momentarily meeting and with great relief revealing intensely private information is one that

creates a public space that is both profound in its momentary revelation and meaningless in its temporal ephemerality. The evolution of forms that mediate, identify, celebrate and exploit this quality of public space — that which Michael Warner refers to as ‘the intimate theatre of stranger relationality’<sup>7</sup> — has increasingly become one of the defining preoccupations of ‘the public’ in contemporary society.

So how does one make the transition from being a private individual, a stranger, to a member of a ‘public’? According to Warner, one must be a stranger who is *addressed* and introduced to a *discourse*. When addressed, we are aware that it is not ourselves that has been addressed, but the ‘stranger we were until the moment we happened to be addressed’. Once revealed as strangers we are immediately transformed into a member of the public.<sup>8</sup> It requires our attention, even participation to become actively involved in a discourse, but our understanding of ourselves as part of this discourse must retain ‘the trace of our strangerhood’. Once we inhabit this discourse, we perform this transition, from stranger to public, continually.<sup>9</sup> The word *perform* here has particular relevance to the act of being public. The notion here is that a ‘public’ is fundamentally a ‘space for discourse organised by nothing other than discourse itself.’<sup>10</sup> In this instance, a discourse relies on people having different or contrasting views, therefore a public is a space where people with contrasting views are engaged in a discourse, where the discourse itself is what defines the space as public, rather than just ‘a more or less arbitrary, context-dependent sampling of private individuals abstracted from their privacy.’<sup>11</sup> But how does the discourse that precedes the revelation of one’s strangerhood connect to the discourse that proceeds one’s membership of a public? Warner suggests that the connection is essentially *social* in character: more than just ‘consecutiveness in time’, the movement of private individuals into publics through address and discourse is an *interaction*.<sup>12</sup>

Privacy is certainly one of the more treasured rights, even expectations, of contemporary society; it is a way in which we can be relieved from a public existence which is always only a ‘mouse click away.’<sup>13</sup> Yet it is in the immediacy and profligacy of today’s public sphere that we now furnish ourselves with private identities. In today’s proliferation and access to public spaces (not just physical, but through the media, internet etc.) we may acquire, beget or shed identities that in previous times would have taken a lifetime of association with a particular profession or class just to define. As Alistair Hannay suggests, previously an individual would have practiced specialised skills founded deeply within local traditions and these associations would have constituted their identity both in public and in private; where the life-experience of an individual acquiring these skills through long apprenticeship and practice would have been enough to be identified by.<sup>14</sup> However, through technological development, some of these basic, ‘facile skills’ are now universal and easily acquired — ‘they come without roots’. As private identities we are now abstractions, stepping out into an increasingly uniform, globalised world with ‘no background’.<sup>15</sup> In this identity vacuum, public space becomes a market place for the appropriation of identity and the

commodification of personality — a place in which almost anybody can create their very own public, a captive audience to which one may try out, or *perform* various forms of personality and identity. Here, Hannay draws a distinction between the person and the *personae*:

Personae are not actual persons, but masks behind which real persons are made to appear, or make themselves appear, before their audiences or publics.<sup>16</sup>

In this sense, one's personality, or self-identity, is part of a process of transitions between public and private, where 'the public in its privacy seeks to escape public anonymity.'<sup>17</sup> Everyone can participate as part of the audience, or as the performer.

It is this performative nature of an individual's private existence that most radically defines contemporary public existence. Yet this definition is itself increasingly distorted by its own nature — the immediacy and access to media (internet) creates an almost hyperactive creation and dissolution of publics. The performance artist Guillermo Gómez-Peña calls this notion of public space the 'Mainstream Bizarre':

The mainstream bizarre has effectively blurred the borders between pop-culture, performance and "reality". The new placement of other borders, between audience and performer, between the surface and the underground, between marginal identities and fashionable trends is still unclear.<sup>18</sup>

Where there were marginal 'publics' or discourses that maintained a strong sense of identity because of their alienation from the dominant public discourse,<sup>19</sup> now we see that 'the insatiable mass of the so-called "mainstream"...has finally devoured all "margins", and the more dangerous, thorny and exotic these "margins", the better.'<sup>20</sup> This quality of individuals promenading in public spaces festooned with the vestiges of the most radical identities — or those publics which Warner calls 'counterpublics'<sup>21</sup> — without forgoing their membership of the dominant, or mainstream public, can be further defined by Ferguson's notion of 'empathic identities': a brief and imaginary affiliation with individual or group identities 'conceived as other than (rather than different to) ourselves.'<sup>22</sup>

How does one engage with a public/s whose identity is no longer necessarily defined by profession, class or income, but by whatever desire can be fulfilled by the "mainstream bizarre"?

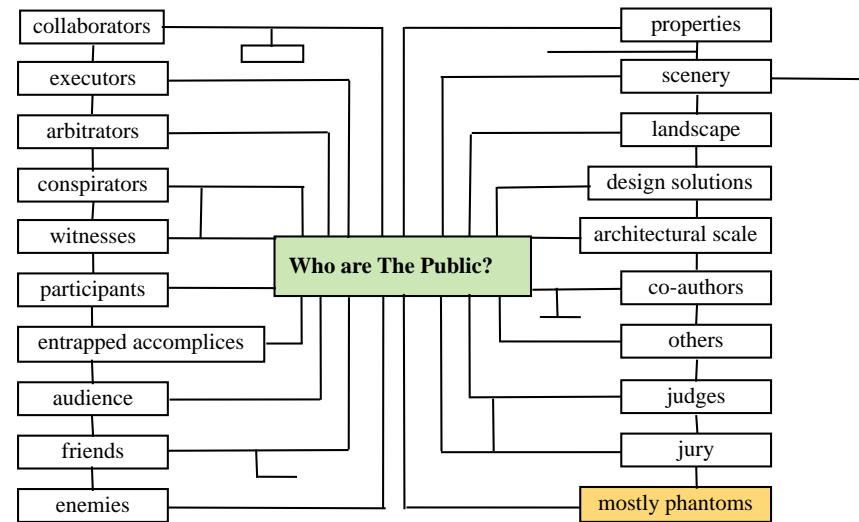
## **Public opinion**

Who are the public, the community, the collective — who are you?

What is the point of awareness, when you're coaxed into the realisation that *you* are the public?

Before this, now, you were perhaps just living, a non-identity in search of other, like-minded non-identities, concentrating, empathising with strangers, struggling to negotiate the world around you until suddenly . . . I betrayed you. You asked for it, your demands have been foreseen 'because they have been induced.'<sup>23</sup> According to community consultations this is in fact what your generation/gender/ethnicity desires.

Immediately it would seem a travesty that any one public could have a defining or consensual opinion; if a public is a discourse of contrasting views then a public of one opinion is no public at all. Whose opinion, then, becomes known as 'public opinion? Is the public aware of this deception? Yes and no, but it is the public that authorises it, even though it may not have generated it. Hannay suggests that public opinion is an idea formed by individuals making a judgement on general, moral issues, based on what they imagine our society to be sustained by.<sup>24</sup> The key to identifying certain judgemental ideas as public opinion is to have them registered by a public; to feed these ideas to a particular public in such a way that this public registers itself as *the* public and the opinion as *its own* opinion, then have it fed back, thus authenticated by the public. One way to elicit this authorisation is through the use of polls and surveys, the graphic and quantitative results of which represent the *truth* of their speculations.



The purpose of the survey is to reconfirm a conviction, by asking *not* why the person holds this conviction, but why they *don't* hold other convictions, in fact, it's not even about the energy of convictions, but their inertia i.e. if it is false that you believe in something else, then it must be true that you are still on our side.<sup>25</sup>

For this reason public opinion is an important political device. However, because it is only semi-consciously supported by the public it purports to represent, it is fickle, easily manipulated and abused, misled and ultimately self-defeating. The idea of a "public good" is equally opposed to its intentions. Although as a notion it seemingly represents a desire to ensure the well being of a whole, this well-being is itself the maintenance of the

basic right of an *individual's privacy*.<sup>26</sup> Again we see then that this notion of “public” relies heavily on there being a fluid and contrasting collection of *private individuals*. The public is often an extension of our private selves, rather than the expression of a shared or communal interest.<sup>27</sup>

### **Fragmentities**

At the end of everyday I usually empty my pockets and assess the collection of objects, like an archeologist sifting through the spoil-heap of everyday life: coins, tissues, receipts, balls of lint, isolated keys, shopping lists, train tickets, phone-numbers, pen-lids etc. These objects are material fragments that represent the story of my everyday life, the flotsam of my adventures, but the story has no unifying narrative and the fragments themselves exist stubbornly in their own right as shabby monuments to disorder and discontinuity. But this discontinuity is not the end of things. It could be considered the ‘continuous process of fragmentation’, a kind of continuous non-continuity: ‘a process of radical disaggregation and splitting’ that characterises contemporary life.<sup>28</sup>

Curiously, it is often these undistinguished fragments that survive longer than the more distinguished objects (and experiences) they represent: the pen-lid always survives the pen and the ball of lint will survive the pocket that produced it. Through these impoverished icons, my experiences are not merely ‘taken apart and re-arranged in some way’ — they are fragmented.<sup>29</sup> And whilst it is sometimes disheartening that the more significant things in my everyday life barely survive the routines of the day, it is also promising that each and every fragment, unburdened by a reliance on significance or even the proximity to each other (they are not a ‘community’ of fragments), holds the potential to be a significant item in itself in the future, yet will no doubt resist doing so. It is these fragments that I wrap my fingers tightly around when I put my hands in pockets, because as Baudrillard says of the promise of fragments: ‘they alone will survive the catastrophe, the destruction of meaning and language...the lightest items sink the most slowly into the abyss’.<sup>30</sup>

What is the fundamental structure that allows us to flourish in a fragmented existence? Ferguson suggests that it is everyday life, not society, that is ‘the theatre of fragmentation’.<sup>31</sup> In other words, contemporary life — this ‘theatre of fragmentation’ — is not a unified or whole structure disarticulated and presented as the sum of its parts, it is rather an ‘uncombined discontinuity’. This disassembled and discontinuous structure may be constituted as a defining quality of contemporary society, but it is certainly founded upon the fluid and interactive practice, or ‘unbounded indeterminacy’, of everyday life.<sup>32</sup> Upon this shifting stage the propagation of fragments is performed continuously through the practice of everyday life.<sup>33</sup>

Contemporary communal identity is often only a simulacrum of the identities, which briefly interconnect and leave a palimpsest of assemblage. The dispersed or fragmented nature of this assemblage is held in stasis and referred to as 'diversity'. However a diversity which diversifies continually, as a component in the process of fluid engagement in social spaces, cannot be maintained as the atrophied simulacrum of a communal identity.

It is in the superposition of small movements, the movement of waves of individual, everyday practitioners — 'an innumerable collection of singularities',<sup>34</sup> — that the collective identity of a place is written, and it is shaped by the movement of identity itself, by the *going* or becoming of social relationality: the movement of private people into publics and of publics into isolated movements, of identity defined by the constant manipulation of things, of temporary identification, of a synchronic order of social reality that is not merely 'consecutiveness in time',<sup>35</sup> but is a *federated* instant,<sup>36</sup> a vast interactive fragment that is washing up against and being compelled by other fragments, continually dispersing the borders which define them.

## 2. Everyday Elusions



Boring. Mundane. Quotidian. The drudgery of everyday life surges monotonously through history like a slow moving sewer, carrying away in its dark, amorphous mass the waste of humanity's striving. Above the slow moving sludge of the everyday, periodically exalted moments in time reinforce the urge to strive, acting as triumphant arches in the history of the progress of humanity. Singular and extraordinary persons and events clamber up on the ignorant, less fortunate shoulders of the masses to pierce the clouds and survey the heavens. In this version of the march of humanity, the everyday is a necessary burden to be outgrown and overcome by those chosen, or competent enough, to rise above the repetition and inertia associated with the banality of everyday life.

But in contemporary society, everyday life is no longer the benighted and banal state of the masses — it is an exalted practice within which the heroic

individual discards the yoke of past and future and freely associates (through an omnivorous socio-economic symbolic order) a multidimensional and eternal present.

However, the socio-economic symbolic order still retains (through the necessity of being a symbolic order) pre-contemporary and static notions of individual and community identities. The project of trying to reconcile these static notions with the elusive, freely associating practice of the everyday creates a keenly contested space where traditional, modernist methods of quantitative measurement and interpretation fail and the darker, post-modernist arts of social engagement, participatory democracy and art itself are often applied with an awkward and incompatible pre-modernist zeal.

This chapter will loiter around two questions: how does the practice of everyday life elude static notions of identity and how do we engage with this elusiveness? I will diffuse this question through three interrelated areas of focus: firstly, I will give an overview of how everyday life has been defined and how, through the writings of Michel de Certeau and Henri Lefebvre, it has come to be described as a practice. Secondly, I will explore how this



practice produces public space and social identities. Thirdly, I will discuss the rhythms of everyday life and the spaces left behind, or *remaindered* by this practice.

## **Hungry Ghosts**

Whatever is informal, unorganised, serendipitous and chaotic may be considered the everyday.<sup>37</sup>

*A bunch of young punks threateningly occupy much sought after seats on the early morning bus, though they are surprisingly courteous, offering their seats to wary businessmen, who diffidently refuse their offer.*

*One of the punks says to another:*

*"You know how that guy on 'Home and Away' has that tatt that says 'blood and sand' around his neck?"*

*"Yeah."*

*"Well, I wanna get a tatt that says 'blood and chaos'."*

*"Yeah."*

*"You know, 'blood' for family, and 'chaos' for everything that doesn't include family."*

*"Yeah."*

It's hard to imagine that we voluntarily give ourselves up to such a quixotic state of being on a daily basis, but everyday life is not just serendipity and unforeseeable fortune, it is also practice and procedure; it is the fluctuating process of the improvised and the choreographed, the intuitive and the tactical, the inherent and the performed, that creates the depth — and ultimately the elusiveness — of everyday life. Michael E. Gardiner, in reference to the work of Henri Lefebvre, describes the elusiveness of the everyday as:

...simultaneously “humble and sordid” *and* rich in potential; it is the “space-time of voluntary programmed self-regulation”, but also utopian possibility...There is a “power concealed in everyday life’s apparent banality, a depth beyond its triviality, something extraordinary in its very ordinariness.”<sup>38</sup>

Whilst it is a ubiquitous state of being, everyday life is neither a fundament of individual character nor a *spirit* of communal activity, although it provides a stage for the production of both. It is continually improvised, although the rhythmic nature of its activities and the accessibility and immediacy of its more profound moments often lends it a ‘feeling-tone of familiarity’.<sup>39</sup> This familiarity is neither an individual or personal feeling, nor

is it a shared or public feeling. It 'is not either public or private, nor is it both public and private; it is unbounded.'<sup>40</sup> So rather than a characterisation in itself, everyday life may be thought of as a familiar *location* - a point, or series of points at which characterisation is conceived and enacted. Michel de Certeau describes this enacting as a *practice*, designating the individual as a consumer and the act of *poaching* on the property of others as the moment in which everyday life invents itself; the consumer uses the *products* of society and this usage 'defines everyday life and ourselves as consumers.'<sup>41</sup>

This act of consumption is in itself a 'secondary' act of production, a 'creative' use of the products through which a 'productivist economy articulates itself.'<sup>42</sup> It is this secondary act of production that constitutes the *practice* of everyday life, and this practice is entirely different to the primary form of production, which is defined by its 'rationalised, expansionist, centralised, spectacular and clamorous'<sup>43</sup> form. This secondary practice is characterised by its 'ruses, its fragmentation, its poaching, its clandestine nature and its tireless but quiet activity' — the activity of using the products, or the 'indexes of order', that are imposed upon us.<sup>44</sup>

As well as 'ruses' and 'poaching', de Certeau uses the word 'tactics' to describe 'ways of operating', in which we use the primary products of society to superimpose the living conditions of our choice upon the life we have no choice but to live.<sup>45</sup> All these activities may involve nothing more than reading, talking, walking, listening or just dwelling on thoughts. Taken together, they form an 'ensemble of procedures'<sup>46</sup>, a vast and cunning practice by which we, the consumers, produce a space for everyday life that doesn't capitalise, or 'take control over time'<sup>47</sup>, but is unbounded and elusive, continually evading the attempts of the primary forms of production to definitively locate its reality.

Like hungry ghosts raiding the pantry, we satisfy our tastes in our own way and leave behind only the vacancy of the products we have used. There is a sense of a distant, though still undiminished, mammalian random curiosity, or an 'ontological playfulness'<sup>48</sup> to the elusive reality of this practice — a familiar sense of the childlike play at small but meaningful adaptations to the world *as it is* in order to live *the way we are* within it. Therefore the practice of everyday life is not an enduringly banal and largely meaningless reality that eludes interest, but a 'fleeting and massive reality' that eludes rationalised and functionalist interests that try to capitalise the unbounded reality of 'a social activity at play with the order that contains it.'<sup>49</sup>

## **The stories of the street**

The ordinary practitioners of the city live...below the threshold at which visibility begins...they are walkers whose bodies follow the thicks and thins of an urban "text" they write without being able to read it. These practitioners make use of spaces that cannot be seen...the networks of these moving, intersecting writings compose a manifold story that has neither author nor spectator, shaped out of fragments of trajectories and alterations of spaces.<sup>50</sup>

*Walking down Nicholson St., a steady rain falling, I hear a deep, tuneful whistling behind me. The rain is a welcome change and the air is fresh. The deeply tuneful whistler is taking long strides and draws alongside me; the street simultaneously foreshortens behind us and expands laterally from our swaying arms.*

*He lets out a measured chuckle and says: "It's funny, you know, when I was a kid I loved the rain."*

*I turn to him. He is very tall, his cheeks glistening with rain drops. He is gliding along with a joyful lope that he attenuates to accommodate my shorter strides.*

*"Now, it's just problems" he adds. "It was much easier when I first come here, thirteen years ago. Things have changed. Before, I had two jobs, I was making it better. Things have changed."*

*He screws his hand into the sky, illustrating the rotation of the seasons, or the irrepressible ellipse of the earth around the sun.*

*"Perhaps when we were kids we were better at accepting change," I venture.*

*"I don't talk about politics in Australia anymore" he says, "I keep my mouth shut."*

*"We should talk more openly," I offer empty.*

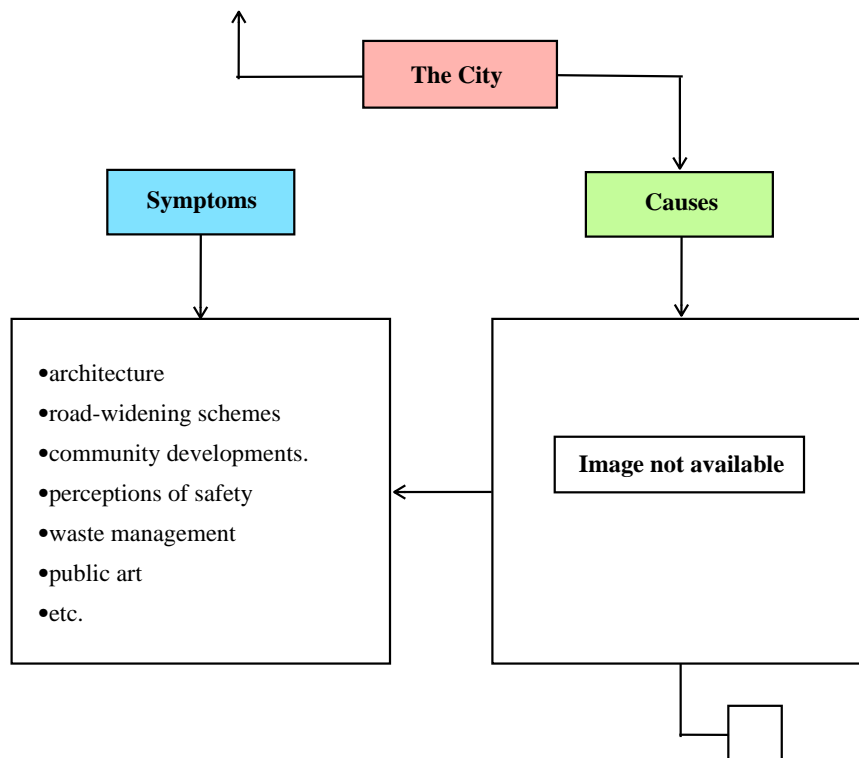
*"Yes, of course" he says and chuckles too himself.*

*He once worked picking tomatoes in a place called Goondiwindi.*

How does the practice of the everyday create social spaces and is it possible to authenticate these spaces as representative of some kind of social identity? Is this identity inherent in a location and in its built environment, or is it inherent in the daily activity of the people that inhabit the location? If we combine all three factors — location, architecture and daily activity — it provides an elegant answer, but the questions that resolve themselves within this answer remain elusive. Does architecture create daily activity? Does a location and its daily activity create the architecture?

Our cities try to distinguish themselves from one another through a visual language of architectural and design mediums that claim to represent the identity of the life of a city: “iconic” buildings, street furniture, types of footpath paving, tree and plant “palettes”, public art sculptures, murals, roadways, bridges, monorails, rooftop bars, laneways etc. Yet these distinguishing, built features are predominantly interchangeable between most modern cities — in fact cities will often borrow the aesthetic “solutions” of other cities and arbitrarily apply them to their own i.e. a re-created Cambodian temple in the desert outside Cairo,<sup>51</sup> a re-created Egyptian pyramid in the desert of Las Vegas, a Tuscan Villa in the suburbs of Melbourne...or even a “docklands” precinct that re-purposes a run-down industrial wharf area into a contemporary and desirous residential, retail and leisure precinct, using the “skin” of its industrial heritage to assume a marketable identity before it is even inhabited. The geography and geometry of the city mostly represents the flattened and visible conceptual outcomes of the life of a city:

The composition of the city and its well-being is a precarious balance that goes far deeper than prognostications about architecture, road-widening schemes and community developments. These are the symptoms of the city, not the causes.<sup>52</sup>



Architecture and urban design present the symptoms of their interpretation of space — ‘an ensemble of significations’ which Henri Lefebvre suggests are not elaborated from the ‘significations perceived and lived by those who inhabit, but from their interpretation of inhabiting.’<sup>53</sup> Schmid notes that space does not exist *in itself*, it is produced by:

...human beings in their corporeality and sensuousness, with their sensitivity and imagination, their thinking and ideologies; human beings who enter into relationships with each other through their activity and practice.<sup>54</sup>

According to Lefebvre’s three dimensional dialectic on the production of space, architectural space is a production of ‘representations of space’ and might therefore be considered within the dimension of *conceived* spaces: spaces that presume ‘an act of thought that is linked to the production of knowledge.’<sup>55</sup> On the other hand, social space, as a production of the practice of everyday life, could be considered within the dimension of *lived*

spaces: the lived experience of space in the practice of everyday life.<sup>56</sup> Along with *perceived* space — that which is perceived by the senses of the material elements of space — the *conceived* and the *lived* form Lefebvre’s unique three dimensional dialectic of space. But unlike the *perceived* and the *conceived*, the third dimension — the *lived*, practiced experience of space — is the one dimension that Lefebvre insists cannot be theoretically exhausted: there will always be a surplus, something *remaindered*, an ‘unanalysable but most valuable residue’ that resists expression other than through artistic means; there is an elusive quality to the experience of this space which lends itself to creative apprehension and interpretation.<sup>57</sup>

What are some of the practices and procedures of everyday life, how do they create *lived* spaces and what might some of these remaindered fragments of this practice look like? According to Michel de Certeau, individuals write their own stories through the manipulations and adaptations of the order imposed upon them. These stories elude an immediate *visibility* and leave only a trace of their telling in the phatic exchanges and remaindered

fragments of their practice: conversations overheard, bodily interactions, aural and olfactory memories, shopping lists, text messages, dreams etc.

de Certeau highlights the particular practice of walking as one that creates an alternative to a geometric or geographic conception of space. In fact, de Certeau considers the streets and pathways of urban planning as merely geometrically defined — a flattened place on a map, until they are transformed into spaces by the everyday practice of walkers.<sup>58</sup> This act of walking writes a *story* of space that constantly transforms places into spaces and vice versa — a story written as a ‘spatial trajectory’.<sup>59</sup> The everyday practice of walking ‘speaks’ trajectories of an ‘unlimited diversity’ — trajectories of trial and error, suspicion, affirmation, respect and transgression — trajectories that cannot be reduced to their ‘graphic trail’.<sup>60</sup> While each footfall leaves a mark, and from this mark could be drawn a path, and from these paths could be drawn a map, this map would ultimately ‘miss what was: the act itself of passing by.’<sup>61</sup>

Even as we write the city with our everyday practice, so too are we written upon by the symbolic order, or the ‘scriptural economy’<sup>62</sup> of contemporary society; our bodies are ‘defined, delimited, and articulated’<sup>63</sup> by the semantic field of everyday life — a symbol of the “other” — something said, called, named.<sup>64</sup> Lefebvre notes that the signs and signals of this semantic field — the symbolic order of the city — are ever being closed down to interpretation and questions of meaning: traffic lights, street signs, rigid access requirements, queues, pick-up and drop-off points, standing and no-standing zones etc. All these signals contribute to a ‘dismantling’ of the written world.<sup>65</sup>

However, the act of having our bodies inscribed by this diminishing textual field is something we suffer in return for the pleasure of becoming an ‘identifiable and legible word in a social language’, although we don’t know whom it is that might be identifying us. Being transformed into a paragraph in an anonymous text satiates the desire to “fit in”, to belong, and it naturally requires an act of self-censure and obedience in order to be included in the dominant script, even though the part is anonymous.<sup>66</sup>

From the tension between writing a story of the city with our bodies through our everyday practice, and suffering to be written upon by the symbolic order of the city for the right to be included in its text, arises some possible questions: which aspect of the story of social space is the most authentic — the elusively written or the inclusively written upon? Or is it perhaps from within the play between the two forms of spatial practice that an authentic social identity is borne? These questions are reminiscent of Italo Calvino’s Mr. Palomar settling into his summertime deckchair to perform, in a state of agitated repose, his daily thought-labours. From the ambient auditory assemblage of a summer’s day (various whistling of birds, the growing hum of cicadas and the sound of his wife ‘watering the veronicas’<sup>67</sup>) he isolates and quiesces upon the seemingly intermittent calls of two blackbirds. He

distinguishes the whistle of the blackbird and notes:

After a while the whistle is repeated — by the same blackbird or by its mate — but always as if his were the first time it had occurred to him to whistle; if this is a dialogue, each remark is uttered after long reflection. But is it a dialogue, or does each blackbird whistle for itself and not the other? And, in whichever case, are these questions and answers (to the whistler or to the mate) or are they conformations of something that is always the same thing (the birds own presence, his belonging to this species, this sex, this territory)? Perhaps the value of this single word lies in its being repeated by another whistling beak, in its not being forgotten during the interval of silence.<sup>68</sup>

The two blackbirds are creating space with their everyday calls, but it is difficult to decipher whether they are merely naming it, themselves, or each other, or whether they are authenticating their presence and this authentication characterises the space they have created. Or perhaps:

...the whole dialogue consists of one saying to the other “I am here,” and the length of the pauses adds to the phrase the sense of a “still,” as if to say: “I am here still, it is still I.” And what if it is in the pause and not in the whistle that the meaning of the message is contained? If it were in the silence that the blackbirds speak to each other? (In this case the whistle would be a punctuation mark, a formula like “over and out.”)<sup>69</sup>

The Blackbirds use the symbolic order of their world — making intermittent calls — so they can be included in its text, but it may be in the intermissions, the pauses and silences that the blackbirds express the reality of their social relations, writing their own story through the silence they have created by punctuating what is imposed upon them. Just as we are written upon by the signs and spaces of the regulated and programmed city, we too write our own stories of space through the meanderings of our everyday practice. This alternative spatiality provides the potential for an ‘anthropological, poetic and mythic experience of space’,<sup>70</sup> a conception which eludes the ‘panoramic, panoptic, visual construction and understanding’ of the activities of everyday life.<sup>71</sup> For us, as for Mr. Palomar and the blackbirds, the everyday practices of listening and talking create a space whose characteristics elude full comprehension:

A silence, apparently the same as another silence, could express a hundred different notions; a whistle could, too, for that matter. To speak to one another by remaining silent, or by whistling, is always possible; the problem is understanding one another. Or perhaps no one can understand anyone: each blackbird believes that he has put into his whistle a meaning fundamental for him, but only he understands it; the other gives him a reply that has no connection with what he said...<sup>72</sup>

This elusiveness leaks *difference* and open interpretation, leaving behind a rich residue, fragrant traces of the otherwise invisible stories of everyday life. The cycle of practice, elusion and residue is self-sustainable and perpetual:

They go on whistling, questioning in their puzzlement, he and the blackbirds.<sup>73</sup>

People and the rhythmic iterations of everyday life produce a story of space — a story written by the small and continual adaptations that individuals make of the dominant realities that precede them; struggling to adjust the world to what one is rather than conforming to the way things appear to be.<sup>74</sup> The narratives of bodies and their relations with others authenticate the social identity of public spaces and these spaces are created through their relations with other bodies.

These are lived spaces, where the practice of everyday life creates the lived experience of space.<sup>75</sup> All around them people are “reading” the world and interpreting it in relation to their own experience; they are writing their own stories with the movement of their bodies, their interactions with others and their consumption of the produced materials around them. This everyday practice — reading, talking, walking etc. — is a product that doesn’t capitalise.

Already, and always, people are manipulating spaces and identities to suit their own everyday narratives. They are ‘poets of their own affairs.’<sup>76</sup> The poetry of these spaces resides in the phatic exchanges between people and the constantly replenishing palimpsest of their everyday practice. It is this practice, this production of public space, this performance of the everyday identity that characterises the reality of social space. According to Lefebvre, authenticity, or inauthenticity, is not inherent in everyday life; the practice of everyday life is ‘merely the terrain on which social desires are subject to the process of authentication.’<sup>77</sup> The relationality and transversality between public and private, individual and collective, writing and being written upon, is the foundation of social identity, and the *practice* of this process authenticates this identity. The practice of the everyday is the space in which social identity is projected, exchanged, judged and discarded — ultimately eluding being reduced to a place where identity is merely located and named.

### **The beat on the street**

Contemporary everyday life is everywhere cornered and cajoled into the abstract and quantitative rhythms of the clock, but beneath and beyond this we practice and are subject to alternative rhythms that stretch, compress and alleviate our experience of the world. These alternative rhythmic qualities of everyday life produce another interpretation of space, one that also eludes the dominant visual-temporal order.

In the practice of the everyday, the body is the foundation of the rhythmic world. From within its metabolic activities the body produces a rhythmicity

— a ‘chronobiology’ — whereby the body is seen in its entirety as a rhythm-based organ.<sup>78</sup> The rhythms produced by this exceedingly complex rhythmic organ in its ‘normal’ state (healthy and unchained), are characterised by Lefebvre as ‘polyrhythmic, eurythmic’. Taken together, these countless rhythms form ‘a harmony, an isorhythm’, whose oscillations produce a distinct temporality — a *lived* time.<sup>79</sup> This temporality is often in stark contradistinction to the abstracted clock time of contemporary life, which is set upon the *capitalisation* of temporality. While the oppositional concepts of *discovery* and *creation* characterise the lived time of the isorhythmic body, those of *production* and *destruction* characterise the inherent rhythm that is ‘proper’ for capital.<sup>80</sup> Lefebvre asserts that this contradistinction becomes a destructive imbalance, and that the truly destructive mark of capital is not in its assignation of rich and poor, propertied and propertyless, but its ‘imperious contempt for the body and lived-time.’<sup>81</sup>

So beyond the lived time of the body and the quantitative clock-time of capital, we might consider some of the other rhythms which everyday life abounds. There are the linear, narrative rhythms of an individual’s trajectory through life — birth, childhood, youth, middle age, old age and death. These rhythms might be foregrounded by the social rhythms of friendship, family, love, random acquaintance and the mutuality of other bodies oscillating in close proximity. To these we could add a back beat of the cyclical rhythms of natural phenomena, the seasons, the elements and climatic conditions of our planet.<sup>82</sup>

Even though the ‘merciless’ rhythms of abstract clock time imposes its rule on the everyday (maybe even in spite of it), the lived time of the body, the linear and social rhythms of life and the ‘immense cosmic rhythms’ of natural phenomena still influence the experience of everyday life.<sup>83</sup> Rather than a ‘teleologically settled’<sup>84</sup> or fixed and trackable temporality (linked seamlessly with the past and projecting unerringly into the future), the rhythms of the everyday are inherently complex, contradictory, conflicting, elusive and unstable. Just as everyday life provides a location for the authentication of social space and identity, so it also provides a ‘stage’ upon which these conflicting rhythms — of the body, the body’s linear and social trajectories, the cosmic cycle and the socio-economic clock time — are enacted ‘in dramatic fashion.’<sup>85</sup>

On the streets of the city we write our own stories with our everyday practice and are simultaneously written upon by the dominant symbolic order. We also create everyday space through the isorhythmic oscillations of our bodies and their rhythmic interactions with the linear, social, cyclical and quantitative rhythms of everyday life: ‘The city is heard as much as music as it is read as discursive writing.’<sup>86</sup>



### 3. Wasted Space



As you drive down Footscray Rd., away from the city and towards the suburb of Footscray, the vast container port of Melbourne stretches out to your left — a legoland of cranes, forklifts, giant berthed ships like beached whales, bloated or disgorged of their rectilinear innards, improbable stacks of multicolored containers funneling winds off the stone-grey waters of the bay and the volcanic flatlands to the west. To the right are the soon-to-be relocated Melbourne Wholesale Markets, studded with white vans and delivery trucks. From left to right container trucks perform laborious crossings and the sun sets straight down the middle. Originally a vast swamp, this area between the western edge of the Melbourne city grid and the Maribyrnong river is still relatively impenetrable to the outside eye — a mire of freeways, off-ramps, freight and passenger train lines, recycling and waste transfer stations, railyards, brothels, container stores and truck yards.

Eventually you reach the saltwater river, the final link in an unbroken chain of physical disconnections between the city and the suburb. Looking left as you cross the river is the heavy industry of Melbourne's port, crusted around the river-mouth, while on the right, upstream, stretches the mostly reclaimed and remediated industrial heritage of the west — the bicycle friendly banks of the river which were once the economic *raison d'être* of the suburb of Footscray. On the right, as you look upstream, where the Newmarket stockyards and Melbourne City Abattoirs were, now lies the relatively established planned estates of South Kensington, while on the left where the Angliss Meatworks used to operate, new “riverfront” apartment complex's bloom. Further upstream, on the left, were the three largest munitions factories in Australia: the AFF (Ammunitions Factory Footscray), the EFM (Explosives Factory Maribyrnong) and the OFM (Ordnance Factory Maribyrnong). This area has now been redeveloped into a large residential estate called “Edgewater”. Along with other large industrial employers such as Kinnears Rope Factory, most of these industries either closed or relocated during the 1970's and 80's. Footscray is now a ‘classic’ post-industrial suburb, complete with the visible and contesting spectres of poverty, ‘social inequality’,<sup>87</sup> gentrification and property development taking over heavy industry as the defining element of its skyline.

As we cross the river and enter Footscray, let's jump right onto a parallel street — Hopkins St., which then becomes Barkly St. as it enters the centre of the suburb. On the left is the Footscray market and on the right a bevy of restaurants, predominantly Vietnamese, but also Indian, Ethiopian and Chinese, with a brief interlude by a small Italian *pasticceria*. Here is a parallel narrative in the post-industrial story of Footscray: significant waves of migration, from the post-war influx of southern Europeans, to the settlement of Vietnamese refugees during the 1970's and 80's, up to the present establishment of communities from Sudan and the Horn of Africa.

As we move slowly up Barkly St., the no. 82 tram emerges from its termination at Footscray Railway Station, at the end of Leeds St on the left, heads briefly west along Barkly St. then veers right into Droop St. at the junction of Barkly, Droop and Nicholson Streets. As you look right up Nicholson St. you'll see the chaotic activity of the Little Saigon market, while looking left down Nicholson St. is the Mall: Turkish restaurants, cheap homewares and "gift" shops, banks, recently "renewed" public seating, clusters of CCTV cameras and "public art". Here you might see a lady lying adjacent to an ATM machine asking for spare-change, illicit drug deals being conducted openly, men sitting in a sunny spot getting drunk, children chasing pigeons, a man buying Turkish bread, people buying all sorts of cheap plastic essentials such as washing baskets and rubbish bins, crows and magpies eyeing each other off over the remnants of a kebab and faded hoardings covering the crumbling facades of Victorian and Federation era shop fronts. And if you look up towards the skyline you will see the improbable projection of brand new cold, reflective, glass and concrete apartment blocks hogging the last rays of the westward setting sun. Here, in the mall, you will see the various narratives of the post-industrial suburb coming together, loitering and eventually losing their narrative thread: here, on the street, where people write their own stories through their social relations and their bodily interactions with each other, the narratives of the post-industrial suburb — unemployment and socio-economic flux, concentrated ethnic diversity, crime, public civil disobedience, looming gentrification — are just stories of reality, not necessarily the real story.

Within the urban renewal process in Footscray there are tensions between the desires of local government and its stakeholders, tensions over the assimilation and/or integration of new migrants, the growing aspirations of older migrant communities, the irresolution of colonial cultural history of place with the recognition of Indigenous heritage and displacement, the pressures of gentrification and the changing socio-economic status of place — all beneath an oblique umbrella of a disputed national identity and the search for an individual identity that is increasingly becoming a consumable and empty item.

## Urban renewal

In 2002, as part of the Melbourne 2030 metropolitan development strategy, the Victorian State Government identified Footscray as a Transit City and together with the Local Council began to implement a process of Urban Renewal. In 2008, this status was elevated to one of Melbourne's six Central Activities Districts (CAD).<sup>88</sup> This elevation involved multiple community engagement processes, conducted by local council, including the establishment of a “One Stop Planning Shop” in the Nicholson Street Mall. Since 2002, there has been considerable redevelopment that has brought into question some of the underlying assumptions about who the development benefits, what the identity of the community of Footscray is, what it aspires to be and who mediates these definitions.

In the *Footscray Central Activities District-Strategic Framework Report-Draft Version 3, April 2010*, the Footscray of the Future will be ‘safe, edgy, affordable, regional, diverse/mixed and multi-cultural.’<sup>89</sup> Whilst these qualities of Footscray will not be new to Footscray (being the qualities identified in Footscray in its present state), in the future, through the urban renewal process, they will have been ‘polished and promoted more effectively.’<sup>90</sup>

Maree Pardy, in her study of the urban renewal process in Footscray, notes that the notion of renewal being applied here is primarily a ‘paradigm of market-led remediation’,<sup>91</sup> rather than that of a spiritual, cultural or socio-relational re-investment. Whilst it might be assumed that this ‘market-led remediation’ will flow on to a renewal of the socio-cultural aspects of Footscray, this assumption would be based on a further assumption that the socio-cultural aspect is in need of renewal, or even aware of its own perceived parlous state.

A community engagement report for The City of Maribyrnong from 2010 notes that:

The majority of stakeholders and community members were unaware of the vision for central Footscray.<sup>92</sup>

If the community is unaware of the “vision” for its own community, then whose vision is it? The “stakeholders” and “community members” referred to above of course represent only a very narrow band of the community, responding to an engagement process that involves colouring a narrow band of questions associated with narrowing the definition of community.<sup>93</sup> Even so, the gap between the “vision” of urban renewal and the way the community *envisions* itself (let alone a collective envisioning of the future) only seems to widen when the community doesn’t recognize itself as the target of urban renewal; the community being referred to in the “vision” of urban renewal is one that doesn’t necessarily *belong* in the “vision” — it is a community that is necessarily excluded from this vision. In this sense, the promise of urban renewal is that the community, in its present state, will be

unrecognizable in the future, and therefore better off.

At the crux of the contestation around urban renewal, it is the socio-cultural aspect of Footscray in its present state that frustrates and challenges the aspirations of ‘market-led remediation’ and development. As one of the last inner-suburban enclaves of Melbourne (close to the city and at the nexus of a host of amenities) yet to be completely socially and economically gentrified, Pardy notes that the compulsion for renewal in Footscray has been strong, yet ‘constantly stalled by problems of “image”’.<sup>94</sup>

Consistent with market-led ideology, the response to this challenge is not to address the underlying concerns of socio-economic change and cultural diversity, but rather to separate the *image* of the place from its reality and attempt to re-brand and re-present a renewed image. This new image typically projects a reality that enhances the positive particulars, such as proximity to the city and cuisine choices, while excluding the problematic particulars, such as poverty and illicit activity. In Footscray there are two particular concerns in the problematic present that consistently frustrate attempts at re-branding the image of place: public safety and the ‘proper utilization of public space.’<sup>95</sup>

“Look.”

*The man from the menswear shop points to a young woman sitting on one of the new benches in the mall and a man with a large jacket tied around his waist standing next to her, leaning over her with one foot on the bench.*

*“Them” he says, “those bloody scumbags. Get rid of them first. There’s too many scumbags like them in Footscray.”*

*The man from the menswear shop has just returned from a holiday to Thailand.*

In Footscray, Pardy points out that that perceived *improper* utilization of public space at present involves:

...unruly public drinkers and drug users, black African men who have created a street café culture, and people with mental health difficulties who occupy the streets and who at times display anomalous bodily comportment and atypical civil demeanours. Many of these people are poor and sometimes engage in unconventional modalities of conviviality.<sup>96</sup>

This is the picture that the urban renewal process seeks to exclude from the “vision” of Footscray after renewal; it is not the community of the future of Footscray, it is the decaying remains of the problematic past, the ‘wasted spaces from a bygone era’,<sup>97</sup> the present obstruction in the process of achieving the vision for a better future. So who, or which community is included in this vision? What kind of public can be expected to “properly” utilise the public spaces of Footscray? This “vision” is unrecognizable to the community that it purportedly represents because it is of a community that doesn’t yet exist. Meanwhile what happens to the community suddenly cauterized from the future? In Footscray, this community stubbornly persists, to the consternation of the urban renewal process, in its representation of Footscray as a place, whilst the future community must continue to be digitally rendered in architectural images.



Which community can lay claim to most authentically representing Footscray as a place and who decides this? In Levin and Solga’s study of art and the urban renewal process in Toronto, Canada, they identify two fundamental questions in the project of urban renewal:

- (1) How do we determine what it means to be “from” a city, to be able to claim place as coeval with self, to be able to feel “in place” and at home there? (2) Who claims the right to be gatekeeper, to decide which residents qualify as “authentically” Torontonians and thus entitled to a share of the spoils?<sup>98</sup>



Within the process of urban renewal in Footscray, how do we determine what it means to be *from* Footscray? Who decides which inhabitants are *authentic*; which appropriation of the term “Footscrazy” best depicts the place — the one on stickers and t-shirts from the Footscray Community Arts Centre or the one illegally spray-painted on traffic signs?

In the *Footscray Central Activities District-Strategic Framework Report-Draft Version 3, April 2010*, the slogan ‘Image, Diversity and Safety’ was arrived at after a community engagement process entitled ‘(re)Visioning Footscray’.<sup>99</sup> Within this slogan is the vision of the future, a futuristic community in consensus on the path to a redemptive identity of Footscray. The “image” represents

the renewed spectacle of place through re-branding and “market-led” endorsement. “Diversity” represents an acknowledgement and promotion of the most accessible aspects of the multi-cultural make-up of place within this spectacle. “Safety” represents the dissolution of previous perceptions about the place and its alignment to other “safe” places through the remediation and proper utilisation of public spaces. Housed within this slogan are the mechanics for the manipulation and re-assignment of “Image, Diversity and Safety” in Footscray; the process by which the present situation of these values is transformed into the renewed situation of the future.

### The real story and the story of real

*A man and a young girl enter the convenience store on the corner of Leeds St. and Paisley St. The man asks the store owner if he has a particular mobile phone charger and store owner (with an air of resignation) says:*

*“Yes, of course.”*

*This seems like a daily routine. The man then asks the storeowner if he can leave his mobile phone here to charge. The storeowner, whose attitude is hard to read, says “O.K.”*

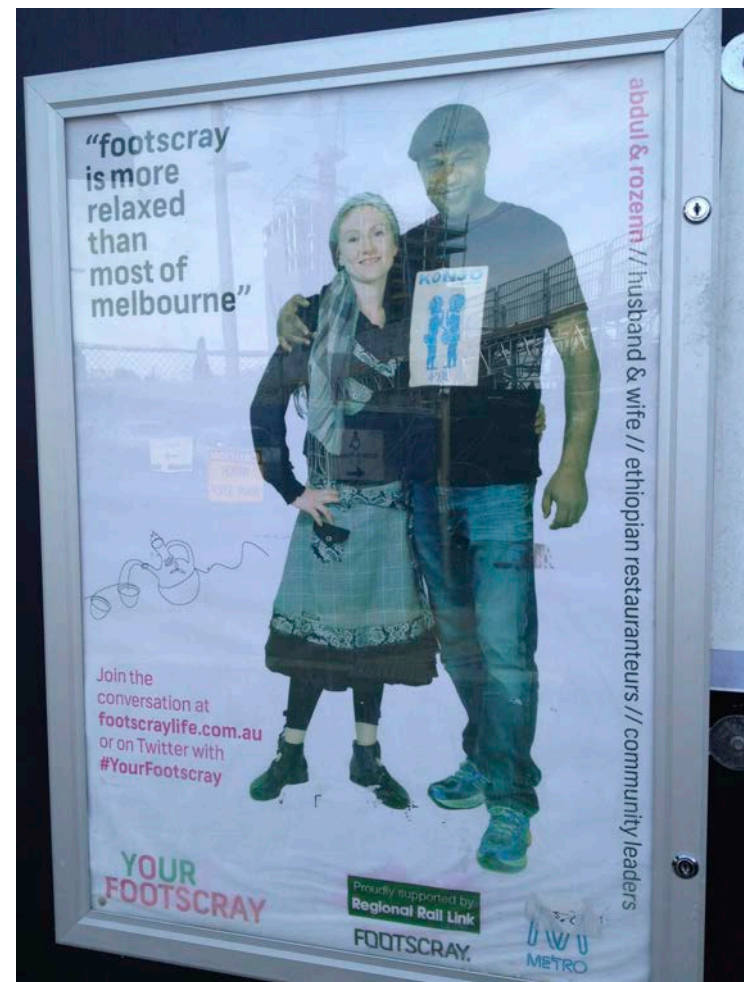
*When he turns around to find the charger, the girl fills her pockets with packets of chewing gum and mints. The storeowner takes the man's phone, plugs it in and tells him to come back in 10-15 minutes. The man, rather than seeming grateful, is in fact a little resentful that he should have to wait so long. He asks the storeowner a favour:*

*“If the phone rings, can you just answer it and tell'em I'll be back in 15 mins?”*

*The storeowner sees the apparent common sense in this and agrees. The girl puts one of the chewing gum packets back before she leave.*

There is in Footscray a tendency to promote the *real*, or the image of a *real* person, or a collection of images of *real* people with their stories captioned, expediting the ‘invisible immensity of being’<sup>100</sup> for the Appearance.

These images are only the story of reality, not the real story; they are a projection of the reality they seek to occupy — a memorial to the reality they intend to usurp. Beyond the images the story has already moved on, written and re-written daily by the everyday practice of people in Footscray negotiating the world they are in, not





the world they *intend* on living in. This practice is in a constant state of transformation, whereas the image is static and the story non-transferrable.



The real people of Footscray do of course exist, but the reality of their existence is primarily in their encounters with each other, where they are equally real in their interaction and exchange. The “image” however presents some people as *more* real than others — more deserving of a place in the story of reality. Once again the question of who mediates which people are presented as real and truly representative of place arises from the images chosen to typify the renewed and reinvigorated Footscray.

Ultimately, the image that urban renewal (and its loftily titled ‘placemakers’)<sup>101</sup> seek to present in the urban spaces of Footscray is just an image, or even an image of an image — a reproduction or simulacrum of an urban space — a copy with no original, a signifier of nothing. The community represented by this image exists in the present only in its unrealised potential; the real story is a set of challenges and resistances to the story of the real. In response to these challenges, the urban renewal process awakens the presumed dormant spaces of Footscray by injecting them with the image — a synthetic reproduction of the positive qualities of the present community unadulterated by the more problematic qualities. But who will inhabit these spaces? Can the present community, complete with its challenges and problematic qualities, fulfill the image of its own renewal? Already in Footscray this tension is evident in the recently redesigned Nicholson St. Mall and the adjoining Madderly Square. Here, the image has been implemented through the redesign and construction of new seating, better lighting, new landscaping, paving and clearly designated ‘communal’ spaces, as well as conspicuous installations of CCTV cameras. However, the community that inhabits these spaces continues to perpetuate the Footscray of Appearances through its everyday practice of the positive *and* the problematic qualities. The set has changed but the action remains



the same.

*"Miss, hey Miss?"*

*A woman yells from inside one of the change room cubicles in Savers.*

*"Hey Miss, you can take this back."*

*She is addressing one of the Savers employees who is hanging clothes back on a rack outside the change rooms. At first the employee seems to ignore the request, but slowly she shuffles over to the cubicle and collects a short yellow top that is hanging over the top of the door.*

*"Miss...hey Miss....Miss...excuse me Miss..." the woman bleats from within the cubicle.*

*The employee definitely is ignoring her this time, but she is not committed enough and eventually caves in:*

*"Yes?"*

*"Hey Miss, can you just check on my son? He's the blond one in the pram just there."*

*The employee doesn't know how to refuse this request and is genuinely shocked that the woman has left a small child alone. The little boy is slumped in the pram, staring out, seemingly entranced by overstimulation. He holds an open bag of chips motionless in his lap.*

*"Actually Miss," the voice continues from within the cubicle, "can you just tell my boyfriend...he's got a shaved head, tell him to take Jake and I'll meet him at the bus stop."*

The Image of 'Clean', 'Safe' and 'Diverse'<sup>102</sup> public spaces in Footscray is a direct, though ungrounded counterbalance to the Footscray of Appearances — the Footscray of dirty, threatening and misanthropic otherness. By creating spaces that project the image of the social relations they simulate, the 'placemakers' of Footscray are attempting to induce the Footscray of Appearances into assuming the Appearance of Footscray.

However, the constructed Image of Footscray is an image that is taken from the pseudo-reality of the Footscray of Appearances, and embedded in the hyper-reality of the simulacrum. Pardy notes that the inevitable expectation-reality mismatch — arising when the real story does not cohere with the story of the real — engenders a kind of 'cruel optimism' within the implementation, and the *implementers*, of the urban renewal process.<sup>103</sup> The optimism attached to *improving* a place is cruelled by 'the crushing sense of incoherence experienced when the object invested in starts to reveal itself as deficient.'<sup>104</sup> Pardy suggests that in response to this the language of urban renewal takes the form of a kind of 'revenge', where the barriers to this optimism are conspicuously excluded from the future that this optimism will deliver. This language of revenge arises 'not so much from a malevolent desire for retribution, but as the inevitable consequence of the need to sustain optimism in urban renewal.'<sup>105</sup> It is in the interest of *self-preservation* that the urban renewal process continues to deepen the divide between the story of the real and the real story; it is the untameable projections of the Footscray of Appearances that goads the Appearance of Footscray into completing the alienation of the image.



## One Diversity

*The man points out the cluster of CCTV cameras across from what used to be the Centrelink office on Nicholson St. He is quite thickset, with immaculately combed white hair and a large, bristling mustache.*

*“They are for catching the people, you know, they want to sit here and drink, they get drunk.”*

*He states this with a thick accent that suggests one of the Balkan countries, Croatia or Macedonia perhaps. Or he could be from Eastern Europe — Poland or Lithuania maybe. I suppose it doesn’t really matter. He is effortlessly cradling two large bags of ice. His fridge has inexplicably broken down after twenty years of faithful service and now he must get home with the ice to salvage his fresh meat. He says this but there is no urgency in his comportment. I’m not sure if he is indignant or approving of the presence of the CCTV cameras.*

*“Do you...do you sit here and drink?” I ask him.*

*He doesn’t hesitate, nor is he offended by the question.*

*“Yes, sometimes.”*

*He is genuinely mystified by the sudden demise of his fridge. I try to comfort him with my limited understanding about the impermanent nature of things, especially mechanical things, and he agrees that it’s just the way of the universe. He again insists that he therefore must get home with the ice or his meat will go off. I agree and bid him good luck. He then asks me if I would like to join him for a coffee. His shout. He points out an African café a few doors up the street:*

*“Very cheap coffee. Two dollars. Is good coffee. I always go there. They have a pool table. I like to play pool there.”*

*I gratefully decline and he shrugs his shoulders, wishes me luck too, and plods up the street with his ice. He stops at the African café, says hello to the barista standing in the doorway, and steps inside.*

Footscray is an extraordinarily diverse place. In the process of urban renewal, the recognition of this “diversity” is branded as both a major selling point and as an undertaking to actively mediate this diversity. The present reality of the co-existence of diverse peoples and cultures is enriching and problematic — life on the street in Footscray can be both surprisingly open and uncomfortably closed, with each different culture openly expressing their difference for the benefit of others and also *maintaining* this difference for the benefit of themselves. This diversity is also fluid, diversifying all the time, defying stereotypes and classification. While the urban renewal process recognises diversity as one of the fundamental qualities of Footscray as a place, it also apprehends unmediated diversity as one of the main hindrances to attracting new development and assuaging the inherent fear of difference within the dominant Anglo-Celtic culture. How can diversity be celebrated in all its fluid diversification and simultaneously mediated so that its fluidity does not engender fear and uncertainty?

The desire to disable the fear of the other by uniting all in a celebration of difference is a key cultural facet of the urban renewal process; it is integral in

the process of isolating and branding the *identity* of a place. In an essay studying the Footscray Mall (just prior to its “renewal”) Pardy notes the colonial influence of this desire:

By positing that such spaces as the Footscray mall enact the harmonious multicultural celebration of difference that the nation takes pride in, the power of the dominant Anglo-Celtic culture is reinforced.<sup>106</sup>

Difference is celebrated from afar by those who don’t identify as different. However, for those identified as different, or diverse, it is not only a celebration of their difference, but an insistence and selective authentication of it. Ferguson notes that in contemporary western culture, the diversity of non-western cultures are annexed as part of a globally diverse western culture:

...accepting alternative histories, in fact, *insisting* upon them, and the rights of other societies and subordinate groups to a history of their own, is *also* part of the modern European historical consciousness.<sup>107</sup>

In Footscray, diversity is a celebration when it exists and is identified within the consciousness of the dominant culture. The identity of Footscray, or of a participant in the place of Footscray, is typified by its relation to otherness — where one might “play” at being a minority or marginal culture; where one can feel they might be in Vietnam or Ethiopia without feeling “out of place”. The foundation of this relationship rests upon these “diverse” cultures, or representatives of the image of diversity, remaining static in their representation. A diversity that diversifies continually, as a product of the fluid engagement of social spaces, cannot be maintained as a simulacrum of communal identity. When the dominant culture becomes the point of difference (as it can often seem in parts of Footscray) and one diversity is unidentifiable from another, then diversity becomes an anxiety.

*In the mall, a young, blond dreadlocked man wearing a Bob Marley t-shirt is playing an approximation of 'Andean' folk music with a ukulele and bamboo pipes.*

How does the urban renewal process mediate the perception of cultural diversity in places? Here, “cultural capital”, or the strategic and ‘objectified’<sup>108</sup> implementation of art and other expressions of culture become powerful tools for instigating the process of mediating (and ultimately capitalising) diversity. The implementation of an art and culture strategy, which may involve the creation and branding of key art and community events, is an essential part of the location and identification of urban renewal and its authentication within a place. However, there is a concern that within this process, the implementation of art and culture strategies may be expedited through the establishment of large-scale events and less nuanced spectacles that “pop-up” in public spaces, rather than a long-term investment in the development and proliferation of the existent arts and cultural landscape. In this

instance, art and “cultural capacity building” often not only precede the eventual incapacitating of culture by commercial development, but are often used as instruments of their own incapacitation.

In the urban renewal process currently being implemented in the city of Toronto, Canada, an aggressive cultural program is being enacted in order to re-brand the city to the world as a “creative city”. Beneath the gloss of large, corporate sponsored art events, there lies a concern that the process is about ‘the spectacle, rather than the performative production, of public space.’<sup>109</sup> The strategic use of spectacle and creative events as a means for redefining Toronto's identity as a “creative city” has, according to Levin and Solga, created a place that ‘embraces diversity only to obscure the inequities, ambivalences, and outright hostilities true difference brings.’<sup>110</sup> By positing one diversity on a place, the urban renewal process seeks to neutralize the fluid production of social spaces by channeling the multiple diversities, in all their aspects, into singular, defining cultural productions. Levin and Solga suggest that while this process is intended to celebrate and promote cultural diversity and creativity, it also ‘actively ignores the fact that ethnically, racially, and socially charged bodies can never “inhabit” public space in neutral ways.’<sup>111</sup>

In Footscray, this process has led to the City of Maribyrnong being re-branded the *Festival City*. Cultural production in Footscray is encouraged to culminate in a festival that can be mediated by the council through their *Festival City* strategic framework. As part of the urban renewal process, the “Festival City” branding is important in presenting a unified vision of culture and art in Footscray; it is a way of presenting the cultural output of Footscray in an easily read, menu-like format, where each piece of the diversity puzzle fits into the other to provide a colourful picture of Footscray as a place. As with the “creative city” branding in Toronto, the *Festival City* promotes the spectacle of diverse cultures performing themselves as part of one diversity, yet it conspicuously excludes the tensions, hostilities, surprises and ambiguities of the genuine diversity in the performative production of public spaces in Footscray.

Pardy provides a valuable critique of the urban renewal process in Footscray by observing the actual, existent conditions of relationality and interaction in the public spaces of Footscray, in contrast to the desire for the image of a harmonious multiculturalism, to define the identity of Footscray.<sup>112</sup> As in Toronto, the branding of “diversity” in Footscray within the paradigm of urban renewal can seem like a ‘salad bar’ approach to multiculturalism.<sup>113</sup> Pardy’s critique highlights the fundamental misalignment of the notion of multiculturalism and “diversity” with the reality of people from many different cultures sharing a space together.

In her study of the Footscray Mall, she observes that it is a ‘place of gathering or passing for people who engage when necessary, tacitly acknowledging,

simply by being there, each other's entitlement to share in that space.'<sup>114</sup> Here we see a quality of public space — *presence* — that is significant but often neglected in the study of public space. She goes on to note that a communal identity, or *mutuality* in the Footscray Mall is not based upon the desires of a focus group, but on 'sharing this moment in this place under similar conditions.'<sup>115</sup>

In the renewed spaces of Footscray, diversity as an image is to be consumed by the very people who produce it. Once this image of diversity has been stabilised, its outlines entrenched in the 'diminished semantic field',<sup>116</sup> then the fear of otherness can become not just another motion in the production of public space, but a productive division that enhances the spectacle and deepens the alienation of the bodies that consume this spectacle.

### **(un)Making Places, (de)Activating Spaces**

I'd like to find a place that I can call my own, but just as I begin to find myself in a place, it becomes *just a place*, a place which begets another place and so on so forth, until I'm no longer sure who I am and if I actually belong here. Each place slowly begins to resemble the one before, with a few subtle differences in effect that have been chosen by the people of that place to best highlight the differences between this place and that.

For example, this place may have its streets lined with ti-trees and neatly manicured lawns, whereas that place may have its streets lined with olive trees and well-worn concrete footpaths. This place may have a milk bar that quite literally sells milk, maybe newspapers and mixed lollies as well, while that place may have a milk bar that resembles a mini-supermarket — and there are yet other places where the milk bar is just a ruse for a chic coffee shop. What's most problematic is that these places often reside next to each other, or even on the same street. In extreme cases, there may be two places hundreds of kilometers apart that are, for the most part, identical.



One fairly dependable method for distinguishing between places is to study their hard rubbish: a palimpsest of everyday life. Some places you may find nothing but piles of rusted metal, rotten timber and ancient oven and stove units. In other places there may be even less: shredded couches, stained pillows and piles of newspapers. Then there are places where you may find perfectly usable tables, office chairs, light fittings, exercise equipment, even microwaves, stereo systems and computers all stacked neatly for scavengers to peruse.

There are also people who inhabit these places and it is the people (in some places more than others) who may help to distinguish them from other places. There is one place I know where people walk down the street with their eyes firmly set on the next step in front of them, moving through the place as if in a perpetual hailstorm. There's another place I know where the people move about with a sense of agitated anticipation, as if at any moment they might be recognised by someone else. There are other places where people walk down their streets because they are genuinely going somewhere, and when they walk past each other you might hear a polite but genuine "hello" or "morning" or "how's it going" or "nice day, eh?" Sometimes I go to places and find myself doing one of these things in opposition to the other i.e. I will say "hello" to someone clearly walking through a hailstorm, or I will walk in anticipation of someone recognising me and fool myself that they have when really they are just being polite.

There are places where old men walk in earnest conversation, one holding the other's arm, stopping every now and then to clarify a certain point, walking perhaps for the basic principle of walking: to stimulate the mind and tackle the timeless mysteries of our world. Places beget other places; everywhere there are people getting old, walking through each place in the shadow of places before them.

What makes Footscray a "place"? Why do places in Footscray need to be made? How is space activated? What exactly are the unmade places and inactive spaces of Footscray and how do they exist in such a state? It's hard to imagine that such a state exists in Footscray, yet it is widely accepted within the urban renewal process that activating spaces and making places are two crucial processes that will redress the issues of "image" and "diversity", transforming Footscray into a "Clean, Safe and Diverse" destination. Here, the problem of the fluidity of people, their bodies and their interactions with each other continually frustrate these processes, effortlessly and continuously making their own places and activating their own spaces with no regard for the placemaking and space activating strategies developed for their benefit.

The city is best, or most readily appreciated as an aesthetic production without the distraction of people — their bodies too willing to disrupt the aesthetic organisation around them and their conversations organising new bodies: unattractive, atypical, anomalous bodies whose aleatory productions disinherit the theatre around them, denuding the structure and the process which produced them from within. These bodies haunt the elegance of placemaking and space activating urban design with the spectre of its own decay.

To avoid engaging unproductively with the Footscray of Appearances, the Appearance of Footscray imposes a new narrative, a simulacrum of community, a rendering of previous undesirable and undesiring spaces *inactive*, or even non-existent. It then renews or (re) activates these spaces as desirable, or desiring spaces, capable of existing independently of bodily spatial animation.

The concept of “activating” public spaces was dreamt by urban planners to solve the problem of “failed spaces” — a concept also dreamt by urban planners. Failed spaces may be defined as spaces which have failed to adhere to a projected aesthetic and closely mediated social production. These concepts are dreams because one cannot “activate” space anymore than one can fail (or be failed) by it — space is, by definition, a process of activation:

...place is an assembly of elements co-existing in a certain order and space is the animation of these places by the motion of the moving body...<sup>117</sup>

In Footscray, spaces are rendered inactive by their perceived *improper* use and unproductive inhabitation. Pardy notes that this usage of space is deemed by the urban renewal process as a “waste”, a moral judgement that sees the potential of a space being unrealised:



Urban renewal apprehends such idle spaces as wasted opportunities that can be designed and developed into a usefulness that provides lifestyles of comfort, vitality and urban safety...these spaces are considered breeding grounds...for generating urban sloth and danger. They become breeding grounds for what is commonly referred to as “anti-social behavior” or “urban uncivility”.<sup>118</sup>

There are no inactive spaces in Footscray. There are however places whose spatial animation does not adhere to the specified activity — let’s call it the activity of the Appearance of community in productive consumption of the image of its own activity. There are spaces in Footscray where people are unproductively doing *nothing*, or doing something other, undefined, illegal, unseen, uncontained, uncooperative. These spaces have failed, and by extension project the failure of Footscray as place.

The moral economy of urban renewal targets a cluster of wastes—idle bodies, wasted time and improper use of space—all fused in an endless reproduction of uselessness. This coalescence of waste and wasters forms the spectacle of contemporary urban decay and failure.<sup>119</sup>



In order for a space to achieve its potential for proper and productive use, it needs to be *activated*, or “renewed”. This process is implemented initially through the redesign of the fixed, physical aspects of the space. The aim is to eliminate the spatial animation of unproductive bodies and implant new bodies, ‘alienated desiring machines’, which activate the space in the ‘interest of functional relationality for the sake of commodity consumption.’<sup>120</sup>

Of course, even these redesigned spaces — the built “theatres”, or “galleries” of public space — are abused and undermined by the transgressions of bodies assimilating them into their own individual identities, and they require constant *renewal*. One of the design solutions for this “problem” has been the concept of “pop-up” spaces, or spaces which seek to simulate the movement that animates space. However, rather than activating places with notions of ephemerality and spontaneity, they encourage the alienation of bodies from the spaces that are produced by them: while a pop-up space comes and goes, the production of interrelations and the activation of publics and places continues becoming, irrespective and unaffected by the act of aesthetic mapping — ephemeral or forever outdated — imposed upon them.



A seating area is created by people sitting down, not the other way around.

In the renewed seating areas of Footscray, we see an image of what a space with people seated in it might look like, an image that is clearer without people sitting there.



This image of a seating area is not an invitation to sit, but a designation, an instruction for where and how to sit — it is a kind of template or matrix for social interaction that unashamedly encourages some types of social gathering while actively discouraging others. Mike Davis, in his study of the designed-led intervention in social relationality in Los Angeles, notes that this kind of ‘architectural policing of social boundaries’ has become a ‘master narrative’ in the urban renewal process.<sup>121</sup> While the redesigning of social spaces may not be as overtly militant as they are in Los Angeles (though the “homeless proof” semi-covered walkway over the Footscray train station, with strategically placed holes and gaps in the roof and walls that let in the elements while giving the impression of being a covered walkway, is relatively merciless in the implementation of its goals), it is consistent with what Pardy calls the ‘design-led soft approach of exclusion through an increasingly aestheticized symbolic economy of public space.’<sup>122</sup>

Public space is produced by the movement of intransigent bodies and the stories of their negotiated consumption of the symbolic order imposed upon them. Public spaces in Footscray are produced according to individual needs in negotiated moments rather than the consensual designation of a desired future. These spaces can only “fail” or be “wasted” when this production does not adhere to the image of their production as conceived through the urban renewal process. This failure is not a failure of the community or its ability to express a meaningful, complex and authentic identity of place, it is a failure of the socio-economic strategies of the urban renewal process and its inability, or unwillingness, to successfully apprehend the fluid nature of social relationality and diversity in the production of public space and the practice of everyday life. Footscray is a place whose spaces are identifiable by



the process of their production and by the experiences of those living them, not by the construction of a narrative derived from their image or appearance. Performers don't need a theatre to animate their performance, but a theatre needs performers to animate its structure. In the social production of public spaces, the structure for the performance of identity resides in the relations, conversations, interactions and bodily adventures of the public themselves, not the built environment that tries to entrap them. Renewal is a given in public space — it inheres to the synchronic process of the production of space. "Urban Renewal" is a euphemistic rationale for the management, or mediation of this process.

In Footscray people are not waiting for their places to be made or for their community to be renewed. They are active and engaged in the continual renewal of their spaces through their everyday practice — their diverse, celebratory, optimistic, ambiguous, challenging, illegal, unseen, uncontained, uncooperative, atypical, aleatory, productive, unproductive, immense and ever emergent practice. They are disassembling the structures of urban renewal with nothing more than the compelling movement of their bodies. Rather than being assimilated into the world around them, they are busy making the world similar to what they are.<sup>123</sup>

### How to...undesign space



You need to make a space feel special — comment on its vibrancy, its seemingly intractable permutations...solved. Its marrying of styles...successful. Say that its angles and sight-lines complete the experience. Be gentle. Laugh conservatively at its quips and nod understandingly at its grand statements. Be obedient at first: sit in designated areas; move wherever the space leads you like an obedient child. Every now and then, ever so gently, give the space a nudge. Touch it in a place it's not expecting, and then apologise. Then do it again. One by one drag your fingers over its proportioned surfaces. Dance across its determined lines, rub yourself against its angles, and sing loudly in its acoustically dead corners. Finally, lie down with it — offer your whole body to its tentative embrace. Melt its coy structures with the warmth of your skin. Undesign its naive facade with the fluid reality of your limbs. Re-integrate the space back into your deliquescent self.

## 4. Survey the Surveillants



This chapter will address the three main components of this project that were enacted on site in Footscray: *observation*, *participation* and *performance*. I refer to this process as a *creative and critical adventure* — an experiment in practicing art as another part in the performative production of public space and the practice of everyday life. The three components of the process are not exclusively synchronic in their outcomes, although they were implemented synchronically. However, the *performance* component pervades the whole process, both as a conception of performativity in public space and the performance of identity in the social relationality of everyday life, as well as the creative practice of performance.

For the first component of the process — *observation* — I leased an office on the second floor of a building in Leeds St., central Footscray, opposite the Little Saigon Market. Over a period of approximately nine months I observed and participated in the active life in and around the Footscray CAD, developing surveys and other activities that would constitute the second component of the process — *participation*. This component was initially enacted remotely, with an unmanned “survey station” and booth at the Footscray Community Arts Centre and the Footscray Library. The process was then enacted in person on the street in various locations around the Footscray CAD. The third component — *performance* — involved multiple performances in public spaces around the Footscray CAD as well as from within a shop front on Nicholson St. Also from within this shop front the aggregated results of the surveys process were presented to the public.

In this chapter I will present the conceptualization and implementation of these three components, as well as documentation of their outcomes and contextualization of the creative process within the related contemporary art practices of performance and socially engaged art. I will then discuss the challenges and ambiguities that practitioners of performance and socially engaged art practices face in a contemporary society where notions of participation, performativity and social engagement are now pervasive activities compulsively enacted by a mere swipe on one’s mobile phone.

But to begin with I will explore the quality of performance as a transformative process in socially engaged and participatory practices, as well as the development of these practices from the various narratives of contemporary art practice.

### **Art like life**

Performance is the component that most satisfactorily defines the quality, or nature of the engagement between myself as the artist, the public and the spaces we share; it embodies the *transformative* quality of this engagement, where the creative outcomes *proceed* and grow, in shared adventure, from the engagement itself; where the engagement is not delimited by the outcomes but the outcomes are authenticated by the engagement. Performance also describes the quality of being present in public space *and* of presenting oneself in public. Erving Goffman uses the term “performance” to describe ‘all the activity of an individual which occurs during a period marked by his continuous presence before a particular set of observers and which has some influence on the observers.’<sup>124</sup> There arises in this description the notion of “presence” and of “influence” which suggests a transformation of the relationship as a condition of the interaction, a transformation that also influences the performer and the space in which the engagement occurs. In this instance, performance is not just a practice, but also a *discourse*, a live and ultimately corporeal exchange. In relation to contemporary art practices and the production of social space, it is this notion of performance as a discourse which Solga suggests is ‘best able to represent the nuance, diversity, and lived experiences of our urban spaces.’<sup>125</sup>

In contemporary art practice there are a proliferation of genre definitions for work that utilises a transformative process and performance as a discourse: relational art, socially engaged art, participatory art, live art and dialogic art to name a few. The term “relational art” has been most notably used by Nicholas Bourriaud to describe ‘an art that takes as its theoretical horizon the sphere of human interactions and its social context.’<sup>126</sup> He also uses the term ‘social interstice’ to define the space where art ‘takes up the task of addressing, questioning, and transforming, the world in which it operates.’<sup>127</sup> Again, the notion of “transformation” seems key to the participation of art in the flux of the social world, a participation that ‘is a process of becoming, and in the realm of community life, of becoming-together.’<sup>128</sup>

But what is the distinction between traditional art-forms whose activities are manifested in a specific object or performance outcome and a contemporary practice where the outcomes are not manifest but where a specified *activity* — that of engagement with the “social interstice” — is the creative product? Allan Kaprow defines the distinction succinctly by using the terms ‘artlike art’ and ‘lifelike art’.<sup>129</sup> In these distinctions, “artlike art” represents traditional art-forms which are distinguished by their *separation* from life<sup>130</sup> — where each art-form is defined by its separateness, regarded by its specialty and primarily ‘engaged in a professional dialogue, one art gesture responding to a previous one...’<sup>131</sup> This is “art for art’s sake” or ‘art at the service of art.’<sup>132</sup> In contrast, “lifelike art” represents art forms that are distinguished by their *connectedness* to life<sup>133</sup> — where the art form is being

constantly redefined by its engagement with life. It is art ‘in the service of life’,<sup>134</sup> inseparable from its everyday flux. The distinction can be broadened to notions of *stasis* and *movement*, or *monologue* and *dialogue*; the “artlike” artwork is static and annunciated while the “lifelike” artwork is shifting and discursive.

You can’t “talk back” to, and thus change, an artlike artwork; but “conversation” is the very means of lifelike art, which is always changing.<sup>135</sup>

From the development and exploration of “lifelike art” in the 1960’s through to today’s relational, dialogic and live art practices, the emphasis on *action* and *performance* has been a constant. While many of the artists exploring these nascent forms have come from visual art backgrounds, it is performance, not the visual object, that is the distinguishing narrative in the history of their development. Claire Bishop points to the fundamental process in exploring these forms:

...the prehistory of recent developments in contemporary art lies in the domain of theatre and performance rather than in the histories of painting or the ready-made.<sup>136</sup>

Kaprow notes that in the development of “lifelike” art-forms during the 1960’s, performance — or ‘performative modes’<sup>137</sup> — was seen as the most constructive way to connect art with life. Performance in this context was distinct from *acting* in a traditional theatrical context; performance was an *action*, or an *activity*, a ‘doing something’,<sup>138</sup> something connected to the *doing* of everyday life.

One of the key elements in the development of “lifelike” art forms was the dislocation of art from theatres and galleries and its relocation into public spaces, or the shared spaces of everyday life. It is here that two different narratives of art intersect: the “lifelike” art forms that utilise performance, relationality, social engagement and participation, and “public art” forms that were primarily visual, static or sculptural monuments in prominent public spaces. From the late 1970’s this kind of “public art” became increasingly prominent not only as communitarian monuments in public spaces, but also as components designed in to the urban renewal process — such as the “percentage for art” program in New York. This process often ended in the positioning of physically imposing sculptural pieces by high-profile artists in the forecourts of large corporate buildings and “renewed” public spaces. Lucy Lippard labelled this implementation of art in public spaces “plunk art”: large static objects *plunked* in public spaces.<sup>139</sup> In these instances, public space and everyday life becomes an extension of the art gallery and are assimilated into the architecture and design of the place. Phillips notes that this notion of “public art”, at its worst, is ‘purposefully or unsuspectingly complicitous with repressive urban planning practices, either endorsing irresponsible development and community displacement or serving as a diversion, distracting attention from a contentious site.’<sup>140</sup>

The development of “lifelike” art in public spaces, parallel to that of the static art object, eschews the notion of public space as an extension of the art

gallery, or as an architectural/design solution. It is propelled by performance art and relational, social engaged art practices, where the quality and process of engagement is the outcome, rather than an aesthetic or art object. This development has been documented and termed “New Genre Public Art” by Suzanne Lacy<sup>141</sup> and has often been concerned with an effort to find a more authentic experience between artist and public. However, more recently even these approaches to art in public spaces have been critiqued for their appropriation of a sense of “authenticity.” Miwon Kwon notes that in its quest to engage in and illuminate hidden spaces, marginalised issues and people ignored by dominant culture, new genre public art practices can inadvertently contribute to their own commodification, ‘inasmuch as the current socioeconomic order thrives on the (artificial) production and (mass) consumption of difference (for difference sake)’, and that the process of engagement and relational methods the art project employs can be used to ‘*extract* the social and historical dimensions of these places in order to variously serve the thematic drive of an artist, satisfy institutional demographic profiles, or fulfill the fiscal need of a city.’<sup>142</sup>

It is the manner in which the engagement occurs that seems the most pertinent issue. The anthropologist Victor Turner notes:

The social world is a world in becoming, not a world in being (except insofar as “being” is a description of the “static” atemporal models men have in their heads)...there is no such thing as “static action.”<sup>143</sup>

It is this idea of *becoming* as a quality of *presence*, *transformation* and *duration* which becomes key to the analysis of public space, art and urban renewal. The application of relational art practices in public spaces has the potential to ‘convene a constituency to engage in collective exploration — even difficult interrogation — of public ideas, individual requirements and communitarian values.’<sup>144</sup> Ultimately, if the quality of the engagement is fluid, like that of the social world, then the creative outcome will not be the ‘assertion of an autonomous and *private* symbolic space’,<sup>145</sup> but merely another step in the relationship between artist and public in the process of *becoming*.

Both Guy Debord and Victor Turner acknowledge the necessary polymorphic nature of “public” events: ‘rituals, dramas and other performative genres are often orchestrations of media, not expressions in a single medium.’<sup>146</sup> In the 1960’s Debord foresaw that in order to create “situations” that can explore the intermittent, dispersed nature of public spaces, the modern idea of “theatre”, as well as “painter” or “sculptor” must collapse, leaving only “situationists.”<sup>147</sup> Kaprow also notes the *generalised* nature of art practices that engage in the fluidity of public space and everyday life: ‘The maker of artlike art tends to be a specialist; the maker of lifelike art, a generalist.’<sup>148</sup> The main element in the evolution of this process — and from specialisation to generalisation — is the jettisoning of the “art object” as the product of the creative exploration, replaced by the “relationship”, “social context” and transformative engagement of the process itself.

An example of such a transformative process is Francis Alÿs' 2002 work “When Faith Moves Mountains.” In this work, the artist supplied shovels to five hundred volunteers from the community of Ventanilla, outside Lima in Peru, and undertook the act of shifting a 1600-foot-long sand dune four inches from its original position. The outcome of this work was not the subsequently shifted sand dune (which was not ultimately successful) but the translation of ‘social tensions into narratives that in turn intervene in the imaginal landscape of a place.’<sup>149</sup> The true ambition of this work was not to move a sand dune, but to engage in the myth making of a community and its identity.

Another example is the New York artist Mierle Laderman Ukeles, who has been the self-appointed artist in residence at the New York City Department of Sanitation since the early 1970's. In her project “Touch Sanitation” (1970-1980), she shook hands with more than 8,500 workers in the New York City Department of Sanitation — essentially garbage collectors — while saying “Thank you for keeping New York City alive.”<sup>150</sup> Here, the act of engagement is a creative process of transformation in the relationship between artist, worker and public perceptions (of waste and cleanliness), mediated by the simple but powerful act of bodily contact.

Since the early 1960's, through the theatricalisation of the visual arts the detheatricalisation of theatre, and the emergence of “lifelike” art practices whose production is connected to the production of everyday life, we have since seen the development of relational, participatory, socially engaged, dialogic and live art practices that all share the practice of *performance*, as a discourse and as a generalised *activity*, that is best suited to engaging with the lived experience of the social world and begins to involve itself with a certain amount of fluidity in public spaces. I might at this point refer to all these practices singularly as: real playtime-based interactual live immerciful performancipist socially engorged insituation art. This project aspires to challenge and expand this process by applying it to the issues of *presence*, *transformation* and *identity* within the public and social spaces of Footscray.



### Watching waves from a window

For the first component of this project — *observation* — I leased an office, Suite 21, on the first floor of a mixed-use building at 7-9 Leeds St. I named the office “Wasted Space.” At street level, the building houses a handmade dumpling shop, a loan agent and international money transfer outlet, and a Vietnamese restaurant. Access to the first floor is via a foyer that abuts a laneway which leads to an underground carpark at the back of the building. From within the foyer a large stairwell heads up to the first floor. Suite 21 is on the far corner of the building, overlooking the intersection of Leeds and Byron St. Also on the first floor of the building there is a graphic design practice, an architecture practice, two accounting practices, a law firm specialising in immigration law, a loan

agent and a tuition service that provides English languages services. Suite 21 seems quite removed from the other office suites, at the end of a long hallway flanked by empty office suites and lined with chairs missing a wheel, desks missing a draw, bookshelves missing...shelves, and filing cabinets full of empty files left by previous tenants. The debris of past tenants seems to gather momentum as you head down the hallway towards Suite 21, until it all gathers, like a blocked storm water drain, in the suite opposite Suite 21 which looks like a ransacked stationery outlet. If you look in through the window you will see: cables revealed like muscle tendons in wounded skirting boards, abandoned chairs (victims of outdated notions of ergonomics) mismatched carpet, painting drop-sheets, shadows of broken umbrellas, large impossible collections of power points, telephone cable jacks, blind switches and aerial outputs, bookshelves with cowering clusters of spiral-bound reports, abandoned fluorescent tubes, unnecessary document trays, painfully unrecognisable gossip magazines, dust-hoarding computer monitors, filing cabinets with the bottom drawers hanging out like busted jaws, boxes of latex gloves, coffee mugs with broken handles, books of post-it notes curled like atrophied claws, slouching whiteboards, slack ring-folders, faded manila etc. As you enter the door of Suite 21 however, you will see a bank of large windows wrapping around the corner of the building and framing the upper boughs of an elm tree that dapples the full force of the westward setting sun. From these windows, looking down onto Leeds St., you can see the opposite side of the street — an Asian grocery, a live fishmonger, a hairdressers and a pharmacy. Above these shops is a patchwork of apartments. For nine months I stood in these windows and watched not only the sun and shade travel from one side of the street to the other, but the immense, subtle, stark and mysterious rhythms of everyday life as they rippled and resonated from people and their daily interactions.

In the chapter “Seen from the window” from *Rhythmanalysis*, Henri Lefebvre looks out from his window onto the street and surveys the vast symphony of resonances emanating from the production of everyday life on the streets and squares below. He observes that to apprehend these rhythms, ‘this fleeting object, which is not exactly an *object*’,<sup>151</sup> one needs to be situated ‘simultaneously inside and outside.’<sup>152</sup>

In order to grasp and analyse rhythms, it is necessary to get outside them, but not completely...to grasp a rhythm it is necessary to have been *grasped* by it...abandon oneself to its duration.<sup>153</sup>

From the windows of Suite 21, the rhythms most easily apprehended are those of the mercantile day and week. From very early in the morning trucks pull up outside the fishmongers and Asian grocery. The making of dumplings begins early too, but the sound of Vietnamese variety shows doesn’t start to emanate from the Vietnamese restaurant until mid-morning. The first floor offices are also quiet until about 9:30 in the morning, and I watch women begin to loiter around the hairdressers from about the same time. Still within these mercantile rhythms is the more elusive, though very visible and tireless movement of the illicit drug trade. The laneway and carpark behind the building are the main market place for the exchange of money and drugs,

as well as for the using of them. The movement of this rhythm begins first thing in the morning and continues in a legato throughout the day, with various loud conflagrations and quiet, intimate rumbles. Then there are the rhythms of travellers who use Leeds St. merely as a thoroughfare from the train station to the University. These are fairly rigid, up and down and bracket to the morning and afternoon. Interweaving through these rhythms are the hungry beats of lunchtime, the gathering of seagulls and crows as waste builds in the rubbish bins and the gutters, the meeting of old friends at unexpected places, the congestion of cars, the shifting of shadows, the aimless meanderings of old people and young children etc. Trying to read the interplay and overlapping of these rhythms is reminiscent again of Calvino's Mr. Palomar and his thought games. In "Reading a wave", Mr. Palomar stands on the beach looking at the waves, with the intention of isolating a single wave:

Mr. Palomar sees a wave rise in the distance, grow, approach, change form and colour, fold over itself, break, vanish, and flow again. But isolating one wave is not easy, separating it from the wave immediately following, which seems to push it and at times overtakes it and sweeps it away; and it is no easier to separate that one wave from the preceding wave, which seems to drag it towards the shore, unless it turns against the following wave, as if to arrest it.<sup>154</sup>

In trying to grasp, and be *grasped* by the rhythms of the street from my window in Suite 21, it is tempting to get lost in either the singularity of their producers or the immensity of the production as a whole. However the fluidity and unpredictability of their interplay continually thwarts this temptation:

...you cannot observe a wave without bearing in mind the complex features that concur in shaping it and the other, equally complex ones that the wave itself originates. These aspects vary constantly, so each wave is different from another wave, even if not immediately adjacent or successive; in other words, there are some forms and sequences that are repeated, though irregularly distributed in space and time.<sup>155</sup>

Of course, even if I allow for my inability to apprehend a single rhythm in isolation, or the impossibility of allowing a singular rhythm to disappear completely into the cacophony of the whole, the potential for hearing, or *feeling* the innate meaningfulness of Footscray as a place always seems within reach, until larger, more ancient and deeper rhythms that seem to stand outside of time draw inexorably across each day and week, pushing on into an unimaginable future, blurring the edges and obscuring the patterns — there is always 'a long wave that is arriving in a direction perpendicular to the breakers and parallel to the shore...there is no knowing where it comes from or where it then goes.'<sup>156</sup>

Giving myself up to the time needed to observe the rhythms and waves of the everyday practice on the street beneath the window is both a concession to the impossibility of grasping them in all their essences as well as an abandonment to this impossibility — an acceptance to be *grasped* by raucous incoherence and whispered clarity simultaneously, to be both within and without, observing and 'implicated in what is happening on the street.'<sup>157</sup>



Observation [*le regard*] and meditation follow the lines of force that come from the past, from the present and from the possible, and which rejoin one another in the observer, simultaneously centre and periphery.<sup>158</sup>

From observations out onto the street from my window, as well as on many wanderings, arrivals and departures, to and from, in and around the streets of central Footscray, the rhythms and waves of everyday life converge and transform through me — real stories *grasping* me and becoming just more stories of the real...

*At the bus stop on Paisley St., a young man sings quietly to himself.*

*Getting on the bus, a gigantic, barefooted lady in an electric wheelchair is parked in the fold-up seating area. Tightlipped and white-knuckled, she resolutely meets the inadvertent glances of each passenger as they negotiate a path to the back of the bus.*

*A man walks out of the underground car park and up the laneway. He pauses just before entering Leeds St. and vomits perfunctorily, though prodigiously, down a large drain—it is the colour of Coca-Cola. He spits, wipes his mouth on his sleeve, and walks on. At the entrance to the laneway he meets another man. They shake hands.*

*“They let you out?”*

*“Yeah, it was just a pat down.”*

*They shake hands again and walk away from each other.*

*One of the men turns and yells after the other:*

*“Kill the need, eh?”*

*Old men*

*rest their forearms*

*on bloated bellies*

*staring out*

*in fretful defiance.*

*“Oh my god everyone works at K-Mart.”*

*Through the bus she stormed  
a ghost gowned with anguish,  
pouting like a swan stillborn  
breathing like a catfish,  
grey-nailed and glabrous fingers  
only barely formed  
dusty mottled home-made feathers  
just freshly stitched.*

*At the corner of Paisley and Leeds St., a man leans against the wall in order to scratch his foot.*

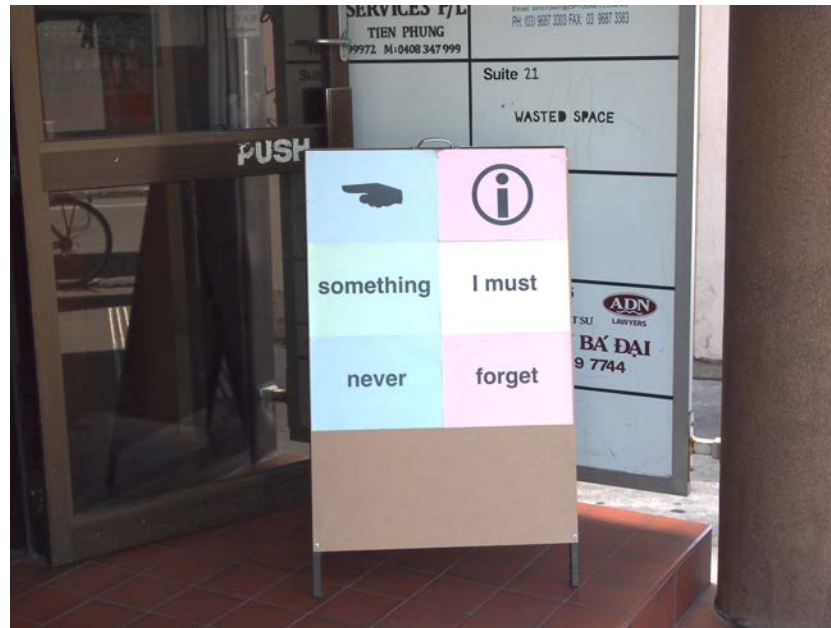
*An old man in an electric wheelchair is systematically searching the change dispensers in the parking meters along Leeds St. I wonder how much money he has found. He completes the task with such an economy of purpose, businesslike, without the gloomy expectation of failure, which suggests he has had at least the minimal amount of success required for the weed-like tenacity of human perseverance.*

From the windows of Suite 21, I watched crows expertly dismembering the prematurely discarded remnants from the production of everyday life. I wondered why there are no monuments to the crow in our city — the booby act of creation who ‘laughed himself to the centre of himself’<sup>159</sup> or, in local Indigenous folklore, the trickster who, tired of eating raw yams, tricked the seven young women who lived on the banks of the Yarra river into giving him the fire they had been keeping all to themselves. The eaglehawk, or bunjil, (amply represented in sculpture around Melbourne) saw what the crow had done and wanted to cook his possum with fire too. The Crow offered to do it for him, and when it was cooked he flung it down, still smoldering, to the hungry Bunjil. The Bunjil lost control of the smoldering embers and the resulting bushfire charred the Crow black.

There lay Crow, cataleptic. <sup>160</sup>



The word “scumbag” often rises above the din in Footscray. It is almost a refrain, scrawled on laneway walls, yelled over passing trams and muttered under heavy breaths. I see a crow pulling the last scraps from a mostly eaten kebab next to the pharmacy across the street and it too emanates the sound of the word “scumbag”, proudly, in its every self-serving and ominous movement. It then loiters above the street like ‘a black rainbow’,<sup>161</sup> or a dark mass on an x-ray. I can imagine it slowly becoming more upright, though still a little stooped, its claws sitting uncomfortably in a pair of dirty sneakers, its feathers eventually forming rudimentary fingers that open empty cigarette packs and search for forgotten change in parking ticket machines. It leans against the wall, its black beak perpendicular to the sky, like an Egyptian god in disguise. I imagine it loping up and down the street but every now and then crouching low and hopping, two-footed, betraying its avian DNA. It is a god, a scumbag god, and it should be venerated more openly in our community.



I watch people walking up and down the street, in and out of shops and I know that if it were I, walking up and down the street, in and out of shops, I would be trying not to forget something.

Most people I speak to in Leeds St. believe the large cluster of CCTV cameras are there to capture parking infringements only: they feel threatened not only by an unmonitored space, but by a space monitored to punish them. On the corner diametrically opposite the cluster of CCTV cameras I installed my own cameras, an efflorescence of decorative, ersatz cameras constructed from MDF and cheap shelving brackets from the two dollar shop down the street. Watch the watchers.



I continued the theme with small clusters in various locations around the Footscray CAD. As I am installing the cameras in Leeds St. early one morning, a young woman stops and tells me she “loves them.” In the news that week a woman was raped and murdered walking home from a bar by herself late one night in Brunswick. There are renewed calls for more CCTV cameras outside bars and in prominent public spaces. The young woman tells me she thinks this tragic event will be used as an excuse to increase the violation of her privacy that CCTV represents. She says my ersatz cameras represent a timely comment upon this situation. A few minutes later, as I am finishing the installation, a man stops and asks me if the cameras are for capturing parking infringements. I tell him they are not real, they are just decoration. He is relieved but not entirely convinced.

Even surveillance can be an image to be consumed, a part of the infrastructure of public space that could fit the design brief for a public space that is

“clean, safe and diverse.”

Consuming of displays, displays of consuming. Consuming of displays of consuming, consuming of signs and signs of consuming . . . sign and significance replace reality.<sup>162</sup>

### **Survey, mass observation and general information**

For the second component of this process — *participation* — three different participatory, or consultative actions were implemented in various locations around Footscray: a series of “community” surveys, a collection of “books” and a “general information” booth. There were eight different surveys to complete, four different “books” to contribute to and four different information registration forms to fill in. Over the course of all three consultation processes, I received a total of 1,041 completed documents. I also engaged in countless, undocumented and unverified conversations and interactions with a random sampling of people throughout Footscray, which was equally important in the process of a transformative social engagement. The surveys and information forms, whilst intended as a familiar means for farming information, were predominantly intended to be a provocative and playful medium for opening a discourse with people.

The artist Hans Haacke used the medium of surveys in a series of works about power structures in art museums and challenged perceptions of who the “art” public is, what their beliefs are and how this relates to the function of galleries and art spaces. He used a methodology of surveying and social investigation to provoke ‘reactions from relevant parties such that the reactions themselves provide further information about the original subject of the work.’<sup>163</sup> Firstly, there is the notion of art as “social investigation”, where the relationship and interaction with a public constitute the creative outcomes of the work. Secondly we see an application of social science methods that reveal the dynamics of the surveying process, whereby ‘the results of his work, having a kind of unarguably “valid” character, in fact are accepted by all the relevant parties as correct, which adds further to their provocative character.’<sup>164</sup>

*Mass Observation* was a social research organization established in Britain in 1937 by Tom Harrisson (an anthropologist), Humphrey Jennings (a documentary film-maker and surrealist) and Charles Madge (a journalist and poet). Their aim was to interrogate and document the everyday practices of Britain at the time and to furnish ‘social facts that could not be simply reduced to statistics.’<sup>165</sup> They implemented a range of innovative and unique methods for gathering and interpreting the impressions and images of everyday life, including surveys, observation reports and daily journal contributions. One of their first experiments involved thirty people from a range of geographic and socio-economic backgrounds writing a simple diary,

or journal, of their thoughts and activities on the same day — February the 12<sup>th</sup>, 1937.<sup>166</sup> Over many years this experiment became a regular practice, performed by hundreds of volunteers and forming a unique archive of the daily thoughts and activities of people whose experiences had previously remained relatively hidden and unexpressed in the public consciousness.

At the core of the *Mass Observation* project was a willingness to experiment with the mediums of surveys, observation and other social “science” methods to try to access the hidden, unspoken, surprising, dreamt and secretly desired thoughts and actions that constitute the everyday life of people. Through the familiar and reassuring agency of science, *Mass Observation* were attempting to ‘create the conditions for unfamiliar associations that would allow the (possibly collective) unconscious greater opportunity for expression than would otherwise “naturally” occur and so accelerate social transformation.’<sup>167</sup> An example of this can be seen in one of their earliest questionnaires, prepared ostensibly to survey public reaction to the abdication of the King in 1936. Of the 22 questions in the questionnaire, only one related specifically to the abdication, while the rest were general, sometimes personal questions about everyday life. The last four questions of the questionnaire were:

- 19 Can you believe you are going to die?
- 20 How do you want to die?
- 21 What are you most frightened of?
- 22 What do you mean by freedom?<sup>168</sup>

Long before de Certeau noted the everyday practice of people assimilating the world into themselves, *Mass Observation* recognised the practice of people using the ‘materials provided by dominant institutions against those dominant institutions, to cut out a certain space to live.’<sup>169</sup> Even small acts such as writing a shopping list or a list of things to do on a used envelope or receipt docket can be a way of ‘cutting a certain space for human agency out of the relentless passage of calendar and clock time.’<sup>170</sup> Through the implementation of survey and observation techniques *Mass Observation* were attempting to engage with the ‘heightened apperceptive awareness of mass modernity.’<sup>171</sup>

#### THINGS BOUGHT IN FOOTSCRAY AT TIME OF SURVEY

bacon  
beer  
bowls

bubble cup tea  
bus ticket  
chewing gum  
chips  
cigarettes  
clothes  
coconut cream  
coffee  
condoms  
dip  
donut  
DVD's  
egg & bacon sandwich  
fruit  
halal meat  
hamburger  
jewellery  
juice  
KFC  
lettuce  
marijuana  
mobile phone case  
Myki card  
noodle soup  
oranges  
pie  
pills  
pizza  
pork rolls  
rent



salad roll  
scone  
shoes  
soft-drink  
steak sandwich  
t-shirt  
tampons  
tofu  
turkey  
vegetables  
wine<sup>172</sup>

The City of Maribyrnong conducts an annual Community Survey and in 2013 they received 597 completed surveys.<sup>173</sup> Under the title *Community issues, behaviors and attitudes - Issues for Council to address*, respondents were asked: ‘Can you please list what you consider to be the top three issues for the City of Maribyrnong at the moment?’ The top three issues in a list of 44 issues reported (not including those under the title “Other”) were:

1. Traffic Management. (21.4% of respondents)
2. Safety, policing and crime. (14.5%)
3. Car Parking. (10.4%)

And further down the list:

26. Community activities, art and culture. (1.1%)

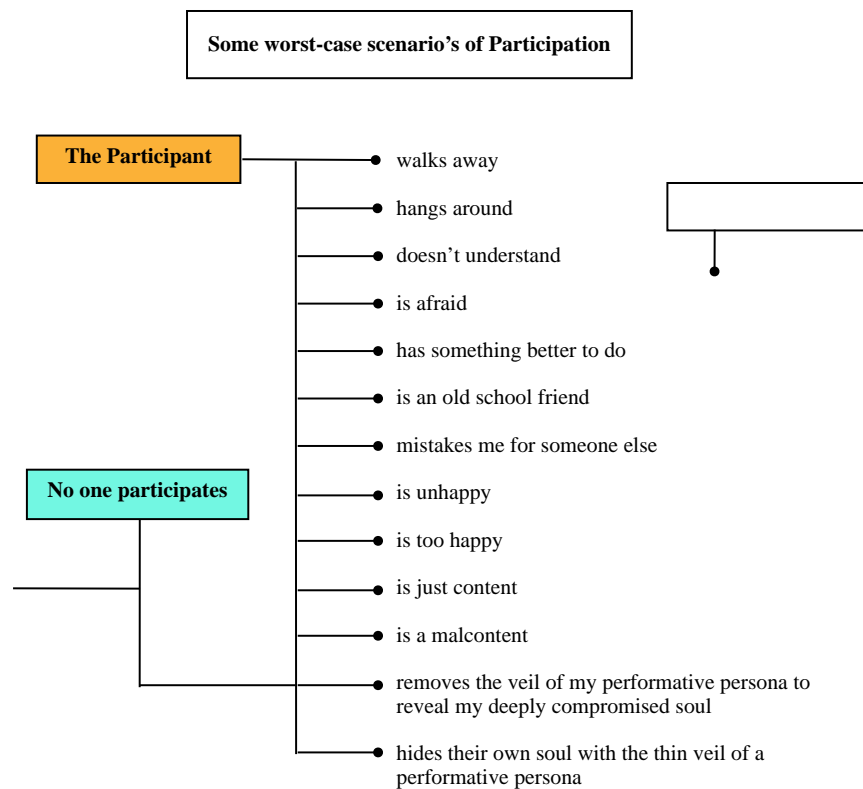
To you, the public, I also have a few questions, which I have arranged into a series of questionnaires under these titles:

Dreams, Drugs, Friends, Enemies, Money, Café Culture, Fear, Disgust<sup>174</sup>

Although you usually avoid surveys, I hope that something within you wishes to express itself. So, I have arranged for the majority of the questions to be multiple choice and easy to complete. It is free to participate, and you are free to participate, for free.



At first we will conduct our interaction at a safe distance in a supportive environment.

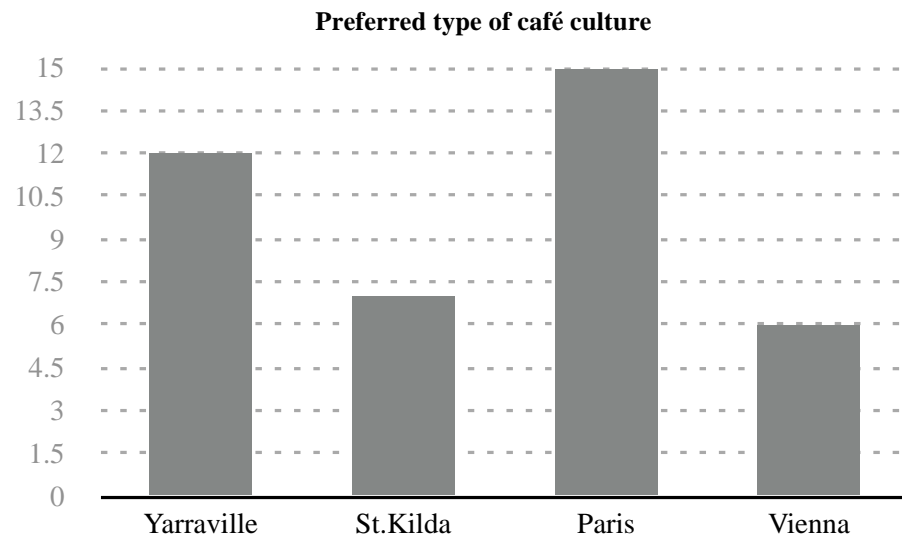


But eventually we will meet in a more personal capacity, which will present systemic issues regarding ethics and the uncontrollable factors that will threaten the stability required for our interaction to meet its pre-conditions.

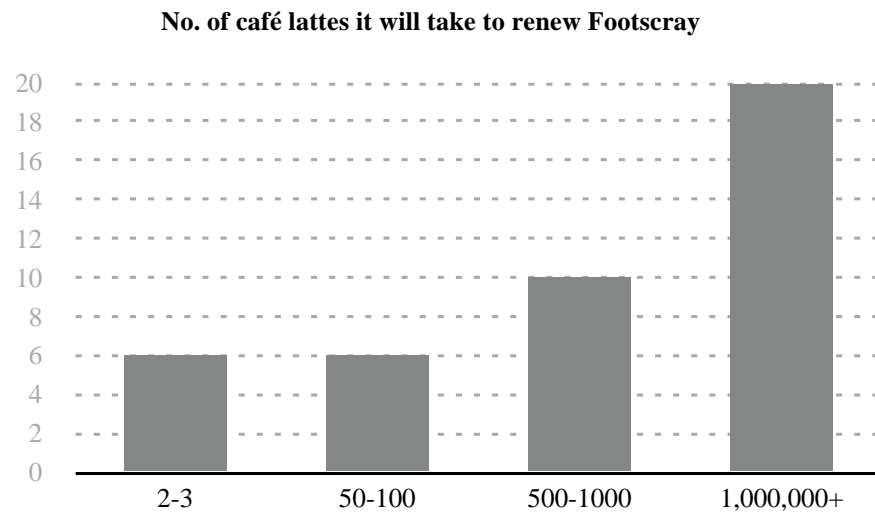
I will see your face and unintentionally make repressed judgements on that basis alone. You will shake my hand and grip it hard until you have determined the authenticity of my commitment to this interaction. Then you will tell me things with such willingness that perhaps you'll wonder why you'd never told anyone these things before.



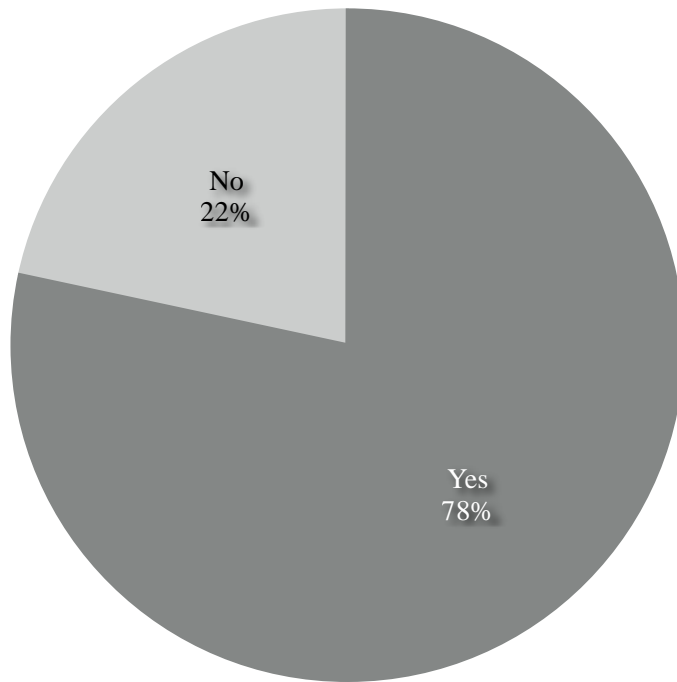
The aggregated results of these questionnaires will not aid traffic issues or highlight deficiencies in policing and rubbish removal. They are intended to remind ourselves that the everyday lives of people in Footscray are far more than 1.1% attuned to the profound issues of community and culture.



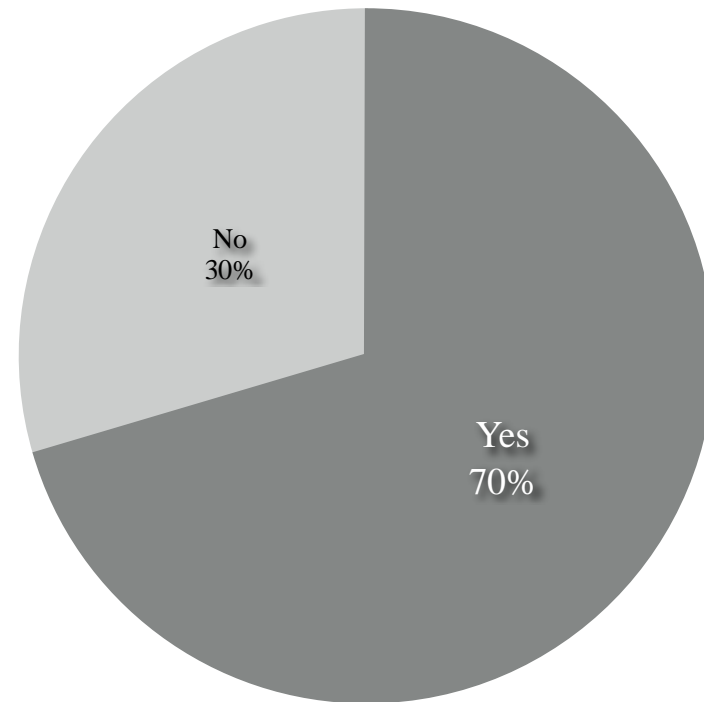
1,000,000 cafe lattes later and Footscray might just be the Paris of the west.



**Is Footscray addictive?**

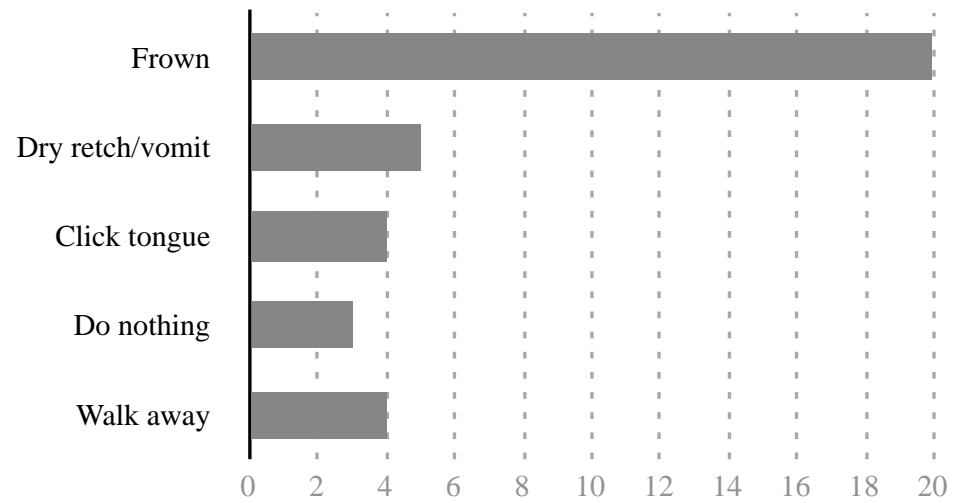


**Do drugs make Footscray more diverse?**



Overwhelmingly people find it hard to restrain themselves in Footscray and while most people genuinely celebrate difference, diversity remains a mind-altering concept.

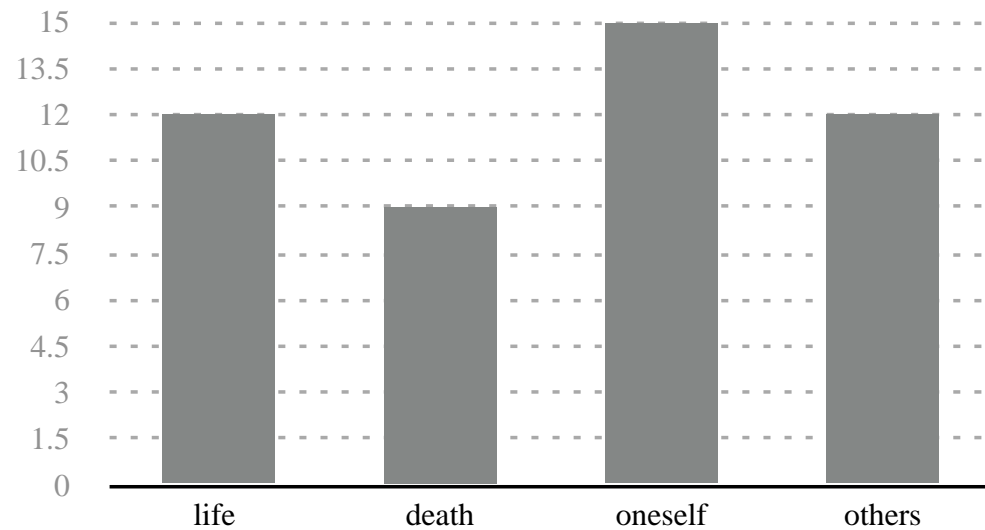
**Reactions to disgusting things**



Other: swear, try not to be like that, laughter, say "fuck this", run, become enraged, chide, speak one's mind, whinge, tell someone about it.

Often it is our reactions as much as our actions that define how we are perceived.

**Biggest fear**

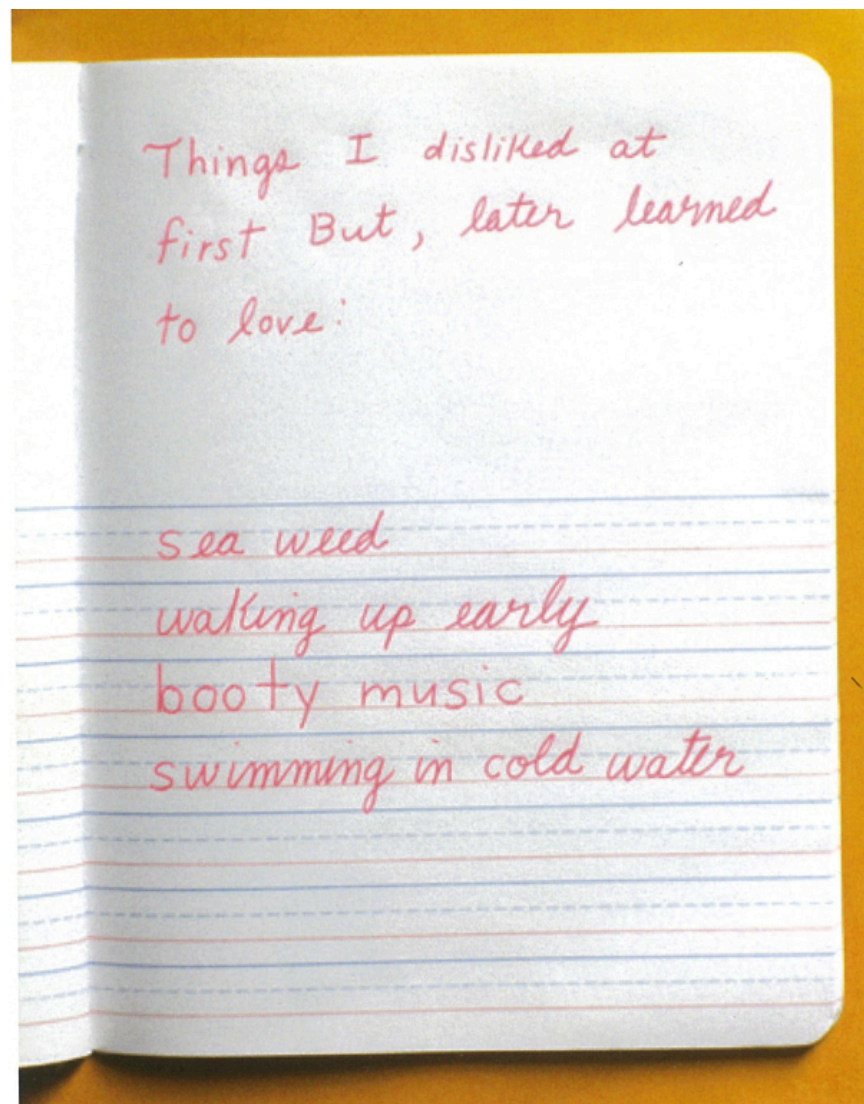


The social absence of death may coincide with a fear of life.



[illegible]

For seven years the artists Harrel Fletcher and Miranda July conducted a project called *Learning to love you more*.<sup>175</sup> They set simple assignments for the public that they could access and complete via the Internet. In one of their assignments, they asked the public to write a list of “Things I disliked at first but later learned to love.” This simple and vernacular provocation provides for the fluid nature of individual identification with the things around them.





I installed a booth in the Footscray Public Library with a series of provocations that people could respond to anonymously. The provocations came under these titles:

Places I will probably never see

Things I've been told that I don't believe are true

Ways to say goodbye

Smells that make me feel sick

Someone I talk to whose name I always forget

Beautiful things that I am afraid of

Things I don't need anymore

Things I like but don't understand



I then collated these responses into a collection of “books”, which I called *The Footscray Book of Books*. After collating the responses, I arranged the books under these corresponding titles:

The book of the improbable elsewhere

The book of skeptics

The book of farewells

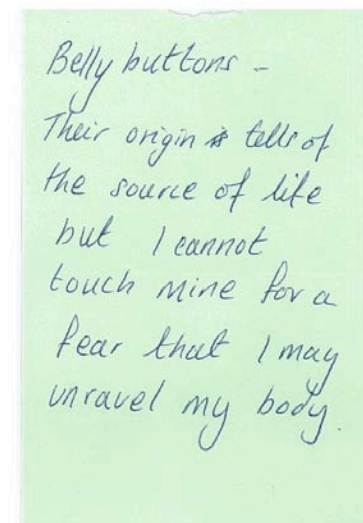
The book of repugnant odours

The book of forgotten names & familiar faces

The book of fearsome beauty

The book of redundancy

The book of inscrutable pleasures<sup>177</sup>



The specific object of each response was then isolated and inserted into a uniform incantation:

Fish  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

Spiderwebs  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

Rose bushes  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

Belly buttons  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

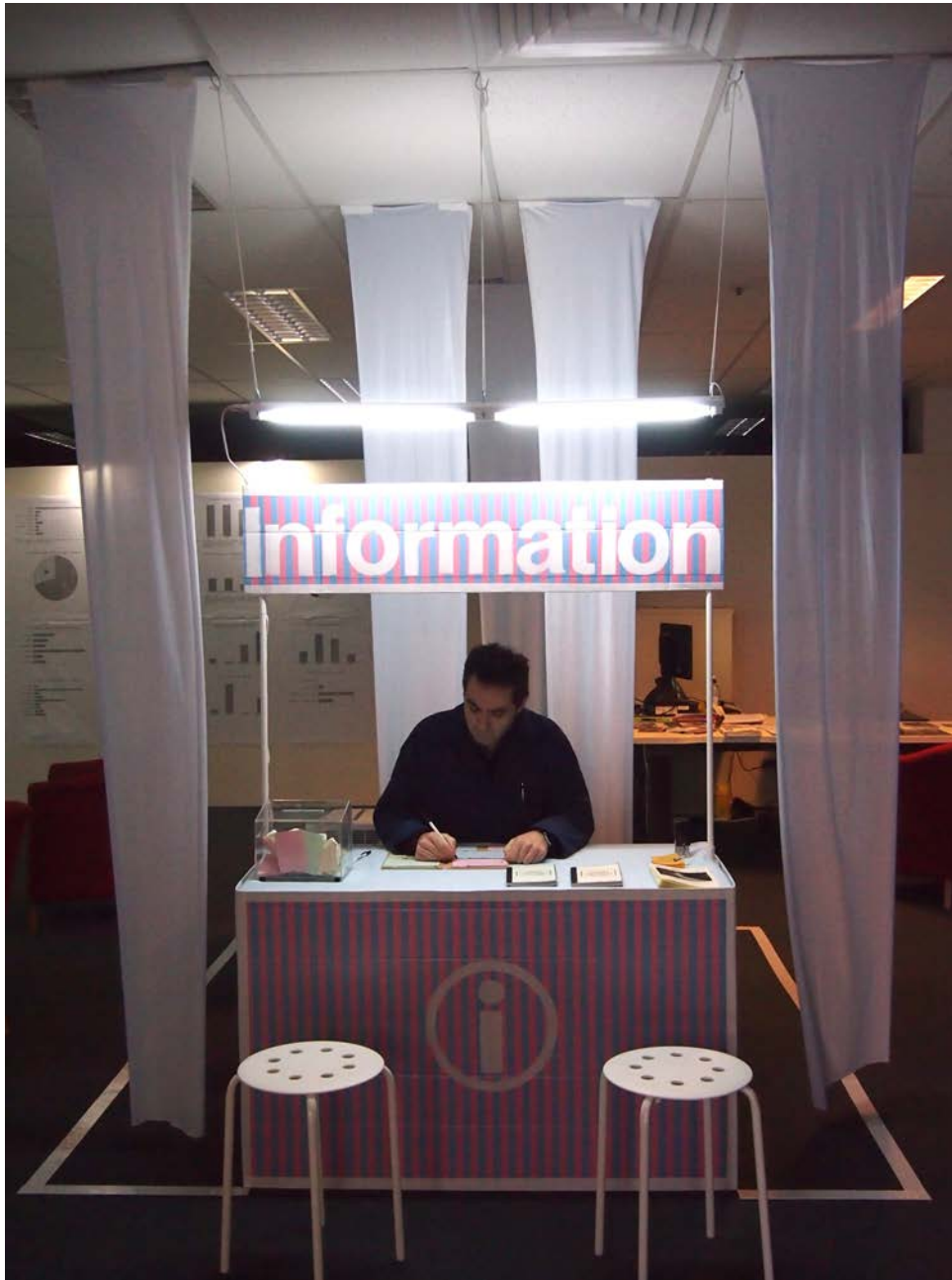
Together, the *Footscray Book of Books* forms a series of incantations on the ambiguities, contradictions, perplexing pleasures and corporeal realities of the everyday in Footscray, written by the people of Footscray.

For the final part of the *participation* component I established an *Information Booth* in the Nicholson St. Mall, both outside on the street and from within a shop front. The public could provide information or receive it. The nature of the information was *general* — the role of the performer/s was to receive the information and link it creatively, randomly, intuitively, to their own information and to build, with the participant, a thread of information that neither confirmed or denied any particular reality, but instilled a confusion of unverified information with the aim of re-positing reality as a *secret* that we both (performer and participant) might remember, or perhaps even cherish: truths, half-truths, speculations, rumours, hearsay, half-glimpsed memories, shallow prophecies and outright lies — we inhabited a misinformed present, a brief vacation from the constant revelation of truth and reality. This is an example of an exchange:

Participant: Can you tell me where Albert St. is?

Performer: Someone else asked me that just before. They had long hair and dark eyes. I think they were just waking up. They may have been blind. I haven't seen them since, so either they found it or they're still looking, in which case they're lost. Are you daydreaming?





There was also a series of four forms to assist in the process of locating and creating information:

Daydream Registration

Express travel diary

Declaration of infinity

Quick style guide<sup>178</sup>

The results of these exchanges and the completed forms were then creatively summarised on small pieces of paper and given to the participant in a sealed envelope.

At 10:55am I had a pleasant 5-10 minute long daydream. The sky was obscured, with a slight rain falling, a little patchy fog and a light SE breeze.

At 10:00am I departed home, and then I went to McIvor Reserve, and then I got into my car, and then I went to the physio, and then I went to a café in Anderson St., and then I went to Ross' Shoe shop, and then at 12:40pm I arrived.

I am a Scorpio and I hereby declare that general energy will last forever.

I am old-fashioned, with a fringe and I am a hip-shaking quiet achiever.

### **The crow amongst us, the lady offers love and the numbers shine**

The final component of the process — *performance* — comprised three performances conducted within Nicholson St. and Maddern Square, which were conceived and developed out of the previous two components of the process — *observation* and *participation*.

Akademia Ruchu are a performance art collective which formed in Warsaw, Poland, in 1973. They refer to themselves as a “theatre of behaviour” although their work incorporates many different mediums including theatre, visual art, performance and film. Fundamentally, their creative processes are concerned with ‘movement, space and social message.’<sup>179</sup> Their most prominent work has involved excursions into the practices of everyday life and actions in public spaces, which they refer to as the ‘field of action’<sup>180</sup>: a space for activity and change, a contested reality whose system of significations is transformed by the process of performance and social engagement. Some their work has consisted of the simplest of performative acts, such as *Stumble*, in which ‘seemingly accidental’ passersby would trip or stumble in the middle of a conspicuous public space,<sup>181</sup> or *Man and his things*, where a half-naked man stands, mostly motionless, for a whole day in a public space surround by an inventory of the banal and tawdry everyday objects typically seen as indispensable to the average person. More recently, in *The market for toys*,<sup>182</sup> they spent four hours standing around in Times Square, New York, wearing high-visibility vests that had “Observer” printed on the back: in one of the most frenetically spectacularised spaces in the world, they stood still and drew attention to the simple act of observation. These simple actions are not intended as mirrors or interventions in the “real”, but as encounters in everyday life and public space that open a discourse on the “real” and its significations. Also, the element of *duration* is important in a lot of their work, which recognises that a continued presence is just as important, if not more effective, than a “pop-up” or short intervention, in the engagement of art in everyday life.

#### *The Scumbag Crow*

This performance was developed from the vision of an anthropomorphic “scumbag” crow I had whilst observing crows from my window in Suite 21. The performance was enacted predominantly in and around the Nicholson St. Mall in the early afternoon. It involved a performer wearing a crow mask loitering around the mall, performing various banal actions such as reading a newspaper, walking up and down aimlessly and searching the rubbish bins. During these actions, the performer blended the anthropomorphic movements of standing, walking, sitting down and reading, with interpretations of crow-like movements: hopping, cleaning its wings, shaking out a one of its legs and searching refuse with its feet. The presence of the ubiquitous crow performing the role of the perceived ubiquitous “scumbag” of Footscray was not wholly anomalous in the busy Mall. The performance lasted for approximately two hours, during which time the performer was responding casually to engagement with the public.













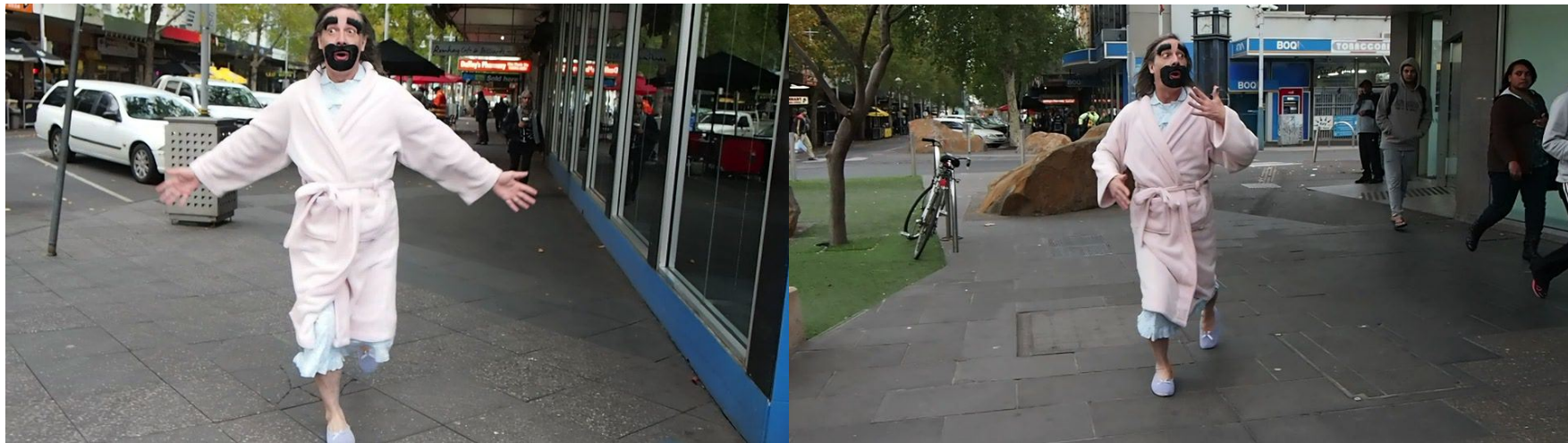
*Ah! How sweet it is to love.*

This performance was conceived in response to a woman I would see walking up and down Leeds St. during my time at Suite 21:

*At midday, a woman with a short black beard, wearing a dirty pink dressing gown, is walking slowly down Leeds St. in her thongs. Her dark eyes are wide open and every now then she smiles gushingly at passersby.*

She would attract bemused and often disdainful glances from other people on the street, yet she would walk slowly and meet their gazes with wide, watery eyes and open arms, disarming not only judgement, but time and space, making the world seem like it was moving in mute slow motion around her.

The performance began at the foot of the Mall in the early afternoon, with the performer enacting a kind of slow dance through the mall. This was accompanied by Henry Purcell's musical setting to John Dryden's poem *Ah! How sweet it is to love* playing on a battery powered speaker. The performance then moved to Maddern Square, where a formal spectacle — complete with a smoke machine — was performed amid the spectacle of the “failed” design of the renewed Maddern Square.









### *The cleanliness of numbers*

This performance was a response to the preoccupation with car parking issues in Footscray. At times it seems to border on obsessiveness, to the point where it may seem that car parking is more important, or at least coeval with, communal well being and contentment. On Nicholson St., there is often confusion as to which numbers refer to which parking bays.

For this performance, a performer fastidiously polishes the painted numbers on the ground, using delicate and precise actions, buffing the numbers until they shine lovingly, unequivocally, up from the kerbside.







## **The Spectacle is dead...long live the Spectacle!**

What are some of the symptoms of everyday life? Failure, regret, catharsis, memory, desire, boredom, gratitude, confusion, naivety etc. What might the ghosts of these symptoms look like? The practice of art is uniquely positioned to communicate with these ghosts. In contemporary society, the artist often operates as the ‘archivist of the overlooked and forgotten’<sup>183</sup> — an interlocutor with the residual and remaindered of the lived spaces of everyday life. But art, and the artist, is also inherently haunted by the everyday and its subject matter (which historically has been considered inferior to the more traditional subjects of art such as beauty and the sublime), particularly as the contemporary practices of relational, participatory, dialogic and socially engaged art have become prevalent and institutionalised. In response to the proliferation of these practices, there arise genuine questions about the processes and ideologies of these practices and how they engage, or participate, in the elusive characteristics of social world. These questions constantly haunt the motivations and processes of artists engaged in social practices: does the artist retreat from the world, search for separation to gain perspective, aestheticise eternity, then, weary and triumphant, re-enter the world crying out: “forget about it, I’ve seen eternity and its tiring, it just goes on forever, we have everything we need right here, you, the people, are eternal in your quaint, home-spun way and I will show you how to valorise yourself”? Or is the act of separation and perspective as much a part of the world as any other everyday practice, therefore *anyone* can express it and the artist is merely another person struggling to assimilate the world into themselves? Does the social world need artists to facilitate its already inherent relationality? Does art need the social world to validate its practice? Shannon Jackson notes:

In the twentieth century aesthetic debate, to take an artistic stance on the social is to exercise the relative autonomy of the aesthetic domain, using that distance to defamiliarize normative categories and modes of perception and to ask impertinent and never fully intelligible questions of normative life.<sup>184</sup>

Here, the promise of an arts practice that engages with the social resides in its exclusivity from the social world and therefor is best situated to challenge it and affect transformation. But as Jacques Rancière points out, there is a double-sided nature to this act that is delicate and perhaps unattainable: the social is inextricably political and a work of political art ‘cannot work in the simple form of a meaningful spectacle that would lead to an “awareness” of the state of the world.’<sup>185</sup> To effect transformation, it must operate successfully as both an artistic practice and a political engagement. In other words, it must achieve ‘the readability of a political signification and a sensible or perceptual shock caused, conversely, by the uncanny, by that which resists signification.’<sup>186</sup> Ultimately, to achieve this effect, the work would present a subtle ‘negotiation’ between the two forms, a balance between ‘the readability of the message that threatens to destroy the sensible form of art and the radical uncanniness that threatens to destroy all political meaning.’<sup>187</sup> Claire Bishop has noted that in contemporary socially engaged and participatory art practices there is often an imbalance of this ‘double effect’<sup>188</sup> that evades artistic criticism in deference to its social, or political awareness:

...socially collaborative practices are all perceived to be equally important *artistic* gestures of resistance: there can be no failed, unsuccessful, unresolved, or boring works of participatory art...<sup>189</sup>

And yet, there is an even larger, more ominous challenge to the practice of socially engaged art practices as the very language and process of art and the aesthetic become increasingly subsumed into the “readability” of everyday life and press-ganged into the service of the spectacle of capital and consumption. As Jackson observes, the uncanny and exclusive traits of artistic practice ‘now inform capitalism’s self-marketing, offering criticality as a consumptive pleasure.’<sup>190</sup> Notions of social engagement and participation are now a pervasive experience in everyday life. In contemporary art practice these notions have been applied as a way of subverting the dominant spectacle and empowering people, but in a world increasingly connected, where ‘everyone can air their views to everyone’,<sup>191</sup> these practices no longer stand out in opposition to the spectacle, but merge almost seamlessly with its constant revelation of social relationality.<sup>192</sup> Baudrillard, somewhat presciently, proclaimed: ‘Interactivity is the end of the spectacle.’<sup>193</sup> Through the act of everyone becoming a participant ‘there is no action any longer’<sup>194</sup> — there is no separation between the spectacle and the spectator. Marc Augé notes this contemporary phenomenon in certain emblematic “non-spaces” where ‘the individual feels himself to be spectator without paying much attention to the spectacle...as if the spectator in a position of a spectator were his own spectacle.’<sup>195</sup>

### **Becoming art**

How does “socially engaged” art engage with the social? This question can be framed by targeting aspects of the social; either as a representation of historical groupings (class, gender, ethnicity, religion, cultural typecast etc.), or as a practice, an “ensemble of procedures”, a synchronic production of activities and events that are constantly negotiated under the expedited title of *everyday life*. While there is an aspect of the social which relies on static assumptions of inherent power and historical hierarchies, there is another aspect of the social which is in a constant state of diffusion and definition, its unity bound by an allegiance to individual practice and the inevitable, regenerative dispersal of unity itself. Within this latter aspect, the static assumptions are not inherent, but performed and projected as routines of this practice.

How can art become a participant that not only memorialises chosen moments in the unfolding of this practice, but also actually contributes to — and accepts contributions from — the disinhibition and interrelation of its fundamental movements and rhythms? Can an art practice *advene*, rather than *intervene*, with the (social) production of (social) space, and *inhere* to its rhythmical iterations? How does the practice of art and the practice of everyday life engage in the practice of becoming together, or ‘the unfounded and unmediated in-between of becoming’?<sup>196</sup>

Perhaps a work of art — a *creative adventure* — within the realms of social spaces and everyday practice may operate somewhere between the traditional, designated and ‘algorithmically predetermined’<sup>197</sup> social spaces, the aleatory and elusiveness of everyday practice and the interlocutionary skills of art. Perhaps rather than a distinguished discourse for a select public, or game that plays upon divisions between art and life, the practice of social engaged art should seek to reinstate the process of art into the ‘ensemble of procedures’<sup>198</sup> that constitute everyday practice.

Ideally, for an art practice that is part of the perpetual process of creating space through everyday practice, it must be a process wherein the creative interaction between artist and public — and the space created by this interaction — resists the capitalisation and spectacularisation of everyday life, consequently providing the actual space for people to ‘claim place as coeval with self’;<sup>199</sup> to own and dispose of their individual gestures, rather than being disinherited of them by their representation.

It must be a process that re-positions the body as a location for the everyday construction of identity, rather than the spectacular constructions that seek to alienate it. It must be a process that reinstates the secrecy of reality<sup>200</sup> in order to reveal the immanence of myth, poetry and dreams.

As an arts practice that begins with the body, performance is uniquely endowed with the potential to insert itself meaningfully into the practice of the everyday. It could be argued that any artistic practice that engages with the social is doing so in a performative capacity, due to the performative characteristics of social spaces. As a practice, performance is both the ‘thing unveiled and the means by which unveiling occurs’,<sup>201</sup> which positions it squarely within the art practices that utilise dialogic or participatory methods. As a process for socially engaged work it ‘anticipates a future that cannot be known but on whose unfolding its identity depends. Performance...commits to being inconvenienced.’<sup>202</sup>



## 5. I am information...you are information



*Public Art* and *Art in Public Spaces* are both delusional and empty notions. Was there ever really a time when these terms meant anything? They are mismatched words applied hastily to disguise the sweaty awkwardness of the engagement between artist and public as *other*, and public and artist as *other*.

It is an engagement in a mutual delusion: the artist, such as I, uses public space, and the use that you, the public, make of it, to make art and in return I expect some form of appreciation from you — the arbitrary *other* — as you should be pleasantly surprised, maybe even a little redeemed of your monotonous *otherness* by this benevolent intrusion of art.

The artists' deluded intentions and expectations stain the outcomes, not the public *other's* ignorance or inability to grasp or properly participate in the work.

The corroborating delusion is that the public *other* — lets say *us*, you and I and the person sitting behind you, who want to use my art that uses *us* and the uses *we* make of public space to express *our* communal identity and *activate* more public space — could or should have a say in what kind of art fills *our* spaces. Unfortunately *we* are not necessarily together on this, neither do we necessarily have any spaces of our own. *We*, the public, are only really represented in any demonstrative way by the concerted opinions of a *few*. These opinions have become representational because they are primarily concerned with the economically rational, the quantitatively indisputable, and mostly presume a consensual *we*, the delusional public, who, feeling that we have no say in anything, insist on a creative outcome that expresses *everything* about *all of us*...equally: an outcome that even the most deluded artist ultimately cannot provide.

And yet within this dire mist of delusion, stagnating in a valley of competing realities and systems of apprehension, we all project our own spectral forms of faith, superstition, sexuality, love, hate, belonging, legacy, posterity, etc. — the causes of the spaces we share — which don't need definition or clarity to be recognized by one another. The mutual delusion is actually a *safe* place, an *activated* space and a common ground wherein we can engage in the transformative process of *becoming* together.

*“What sort of information do you have?”*  
*“What do you need?”*  
*“What’s the meaning of life?”*  
*“I don’t know.”*  
*“So what’s this for?”*  
*“It’s an art project.”*  
*“About information.”*  
*“I guess so. It’s not really for anything.”*  
*“So you don’t have any information.”*  
*“Not yet. We can make some information.”*  
*“Why?”*  
*“I don’t know. What else are you going to do?”*  
*“I want some information.”*  
*“Like what?”*  
*“Why am I here?”*  
*“I don’t know.”*  
*“I’m meeting a friend for coffee.”*  
*“There you go. That’s information.”*  
*“I am information.”*  
*(Yelling out to everyone in the Mall)*  
*“I am information...you’re all information.”*

As a gift, or a consolation prize, for participating in my project, I am now going to use the information I have taken from you and attempt what Christian Boltanski refers to as the reconstruction of an ‘individual mythology’<sup>203</sup> — the ghost of a typical person in Footscray today. This is all I have left. You won’t recognise it as yourself, although it may resemble someone you know, someone you used to know, or someone you would like to get to know. Nor is it indicative of anything unique to the suburb of Footscray, although aspects may remind you of other unique experiences which may have serendipitously occurred in Footscray. This person is you and me and no one in particular, or referring to Boltanski again: ‘a sacred assemblage, a set of votive offerings of an individual of no special interest...’<sup>204</sup>

I am a Capricorn and I hereby declare that time will last forever.

Today I bought some bowls in Footscray.

At 4:30pm I departed the City, and then I got on a train, and then the train took me to Footscray, and then I walked here, and then at 5:12pm I arrived.

I am sickened by the smell of overripe bananas.

I find violence disgusting and when I see it I usually frown.

I am disgusted by myself.

I daydream all the time, but I have never dreamt I was someone else.

I am family oriented, with a rockstar haircut and I am a hip-shaking straight-talker.

My three best friends are: Aaron, Hussein & Lucy.

It's important to have friends in order to share the good times.

I don't need a watch anymore.

I like television but I don't understand it.

Footscray is someone else's dream, and it's addictive.

I've been told you can achieve anything if you put your mind to it but I don't believe it to be true.

I will probably never see Macchu Picchu.

Alcohol is my favourite drug and the best place to have it is at home.

Housing is the most expensive thing in Footscray, but I have enough money and that's all I need.

Thunderstorms are beautiful but I am afraid of them

My biggest fear is other people.

I have between 5-10 enemies, mostly because of their money and the way they look.

Sometimes I am my own worst enemy

Often I speak to Julie but I always call her Leanne.

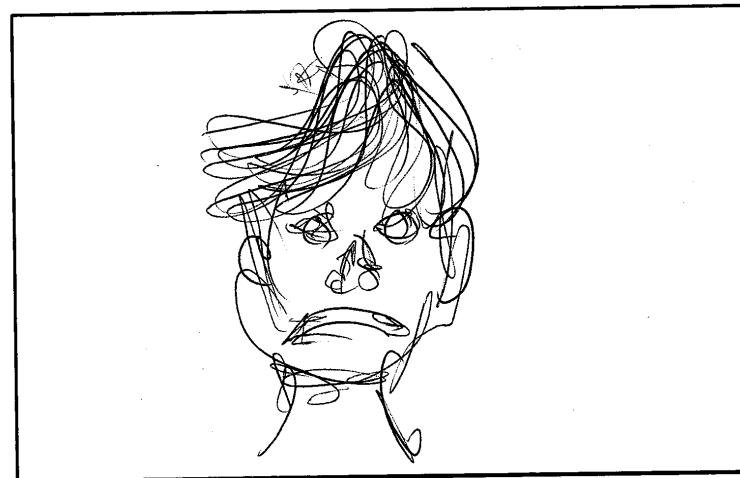
At 4:11pm I had a bewildering 5-10 minute long daydream. The sky was overcast with a slight rain falling, a light southerly and the air was a little smoky.

Once I dreamt that I caught a fish, then it turned into a monster and each time I stood on it to destroy it, it broke apart into a hundred other pieces.

Paalam!

(I hug you and say a prayer for your happiness and well-being).

This is what one of my enemies looks like:



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- <sup>1</sup> Harvie Ferguson, *Self-identity and everyday life*, Routledge, New York, 2009, p.107
- <sup>2</sup> Ferguson, p.115
- <sup>3</sup> Ferguson, p. 144
- <sup>4</sup> Ferguson, p.144
- <sup>5</sup> Ferguson, p.81
- <sup>6</sup> Ferguson, p.91
- <sup>7</sup> Michael Warner, *Publics and Counterpublics*, Zone Books, New York, 2005, p.76
- <sup>8</sup> Warner, p.67
- <sup>9</sup> Warner, p.77
- <sup>10</sup> Warner, p.67
- <sup>11</sup> Alistair Hannay, *On the Public*, Routledge, New York, 2005, p.22
- <sup>12</sup> Warner, p.90
- <sup>13</sup> Hannay, p.111
- <sup>14</sup> Hannay, p.80
- <sup>15</sup> Hannay, p.80
- <sup>16</sup> Hannay, p.82
- <sup>17</sup> Hannay, p.82
- <sup>18</sup> Guillermo Gómez-Peña, *ethno-techno*, Routledge, New York, 2005, p.51
- <sup>19</sup> Warner, p.118
- <sup>20</sup> Gómez-Peña, p.51
- <sup>21</sup> Warner, p.118
- <sup>22</sup> Ferguson, p.17
- <sup>23</sup> Henri Lefebvre, *Everyday Life in the Modern World*, (S. Rabinovitch, Trans.), Harper & Row, New York, 1971, p.72
- <sup>24</sup> Hannay, p.53
- <sup>25</sup> Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*, University of California Press, Berkely, 1984, p.177
- <sup>26</sup> Hannay, p.72
- <sup>27</sup> Hannay, p.78

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- 28 Ferguson, p.156
- 29 Ferguson, p.156
- 30 Jean Baudrillard, *Fragments: Cool Memories III 1990-1995*, (E. Algar, Trans.), Verso, New York, 2007, p.8
- 31 Ferguson, p.157
- 32 Ferguson, pp. 163,164
- 33 Ferguson, p.184
- 34 de Certeau, p.97
- 35 Warner, p.90
- 36 Amy J. Elias, 'Psychogeography, Détournement, Cyberspace', *New Literary History*, 41(4), 821-845, 2010, p.826
- 37 Mark Poster, 'Everyday (virtual) life', *New Literary History*, 33.4, 743-760, 2002, p.744
- 38 Michael E. Gardiner, 'Henri Lefebvre and the Sociology of Boredom', *Theory, Culture & Society*, 29(2), 37-62, 2012, pp.51, 52
- 39 Ferguson, p.39
- 40 Ferguson, p.39
- 41 de Certeau, p.xii
- 42 de Certeau, p.xiii
- 43 de Certeau, p.31
- 44 de Certeau, p.32
- 45 de Certeau, p.30
- 46 de Certeau, p.43
- 47 de Certeau, p.xviii
- 48 Ferguson, p.177
- 49 de Certeau, p.xxiv
- 50 de Certeau, p.93
- 51 Modern **Heliopolis** (also known as **الجديدة مصر**, *Maṣr el-gīdīdah* – literally "New Egypt" or "New Cairo") is a district of Cairo, Egypt. The town was established by the Heliopolis Oasis Company, headed by the Belgian industrialist Édouard Louis Joseph, *Baron* Empain, in 1905. He bought a large stretch of desert some distance to the northwest of Cairo at a low price from the colonial government, culminating in 1907 with the building of the new town of Heliopolis. It was designed as a "city of luxury and leisure", with broad avenues and equipped with all necessary conveniences and infrastructure; water, drains, electricity, hotel facilities, such as the Palace Hotel and Heliopolis House, and recreational amenities including a golf course, racetrack and park. In addition, there was housing for rent, offered in a range of innovative design types targeting specific social classes with detached and terraced villas, apartment buildings, tenement blocks with balcony access and workers' bungalows.

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The new city also represented the first large scale attempt to promote what later came to be called Arabesque style, known in its own day as the "Moorish style". Empain's own residence however, adopted a unique style. Alexander Marcel, a French architect and a member of the prestigious French Institute, was commissioned by Empain to build him a Hindu palace. Modelled on Angkor Wat in Cambodia and the Hindu temples of Orissa, the palace was erected between 1907 and 1910. It still stands today and remains one of the finest examples of early creative use of concrete, of which it was entirely built. My grandfather was born in Heliopolis, where his father was employed by Baron Empain's light railway. They lived in the shadows of the Baron's Cambodian pastiche temple and regularly attended the Baron's racetrack, where my great-grandfather gambled most of his wages, necessitating side businesses as a florist, a restrateur, perfumer and electrical contractor. However my grandfather's most vivid recollections of Heliopolis were not of the temple or the racetrack, but of negotiating the streets peopled by Greek, Syrian, Arab, Italian, French and Armenian immigrants. His clearest memories were of the songs of the watermelon sellers and an obsessive routine he developed whereby he could not sleep at night unless he had gone and made sure all the windows and blinds in the house were closed after his parents and his seven siblings had gone to bed.

<sup>52</sup> Alan Read, *Theatre and everyday life: an ethics of performance*, Routledge, New York, 1993, p.120

<sup>53</sup> Henri Lefebvre, *Writings on Cities*, Blackwell, Cambridge Mass., 1996, p.152

<sup>54</sup> Christian Schmid, "Henri Lefebvre's theory of the production of space: toward a three dimensional dialectic." In K. Goonewardena, Schmid, C, Kipfer, S & Milgrom, R (Ed.), *Space, Difference, Everyday Life: Reading Henri Lefebvre*, Routledge, New York, 2008, p.29

<sup>55</sup> Schmid, p.39

<sup>56</sup> Schmid, p.39

<sup>57</sup> Schmid, p.40

<sup>58</sup> de Certeau, p.117

<sup>59</sup> de Certeau, p.115

<sup>60</sup> de Certeau, p.99

<sup>61</sup> de Certeau, p.97

<sup>62</sup> de Certeau, p.131

<sup>63</sup> de Certeau, p.139

<sup>64</sup> de Certeau, p.140

<sup>65</sup> Joe Moran, *Reading the Everday*, Routledge, New York, 2005, p.73

<sup>66</sup> de Certeau, p.140

<sup>67</sup> Italo Calvino, *Mr. Palomar*, Harcourt, 1985, p.25

<sup>68</sup> Calvino, p.24

<sup>69</sup> Calvino, p.24

<sup>70</sup> de Certeau, p.93

<sup>71</sup> de Certeau, p.93

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- <sup>72</sup> Calvino, p.25
- <sup>73</sup> Calvino, p.28
- <sup>74</sup> de Certeau, p.166
- <sup>75</sup> Schmid, p.39
- <sup>76</sup> de Certeau, p.34
- <sup>77</sup> Michael E. Gardiner, Henri Lefebvre and the 'Sociology of Boredom'. *Theory, Culture & Society*, 29(2), 37-62, p.50
- <sup>78</sup> Kurt Meyer, 'Rhythms, Streets, Cities', In K. Goonewardena, Schmid, C., Kipfer, S. & Milgrom, R (Ed.), *Space, Difference, Everyday Life: Reading Henri Lefebvre*, Routledge, New York, 2008, p.151
- <sup>79</sup> Meyer, p.150
- <sup>80</sup> Henri Lefebvre, *Rhythmanalysis: Space, Time and Everyday Life*, Continuum, New York, 2004, p. 55
- <sup>81</sup> Meyer, p.151
- <sup>82</sup> Read, p.127
- <sup>83</sup> Meyer, p.150
- <sup>84</sup> John Roberts, *Philosophizing the everyday*, Pluto Press, London, 2006, p.61
- <sup>85</sup> Meyer, p.159
- <sup>86</sup> Meyer, p.153
- <sup>87</sup> Maree Pardy, 'Optimism, Happiness and Revenge - emotion and the politics of "urban renewal-speak" in an Australian suburb.' In *Emerging and Enduring Inequalities*, The University of Queensland, 2012, p.3
- <sup>88</sup> Wikipedia contributors, "Melbourne 2030," *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*, [http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Melbourne\\_2030&oldid=619250341](http://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Melbourne_2030&oldid=619250341) (accessed August 13, 2013).
- <sup>89</sup> *Footscray Central Activities District-Strategic Framework Report-Draft Version 3*, April, 2010, p.10
- <sup>90</sup> *Footscray Central Activities District-Strategic Framework Report-Draft Version 3*, April, 2010, p.10
- <sup>91</sup> Pardy, p.1
- <sup>92</sup> *Footscray Renewal, Draft Strategic Framework Plan – Community and Stakeholder Engagement Report*, May 2010, p.7
- <sup>93</sup> During a five-week period of community engagement, 'it is estimated that 50 members of the community visited the One Stop Planning Shop.' *Footscray Renewal, Draft Strategic Framework Plan – Community and Stakeholder Engagement Report*, May 2010, p.6
- <sup>94</sup> Pardy, p.3
- <sup>95</sup> Pardy, p.3
- <sup>96</sup> Maree Pardy, *A Waste of Space: Bodies, Time and Urban Renewal*, M/C Journal, 13(4), 2010, p. 2

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- 97 Pardy, p.2
- 98 Levin and Solga, p.42
- 99 *Footscray Central Activities District-Strategic Framework Report-Draft Version 3*, April, 2010, p.9
- 100 de Certeau, p.187
- 101 Dec 31, 2009 (2009-12-31). "What is Placemaking? | Project for Public Spaces". Pps.org. Retrieved 11/08/13
- 102 *Footscray Central Activities District-Strategic Framework Report-Draft Version 3*, April, 2010, p.10
- 103 Maree Pardy, 'Optimism, Happiness and Revenge - emotion and the politics of "urban renewal-speak" in an Australian suburb.' In *Emerging and Enduring Inequalities*, The University of Queensland, 2012, p. 5
- 104 Pardy, p.5
- 105 Pardy, p. 8
- 106 Maree Pardy, 'Kant comes to Footscray Mall - thinking about local cosmopolitanism', in C. Long, K. Shaw & C. Merlot (Eds.), *Sub Urban Fantasies*, Australian Scholarly Publishing, Melbourne, 2005, p. 112
- 107 Ferguson, p.78, 79
- 108 Pierre Bourdieu, "The forms of capital", in A.R. Sadovnik, *Sociology of Education: A Critical Reader*, Routledge, 2007, p.87
- 109 Levin and Solga, p. 39
- 110 Levin and Solga, p.42
- 111 Levin & Solga, p.42
- 112 Pardy, p.109
- 113 Levin and Solga, p.42
- 114 Pardy, p.112
- 115 Pardy, p.119
- 116 Moran, p.72
- 117 Marc Augé, *Non-Places: Introduction to an Anthropology of Supermodernity*. Verso, New York, 1995, p.65
- 118 Maree Pardy, *A Waste of Space: Bodies, Time and Urban Renewal*, M/C Journal, 13(4), 2010, p.2
- 119 Pardy, p.7
- 120 Elias, p.826
- 121 Mike Davis, *City of quartz: excavating the future in Los Angeles*, Vintage Books, New York, 1992, p.223



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- 122 Maree Pardy, 'Optimism, Happiness and Revenge - emotion and the politics of "urban renewal-speak" in an Australian suburb.' In *Emerging and Enduring Inequalities*, The University of Queensland, 2012, p.4
- 123 de Certeau, p.166
- 124 Erving Goffman, *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, Anchor Books, New York, 1959, p.22
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# Appendix

Survey no. 6/9c (Footscray)		Wasted Space B. Cittadini 2012	
<b>CAFE CULTURE</b>			
⇒ Please tick one box only			
<b>1) What is your favourite coffee?</b>			
Cafe Latte <input type="checkbox"/>	Cappuccino <input type="checkbox"/>	Short Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Long Black <input type="checkbox"/>
Flat White <input type="checkbox"/>	Macchiato <input type="checkbox"/>	Affogato <input type="checkbox"/>	Don't drink coffee <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>2) What kind of Cafe Culture does Footscray need?</b>			
Yarraville <input type="checkbox"/>	St.Kilda <input type="checkbox"/>	Paris <input type="checkbox"/>	Vienna <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>3) How many cafe latte's will it cost to 'renew' Footscray?</b>			
2-3 <input type="checkbox"/>	50-100 <input type="checkbox"/>	500-1000 <input type="checkbox"/>	1,000,000 + <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>4) Will cafe's make Footscray a safer place?</b>			
yes <input type="checkbox"/>	no <input type="checkbox"/>	they will make it more dangerous <input type="checkbox"/>	
<b>5) How many cafe's can you name in Footscray?</b>			
⇒ If you need more space please use the back of this page			
<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>			
Thank-you for your participation			

Survey no. 3a (Footscray)		Wasted Space B.Cittadini 2012	
<b>FRIENDS</b>			
⇒ Please tick one box only			
<b>1) How many friends do you have?</b>			
1-2 <input type="checkbox"/>	5-10 <input type="checkbox"/>	15-20 <input type="checkbox"/>	200+ <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>2) Why is it important to have friends?</b>			
it's not <input type="checkbox"/>		don't know <input type="checkbox"/>	
to share the good times <input type="checkbox"/>		to share the bad times <input type="checkbox"/>	
<b>3) What makes someone a good friend?</b>			
good looks <input type="checkbox"/>	money <input type="checkbox"/>	generosity <input type="checkbox"/>	compassion <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>4) Which is the best way to make friends?</b>			
facebook <input type="checkbox"/>	smile <input type="checkbox"/>	money <input type="checkbox"/>	generosity <input type="checkbox"/>
<b>5) Is your best friend an animal?</b>			
yes <input type="checkbox"/>		no <input type="checkbox"/> ⇒ go to question 7	
<b>6) What kind of animal?</b>			
dog <input type="checkbox"/>	cat <input type="checkbox"/>	bird <input type="checkbox"/>	reptile <input type="checkbox"/>
rodent <input type="checkbox"/>	fish <input type="checkbox"/>	horse <input type="checkbox"/>	
Other _____			
<b>7) What are the names of your three best friends?</b>			
<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>			
Thank-you for your participation			



Survey no.0001 (Footscray) Wasted Space B.Cittadini 2012

### DRUGS

⇒ Please tick one box only.

**1) What is your favourite drug?**

alcohol ☐    caffeine ☐    exercise ☐    heroin ☐    nicotine ☐    love ☐  
 food ☐    marijuana ☐    religion ☐    Other \_\_\_\_\_

**2) Which drugs are there TOO MUCH of in Footscray?**

\_\_\_\_\_

**3) Which drugs are there NOT ENOUGH of in Footscray?**

\_\_\_\_\_

**4) Is Footscray an addictive place?**

yes ☐    no ☐

**5) Which is the best place to take drugs in Footscray?**

at home	<input type="checkbox"/>	at someone else's home	<input type="checkbox"/>
in your car	<input type="checkbox"/>	in someone else's car	<input type="checkbox"/>
in the park	<input type="checkbox"/>	in a bus	<input type="checkbox"/>
public toilets	<input type="checkbox"/>	in a cafe	<input type="checkbox"/>
on the train	<input type="checkbox"/>	in a carpark	<input type="checkbox"/>
on the train	<input type="checkbox"/>	on the street	<input type="checkbox"/>
in a laneway	<input type="checkbox"/>	Madden Square	<input type="checkbox"/>
in a 'safe' place	<input type="checkbox"/>	nowhere	<input type="checkbox"/>
Other _____			

**6) Do drugs make Footscray a more diverse place?**

yes ☐    no ☐

*Thank-you for your participation*

Survey no. JQ518 (Footscray) Wasted Space B.Cittadini 2012

### DISGUST

⇒ Please tick one box only.

**1) How many disgusting things have you seen TODAY?**

None ☐    1-5 ☐    5-10 ☐    100+ ☐

**2) Have you ever been disgusted by yourself?**

Yes ☐    No ☐    Sometimes ☐

**3) Which of these things do you find disgusting?**

Laziness ☐    Lies ☐    Selfishness ☐    Violence ☐

**4) When you are disgusted, what is your reaction?**

frown ☐    dry-retch/vomit ☐    click your tongue ☐    do nothing ☐  
 Other \_\_\_\_\_

**5) Describe something disgusting you have seen, or done.**

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

*Thank-you for your participation*



Survey no.89456d Wasted Space B.Cittadini 2012

### MONEY

⇒ Please tick one box only

**1) How much money do you have?**

heaps ☐ not much ☐ enough ☐ none ☐

**2) How much money do you NEED?**

heaps ☐ not much ☐ enough ☐ none ☐

**3) What is the most expensive thing in Footscray?**

parking ☐ employment ☐ food ☐ homewares ☐ drugs ☐  
 friendship ☐ cigarettes ☐ housing ☐ transport ☐ identity ☐  
 Other \_\_\_\_\_

**4) What is the cheapest thing in Footscray?**

parking ☐ employment ☐ food ☐ homewares ☐ drugs ☐  
 friendship ☐ cigarettes ☐ housing ☐ transport ☐ identity ☐  
 Other \_\_\_\_\_

**5) What have you bought in Footscray TODAY?**

⇒ If you need more space, please use the back of this page

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Thank-you for you participation

Survey no.7492xv (Footscray) Wasted Space B.Cittadini 2012

### ENEMIES

⇒ Please tick one box only.

**1) How many enemies do you have?**

None ☐ 1-2 ☐ 5-10 ☐ 100+ ☐

**2) Are you your own worst enemy?**

Yes ☐ No ☐ Sometimes ☐

**3) What makes someone an enemy?**

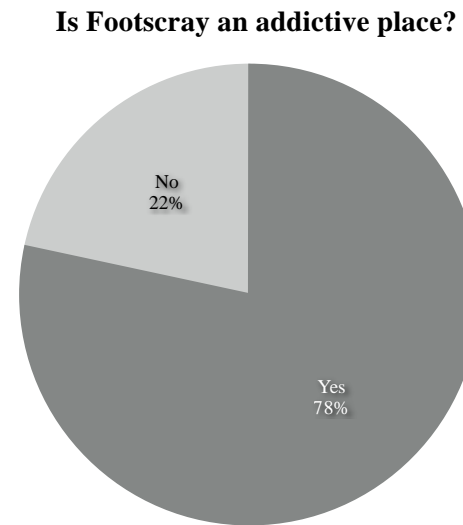
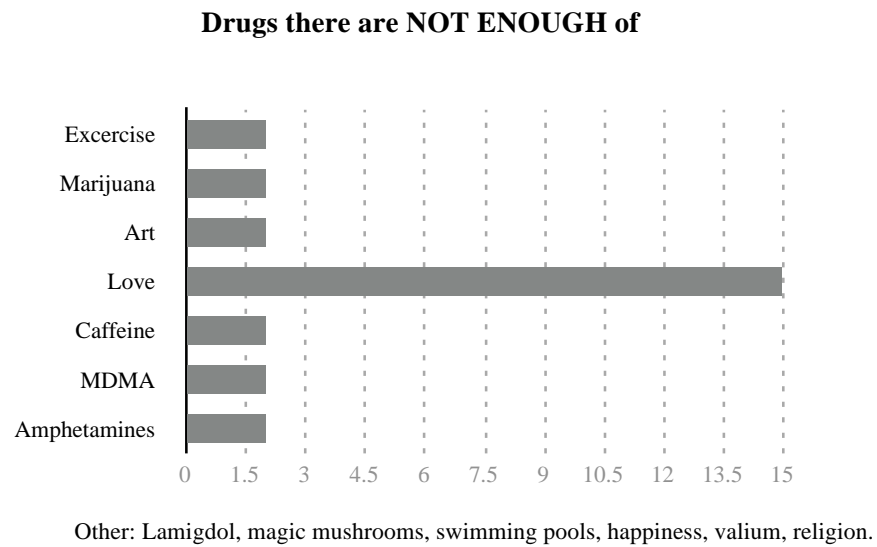
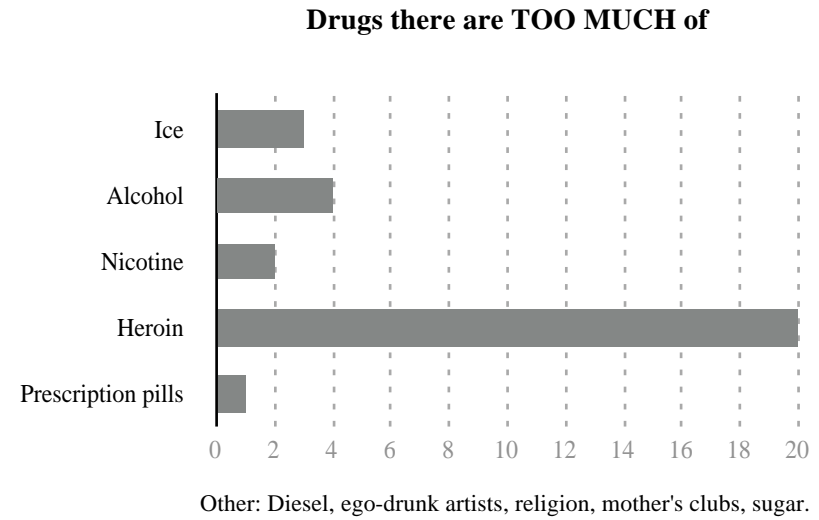
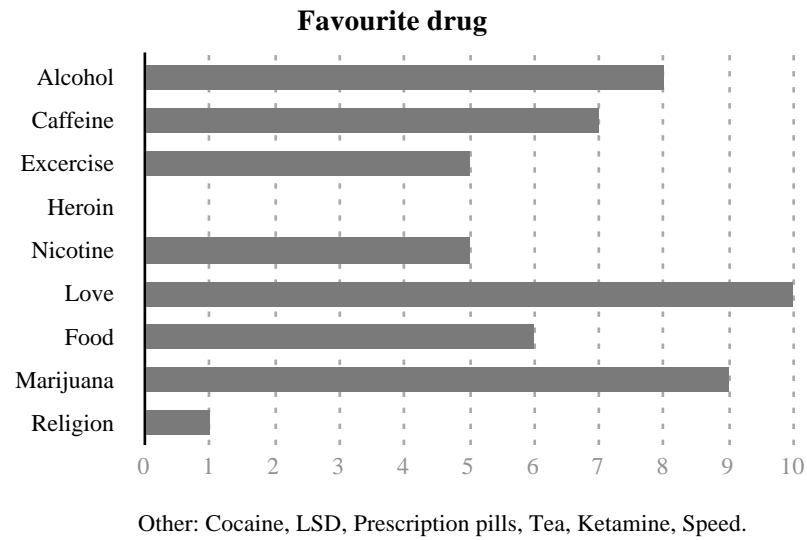
money ☐ the way they look ☐ religion ☐ the media ☐  
 Other \_\_\_\_\_

**4) What is the best way to deal with an enemy?**

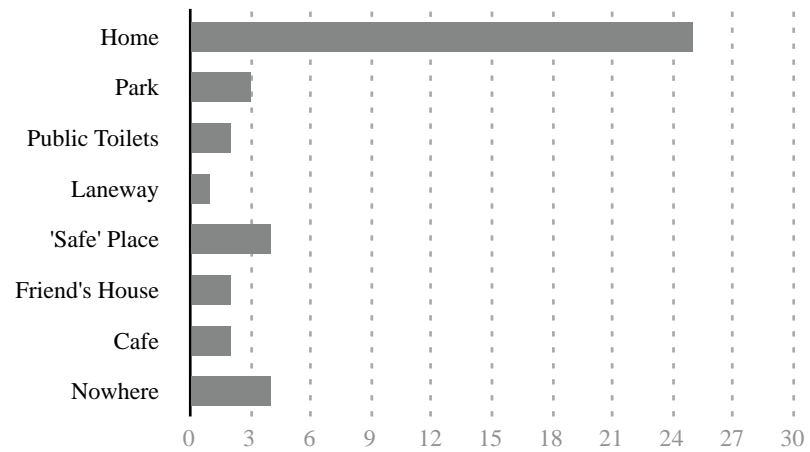
revenge ☐ reconciliation ☐ shame ☐ education ☐  
 Other \_\_\_\_\_

**5) Can you draw a picture of an enemy of yours?**

Thank-you for your participation

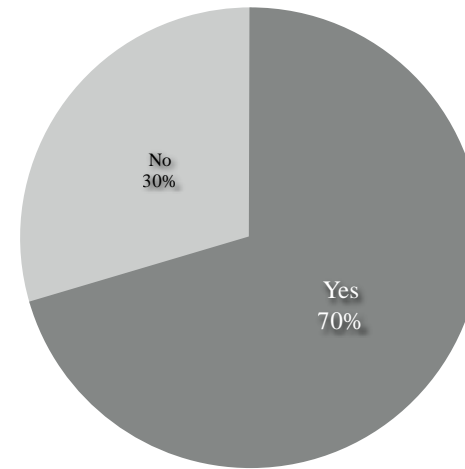


**Best place to take drugs**

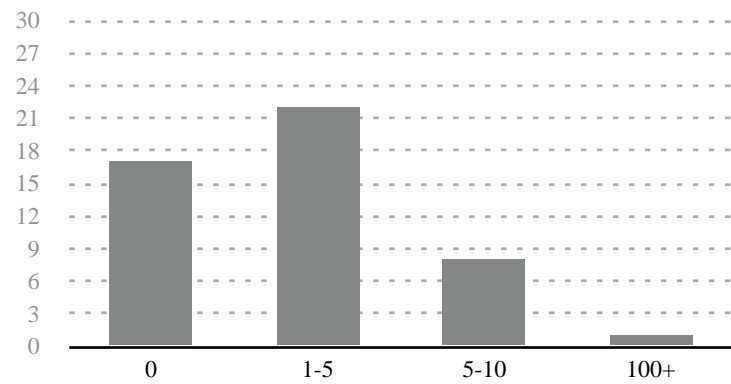


Other: Library, behind bushes, the gym, Jail, next to the temple by the river.

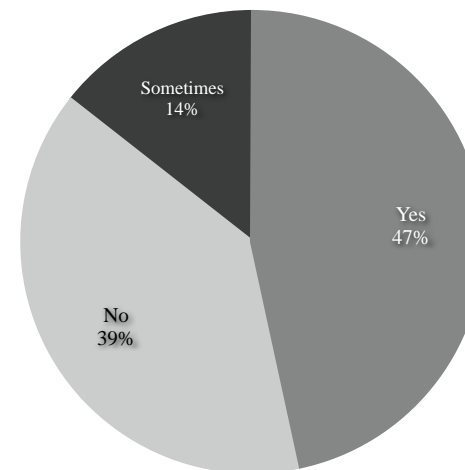
**Do drugs make Footscray more diverse?**

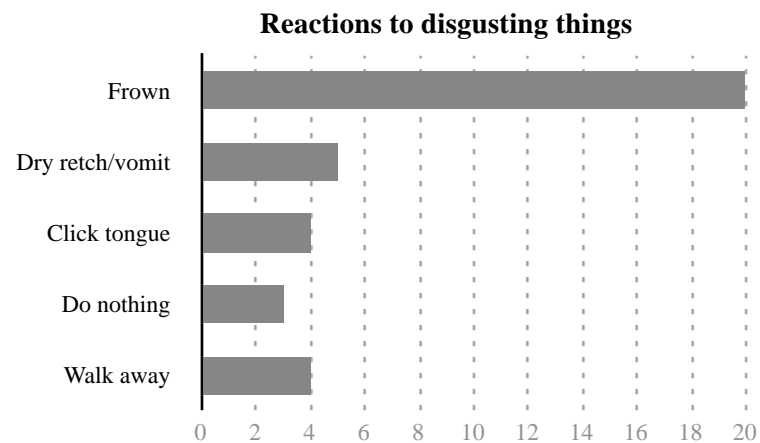
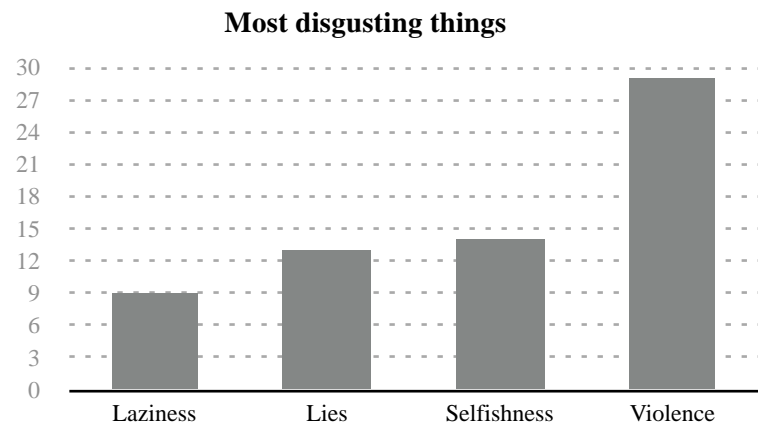


**No. of disgusting things seen in one day**

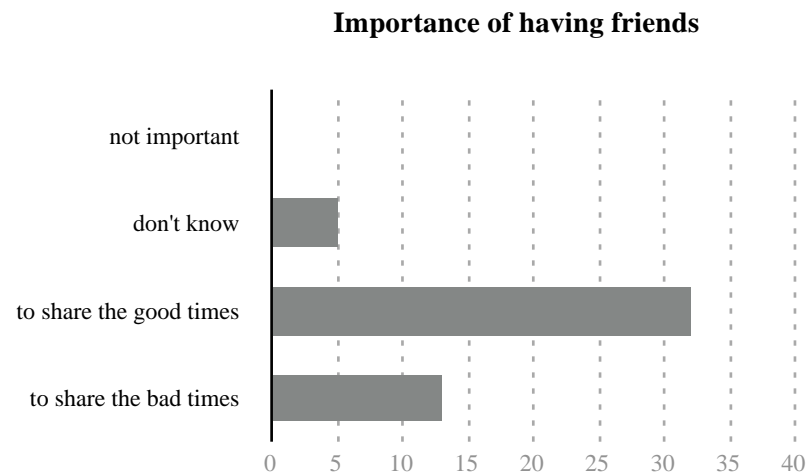
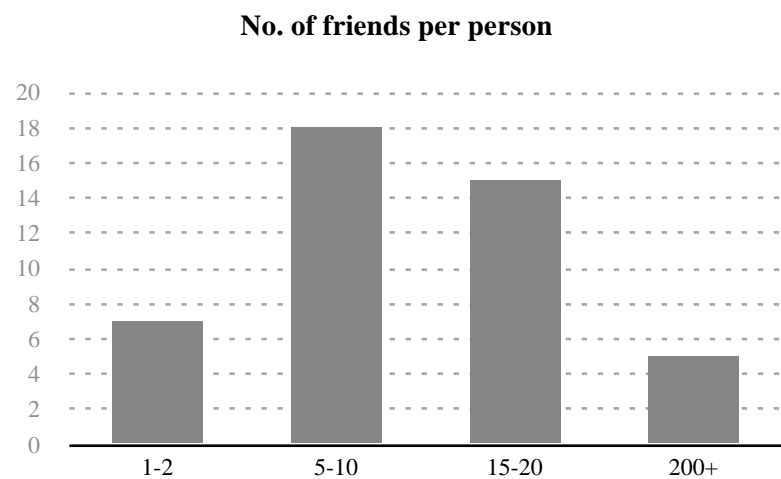


**Are you disgusted by yourself?**

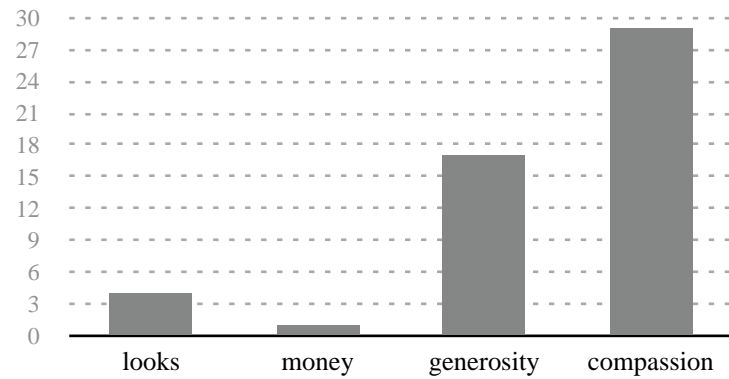




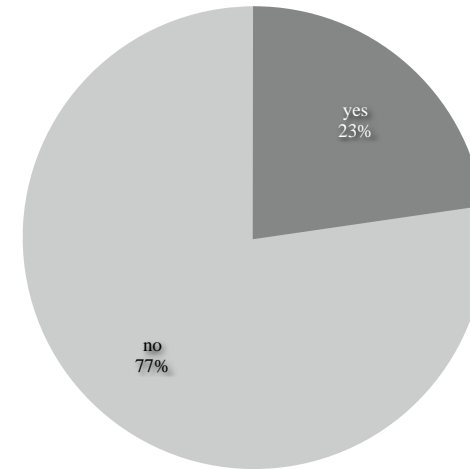
Other: swear, try not to be like that, laughter, say "fuck this", run, become enraged, chide, speak one's mind, whinge, tell someone about it.



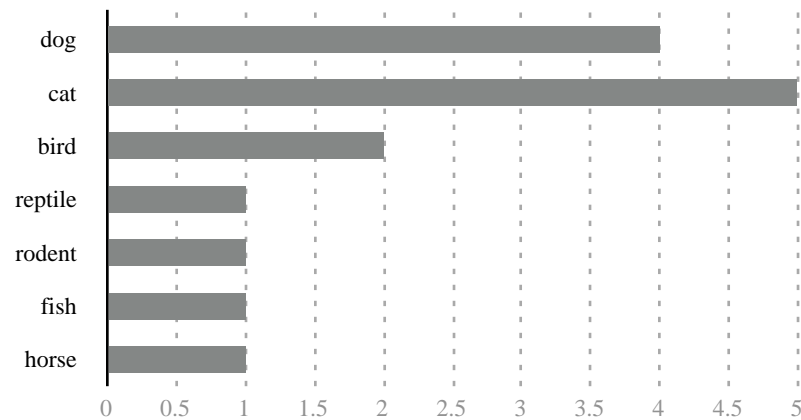
**Most prominent characteristics of a friend**



**Is your best friend a pet?**



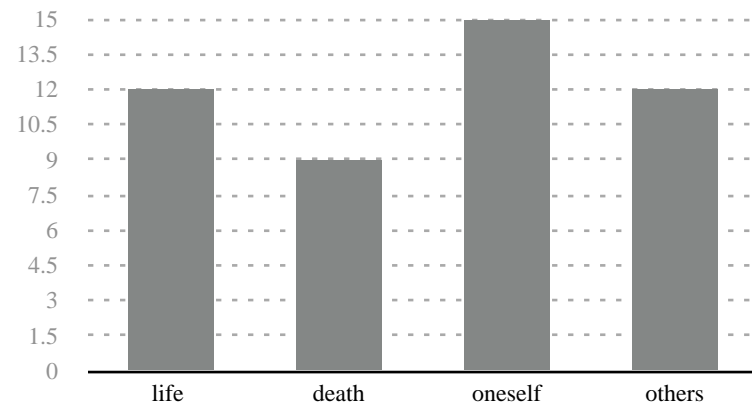
**What kind of pet?**



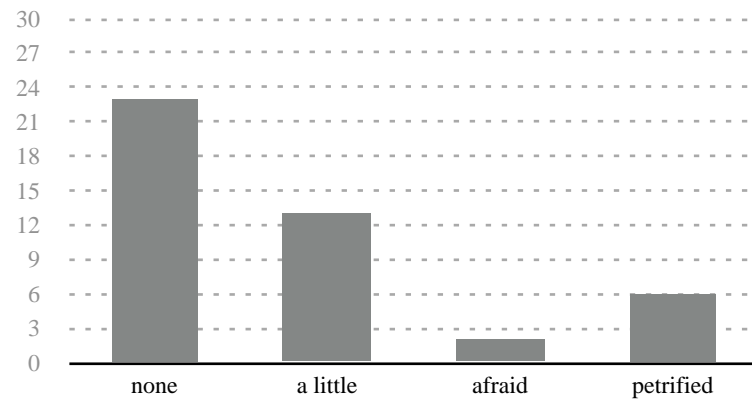
**Some names of best friends in Footscray**

Aaron, Adam, Allen, Amelia, Anna, Anna, Anthony, Anton, Ashlee, Barbara, Belinda, Ben, Brandon, Brooke, Cecile, Charlie Blue, Che, Dad, Daniel, Dave, Delia, Dion, Dylan, Elanie, Ellen, Evelyn, Fabian, Frank, Gary, Geoff, George, Gerard, Hanna, Hayden, Helena, Henare, Hussein, Imelda, Imogen, Ivy, Jack, Jacki, Jacob, James, Jesse, Jill, Joel, Johanna, John, Johnny, Jonesy, Judy, Justin, Kahli, Kanokthip, Kelly, Kerry, Kevin, Kevin, Koprita, Lauren, Leigh, Lib, Lucy, Lucy, Luis, Marta, Matt, Megan, Michael, Michaela, Mike, Molly, Mum, Naomi, Nat, Natasha, Nico, Nigel, Nina, Pat, Peter, Phil, Phillip, Reece, Ripley, Rose, Rose, Sean, Shonasea, Smitty, Spirit, Steven, Suzy, Tess, Thomas, Tim, Tobias, Tom, Tom, Tristan, Trudi, Unker, Velocity, Verity, Vicki, Wa Kuan(Keith), Zac

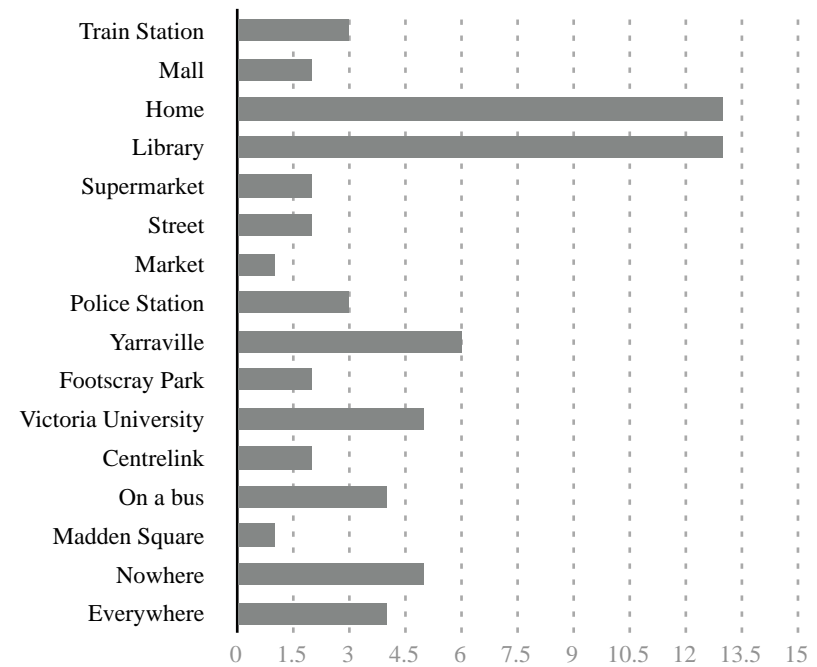
### Biggest fear

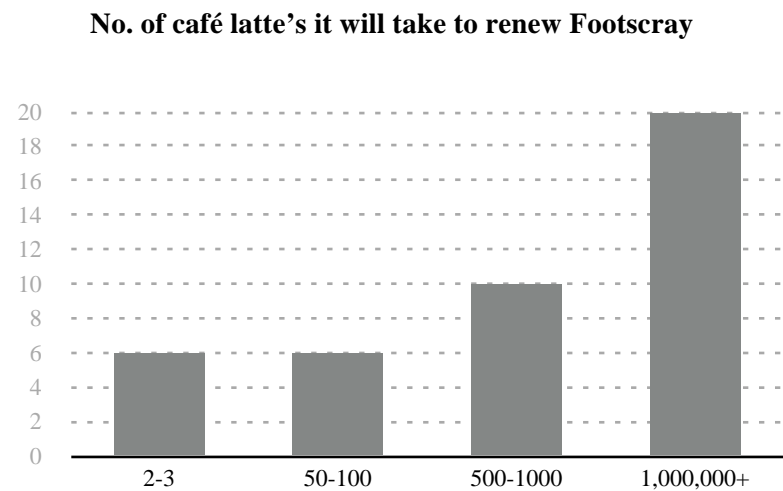
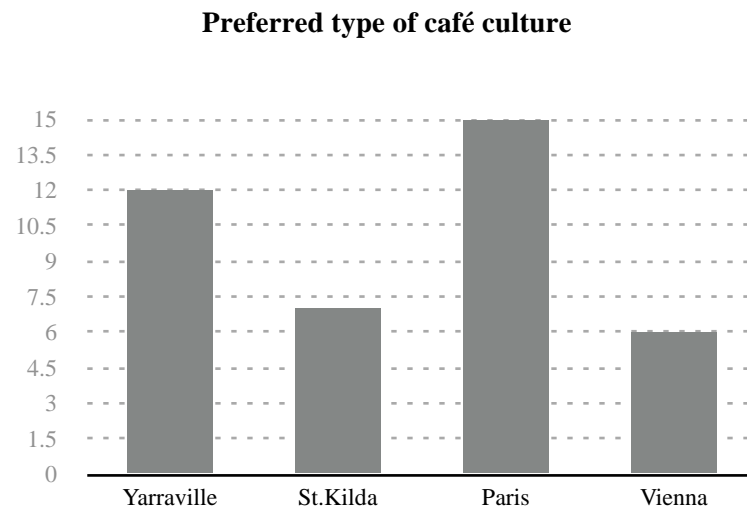
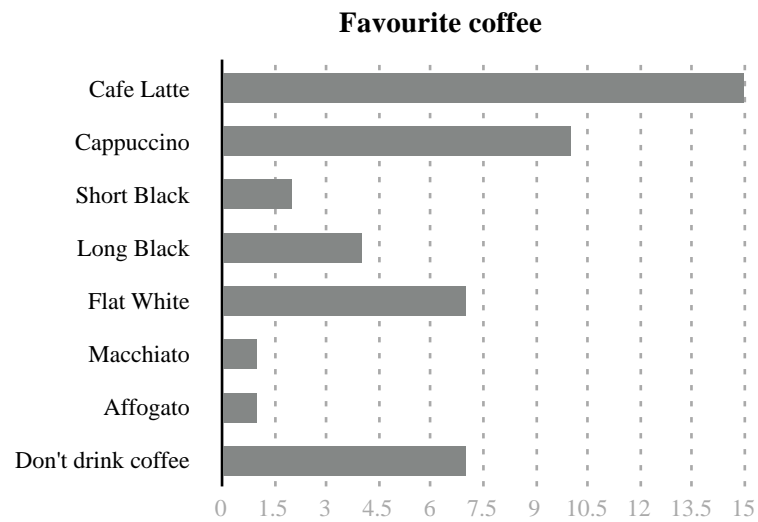


### How afraid are you RIGHT NOW?

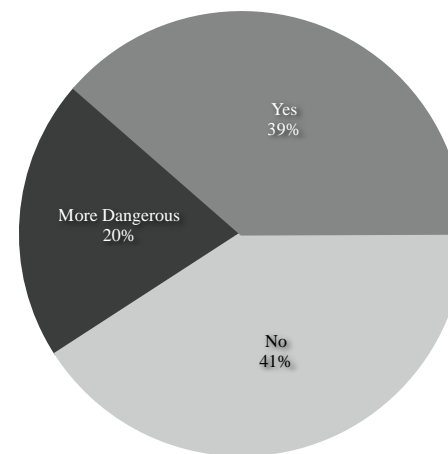


### Safest place in Footscray



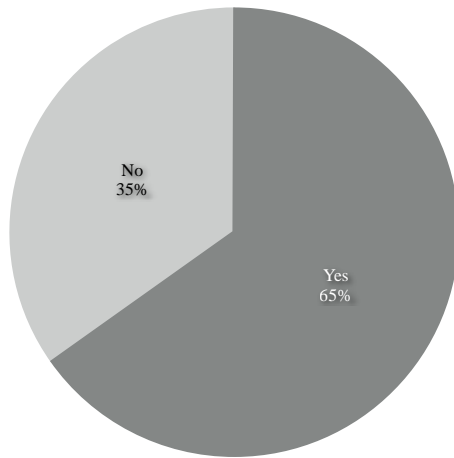


**Will more café's make Footscray safer?**

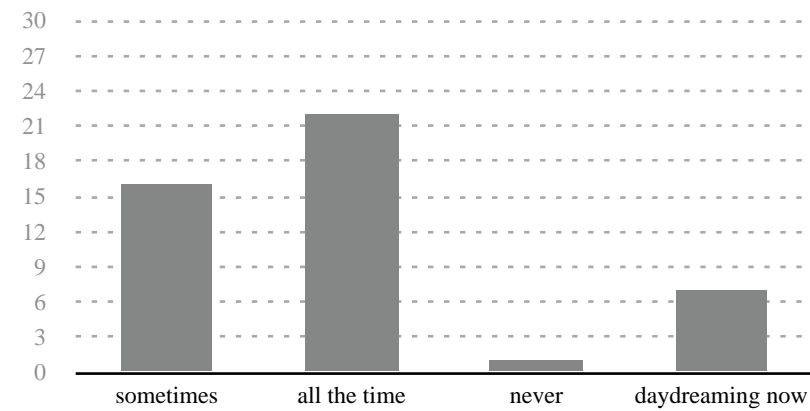




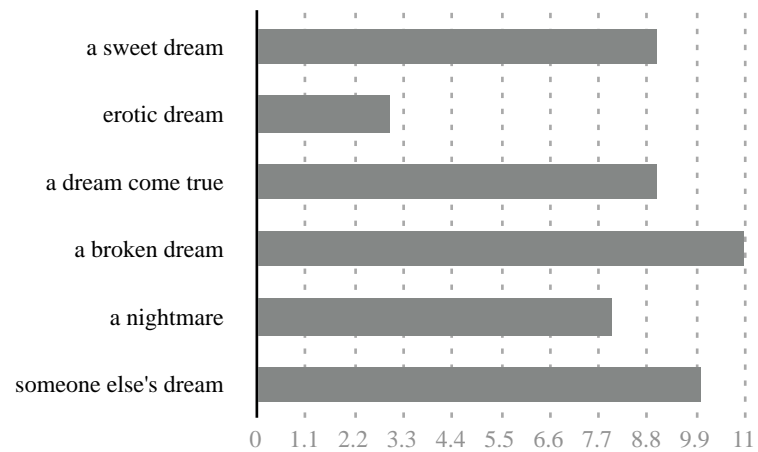
### Have you ever dreamt you were someone else?



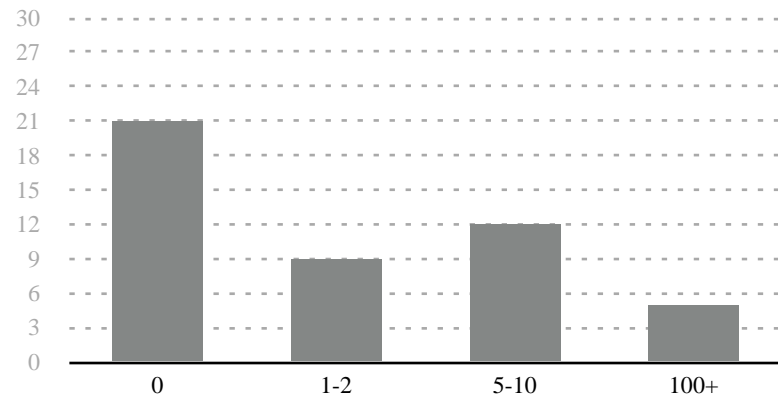
### Daydreaming frequency



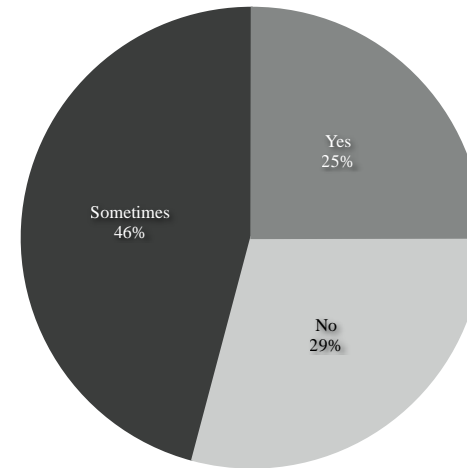
### Characterisation of Footscray as a dream



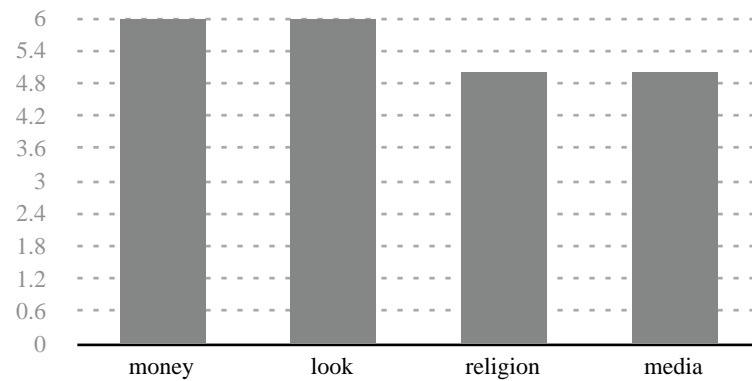
**No. of enemies per person**



**Are you your own worst enemy?**

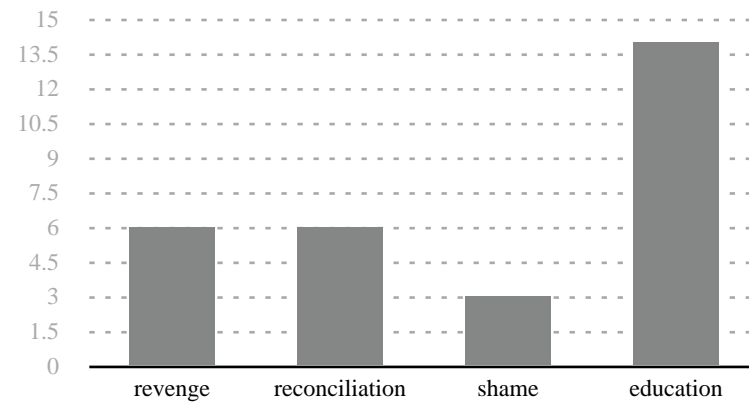


**Most prominent characteristics of an enemy**



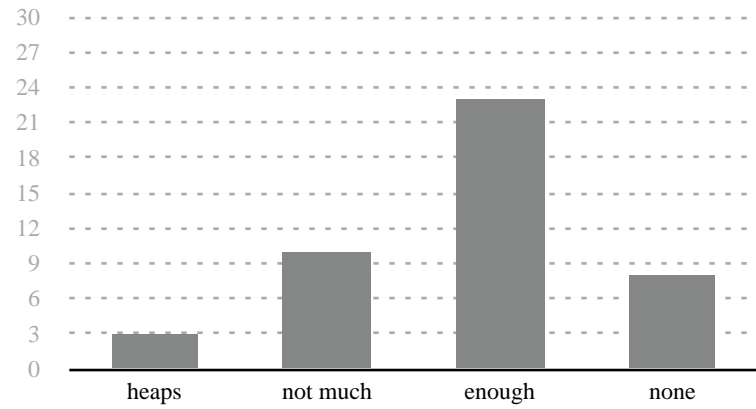
Other: prejudice, duplicity, being arrogant smart arse's, personality, being an idiot, bad attitude, envy, deception, abuse of power, failure to communicate, ignorance, politics.

**Preferred manner of interaction with an enemy**

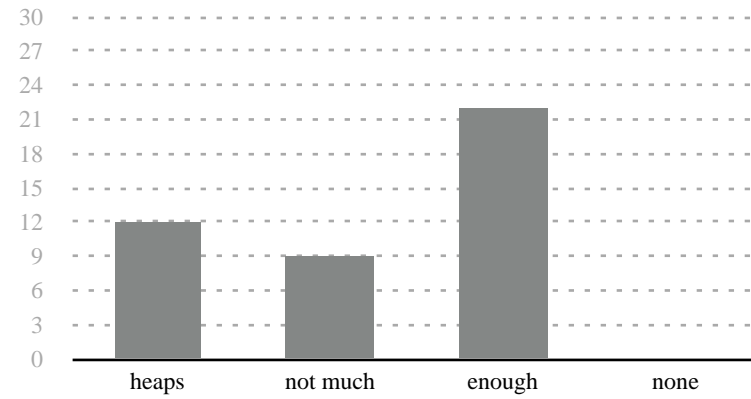


Other: ignore them, chop their cock off, stay away, avoid them, talk about it, blank them, laughter, indifference, forgiveness, go to the police, isolation.

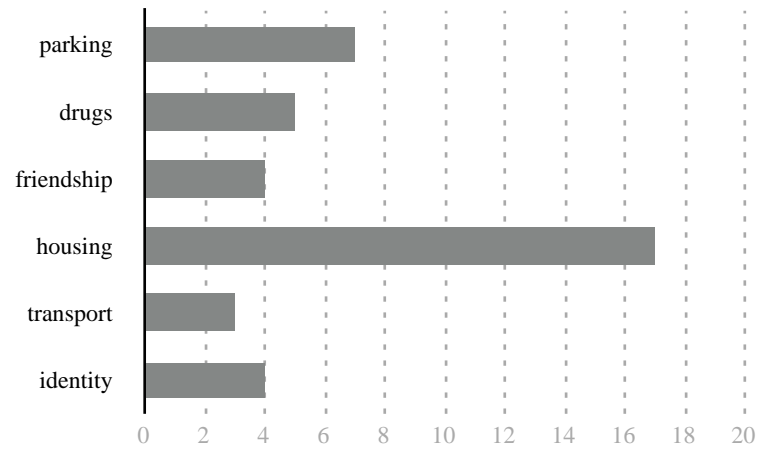
**How much money do you have?**



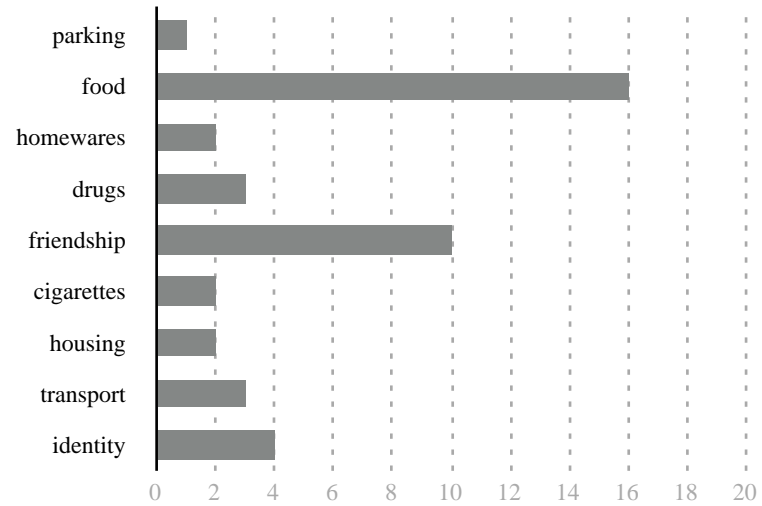
**How much money do you NEED?**



**MOST expensive things in Footscray**



**LEAST expensive things in Footscray**



**THE BOOK OF  
FORGOTTEN NAMES AND  
FAMILIAR FACES**

**I**

Often I speak to  
Jake the fat chef  
but I can never remember  
his name.

**II**

Often I speak to  
a woman at work called Joanna  
and another called Suzannah  
but I can never remember  
their names.

**III**

Often I speak to  
a lady with a lilting soft accent  
and kind eyes  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**IV**

Often I speak to  
a girl I met in Fiji  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**V**

Often I speak to  
a lady with beautiful large eyes  
who I call Naomi, or Natalie  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**VI**

Often I speak to  
the quiet, passive-aggressively  
ardent lady from the Arts Centre  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**VII**

Often I speak to  
the lovely Naomi,  
or Sophie, or Kate  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**VIII**

Often I speak to  
a guy who comes into work  
who looks like another guy  
who comes into work  
but I can never remember  
either of their names.

**IX**

Often I speak to  
that guy, with the face  
but I can never remember  
his name.

**X**

Often I speak to  
two brothers  
of a friend of mine  
but I can never remember  
their names.

**XI**

Often I speak to  
the guy who lives next-door  
but I can never remember  
his name.

**XII**

Often I speak to  
my church friends  
but can never remember  
their names.

**XIII**

Often I speak to  
Catherine  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**XIV**

Often I speak to  
Jacky  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**XV**

Often I speak to  
Dave  
but I can never remember  
his name.

**XVI**

Often I speak to  
my friend Mai  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**XVII**

Often I speak to  
that lovely lady at work  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**XVIII**

Often I speak to  
Julie  
but I always call her  
Leanne.

**XIX**

Often I speak to  
Selene  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**XX**

Often I speak to  
the lady who runs  
Happy River Cafe  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**XXI**

Often I speak to  
Miguel  
but I can never remember  
his name.

**XXII**

Often I speak to  
Phong  
but I can never remember  
his name.

**XXIII**

Often I speak to  
Mark  
but I can never remember  
his name.

**XXIV**

Often I speak to  
Priscilla  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**XXV**

Often I speak to  
the guy with the beard  
but I can never remember  
his name.

**XXVI**

Often I speak to  
Antonella  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**XXVII**

Often I speak to  
Jay's wife/partner  
but I can never remember  
her name.

**XXVIII**

Often I speak to  
Joanna  
but I can never remember  
her name.

XXIX	I don't need	my university books		
Often I speak to	chips	anymore		XXVII
Murray	anymore		XX	I don't need
but I can never remember		XIII	I don't need	my books
his name.	VI	I don't need	to be worried about my future	anymore
	I don't need	invidious people	anymore	
XXX	my old tracksuit pants	anymore		XXVIII
Often I speak to	anymore		XXI	I don't need
various colleagues at work		XIV	I don't need	my rusty old fan
that sort of look the same	VII	I don't need	fear	anymore
but I can never remember	I don't need	food	anymore	
their names.	insecurity	anymore		XXIX
	anymore		XXII	I don't need
<b>THE BOOK OF</b>	VIII	XV	I don't need	baby clothes
<b>REDUNDANCY</b>	I don't need	I don't need	crutches	anymore
I	alcohol	a barrier around my heart	anymore	
I don't need	anymore	anymore		XXX
anti-depressants			XXIII	I don't need
anymore	IX	XVI	I don't need	an engagement ring
	I don't need	I don't need	birthdays	anymore
II	stress	my baby teeth	anymore	
I don't need	anymore	anymore		XXXI
blame			XXIV	I don't need
anymore	X	XVII	I don't need	directions
	I don't need	I don't need	about 15 pairs of my old shoes	anymore
III	all of the mugs in my kitchen	self-inflicted pain	anymore	
I don't need	cupboard	anymore		XXXII
to work	anymore		XXV	I don't need
anymore		XVIII	I don't need	validation from others
	XI	I don't need	my married name	anymore
IV	I don't need	bad dreams	anymore	
I don't need	a television	anymore		XXXIII
my wisdom teeth	anymore		XXVI	I don't need
anymore		XIX	I don't need	tampons
	XII	I don't need	fancy material items	anymore
V	I don't need	a broken lawn mower	to validate my self-worth	
		anymore	anymore	XXXIV

I don't need		XLVIII	I don't need	anymore
self-doubt, self-criticism	XLI	I don't need	regrets	
and the sense-memory in my	I don't need	a panel van	anymore	
body	high school			
of the violence it experienced in	anymore			
the past		XLIX	LVI	<b>THE BOOK OF</b>
anymore	XLII	I don't need	I don't need	<b>INSCRUTABLE</b>
	I don't need	my virginity	financial comfort	<b>PLEASURES</b>
XXXV	to smoke	anymore	anymore	I
I don't need	anymore			I like
guilt				outer space
anymore	XLIII	L	LVII	but I don't understand it
	I don't need	I don't need	I don't need	
XXXVI	to be married	my maternity clothes	my ex-partner	II
I don't need	anymore	anymore	anymore	I like
my boyfriend				electricity
anymore	XLIV	LI	LVIII	but I don't understand it
	I don't need	I don't need	I don't need	
XXXVII	a dummy	a VHS player	the approval of others	III
I don't need	anymore	anymore	anymore	I like
catholicism				digital radio
anymore	XLV	LII	LIX	but I don't understand it
	I don't need	I don't need	I don't need	
XXXVIII	a bicycle	anger	my primary school uniform	IV
I don't need	anymore	anymore	anymore	I like
a bikini				particle physics
anymore	XLVI	LIII	LX	but I don't understand it
	I don't need	I don't need	I don't need	
XXXIX	a watch	ego	button-up boots	V
I don't need	anymore	anymore	anymore	I like
mascara				the theory of black holes
anymore	XLVII	LIV	LXI	but I don't understand it
	I don't need	I don't need	I don't need	
XL	morning tea	this rotten car	to be pushed in a pram	VI
I don't need	anymore	with no air-conditioning	anymore	I like
my 'thin' clothes		anymore	LXII	Chinese custard tarts
anymore			I don't need	but I don't understand them
		LV	precious things	VII

I like music but I don't understand it	but I don't understand it	but I don't understand it	XXIX I like life but I don't understand it	things that I don't understand but I don't understand it
VIII I like magnetics but I don't understand it	XV I like the vagina but I don't understand it	XXII I like my children but I don't understand them	XXX I like women but I don't understand them	XXXVII I like not knowing but I don't understand it
IX I like Twin Peaks but I don't understand it	XVI I like ballet but I don't understand it	XXIII I like Woody Allen films but I don't understand them	XXXI I like men but I don't understand them	XXXVIII I like cheese but I don't understand it
X I like my husband but I don't understand him	XVII I like being aware of energies around me but I don't understand it	XXIV I like Arabic music but I don't understand it	XXXII I like television but I don't understand it	XXXIX I like gambling but I don't understand it
XI I like post-modernism but I don't understand it	XVIII I like tatoos but I don't understand them	XXV I like other cultures but I don't understand them	XXXIII I like fractal formations but I don't understand them	XL I like the sun but I don't understand it
XII I like my daughter but I don't understand her	XIX I like Shakespeare but I don't understand him	XXVI I like the way flowers open but I don't understand it	XXXIV I like air travel but I don't understand it	XLI I like dancing but I don't understand it
XIII I like cooking but I don't understand it	XX I like the universe but I don't understand it	XXVII I like modern art but I don't understand it	XXXV I like butter but I don't understand it	XLII I like gardening but I don't understand it
XIV I like quantum physics	XXI I like death	XXVIII I like the internet but I don't understand it	XXXVI I like	XLIII I like the Spanish language but I don't understand it

XLIV	that true love exists but I don't believe it to be true	I've been told I will be alright but I don't believe it to be true	Christ but I don't believe it to be true	but I don't believe it to be true
I like Korean pop music but I don't understand it	IV I've been told an old dog can't learn new tricks but I don't believe it to be true	XI I've been told my old school is haunted but I don't believe it to be true	XVII I've been told that if there is love there is a way to resolve everything but I don't believe it to be true	XXIII I've been told that fungus is O.K but I don't believe it to be true
XLV I like Moles but I don't understand them	V I've been told that I will go to hell but I don't believe it to be true	XII I've been told that human nature is greedy and cruel but I don't believe it to be true	XVIII I've been told that everything happens for reason but I don't believe it to be true	XXIV I've been told that Bryan Adams handed back his Canadian citizenship but I don't believe it to be true
XLVI I like Astro-physics but I don't understand it	VI I've been told that there is democracy but I don't believe it to be true	XIII I've been told that politicians stand for election because they want to help people but I don't believe it to be true	XIX I've been told mood and atmosphere are everything but I don't believe it to be true	XXV I've been told that people can read my mind but I don't believe it to be true
XLVII I like classical music but I don't understand it	VII I've been told you can achieve anything if you put your mind to it but I don't believe it to be true	XIV I've been told love lasts forever but I don't believe it to be true	XX I've been told that cold weather does not cause the common cold but I don't believe it to be true	XXVI I've been told that growth is forever but I don't believe it to be true
<b>THE BOOK OF SKEPTICS</b>				
I I've been told this book is valuable and will make my world better but I don't believe it to be true	VIII I've been told we should allow for everything to be true but I don't believe it to be true	XV I've been told that worrying about people I love won't keep them safe but I don't believe it to be true	XXI I've been told Jesus loves me but I don't believe it to be true	XXVII I've been told "it's free" but I don't believe it to be true
II I've been told that fairies exist but I don't believe it to be true	IX I've been told it's not the size it's what you do with it but I don't believe it to be true	XVI I've been told that the communion host actually becomes the body of	XXII I've been told that one God is better than another	XXVIII I've been told "I'll help you" but I don't believe it to be true
III I've been told	X			XXVIX I've been told that life is like a box of chocolates



but I don't believe it to be true	I've been told	petrol	I am sickened	
XXX	that people don't deserve a		by the smell of	XVII
I've been told	second chance	III	soap	I am sickened
that cat's won't run away	but I don't believe it to be true	I am sickened		by the smell of
when you move house	XXXVII	by the smell of	X	dill
if you put butter on their paws	I've been told	eggs	I am sickened	
but I don't believe it to be true	about life after death		by the smell of	XVIII
	but I don't believe it to be true	IV	flowers	I am sickened
XXXI		I am sickened	XI	by the smell of
I've been told	XXXVIII	by the smell of	I am sickened	industrial rubbish bins
that God exists	I've been told	bacon	by the smell of	XIX
but I don't believe it to be true	penguins can't fly		wafers	I am sickened
	but I don't believe it to be true			by the smell of
XXXII		V	XII	marzipan
I've been told	XXXVIX	I am sickened	I am sickened	
that the economy is in trouble	I've been told	by the smell of	by the smell of	XX
but I don't believe it to be true	that true love doesn't exist	alcohol on someone's breath	feet	I am sickened
	but I don't believe it to be true			by the smell of
XXXIII			XIII	mulled wine
I've been told	XXXX	VI	I am sickened	
that the government is clever	I've been told	I am sickened	by the smell of	XXI
but I don't believe it to be true	that there are dragons	by the smell of	chemical cleaning compounds	I am sickened
	but I don't believe it to be true	Vicks		by the smell of
XXXIV			XIV	fish guts
I've been told			I am sickened	
that the mind has the answer	<b>THE BOOK OF</b>	VII	by the smell of	XXII
but I don't believe it to be true	<b>DISAGREEABLE ODOURS</b>	I am sickened	fried vegetables	I am sickened
	I	by the smell of		by the smell of
XXXV	I am sickened	the meat works	XV	salmon
I've been told	by the smell of		I am sickened	
that increasing the wealth of the	nail-polish remover	VIII	by the smell of	XXIII
wealthy		I am sickened	the Mobil refinery	The smell of
increases the wealth of the poor		by the smell of		patchouli oil
but I don't believe it to be true	II	aero-planes	XVI	makes me feel sick.
	I am sickened		I am sickened	
XXXVI	by the smell of	IX	by the smell of rock-melon	XXIV

I am sickened		by the smell of		XIII
by the smell of	XXXII	rubber	V	I will probably never see
fried field mushrooms	I am sickened		I will probably never see	the african savannah
	by the smell of	XL	down a mineshaft	
XXV	beef mince being cooked	I am sickened		XIV
I am sickened		by the smell of	VI	I will probably never see
by the smell of	XXXIII	greasy food	I will probably never see	the dark side of the moon
anaesthetic	I am sickened		New York, Los Angeles and	
	by the smell of	XLI	Beverly Hills	XV
XXVI	sushi	I am sickened		I will probably never see
I am sickened		by the smell of	VII	the inside of an active volcano
by the smell of	XXXIV	duck fat	I will probably never see	
dead echidna	I am sickened		inside my Dad's neighbours	XVI
	by the smell of	XLII	garage	I will probably never see
XXVII	overripe bananas	I am sickened		the Queen's bedroom
I am sickened		by the smell of	VIII	
by the smell of	XXXV	rotten potatoes	I will probably never see	XVII
gas	I am sickened		a peaceful earth, without famine,	I will probably never see
	by the smell of		war or unsustainability	Easter Island
XXVIII	acrylic nail salons	<b>THE BOOK OF</b>		
I am sickened		<b>IMPROBABLE PLACES</b>	IX	XVIII
by the smell of	XXXVI	I	I will probably never see	I will probably never see
failure	I am sickened	I will probably never see	the Vatican	a crowd of 30,000 cheering for
	by the smell of	inside a jail cell		me on stage
XXIX	men's urinals		X	
I am sickened		II	I will probably never see	XIX
by the smell of farts	XXXVII	I will probably never see	Nepal, Haiti and Puerto Rico	I will probably never see
	I am sickened	Antarctica		Paris
XXX	by the smell of		XI	
I am sickened	his aftershave	III	I will probably never see	XX
by the smell of		I will probably never see	the corner of your kitchen	I will probably never see
vomit	XXXVIII	the surface of the moon from a	cupboard	New Foundland
	I am sickened	spaceship		
XXXI	by the smell of beer		XII	XXI
I am sickened		IV	I will probably never see	I will probably never see
by the smell of	XXXIX	I will probably never see	the earth from the moon	Heaven
deodorant	I am sickened	the Amazon		

XXII				
I will probably never see Tibet	XXX	XXXIX	XLVIII	LVII
	I will probably never see the view from the Empire State Building	I will probably never see Timbuktu	I will probably never see the Sahara	I will probably never see Afghanistan
XXIII				
I will probably never see Ularu	XXXI	XL	XLIX	LVIII
	I will probably never see Peru	I will probably never see Fantine's bedroom	I will probably never see Palestine	I will probably never see any country in Africa
XXIV				
I will probably never see the Arctic	XXXII	XLI	L	LIX
	I will probably never see St. Petersburg	I will probably never see Mecca	I will probably never see Prince William's underpants	I will probably never see Hogwarts
XXV				
I will probably never see the bottom of my clothes cupboard	XXXIII	XLII	LI	
	I will probably never see Alaska	I will probably never see Narnia	I will probably never see 18th century England	<b>THE BOOK OF FAREWELLS</b>
XXVI				I
I will probably never see Hell	XXXIV	XLIII	LII	Bye bye my love.
	I will probably never see my own grave	I will probably never see the inside of my head	I will probably never see Guinea	II
XXVII				'till next time.
I will probably never see my homeland	XXXV	XLIV	LIII	
	I will probably never see Victoria Falls	I will probably never see Iraq	I will probably never see America	III
XXVIII				C ya.
I will probably never see the blue planet, full of craters and waterfalls and friendly creatures dancing around	XXXVI	XLV	LIV	IV
	I will probably never see Iran	I will probably never see Disneyland	I will probably never see Mordor	I have to go . . .
XXIX				V
I will probably never see the inside of the building in the very centre of Mexico City	XXXVII	XLVI	LV	It was nice seeing you.
	I will probably never see Hogwarts	I will probably never see San Francisco	I will probably never see the aurora borealis shining over northern Norway	VI
	XXXVIII	XLVII	LVI	(A big smile)
	I will probably never see the inside of my Dad's heart	I will probably never see my funeral	I will probably never see Macchu Picchu	goodbye.
				VII
				Paalam!

VIII (with a crying face) I love you.	your giving someone a high five, and move your hand to the right and then to the left) Bye bye.	Hug and hug and hug  XXVII Keep it kooky!	is beautiful but I am afraid of it	IX Lightning is beautiful but I am afraid of it
IX God bless, take care.	XVII See you next time!	XXVIII Shoo!	II A giant squid is beautiful but I am afraid of it	X Snakes and spiders are beautiful but I am afraid of them
X See you in the next life.	XVIII (A big kiss!)	XXIX Toodles.	III Turtles are beautiful but I am afraid of them	
XI (Middle finger up at the traffic lights)	XIX Sayonara	XXX Toodle pip.	IV A broken heart is beautiful but I am afraid of it	XI Sharks are beautiful but I am afraid of them
XII Ciao bella	XX I love you (Peck on the cheek and a proper cuddle).	XXXI See you when I'm lookin' at you!		XII My wife is beautiful but I am afraid of her
XIII (Just stop talking, pretend they have fallen off like a frozen wart)	XXI Smell ya later.	XXXII Haste ye back.	V Tigers are beautiful but I am afraid of them	XIII Abandoned buildings are beautiful but I am afraid of them
XIV Parting is such sweet sorrow. Goodbye.	XXII CUL8R	XXXIII Toodle loo.	VI Death is beautiful but I am afraid of it	XIV The deep ocean at night is beautiful but I am afraid of it
XV Goodbye (Hug the person and say a prayer for their happiness and well being)	XXIII K, L8R	XXXIV Next time!		
XVI (Put you hand in the air, bend your elbow, like	XXIV So long.	XXXV Seeya later alligator.	VII Balloons are beautiful but I am afraid of them	XV Moths are beautiful but I am afraid of them
	XXV (Take the other person's hand, shake and extend into a hug, kiss once or twice, depending on the level of intimacy).	XXXVI Don't forget me.	VIII Giving birth is beautiful but I am afraid of it	XVI
	XXVI	<b>THE BOOK OF FEARSOME BEAUTY</b> I Some plastic surgery		

Brilliance  
is beautiful  
but I am afraid of it

XVII  
When my daughter is angry  
she is beautiful  
but I am afraid of her

XVIII  
Fire  
is beautiful  
but I am afraid of it

XIX  
Love  
is beautiful  
but I am afraid of it

XX

Samurai swords  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXI  
Thunder storms  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXII  
Birds  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXIII  
My dad  
is beautiful  
but I am afraid of him

XXIV

The sun  
is beautiful  
but I am afraid of it

XXV  
Peacocks  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXVI  
My body  
is beautiful  
but I am afraid of it

XXVII  
Waterfalls  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXVIII  
Sweet voices  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXIX  
Butterflies  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXX  
Youth  
is beautiful  
but I am afraid of it

XXXI  
Fish  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXXII  
Spiderwebs  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXXIII  
Rose bushes  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXXIV  
Belly buttons  
are beautiful  
but I am afraid of them

XXXV  
Flying  
is beautiful  
but I am afraid of it

## Daydream Registration

Wasted Space Form Q/0.579  
CODE: quo/fog/con-timeout  
B.Cittadini - 2014

Date: \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/2014

Time: \_\_\_\_:\_\_\_\_ am/pm

Weather conditions at time of daydream (please circle one only):

<b>Cloud Coverage</b> <input type="radio"/> No Clouds <input type="radio"/> 1/10 <input type="radio"/> 1/4 <input type="radio"/> 1/2 <input type="radio"/> 3/4 <input type="radio"/> 9/10 <input type="radio"/> Completely Overcast <input type="radio"/> Sky Obscured	<b>Wind Speed</b> <input type="radio"/> Calm <input type="radio"/> < 5 knots <input type="radio"/> 5 knots <input type="radio"/> 10 knots <input type="radio"/> 20 knots <input type="radio"/> 25 knots <input type="radio"/> 50 knots	<b>Wind Direction</b>  Wind comes FROM the direction of the arrow.	<b>SHOWERS</b> <input type="radio"/> Slight Rain <input type="radio"/> Moderate/Heavy Rain <input type="radio"/> Violent Rain <input type="radio"/> Sleet/Hail <input type="radio"/> Slight Snow <input type="radio"/> Moderate/Heavy Snow
<b>MISC. SKY COVER</b> <input type="radio"/> Haze <input type="radio"/> Smoke <input type="radio"/> Dust/Sand <input type="radio"/> Fog in Patches <input type="radio"/> Light Fog <input type="radio"/> Heavy Fog			

Length of Daydream: 0-1min. 5-10min. 1/2-1hr 2-4hrs. Ongoing

Quality of Daydream: pleasant / disturbing / relaxing / anxious / bewildering / amusing

## Declaration of Infinity

Wasted Space Form 3786.sf  
CODE: infin/dec/star-forever  
B.Cittadini - 2014

Date: \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/2014

Time of Declaration: \_\_\_\_:\_\_\_\_ am/pm

Star Sign (please circle one only):

☐ Gemini ☐ Scorpio ☐ Pisces ☐ Cancer ☐ Libra ☐ Sagittarius ☐ Taurus ☐ Aries ☐ Leo ☐ Aquarius ☐ Virgo ☐ Capricorn

I hereby declare that . . . \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ . . . will last forever

## Quick Style Guide

Wasted Space Form xoxo  
CODE: ident/kit/no-zero  
B.Cittadini - 2014

Please circle ONE choice from each of the style categories.

LIFESTYLE	HAIRSTYLE	DANCESTYLE	STREETSTYLE
Sporty	Hippie	Internal	Dreamer
Arty	Hipster	Toe-Tapper	Hard-Worker
Fashionable	Military	Head-Nodder	Eccentric
Old-fashioned	Rasta	Full-Body Groove	Straight-Talker
Technological	Fringe	Arm-waver	Adventurer
Spiritual	No-Fringe	Hip-Shaker	Quiet Achiever
Business	Skin-Head	Hand-Clapper	Slacker
Family	Rockstar	Foot-Stomper	Larrikin

## Express Travel Diary

Wasted Space Form c.120  
CODE: fado/ex/mem-index  
B.Cittadini - 2014

Date: \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/2014

Time of departure: \_\_\_\_:\_\_\_\_ am/pm

I departed \_\_\_\_\_

and then \_\_\_\_\_

and then \_\_\_\_\_

and then \_\_\_\_\_

and then \_\_\_\_\_

and then \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ and then I arrived.

Time of arrival: \_\_\_\_:\_\_\_\_ am/pm

## DAYDREAMS

At 1:22pm I had an amusing 0-1 minute long daydream. The sky was cloudless and there was a light NE breeze.

Sometime in the afternoon, I had a pleasant 5-10 minute long daydream. The weather was calm.

At 10:55am I had a pleasant 5-10 minute long daydream. The sky was obscured, with a slight rain falling, a little patchy fog and a light SE breeze.

At 4:11pm I had a bewildering 5-10 minute long daydream. The sky was overcast with a slight rain falling, a light southerly and the air was a little smoky.

At 12:50pm I had pleasant 0-1 minute long daydream. The sky was overcast.

At 4:45pm I had a bewildering 0-1 minute long daydream. The sky was overcast.

I am having a disturbing and ongoing daydream. The sky is almost completely clouded over, the wind is calm and there is a slight rain falling.

At 2:45pm I had an amusing 5-10 minute long daydream. There was the odd cloud in the sky and the wind was calm.

At 5:47pm I had pleasant 0-1 minute long daydream. The wind was calm and air a little hazy.

I am having a bewildering and ongoing daydream. The sky is obscured, the wind is blowing a gale from the north and violent rain is falling.

At 12:23pm I had a relaxing 5-10 minute long daydream. The sky was mostly clouded over and the wind was calm.

## DECLARATIONS OF INFINITY

I am an Aquarius and I hereby declare that the endless cycle of reterritorialization will last forever.

I am a Scorpio and I hereby declare that I will last forever.

I am a Scorpio and I hereby declare that inequality will last forever.

I am a Capricorn and I hereby declare that time will last forever.

I am a Cancer and I hereby declare that drinking will last forever.

I am an Aries and I hereby declare that plastic will last forever.

I am a Cancer and I hereby declare that if everyone on the planet died then the world will last forever.

I am a Virgo and I hereby declare that love/hate will last forever.

I am a Virgo and I hereby declare that loyalty will last forever.

I am a Cancer and I hereby declare that woollen jumpers will last forever.

I am a Pisces and I hereby declare that doubt will last forever.

I am a Taurus and I hereby declare that glitter will last forever.

I am a Scorpio and I hereby declare that general energy will last forever.

I am a Gemini and I hereby declare that the weather, which is quite pleasant, will last forever.

I am an Aquarius and I hereby declare that love will last forever.

I am a Libra and I hereby declare that books will last forever.

I am a Cancer and I hereby declare that change will last forever.

I am a Libra and I hereby declare that love and other corny things will last forever.

I am a Taurus and I hereby declare that energy will last forever.

I am a Cancer and I hereby declare that snails will last forever.

I am a Cancer and I hereby declare that the need will last forever.

I am a Libra and I hereby declare that souls will last forever.

## QUICK STYLE GUIDES

I am spiritual, with a rockstar haircut and I am a full-body grooving straight talker.

I am old-fashioned, with no fringe and I am a full-body grooving dreamer.

I am arty, with no fringe and I am an internal slacker.



I am family oriented, with a rockstar haircut and I am a hip-shaking straight-talker.

I am old-fashioned, with a fringe and I am a hip-shaking quiet achiever.

I am arty, with no fringe and I am an arm-waving eccentric.

I am arty, with a hippie haircut and I am a full-body grooving hard worker.

I am family oriented, with no fringe, and I am a hip-shaking quiet achiever.

I am arty, with a rockstar haircut and I am a full-body grooving hard worker.

I am arty, with a military haircut and I am a full-body grooving adventurer.

I am family oriented, with a rockstar haircut and I am a hip-shaking dreamer.

I am old-fashioned, with a hipster haircut and I am an internal straight-talker.

I am arty, with a hippie haircut and I am a full-body grooving dreamer.

I am old fashioned, with a hippie haircut and I am a full-body grooving dreamer.

I am family oriented, with no fringe and I am an arm-waving hard-worker.

I am family oriented, with a fringe and I am an arm-waving eccentric.

I am arty, with a fringe and I am a full-body grooving hard worker.

I am arty, with a rockstar haircut and I am a head-nodding larrikin.

I am sporty, with a military haircut and I am a head-nodding hard-worker.

I am arty, with a rockstar haircut and I am a head-nodding quiet-achiever.

I am arty, with a fringe and I am a hand-clapping larrikin.

I am old-fashioned, with a skin-head and I am an internal straight-talker.

### **EXPRESS TRAVEL DIARIES**

At 10:00am I departed home, and then I went to McIvor Reserve, and then I got into my car, and then I went to the physio, and then I went to a café in Anderson St., and then I went to Ross' Shoe shop, and then at 12:40pm I arrived.

At 11:42am I departed Victoria University, and then I went to building D, and then I passed building P and building M, and then I walked into in to Footscray, and then at 12:20pm I arrived.

At 1:48pm I departed home, and then I went to the bank, and then at 2:00pm I arrived.

At 2:00pm I departed home, and then I proceeded to the Library, and then I read a book by a smart fella, and then I was disrupted, and then I went to get my turntable repaired,

and then I went to the French Baguette café, and then at 2:40pm I arrived.

At 12:30pm I departed from my bed, and then I left my room, and then I left my house, and then I left North Melbourne, and then I got on a train, and then I ate Ethiopian food, and then at 3:14 I arrived.

At 9:30am I departed from my boyfriends' Dad's bed, and then I went into the kitchen, and then I said goodbye to three mates, and then I went driving to Harcourt, and then I drove from Harcourt to Footscray, and then from Footscray to South Kingsville, and then at 5:07pm I arrived.

At a spare moment in time I departed home, and then I got something to eat, and then I made a visit, and then I sat down, and then I entertained the kid, and then at a time still to be concluded I arrived.

At 8:20am I departed my apartment, and then I went to university, and then I went to move my car in the carpark, and then I got some lunch, and then at 12:19pm I arrived.

At 9:00am I departed from home, and then I went to work, and then I spent more time at work, and then I was still at work, and then I told a story, and then I did a drawing, and then at 5:50pm I arrived.

At 8:20am I departed home, and then I came here, and then I met you, and then we will draw, and then have tea, and then draw some more, and then at 6:34pm I arrived.

At 4:30pm I departed the City, and then I got on a train, and then the train took me to Footscray, and then I walked here, and then at 5:12pm I arrived.

At 4:30pm I departed this point, and then I missed the point, and then I was disappointed, and then I was duly appointed, and then points were proven, and then because of all the point scoring, sharpened metaphorical points and powerpoint presentations, I arrived.

At 10:00am I departed work, and then I went home, and then I went back to work, and then I went to lunch, and then I went back to work, and then I came here, and then at 2:26pm I arrived.

At 10:00am I departed Footscray, and then I had a coffee with a friend, and then I played pool, and then at 1:44pm I arrived.

At 2:22pm I departed Southbank, and then I walked to the cab rank, and then I caught a maxi-taxi, and then I felt bad, and then it brought me to Footscray, and then at 2:57pm I arrived.

At 1:08am I departed the womb, and then I grew up, and then I played dress-ups, and then I went to Ming Ming, and then I went to university, and then I died, and then at 1:19pm I arrived.

At 6:00am I departed home, and then I drove to Footscray, and then I went to work, and then I went for lunch, and then at 12:55pm I arrived.

At 1:00pm I departed my house, and then I walked to Footscray, and then I saw a man wearing a funny white beard, and then I asked him why, and then that's as far as we got, and then who knows, and then at 1:32pm I arrived.

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