

Daily Life in Asia 2016
Jun Kitazawa

Project Overview

In this project, Jun Kitazawa conceives of a new art project based on his experience residing long-term in an Asian country with a different culture from Japan, for the purpose of thoughtfully gaining a sense of daily life there and using this understanding as a basis for research into the cultural background and social circumstances of the country.

Over the course of one year, with Jakarta as his base of operations, Kitazawa researches the lives of the peoples living on the Indonesian islands of Java, Sulawesi, and Bali while organizing his ideas.

Additionally, Kitazawa produces the archival work "DAILY LIFE," which contains a variety of information including events during his stay in Jakarta, discoveries at the places he conducts research, and the ideas developed leading up to the conception of his art projects. Using one page for each day, he makes a collage of fragments for that day, including his journal, receipts, photographs, sketches, and things he picks up along the way. Ultimately, he assembles one year's worth of collages into a booklet that totals around 300 pages in length.

Through the sum total of his activities there, Kitazawa hopes to re-evaluate his art projects in Japan and search for new possibilities by interacting with the actual practitioners of society-involved art that has been conducted so vigorously in Jakarta. He also re-evaluates his own methods of expression in the broadest sense, such as language and behavior, from an "everyday" perspective, without relying only the techniques of expression he has previously used primarily in his art projects in Japan.

Cooperation with My Hosts

Angga Wijaya, the curator, acted as the coordinator of this project, selected and accompanied me to the research locations centered in Jakarta, and further shared a network of artists active in regions in Indonesia with me to propel the project forward.

By recapitulating my research and discussing my new project during its conception phase, I was able to develop a foundation on which to execute my project after the end of the Fellowship period.

Report on Execution

During my Fellowship I compiled regular reports in which I logged my various discoveries during my research, living, and creative endeavors while I documented my monthly activities, as well as the creative process of the Project.

In the following pages I provide a report summary of the 11 reports I compiled, and after this report, I include 12 pages extracted from my 'DAILY LIFE' log comprising 309 pages in total that I created during the duration of my Project. Additionally, the URL for the website that hosts an archive of the process of my activities during the duration of my stay is as follows:

<http://www.junkitazawa.com/ragunan>

List of Research Regions

Jakarta

- Ragunan
- Pasar Minggu
- Gudang Sarinah Ekosistem
- Matraman
- Muara Angke
- Pasar senen
- Penjaringan
- Kampung Pulo
- Rumah Susun Marunda
- Cikini
- Erudio School of Art
- Kalijodo Park
- Kampung Tongkol
- Kampung Akuarium etc.

Locations in Indonesia

- Puncak
- Bogor
- Denpasar
- Surabaya
- Depok
- Bandung
- Bumiayu
- Semarang
- Makassar
- Ubud

April 2016

The Project of Starting Lifestyle:

Finding a Base in the Jakarta Outskirts

I began the Fellowship in April. Despite having already come to conduct an observation in advance, I have encountered various problems as I start my year-long stay. It is taking more time than I had anticipated to get settled in a base location that serves as both my residence and office. Selecting a base region, which would be the focal point of my life and my departure/arrival point for my future research around the regions in Indonesia, is a difficult task to balance my desired ideal of wanting a place that would allow for quiet contemplation against the realities of Jakarta, including my sense of finances of this country, its safety, and its rhythms in daily life. This applies to any type of house-hunting, but I am completely unaware of the realities. The coordinator, Angga cannot accompany me everywhere I go, so I even look at locations and negotiate prices, myself. How much can one do in a land they are unfamiliar with. It feels as though the task of simply setting up a basic life here is a momentous project in itself. Ultimately, as the title (DAILY LIFE) of my activities appears, I spent many days struggling to establish a daily life. My 1 week temporary stay in a hotel extended by a week as I spent 2 weeks searching around the outskirts of Jakarta until I finally settled in the Ragunan district of south Jakarta. This requires ruggedness, but the scenery I saw as I searched for a location during this time was less the type of area of specific interest for art, and more of a real picture of life there. In this sense, I believe this was also good research for me.

May 2016

From Creating a Life to Creating Art:

Organizing my Office while I Engage in Activities

After April, when my life had settled, I used time in May to prepare the environment I would use to create art. Despite gradually acclimatizing myself to this country by keeping in mind that nothing will go right, my art creation would go even more poorly. In one room of the house I rented was a desk and chair in the local-stall (*warung*) style, and I placed shelves, a map, and a wall-mounted filing cabinet which holds the daily sketches, receipts and materials I have assembled for a month that will serve as the basis to create one page per day for my DAILY LIFE. The desk and chair, in particular, I ordered after visiting a local furniture maker with my landlord.

I believe that the process of telling them that I was after a simple, stall-like motif, and negotiating the materials and price, was an experience that would come in handy for when I began working on the project. Even with the paint for the shelves and table I made myself, I still struggled since I didn't understand what the paint and construction materials were made of. The things that I can do easily in Japan, I find that I cannot do them as easily here. I am a mere beginner at daily life here as I grope to settle into life and creating art, but should the essence of my project begin from a sense of discomfort in the daily, when I stopped feeling that things would not go well, I consider this a sign that I am in need of a new departure point.



I find my small house in the Ragunan district, South Jakarta



I prepared one room of the house in Ragunan, Jakarta to serve as my office

June 2016

Research: Departing on a Trip to Search for the Daily

For my Fellowship activities, I departed for the island of Bali in June, my third month here, as the first part of my distant research. Among the 10 days that I stayed there, the first 3 days I stayed in the flatlands of Denpasar and Kuta, and later stayed in the mountain town of Ubud where I conducted research on land far from the city. In the island of Bali, where tourism is prospering, all the towns, including Kuta, Denpasar, and Ubud, pull tourists.

However, shifting one's gaze from this superficial level, there are various other facets that come into view, such as the citizens' movements in each area of the island against the further development of the coastline, the modern art scene in Bali after the art group 'TAXU', the unbroken Balinese Hinduism ceremonies (Upachara) that connect the people. Among these, I set aside a lot of time to experience these off-the-beaten-path rituals. With 'Charonarang', a temple festival that spans several days in the village around 15 minutes in car from the center of Ubud, I was captivated for a whole night, where a dramatic performance surrounding a performing corpse developed before my eyes over many hours. Several dancers are possessed by gods or demons, and they momentarily fall into a trance. The ceremonial time where people make contact with the unseen world of gods and demons is of no particular significance, it is, rather, a daily occurrence that exists outside of the ceremonial time as a technique to living.

This trip became an opportunity for me to reflect on what meaning my research held in my activities. As I settled in my life in my base of Ragunan, Jakarta, and my feel of the daily life there finally affixed itself the most since I had arrived in Indonesia, my research became a test to relativize my own daily life through encounters with an entirely different Balinese life-culture. My research is not about objectively surveying and reporting this to the outside world, it is something that would feed into me through my subjective encounters, and it is an act of shaking myself to my core. This protocol overlaps with the fieldwork methodology used in cultural anthropology. When I first started the project as a university student, I was also studying cultural anthropology, and this brought me back to those roots. By interacting with others on a daily basis, I bring home questions about myself. I think it is research into myself. This project is about proposing reflexive practice to the people who live in their daily lives, which I have observed based on this realization. It's the practice of someone continually interrogating themselves. I wonder if it would be possible for this practice to take root in this modern society, as a technique in living, through its repetition, in the same way that the people in Bali bring themselves close to the unseen world through ritual, literally shaking themselves to the core.

As I carefully reflect on the words I have fully used up to now, I know that one goal for me over the next year will be to join together that which tends to be separate—my daily life, research and this project. My DAILY LIFE log, where I use a day as another framework to continually piece it together one page at a time, will be the means to accomplish this joining.



At the ritual of Charonarang in Pejeng village, Gianyar Regency, Bali

July 2016

An Omen for the Project:

Discovering Discord in Jakarta

I spent my days not being able to get used to Jakarta in the slightest, and the plans that I had made fell through as if they were never meant to be. July marks the month where I changed from my previous self—trying to unconsciously control time—and grew more capable of doing things as I gained an accepting *que sera, sera*-type attitude. I feel that I am changing from when I first arrived, when everything seemed funny or interesting, that my body and mind are becoming more acclimatized to Jakarta, and that I feel like I have begun my search for places that feel like they don't quite fit in. For example, scenes of this city that product absurdities.

The Pulo village is in a region along the Ciliwung river that snakes north to south through the middle of Jakarta. It's comprised of groups of houses built along the river bank to form a slum. The monsoon in the water-rich region adds water to the Ciliwung river and repeated flooding has caused major damage, but, living there was also the custom of this village. I came to learn, during my early information gathering, that the people that lived by the river moved to a higher region the government had set aside for them due to 2014 construction to shore up the river banks. There was also a major social issue that developed during this process as skirmishes broke out between the people and the police and government.

As the coordinator, Angga and I reached the location, while partly losing our way, an apartment complex that seemed quite foreign and inorganic compared to the surrounding scenery appeared before my eyes. For the displaced villagers, this has been an extreme transition from a life lived horizontally near the ground, to one that must be lived vertically, coming and going up and down. This apartment complex, which crams all of them in together, has, as its backdrop, a mix of problems and expectations. For example, while it has the lofty pretext of protecting the people from floods, there is the other side of the situation with the ambiguity of land ownership and the villagers being swept away from their own land under the management of the government.

Contrary to the background of urgency to this story, some villagers gather in a corner of the apartment around a stall and pass the time casually talking and laughing. I became good friends with one small-statured old man among them. A talkative man—his job used to be hanging electrical wires in all the islands of Indonesia—he delightfully chats to me in all the Japanese and English he knows. However, when the conversation touched upon the region's development or the displacement of his people, his unspeakable anger, which he has suppressed inside himself, began to rise to the surface.

When I go to his room on the 10th floor, I see the children write graffiti on the walls as they play, and in front of one room was the familiar sight of a small shopfront set up, as if we were in the street. Life on the ground goes unforgotten here, as the stall culture persists here, suspended in the air, circumventing the rules. The government harbors the current intention to raise the rent on this place in less than a few years, and this casts a dark shadow on the future of the old man's family, foisting on them the foreboding feeling that they'll have to move the children and the stalls to a different location.

I left that apartment complex and was taken to see the village that subject to the preparations for the shoring up construction work. The bank is still under construction. Text written on a banner hung across the street says: "We don't want to fight anymore." A clean road extends from the embankment at a set width. This road, which snakes along like the river, is lined right up to its edge with houses that have been sliced open. They haven't been crushed or destroyed, like one would expect to see; rather, they are all lined up cut in half. In contrast to this laughably crude method of 'development' are the robust villagers, who are industriously attempting to alter the layout of their homes by filling the sliced walls and making doorways.

The old man tells me his house was exactly here. I follow him as we walk from the river bank wall to the road of the remaining houses, and he exchanges greetings with many of his former neighbors as though he still lives there. The relations with the former residents have been severed with a clear line in much the same way that these houses have been shorn in half. The people who lived on the river-side of the road, like the old man, lost their homes and were moved to the apartment complex, and the people who lived on the other side of the road remain in their homes. The border that had deterministically separated the lives of the people of the Pulo village is this simple, unassuming width of road.

In this research into the village of the Pulo village I felt a feeling arising in me that was significantly different than the feeling of mere curiosity towards another culture that I had felt in my research up to this point. Horizontal versus vertical, taking root versus being displaced, security against floods versus the violence of eviction, the cacophony of the machinery that tears houses down versus the robustness of the villagers in renovating the destroyed houses to make them theirs.

These two contradictory forces are antagonistic to each other, and there is a discord that makes it difficult to say which one is right and which one is wrong. That discord is what put the Pulo village in their current predicament. This village is unlike anything I've seen before. But even so, it's not the type of place that would stir my imagination. It seems like it would be a regular sight, but it's actually not. The natural desire I have to produce this project is probably a feeling of trying to approach a situation of discord and then overcome it—whether it be the discord of a society, or a discord within myself. With their simple desire to play in a big space that left aside the conflicts and contradictions among the adults, I found the sight of the Pulo village children gleefully playing soccer in the big road, which this development had brought to them, to be both charming and somewhat enviable.



A house broken by the river bank construction in the Pulo village.

August 2016

An identity between spaces:

Archiving the minor in daily life

In August I spent a brutally-long down period with Dengue fever. Around the time I finally grew accustomed to the symptoms, I took this to be just another development so characteristic of Jakarta, and that it would be better to just relax my mind and body. Since I couldn't get around, I decided to create a website to document my days in Indonesia. I use this site to post fragments such as "idea drawings" that are not quite projects as well as fieldwork photographs. But it is also my way of slightly resisting the description of my own past and future with primarily practical, visual items such as "what projects I've done before" and "what projects I'm trying now." Instead I want to re-place myself in the boundaries between such things, in the formless "unedited now." What am I looking at now? What do I feel? What am I thinking? These things simply become a venue for expression. I have a feeling that my perspectives and thoughts throughout the year in the foreign environment that is Indonesia will themselves transform into dynamic activities. I will use this space to plainly archive the present, which clearly exists in the space between the comprehensively enumerated past 10 years, and the unknown future ahead.



“JUN KITAZAWA OFFICE RAGUNAN” website top page upon its opening on August 27, 2016

September 2016

Bottomless Indonesia:

Experiencing diversity in Surabaya research

After recovering from Dengue fever, I visited Indonesia’s second largest city of Surabaya before temporarily returning home to Japan. A member of the locally active artist collective Serbuk Kayu served as my guide as I visited various locations in the city. I visited a Chinese-style mosque located for some reason on a school’s grounds; the tomb of Sunan Ampel, who first brought Islam to Indonesia; an aged local amusement park; a chaotic fish market; and Madura Island. One can’t decide that one knows Indonesia simply because one has grown accustomed to life in Jakarta. You will boggle at the bottomless diversity here.

In addition to a Chinese-style mosque built by Chinese Muslims living here outside of China, there is an enormous mosque established alongside the tomb of Sunan Ampel. The mosques I have encountered thus far, primarily in Jakarta, have included truly local mosques and small mosques (musalla) located inside a variety of facilities, and although they say that anyone can enter such mosques, it did feel a bit difficult to step inside simply out of curiosity alone. Of course, it is natural that this would be the case as long as one is not also of the Islamic faith, and I never tried to enter into the interior of the mosques. However, the two mosques that I visited in Surabaya were themselves sightseeing spots, and though this may sound obvious, I did not feel the same “pressure” with them. It wasn’t the design of the spaces that gave me that impression, however, but rather the sense I got from the locals. Although I’m probably reading too much into it, I tend to think that for topographical reasons, this may be due to the ancient roots of the area, with its heavy traffic of people who work at sea and the resulting collection of people of diverse races and culture who washed ashore there.

Looking sidelong at the numerous shopping malls prominently placed within such a compact city, we move from the downtown area to the city periphery. Surabaya differs from Jakarta in that all of Jakarta is a harmonious whole, whereas Surabaya is not, and I got a truly vivid sense of differences in lifestyle and moreover lifestyle *disparity* in Surabaya. When

looking towards the city center from Surabaya’s west side, where Serbuk Kayu and many other artist collective spaces are located, the city center’s beauty is dazzling, as though it is a different world. Watching the large numbers of young people freely pass their time at the warung kopi (small local cafes) spread throughout the downtown area, they look to me like participants in a secret scheme running through the gap between downtown and the city periphery.



Young people at warung kopi in Surabaya

There is a sort of contrast between Serbuk Kayu, based out of a bungalow in the west part of the city and active with many young members, and the C20 Library & Collabtive that is based out of a large house in the downtown area. The former, Serbuk Kayu, serves as a support system for the youth, projecting from the periphery to the downtown area with a street sensibility. The latter, the C20 Library & Collabtive, is just as its name indicates: it contains stores of books and the intelligence of its varied members, and its sociological approach that is not biased toward activism or art means that it is no mere art space. The presentations and discussions I experienced at each of the spaces were very meaningful in that I was able to get a sense for the breadth and depth of the city’s collectives. Is it possible to turn this city’s vivid disparities into an advantage by pursuing projects in collaboration with a wide range of collectives? I thought about this sort of thing in the second half of my trip.

November 2016

Survivors of the city:

Planning projects in Penjarangan

After research in distant lands and a temporary return to Japan, I am thinking about new projects in Jakarta. The interesting quality of this city that I sensed intuitively when I selected it as our base for the year only continues to build up within me. In comparing Tokyo and Jakarta—the first and second most populous metropolises in the world—they seem completely different from one another. When walking through Tokyo, I am consistently surprised by the colorful and sometimes eccentric fashion of the people moving through the streets. However, that “individuality” that exudes out on a surface level is actually founded on invisible social systems and

unconsciously stipulated culture: it is, in a sense, a “created freedom,” I think. Meanwhile, in Jakarta, to the extent that excuses such as the lack of infrastructure don’t fly, people use the institutions and rules in place in thoroughly cunning and devious ways. Looking at Jakarta, one is made to realize the absolute fact that people can’t be controlled through systems and rules. That fact is not often uncovered in Japan. Yet people in Jakarta act as though it is obvious common knowledge. Each and every person is surviving for themselves in this metropolis.

If art projects in Japan refer to Japanese “common sense” social etiquette and relationships controlled by its institutions to attempt to add “fluidity” to such things, I wonder what is possible in Jakarta, where the underlying society itself is extremely fluid? If possible, I suppose it would be something that tosses out an “alternative vision of society” that guarantee this city’s fluidity in the face of “new institutions” that may be implemented to regulate its lovable chaos in the name of social progress (and in the face of the cookie-cutter future that may result from these new institutions). After thinking in this way, I felt that I had attained a need to finally begin something myself in this city, a foreign universe to me.

I promptly decided to conduct focused research on urban development sites (or candidate sites) such as Kampung Pulo and Penjaringan. This research may even cover Kalijodo, formerly the largest red-light district in Southeast Asia that was ordered entirely demolished in September of this year. Kalijodo is currently undergoing a transformation into a skate park.

Visiting Penjaringan after a long absence, I ran into Joni from TROTOART, which already have continued its locally rooted activities for 28 years . The sight of over 100 women wearing TROTOART t-shirts and exercising together every early Sunday morning is “normal and bizarre.” While being guided by motorcycle through Penjaringan, which was much larger than I’d imagined, I was again reminded of the depth of this city. There are the people who live under the expressway overpasses, the mobile vegetable stands that one doesn’t see much in Ragunan, and the rapidly multiplying apartment complexes (rumah susun) that characterize the north with its rapid population growth. What is possible for us right in the heart of this society that stands before our very eyes? As my thoughts ran between the realities on the ground and more abstract thoughts, between Penjaringan and Ragunan, I began to conceive and plan my project.



Women who dance in the TOROTOART program conducted every Sunday

December 2016

Flip-side map:

Expansion from research

In November, I visited the Penjaringan area after a long absence. I decided for the December to visit the area regularly and thereby deepen my research. I had only seen the neighborhoods where TROTOART was based and where the members lived, but I realized the more I visited that this area was so much larger than I had imagined. The Penjaringan area extends from northwest of the Kota railway station all the way through the northernmost fish market Muara Angke where I’d previously conducted research. Kalijodo is also fairly close. Viewing the area this way, I realized that most of the redevelopment and eviction areas and candidate areas are located in this area (with the exception of the Ciliwung River basin). I discovered this only because I took the time to learn Jakarta administrative areas and place names in detail, and in my mind I formed a vague “new map” in which relative positions and locations differ from the reality.

What this means is that I gather information that is not simply flat and level but of various levels of depth, and all of this data is unified into a single perspective by taking a perspective out of Penjaringan. I plot out within my imagination not only what can be seen from here, but also areas such as the Marunda complex on the northeastern outskirts to which many people move when compelled to do so, and Kampung Pulo in the Ciliwung River basin. In this way, we should be able to draw out “another Jakarta” as a layer in our imaginations, centered on the wandering drifters of the city who extend out to the north as though fleeing, and using the Ciliwung River as the bloodstream running north-south through the city. This is a hard-to-see (yet distinct and certain) Jakarta that is perceived on the surface and differs from the perception attained from the Central Jakarta economic development zone. On the flip-side of the development wherein people continuously gather in the central area, there are some who wander along the edge. Both of these (i.e. everyone)

loiters and wanders about.

By thinking not just about urban minorities, transforming this “flip-side map” into a visual form and placing it over a “correct” map, I can confirm that everyone who lives in this city is a wandering drifter. How do I see this implemented and materialized? Ideas come and fade away without finding a proper place. Although I do have the real sense that my past research has at some point in time grown connected into one, I am perplexed by how it will settle into a “project”. There may be an expansion and enlargement of the methodology impending on the horizon.



Overlooking the residences under an overpass from a Penjarangan apartment complex

January 2017

New Research:

The goat village of Semarang

At the end of January, I visited the city of Semarang in Central Java. I got in contact with local resident curator Adin, who had participated in a Japan Foundation program in 2014, thereby achieving something I had sought for three years. A distance of 10 km separates the city’s northern coast from the valleys in the south. The population totals around 1.50 million. The city is truly just the right size even in terms of space and population. Yes, the first impression left by this city is “just right.” When driving through the city by car or motorcycle, the terrain has tremendous undulations. Though you may think you’re looking out upon the sea or a river in one moment, in the next moment you’re climbing up a hill and mountainous scenery rises up in front of your eyes. Neither too urban nor too rural, not too convenient or too inconvenient. To summarize in a word, it is “just right.”

Although it was a short stay of just three days and two nights, everyone from the southern Semarang-based art collective Hysteria served as my guides, making my time in the city full and satisfying. At the national Diponegoro University, I was welcomed by the students and teachers of

the Japanese Department and gave an hour-long lecture. I also gave a presentation and held a discussion at the Hysteria base of operations, sharing information on our practices in Japan and my year-long research in Indonesia.

My timing happened to overlap with the Chinese New Year as I traveled throughout Semarang, visiting the Chinatown night market, a cemetery stretching across the top of a hill, and the old part of town where there are still structures standing from the period of Dutch rule. One of the most memorable such areas was the Bustaman village, in an area located near the old town where Hysteria has been active for many years. This village is said to have been a group of houses built long ago during the period of Dutch rule, but over time this history has been covered up by the Indonesian lifestyle and Indonesia has made the area all its own. There is a public bath in the middle of the village, established alongside toilets, a shower room, an assembly room on the second floor, and a kitchen that uses methane gas produced by excrement. The central public space serves to conduct the business essential to daily life, while the individual houses are, in a sense, simply beds. The area as a whole is one “house.”

Moreover, those living in the “house” are not all just people. There are also the multicolored birds living in cages at the edge of house eaves and in the street. There are the cats who boldly walk the roads. These are commonplace scenes in Jakarta as well. There are also the goats. Although goats are often bought and sold on the streets of Jakarta, there was another level of depth to their relationship with humans in Bustaman village. In other words, there is a close and deep relationship between humans and goats here. In a physical sense, goats live right next to the rooms in which people live, and people whose job is to prepare and sell goat products slaughter the goats on a periodic basis. The meat and bones of the goats are bought by neighbors who run small shops, and these people turn the meat and bones into goat soup. Meanwhile, other neighbors pay for and eat that soup every day. The cycle of life and economy is repeated everywhere that human hands touch, in dizzying cycles. The goats’ excrement is transformed into methane gas, and then that energy is used to cook something for eating in a behavioral and material cycle; and in the same way, the goats live, die, are eaten, grow, and are raised.

There is an “unconcealed relationship” between humans and animals right in the middle of the cities of Indonesia that one can see even now. In other words, though the capturing, buying, selling, loving, and eating animals is conducted by nothing more or less than human convenience, such human

business and work goes completely unhidden here and is utterly laid bare. Indeed, it is completely normal and unremarkable here. In any case, I felt there was “something” I’d sensed in the animals on the streets that is concentrated tightly into the Bustaman village. Moreover, I have a feeling that this “something” will be increasingly if gradually verbalized moving forward due to my encounter with the village. I also want to believe that an accumulation of these small premonitions will absolutely lead to another new work of art. On that subject, according to a villager in Bustaman this village once went by the name “Kampung Kambing”. This translates as “the goat village”.



In an alley of the Bustaman village in Semarang

February 2017

Future works of art

Discover a location, conceive of a project for that location and then realize it. The fact that I was unconsciously trying to imitate this process even here in Indonesia may be because it was heavily ingrained into me through past practice. The stalling of the project plan in Penjaringan cast further doubts on the unconscious methodology thereof. Separating my thoughts from that, I set out to walk in Semarang and the mountainous region of Bumiayu in Central Java. Perhaps due to that, I sensed that in February my threadless, incoherent feelings experienced during daily experiences and local research would quite naturally arise again as ideas in my mind. As I was going along with the rhythm of life in Raganan, I got an idea. I was having coffee with neighbors and was invited to play a game, when suddenly there was a power outage. At the office, I looked over photos we had taken, and from among those I selected several general trends of topics of interest and concern, continuing to write out fragments of ideas on sheets of paper of mixed and miscellaneous texture. My everyday life—now in concrete, physical form—and my plans for that life. Living and creating coexist quite naturally in these calm and peaceful days. In the end, I created “FUTURE WORKS”, a book containing

three series and five ideas. Its subtitle is “From everyday experiences in Indonesia.” Some small plans seem possible even immediately, while some are risky ideas that even when simply imagined seem to require various negotiations and touch on various political elements. Some seem project-like, while others focus centrally on objects. Some even contain the potential for intervention in economic distribution and circulation through collaboration with other types of industries. This assembly of ideas largely unbound by form and format is, I think, due to a change that occurred this year in the framework of “where that expression comes from,” a framework or structure that precedes the format of the expression. I do not strain to work out and devise a concept by force, but rather simply live my life naturally, gradually amassing experience, and then discomfort and a sense of unease will emerge not because this is a foreign country, but rather such feelings will simply emerge out of daily life. At that point, I simply and frankly plan out the idea’s implementation: to push my own and everyone’s everyday life forward. Not to remain stationary with a clear target set, but rather to try to live that life. That serves to change the frameworks that precede expression. “The body has changed,” so to speak.

Precisely because much time was spent on it, these “future works of art,” though different in format, have a shared and common root in the conditions of society right now at this place. For the remainder of my fellowship period, I hope to share ideas with the people I have met so far and draw on those to lead into the future.



『FUTURE WORKS』

March 2017

From fellow to friend:

Days of presentations

March marks the last month of the fellowship period. In this one month, I had my idea-filled book “FUTURE WORKS” translated into English and Indonesian, and put those versions in my backpack. Then, again and again, I turned the pages,

repeatedly giving presentations to artists, designers, collectives, researchers, and architects engaged in activity relevant to each idea. Most of them were friends that I had met during my life and research in Jakarta. This network that I built naturally by meeting local artists was helpful when launching the project. I think that this is a truly Indonesian-style method. It differs from a “feat of strength” methodology that entails the mobilization of various personnel on behalf of a project, as instead the project activity is produced out of relationships between friends. These relationships are so enormously expansive that there is no grounds for criticism that they represent a “private world within a circle of friends,” to the extent that they form not a network but more an ecosystem. These “friendships” between artists and activists spread throughout the Indonesian islands, unhampered by activity genres or other such bundlings.

In this sense, although the handmade banner stating “Friends over Art” by the Jakarta art collective Ruangrupa, which is on display at the Aichi Triennale 2016, may seem somehow plastic and insincere to Japanese visitors, to me it has actually—on the contrary—attained an obviousness to the extent that I find myself wondering why there was any need to state such a thing. That is the level of necessity that I now feel attached to that sentiment. That is Indonesia. (To elaborate, Ruangrupa is in fact an important hub for the formation of Indonesia’s intimate art ecosystem, and their base of operations in South Jakarta is called the Gudang Sarinah Ekosistem.)

In a presentation to Leonhard Bartolomeus, who is a member of Ruangrupa and has experience working as a curator in Japan, something quite interesting was pointed out to me. One of the three series in “FUTURE WORKS” is titled “SEKOLAH” (school). This series focuses on the small folding writing desks that Indonesian children use on a daily basis, envisioning a “public school” that is moveable and can emerge anywhere at all. When he heard this idea, Mr. Bartolomeus said that this “is a truly Indonesian-style project.” Indeed, education in Indonesia is not so much exchanged within a school structure, but rather people gather at (for example) stands on the street to exchange knowledge, which leads to a natural progression by the children. It might be that the hierarchical teacher-student relationship or individualistic study methods are not Indonesian in nature. He continued as follows: “Muslims studying at a mosque do not study in a teacher-student format, with one teacher for multiple students. Instead, it is always a discussion around a small table on equal terms.” On the one hand is an

Extract from “DAILY LIFE”

ancient backdrop of everyday learning, while on the other is rapidly progressing school education. It was on these chaotic islands that contain both of these mixed together that I discovered the meaning behind starting this series. Moreover, not only in “SEKOLAH” but also in the other two series “RELOKASI” (relocation) and “KANDANG” (cage), my friends shared the recognition that these were “ideas rooted in Indonesia itself.” Through a total of 10 presentations, I affirmed the existence of the Indonesia that has been thoroughly internalized within me during this year-long fellowship period.

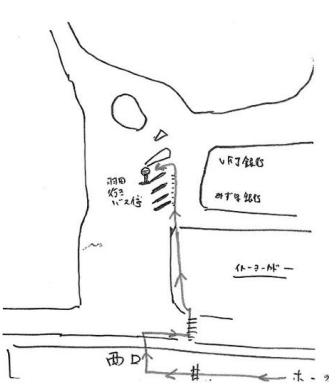
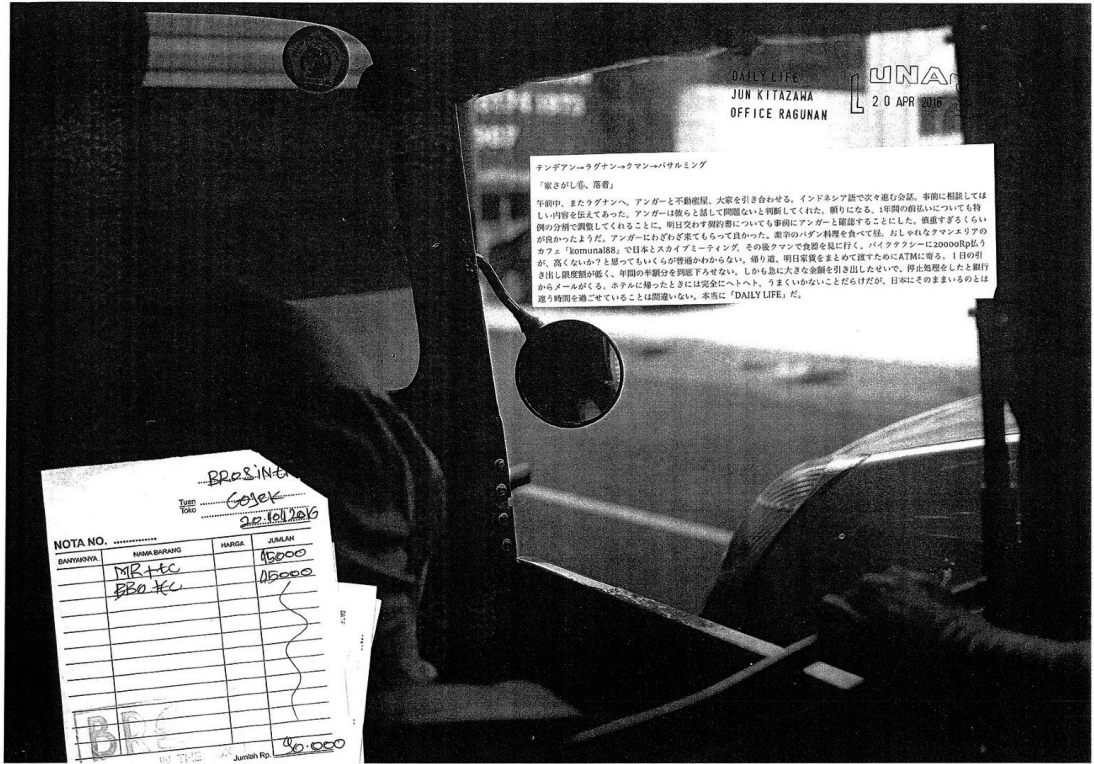
In this project, I set a goal from the outset, aiming not to efficiently bring into this country activities conducted in Japan, but rather to throw renewed doubt on my own techniques of expression while living out my everyday life together with other Asians.

This fellowship, titled “DAILY LIFE ASIA 2016,” has shot above and beyond the meaning I assumed it would have one year ago to become a trip that cultivates the “behavior and thinking” required to begin a project together with our Asian neighbors. Without this basic stance, I have a feeling that our attempts will simply slide along the surface. I wish to invite and recruit creators who will bring forth projects such as this, rooted in everyday life right in the middle of a foreign culture. Such creators shall be called “artists as fieldworkers.” We can perhaps look forward to these creators striking out on an enjoyable path that ties together anthropology and the practice of art.

At any rate, we are beginning a new phase in which I will initiate new local projects equipped with a cultivated attitude and several ideas. Although the fellowship period may have come to an end, I have a feeling that my friendship with Indonesia will continue on long into the future.

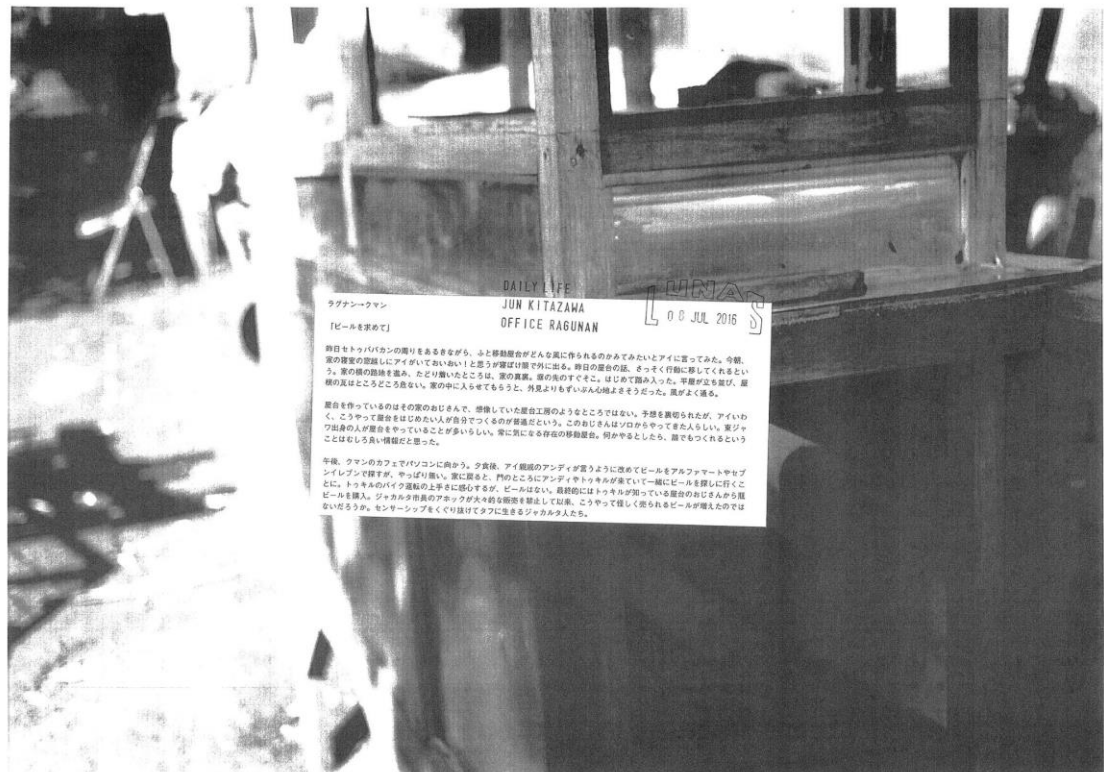


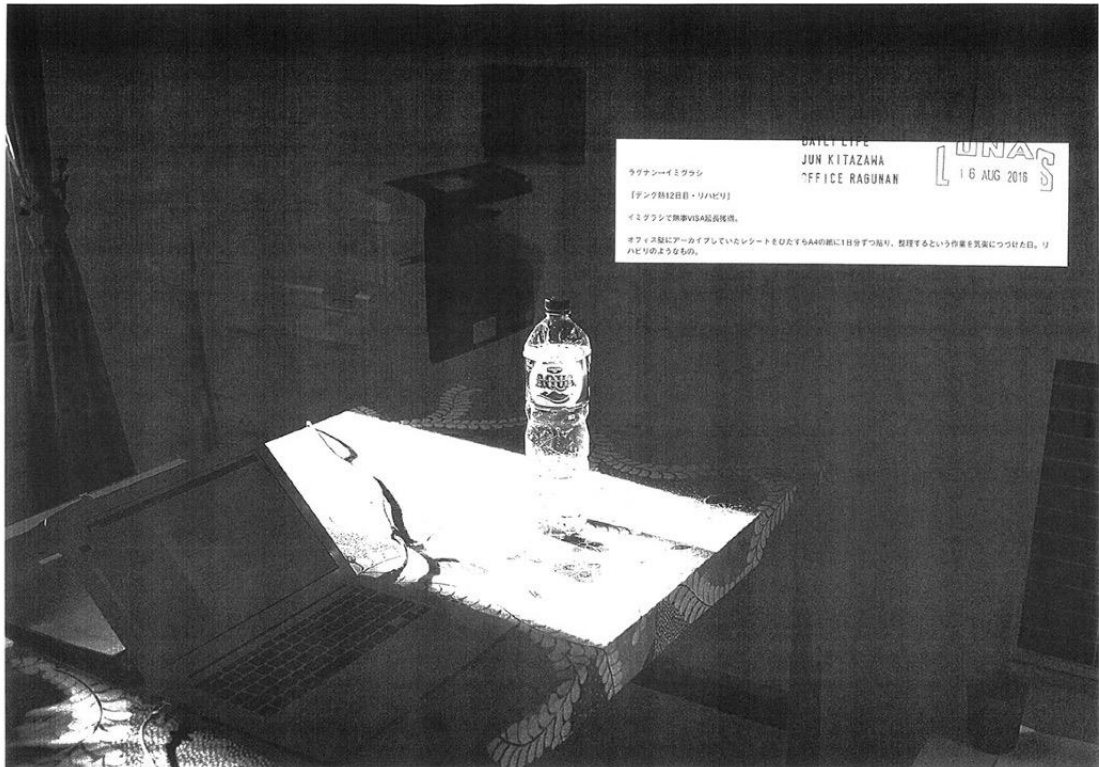
Together with neighbors from Jakarta and Ragunan on the last day of the fellowship



「準備づくり」
遅れ大空の下、施設作業をはじめる。準備するという行為自体は慣れているはずなのに、全然うまくいかない。物料のねじ
りとヘラの使いがずかしい。安全に、作業に自分が負けている。今はほとんど地面から音が聞こえていく天候の裏面。途中から自
分のダメを知らずに自暴自棄になりはじめる。こぼれた物料を拭きながら、涙で一番痛んだんだ。



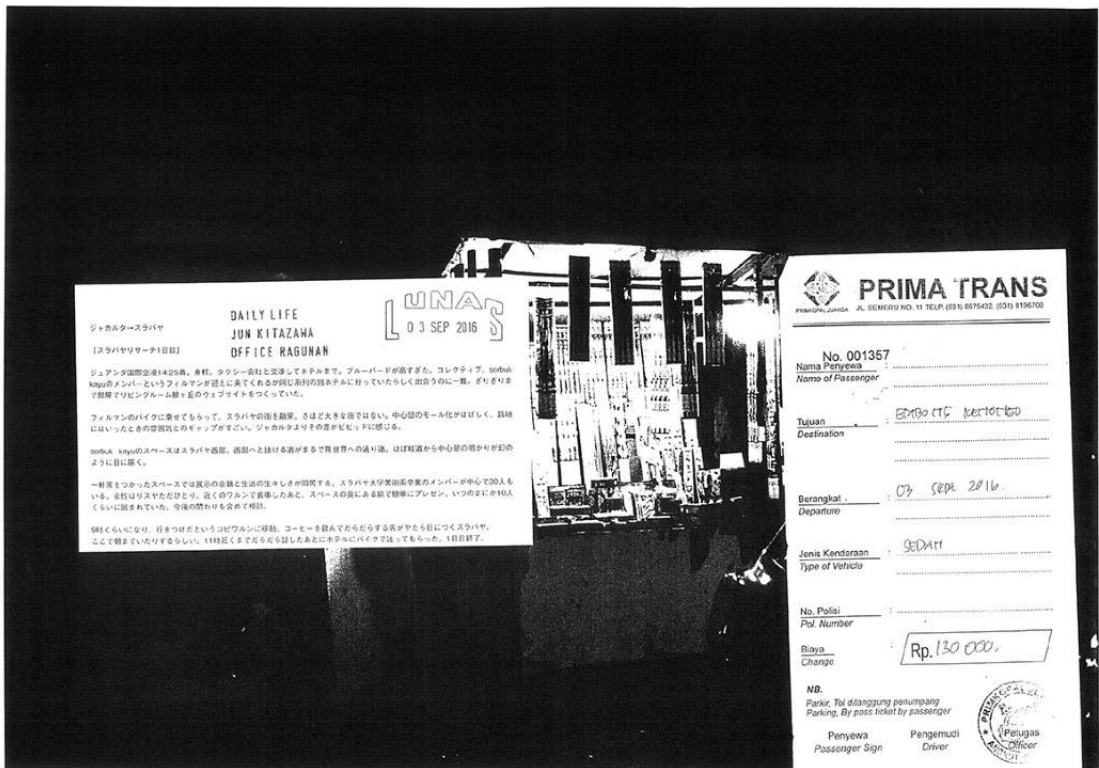




DAILY LIFE
 JUN KITAZAWA
 OFFICE RAGUNAN

LUNAS
 16 AUG 2016

ラグナーン・イミワラシ
 【ラグナーン12日目・リハビリ】
 イミワラシで乗車VISAが発行済み。
 オフィス脇にアーカイブしているレシートをひたす5A4用紙に日付すつたり、整理するという作業を数回につづいた日、リハビリのようなもの。



DAILY LIFE
 JUN KITAZAWA
 OFFICE RAGUNAN

LUNAS
 03 SEP 2016

ジェカール・スラバヤ
 【スラバヤリサーチ1日目】
 ジェカール国際ビル1425号。乗車。タクシー会社と交渉してきました。グループが高すぎた。コレで済ませ、50000
 10000のメンバーというシステムが選ばれるが同じ乗車料金を持っているらしくお金の面では、ざりざりま
 だ乗車料が異なるという状況。長年のウェブサイトを眺めていた。

フェルマンのバイクに乗せてもらって、スラバヤの街を散歩。さほど大層な車ではない。中心部のモール化がはじり、路
 にはいったときの空気がいい。ジェカール・スラバヤの乗車料金は、

50000。乗車料はスラバヤ西部。西部へと降りる道がまるで異世界への入り口。ほぼ毎日から中心部の街がかりが如
 のように見える。

一軒家をついたスペースでは展示の台座と生活の仕掛けが散らばる。スラバヤ大学芸術系のメンバーが中心で20人も
 いる。展示は日々変わり、定くのつもりで展示したあと、スペースの裏にある前で乗車料にアクセス。いつかまた10人
 くらいに居たみたい。今後の期待もあふれた。

9時くらいになり、日暮りという状況で乗車。コーヒーを飲んでお茶を飲むのが好きでスラバヤ。
 ここで寝ていなりすらい。11時近くまで居たあとに乗車料にアクセス。1日終了。

PRIMA TRANS
PRIMA TRANS, JANDA AL. SEMERU NO. 11 TELP. (031) 897502 (031) 896700

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 Name of Passenger

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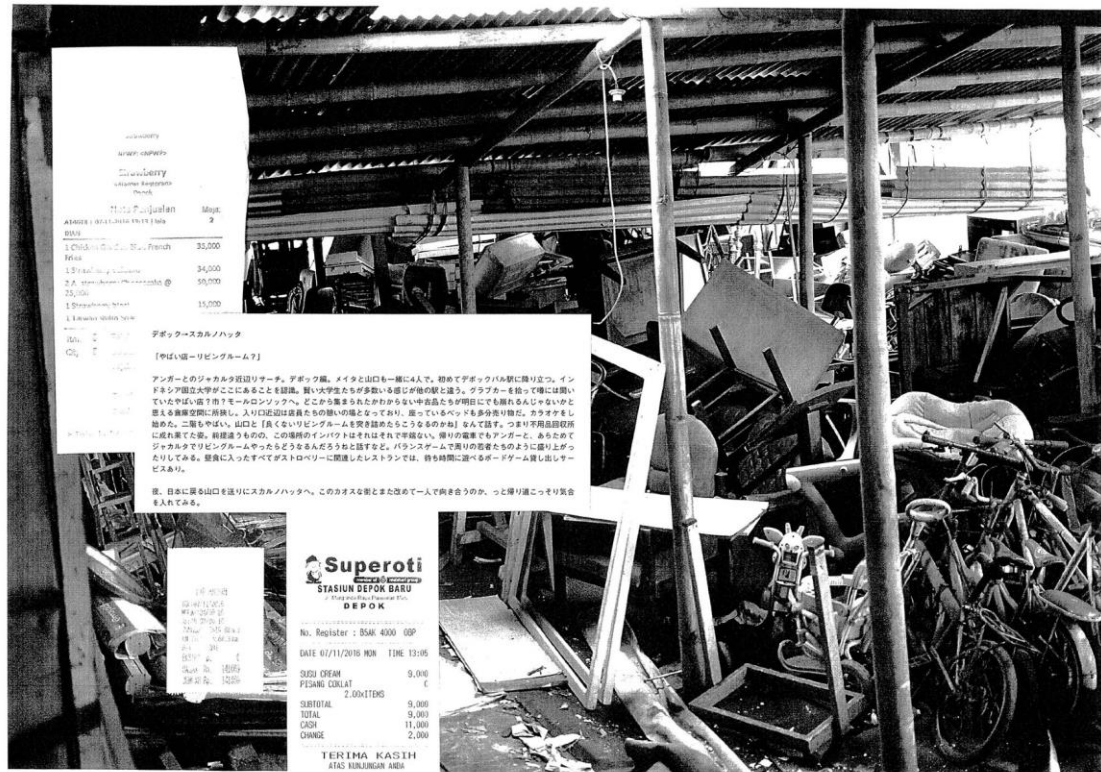
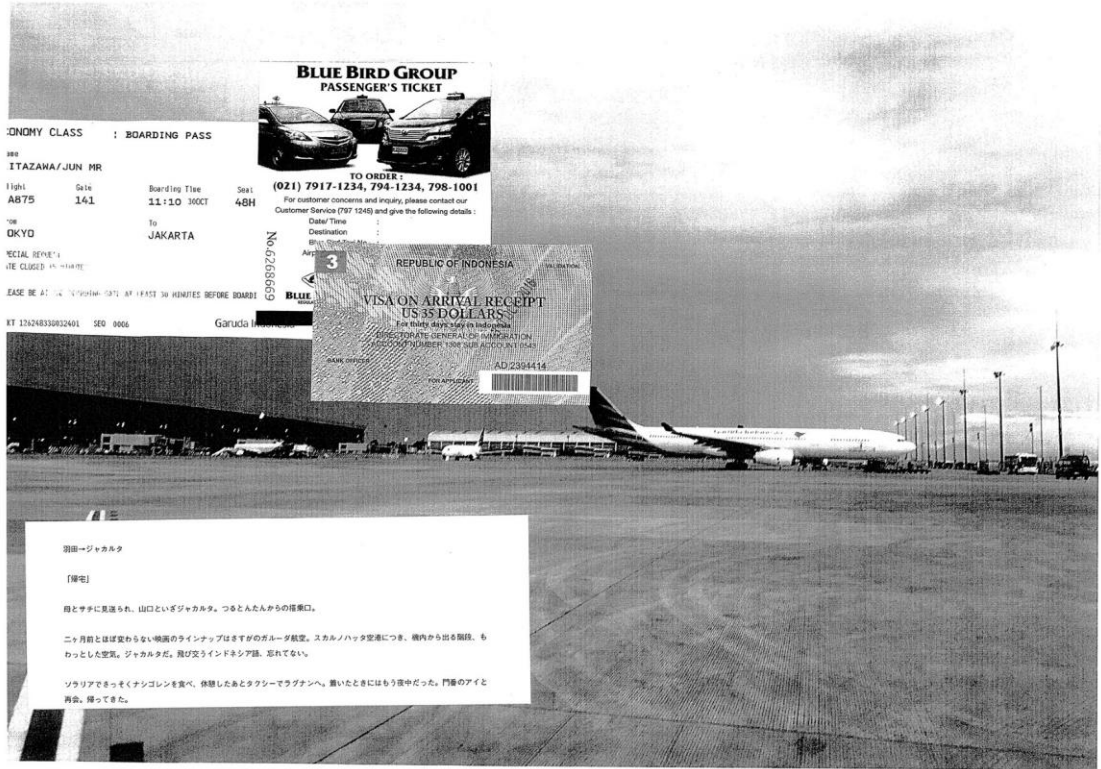
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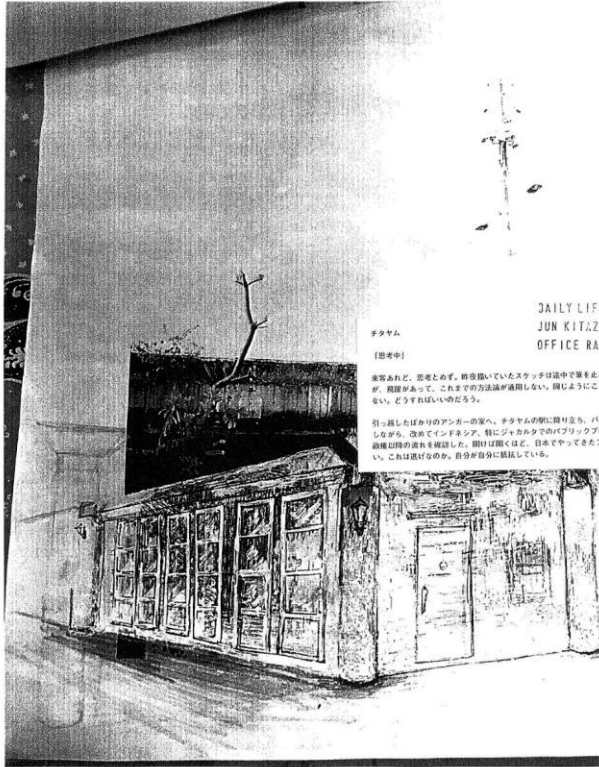
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 Parking. By pass ticket by passenger

Penyetor
 Passenger Sign

Pengemudi
 Driver

Peugas
 Officer





チタヤム
【田中中】

通常あれど、歴史とあらず。時を待たずにスクラップは途中で車を止めた。先月のステートメントは今後の目標になる気がするが、現況があって、これまでの方法論が通用しない。同じようにここジャカルタの現場で今までの方法論をそのまま使いたくない。どうすればいいのだろう。

引越したばかりのアンカーの家へ。チタヤムの前に降り立ち、バイクに乗せてもらいたい向かうと、まさに強引。家でゆっくりしながら、改めてインドネシア、特にジャカルタでのパブリックプロジェクトを整理し、また、改めて2017年からスタートする現場の進捗も確認した。思いは同じだけど、出来てきたプロジェクトのインドネシア展開も少し異なる気がする。これは進めるのか、自分が自分に馴染んでいる。

DAILY LIFE
JUN KITAZAWA
OFFICE RAGUNAN

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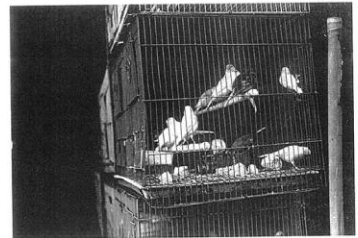
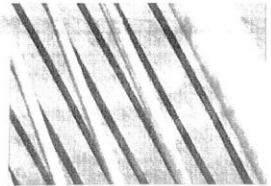
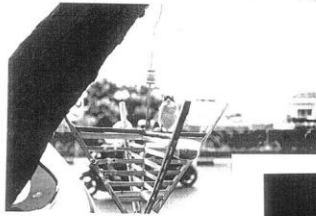
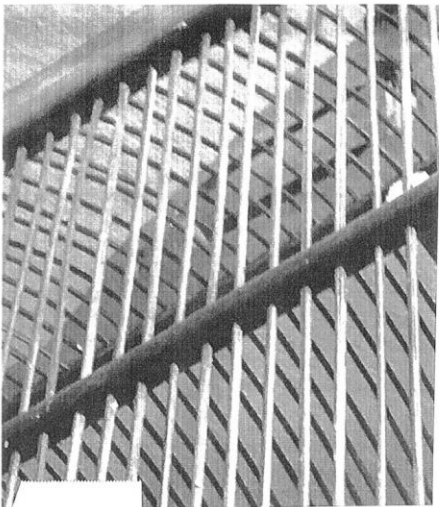
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TRANSPORTATION

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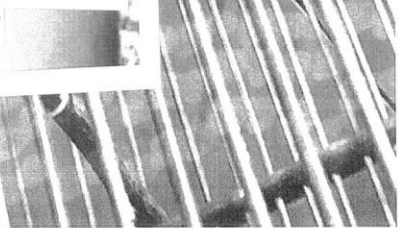


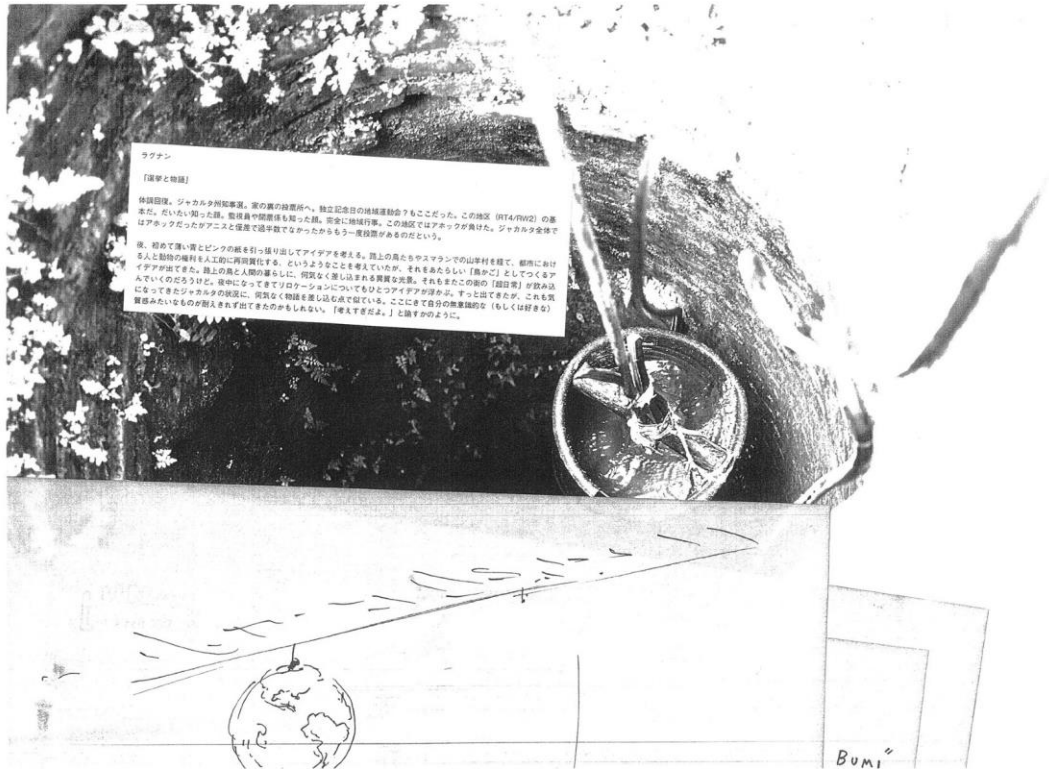
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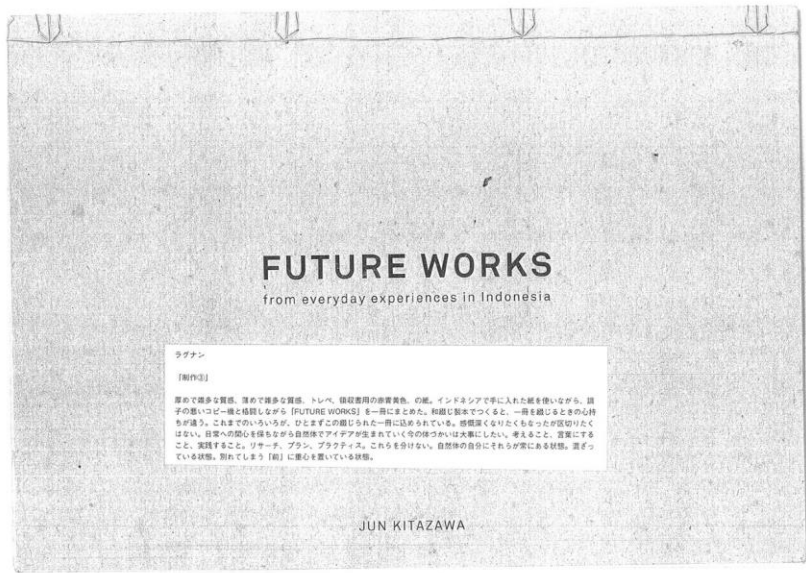
ラガナン
【鳥】
KACAU RAGUNAN という鳥にまるとは、鳥を養にまから、ずっと路上の隅々に降り下がる鳥がどこにも見えないほど、なぜかなぜか鳥を飼っている、いろいろな疑問もついて来ている、実はその鳥は、鳥は子鳥、





ラグナン
 【展覧と制作】
 休職期間、ジャカルタ所屬事務。家の裏の緑地所へ、独立記念日の地域運動会でもあった。この地区 (RT4-RW2) の基本は、古い古い古い古い。監視員や監視員も居た。完全に地域行事。この地区ではアパックが興じた。ジャカルタ全体ではアパックだったがアパックと違って選挙でなかったからもう一度投票があるのだという。
 後、箱で頂、頂とピンクの紙を引っ張り出してアイデアを考える。路上の高さをマツランでの山歩道を建て、顔面に付ける人と動物の鳴声を土間に再現する。というように考えていたが、それをあたらしく「鳥かご」としてつくるアイデアが出てきた。路上の鳥と人間の暮らし。両方なく感じさせる装置を光景。それもまたこの家の「超日常」が飲み込まれていくのだろう。家中になってきてリロケーションについてもひとりでアイデアがある。手っぴに出てきたが、これも既にならなくてジャカルタの状況に、両方なく物事を進めたい。ここにきて自分の無責任な（もしくは好きな）質問もないものが答えられず出てきたのかもしれない。「考えすぎだよ。」と諭すかのように。

Bumi



FUTURE WORKS
 from everyday experiences in Indonesia

ラグナン
 【制作記】
 厚紙で厚紙を厚紙。薄紙で厚紙を厚紙。トレン、信託運用の厚紙黄色。の紙。インドネシアで手に入れた紙を思いながら、日本の紙とトレンと紙類ながら「[FUTURE WORKS]」を一旦にまとめた。印刷に悩んでくると、一番を覚えるとき心持ちが違ふ。これまでのいろいろなが、ひとまずこの紙にられた一冊に込められている。感情はくもりたくなるが気持ちよくはない。日本の紙を厚紙ながら自然体でアイデアが生まれていく今の様子は大好き。考えたい。考えること。言葉にすること。実践すること。リサーチ、プラン、グラフィック。これらを行なう。自然体自身にそれらがある状態。置かれている状態。知れてしまう「真」に真ん中を置いていく状態。

JUN KITAZAWA