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***BITEF* BEHIND MY APARTMENT BUILDING: HOW AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL FIELD SITE (LITERALLY) CAME INTO MY BACKYARD**

Abstract: This text results from being caught in a course of events that, as an urban anthropologist, I simply could not neglect. Inspiration for this work came from the prospect that a satellite performance of the 2012 Belgrade International Theatre Festival (BITEF) would take place in my backyard. The text speaks about the process by which I got involved in the observation of the preparations and realization of a performance entitled "Everywhere is a Home". I thus intend to show how my roles multiplied and transformed, as well as how my relationship to the yard, both emotional and intellectual, changed from one day to another. In the end, I try to reconsider the experiences with the UNLISTED, a group of graduate students from the University of Arts in Belgrade comprising this artistic project, who succeeded in turning my backyard into an anthropological field site.

Keywords: urban anthropology, anthropological field site, neighborhood spaces, site-specific performance, BITEF, Belgrade

Prologue: About trying to keep the field site away from home

I want to start with a confession: I never dreamt that I would perform field-work in my own backyard. This was simply impossible to imagine until September 12th, 2012!

I started the early days of my anthropological inquiry with an interest in a geographically and culturally distant world region, that of the Far East, and more specifically, China. With time, I moved closer to home. Still trying to keep myself away from Serbia and Belgrade, I thus found "my turf" in other Yugoslav republics, choosing to perform my doctoral research in Dubrovnik,

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Croatia.² When this republic became an independent state, and closed its borders due to the raging war, I moved on to the Bay of Kotor in neighboring Montenegro. This fieldwork site, in the meantime, also became a site in a "foreign country". Even though, at present, my principal research (which deals with religious revitalization in post-socialist countries) remains "away from home," my urban anthropology research has recently caught me (quite literally) in my backyard.*

About my previous interest in neighborhood spaces

There is somewhat of a history to my interest in neighborhood spaces that I should mention in order to explain that my attraction to the site-specific BI-TEF performance played in my yard was not completely accidental.

My interest in the anthropological aspects of urban planning goes back to my days at Harvard, where I attended a Masters Degree program in Regional Studies – East Asia, and was drawn to the development of urban structures in the old capitals of China and Japan. These cities were characterized by orthogonal plans integrating courtyards within traditional town house blocks, showing a multitude of functions in the everyday and ritual life of their residents. This interest continued during my study of contemporary spatial behavior in the old town of Dubrovnik, where I tried to understand the correlation between the physical and social neighborhood in two types of urban blocks – the street blocks of the Prijeko quarter and the courtyard blocks of the former monastery in the Santa Maria quarter. There were cases in which the residents of Prijeko turned their narrow, staircase-like streets into neighborhood places where they spent the hot evening hours chatting in the breeze, and yet, there were also large courtyards in Santa Maria in which each family created their own, "private" space and sat in it apart from the others. Thus, spaces with physical potential to serve as neighborhood gathering places remained socially unexploited, while those with seemingly no such potential were transformed

² More about what I was interested in while studying urban structure of Chinese cities may be found in: Вучинић-Нешковић 2009. About how I came to study spatial behavior in Dubrovnik is described in: Вучинић 1999, and about how I came to study the Bay of Kotor, in: Вучинић 2008. Comparing the experiences of doing research across the new state borders was described in: Vučinić-Nešković 2010.

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by the will of the people into lively social saloons.³ At that time, I also assigned my students at the Department of Ethnology and Anthropology of the University of Belgrade a small research project in which they were to investigate the life in the inner neighborhood courtyards hidden behind the representative facades of the streets in two centrally positioned Belgrade areas, those of Stari grad and Vračar.

Time has passed since, but my interest in small public spaces rose once again, this time in a very different context. Žaklina Gligorijević, an architect engaged at the time by the Municipal Government of Belgrade, invited me to participate in a panel discussion on "urban public spaces". This event took place in the Museum of Applied Arts in Belgrade, an institution that was, at the time, hosting an exhibition devoted to the "European Prize for Urban Public Space", an award initiated and organized by the Centre of Contemporary Culture of Barcelona (CCCB).⁴ Presenting the projects submitted for the 2008 bi-annual prize competition, this exhibition included those projects dealing with the design of new or revitalized urban spaces that aimed to initiate lively social interaction in a particular neighborhood or city quarter. The projects that won the prizes primarily included deserted parks, passageways, and mini-squares, and were characterized by aesthetically clever and socially imaginative solutions to the imperative of transforming a vacant physical space into a vivacious social place.

Among the panelists were two guests from Spain – Manuel de Solà Morales, the president of the Jury awarding the 2008 prize, and Josep Ramoneda, the director of the CCCB. What intrigued me the most was the realization that in their explanation of the criteria applied in decision-making related to the prize awards, I heard no mention of those that would consider the real use of the newly created public places in the proceeding period. The jury consisting of renowned architects and urban planners from eminent institutions around Western Europe assessed these newly designed and implemented projects for their "potential public function", but did not really care to follow their "real public use" in the time to come. I am sure that if this had been done for the projects that were awarded a prize in the previous competitions there would have been cases showing that the "winners" were not successful in initiating social vivacity of the place after all, and in reverse, that some of those that we-

³ All through the text I will try to apply the now well-established distinction between "space" and "place", the earlier being a socially empty, useless and meaningless entity, while the later is a socially full, exploited and meaningful entity. See Tuan 1977/2003, McDonough 1993, Low & Lawrence-Zuniga 2003.

⁴ The exact name of the exhibition was: "Za javni prostor u gradu. Evropska nagrada za gradski javni prostor 2008." [Exhibition "In Favor of Public Space. European Prize for Urban Public Space 2008" in Belgrade]. It was open from September 3rd to 26th, 2008. Details may be found at the www.publicspace.org website.

re not assessed as "socially valuable and interactive" did start to live their own rich social life. It would have also been interesting to detect places that were, for example, designed with the intention of being used by the local public, and which in practice, became interesting for the general public, i.e. inhabitants from all over the town, or even for international visitors.

A year later, I received an invitation to become a member of the BCCC nomination committee, and thus to recommend up to five urban planning projects from Serbia and the neighboring countries for the 2010 European Prize for Urban Public Space. When I started to research and inquire with the relevant institutions and individuals who had an overview of what had been going on in the sphere of design and implementation of urban planning projects, the results were disappointing. I did nominate three projects from Serbia and two from Montenegro, but right from the start I knew that they would have no chance in winning a prize. It was obvious that, on one hand, our planners have many more urgent and vital "infrastructural problems" to resolve, and on the other, that the idea of putting into social use local open spaces has yet to come to us.

About the same time, I met Mihael Milunović, a Serbian painter who studied art in Belgrade and Paris and now lives between Belgrade and Brussels, who showed an interest in artistic intervention in underused and forgotten public spaces. We talked about how Belgrade lacks small, interesting public spaces, and that some initiative should be taken in that direction. I loaned to Mihael a book sent to me by CCCB, a compilation of the awarded projects in celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the Prize's establishment. This coincided with the fact that two of my students developed an interest in investigating some completely abandoned or misused public buildings in Belgrade. Both made very good senior theses, employing Marc Augé's concept of non-places.⁵

About a year later, in July 2012, I met Mihael again at the opening of an exhibition in the New Gallery in Belgrade, and picked up the discussion on the same topic. He thought that it might be best to start something with the local government officials, and pointed out that in the Vračar Community there were some people who might be supportive. He also mentioned some interesting passageways and courtyards in this quarter having potential for artistic intervention that could lead to their revitalization as public places. As an example of such a space, he described one in the area between Slavija Square and Kalenića Market (without remembering the exact street location), at which I concluded that he was actually talking about "my backyard", or more precisely "the passage behind my apartment building".

⁵ See Оже 1992 [Augé 1992]

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Act 1: Learning about the BITEF performance and the first encounters with the UNLISTED

The unbearably hot summer passed, and I returned to Belgrade from Montenegro. Two weeks later, or more precisely – on Wednesday, September 12th, I saw a notice attached to our apartment building entrance announcing that a performance within the BITEF side program would take place in the Kneginje Zorke 42/44 courtyard on Saturday, September 22.

The text went as follows:

Dragi stanari!

U okviru pozorišnog festivala BITEF, u dvorištu vaše zgrade u subotu 22.09. će se održati performans pod nazivom UNLISTED u čijem će stvaranju učestvovati umetnice iz nekoliko zemalja (Srbija, Bosna i Hercegovina, Sjedinjene Američke Države). Cilj projekta je da vaše dvorište učini drugačijim, boljim, lepšim, i vidljivijim i slučajnim prolaznicima, ne samo vama koji ga svakodnevno koristite. Svaka vaša fotografija, informacija, uspomena i priča o dvorištu biće od velike koristi za samu izvedbu. Veliko hvala unapred. Cory Tamler, Christina Cruise, Tijana Kondić, Milica Stefanović, Tanja Šljivar.

Christina.m.kruise@gmail.com

Mobile number

[Dear tenants!

As part of the BITEF Festival, on Saturday, September 22nd, there will be a performance entitled UNLISTED in the courtyard of your building, created by artists from different countries (Serbia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, USA). The aim of the project is to make your courtyard different, better, more beautiful and visible to passersby, not just to those who use it every day. Any photo, information, memory or story about the yard would be very helpful in the making of this performance. Thank you in advance. Cory Tamler, Christina Cruise, Tijana Kondić, Milica Stefanović, Tanja Šljivar. (typed)

Christina.m.kruise@gmail.com (handwritten)

Mobile number]

This announcement really piqued my interest. I decided to follow what was going on, and even to write a text on this event from an anthropological point of view. There were a few immediate reasons for deciding to take up the UNLISTED performance as a topic of anthropological consideration. One was that I was simply taken by surprise by the fact that a theatre event would take place directly behind my apartment building. I couldn't believe that as much as I was running away from doing "anthropology (literally) at home," the field site seemed to have eventually come into my backyard. The other reason was that I was intrigued by the fact that this particular non-place, i.e. a passageway and an unauthorized parking lot, had been chosen for a performance site. Further, I wondered by what means this group of young people, who linked an interest in urban

space and theatre arts, planned to bring attention of the neighborhood residents to their "forgotten backyard." Lastly, I was curious whether this performance would produce any aftereffects. In other words, was it going to provoke the "local community" to initiate positive change in this space?

On Thursday, September 13th, a day before leaving for Dubrovnik for a long weekend, I rushed down to the courtyard to document its appearance as it was "now", expecting it to change considerably before I came back. I took two pictures from the window of my relatives' apartment, which is on the third floor of Molerova 11, and then went down to the yard to take some more. I tried to get a view of all the interesting sections of this dispersed space, realizing for the first time the fact that graffiti cover all the walls surrounding the yard. I also caught the area near the small building that was being reconstructed after a fire where some leftover construction materials were lying, such as bricks, blocks, and cement. I saw no trace of artistic intervention. It is worth noting that this was the first time I approached the yard behind my apartment building as an anthropologist.

Upon returning to Belgrade on Monday, September 17th, I noticed some changes in the yard, but they were not related to any obvious performance activity. There were only more signs of work being done on the building under construction: a new pile of waste covered with empty cement cases and beer cans. I went through and peeked a few times, curious whether I would see the artists, but there was no sign of them. I finally decided to write an e-mail to Christina, at the address she left on our front door.

In the first contact with the artists (made on September 19th) I wanted to show interest, both private and professional, in the performance without being imposing. I thus wrote the following:

"Hi Christina, I saw the text you and your friends left at our entrance (in Molerova 11) announcing the performance within BITEF. I would like to come on September 22nd. As I am an urban anthropologist, I am also interested in the concept behind your performance and the way you will implement it. Let me know when the preparations will take place. Regards from Vesna Vucinic"

The answer was as follows:

"Hi Vesna, great to hear from you! The performance is on the 22nd from 12:00-17:00. We will be in the courtyard today though, from 17:00-20:00 (we may arrive earlier). If you are free, you should stop down. We really like having visitors. Otherwise, the show is divided into four hourly sections. You can come at any time. We really look forward to meeting you! Best, Christina"

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The same day, Christina sent me another mail, saying: "Also, here is the link to our blog: <http://unlistedbelgrade.wordpress.com> . It has information on the entire project and our work specifically. Best, Christina"

On Thursday, September 20th, I decided to devote more attention to the preparations of the performance. I read the texts on the "UNLISTED" blog, and learned about the general intentions of the project, the structure of the three events announced, as well as about the curators, playwrights and the performers. I learned that the first performance called "Wasted Youth" would take place on Friday, September 21, at 6:30 p.m. on the terrace of the former Sr-bijateks, at the Terazije 30-32 address. The second performance, called "Everywhere is a Home," was to be in my backyard, designated as the Passageway between Kneginje Zorke 41 and 42, the day after starting at noon. The third performance, "SingularPlural, or: How I Remembered to Listen, See, Touch, Sense and Smell," was also to take place that day at 6:30 p.m. in the courtyard of Kosovska 39 (behind the Parliament).

After returning from the 111th Anniversary celebration in the Ethnographic Museum in Belgrade, I went through the yard to see whether there were some signs of change. It was raining the whole day, and I thought that it would not be a good time for any creative action. I did not see activity, but I did notice an unusual something. On the remains of what should have been a bench, there was a medium sized plastic (refrigerator) box of blurry white color closed with a red lid. On the surface of the lid there was a handwritten note saying:

"Na papiriću napiši jednu stvar koju želiš da promeniš u ovom dvorištu. Otvori kutiju i ubaci papirić u nju." (dva smajlija)

[Write one thing that you would like to change in this courtyard on a piece of paper. Open the box and put the paper in it." (two smileys)]

This was the second written message by which the artists wanted to communicate with the residents as well as collect their ideas about the future of the yard. I decided to write my "wish" pertaining to how I would like this yard to change. I went up to my apartment, took a small note pad and wrote: "Želela bih da volim da prolazim kroz ovo dvorište umesto da ga izbegavam. I još bih želela da automobili iz njega nestanu." [I wish to be able to like to pass through this yard rather than avoid it. I would also like for the cars to disappear from it.] I then took this paper and my camera, and went down to take some more pictures. Even though Christina said in the last e-mail that they would be around from midday to 5:00 p.m., I did not expect them at all due to bad weather.

While preparing for another descent to my new field site, I had a dilemma – should I stay aside and just watch what was going on, or should I become a participant in the artistic (and social) activation of my backyard. I decided that

the second option was a much more natural (logical) one. I went about the yard for a few minutes taking photos when I saw two young ladies approaching. They looked at me as if they suspected that I was in fact the anthropologist that wrote to them already.

We came near to each other and introduced ourselves. The girl who first approached me was Christina, the curator of the show, and the other was Cory, the playwright. Christina started a conversation, which in fact was an informal interview, asking me about where exactly I lived, how long I had been residing at this locale, and what I knew about the yard. I showed her the building and explained that we used to live just above the yard when I was first married, and that now we live in the adjacent apartment which faces Molerova Street, and that altogether I have lived there for the last 23 years. I told her what I knew about the yard. My first memories were tied to the neighborhood children playing ball in the concrete area under our window, which produced quite a bit of noise. My husband was chasing them away because our children could not sleep (and those children's parents were in turn angry at him for that). Then came a time when our children played ball and were also chased by some old, grumpy people next door. For some time, it was used in the evening hours by the youth from the area that gathered there to talk, drink and smoke. Christina added that other residents told them that they were drug addicts. I wasn't sure about that because I assumed that those on hard drugs would find a better hiding place than this one. Those who came here might have smoked pot or something similar, but did not do hard drugs, I said. It is more an "urban legend" or a story that sticks well to all similar "socially abandoned" or "socially dysfunctional" spaces. Such qualifications are typical for physically withdrawn spaces that people avoid because they induce a kind of fear to passersby. Bringing my account on the yard to the present, I noted that the only young people I see now are the young men who stand there before or after their martial arts practices in order to collectively enter or leave the training premises which are in the basement of our building.

Looking at the circular area below the huge tree, surrounded by a low concrete wall, I said that unfortunately someone cut the decorative shrubs that were growing there. They had a story about this already, which said that originally, this was a sand box for children's play, then the decorative shrubs were planted, which after a little girl ate the berries from them and got sick, were removed. Ambrosia then started growing, causing allergies all over, and the tenants again called the municipal greenery office to cut it down. So, I learned something new as well.

I made Christina and Cory aware that the car parking started only recently, maybe about two years ago. Some residents of the two adjacent buildings in Molerova Street decided that it is high time to solve their parking problem, and thus decided to secure the informal parking spaces in this passageway. At

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the entrance, they first put a chain that was locked at the side, and to which only they had the keys, and later on they introduced the metal triangles standing upwards, which are now broken.

I also informed them about the fire that occurred about three months earlier in the upper floor of the small building that is presently under construction. I explained that the water heater exploded, the family managed to get out safely, but that the firemen called by the neighbors had trouble approaching the fire site because of the numerous cars parked in the yard. I noticed that Christina looked a bit surprised, as if though she heard this being mentioned for the first time, and remarked that the fact that the cars parked here obstruct the effectiveness of the fireman is an important point to remember. Later on, I realized that this whole time I was functioning as the narrator of the history of the yard. I had actually become a source of historic and present data for the performance.

Very soon, however, my anthropological curiosity came out, and I took on the role of the interviewer. I asked whether they had intervened at the site, and if so, in which way. Cory told me that they did leave some signs of their presence. On one hand, they collected some leftover materials from the yard and made a small pile from it by the wall behind the bench. After a few days they found out that it was removed. Also, in the circle, i.e. the area under the tree that they had pronounced their "main stage," they left some small installations, such as a dried flower, or a small decorative arrangement using leftover construction materials, to see whether people would react to this in one way or another. They concluded that the yard changed quite a bit during the previous week. Besides the absence of the rubble pile, they noted the newly painted white wall (on the reconstructed building), which now was in disharmony with the rest of the yard because the continuity of the graffiti was interrupted. This new, clean wall, very much stood apart, becoming meaningless, and thus esthetically and symbolically inadequate in the present courtyard ambiance. Part of the yard's inscribed history was thus erased.

I had to satisfy my initial curiosity about how the artists came about choosing this particular yard for their performance. Christina said that she had been passing Kneginje Zorke Street for quite some time on the way to the National Library. The passageway always drew her attention with the inclining steps and the big tree. She was attracted to the space, but yet she did not dare enter and inspect it further due to the graffiti that "threatened" at the entrance. She obviously conceived of the yard as a zone forbidden to outsiders. It occurred to me that the graffiti do speak to people after all, and that their messages are indeed taken seriously.⁶ I never read anything that is written on the walls of this yard. Now I started seeing that there are layers of them on all the walls

⁶ About the graffiti in Belgrade and their classification, see: Antonijević and Hristić 2006.

surrounding the yard, but also at the entrance of the passageways. I decided I especially have to inspect the entrance from the Kneginje Zorke Street, where the ones "discouraging the passersby to enter" are inscribed.

I then told Christina about the history of my interest in revitalized public spaces, about my experience with the Barcelona prize nomination, and about the conversations with Mihael Milunović. She was really surprised that the space that attracted her attention did the same with other people. I told her that I might want to talk about this topic with my urban anthropology students in the upcoming fall semester, and she suggested putting a discussion group together to brainstorm what could be done in the yard. This group, we thought, could also include artists interested in public spaces. I asked her whether they were planning some kind of a follow up to the performance, and saw that she actually did not have this in mind. She just said that they would definitely be back to visit Angelina, a wonderful lady who lives in an apartment on the ground floor of the Kneginje Zorke building.

I noted in this conversation a similar element to that of the BCCC awards committee – the central idea is to stir up awareness about the possible uses of a "socially lost space", and yet there is no interest in inquiring about the effect of the performance. I am not sure, maybe this approach is the right one. They want to bring in a new idea, enliven the space, and leave it to the local residents to decide about whether they will use it in a socially constructive way or not. I then suggested that they might want to enlarge a few good photos of the performance and organize an informal photo exhibition in the yard next spring, for example, and invite again the residents of the surrounding buildings. This was another creative step in the exchange of artistic and anthropological ideas – examining the future of the yard in an academic environment, as well as planning continued artistic engagement with the yard.

I told them that I had just written a note with two wishes and read it to them. Then, I opened the box and placed the note inside. A few other notes were there already. I thought that was cute – a few people felt like they should "wish" for the good of their useless yard. I also wondered whether this box would remain in place, or whether an unknown passerby would remove it. I believed that it would stay; I just did not want to imagine that someone would steal an artifact with such a positive intention.

In the meantime, two other girls appeared. They spoke Serbian, their names were Tijana and Milica, and they were the actresses in "Everywhere is a Home." Soon afterwards two young men approached us, and everyone headed for the "Wolves' Den", the training premises of the Krav Mara club, devoted to the Israeli martial arts discipline.

I was told that the idea was to involve these young men who trained in the basement of our building, and who showed positive attitude to the prospect of a performance from the very beginning. The interest of the Wolves obviously

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had to do with generational closeness, since the age of everyone involved, from both sides, was somewhere between twenty-five and thirty. I came along since I had never entered this space before, nor had I seen their training. I now had the privilege of being introduced to a space which I never would have entered otherwise (I must admit that for years I was curious about how it looked), as well as of observing the performance "rehearsal", which comprised of the actresses choosing the martial arts elements to be performed, as well as learning the basics themselves.

It came to my mind that it was very clever that UNLISTED would use the local resources in reactivating the yard space. They would bring the young men who train in a closed space into a public, or let's say semi-public space. In fact, the yard space would become fully "public" during the performance because the audience would come from all over, it might even be international. Once the performance ended, the space would remain a "neighborhood" one.

We descended into a clean, big and nicely lit training room. I sat at the lower step, watching and taking some pictures. Then, an incident happened which was very telling of the tensions in the neighborhood. All of a sudden, I saw a man descending towards us. As soon as he reached the lower platform, he angrily asked whether someone here parked such and such a car in the passageway, and said that that person must be out of his/her mind because no one could pass by. Tijana said that it was her car, and went straight on to move it. The same man remained yelling that he'd had enough of everything and that he would "close this club!" The practices that last from 8:00 p.m. till midnight did not allow his baby to sleep, and now there was this problem with parking. One of the two young men who was the head of the Wolves said that there was no need for anger, that the girl did not know that she was blocking others, and that she would simply move the car. Then, Milica said that the whole case had nothing to do with the club and the training because they came from elsewhere and did not know about the parking rules. He did not pay attention to the explanations, and his wife who stood behind him supported his threats that the club really deserved to be closed.

A few minutes after he left, I explained to Christina and Cory what had happened, adding that the incident was a very good example of the principal tensions in the neighborhood. On one hand, the dissatisfaction of the first floor residents with hearing all the noise from the practices, and on the other, the frustrations they had with irregular parking. But, the major divide here was between "them (the residents)" and "the intruders". The intruders were the young men training, and also the actress who parked improperly. My position in the eyes of the "angry resident" was probably highly ambiguous, since as another resident, I should have been on his side, and yet I seemed in a friendly relationship to the "intruders". The absurdity of the whole situation was in that the Wolves, who came under attack, are not "the bad guys"; they are, in fact,

well-mannered young people who are engaged in a healthy sports "activity". Thusly they belong to a social category opposite of the drug addicts that were mentioned earlier as being the secret night users of the yard site. Another paradox was that the incident related to "improper parking" was inspired by a resident who repeatedly parks in the illicit parking area, behaving as if though it is his private property. All of our neighbors who park there regularly actually encroach upon communal/public land.

In front of the elevator, I ran into Šule, my former high school classmate and the president of the Residents' Board of our building, who had just finished a conversation with the couple that was engaged in the previous conflict. He told me how the guy was angry, and got even more frustrated when he learned that the training room does not belong to our building, but to some publishing house that used it as storage. The room is still in the publishing house's possession, although they presently rent it out. I also learned from him that nowadays, our yard is used as a parking lot by the wider neighborhood, and that he sees no way of throwing the unwanted cars out. I asked him whether he met the artists preparing the performance, and he replied that they did come to visit him, indeed.

When I came back home to write down my first field encounter with the performers, I remembered that when I started writing this ethnographic diary, I wondered what name to use for the space that would be used for the performance. Every time I referred to it, the name came out differently. I had to stop and think twice. It was a decision that was emotional (private), related to the degree of intimacy I felt with the yard in general, as well as at that particular moment. But also, it was very much a rational (professional) decision, depending on how I physically want to position myself regarding the activity in the space I was describing. When I wanted to keep it emotionally neutral, and mention it just as a space, it could be called "a yard" or "a courtyard". The emphasis in the first instance would be on its openness, and in the second, on its confinement by the buildings and walls. If I wanted to accentuate its transitional function, I would call it "the passageway". It was almost impossible to grasp its overall morphological character in one generic name, because in actuality, that physical space consists of two "passageways" at the end points, towards Kneginje Zorke and Molerova Streets, and the "yard" in-between. In Serbian, we would say "prolaz" for the passageways, and "dvorište" for the yard. I think I noticed that the artists also used the term "the yard" and "dvorište".⁷

It is strange, but I noticed that for the first time, I used the term "my yard" (moje dvorište), "our yard" (naše dvorište), or "my backyard" (dvorište iza moje kuće). Thus, I did not refer to it as to a neutral space anymore, but ex-

⁷ Two days later, during the interview with Cory and Christina, I asked them about the more appropriate generic name for this space, and they thought it would be "the courtyard" because they associated the "yard" with the surface covered with greens.

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pressed a feeling of possession, thus transforming it into an emotionally charged place. I wondered how this happened since I was never intimately connected to it. I did not grow up in the yard, nor did I have any special memories of it. No attachment whatsoever. I realized that this change occurred as a result of my engagement with the space within the performative process that had been induced by the UNLISTED. I was learning about it through my own close observation, from listening to the stories that the performers gathered, and from following their gradual and delicate efforts to transform it bit by bit and let the residents know "we are here".

I then turned my thoughts to my children, thinking that for them this space might have some significance, that they might have had some meaningful encounters there. As my daughter wasn't at home, I decided to ask my son how he and his friends called this space, as well as how they called other similar spaces in the neighborhood. It also came to my mind to check whether "our yard" had been considered some boys' group "turf" in which they gathered and regarded as "their territory".

Act 2: The day before the performance

My son Mihailo is a very busy young man, and not very talkative about subjects that disinterest him. This yard was one of those topics. Nevertheless, I caught him the next morning and asked him a bit about his memories of the yard. I must note that this day, September 21st, 2012, was the first time ever that a member of my family became a respondent to my anthropological inquiry. He first reminded me that he and Marta played with other kids in the passageway by our entrance, as well as in the area in front of the entrance to the "Wolve's den". Some residents of Molerova 13 complained about the noise, and among them, the most vicious critic was "the doctor" (an elderly veterinarian). He took care of his small red "Zastava" parked near his entrance, and his wife was known for feeding the stray cats in that same passageway. Later on, Mihailo never really met up with his friends in the yard; it was only a passageway with no special name that led to somewhere else, at least this is what he wanted to tell me.

Referring to what the residents told the UNLISTED, I asked him whether the drug addicts gathered in the yard. He first said that they did, but this was based on the stories from his elementary school days about how someone found left-behind syringes there. In actuality, no one really saw the "evidence", nor the people using them. On the other hand, he was sure that teenagers gather there to smoke pot, both during the day and at night, because he used to see them and still does when passing by.

However, this space was definitely not a gathering place or "turf" of any boys' group in Vračar. There were other, larger courtyards that served such

purposes. They were known as the White Yard, Red Yard, and Yellow Yard. The first one was the nearest to us – it is a large courtyard with an entrance on the opposite side of Kneginje Zorke Street. This is where the boys from St. Sava and Vladislava Ribnikara elementary schools played soccer in the afternoons. Later on, while attending high school, this was the territory of the "Partizan" soccer fans from the same neighborhood, who marked it with the large graffiti sign "Combat 43." These digits mark letters "G" and "V" of the Cyrillic alphabet, which stood for "Grobari Vračar" [Graveyard Diggers of Vračar], the name of the fan group. This was their way of protecting the group territory against the fans of the other major Belgrade soccer team, "Crvena Zvezda." Mihailo also remembered that at some point the people started parking cars in the White Yard, which annoyed these boys. One night, they broke the windshields of all the cars they found there. After that event, the White Yard no longer served as an illicit parking place for the neighborhood or anyone else, for that matter. This and the other two yards were turfs of the local boys' teenage groups that formed at the time of elementary school, and continued existing until the end of their high school days.

On the same Friday morning, after my interview with Mihailo, I opened an email from Christina in which she invited me to participate in the third part of their performance. It was envisaged as a panel, discussing what the potential of the yard might be. "As an anthropologist, you might want to share your knowledge and past experiences, help us to map a future of the passage." So, the girls actually planned to give an opportunity for the residents to say out loud whether they think it is worthwhile to consider the prospects of this space. If they did show interest, we could talk about it for about thirty to forty-five minutes, and if they did not, they would just go onto the next, end part of the show, which comprised of socializing over coffee and cigarettes.

I thought that this would be the first opportunity ever that we, the residents of the buildings enclosing the yard, would get together and exchange information about each other and our physically, but not yet socially, shared space. This would be a chance to show up as a "potential community". I thought that an example from Molerova 9 should be given about how they gather on Christmas Eve to burn the badnjaks (yule logs) and share hot wine or tea in their courtyard. I decided to invite Ale and Mira Nešković, our relatives who live in that building, to come to the performance, since their courtyard is adjacent to ours, and some of their ground floor apartment windows look upon it as well. It was natural to reply to Christina that I would be glad to participate. I thus willingly took a role of another neighbor who the UNLISTED drew into the performance. Obviously, the artists wanted to include me on double grounds – as a courtyard resident with a positive attitude to their performance, and as an anthropologist with an interest in public spaces and neighborhood revitalization.

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The same morning, I descended into our yard to see whether I could notice any changes since the previous day. The plastic box for the "wish notes" was still there, now tucked into the space between the two wooden planks of the bench. The miniature installations they made were also in place. I took close ups of them. Then I went down the steps towards Kneginje Zorke Street to inspect the graffiti in the passageway, especially those that were mentioned as uninviting by Christina. The whole space, which resembles a tunnel, was covered with graffiti indeed – they were more massive than the ones within the yard, and at the entrance there was a portrait that resembled a comic character. A few cars were parked there and the barrier arm was lifted. While I was taking pictures of the graffiti, the inclining steps and the big tree from a position similar to the photo placed on the UNLISTED blog, I saw a man with a small dog coming out of a Knjegine Zorke building hurriedly, waiting a bit for the dog to finish his business near the steps, and continuing onwards through the passage towards Molerova Street. No one else passed by during that time. Then, I crossed the street, and went into the White Yard, mentioned by Mihailo. I wanted to have a close look at one of the Vračar youth turfs in order to compare it with the space of our yard.

I knew the White Yard somewhat from two years ago when I attended a yoga class inside one of the buildings surrounding it. It is a vast rectangular space surrounded by five-storey apartment buildings. Parking places are marked on the concrete surface in white paint, but there are no cars. Obviously, at some point, the large, round, concrete flowerbeds (with no flowers) were placed between the street and the yard so that no cars could pass. In the far right corner, there is a large white and black graffiti on a flaming background saying: "Dok mačke su u kavezu, miševi kolo vode" ["While the cats are in a cage, the mice will play"]. In the opposite corner to the left there are a few graffiti markings – the first saying "Vračar", the second "Vampire killaz", and the third "Combat 43". I wondered what purpose this huge space serves today. Do children ever play soccer here at daytime, or is it left to the young men to sit in at night? It looked completely deserted.

When returning home from the University that afternoon, I passed by my yard again, and noticed no activity. I caught myself passing through this non-place whenever I could. The artists did succeed in awakening my curiosity. I am sure that I was not the only person from the neighborhood who felt and behaved this way. I am certain that the people whose rooms or kitchens face this yard started to look through the window or come out on the terrace more often than before. Once at home, I found another message from Christina saying that the group would be in the yard between 3:00 and 6:00 p.m., while she would be at Terazije, helping the others with their performance.

I went out again about 5:20 p.m., planning to stop a bit in the yard before heading to the performance of "Wasted Youth" on the terrace of the Srbijateks

building. There I met Cory, who was talking to a young man introduced to me as Uroš. Up above, on the second floor of the new building in Kneginje Zorke, the three girls stood at the window, reading out a text, and testing the microphones. Tanja, the playwright was there with the actresses – Milica and Tijana. Cory told me that they managed to get a power supply for the performance from the construction workers engaged on the house that partially burned. I was surprised to see them in the inner space of a building, and she explained that it happened by mere chance. The previous day, a man called out to them from that apartment asking to borrow a mobile phone. He forgot his at home. He was supposed to move in during the coming weekend, and since the apartment was still empty, he offered them to use it for the performance.

Cory explained that they decided to shorten the show by about one hour altogether. They would first have two parts comprised of the tour around the yard, as well as a reading of the statements each of them had written the previous week while visiting the yard space. If the audience showed interest, the third part would be a discussion on how they saw the future of the yard, and brainstorming about possible solutions for improving it. If this did not work, they would proceed right on to coffee.

I then asked Cory to better explain what exactly they had left the other day in the yard, and what they found removed from the site a few days later. I did not quite understand what had actually happened. She told me that they had one pile called "picnic" behind the bench (made out of rubbish they collected in the yard while cleaning it), and two smaller piles near the bench, one comprising of cigarette butts, and the other of lighters. Their plan was to keep them as such until the performance, when they wanted to put them into glass containers, thereby pointing out the most often found small garbage in the yard.

Just before leaving, I noticed two young guys behind my back. Cory said hi to them and told me that she met them the previous day. They clean the streets in the vicinity, but when they need a break, they take off their bright colored vests, leave their large moveable garbage cans by the wall, and sit at the bench. I said I wanted to take a picture of them, and they allowed it, but asked not to include their "work tools". It later dawned on me that maybe these friendly young men cleaned up the "picnic" thinking that they were actually finishing off the work the girls started and could not finish due to lack of proper tools. The only other mysterious cleaners could have been the construction workers, or someone from the surrounding buildings, the last of which is the least likely.

I saw everyone at the performance in Terazije, which took place from 6:30 to 7:00 p.m. After the show, Nemanja Jovanović, a representative of BITEF who ended up being my neighbor from Molerova Street, told me that "SingularPlural," the third UNLISTED performance, would not be held at the original site in Kosovska 39 due to problems with the courtyard residents. Instead, it would be moved elsewhere, probably to the Youth Center of Belgrade. Tija-

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na then told me that they were still not sure about the order of scenes they would follow the next day. They might have to improvise. She also thought that they would have to be prepared for the negative reactions of the residents due to the fact that the performance, including dancing and loud singing, would be going on during the lunchtime and afternoon rest. Some people had already called the mobile number they left at the entrances and complained. One woman shouted: "At night we are disturbed by the drug addicts, and now you will bother us during the day." In general, Tijana showed some worries about the outcome of the show.

Act 3: The day of the performance

On the morning of Saturday, September 22nd, I was telling my family about how things stood with the UNLISTED performances. My husband was making fun of my interest in the whole ordeal. While teasing me, he mentioned that some of our neighbors were already wondering about my role in it. He probably referred to our president of the Residents' Board, who noted my interest in the performance the other day. So he asked me whether I was going to participate as an actor or as an anthropologist. He could not really understand what it was that made this performance an interesting research topic.

I went down to the yard at 11:45 a.m. Obviously, the UNLISTED had been there the whole morning, making the preparations for the performance. The weather was perfect – warm and with no signs of rain. The yard had shady and sunny parts. You could feel a tension characteristic of the beginning of a performative event. I said hello to everyone and took some pictures. The first thing I noticed was some new material for the house under renovation, and two construction workers working around it. One of them did not allow me to take pictures of him. I asked the girls whether these guys were going to stop with their work, and heard that they promised to finish soon, and that they also postponed a large delivery that was supposed to come exactly at noon. There were still no other people around.

An elderly lady appeared on the first floor balcony of the Kneginje Zorke building a few minutes before the designated time for the performance. Tanja approached and talked to her. She complained about how young people gather there at night and disturb them, and that now they had been coming there for days and making noise together with the construction workers (she somehow put them together in the same category of intruders), and on the top of that, people bring their dogs to go to the bathroom without picking up their waste. Tanja tried to explain that they would be there only for another hour or so, and that they in fact collected all of the dog waste and other filth already. It seemed that the lady just wanted to talk to someone and express her general dissatisfaction

with the whole yard environment. She was in fact benign. Then Tanja told me that, earlier that morning, a woman from the second floor of the Molerova 13 building yelled out of the window angrily, telling them that they were disturbing her and her baby. Tanja tried to appease her by explaining that they would be finished by 3:00 p.m. She told me that in the previous days this was the woman who called them on the phone and then later, came down into the yard to talk to them. I thought these events were nothing to get excited about since this was the residents' way of communicating with the "intruders."

Some people started coming, it was primarily the family and friends of the artists. Tanja's parents came, and Milica's mother as well. Dino and Ana, the colleagues from Zagreb who organized the "Wasted Youth" performance at Terazije arrived, too. Soon after some other young people joined us. Printed programs in English, marked with numbers 1 and 2 were handed out. I went to our interphone and told my husband to call our relatives from Molerova 9 and tell them to come right away since the performance would be lasting only for an hour or so. I had just enough time to look at the program we got in English, and saw that the first part was called "Ambrosia: The past is material that can be remembered in pieces, ignored, forgotten, or formed into story."

We were standing dispersed around the central arena-like area, when all of a sudden Tijana and Milica started to hastily work in the former sand box under the tree, collecting garbage, and bringing into order little things that were laying around. Someone said that the performance had just started. It was 12:13. After this playful house making, the two girls stood up and read out a short text explaining all of the possible reasons for which people pass through the yard.

We were then asked to divide into two groups for touring the premises. I ended up in Group 2 with Tijana as our guide. With an open red umbrella, she began the tour by the "circle", explaining the history of the sand box, the bushes with poisonous berries that were cut down, and ambrosia that grew wild instead. She rushed then towards the Molerova passage and the Wolves' den, telling us about a famous general living up there and the young guys practicing in the basement. We then hastily went back to the building under construction, where the focus was on the third floor being added to the original two, and the new white wall, which looks out of place with no graffiti. Standing in the "arena" and looking at the back facade of Molerova 13, we heard a story of how one mother overheard every whisper her teenage daughter exchanged with her boyfriend at a secret, night rendezvous from the apartment up above. At the end, and standing by the bench, we were told a recollection of a young man who comes down to the yard and listens to a girl who starts her piano practice every day exactly at 5:00 p.m. In the meantime, Group 1 that went with Milica was covering the same "tourist attractions" but in a different order. Often, we would come into each other's way, and overhear parts of a similar, yet different report about the "scenic spots" of the yard.

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In the next scene, Dino, the artist from Croatia, read out the performance announcement. It is in fact the text of the notice left initially at the front doors of the surrounding buildings. While doing this, he stood in a first floor niche in the new white wall. Immediately afterwards, we heard the music from J. Lo's song "If You Had My Love", to which the actresses started dancing. This was probably homage to all the other girls of their generation who listened to this music in the 1990s, and who could have spent time in this yard. At that moment, we saw three little heads appearing in one of the apartment windows on the second floor. Two girls and their little brother were attracted to the performance by the lively music they heard. They were the first neighbors that took an active part in the performance as part of the audience. My relatives from Molerova 9 arrived at that moment as well.

Milica and Tijana remained standing in the arena, and started reading out questions that were posed to the residents in the previous days when the memories of the yard were collected. While reading each question, they looked up, focusing on one of the apartment windows as if calling people to come out. Then, they would throw that particular paper on the ground. Each question was followed by an authentic answer played out from a tape on loud speakers. We thus heard the voices of our known and unknown neighbors expressing the absence of any memory, picture or knowledge about the past of the yard.

Disappointed with the fact that there were no memories of the yard, Tijana and Milica decided to create a memory of their own. They went off to a small grass-space nesting between the buildings where, acting as teenagers, Milica would strike a pose for Tijana and they would fantasize about Milica's soon-to-be-launched modeling career. Then, Milica discovered she had lost one earring that was her grandma's gift, and they started looking around for it. Instead of the earring, they found an old diary, and started reading from it. These were in fact the personal impressions of the yard written by the five "Everywhere is a Home" artists in their native languages the day after they visited the yard the first time. This part devoted to the past of the yard ended with a pause for refreshments and cigarettes.

The second part of the performance was called: "Only Wolves". It started at 12:43 pm. The introduction went: "The present is chaos. It is now. It cannot be predicted or explained. It cannot be storyfied."

All of a sudden, we saw Milica and Tijana at the second floor apartment window with construction helmets on. They were engaged in a humorously coarse discussion between two female construction workers, showing off how sexually liberal they were, how they beat their husbands, and how the fire next door could not be extinguished efficiently because the fire truck was blocked by their irresponsibly parked cars. At the same time, they were nervous that the owner of the apartment, who hadn't been happy with their work, might show up. The next event was Uroš coming down to the arena on a skateboard,

and repeating once again the notice from the front door, the same one that Dino read previously. Later on, I found out that this young man is the first person the artists made friends with in the yard. He works in the "Andjela" fitness center at the corner of Molerova and Njegoševa Streets, and has found this yard as a pleasant place for a short break and a snack. At the sound of Rihanna's song "We Found Love", Milica and Tijana ran to Uroš and danced around him. Tanja yelled: "Shut up! Stop with that!" But then, all three of them turned on their mobiles, and, following the same music, started singing: "You shouldn't popularize this yard, Drug addicts use it, It's very acoustic, We can't sleep, we can't sleep, we can't sleep..."

The next scene was devoted to the Wolves. Two young men, who were practicing with the actresses the other day, appeared from their club, dressed in black pants and black and yellow T-shirts. They took off the shirts and started training in the arena. Tijana and Milica joined them after a while, following their moves at first, and then "training" with them one to one.

All of a sudden, I saw my husband approaching Christina. She was standing in the background holding two red roses which the Wolves were going to present to the ladies they trained with. When I came over, he was already engaged in a conversation, telling her that his wife is very talented and should be given a role in the performance. Christina did not quite understand what was going on, so I came over and just said: "Don't take him seriously, he is joking." He then told me that there were complications with the maintenance man who came to our apartment to fix the washing machine. Really, he just found an excuse to see what was going on with the performance.

While the Wolves were still on the stage, two typewriters were placed on the wall of the circle. Tanja had a mechanical typewriter and Cory an electronic one. The actresses then asked the audience to go around the yard and bring over whatever objects they found interesting. Placed in glass jars, these objects would serve as in inspiration for text writing that would last for the next ten minutes.

Typing started. People were coming by and bringing different objects: a plastic green fork, a metal fork, a yellow lighter, a cigarette butt, a piece of metal, a light bulb, some strange piece of rusted equipment, etc. Milica read out Tanja's text in Serbian, while Tijana read Cory's in English. The second text remained unfinished because the power supply was cut in the middle of typing. This was, as I realized with Tanja's later explanation, the end of the second part of the performance, devoted to the unattainable present of the yard.

The third part was the "Future", and it remained untitled. The program had the following sentence about it: "The future is a story we write with every breath." Here, each of the five artists read personally the impressions they wrote about the prospect of the yard. Milica and Tijana presented their texts first, followed by Tanja who read her humorous piece, then Christina who wrote a poem, and Cory who spoke from her head.

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Milica then posed a question on whether we thought the yard was worth improving. She asked us to vote. The result was that most participants voted "for" improving the yard, and a few voted "against". Since so many people were "positive," Milica suggested that having no other means to improve the yard at this point, we could at least start with cleaning the mess created during the performance. Everyone started collecting the papers on which the interview questions from the first part had been written. The original plan was to invite the audience to help them "imagine and re-imagine the present and future of this yard through text, images, sound, and material." This part of performance asked for projecting images of the yard made during the process of preparation. Unfortunately, the power supply was still cut. Even though the construction men checked the cables, nothing changed.

Since the performance had to have its proper ending with "Coffee and Cigarettes", I offered to go up to my apartment and heat the water for coffee. When I came down after five minutes, Milica had just started a discussion about the future of the yard. Just as I was approaching them, I heard Tanja's father describing problems they had in their own yard, and how he tried to solve them. It is a back yard of an apartment building in which they live on the first floor. This yard was initially used for throwing garbage into it. As the garbage piled up, he called on to the residents to clean up together. On the designated day, however, he was the only one who appeared to do the job, and started cleaning with a shovel. No one else came. One man even threw something at him. At another time, a man dropped a whole garbage bag on him. He continued to clean the yard at certain intervals, but no one has ever joined him. The only change, his wife added, is that the quantity of garbage has been somewhat reduced. I joined in the discussion and tried to have the participants give some suggestions related to this particular space, the Kneginje Zorke yard.

Tijana suddenly remembered that they still had not opened the plastic box with the "wish notes" suggesting changes in the yard. She read them out loud. The first one was blank. A bit later, they admitted that the notes were mostly written by themselves or their friends. Mine was there as well. Dino then gave some clever suggestions, saying that it would be enough to start with planting new grass, putting in a light and two garbage cans, and fixing the bench. By the end of our discussion it was already 2:00 p.m.

The coffee was soon served, and people stood around discussing informally. I approached Christina and Cory and congratulated them, saying that the performance was a real success. I told the same to Tanja, Tijana and Milica. I also added that they were lucky with the weather, and with not having trouble with the neighbors. There were only two complaints, and they took place at the rehearsal, not during the performance itself. Tijana, with whom I talked about this the previous day, said she was relieved that nothing went wrong in that respect. She was especially worried about the woman with the child who complained a few

times. One of these times, she remarked: "When I want to go to the theatre, I know where to go and buy tickets for a real show".

Act 4: The day after

The day after the performance, I thought to myself: I was right many years ago in deciding to move my fieldwork from Dubrovnik (when I sensed that I should stay as far from home as possible) to the Bay of Kotor instead of Belgrade. Following the UNLISTED event in my yard made me realize that bringing fieldwork research to Belgrade would result in the complete merging of my professional and private lives. This had been happening throughout the previous week, and was continuing even though "Everywhere is a Home" had finished. I keep wanting to pass through the yard whenever possible. Curiosity did not allow me to detach myself from the field site: What is happening "the day after"? Has anything changed? And, yes, I did find the yard on Sunday 12:00 p.m. quite a bit different from the previous day. I was returning from Kalenića Market, incidentally at the same time the performance started the day before, and peeked into the passageway. A truck facing the street blocked it. Squeezing between the vehicles, I entered the yard and saw an amazing construction activity – six men bustling around, each doing their specific part of the job.

When I came into the yard again a quarter of an hour later, I knew that once I pulled out the camera the workers would react negatively. I thus told the construction workers nearest to me that I came related to yesterday's performance, which I was following for the purpose of scientific research. One of them replied that they heard that their presence was not welcomed on the site. He was bewildered as to why anyone would prohibit someone else to work. He relaxed after he heard my explanation that the real cause for the complaints of the residents was the performance. They started talking to each other about theatre. The conversation between the two men near me went something like: "When were you last in a theatre?" – Oh, I think it was fifteen years ago..." They still did not want to be photographed, so I took some shots from a distance. The main activity involved making concrete, which was then transported into the building under construction. They had sand and cement in piles, one next to the other, and water in a barrel under the tree. The men were walking between the two piles, the water barrel and the area below the new wall, where a dumbwaiter-like device for lifting mixed materials from the ground to the second floor stood. Once I finished documenting the activity, I said goodbye, and one of the construction men commented: "So, you ran out of camera space". They obviously thought that I am a news reporter. I left thinking what a chaos it would have been if this activity was to happen at the time of the performance, where everyone would be running into each other – workers into actors, audience into workers, actors into audience, etc.

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The same afternoon, I had scheduled an interview with Cory and Christina. While I was waiting for them, I saw elaborate activity in the yard. The workmen were sweeping the ground with brooms, cleaning after their daily work. The truck was now full of waste and leftover furniture from the building. The men did not feel comfortable seeing me there again. They were looking with distrust. While standing at the Molerova Street, I saw Uroš from the "Andjela" fitness center who participated in the performance. I thought: "Every time I come down, I find out something new! The stories keep appearing even after the performance has ended. This is quite amazing."

While I was talking to Uroš, the truck from the yard left, and I took two pictures of it. One of the workers came near me and started a conversation. He and his colleagues were afraid that their activity would be criticized in the media, and that I was the one collecting the evidence against them. I told him that I was an anthropologist, a professor at the university, and that I was studying how the performance was being done in such a transitory place. He did not believe me, and went on to explain that they were criticized for "not wearing their work uniforms", and for working "24 hours a day". I asked who these words came from, was it from the residents. "No, they were coming from the text in the performance," he replied. I said that I did not hear that, but even if something similar had been mentioned, they should know that the artists wanted to incorporate everything that was going on around them, including the construction work. He was even more convinced that the performance was organized in this space exactly because of the construction work going on in it. I can only assume that these guys really think that the world is revolving around them.

The construction worker also noted that no one else cleans the yard. The two garbage collectors just come there to sit and sleep on the bench, and use the yard as their toilet. Residents also do not clean. They come through, take their dogs out, and sit for a while, but no one cleans. Since they started working there, and this had been about two months ago, they found much dirt in the yard, especially the cigarette butts. His point was that he and his colleagues were the only ones that did any cleaning in the yard whatsoever.

After answering a phone call from the truck driver who was frightened that the photos taken of the truck would be published, the construction worker pointed to the problem of the cars parked in the yard. One of car owners, even though he left his mobile number under the windshield wiper, came out twice to move his car and then stopped responding. The other, with the big white car, did not respond to calls at all. They needed the residents to move their cars in order to get the truck inside the yard, and to free the space for the new construction material.

When Christina and Cory arrived, I told them of my conversations with the workmen, who saw some kind of conspiracy in the fact that the performance was organized in the very space they worked in. The evidence for this was that they were criticized for not wearing the proper work uniforms and that

they were working long hours, longer than they should have. The girls had no idea that their stay and performance could have had such a negative effect on the workers. A week later, in a conversation with Tijana and Milica, we concluded that the workers must have picked up the dialogue between the two female construction workers which was taking place at the window, where they were criticizing their boss for having them work long hours. Also, when seeing the construction helmets on their heads, the construction workers might have assumed that the two girls were sending them a message that they were not properly attired for their work. They could not believe that the workers had misunderstood the comedic nature of the text.

The UNLISTED diary finished the third day after the performance: Tuesday, September 25th. I decided that I had to force myself to end this familiar engagement with the yard, as otherwise it could go on forever.

Ending: About my roles and attachments

My intention now is to go over all the roles I have played in the course of the preparations and realization of the UNLISTED performance, as well as to sum up how my relationship to the yard, both emotional and intellectual, changed from the beginning to the end of this experience.

The roles I found myself in or chose to take within the "Everywhere is a Home" performance could be placed into four categories. The first one, and the one with which I started, was the role of ordinary resident of a yard chosen for a site-specific performance. At the moment I found the announcement about the BITEF show on my front door, I was a private citizen living in a building that had its back turned to the yard designated for this artistic event. Somewhat later, when I met the artists for the first time in the course of their preparations, they interviewed me again as a resident who was willing to tell them her memories of the place. I thus became their source for compiling a collective history of the yard. Even when I decided to put a "wish note" on what I would like to change in the yard in their box, I was still, at least partially, a resident who decided to play along.

The second role I took was a professional one, the role of an anthropologist intrigued by the prospect of an artistic transformation of a deserted physical space into an active social place. This role was generated in my mind very soon after reading the performance announcement, while the anthropological inquiry itself started the day I went to the yard for the first time to make visual documentation of the space prior to the changes to be initiated by the artists. Professional activities continued while: closely observing preparations, the final rehearsals, and the show itself; making further inquiries about "our yard" and the other, larger ones in the vicinity; and interviewing my son about his memories of the yard, as well as interviewing the artists following the show.

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They continue up till the present, when I am finishing my text on how the BI-TEF performance transformed my backyard into an anthropological field site.

The third role I had was as a participant in the performance. This role came when the curator of the show, with whom I exchanged e-mails all the while, asked me two days before the show whether I wanted to participate in its third part, envisaged as a panel discussing the possible future of the yard. This role, which I enthusiastically agreed to, was a consequence of my interest in the performance both as a resident of the yard and as an anthropologist. It is interesting to note that, at the moment I accepted it, this role was a potential one. The panel was supposed to happen only after the voting of the participants on whether it was worthwhile considering the future of the yard or not. Thus, when the performance actually started, I joined the event as an ordinary audience member. As the show progressed, it became clear that there was no division between the artists and the audience, and that in fact, all of us present there were the participants. Moving along with the performance action to all corners of the yard, and coming back together to its central parts, called the circle (or the sand box), and the arena, made us blend into this event which seemed to us somewhere between artistic imagination and reality. All the people present were friends and family of the artists except the three of us who were the neighbors, i.e., the residents of the apartment buildings surrounding the yard. Once the performance reached its third part, the voting showed that the majority of the participants did see some potential in a yard as a neighborhood place, so I took the opportunity to join this discussion. As the speakers were giving examples of the experiences with their own urban yards, and the discussion seemed to be ceasing, I took a role that I hadn't been initially given, that of a discussion moderator. My private and professional interest in this topic inspired me to see whether there are any resourceful suggestions for the revitalization of this particular yard.

The fourth role that came as a natural outcome of my interaction with the artists was that of their friend and supporter. This role came out in different moments, such as: showing positive attitude towards their project from the very first contact, inviting a few residents to the performance (and yet not overdoing this sort of promotion in order not to distort the natural course of events), and helping them in a critical situation when the power supply failed and they could not boil the water for coffee with which they planned to finish the show (by boiling the water in my apartment). I also appeased their worries that someone will make a fuss over the show and spoil it, gave them sincere compliments after the performance ended, and shared with them the after-the-show reactions of the construction workers. I even acted as their advocate towards the same workers when explaining that the performance was not about them, and especially not against them.

It is obvious that these roles developed as the performance process was progressing, and that they often overlapped. The critical moment in which all

of them merged together, I think, was when I decided to write a "wish note" for the yard and put it into the plastic container. This is when my decision was made about leaving the role of a neutral observer and taking up a role of an active participant, both as a resident of the yard and as an anthropologist.

As my roles in and about the UNLISTED performance multiplied, my mental and emotional relationship with the yard changed. From not having any particular attitude towards it, I became aware that I needed to name it in reference to the theatrical performance and to my anthropological inquiry, but also to reflect adequately my personal feelings towards it. So, from a space for which I had no interest whatsoever, and which I called "yard" or "passage" behind our building, I started calling it "our yard" or "our backyard." And even though a few weeks have passed since the performance has taken place, I still feel like a new, friendly place exists just around my corner.

Another outcome of the performance is that I decided to bring my urban anthropology students, with whom I am discussing Marc Augé's concept of "anthropological non-places" to my backyard. This might even happen for the occasion of the opening of an exhibition to be organized by the UNLISTED artists where photos taken in the process of preparing for and realizing the performance will be presented. I have further invited the artists into our class to give them an opportunity to present their performance and discuss with the students the future of the yard.

It is hard to tell whether the UNLISTED performance will have any longer-term positive effect on the residents and their use of the yard. On one hand, things do not seem promising. As noted already, they hardly appeared during the performance. Those residents that appeared were a sort of "exception that confirms the rule". On the other hand, I heard some positive feedback from the Molerova 9 address, where some ladies were inquiring with my relatives who came to the performance about what in fact was happening. When I told them about the photo exhibition planned for November, they expressed interest and said that they will invite their neighbors as well. Also, if the Vračar Community officials were informed about the event, and some proposal for revitalization of the yard was sent to them, this could possibly make some difference.

Thus, the artistic activity that came to my yard through an experimental theatre form, would not remain only a memory of a one-time used non-place, but could become an inspiration for the long-term transformation of a non-place into an unpretentious neighborhood place.

I think I should conclude that taking up a field site for anthropological inquiry that is too close to one's home might end up being a dangerous ordeal. It can entirely wipe out the border between private and professional life. It can be compelling but also devastating, especially when studying performances such as "Everywhere is a Home." This performance may become an infinite process of withdrawing from the site and appearing unannounced again at different points in time.

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"Everywhere is a Home" visual documentation of an anthropologist



(1) Part 1. Ambrosia: The Tour. Tijana explaining the history of the "circle" to the participants of Tour 2.



(2) Part 2. Only Wolves. The wolves are holding a training session, with Milica and Tijana joining them.



(3) Part 2. Only Wolves: Dueling Typewriters. Cory and Tanja, the playwrights, type texts using materials found in the space by the audience as inspiration.



(4) Part 3. Future. Christina, Tanja, Tijana and Milica present their contemplations on the potential of the yard.

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**БИТЕФ ИЗА МОЈЕ ЗГРАДЕ:
КАКО ЈЕ АНТРОПОЛОШКИ ТЕРЕН (БУКВАЛНО) ДОСПЕО У
МОЈЕ ДВОРИШТЕ**

Овај текст је произашао из спознаје да сам у једном тренутку постала заточеник следа догађаја које као антрополог једноставно нисам могла да занемарим. Идеја да га напишем појавила се као последица најаве да ће перформанс у оквиру неформалног програма Београдског међународног позоришног фестивала (БИТЕФ) 2012. године, бити одржан у дворишту иза моје стамбене зграде. Текст говори о процесу који је подразумевао праћење припрема и реализације перформанса насловљеног "Свуда је дом". Намера ми је била да покажем како су се моје улоге умножавале и мењале, као и како се мој однос спрема дворишта, како емотивни тако и интелектуални, мењао из дана у дан. На крају, поново разматрам искуства са UNLISTED (Ван списка), групом постдипломаца са Универзитета уметности у Београду укључених у овај уметнички пројекат, који су успели да трансформишу моје двориште у антрополошки терен.

Кључне речи: антропологија града, антрополошки терен, суседски простори, перформанс, БИТЕФ, Београд