The Fellowship of the Olympic Rings

Personal and Poetic Reflections on the With One Voice UK-Japan Learning Exchange, Osaka and Tokyo, August 2019

Jez Green
The Fellowship of the Olympic Rings

A Glorious Adventure in a Faraway Land

Cast of Characters:

Four Hobbits:  Thoughtful Tortoise (KB)
               Country Fox (FP)
               Observant Wolf (BK)
               Mountain Ranger (LK)

Two Men:  Dramatic Raven (DT)
          Green Heron (JG)

A dwarf:  White Bear (SL)

An elf:  Incisive Raccoon (JO)

A wise, powerful wizard:  Ruthless Peacock (MP)

Prologue:

“The world is indeed full of peril and in it there are many dark places. But still there is much that is fair. And though in all lands, love is now mingled with grief, it grows, perhaps, the greater.”

J.R.R. Tolkein, The Fellowship of the Ring

Disclaimer: this is not a complete record of all the events and visits from the exchange. Rather it documents some of my key highlights, learning & reflections.
Chapter 1: Flight from the Brexit Isles

12th August:

Given the ultra-bleak political situation in the UK, I decided to try my best to ignore British politics for a couple of weeks once I’d left home. Even so, it’s hard not to carry it all around like an extra backpack.

A delayed flight and missed connection left four of us stranded at Schiphol Airport for 8 hours or so. However, this did little to dent our Mancunian enthusiasm, especially given the excellent meditation centre at Schiphol, (pictured).

So, in spite of the flight-fatigue and Brexit bugbears, on the approach to Kansai Airport, Osaka, this little poem popped into my head and asked to be noted down. I like to see it as a little slice of what we were about to taste:

**Tomorrow**

When tomorrow emerges, glistening,
from the waste and tatters of today,
we will step back, shaken at the resolute purity
of such brazen hope, such inviolate compassion,
born from the fires of hatred, the smoke clouds of outrage
and the cold, spent ashes of contempt.
Chapter 2: Cocoroom & Osaka

13th August:

Arriving at Cocoroom Café and Guesthouse felt like coming home. Akin to the travel-weary hobbits arriving at Rivendell, I reckon.

Firstly there was the familiarity I carried of Cocoroom’s history and the University of the Arts, as well as the fact I had met its founder, the multi-talented kimono-wearing poet, Kanayo Ueda, on a previous WOV exchange in Rio. Then there was the warm welcome from the guesthouse staff, and from the rest of the GB delegation, who had all arrived earlier that day.

But the emotional sucker punch was waiting for me when I was shown to my room...

I’ve written a number of haiku before, but hadn’t done so for quite a while. All of a sudden they seemed the perfect way to record and summarise my experiences in Japan. Brief enough to be jotted down in the gaps between visits and events; structured enough to force some thought into those seventeen syllables. Naturally enough, this was my first one, written that night:

Room 305

Room for a haiku, poet? Only just - watch for that syllable count!
14th August:

The day was split into a morning tour of Kamagasaki, led by Kanayo’s activist husband, Minoru Yamada, and what the WOV exchange timetable cunningly described as “observation of Sokerissa dance workshop”. Well, there’s no observation like participation: Especially for those of us who were taking part in dance activities for the first time! I felt a lot like this on the inside:

Towards the end of the workshop, already rather disarmed by having performed my personal dance interpretation of “lotus flower in a stream” in a room full of other humans, we were informed that what we had just done was to be repeated as part of a larger performance by Sokerissa that afternoon in nearby Triangle Park! I figured that comfort zones are there to be disrupted, and that I was unlikely to see most members of the audience ever again anyway…

Sokerissa


← My dance partner, Machiko, and I posing on our imaginary bicycles
That evening we headed into Dotonbori, an area well known for its street food and theatre. We visited a shrine and had our fortunes told (a bit like Frodo looking into the Mirror of Galadriel, but considerably less frightening!) We ate takoyaki (octopus balls), okonomiyaki (a kind of pancake, literally translating as “what you like, cooked”) and yakisoba (fried noodles) before strolling along the bustling banks of the Dotonbori River. All the while, in the humid heat of the city, I carried round a ridiculously large stuffed Pokémon that I won in an arcade!

**Dotonbori**

Fortunes told, street food, claw machine - Pokémon win!
River walk, laughter
15th August:

In the morning we completed our tour of Kamagasaki with Minoru-san. Although he looked very unassuming (and rather like he was about to embark on a fishing trip), his tales of the area, and his involvement in fighting for the rights of its residents, were extraordinary.

Like many of the areas we visited in Japan, the bursting of the economic bubble in the early 90’s, and the subsequent mass-unemployment of construction industry day labourers, shaped Kamagasaki’s recent history.

These day labourers effectively re-built Japan’s cities before being consigned to the scrap heap: abandoned into poverty and frequently into homelessness. These men are also easy prey to exploitation, and we saw for ourselves a representative of one of the criminal gangs outside the welfare office, on the lookout for vulnerable men to use as forced labour.

The state’s inability to job-match for these tens of thousands of unemployed labourers, plus the welfare system’s unwillingness to properly support them, means that the Yakuza are effectively plugging a massive employment-brokerage gap, to which the authorities turn a convenient blind eye.

Minoru-san was a union leader at a time when playing this role meant receiving death-threats from the gang members simply for going to get your pay. His activities have contributed to the lives and welfare of a great many vulnerable men.

Union Leader

Tales of Yakuza, exploited day labourers and activism
It is difficult to imagine how things would have shaped up for Kamagasaki and its ageing population, were it not for the powerful partnership of activism and the arts, embodied so potently in the marriage of Kanayo Ueda and Minoru Yamada.

What better way to respond to the hardship and isolation of so many grey-haired citizens than by creating a University of the Arts for them? It is truly poetic.

Poetic

Chapter 2: Tokyo –Kawasaki, Chiyoda, Harajuku & Roppongi Hills

Saying “sayonara” to Osaka so soon after our arrival was a sadness alleviated considerably by the prospect of a Shinkansen ride to Tokyo.

I was far too busy staring out of the windows to write anything about the experience. But seriously, just look at that thing! It served as just one of many, many reminders that Japanese design is streets ahead of anything in Britain. They do both beauty and practicality in spades. Everything runs like clockwork, and looks great while doing so. In a nutshell, the polar opposite of Northern Rail.

I could harp on all day about the Japanese propensity to design beauty into the mundane and practical. But this manhole cover and bench will tell you all you need to know about their urban aesthetic.
16th August:

Our first formal duty in Tokyo was to participate in the British Council’s Equality, Diversity and Inclusion forum at the Muza Symphony Hall in Kawasaki. (I’m stretching things a bit, but perhaps it was a little like the Council of Elrond. We were discussing who gets to do what with the ring of power, arts, and for what purposes).

Various members of the party spoke alongside Japanese practitioners and academics from the world of arts and culture. The focus was heavily on personal expression, and how the arts facilitate this, although the WOV contingent brought a much wider perspective to this, particularly through the use of the “Jigsaw of Homelessness”. The panel discussion afterwards was fascinating, although it would have been good to field some questions from the floor as well.

The poem below is my (rather skewed) summary of the panel discussion.

Cracks

Investigate gaps,
look for the liminal,
crawl into cracks,
become more invisible:
Who is the giver?
Redefine charity:
who’s the receiver?
Sidestep polarity.
Cling to relationship,
work toward equity,
distribute power,
and smile more infectiously.
Some reflections:

It was very clear, both from this event and from previous conversations, that the Japanese government can and does fund arts-based work with some excluded populations very well. It is doing a great deal for people with disabilities, and for some of the ageing population.

Nevertheless, there are always those groups to which governments are conveniently or ignorantly blind. Many of the older, unemployed men we encountered in our travels were suffering the effects of physical or mental illness or simply old age, but were far from the minds of government ministers.

It was fascinating to hear some insights into the many incidences of hikkomori (“shut-ins” – a condition in which people completely shut themselves away in their homes as a response to societal expectations, and who often suffer the mental and emotional consequences of doing so). Hikkomori is usually thought of as a youth phenomenon, but Professor Taiko explained that the 1.5 – 2 million people affected by this condition are now more likely to be elderly than young.

The professor's overarching theme was that inclusion in society – rather than medical treatment – is the appropriate response to such a condition. The same can certainly be said of the thousands of ex-labourers living either on the streets or in cramped or inappropriate accommodation in Japanese cities.

Gandhi stated: “The true measure of any society can be found in how it treats its most vulnerable members.” A key difficulty seems to be in identifying all of the various groups of “vulnerable members” and in ensuring that appropriate funding and responses are made available to each of them – rather than just those that are deemed most politically expedient at any given time.
17th August:

The main event for this day was the much-anticipated collaborative arts event at 3331 Arts Chiyoda: a mash-up of the Manchester Street Poem storytelling installation and soundscape; the Sokerissa dancers; photography project Sanyukai; and a Tokyo street poet, among others.

The cardboard-paint-and-stories side of things was capably orchestrated by MSP’s very own White Bear, who set the tone for a superbly participatory event.

This collaboration was also our first introduction to the work of ARCH (the Advocacy and Research Centre for Homelessness). Members of this Tokyo Tech-based project organised and hosted the event, bringing all of the strands together under the banner of “Make Tokyo Full of Colourful Ideas”. This focused on encouraging members of the public to make pledges toward tackling homelessness, including by signing up to join ARCH’s twice-yearly street count.

The event seemed to bring out the best in all of the various art forms, as they wove together and interacted, creating a wave of intoxicating emotion. I was exceedingly grateful to my Mancunian colleague Observant Wolf for handing me her digital SLR camera and suggesting I take photos. The lens provided an excellent medium between myself and the interactive arts, allowing me to make a record of the event, rather than sitting and blubbing in the corner (like a hobbit overwhelmed at the beauty of elvish singing.)

It also allowed me the opportunity to take a vast number of photos with an excellent bit of kit, including the one below of Kanayo Ueda making her first, elegant marks on the Street Poem cardboard.
Here is an English translation of Kanayo’s evocative poem from the event:

There was a man
Sleeping on the edge of a street
Sleeping like a dog
Sleeping like a human
I still remember the eye of the man
Shouting, “This is the gravity of the earth!”

- Kanayo Ueda

My own contribution to the cardboard was the haiku inspired by Kanayo and Minoru’s work in Kamagasaki. If anyone noticed I had spelled the name of the place wrong, they were far too gracious to point it out...

Finally, here is my seventeen-syllable summary of the whole, glorious event:

**Collaboration**

Cardboard, black paint then
white paint, dance,
photography,
poetry, magic
18th August:

This was a day off, so naturally we all crammed as much activity into it as humanly possible. I began with some much-needed me-time: a solo visit to the Meiji Jingu Temple in Harajuku. Despite being in the city, the Temple is situated within magnificent, forested grounds, adjacent to Yoyogi Park.

I found the temple itself a little underwhelming in comparison to the grounds, and was drawn instead to spend the majority of my time in the “Inner Garden” or Gyoen. Despite being the wrong season to see anything much in the Iris or Azalea Gardens, there was still a vast array of plant (and insect) life to behold. This also allowed me the opportunity to return to the traditional subject matter of the haiku form: nature.

Gyoen

(i)

A discarded skin,
ants murder a stranded worm:
violent beauty

(ii)

Kiyomasa’s well,
crystal cool depths enshrine stones:
smooth, round, gazing up

In the afternoon, five of our party convened at an open-air swimming pool in Minato City, near the Tokyo Tower. There is little point recounting the various diplomatic incidents that involved us being reprimanded by lifeguards no fewer than five times. It is enough to say that by swimming the wrong way down a lane – stopped only by having a lifeguard’s float thrown at me – I brought shame upon our group, and felt like Boromir after trying to take the ring from Frodo by force.
All nine members of the Fellowship came back together for an evening at the centrepiece of the nearby Roppongi Hills development project: the 54-storey Mori Tower, home to the Mori Art Museum. There we were blown away by the immense and emotional artwork of Shiota Chiharu, a Japanese installation artist living and working in Berlin. I can only recommend that you check out her work.

We also found the best ramen of the trip in a classy little noodle bar called Afuri.
19th August:

In the morning, five of the Fellowship travelled to Shibuya to meet with a colleague from ETIC (Entrepreneurial Training for Innovative Communities). It was an interesting chat, and an opportunity to get to know some of the members of ARCH – Nao, Professor Dohi and Kaho – a little better. We carried on the conversation over lunch at a lovely restaurant called “We Are The Farm”, where most of the vegetarian food came with at least some meat! (A standard hobbit dietary practice).

In the afternoon we tagged in some other members of the Fellowship, who visited an organisation called InVisible Arts, while the rest of us stayed at the hotel to wash clothes and attempt to nap.

The highlight of the day was undoubtedly the “Welcome to Tokyo” party thrown by the ARCH faculty in their lab. Like any decent party in The Shire, this involved much food, drinking, singing and party games. We also watched an impressive lightning storm from the balcony.

ARCH Party

The activist lab hosts a warm welcome party for tired British folk

With takoyaki, a rapping professor, kendama flinging
20\textsuperscript{th} August:

This was a full-on day, with a tour of Kotobuki (in Yokohama) and a presentation by the Yokohama Art Foundation in the morning; a presentation and evaluation workshop run by the UK delegates in the afternoon; and an ARCH-led symposium at the university in the evening.

The tour of Kotobuki – an area not dissimilar to Kamagasaki in terms of its history and populace – was a strictly regimented affair. We were instructed not to take photographs and not to speak with the locals. We all felt immediately frustrated at the need to sift our learning about the area through our finely tuned local-government-whitewash filters.

However, this proved rich ground for haiku writing. I was able to direct all my irritation at the version of the events we were presented straight into verse.

**Kotobuki**

(i)

Kotobuki is
a stage where all actors are closely directed

(ii)

Here we organise
the community so that
all the art is inside

(iii)

The park is empty.
Pigeons strut and peck the ground,
but no one feeds them

(iv)

Along the banks of
the Nakamura River
we used to sleep well

(v)

A wise man once said:
“there’s no such thing as a weed.”
We did not listen.
(vi)

We used to labour
by day, drink into the night.
Now we sit and stare

(vii)

A childless district
has Little Red Riding Hood
as its civic badge

The ARCH symposium took place in the Royal Blue Hall of Tokyo Tech, and was a great opportunity to share some of our learning from Manchester, including our work with the Homelessness Charter, creating the Manchester Homelessness Partnership, developing co-productive practice and using the arts to strengthen our work.

It was great to start to get a feel for some of the many partners in the room – all of whom ARCH have clearly been building bridges with. The symposium ended with a series of group movement exercises facilitated by Mountain Ranger, which were another brilliant way of bringing people together, taking down barriers and catalysing laughter.
Some reflections:

On this day we saw a very different kind of response to an ageing, unemployed and homeless population than the one we had witnessed in Kamagasaki. There, Kanayo and Minoru saw that these neglected humans needed a community to belong to, creative activities to take part in, and dignity as they approached death. They enacted this by providing spaces (not least Cocoroom Café) to help integrate the older men into the wider community, by setting up a University of the Arts, and by fighting hard for people’s human rights. They had not anticipated any help from the local government in their efforts to provide these.

In Kotobuki, the Yokohama local government response to a very similar population was much more paternalistic and suffocating. Pubs and bars had been closed down and turned into welfare centres. We heard how, prior to the 2002 World Cup, large numbers of people sleeping rough along the Nakamura River had been “offered accommodation”. Yet in Kotobuki it was clear that the standard accommodation offer for a single, unemployed man was a tiny room in the equivalent of a B&B, paid for by Housing Allowance and without anything to do or any sense of community.

The only park was a depressing dirt rectangle with a solitary climbing frame. The local nursery had to import kids from neighbouring areas (mainly from immigrant families), as there were essentially no children in Kotobuki itself. And while the Yokohama Arts Foundation was aiming to provide a much better offer to the local residents, reading between the lines there was a distinct unease between the local government officials and the arts provision.

Of course, these are familiar issues in the UK as well. But seeing them in such an alien context really helped to distinguish with clarity between the human, caring response, and what was merely convenient for officialdom (while still providing the requisite good PR).
21st August:

We lost a member of the fellowship this morning. Thankfully, unlike Boromir, Thoughtful Tortoise was not slain by an Uruk-hai chieftain, but rather caught her scheduled flight back to the UK for work purposes. Nevertheless, her absence left a wound in our hearts for the remainder of the exchange.

I was not in the party that visited the Big Issue Foundation in the morning, but was grateful to be amongst the number that visited Sanyukai, a photography project in Sanya district, aimed once again predominantly at men over the age of 65, many of whom are vulnerably housed.

Here we heard stories that taught us of another disturbing Japanese phenomenon, Kodokushi. The term means “lonely death” and refers specifically to people dying alone and then remaining undiscovered for a period of time. Like Cocoroom, Sanyukai seeks to specifically grant dignity to their participants in life and in death. In the words of Masaru-san, the project founder:

“We’re together until you die,
we’re together after you die.”

This outlook was epitomized by the beautiful shrine in one corner of the tiny Sanyukai premises, filled with icons from various religions, and surrounded by photographs of deceased members and friends of the project, packs of cigarettes, bottles of sake, and even urns of ashes waiting to be left in a place of worship.
Kodokushi

Each day we hear the
ambulance sirens announce
the unnoticed deaths

At Sanyukai we were privileged to meet with Jiro-san and Tokio-san, who talked to us about their experiences with Sanyukai, and about their photography. We were struck especially by the stories surrounding the temporary structures made of wood and blue tarpaulin, some of which they had photographed.

These self-constructed shelters had been home to them and to many of the men they knew; but each shelter had to be taken down once a month, to appease the law and its local enforcers. This process took several hours, but seemed to be dealt with in remarkably good spirits, all things considered.

The photographs spoke for themselves, portraying in both charmingly mundane and shockingly unusual detail the day-to-day lives of the men and the community they live in.

Jiro-san talks about the photographs taken by himself and friends at Sanyukai
Some reflections:

In my own photography practice I have often been drawn to plants of all sizes that have taken up residence in unusual places, often breaking through bricks and mortar in the process. I find the hardy but beautiful little “weeds” that line the pavements a useful metaphor for the difficult but wonderful lives that find rich expression if you know where to look... and how to listen.

**Weeds**

Forces of nature
push fragile leaves through concrete:
you can’t keep down weeds*

*The last line is stolen from the pioneering installation artist, Kurt Schwitters*
22nd August:

I opted out of the morning visit to a government-funded shelter, and instead headed to Akihabara (or "Electric Town") to look for Gundam* (or “Gun-pla”) kits as presents for my two boys. I was directed to a department store, where I found the 7th floor devoted to toys, and two whole aisles dedicated to Gun-pla kits. It was a totally overwhelming (but ultimately successful) shopping trip.

* Gundam is a Japanese sci-fi media franchise featuring skyscraper-sized mecha, piloted by humans. From the bewildering range available, I can only guess they are rather popular...

Numabukuro

In the afternoon we discovered that ARCH had been saving the best until last, with our visit to Numabukuro, and Japan's first Housing First project, Tsukuroi. Numabukuro is a largely residential area of the conurbation, a little over 10 miles northwest of central Tokyo.

The Fellowship convened in Numabukuro in twos and threes, having travelled from various other places. Uncannily, members of each little group recounted to the others how they had immediately felt at home upon walking through the area – the first time we had felt such a connection since arriving in Tokyo. The small shops lining the narrow streets included florists, a second-hand bookshop, cafes and other local stores. The tree-lined streets and three-storey apartment blocks felt distinctly European in some respects, after the high-rises and multi-lane, highways of other areas.
Our meeting point was Café Shio no Michi, a beautiful space with light décor, simple wooden furniture and colourful artwork which would all be the envy of Manchester's Northern Quarter. The café is a meeting point, both for the local community and for residents of Tsukuroi, some of whom have gained employment there, while others volunteer to roast the fairly traded coffee imported from East Timor.

In the café we met with two of the Tsukuroi tenants, and heard more about the project from its founder, Tsuyoshi Inaba. We also drank the best coffee that we tasted in Tokyo. By the time we left the café, we all felt completely at home and totally inspired. It was hard to tear ourselves away.

We also found ourselves drawn to a book entitled “Shinjuku Cardboard Village Photo Album 1996-1998”, which documented some of the hundreds of cardboard shelters in Shinjuku Station in the mid-90’s. We were amazed to see so much artwork on the cardboard shelters, which I later found out had been created by some Tokyo street artists.

Our next stop in Numabukuro was Tsukuroi House, home to Tsukuroi’s office and also their short-stay accommodation. There are seven rooms there, available for up to three months while workers support their residents to obtain bank accounts and welfare, prior to moving into a local apartment.
Mr. Inaba told us that the name “Tsukuroi” means: “to mend by sewing.”
The cat in their logo is called “Noi”, which means: “to sew.”

Everything about the project seemed to be thoroughly person-centred and asset-based, although neither of these terms was bandied around like they are in the UK. This was a project that seemed to “get” Housing First much more clearly than some examples we knew from home:

**Housing First**

“Floating support first and housing later. Maybe.”
That’s Manchester’s way *

* The portion in quotation marks is stolen word for word from Incisive Raccoon.

We also spotted this picture on the wall of the Tsukuroi office.

We didn't ask what it represented, but the handprint was evidently reminiscent of the Manchester Street Poem logo (which some of us were wearing that day) albeit in red rather than white.

On the roof of Tsukuroi house, one of the residents, 79-year-old Nakahachi-san, was building his own oven to bake sweet potatoes for sale in the café. He felt ashamed that Japan imported so much food when vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, grow so easily there. He was also incredibly fit and sprightly for his age!
We left Numabukuro delighted at having found such a beautiful neighbourhood and such an inspiring housing and social project, but also rather wistful at having to leave again so soon...

**Tsukuroi**

Sewing up holes in the city’s old safety net, spreading saudade

Nevertheless, Observant Wolf, our newly dubbed Minister for Entertainment, had decreed that this was the evening for karaoke, and by the time we’d eaten our evening meal we were all seriously in the mood to party...

Karaoke is done properly in Japan. Friends hire a room by the hour, dress in ridiculous garb, select the tunes of their choice and then belt them out with enthusiasm. We were all rather surprised by the amount of fun generated...

**Karaoke**

A teenage dirtbag finds karaoke healing: life on the Brightside
23rd August:

Much of today was spent feeling exceptionally sorry for myself. Packing with a hangover is never ideal, but mercifully very little else was necessary for much of the day.

By late afternoon we headed out into our final excursions, starting with a visit to the British Embassy. The Embassy's bar was emphatically not somewhere I felt comfortable, and I was grateful for other members of the Fellowship – notably Mountain Ranger, Dramatic Raven and Ruthless Peacock – for taking on the lion’s share of the mingling and schmoozing. Nevertheless, we all had a bit of a chat with the ambassador himself, before presenting him with a little piece of our Street Poem collaborative artwork and our hopes for arts and homelessness work in 2020.

![British Embassy]

Following a Thai dinner and an all-too-brief de-brief, I had the necessary but lonely task of making my way back to the hotel alone for a few hours of sleep, while the rest of the Fellowship headed out as volunteers on the ARCH street count. This count happens every six months, and routinely shows rough sleeper figures that are around 2.5 times higher than the numbers on the government street count: hardly a surprise, given that the official count takes place in the daytime!

As I understand it, the count was an extremely well organised, thorough and compassionate undertaking, made all the more special by the inclusion of a textile-based art intervention, conceived by Country Fox. However, as an absent member of the team, I don’t feel as though I am best qualified to write about it! I’ll stick to a single haiku instead:

![Street Count]

Street Count

Art intervention
weaves humanity into
critical data
24th August:

And that was it. A harsh 6am alarm call, another phenomenally punctual, clean and rapid train to Narita Airport, and we were jetting off westwards with lumps in our throats and a whole new tribe in our hearts...

Sayonara

And then, beneath clouds,
Tokyo disappears from view,
while tears well freely
Final Reflections:

It is really difficult to summarise such a jam-packed, emotional and insightful couple of weeks into a pithy nutshell. However, what became increasingly clear as time went by is that the folk at ARCH really do have their finger on the pulse of homelessness in Tokyo.

We already knew they were well researched, active and fairly radical. But we weren’t so sure that they realised the value of forging and strengthening a network of partnerships if they were serious about creating a meaningful Tokyo Homelessness Charter.

However, the breadth of organisations and projects we were taken to during our stay in Tokyo, not to mention the variety of people attending the ARCH-led events, demonstrated clearly that they understand the value of the existing work in the sector and in uniting these partners into a movement behind a mandate for change. I hold great hope for their vision to launch this work publicly in 2020.

The greatest learning of all, however, lies in the time we spent together as a Fellowship of the Rings. The cumulative knowledge, experience, passion, vulnerability, kinship and laughter between the nine of us would have made the trip worthwhile even if all else had failed. To travel to a faraway land and to speak and sing there With One Voice was a precious and life-giving experience.

Jez Green, September 2019