

expo
zéro

musée de
la danse

the catalogue

[http://expozero.](http://expozero.museedeladanse.org/)

[museedeladanse.org/](http://expozero.museedeladanse.org/)

Rennes (FR): **Musée de la danse / Le Garage**

Boris Charmatz, Raphaëlle Delaunay, Vincent Dunoyer, Anne Juren, Faustin Linyekula, Tim Etchells et Janez Janša, Nikolaus Hirsch, Georg Schöllhammer, Sylvie Mokhtari en partenariat avec Nathalie Boulouch (Archives de la Critique d'Art).

St-Nazaire (FR): **Le LiFE**

Boris Charmatz, Laurent Chétouane, Cosmin Costinaș, Raphaëlle Delaunay, Yves-Noël Genod, Yves Godin, Janez Janša, Michael Riedel, Gerald Siegmund.

Singapour (SI): **Flying Circus Project**

Boris Charmatz, François Chaignaud, Padmini Chettur, Mette Ingvarsen, Donna Miranda, Joavien Ng, Yves-Noël Genod, Heman Chong, FARM, Ong Keng Sen.

Interactive video: a project by Aldo Lee. Initiated by Boris Charmatz.
Design: g.u.i.

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Taking shape at the crossing of the museal, choreographic, and performative questions – *expo zéro* is an atypical event – an exhibition without any works, and with no other place than an idea: to set the imaginary foundations of a *Dancing Museum*. Gathered around that idea, some choreographers and dancers, but also art critics, historians, architects, exhibition curators or archivists – with for only tools their body, their presence and their voice. Project with a border-line-status, it is a wholly artistic event, striving to fill an empty space with fantasies, memories, analysis, archives, stories, dance reproductions. But it is in the same time the prospecting of a wider desire: to fill the significant *Dancing Museum* with a multiplicity of knowledges, practices, to use the “immaterial material” produced each time in order to draw more precisely the outlines of this museum to be. While wandering about, each visitor thus became the unique trustee of a dancing museum – according to the fragments remembered, the crossings, the stories reconstructed. Hence the idea of a compilation, to gather those fragments, that “dissemination of positions¹” – and to build from those scattered “dancing museums” a sediment to be shared.

But isn't there the beginning of a paradox in the fact of inscribing and *giving to read* a project conceived so much around the zero? A project with no object, nor paper, nor pen – trying on the contrary to create a vacuum of all material trace. Can the blank page become one of the territories of this migrating idea? Another projection surface after Rennes, Saint Nazaire, Singapour and Utrecht? Must one consider the writing of *expo zéro* like a crossroads, an extension, a synthesis – or a new experimental area: another version?

This catalogue started from a simple idea, launched after the two first editions: to invite each of the participants to write on, around, from and beyond their own experience of *expo zéro*. In front of the maze of propositions unfurled – and the impossibility of embracing them as a whole – the idea was to keep the drafts, the notes, the memories of what had happened. To extend the thoughts, the gestures generated, and to give a place to all potential versions that couldn't come into existence. Simultaneously, Boris Charmatz's invitation let the possibility appear of another line of writing – overrunning the simple fact of “leaving a trace”,

¹ This is how philosopher Bojan Manchev defines *expo zéro*.

of archiving, and allowing to continue the formal research work initiated during the exhibition.

With contributions as you would wish,
*Text(s), comment(s), feedback(s), memory(ies),
regret(s), thought(ssss), lassitude(s), advice(s),
complaint(s), doubt(s), horror mental picture(s),
funny little movement(s), instant(s), weight(s)*
Even a line could make it
But 8725361 lines are also ok²

In echo to this open invitation, the contributions received are a mixture of mnesic strollings, propositions of virtual museums, scripts of performances, sketches and chronicles – like a puzzle with ill assorted pieces. In order to organize those texts, we chose to stick to the principle of *drifting*. Of breaking rhythm. Of impromptu. Of sudden change of subject (sometimes). Of underground links (often). Of assonances and short cuts. Taking *expo zéro* as a whole with no defined spatial or temporal borders, the catalogue goes through various layers of elaboration, mixes the before, the after, the present – flashbacks and projections. Indeed, if *expo zéro* is an exhibition without artworks, it is a project that is rich with an abundant preliminary written matter. The presence, between the texts, of the letters sent by Boris Charmatz to the participants – describing as many virtual versions of *expo zéro* – or of the “pre-concepts” written by some of the artists, lets us catch a glimpse of another aspect of this process: the gap, the adjusting between projection and realization, rough work and creation.

In the corridors, the rooms, the recesses of *expo zéro*, the visitor could pass by a choreographer standing against a wall, eyes closed, and listen to him talk for hours. He could also move further, then place himself at the threshold of several spaces – listen and look in stereo. Or catch, while passing by, the reading of a fragment from some archive. Contemplate a body lying down, reproducing a play by Trisha Brown. Loiter with a dancer woman doing her warming up exercises. In the same way, each of those texts carries its own movement, its principle, while indicating its possibilities

² Invitation de Boris Charmatz à l'écriture du catalogue:

“Pour les contribution, à votre convenance: des textes, des commentaires, des retours, des souvenirs, des regrets, des pensées, des lassitudes, des conseils, des plaintes, des doutes, des images mentales d'horreur, des petits mouvements amusants, des instants, des choses pesantes. Même une ligne peut suffire. Mais 8725361 lignes conviennent aussi bien”.

of crossings. Between the lines, each contribution *appeals* to the others; lays down something of a speech that – although solitary – speaks in the plural; draws the horizon of an ephemeral community, of an “us” that remains to be built; and produces the image – incomplete, wobbly, of a “dancing museum larger than everyone of us can remember individually”. As Gerald Sigmund reminds: “This is what I want to remember: that which no one can remember alone.”

Activating writing forms that are transitive, reflexive, poetic, narrative, experimental, those texts propose to the visitor a reading that is in turn ambulatory, floating or attentive. Writings to be deciphered, leafed through at full speed, activated, left to macerate, continued – they do not appeal so much to a passed event, than to a story still to be written. Their destination would rather be, like Heman Chong expresses it in his “pre-concept”: “To imagine. A future (holding, let’s hope, meaning involved).” In the past, the present, the future, expo zéro is to be danced, listened to, looked at. Spoken, sung and murmured. expo zéro moves along. Occupies the space. Unfurls without leaving any trace. And nevertheless. expo zéro is transmitted. expo zéro is drawn and filmed. Is being told. And written.

Monday, October 5th, 2009

Children understand very well what movement is. If it moves, then it's alive. The sand isn't, but the sea is. The sea is alive. Pierre had asked me if sand was alive, I had asked him in return what "alive" meant for him: "It's when it moves." The idea wouldn't have occurred to him, indeed, to ask me if the sea – or the clouds – or the river – or fire – were "alive". For the Dancing Museum, which (as you have well understood now) is for the moment an empty museum, as vast as the universe in a way, we greeted the visitors, in Saint-Nazaire, with such questions. What kind of things one could put in a dancing museum. A little girl, intimidated by the space – or by my rings – told me (or through her mother): "One could catch butterflies." And a little boy to whom Boris Charmatz asked what the worse movement might be: "The worse movement is to write."

I imagine a dark museum. A dark museum in which people would enter one by one. A museum made of hundreds of cells, capsules, rooms, containers, boxes, halls, tanks, in which people would enter one by one. I imagine that in each of these dark capsules, one would be invited to sit or to lie down, or even to crouch, to only freeze. I imagine a museum that would discourage visitors, take away from them the desire of continuing their visit. A dark and stifling museum where one could only soften

up, fall asleep, grow numb. I imagine

a black museum of dance

, a dancing museum one couldn't visit but which would visit us. I imagine myself alone – lying down – overwhelmed – asleep – inside a draught-proof capsule, ready

to visit an unvisitable museum

. A museum where – since one can't see dance, or dancers, read books, or consult archives – all our wishes, hopes, desires, fears, prejudices, dreams, nightmares

of dance would visit us.

It would be a museum where imagination would be faster than knowledge.

The museums of all our suspicions concerning dance

. I imagine a museum where one would be visited, a museum where the invisible dance would come to visit us, see us, touch us, brush us, perfume us, invade us, irritate us.

The museum of dance's perfumes.

It would be like a massage parlour. When a masseur touches us, the moistness of his touch, the strength of the pressures, the swiftness of the contacts inform us as much about his dreams, his knowledge, his cultures, his techniques, his obsessions, his ignorances, as about our wearinesses or pains. Thus, in each capsule of the black institute, a blind massage would let us visit dances,

stories, styles. The unique, singular, subjective, arbitrary hands of the masseur would visit us. We would let our bodies be visited. An opaque museum where unknown bodies would visit us. Like when the softness of the skin, the taste of the lips, when the posture and the unprecedented combination of hesitations and self confidence from a strange lover fill us with new knowledges – as much as they chill and delight us. Dark delicious museum where the exchanged caresses would increase ad infinitum the knowledges about the dances of the world.

In the basement of the dancing museum,

would be dance's dying home

. Inside its capsules the dead dances would decompose, and the dead dancers, the dying dances and the nearly dead choreographers. Rotten

dancers, **gamy dances** would sneak into the bodies of the dozing visitors. The ferments of this giant compost would float around the visitors. The whole dying history of dance would go mouldy and would recompose in there.

A compost disintegrates the matters, brings together substances of various origin and antiquity, and forms a warm and rich paste while rejecting what remains unassimilable. In this museum-dying home of dance, history of dance would not be a catalogue of styles and periods but a gigantic compost where the dying decompose at various rhythms. A compost whose warm emanations would surround the curious and languid nostrils of its visitors.

expo
zéro

“I imagine a dark museum”

François Chaignaud



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Ok, you're a guide of *expo zéro*, that's what should be understood. People will see through you the void of the zero, of the exhibition and of the future, an exhibition a child would love: the void to throw oneself into. "A room where you're free to think what you're going to do."

(Robert Barry)

The September 2009, I was invited to take part in the first expo zéro. Intrigued by the ambiguous and indefinable aspect of the dancing museum concept, I accepted the invitation. The rooms of the Garage were empty: no object, no setting, no possible music. We – actors, performers of the museum – and the audience in a same place for eight hours on end. The people arrived.

I enter. A big white room, brightly lit, cold, silent. I did right to keep my coat on. A few people walk and discuss quietly. A woman dressed in black, one hand behind her back, walks towards me, hesitating. She shows me the way, extending her arm – I move forward. A bit further, I notice a man and two women staring at me intensely. One of the two women, a stout figure, is wearing a blue working dress; the other one, who is thinner, wears a long beige dress printed with Coca-Cola signs. The man, dressed as a worker, lays his arm on the shoulder of the woman with the blue working dress, while she slowly turns her head towards the other woman, throwing out her chest. I can see her breathing quicken. As for the Coca-Cola woman, she's still staring at me, and even begins to smile, as if to allow me to continue looking at her. Out of politeness, I answer that smile, while realizing that it is between us the mark of some kind of complicity which as a result excludes me from the two others.

I already feel I'm part of the game.

I skirt round the trio. Now the woman is smiling to the man, who invites her to dance a waltz. Other people join them, almost automatically. Soon a small crowd is waltzing, while a performer explains how to dance a waltz in the communist way. The couple of workers observes them.

A bit further, I see a woman in her forties, she begins to slide along a wall. She has shadows round her eyes. The position her body took unintentionally makes one feel the extent of her weariness. The upper half of her body leans slightly sideways, her chin resting on the collarbone, while her stretched legs act as a counterweight, preventing her to fall. Her eyes close. One imagines her hours spent at work; and in spite of the people looking at her, she begins to fall asleep. Observing the slightest of her movements, one expects her to do something – feeling awkward at seeing her so tired. To expose one's weariness in such a way in this huge white bright room

makes us feel a bit responsible for her weariness, as though we were the ones who caused it. But nothing happens. A solution would be to join her, try to fall asleep with her in order to understand her condition in some way. This is maybe what she is trying to create: an orgy of rest. Already, a few people lie down on the ground. I too am getting ready to take off my shoes, when I hear some noises behind a white curtain.

I turn back.

Behind the curtain, a darker room. A woman is telling her son about the time where she was "a member of the party". They are sitting on the ground, facing each other. He: back towards the people watching them. From time to time, he turns towards them and asks them to applaud very loudly or to roar with laughter. The son wishes his mother to explain: what did she say during that party conference – which was filmed, but without the sound. She can't remember exactly – laughter –, but she says it would be very simple to find again – applause – because at the time everything was written in advance, the questions as well as the answers; anybody could know what she was going to say, including the questions asked – laughter. Everything was foreseeable, repetitive, organized and without change – laughter followed by applause. I then imagine a mute theatre play where a lip reader would translate the actors' words; they, not following the text anymore, would start to say anything they want. And she would continue to read on their lips in the most coherent way possible.

All of a sudden my father gets up and tells us that he was a political refugee, and that he lived twenty-three years without being able to go back home. I ask him to explain how he felt about knowing from far away a part of his country's history while living another kind of daily life. How did he resent that distance? And why did he never speak to us in Czech?

I find myself again in another room. A young woman in her thirties comes in. She is wearing a coat. Doesn't take it off. While she seems to be looking for where to go in this huge space, she finally moves towards me. I look at her intensely, while maintaining the "party attitude". In order to give my posture an illusion of immobility, I must constantly keep my weight in the middle of the body; the only possible way is to sway gently from one foot onto the other. After a while, this alternated pressure has allowed me to explore the soles of my feet in depth;

I can state all of the parts – from bones to sinews – while still not knowing their names. Eight hours is a long time! Now and then I allow myself a slow undulation which goes through my entire body – it makes me laugh gently because no one can see it. When by chance an attentive visitor notices it, I repeat it two or three times, insisting on the undulation of the hips, to confuse people.

Now my comrade on the left side grabs me by the shoulder; his hand is warm and damp, letting me believe that it will remain printed inside me. It's the signal. I begin a slow movement of the head towards that woman, whose dress's pattern makes me thirsty for a Coca-Cola. My breathing quickens.

The collection of unforgettable shows

What is your first impression when you think of a museal space for dance? Does it mean something to you, or not at all? It would be interesting to hear how every one reacts to these words – and especially you, who have theorized the absence on stage! I can't help thinking that the dancing museum is necessarily a failure from the beginning. And, because of this, a valid one, in spite of everything, like a romantic quest. Of course, dance risks dying when it enters the museum, but such a risk might also keep it "alive"?!

And I was wondering also very simply: what are the works that a historian would like to include in his personal museum – which ghosts of bodies and of gestures float above all the others, and for what reasons? It is probably impossible to put the experiences of a dance critic, just as they are, inside a museum, even if I believe that the spectator's gaze should be at least as important in our potential "collection" as the collection of unforgettable shows. Or perhaps is it precisely by our gazes and our bodies – today's and tomorrow's – that the works in this museum can become alive. In *expo zéro* you would enjoy the possibility of evoking all the pieces that will never enter the museum, either because they have disappeared, or because they themselves were made of absent bodies, already.

Anyway, as far as I am concerned, the museum is more about the empty space (which allows also to dance, while museums, cluttered up with untouchable works, multiply the interdictions) than about the full, and more about invention than collection. I do not doubt that on this subject (the empty space and the uncluttering) you have things to say _____ if not to do ! Because this immense space of the LiFE is an invitation to move.....

Yours truly

Boris for Gerald
To be continued?

In the beginning: a doubt and a question. What do I have to offer? What would my museum of dance look like? There are rules. No objects or tools are allowed to help me answer these questions. Me and the others invited to think about a possible museum of dance have nothing but our ideas. During my six days in Saint-Nazaire, it would be just my imagination running away with me. More doubts. What can a dance and theatre scholar bring to a future museum of dance? A museum that, we all agreed on this very quickly, will not exhibit costumes, scores, photos, or play DVDs. A museum that will not display dead objects, but will draw on the performative potential of dance while at the time addressing the question of history. What do I remember about dance that I want others to remember? What do I do?

Having worked as a dance critic for fifteen years of my life and having seen many dance performances before I even started to write about them, I keep a big white box with all my reviews at home. Press clippings with articles, signed by me. This could be the starting point for my museum of dance. This is the memory I have to offer. A white box with dead writing inside. Traces of performances written down in the mornings after, written with a distance in time to my perception during the show, written from memory, mixed with thoughts and fantasies. The box could be in the museum. Visitors may open it, pick up a review and start reading it out loud. The memory of a performance on stage and my performance on the page would be given voice by a stranger who most likely has not seen the show. Knowledge about the contexts in which these performances had taken place would be just as unlikely. Alternatively, with the lid of the white box lying on the side, I could sit next to my treasure grove, dipping inside, picking up reviews, reading them out loud only to start moving. Triggered by my own descriptions of the performances, descriptions of pieces I had long forgotten I had ever seen, I would start to move. I remember movements from these pieces. Simply by having seen so many performances, there must be traces of them inside my body, too. Imprints of a history of dance in the body of a critic and spectator. I dance the dance of memory. My memory. Alternatively, we could show a video loop of me sitting, reading and moving, since I cannot sit on the stool next to my white box for the entire time the future museum of dance will be open. Maybe the visitors will remember my moves, copy them, and start moving, too.

After five days of discussions, on Saturday, the Museum of Dance *expo zéro*, second edition at Saint-Nazaire opens its doors. The museum is hosted by a space called LiFE. This is both an interesting and a telling name for a space inside a Second World War building that delivered first of all death. Built as a German submarine base for Hitler's marine forays into the Atlantic, it is a confusing experience for a German citizen to be here. Death is present. On the walls are written the names of the submarines or the soldiers they carried on board. They are still very clearly legible after almost 70 years. "Paul. † 1943", "U Seepferd". The second "e" in the word looks like an "x": "Sexpferd". Turning sea into sex: is this what life does to history? LiFE is even more interesting in regard to a museum of dance whose potential objects, "the performances", die right after they have been shown. Do we show dead things? How do we bring them back to life and to LiFE? Is this a haunted place? One day the smell of water seeped through the cold dark floor into the space, reminding everybody of the shifting ground underneath. The space is a permeable and porous membrane. It is cold. We are exposed. We are exhibited. In this vast space there is no place to hide. Everything is hyper visible at the same time as everything shrivels into insignificance because of the vast distances. Lost in space.

expo zéro. There is nothing to support us. No props, no texts nor images. Definitely no white box. Just our bodies and language. *Engage me. Talk to me*. I talk to a couple of people who have come to see what a museum of dance has to offer. Others join us and gather to make a small circle sheltering us from the great white open. My box. My memory. My archive. I remember. I talk. William Forsythe, Jan Fabre, Meg Stuart, Sarah Michelson. I move. Just a couple of tendues I remember from the first Fabre piece I had seen in Frankfurt in 1989. A phrase of Forsythe's *Quintett* that Raphaëlle Delaunay has taught me. Lots of times and places. I throw myself on my knees, my arms fling around. It hurts. Meg Stuart's *No Longer Readymade* in Hamburg 1994. I perform the dance of the critic in Sarah Michelson's *Shadowman*. In 2005 in Mousonturm Frankfurt I actually danced the critic myself. In the piece, the critic was copying one single move a dancer had done before. I copy moves dancers have done before. But I copy them from what I remember. I copy them from what I think I remembered at the time I was writing the review. I copy from writing having transformed

movement into text before. And yet. I move along the entire diagonal of LiFE. It takes quite a while. Not being a dancer, I do it all wrong. I dance the dance of memory. My memory. The public watches me and talks back. They remember Jan Fabre, too. In Avignon. And William Forsythe. In Paris. Here we go. A conversation about dance, from our memories, shared in the *here and now* of LiFE in Saint-Nazaire. A museum of dance that is larger than what each and everyone of us can remember individually. This is what I want to remember: that which no one can remember alone.

‘We’, ‘Us’, ‘Our(s)’

Dear everyone,

Perhaps the most luxurious terms within this project that will be employed, are the terms “We”, “Us” and “Our(s)”. By agreeing to gather in this context, “we” have begun to imagine “us” as an entity, a form that exists in a structure, where (because “we” are human), “we” have already begun to demand something from each other (in this case, an email “request” for my subjective vision which will be shared between “us”). In a way, (to quote William Gibson), “we” are now part of a “consensual hallucination”.

This text is, of course, a small fragment of the narrative that will unfold over the course of the next few weeks. “We” don’t know the future, but it is within “our” capacity to imagine one. Which is what is expected of “us” here. To imagine. A future (hopefully, with some meaning involved).

Before I digress, I would like to stake a point: the fact that what “we” are doing is inherently political: To imagine. A future (for “us”). And that is where I’ll be approaching this situation, to develop this version of the musée as a piece of political fiction. The production of this fiction is restricted between the 4th and the 8th of November 2009. The product will be a short story that will be distributed to the audience.

The fact is, that “we” are always in constant encounters with “us”- “we” are always part of a group, whether “we” like it or not. Perhaps, just for the sake of discussion, I would like “us” to imagine ourselves as a nation. A small one. A tiny city-state (not unlike the one that “we” will be conducting our little experiment in). After-all, what is a country but a novel (in some cases, a short story...)? What are laws but mere rules of a game? How do we engage with this Macondo of “ours”? How would “we” like to be governed?

Best regards,
Heman Chong

Once an object enters a museum, the nature of its existence changes. Accosted with a new and possibly hostile physical environment, the object's original conditions are modified or even lost in the new context. But there is an imperative for objects of every age, composition, and condition: conservation. The museum assumes the responsibility for maintaining the object's physical stability, for slowing down the processes of decay.

If the ambient environment in the museum was simply geared to the needs of the collection, the rate of decay of the objects would be slow. But museum spaces are not solely occupied by objects; there are also human beings to be housed – staff and, in significantly larger numbers, visitors. Both people and objects are sensitive to the environment; they even respond to the same physical variables of environmental change, but there is a crucial difference: people are primarily temperature sensitive, whereas most museum objects are humidity sensitive. A 4% relative humidity (RH) change has the same effect on objects as a 10% change in temperature. The same change in RH has the same effect on people as a 0.1° change in temperature. This means that objects are a hundred times more sensitive to RH than people.

Museum visitors can take action to influence their environment; they can adapt to, and recover from, a thermally hostile environment by changing the pattern of their activities or by moving from a place where they feel uncomfortable, or by reducing the amount of clothing they wear. Visitors wear heavy outdoor clothing, which may cause them to overheat and perspire as they walk through a space that is kept warm enough to provide thermal comfort for lightly clothed guards. On rainy days, people wearing wet raincoats cause even additional moisture gains. The solution to the problem is simple: they could leave their clothes at a cloakroom. Objects, though, have no such control over their environment. They are rather passive recipients of the ambient environmental conditions that people help to create and are unlikely to recover from completely after being subjected to a hostile environment.

The conflict is fundamental: with their very presence, human beings produce changes in their immediate environment. Human metabolic functions such as breathing and physical activity such as walking alter the conditions of temperature and humidity in the air and

effect the objects. A visitor releases approximately 60 grams of water vapor per hour, and at least 60 watts per square meter of body surface as heat. Can this be prevented?

Note: There is no reliable relationship between human comfort and the suitable environment for an artwork.

From air-con cold to unbearable natural heat

The response mechanism of the body in itself as an living organism, voluntarily or involuntarily, consciously or sub-consciously.

My body (literally the piece of meat) has undergone multiple climate / culture / activity changes over the past few months.

Some instant memories of my own bodily experience below:

- Temperature: From chilling cold to cooling cold, to humid, to cold but sunny, back to humid, then to cold, to wet weather, and back to extreme heat and humid... from air-con cold to unbearable natural heat...
- External surrounding / tasks: From mechanic routine of daily rehearsals, walking from apt-subway-studio and vice-verse; to wives' roles of spring cleaning the house and doing the yard; to the countless hours of computer work and office work, to negotiating its steps in the busy city of Lisbon, back home and falling into a stagnant low energy preservation state, then again to the busy streets of Jakarta, to Korea where the body is suddenly forced into a state of dancing unfamiliar choreography and dealing with unfamiliar rehearsal timings, from 10 pm to 3 am, back home and returning to an almost stagnant stage...

It interests me to rethink how this auto-pilot button in the body is being pushed. For example, how it becomes quickly adaptable to the busy streets of Jakarta, with swift and agile reflexes to avoid the heavy and unpredictable traffic vs how it falls into a more clumsy mode when it is in a familiar and safe and less-activity place like my home. Is it by seeing, hearing or touching that the button is triggered? Or? And what would be the state of behavior when nothing is transmitted to the brain (not seeing, not hearing, not touching, etc.)?

Maybe the above interest can be my point of departure in *expo zéro*... still thinking in process...

Regards
Joavien

What could be an art historian's contribution to the Dancing Museum? How to make archive enter a place without *history*? How to represent a practice of writing (historical and critical) and a working method (related to research and the use of archive) in a project like *expo zéro*, defined by a dancer: Boris Charmatz? A project with no document, no book, no photo – no *trace*? During this public event, what other resort than to answer “present”, while still abiding by the rules of the game proposed by the Dancing Museum: to summon the archives but show nothing to the public. What form should one invent for those splits between history and invention of a museum of the future? What archives should be summoned?

The Dancing Museum in the archives

My desire: to begin spontaneously the reflective work by laying the documents on the table.

To listen to the other participants of *expo zéro* while they speak about those documents. To gather their reactions. To remain attentive to their curiosity, and understand what it is that interests them in terms of their own respective practices. In the same time, to make perceptible the way I explored the shelves. To tell why I might have chosen this document rather than another. Open boxes and take out some folders with a neutral pH. To discover there some letters, work notes, unpublished or published documents, photographs...

To explain the surprise of the finds. For example: a lettrist file in the archives of Pierre Restany [FR ACA PREST THE LET/001]. In this file, the “Déclaration Maurice Lemaître – Isidore Isou sur les plagiaires du supertemporel et l'action lettriste”, then a description of the “Musée à croissance illimitée” by Le Corbusier (1962).

To talk about the unexpected finds like archives coming under the obvious: *Dimanche, Le Journal d'un seul jour* (Yves Klein, November 27th, 1960). To draw the lines of an intellectual and gestural progression among the collections of the Archives of art criticism. To react in this way to Boris Charmatz's invitation: walk the whole kilometer of the Archives of art criticism looking for the Dancing Museum!

The Myth of origins

What is archive? At the Archives of art criticism, it is the writings of the actors of the critic and art scenes from the years 1945 to nowadays, their libraries and their documentary stocks. The whole of the collections

represents 1,2 km in line, among which 70 000 printed documents, 2 200 titles of periodicals, 400 meters in line of working documents (10 000 archive files, over 45 000 visual, audiovisual or sound documents).

After having moved around in a private or semi-private sphere of activity, those documents are now put at the disposal of research workers and an interested public. The collections comprise about 250 funds of writings, that are the exact photography of contemporary art criticism. Added to this are 54 funds of archives which represent the memory of the witnesses and actors of the artistic scene of the six last decades.

To put it differently, at the Archives – one goes through, one makes inventories, one classifies, one identifies, one appraises. Then, to use the words of Arlette Farge, “under the archiving the relief gets organised” (Farge, Arlette. *Le Goût de l'archive*, Paris: Seuil, 1989, p.41).

Finally, as the contemporary artist Jean Claude Lefevre would say: “one must want in order to see”. In order to make the archive *visible*, a constant work of writing, of reading, of creating files, of taking notes or photographs, is necessary. This germination of the archive allows us to visit again (then to confront) the vision and the thought. And to make out of it each time a new subject for research, a new page of writing.

The invention of reading and of writing is in actual fact linked to archiving. What origin, what sources can the Dancing Museum come to draw from the Archives? What historical and critical content for a Museum in motion?

Dance and history of performance

Since the Sixties, reflection on the artwork – its modes of emergence, of putting in sight, of diffusion, but also the way it is documented and informed – has been renewed as much by the artists themselves as by the art critics and the curators. The whole of those questions has found today an artistic, institutional and technological context that is suitable for a different reading. The week of “think tank” which preceded *expo zéro* was the occasion for renewing this established fact in a paradoxical way: starting from the zero. To reflect on an exhibition that wouldn't exhibit anything else than its *possibles*. As a researcher, I had the chance to analyse some of the exhibition strategies set by artists and authors belonging to the international scene of the years 1968-1975 – in the specific field of periodicals.

One observes that some speeches and some works linked to conceptual art and to performance have found in those periodicals -which were among the most creative at the time (*Avalanche*, *Interfunktionen*, *Art & Project*...),- an adequate vehicle for the critical positions they defended.

Such practices wondered how to re-formulate the artwork starting from its documentation. And it is mainly *outside the museum* that they exerted this right of critical inventory – until the museum integrated them in its own collections. Today, wouldn't it be meaningful to convoke them – precisely – in the Dancing Museum? To convoke them without exposing them, to evoke them in the empty space – without fetishizing them?

expo zéro = conceptual exhibition?

expo zéro = manifesto exhibition?

expo zéro = exhibition "in-formation"

(in English in the text, and to recall Dan Graham's words)? *expo zéro* = exhibition of archives? It's in the interstices between such questions that the Dancing Museum builds its foundations.

In his first article about Allan Kaprow's happenings, published in the magazine *Domus* in August 1963, Pierre Restany explained: "To attend a happening is to plunge into it, it's to be necessarily "with it": this event corresponds to a reality in itself, in space and in time. During its process, it exists as a whole, as an independent physical and plastic reality."

In order to back up this quotation, one might ask oneself in what way it is possible today to tackle an ephemeral art form without having been its spectator? How to show what has been inscribed in the practice of a body, in a length of time and inside a certain space? How to reconsider an emotional experience without having gone through it oneself? Therefore, how to think the place of the historian and the function of the museum?

When the artwork merges with the experience of the "here and now" of its accomplishment, arises the question of the memory of the body's gesture. The relation we maintain today with this memory lies on a mass of elements gathered in archives. Photography, film, video have recorded traces of the performances. By their statements, the spectators, among whom the critics, have been the vectors of diffusion of these practices. And last, the periodicals, by publishing texts and/or photographs, have often played the essential part of true stages offering an alternative to the "live" production.

Beyond the archives, the museum is the place where is organized, that memory made public. How to imagine a museum where dance's memory would unfold? How to make one perceive that "ornament of duration", to recall the words of Paul Valéry?

Since the XIXth Century, photography then cinema and video have allowed to fix the trace of dance: bodies frozen for the needs of the pose; then, thanks to technical progress, bodies caught in the energy of movement. The value of such images (fragments of time-space) is that of a pre-recorded experiment, whose question is raised again by the museum: documents or artworks?

“The artist’s body becomes both the subject and the object of the work. The artist is the subject and object of the action.”

Willoughby Sharp, “Body Works”, *Avalanche*, n° 1, automne 1970, p.14 (Fonds François Pluchart, ACA)

“In bodyworks the body *per se* is not as important as what is done with the body.”

Willoughby Sharp, “Body Works”, *Avalanche*, n° 1, automne 1970, p.17 (Fonds François Pluchart, ACA)

PREST.XT161

“Yves Klein presents : on Sunday November 27th, 1960

The blue Revolution continues

From 0 :00 AM to 24 :00 PM

Theatre of the void

One day’s diary

News

A man in space!

The painter of space jumps into the void!

Pure sensitivity

Capture of the void

The idea thieves

From dizziness to prestige (1957-1959)

“Come with me into the void”

The contract

Monochrome stupefaction

The five rooms

War

Ballet project on aspect of fugue and choral

The statue

The mark of immediacy

Sleep

Reversal”

“Fusion of the frame with the painting

The line as turning point

Fusion of real space and fictional space

Fusion of the work and the spectator

Fusion of the participant and the world

Fusion of the inside and the outside”

“Lygia Clark / Fusion généralisée”, special file in *Robho* (n°4)

FR ACA PREST THE LET/001

“Museum with unlimited expansion / Maurice Lemaître

– Isidore Isou

Bulletin

August 1962

[...] The main purpose of the society is the building of an ‘expanding’ museum of the XXth century’s fine arts, inspired by the idea of architect Le Corbusier. [...] The Internationales Kunstzentrum intends to build a real expanding museum, which is to say that this museum must always present to its visitors the art of the world at the time of its birth.

Building programme

Museum

a) Museum pieces of 3 000 meters of surface in suspension
museum surface 85 x 85 m

b) installations on the ground floor: secretary's office, library
and catalogue collection, archives, print room, studios, store
houses, garages, caretaker's apartments and the necessary
sanitary installations

[...]

Miracle Box

Amenities for congress, music, speeches, cinema, theatre,
etc.

Capacity 800 people.”

“The event being unique and incapable of
reproducing itself in identical form, the only
evidence containing objective data is
the one of the 10 587 steps and a half recorded on
the Manpometer.

8, 470 km = 8 470 meters

1 step = 0,80 m

hence number of steps:

$8\,470 / 0,80 = 10\,587$

587 steps and a half.

Work in progress

8.10.1969 – 12:00 AM to 20:00 PM.

Gina Pane”

The *doing* and its trace

Every conceptual practice questions implicitly the function and the status of archive in art; by looking in the Archives for some examples of conceptual works bringing into play this fluctuation between the *doing* and its trace, took form for us a body of words, sending back to different aspects of their relation: source, trace, leaflet, story, description, codification, classification, collection...

Everyone here can practise his own reading, from the few propositions that were put forward as a result of the opening of the archive boxes. When discovering them, everyone should feel free to invent his own experience of a possible *expo zéro* at the Dancing Museum.

During the exhibition, our contribution consisted in a six hours discussion, developed following our encounters with the visitors of *expo zéro*. One will have done "The Washing" with two high-school girls, interpreting the directions for use written by François Pluchart for the eponymous exhibition by Michel Journiac (Gallery Daniel Templon, March 2nd to 8th, 1969). One will have asked the public what artworks taken from History of art it would like to be washed with detergent ("with a view to destruction-recuperation"), and what other works it would simply wish to wash in order to "still make a good use of them". The proposition around Michel Journiac will have triggered a creative impetus, and given form to a few ideas unprecedented in the Dancing Museum! Lygia Clark will have been the occasion to remind to what extent the borders between abstraction and participative gesture are less well defined than one currently believes.

The account of the "activities" produced by Vito Acconci in his studio in 1970 will have allowed to convoke memory, physical and mental performance, the visible and the non-visible of those gestures repeated and documented every day.

The second day of *expo zéro*, we decided to inscribe the presence of the archives in the space and time of the museum, by establishing a dialogue that the public could listen to: a game of recitation of the reference codes taken from the archive files allowed to convoke by speech a body of documents into the exhibition. We took place, facing each other, in a space that changed regularly – with the idea of transposing our research work in the open space of the museum, and to make a few of its fragments accessible. While one of us recited non-stop lists of reference codes

as they appear in a library catalogue, the other interrupted her by describing the contents of some of the archive files. By the reading of quotations, by the description of photographs, performances took shape in a practice of ekphrasis – a convocation of the works into the empty space of the museum. This two-voice recitation played on an interspace: on one side, the abstraction of the system of archival coding, on the other, the precision of the document convoked into the exhibition (sometimes described or read by excerpts).

The stating of the reference codes activated a possible encounter between the authors, the artists, the works and the Dancing Museum.



Here (1) failure is repackaged as the necessary x to sustain the tension that binds. A (2) failure that is symbolic of the obtuse of stability, (3) like those preemptive gestures that allay the fear of the impossible. (4) Failure provides the possibility to keep the phantasm of the ideal intact and tedium of habit admissible. (5) Failure allocates space for permutations and peripheral investigations. (6) Failure poses as motivation to reframe the ordinary and organization of the world as we observe it. (7) A failure that is at the same time a concealment of the tendency to manufacture eloquent excuses to prolong indecision and disclosure. (8) Failure is fragment consummate, an oblique strategy that is productive and cooperative because it is a rejection of finality. (9) Failure is the beginning of an impossible collection. (10) Failure is not exhaustion but romantic and affectionate. (11) Failure stands as the memorial where meaning is generated, worn-out and stripped of necessity. (12) Failure is a reason to start with nothing, work with nothing, and (13) reflect upon excesses that have yet to occupy space.

Hence I was neither surprised nor expecting when I realized soon enough that disorientation, distanciation, contradiction and exhaustion back-and-forth almost near frustrating negotiations were specifically the kinds of collateral damage to be paid and secretly aspired for when in the situation of performing the self. Should there be anything I could comfortably admit to, is that it was that I choose the back room at 72-13's rooftop as a space to stage my proposition simply out of curiosity. A proposition that (1) did not even exist, but a (2) proposition that conveniently stood as an excuse for: "I need a little bit more time to figure it out" a (3) proposition that masked my tendency to evade the museum of dance/dancing bodies, in fact one that almost came off as an avoidance of dance; (4) one that strangled the urgency of time and malleability of space; (5) one that tested the tolerance for uncertainty; (6) one that resisted the temptation to create something new; (7) one that attempted an ambitious transgression; (8) one that was meant as a choreographic and spatial constraint; (9) one that sought to escape a predetermined content; (10) one that was almost near empty of immediate meaning; (11) one that will manifest itself in the process; (12) a proposition that should put indulgent decision-making to a halt; (13) a proposition which proposed nothing in particular but a regulating liminal in the face of the endless possibilities of creating a work/ing.

Out of the 13 propositions I could occupy myself with for the duration of the 6 hours that would transpire, I decided against any particular one. Maybe choosing none meant choosing them all and finally admitting with albeit hesitation to the fluctuation of ideas, (1) to a body that has ceased to have a center, (2) to a body that doesn't need a center, (3) a body discontented with the dichotomy of material and immaterial, (4) an aging body, (5) to a renewed body, (6) to an emptying body, (7) to an impossible body, (8) to an archival body, (9) to a body resisting inscription, (10) a failing body, (11) a multiple body, (12) a disembodied subject, and (13) a permeable and porous body.

Disorientation is probably one of those conditions that a performance situation capitalizes on, or one that a dance practice secretly admits to. Working is mostly spent towards the dissolution of work and non-work, towards multiplying the modalities of making things (im)possible and then breaking down the comfortable segregation of life and work. And yes, now I admit to this failure, I cannot break down life and work. Nowhere was this amplified but in the Musée de la danse where one *by being in the frame is already framed in the work*, where even the private mental space has been co-opted in this temporal zone. In *expo zéro* Musée de la danse: there was nothing at all, no objects or artifacts to be cataloged, screened, segregated, isolated, fetishized, and create narratives for and out. There was only the frame. (1) Should we reinforce the frame? (2) Create ambitious anomalies within it? (4) Or unframe it totally? (5) Assume its failed end? (6) Admit to its failure? (7) Bring the *outside* in? (8) Embrace its finality? (9) Create fragments? (10) Leave markings or traces? (11) Ignore it? No, there was no ignoring the frame. (12) Strangle it? (13) Reframe it?

The Musée de la danse is about creating an archive. But of what, dance? How is it possible to create an archive out of dance, which is not merely an object of bodily practice but a result of the frames of spectatorship and theatricality? Maybe, because as human beings we are confronted with decay that we cannot but help think about what we leave behind. Martina Hochmuth in her introduction outlined some of the propositions generated over the last three rounds in Rennes, Saint-Nazaire and in Singapore: "museum that help us face our fear of death, can we deny the system as art makers, how do we want to be governed, imagined nation, museum

of things, museum of dance, failure of the utopian, museum of illusion, museology of the museum, impossible collection, articulating doubts, memories of bodies in Cambodia, strangling time, choreographic strategy, architecture..." The list goes on. Aside from the recordings and memories of the event, what is left behind but these propositions? Maybe these are already enough. Probably these propositions are not meant as testaments nor documentation of an imagined museum for to do so will render it *unimagined*, which will definitely bring proper failure, one we cannot afford to have.

Dance is always like that, there's always a movement and in that movement there is already another movement, an opening and in that opening another movement which opens another movement, otherwise one gets no dance.

When the well-known French choreographer Boris Charmatz was appointed director of the National Choreographic Center in Rennes, his first step was to rename it Musée de la danse (Museum of Dance¹). In a manifesto arguing for the change, Charmatz pointed out that he simply eliminated the words “national,” “choreographic,” and “center” from the institution’s name. But where can we place the motivation behind this subversion of the consolidated institutional framework (the “center”), of the cultural and political determination of such a framework (“the national”), and of the discipline itself (the “choreographic”? And further, what can we read in the iconoclastic replacement of these signifiers with another (the “museum”), which at first glance would rather belong to the same enumeration of ossified institutional terms than to a realm of subversion, in spite of the playfulness of the renaming strategy itself?

In order to answer these questions, we should look at one of the first projects developed by the Musée de la danse, *expo zéro*. Previous editions of the project took place in 2009 at Musée de la danse/Le Garage, Rennes; LiFE, Saint Nazaire; and at the Flying Circus Project, Singapore; the fourth edition is realized at BAK, in co-production with Springdance contemporary dance festival. *expo zéro* is an exhibition without objects (hence the “zero” of the title); it is set into being by a group of people, with their memories, their actions, the fruits of their collaborations, and interactions. On the occasion of this iteration of *expo zéro*, a group of ten people, which includes choreographers, dancers, visual artists, philosophers, theorists, and architects, spends four days working together as a kind of think tank. Over this period, the participants reflect on the issues raised by the conceptual framework of a “museum of dance” from the perspective of their own disciplines, and try to jointly conceive a staging of the exhibition taking place in the final two days of the project. This process of debating, arguing, researching – both individually and in adhoc collectives – in languages that range from rigorous intellectual arguments to discreet performative gestures, offers a sense of how this “museum” is envisaged.

Before each *expo zéro* takes place, Charmatz, who conceived the project, sends individualized “briefings” to the participants, strategically provoking different perspectives on the museum of dance concept.

¹ Or, as in the playful free translation used by Charmatz: “Dancing Museum.”

These briefings are intended to inspire reactions and engagements from the participants stemming from within their own discipline and practice and, most importantly expanding the area of thinking in which the museum should be considered, opening up possibilities that are not immediately taken for granted in an institutional context of a museum. As we can gather from the briefing sent to the artist and writer Tim Etchells (who participated in the first edition of the project, in Rennes), the concerns of the museum of dance should not be confined to self-reflexive exercises on the subject of art understood as an autonomous bubble, but should rather take the urgencies in today’s society – the “real” world – as the stage for action. Charmatz wrote: “T.E. decides that after all, the main museum of dance is in fact Europe, where movements for immigrants are so restricted, controlled, kept contained. The deadly museum of the land you can’t touch, live in, move in and out freely. [...] Europe as a camp for stopping the movement of foreigners?? As a terrible museum of non-dance?? Fantasies and lists of thoughts.” In an e-mail Charmatz sent to architect Nikolaus Hirsch leading up to his participation in *expo zéro*, we are projected into another zone of critique, this time towards certain institutional inertias and the physical (as well as cultural and political) determinations that architecture presupposes: “A museum of dance doesn’t need fixed architecture, and architecture without architecture is the future of architecture.” In another briefing sent to writer and curator Georg Schöllhammer, we get even closer to the premises of what a museum of dance could be. Rather than a fixed structure of power in the organization of knowledge, a museum should be, first and foremost, an instrument of critique. But this critique must be carried out by an engaged subject, and its critical gaze must not only be aimed at the institution and its art historical traditions, but also at the dominant discourses in today’s society. Charmatz proposed: “We shall discuss this in the residency week before the actual exhibition: a museum is not only organizing memory, but questioning memory and collection-oriented practices. In my own words, I really think that the body is the only real ultimate space for a dancing museum, but not only a body that is able to remember the choreographies seen or learned, but a body that is constructed upon the gaps of the memory, a body that is standing on the edge of ruins of memory, ruins being his main foundation to then act as he does.”

From these premises, the implications of the previously mentioned renaming strategy become clearer. The desire to subvert the idea of a fixed and limited perspective, the notion that the area of interest of art, as well as its implications, is confined to the borders of the institution and its narratives, justifies the elimination of the word “center”. The plea for a cosmopolitan model in our dealings with the world renders “national” an obsolete term. And the different understanding of dance, from a structure where the audience is seen as a receiver of an aesthetic (and/or intellectual) object, to becoming a participatory agent in the performance and, in many cases, fully engaged in an inter-subjective exchange with the performer, makes the elimination of the word “choreographic” an obvious choice. As Charmatz puts it, “when the visitors are part of the museum, they are not anymore an audience – then there is a shift among participants, visitors, spectators, artists.” Also, the elimination of “choreographic” is in the same vein as Charmatz’s strategic appropriation of the term “non-dance” That term, coined in the 1990s, refers to different contemporary dance practices that have provoked a major turn in the recent history of dance, to which this project is a constitutive part. But this set-up of the project also demonstrates that the choice of “museum” to describe the new institution is not a reactionary fall-back but rather another tactical move for setting up a ground for critical action as the “museum” in the “museum of dance” is understood as an unstable, ephemeral conjunction of nomadic and temporary occurrences, which involve audiences and artists in a dynamic that is not informed by consolidated hierarchical roles and positions. Thus the Musée de la danse becomes an instrument to look at contemporary dance and art and their institutions, traditions, structures of power, as well as their potentials, agencies, and political implications. It is equally an artistic project by Charmatz², an institutional platform, and a political proposition.

Returning to *expo zéro*, a number of issues arise when considering the transposition of what has taken place

2 Boris Charmatz relates Musée de la danse to a number of artists’ museums from throughout twentieth-century art history: Kurt Schwitters’s museum in his apartment, the Merzbau (begun in 1923), Marcel Broodthaers’s Museum of Modern Art, Department of Eagles (1968), and Thomas Hirschhorn’s one-month-long Albinet Temporary Museum with modern masters shown in the suburbs of Paris in 2004. To this we could add the modernist utopian project of the German-born Mexican architect Mathias Goeritz, who built and conceived The Eco Experimental Museum, opened in 1953 by “a ballet to end all ballets,” directed by Luis Buñuel.

during the non-public days of the project into the two-day exhibition that concludes each edition. Primarily, how is the knowledge that is produced, intuited, and disseminated in the small group of participants – as well as the common spirit established during those non-public four days – transmitted to a wider audience? And what are the forms and methods for doing that, considering the array of languages and subjectivities sparked by the configuration of the project, as well as the limitations of any translation process? Also what are the ethics of staging such an exchange; in other words, how are inherent hierarchical structures and power relations dealt with in such a context? Throughout the three editions of *expo zéro* that have taken place so far, these questions found different answers and took shape in a variety of solutions. All of these variables are determined by the outcomes of the respective closed-door sessions, the subjective choices of the participants, and the spatial/architectural constraints of whatever space is made available for this work.

During the edition that took place at LiFE in Saint Nazaire, the enormous and imposing concrete space of a former Nazi submarine base determined a more acute reaction towards the space and its ghosts. There, participants enacted their inputs and contributions in a more common fashion, many times moving together around the stadium-sized space, perhaps as a form of resistance to its oppressive character. In other editions, different individual situations were conceived and enacted. At a certain point during the edition in Rennes, the Congolese dancer and choreographer Faustin Linyekula stood outside of the venue with a few large plastic bags (colloquially called “refugee” or “immigrant” bags in many countries), thus creating a situation that might confront the audiences with their own assumptions and prejudices. Yet this action also engaged in a questioning of the boundaries of the *expo zéro* project, and the idea that it can have an impact outside the realm of the event itself. In the same edition, Georg Schöllhammer carried out a continuous flow of both monologue and conversations, while standing in a narrow central corridor, thus putting under pressure a particular understanding of theory and its position in the artistic field, but also its dissemination and the overall issue of engagement with an audience. And in the Singapore edition of *expo zéro*, artist Heman Chong put together a contractual game. He approached individuals and asked if they would like to read a 500-word story,

which they will never be able to read again, as it won't be published. But this offer came with the requirement of learning the text by heart, as a condition of being allowed to leave. Chong sees this proposition as a kind of social contract, one that creates an awareness of the economy of exchange in the field of knowledge and the hierarchical relations it presupposes. These accounts of what happened in previous editions of *expo zéro* are necessarily fragmented and subjective. Because what really remains of each iteration of the project – including the one-to-be at BAK – is the question of what it will become.

With regard to the particular context of BAK, it is significant that the public dimension of the project takes place as an exhibition, a format claimed by the field of contemporary art rather than by the established tradition of dance. But this connection between the two fields is not just a game of language or even formats: it is based on a substantial crossreferential discourse. Thus the choice for an exhibition is to be understood as an affirmation of and in solidarity with processes in the art field, which in recent years have been consolidating the exhibition as much more than a sum of aesthetic experiences in a given (conventional) architecture. This understanding of the exhibition as a space that allows and, in fact, asks for a questioning of the very basis of its systems of production -while being fully aware of its position *in*, and responsibilities *towards* society - is shared with the *expo zéro* undertaking. The project attempts to go beyond the populist affirmation of "free" spaces of encounter and proposes a decidedly political re-thinking of the organization of knowledge, systems of power, and institutional frameworks in society. What it offers to the audience are not the empty ticket stubs of uncritical, neoliberal participation; *expo zéro* rather allows and invites for scenarios of empowerment. And it is ultimately this mission that is in solidarity with one of the long-standing institutional and conceptual concerns of BAK: defining the art field as a civic space for producing knowledge and debating the terms for common action.

(in: Newsletter 2010, 2 on the occasion of *expo zéro*)

by Musée de la danse / Centre chorégraphique national de Rennes et de Bretagne, a co-production of BAK, basis voor actuele kunst and Springdance, Utrecht, 16-17 April 2010)

"Together with Boris and Sandra we immediately thought we have to gather the tremendous knowledge that you all produced in an online catalogue, and all the thoughts that could not be further developed..."

Email by: martinahochmuth@museedeladanse.org, object: by boris charmatz for all former participants of expo zéro (thanks and an invitation...), date: November 1, 2009 16:24:54 MEZ, to: janez.jansa@maska.si, schoellhammer@springerin.at, hirsch@nikolaushirsch.de, anne.juren@gmx.net, faustin@kabako.org, virginie@kabako.org, raphadella@yahoo.fr, vinuno@hotmail.com, sheffieldtim@mac.com and further 8..., copy: borischarmatz@museedeladanse.org, sandraneuveut@museedeladanse.org

One of the 8 addresses that had received the invitation to contribute to the online catalogue, was mine. I had participated at *expo zéro* by Musée de la danse in Saint-Nazaire, but since I had to leave earlier I could not assist to the performance at LiFE, International Space for Emerging Arts, a new venue dedicated to contemporary artistic activities, ranging from the visual arts to music, architecture, performing arts, literature, film, video and new media, sponsored by the city of Saint-Nazaire, gateway to the Atlantic on France's west coast, LiFE has premises in Bay 14 of the submarine base built by the German army during the Second World War, initially designed to house combat submarines, this base has just been thoroughly redesigned by the LIN Agency, headed by the Berlin-based architect Finn Geipel, its vast size - approximately 280 feet in length, 65 feet wide and 35 feet high, giving a total floorspace of some 21,500 sq.ft- offers a huge gamut of spatial possibilities, to be determined by the various projects that will be accommodated therein, L. receives financial backing from the City of Saint-Nazaire, the Loire-Atlantique General Council, and the Pays de la Loire Regional Council, the main focus of its activities is the present-day art scene on an international level. And to quote Martina, "in comparison to *expo zéro* in Rennes, great new formats and approaches had been developed". "We do look forward Singapore (2. - 8. Nov)..."- 3rd edition of *expo zéro* in collaboration with The Flying Circus, hosted by Ong Keng Sen.

The enclosed text „CBS“, my contribution to the above mentioned online catalogue, was realised on my way back from Saint-Nazaire, travelling from Paris to Frankfurt on Oct 1, 2009 on the ICE (note of the editor: InterCityExpress), that speeds up to 300 km/h and usually runs every hour daily between the big German cities and some of the European metropolises. All ICE offer a generous and comfortable quality of seats

which are partly equipped with plugs; and it is possible to reserve seats with a better mobile phone connection in order to make the time of travelling efficient for work. The ICE Sprinter is especially fast: for example, without stopping, it runs from Frankfurt to Berlin in only 3.5 hours. Almost all ICE trains have a board restaurant or board bistro.

Instead of entering full text pages via keyboard, the program I've used allows letters or entire books but also sound environments – though not understood by the program yet still read – to be directly dictated in your usual text editor, edited and formatted without being entered via keyboard. Most efficient with TextEdit since mistaken orders ongoing interrupt the automatic writing on Word, Microsoft Word, often named short MS Word, a text editing program by Microsoft for Windows and Mac OS, part of the Office-Suite Microsoft Office as well as of the program collection Microsoft Works Suite for private users – it is sold as well individually, was launched in 1983 for MS-DOS; in 1984 was published the version for Macintosh, the DOS versions was distributed until 1995, but versions for OS/2 and SCO Unix continued to exist. Today MS Word is the far most used text editing program in the world.

original text in German and English

A look back on a week spent listening to and watching the elaboration of expo zéro – noting the discussions, the propositions, the polemics. A look back which is necessarily incomplete, as some links and connections will be missing. The silences, the unachieved gestures, the books leafed through, the given up ideas. A vast buried archive, some pages of which have been inscribed in the living text written by expo zéro.

Stories and facts

After the *Préfiguration*, *expo zéro* marks a new stage in the elaboration of a project that takes time: time to appear and ask itself what it could be. *Préfiguration*, *expo zéro*: each of these events covers a performative statement, simultaneously a *say*, a *do*, and a *how-to-do-it*; the first gestures of the Dancing museum – which are at the same time a reflection on its conditions of possibility.

Having started from a mere list of names (Boris Charmatz, Raphaëlle Delaunay, Vincent Dunoyer, Anne Juren, Faustin Linyekula, Tim Etchells, Janez Janša, Georg Schöllhammer, Sylvie Mokhtari, Nathalie Boulouch), *expo zéro* built itself during the five days that preceded the opening to the public. To describe this period of elaboration would be to visualize “the *expo zéro* that you haven’t seen”, the scenes cut while editing. But also the birth of the propositions that crossed each other and got entangled. Or also: an event in its own right, a moment of foundation, which beyond the event *expo zéro* will continue to feed the future propositions of the Dancing Museum.

This period of elaboration was inaugurated by introductions: introductions of the names, activities, reflection fields of each participant. During the week, each one will come back to this moment of introduction as to a starting point – to the questions that began to arise and to meet with each other. With the idea that *expo zéro* could be only that: an *introduction*, under shapes varying from dance to enumeration, from chant to stroll. An introduction without performance, and with no object to support it, a presentation that would let flow all crossings of space, of trades, of territories, of questions that have settled during the first day.

It is from there that the networking of the questions and their production in space could be brought about.

How to make visible the course of a dancer with the gestures of the choreographers for whom he has danced, the memories deposited in his body? How to make voices resound in the empty halls of the Garage? Read out the archive on a virgin territory? How to voice the opinion of the critic *with* that of the artist? In what spaces, with what dramaturgy? Together or separately? By producing a general work of fiction, or a series of micro-narratives? By keeping the spaces empty, or by leaving traces, inscriptions of those days of reflection? And how can one tell all the dancing museums that were invented around the table, how can one clandestinely let in those who have not found their place there?

It is probably this plural bringing into play, this “jump into the void”, outside the usual frameworks of performance, that gave *expo zéro* its open, evolving, sometimes stuttering, always changing, character. Twice eight hours of propositions spoken, sung, whispered, danced, walked, triggered sometimes by the presence of one person, or by a question, evolving in accordance with the reactions of a group of spectators; or on the contrary taking place in the dark, discreetly; a movement that one eye only will have noticed, a voice that one ear only will have heard – or perhaps none. Twice eight hours: the creation of an event with a moving geography, that no map would be able to describe exactly.

For there would be as many versions of *expo zéro* to tell as there were spectators.

VERSIONS

When entering the Garage hall, one could hear voices coming from the corridor.

It could be the art critic Georg Schöllhammer, leaning against the wall, setting in perspective the ideas and projects discussed – operating historical crossings between artistic and choreographic performances, innovating exhibitions or museal principles. Or Boris Charmatz, eyes closed, talking for several hours about the week’s happenings, the events of the day before, the ideas exchanged, his own utopias – letting himself be carried away by associations. Or else Janez Janša and Tim Etchells, sitting in front of each other, making catalogues of impossible or improbable museums (for example a museum where visitors wouldn’t move but would be moved about; a museum where they’d

be obliged to wear a diver's suit...). It was perhaps the voice of Faustin Linyekula telling his story, or singing with his eyes closed. In this same corridor, I wrote and read extracts of the text I am currently writing. Lock of words, lists, imaginary projections, place of passage and of transition, this corridor had an essential place inside the *expo zéro* system. One could pass through it, pass through again, sit down, linger over. It could work as a long commentary, a lecture, a prolongation of the elaboration time, a mono or stereo polyphonic poem...

Continuing to the end, then turning left, one could enter the room that Raphaëlle Delaunay occupied for two days. Alone on that black set turned into a working studio, she carried on her dance sequences, stopped for a while, did some stretchings, started again dancing on points, then an extract of Pina Bausch, fragments of *moonwalk*... Silent icon dancing against the light, or close figure inviting the spectators to repeat with her some of the movements; body tense, entirely absorbed in the gesture's intensity, or tired silhouette, almost recessed — her presence at the center of the Garage shed light on the dancer's work. Beyond the speeches, the projected works, the reconstitutions, the diversions, thus interfered in the Dancing Museum the dimension of *production*: the time for training, for repeating, for becoming exhausted. And the performer — the ways of his own singularity. Indeed, *expo zéro* could exist only by making visible its *minus-one*, the successive sediments, the ghosts of the dancer: classical dance (like those points, traces of Raphaëlle Delaunay's training at the Paris Opéra Ballet), the "great names" of contemporary dance (like Pina Bausch, for whom she has been dancing several years), pop dance (Michael Jackson, another ghost). While around her the propositions would circulate, change places — giving sometimes the impression that the participants were gifted with ubiquity — her space constituted a pivot, a space for rest, where the public could choose to stop as if to watch a show, or simply pass by.

At the beginning of the corridor one could also turn right. There, in a large studio Janez Janša presented several versions of "contact dance improvisation", inviting the audience to follow his instructions in order to produce a communist "contact dance improvisation", or a neo-liberal "contact dance improvisation". This multi-talented artist — re-named after the name of a Slovenian ex-prime minister — played in a humorous way with the hybrid links between performative and political act. But one

could have heard him also in another studio, at the far end of the Garage. There, sitting in the dark, holding a remote control, he opened and closed three big detachable shutters, letting the light flow in, then creating darkness. Was it a series of black monochromes, of landscapes, or a symphony for remote-controlled shutters? Establishing a swing between inside and outside, making and undoing the frame of his exhibition, he started to recite a letter: "dear friend...". A letter about his situation in space, reflecting on the difference between art and reality ("art has nothing to do with reality"), or on the way the museums try to compensate for the artwork, by artificially creating around it the conditions of an *experience*. The same Janez Janša whom one could hear, sitting down, reflecting on the theoretical implications of his act, one could have heard him speak, but this time walking in circles around the studio until exhaustion. Speech, performances: one can say that *expo zéro* thought itself as much as it spent itself.

Was it before, after, or during the reading of that letter? Vincent Dunoyer began to dance in that same studio, and Janez Janša half reopened the shutters to light up his silhouette. Was it before, after, or during the reading of that letter? Faustin Linyekula began to speak in the darkness, in that "too empty space", "a child in the dark, gripped with fear, comforts himself by singing under his breath"¹ he began to talk about the relations between life and death at the core of the creative act: "dance is the celebration of life, but the most beautiful dances are always dances of death", he repeated. And two little girls entered the empty studio, and began running and dancing, and Faustin Linyekula's voice invited them in his speech — giving them space along side his variations: Goethe's phrase on his death bed "Mehr Licht", Hamlet's tirade "Give me some light", the noise of the girls' footsteps: "and fortunately there are some little girls who can take that space, and re-draw it. They run and it produces music". Shadow and light. Shadow — where voices can be heard, and the light revealing the bodies: *expo zéro*, as an *origin* (maybe of the Dancing Museum, or maybe of something else) situated itself between those two opposite poles.

"speak - But do not separate the no for the yes.
Give your saying also meaning:
give it its shadow.
Give it enough shadow,

¹ Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *Mille Plateaux*.

give it as much
as you know to be parceled out between
midnight and midday and midnight.²

In the hall, turning left before the corridor, one could also move towards the room where the debates between the participants took place. From there, branch off towards a small room, where the question to know from where the public would enter was discussed at length. Through the main entrance? Or by the sides? And just then appeared Boris Charmatz with a group of spectators by a “clandestine entrance”, while Sylvie Mokhtari talked about Le Corbusier’s Museum with unlimited expansion (project supposed to grow until it includes all the objects existing in the real world). Facing each other in the same room, Sylvie Mokhtari and Nathalie Boulouch listed archive and serial numbers: a reading where principles of classification put rhythm in the letters of Pierre Restany, Allan Kaprow or stage projects by Yves Klein. Enounced there, in the Dancing Museum, those fragments, taken out of the archives of art criticism specially for this event, resounded like a reminder (of history) and a summon (to re-do, replay, continue them). Re-do: that is what Vincent Dunoyer’s proposition enacted, taking Trisha Brown’s play “Primary accumulations” (whose principle was the repetition of a same sequence, to which new gestures were added progressively); instead of accumulating them, Vincent Dunoyer withdraw those gestures, producing a decrease of movement. Following those propositions emerged gradually the idea of an “imaginary Dancing Museum with unlimited expansion”, ceaselessly broadening its borders, spatial (as at the time of the duplex with the Bogotá museum – then the Saint-Nazaire et Singapore versions) and temporal — getting the dead to participate as well as the living. Would that Museum’s vocation be, like the one of Le Corbusier, to include everything? Opening. Setting of the framework. Crossing its borders.

NB: During the discussions, Janez Janša suggested that the Dancing Museum should invite some choreographers to enter in its collections. William Forsythe, Anne Teresa de Keersmaeker, Jan Fabre would thus become works of the Dancing Museum — a bit like Piero Manzoni signing Marcel Broodthaers: “I hereby certify that I signed Marcel Broodthaers with my own hand and that he must, for whatever purpose it might serve, be considered as an authentic work of art”.

² Paul Celan, *Parle toi aussi*, in *De seuil en seuil*, 1955

Continuing one’s way, one could have crossed Boris Charmatz: there, in a space with undetermined status (neither dance studio nor working room), he spoke while still dancing, or danced while still talking, telling some movements that he danced during his career — those of Isadora Duncan, of Vaslav Nijinsky — explaining that he didn’t want to repeat them, and repeating them again and again. Or Boris Charmatz evoking an idea of François Chaignaud — a bondage sculpture with children — like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, leading men, women, children to cling together with everything at hand. Create the sculpture, stop moving, hold the position, legs and arms twisted, with cramps threatening. “We are doing fine like this... only three more hours to hold”. Instigator of *expo zéro*, Boris Charmatz summoned up a communicative insistence — the necessity of turning duration into effort and loss of balance. The necessity to *insist*: there was, in all its contradictory tension — as well in the *care* as in the *clash* — the search for a political gesture; something of a ritournelle to pass on: “You must go on. I can’t go on. You must go on. I’ll go on.”³

One could go on, I could go on — telling the story, unrolling the thread, moment after moment, space after space, looking for all the available versions. The ones I haven’t seen. The ones I was told about. Or that were told during *expo zéro*: Tim Etchells, on the doorstep of a storage space, asking some spectators gone astray to invent a movement that might become part of the imaginary space of the Dancing Museum. Or Anne Juren suggesting to entrust with a secret project one person at a time only. Or Vincent Dunoyer, repeating in an almost invisible manner a performance by Vito Acconci (to follow a person inside the museum space). One could go on forever. But *expo zéro* could probably only happen as a pure expense, as an aleatory and always shifting inscription. As Janez Janša explained at the beginning of the week of reflexion: “One preserves death in a museum. How could one think dance in terms of death?”. And Faustin Linyekula adds: “A gesture must disappear in order to exist.”

The Dancing Museum’s founding paradox — between the idea of stuffing a choreography like one does of a dead animal and to produce Steve Paxton’s sabbatic year, to exhibit a linear kilometer of archives and the refusal to create a museum of objects and mute archives

³ Samuel Beckett, *L’innommable*, 1953.

— was inscribed in every step, stirred every proposition of *expo zéro*. For the participants: hold back, let flow, move, remain motionless, invite, evacuate, insist, to the point sometimes of disappearance — speak and keep quiet. For the spectators, to pass from one space to another, from a reading to a catalogue of works, from a danced sequence to its commentary. To accept the void, the games, the invitations to participate. To invent. To be manipulated, trapped, cared for and jostled. To the question asked by Georg Schöllhammer, “How does a frame appear?”, one could answer by other questions: “Can a paradox become a frame? And is it a frame that let *expo zéro* appear, or the whole of the possibilities that the Dancing Museum might contain?”

la danse va devenir l'art numéro un
nous devons en commencer le musée
la danse, la guerre
le suaire
le corps imaginaire
ce body we share together
mettre les professionnels amateurs again
where le body has not been mastered
to make visible what we cannot do
chantonner

ne pas trop devenir l'objet soi-même

more interested in a musée de l'Image
Musée Image-Dance
Science de l'image
Science de l'image dansée
Recherche sur l'image
could we say there is a pictureless performance?

if you don't recognize
it's not a picture
quelque chose sometimes you can recognize and not
un musée de la danse maybe is un musée de
l'Invisibilité
pictureless...
how to block this picture production?
c'est p't-êt'e politique quand on bloque les images
an inner desire in us to see
and wanting to be seen
open it up
we are fighters against pictures

je ne suis pas responsable des images
la place du nul dans le groupe
Comment vivre ensemble, de Roland Barthes
En Devernois, je suis moi!
l'idiorythmie
I had my little yoga carpet

what does a dancer on stage when he strikes?
mouvement d'grève
there's something from zero
what would be a gesture of strike?
un geste de grève
l'impossible chose à faire
the impossible is a new field right now
closer to dogs
j'amène des danseurs

j'amène des animaux
to produce zero
arriver bourrés

how to strike a picture, for example?

filling the emptiness with emptiness of course (but
celebrating)

we're actually engaged in a text because there are gaps
(in the text)

to actually compose a text
pas ajouter, add
mais changer, change

tu as un corps pour une demi-heure

c'est la dernière fois que tu te ronges les ongles
y a quelque chose de très mélancolique
sur Bach, ça marche très bien

tu vois le corps devenir statue
quand tu deviens un matériau

les statues qui s'touchent, c'est super beau

Boris Charmatz to Tim Etchells

Dear Tim.

Examples.

Maybe not the right one but.

For the days of preparation, you need no examples, we will chat, eat, share, resign, wait, stay alone, sleep, think.

For the *expo zéro* opening per se, when the visitors would come:

1) TE would sit somewhere in a corner of one of the emptied rooms, visited by groups of viewers from time to time, taken by the hand by a sweet translator, brought to him: mumbling what his ideas would be for such a museum that he loves, hates, dismiss, calls, desires, destroy. TE would speak without consideration of audience being there or not. His endless discourse would be nourished by the former days of “residence”, but he is used to be lost anyway. The lost museum of dance.

2) TE discovers that in fact his body is the site of what a museum of dance could be, considering that his body is the main architectural space for such a museum. Not his body as a reservoir of old movements, but as a castle for locked-in actions, forgotten desires for a move, ground for any future free developments for his life and works. Therefore TE brings regularly little groups of people to follow him, in the spaces he appreciates the most in the exhibition building, and

presents his movement attempts, talking/commenting them while doing. People are staring at him and spend time at the end of each visit to understand how this butchy guy came to such subtle dances.

3) TE decides that after all, the main museum of dance is in fact Europe, where movements for immigrants are so restricted, controlled, kept contained. The deadly museum of the land you can't touch, live in, move in and out freely. TE decides that therefore he will bring one by one visitors outside, even if it is raining, to discuss how this idea should be developed. Europe as a camp to prevent foreigners from moving?? as a terrible museum of non-dance?? fantasies and lists of thoughts...

This third TE proposal is without and against the real exhibition space: TE considers that a reserved space to exhibit dance artworks sucks, that there is no need for such a place, and that he will return to his activism quickly after the day finishes, trying to convince the visitors one by one to take their own part in charge. "Please go on: Europe has to become a dancing museum for migrants of any kind. Be part of its development and send money to migreurop.org".

Only three examples, written facing airplanes and nice departures in Orly, while there must be, hidden somewhere, one of these un-famous areas where people are kept locked, ready to be sent back "home".

I write short and rough and uncorrect and blurred but:
I like TE.

BC for Tim Etchells (*July 2009*)

To Nikolaus Hirsch

After some fantastic days of talks and exchanges, the architect felt a bit lost and lonely, thinking about the visitors coming the days after and staring at him with infinite gaze. He thought he could do this, or that:

The architect studies and explains why he is totally against all the hundred buildings being made in this actual period, where museum constructions occur without any political implications, with architects working without any concerns about the country, the human rights or the history of the countries they are collaborating with. He tells his anger against the jewellery buildings where highly recognised art of value is gaining even more value. The rage provides the start and the end of his visit. The rage - speech is short, but repeated endlessly with - visitors being brought to the revolted architect?

The architect wants to move with visitors through the spaces of the place. He recalls different moments in history where dance and architecture were linked, from Bauhaus to Opera de Paris/Garnier, from moving architectures to ephemeral ones. In each room of the garage, he describes a building and gives his ideas, comments, etc... In the last room(s), he goes to the point where he describes the real room of the garage, how he sees it with expert eyes. And brings them to a completely dark room where he explains why he became an architect and not a dancer, and why he committed himself with indian community projects rather than museum projects so far. At the end, he is about to tell his real desires for a dancing museum, but he disappears, letting people facing their own expectations??!

Boris for a transitory letter, And for Nikolaus Hirsch!, *(August 2009)*

To Georg Schöllhammer

Actually, since two years, I have been thinking, what installations, films, videos, scenographed situations, choreographies, scores, practices, texts, architectures, histories SHOULD absolutely be part of the project. And Georg could really be someone to help us in that way: to dive into the visual and critical art world and to see through the potential eyes of a dancing museum. BUT: what should be left away?? What is not needed? Instead of a dialogue based on the

ideal list, why not a dialogue based on the black one, whose contours would define more clearly what kind of museum Georg has in mind. In order to leave the museum space free, we should discuss about the pieces that we would let that corrode under heavy rain outdoor, out of the beautifully empty inside spaces?! Le cimetière des œuvres arrêtées à la porte du Musée de la danse.

Is it a myth or is it true that he organised in some disappeared art center in Austria an event called LEER? We shall discuss this as well during the residency week before the actual exhibition: a museum is not only organising memory, but also questioning memory and collection-oriented practices... In my own words, I really think that the body is the only real ultimate space for a dancing museum, but not only a body able to remember the choreographies seen or learned, but rather a body constructed upon the gaps of memory, a body standing on the edge of ruins of memory, those ruins being its main foundation to then act as he does. If it is true that Georg organised such an event based on the gaps of historical memory, he could simply develop things around such a proposal: an art to be invented around the black holes of history and memory... Le Garage could be such a black hole, and somewhere, maybe even out of the space itself, Georg could explain how the black hole could function.

(fragment d'une conversation ayant eu lieu dans le couloir du Garage, à Rennes)

JJ: Basically, the main question remains: how to place living bodies in museums? What kind of museum could it be, that could stand a living body in it – not to talk about bodies in movement, or dancing bodies... What kind of spatial arrangement needs to be done?

GS: Actually it's quite a challenging question. The museums of dances' possible histories that we know so far usually accumulate objects. They accumulate objects, scores, costumes, decoration, memorabilia, sentimental artifacts. Most of them are museums of the traces of the body; and those traces of the body usually appear in sentimental objects like theater photography. Why do you think that this museum here is empty?

JJ: Probably because it's still looking for its formal content, philosophy and politics; but certainly, this emptiness is in a way a concepting term, meaning that it cannot imply, and cannot host movements, choreographies or bodies in general.

A post-punk metalogue, or preparatory notes for a pogo workshop¹

For Valda, Katrin, Thomas and Nikolaus

"I started to dance. I wanted to defy gravity."
Amyl Nitrite in Derek Jarman's Jubilee

Dramatis Personae (in order of appearance)

Pogologo: Convinced Pogoist with early days experience.

Pogographer: Amateur historian of pogo. Sometimes takes the appearance and the voice of Valda Setterfield.

Pogosopho: Philosophical supporter and ideologist of pogo. He has more than one voice.

Antipogosopher: Expert on pogo and a convinced critic.

Antipogo: the enemy.

Pogogogo: the one who just goes for it.

POGOLOGO

What is pogo?

Which is pogo?

Whose is pogo?

Where is pogo?

Why is pogo?

How long is pogo?

Why does pogo pogoe?

Why pogo does not pogoe?

pogopogopogo

POGOGRAPHER (with Valda Setterfield's voice)

According to Wikipedia and other not fully reliable anonymous and/or apocryphal sources, *pogo* is a dance where the dancers jump up and down, while trying to remain in the same location. In the original version of the dance, the dancers were keeping their legs close together and their arms rigid, their hands also close to the body. The basic positions and movements could vary from rigidity and stiffness to violent movements (thrashing the torsos about, flailing the arms, kicking about, jumping in any direction, or spinning in the air).

¹ Gregory Bateson designates as metalogue "a conversation about some problematic subject. This conversation should be such that not only do the participants discuss the problem but the structure of the conversation as a whole is also relevant to the same subject."

(G. Bateson, *Steps to an Ecology of Mind*, 1972, p. 1).

Dancers could occasionally collide, which might create the impression that they are attacking one another. But pogo is generally considered as fun, and not as a fight. If we believe the legend (and SV himself), Sid Vicious invented pogo for one very simple reason: excited, he wanted to dance at a Sex Pistols' concert but as he couldn't dance at all, he started jumping up and down, bouncing around the dance floor. Another version of the legend claims that in fact he was stuck in the back, so the tall guy started leaping up and down, trying to see the gig of the band he was about to join. That's how pogo was born.

POGOSOPHO (1st Voice)

Of course, dear cultured audience, as we all perfectly know, everybody who pretends to have invented new cultural practices is a freak megalomaniac, as Sid Vicious was indeed. Pogo has no author. As every new form, it's a historical accumulation of human forces and skills, of collective efforts via specific tools, inscribed in a given social context, in a system of well determined power relations. So Sid Vicious was just articulating the collective achievement, the invention of a multitude, a class or a group of people. "His" invention has meaning only because there were many people behind it – people who could identify with the new tool, to use it, to develop it further and to disseminate it.

POGOSOPHO (3rd voice)

Yet, Pogo's origins go back to ritual dances of the Pentecostal faith and many African tribes. It was one more attempt for radical critique of cultural patterns, for inversion of hierarchies and symbolic empowerment by assimilation of 'primitive' cultural techniques. Therefore, it is also an expression of cultural difference: not of a 'weak' or 'soft' difference tending to be universally recognized and thus assimilated, but of an irreducible one: the 'chthonian' power of the 'primitive', of the 'savage', of the anthropophagi, of the dangerous, beautifully dangerous other, the suppressed and annihilated other, the hour of whose revenge has come: the return of the dead.

POGOSOPHO (2nd Voice)

Yes, true, pogo doesn't have an author. But it is not only a result of collective 'accumulation'. As every true

invention, it is not an effect of a given set of causes but rather their interruption. It's a rupture of the chain of causality and of the banal regimes of being. The new invention is always a subversive act, to the extent that it problematizes the fixed situation, the status quo of a given field, in which it emerges; it destabilizes the distribution of forces and therefore mines power constellations. It has a world building potential. That is why every true invention has a revolutionary potential. And pogo is just the perfect example for such an invention: it says NO to a millenary tradition and history; its nihilistic energy breaks not only through a given convention – a given historical technique or form of dance – but through the convention of dance as such. And this is not only a nihilistic gesture for the nihilistic gesture's sake – as we have often heard Dada has been accused – but it is a truly emancipatory gesture, a political gesture as such. Why? Let POGOLOGO speak about that. He is more eloquent than me: he is *authentic*.

POGOLOGO

Pogo's a Revolution. Pogo's Subversion. Pogo is Resistance. We want pogo as we want freedom. We want to destroy dance to get rid of technique of super cool and fancy dance teachers, of hierarchy discipline and order, of culture and museums we want freedom we want energy we want our life, our own authentic being. The energy of jumping warming up concentrating in the move not extending in the technique that's a joy that's to feel the body and defy gravity

CHOIR (POGOLOGO and POGOSOPHO's 3rd voice):

Pogo was not invented by one (if anyone) or many. Pogo is nobody's invention. Pogo is no body's invention. It was just there, there in the air waiting for a body. (POGOSOPHO 1st voice: Does it mean it has a transcendental origin?) It's the gravitation axis loosing its weight. It's the intensity of movement with no technique. It's the dance of 'no' with no-body, that is to say it's a dance of *only* body. The dance of body. The dance of the bodies.

POGOSOPHO alone

Therefore, the only parts of the two versions of the legends which could definitely remain relevant, and revelatory, are that pogo was born as the effect of an initial

impossibility to dance, as a direct expression of desire for dance, and at the same time, as a collective contamination, as a contamination creating a collective frenzy – a collective moving body: the contamination of the 'NO'. Negativity of dance – negativity as dance. Dancing negativity, anarchic technique. Anarcho-technique.

CHOIR AGAIN

Pogo's not a dance, POGO's NO DANCE.

Pogo is the dance of NO.

Pogo is Zero Dance: dance degree zero.

Pogo's dance only as a non-dance.

You bloody bastards, we'll smash you all, just by jumping!!!

ANTIPOGO

You bloody punks, you will finish all in the swamp!

ANTIPOGOSOPHER

You pro-pogoists, you are nothing but negative ontologists. You are the true believers in the force of NO – but NO is just nothing. Not a splendid massively destructive apocalyptic Nothing but just nothing, nothing at all. No-Dance is just that kind of nothing.

All your apology for is nothing but an onto-phenomenological mystification, or rather, mythification.

CHOIR of pro-pogoists

POGO is not NOTHING. POGO is everything, right from the start: because it's an explosion of the energy of life. It's an immediate manifestation of life, with no stage or frame.

POGO is DADA of dance: NO DANCE IS DADANCE. (In many Slavic languages 'DA' means 'YES': Tristan Tzara knew it for sure. But 'DA-DA' means in some of those languages, like in BG², rather negation: 'DA' is weakened by the repetition. Said with ironic intonation, 'DA-DA' means something like 'REALLY?', like the French 'Non-Non', which turns, inversely, to an affirmation. 'DA-DA' is the negating power of 'YES': so POGO is!)

² BG = bulgarian, ndt.

ANTIPOGOSOPHER

That's just poetic obscurantism, a dangerously vitalist one. There is no authenticity, we are not some sort of imprisoned animals desperately trying to break through their cage. We are not trying to restore some primary being of immediate expression: it would be a being of senseless violence, of war of all against all. We have been ever cultural beings ever since, our nature is culture. Therefore, there is no way out of cultural techniques. The entire history of humanity is nothing but a process of replacement of one cultural pattern, social skill or technique with another. And perhaps in this process of constant replacements, there is not any progress. Each technique can only be measured with its own measure, deriving from its own set of tools, because each technique conceives a different world. There are no better or worse techniques. Therefore, your 'no-dance' didn't abolish dance (if we nonetheless believe it was dance at all!) Your crooked dance is just another dance; it doesn't break through the frame of technique: your primitive non-technique is just another technique. Yes, it's one more technique of dance pretending to be a no-technique, an immediate expression of a state of life, a primary expression or an 'authentic technique'. But these expressionist retro-utopian myths are as old as culture itself. From its very beginning there was this longing for a lost primitive state, for an authentic life and for art as its genuine expression. Modernity radicalized and brutalized this archaic obsession; it transformed it from idyll into sacrifice. Therefore your 'dance of no' is neither the first and nor the last of all these 'abolishments of culture' and 'restaurations of authentic being', or of 'life as it is', of 'Real life'. As a matter of fact, your pogo is just a softened entertainment version of it, compared to the radical modern attempts to express life without the mediation of stage (and) techniques. That is why the dance of 'no' didn't become *no dance*.

POGOSOPHO (1st voice)

I don't buy the Antipogosopher's sophisticated critique – someone who didn't have at least once a punch in her or his arm or chest or didn't hurt her or his ankle while kicking about, cannot understand anything about POGO. It's not a matter of technique, it is a matter of *desire*. People who are so furious about expression perhaps have never experienced desire. What does *desire* mean? What does the body do when it's feeling the

condition of its unlimited disorganization, of its stunning disorder? The body is a disorganized technique itself, it's passion and anger and emotion, it needs to move, to brutally harass the space, to collide and to commute with other bodies, to change the climate conditions, to feel this world more intensely.

Listen to Amil Nitrite again, to her lecture at the very beginning of *Jubilee*: "Make your desires reality. (...) [W]hen your desires become reality, you don't need fantasy any longer, or art". Desire is the force of life. Where desire bursts out, there we shall need art no more. Desire leads to expression which brings art to an end. Hegel's prediction will not happen as religion but as POGO.

For that reason I am not convinced that pogoing in the framework of a dance festival, in the space of an art institution, is not going to frame it, to weaken it, to make just an exotic cultural object out of it, instead of negating or destroying the objects in the museum (as the expo zéro concept has invited us) or problematising the meta-object of the art institution itself. The space of the institution is not innocent. Once entered, it dictates its norms; it imposes its conventions, its ways of seeing, showing and reflecting what has been seen or shown. It's a matter of production, context, trends, age, group politics and party politics, matter of compromises and negotiations, of projects and administration. So, don't you think, aren't you going to contaminate punk dance by staging it in an art institution, instead of injecting some punk rhythm in the institution? Yes, I know, you mean it as an act of institutional critique, but isn't the problem that once you integrate a radical artistic gesture in the immunitary space of the institution, the gesture is already immunized, absorbed, assimilated, and its critical subversive power just normalized, objectified if not commodified?

POGOSOPHO (2nd voice)

Yes, in principle you are right, but think of this: there are limits to this possibility of reduction, commodification or 'positive integration'. The possibility for radical artistic acts which could effectively be subversive, even destructive, inside the institutions – is still there. Think of one of the big scandals of performance art: Mike Hentz's "terrorist" action *demaskierung* at De Appel in 1978. Think also of Einstürzende Neubauten's infamous *Concerto for Voice and Machinery* at the ICA in London in 1984, where the industrial musicians tried to destroy

the floor with drills, or of Otto Muehl's post-artistic community-building activities. At least, this is not like Tracey Emin's underwear.

Furthermore, we have to ask: why should cultural institutions be necessarily our enemy? Are they really only instruments of power, a part of this anonymous and quasi-mystical "System"? And isn't the discourse on the *System* just an obscurantist discourse trying to compensate or to veil the lack of critical force, courage and determination - the revolutionary impotency of the self-proclaimed radical critics of the 'System'? We need a much deeper political and cultural analysis, an awareness of the multiplicity of forces and hierarchies of conflicts. Institution per se is a tool; it is not the enemy as such.

On the other hand, isn't art an institution itself: it is a field of forces, of patterns, skills, relations, which are always formed in a social context and determined by it. The discourse on art as something radically stranger to the institutions, as substantially excluded from and opposed to the institutions, as an expression of an absolute - ahistorical, atemporal, asocial, - unique individual, is not only autistic or egocentric, it's a hypocrite one. This discourse is often nothing else than the voluntaristic power discourse of the successful artist, who exposes the aura of his 'sacred' autonomy in the media, telling them that he doesn't depend on them. If not something else, Warhol made such a pretention grotesque. Yes, the artist could and should attack and even aggress the tools of commodification and reduction to stupidity, whose agencies are today mass media, as well as many big cultural institutions, incarnations of what could be called cultural capitalism of spectacular society. But she or he shouldn't restage the archaic myths which precisely are instrumentalized and capitalized by the monopoly of media and spectacular institutions.

Therefore, we need political fight for and not against the institutions, in order to be able to institutionalize, without reducing it, the creative and critical power we are responsible for. Yes, we need to abolish the rigid, monumental and finally repressive institution of the past, we need to transform it - but not only in order to open space for the fluid creative institution of neoliberalism which brandifies and produces a lifestyle out of each genuine artistic act, which corrupts its very condition. We need a paradoxical *an-archic* institution, a place for freedom and uncompromised creation. Thus, pogo could also be a powerful transformative act, pushing the

institution to step beyond itself, to restrain its constituting power.

ANTIPOGOSOPHER

Ha ha ha, revolutionary potential of the jump! Where the Bastille was we shall jump! Let's start jumping at ground zero!

Pogo was just an alternative and a bit more aggressive form of entertainment not of protest, nothing more than a violent street or club culture. Not to speak that punk in general was only that. At the time when the young people in Paris, Prague, Italy and Germany were fighting in the streets, joining radical political organizations, throwing stones or bombs, British kids were just obsessed with fashion. And wasn't punk just a fashion? Wasn't its true author the owner of a fashion boutique, the one called Sex: Malcolm McLaren accompanied by Vivienne Westwood? By the way, do you know that Johnny Rotten was buying clothes there, and it was precisely there that he was spotted out by the clever managers, and chosen to become the face of the movement? Rotten was a managerial product! Before incarnating anarchic idiotism, he was just a consumer, a fashion victim, a working class dandy. You might find it shocking but the origin of your crypto-revolutionary movement is to be found in consumerism.

You claim that punk has been brandified, commodified, taken over by the bourgeois consumerist society. But punk was nothing but a brand right from the start! Johnny Rotten's grimaces of psychotic lumpen-proletarian are just a nasty kiddy entertainment compared to the bloody actions of Viennese actionists or true political artists risking their health if not their life in their art: you'd better think of Gina Pane or Maciunas.

So you pretend to make a zero cultural event, to perform a zero expo, that is to say a radical cultural critique, but in fact you are about to just re-produce some fashion culture.

POGOLOGO

Yes today punk is 'in', it sounds cool. You find everywhere well designed 'punk' boutiques - quite expensive by the way. Even *les grands magasins* in Paris, these temples of bourgeois consumerism, recently 'celebrated' the 30th anniversary of punk. Could you imagine that? Well, punk sells today - and it apparently sells well. Imagine the old and young daisies - the ones who get

easily panicked when they cross a homeless or a stray dog or a real old punk in the street - wearing a t-shirt *Anarchy in the UK* or *Punk's not dead* or *No Future*. Damn! Today Lady Ga Ga is 'punk'. All sexy (sexy? really?) trash today is 'punk'. Yeah, we will smash all the jerks. We will make it dangerous again. We need some filth and sweat down there, not expensive alternative chic and perfumes. Revolution of bodies needs some broken ankles! Or some heads off? Ha ha ha! Flirting with danger.

ANTIPOGO

You bloody punks, you will finish all in the swamp!

POGOSOPHO (2nd voice)

Yes indeed, Antipogosopher, You should read more carefully the history of punk since you didn't experience it, I believe. Or am I wrong? And the history will show you that yes, punk became famous in Britain as an alternative street culture, which had its strong theatrical, spectacular side (including what you call 'fashion'). Yes indeed, it could be said that punk fashion or the fashion-punk was an invention of the self-proclaimed cultural terrorist and manager Malcolm McLaren. But Malcolm McLaren is not our hero. No more heroes any more!

However, read the story more carefully and don't forget McLaren didn't invent punk. He just had the brilliant managerial idea to 'transport' it overseas from New York. In fact, the documentary history says that McLaren was fascinated with Richard Hell's dandyish punk look (Hell was the first to spike his hair and wear torn shirts, often held together with safety pins) and he promoted it through his fashion boutique Sex (especially in what concerns the safety-pin accessorized clothing) and the group he formed (which was initially conceived, as its name shows, as a promotional extension to his boutique, and hitched on to Hell's look³). But this means that even the 'fashion' – the look he was obsessed with – was stolen from the New York down town

3 "I came back to England determined. I had these images I came back with, it was like Marco Polo or Walter Raleigh. I brought back the image of this distressed, strange thing called Richard Hell. And this phrase, 'the blank generation'. [...] Richard Hell was a definite, 100 percent inspiration, and, in fact, I remember telling the Sex Pistols, 'Write a song like Blank Generation, but write your own bloody version,' and their own version was 'Pretty Vacant'." (McLaren in an interview in *Please Kill Me, the Uncensored Oral History of Punk* by Legs McNeil and Gillian McCain, Grove Press, 1996, p. 199).

proto-punk scene. Richard Hell's personal invention was imported in Britain as the emblem of punk. McLaren was nothing more than an agent of cultural transmission: an interested one but still an agent.

That's how McLaren have stolen, brandified and started selling punk look in London. But fifteen years old working class kids took it over in a while (in the same way the Pistols took the control over the group and kicked the post-Situationist impresario out). It was a rare moment: a violent explosion, an outburst of subjective energy, of creative collective subjectivation rarely seen in the streets. The self-taught teenage dandies were not only into fashion or 'lifestyle': they created new tools, new forms of expression, therefore new arms. They experimented forms of life; they fought for their form of life. They shouted out loudly and sometimes destructively for themselves their anger, their 'NO'. 'NO' to Mrs. Thatcher and company, to the suffocating world of filthy dealers speculators priests hypocrisy violence and injustice. NO FUTURE!

Yes, it's true, Vivienne Westwood accused Jarman of betraying punk. "Had I betrayed Punk...: 'Derek the Dull Middle-Class Worker?' Or had Punk betrayed itself⁴?" But VW is just short-sighted, or interested, as she was, since she had quite substantial interests invested in punk. Jarman didn't betray punk but he tried to radicalize it by expressing its hidden core. He rather forced it, augmented it, mobilized it, also in the military sense of the word. Indeed, the punk (no)heroines of *Jubilee* went far beyond fashion (even if Jordan, who played Amyl Nitrite and who was the original inspiration for Jarman's film, worked in McLaren&Westwood's shop); if they didn't belong to an *organization*, they had at least a group, a gang – they were at war, they belonged to terror. In *Jubilee*, punk met RAF or the Red Brigades. Yet, Amyl Nitrate's gang didn't have any ideology. Ideology had come to an end: since ideology looks to the future and there is no future any more.

If this was not a revolutionary moment in the strict sense of the word, it had at least the energy of a radical break. The youngsters shouted out: that's enough. If we cannot make love with you, we will be at war with you. Punk was the expression of a profound crisis, including the one of the emancipatory political projects in the period of neoliberal postmodern. *No more heroes any more*. Punk imposed a new slogan, and philosophy had to adapt to it. NO FUTURE. There is *no future*, future is over because there's no history any more

4 Derek Jarman, *Up in the Air. Collected Film Scripts*, 1996, p.43.

- history which has always been heading to the future.
Thatcher fulfilled Hegelian-Kojévian's prophecy of the coming end of history, and punks brutally unveiled the violent core of this retro-utopian post-historic idyll: the end of history is not the return to the happy animal state, to a happy living together in a world beyond daily needs and political struggle, - the world of lifestyle; the end of history is generalized terror, return to a primary state – not Vico's one, but the one of Hobbes: the war of all against all.

POGOLOGO

But we don't want to make institutional critique
we don't want to be neither fancy nor clever nor funny
we don't want to destroy or restore or to pretend
We just need to transform the climate conditions in there
to increase the level of humidity to create this intense
and sensible body of air skin and flesh
of
joy

POGOGOGO

And if pogo had only been invented in order to shut
your mouths, you bloody discursive intellectuals?
Let's stop loosing time in mono-, dia- or metalogues.
It's time to Re-Pogo!

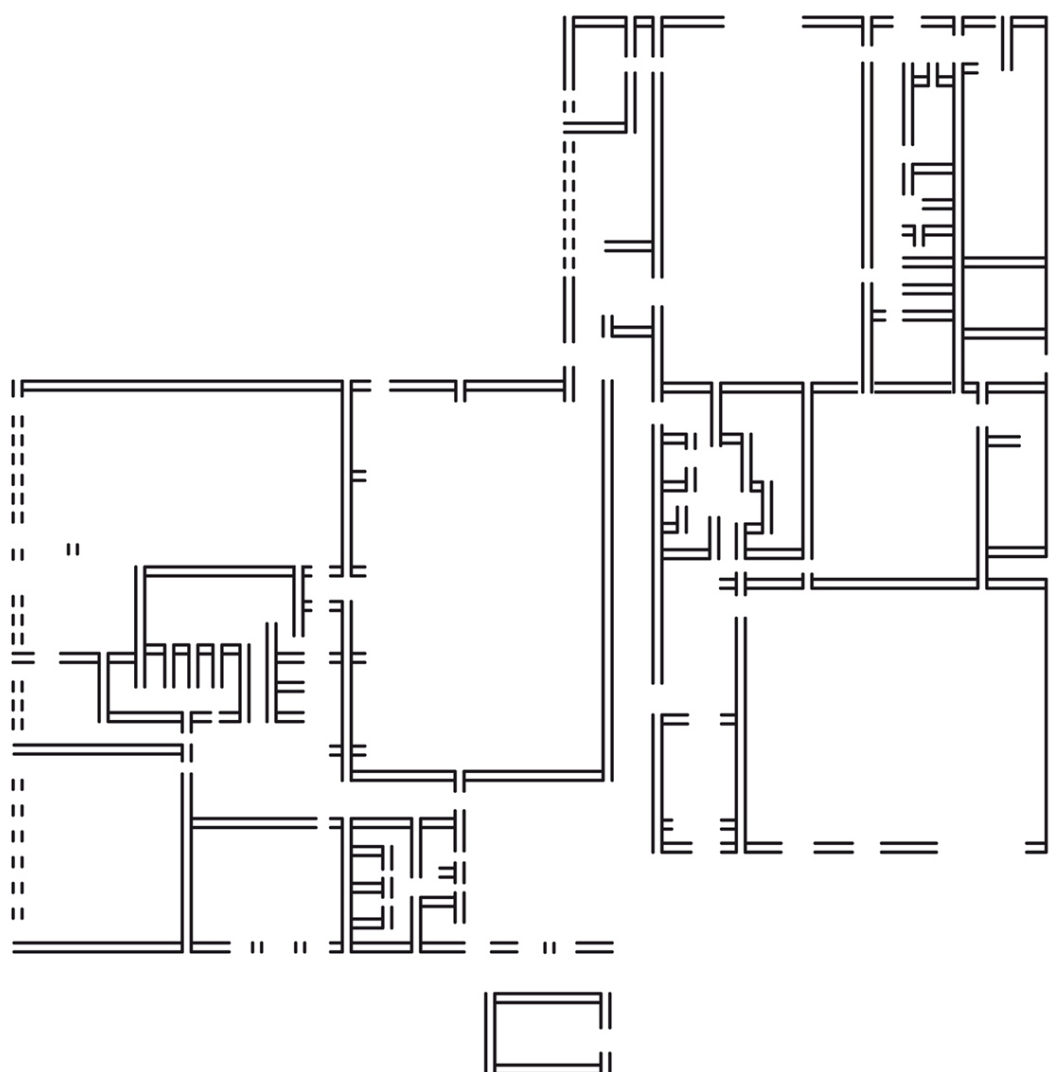
CHOIR

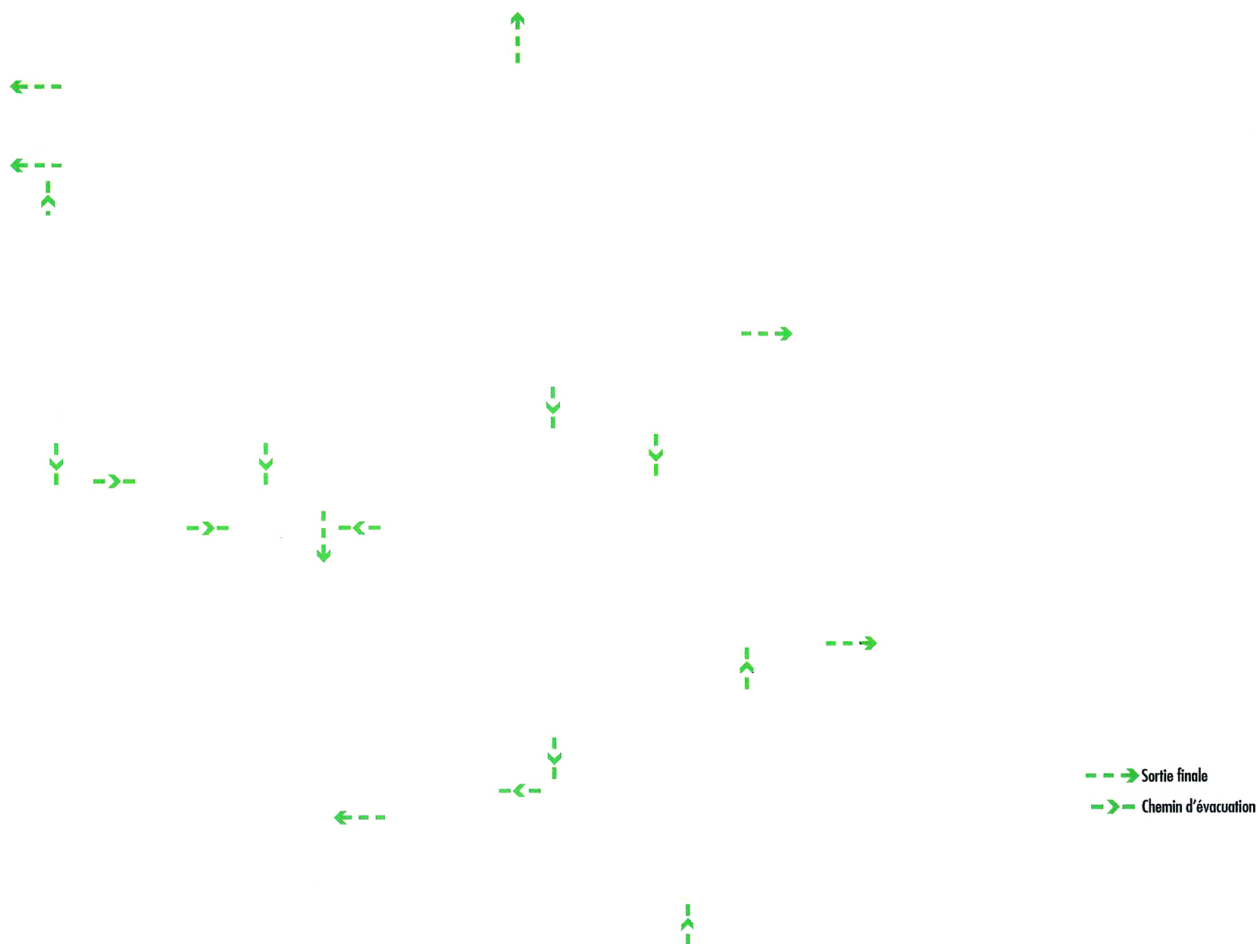
Pogo dance pogo not dance pogo dances pogo is dead
pogo is not dead pogo is long pogo is not too long pogo
is never pogo is ever.

Yelling smelling sweating spitting knitting jiggling giggling
tingling snoring roaring rolling waving hands spinning
arms stiffing chests kicking legs about

POGO
POGO POGOGO POGOPOGO POGOGOGO GOGO
GOGOGO
GOPOGO
POGOPOgoPOGOPOgOpOgOpOgOpOgOPogoPogO
PogOPogOPOgOOOOOO

1. STAY CALM. CALL 18 OR 112.
2. IF POSSIBLE EXTINGUISH THE FIRE AT THE BASE OF THE FLAMES.
3. DO NOT TAKE UNNECESSARY RISKS.
4. IN CASE OF SMOKE, MOVE DOWN - FRESH AIR IS CLOSE TO THE FLOOR.
5. FOLLOW ACOUSTIC EVACUATION SIGNALS OR THE ORDER OF A RESPONSIBLE PERSON. DIRECT YOURSELF WITHOUT PRECIPITATION AND IN ORDER TO THE EXIT. NEVER GO BACK.





EVACUATION PLAN

Gilles Amalvi (FR)

Gilles Amalvi is a writer. He has published *Une fable humaine* and *AiE! BOUM* at éditions Le Quartanier. Since *Radio-Epiméthée*, stage and radio version of *Une fable humaine*, he explores the written material by the sound. He produced the sound readings of *AiE! BOUM*, and the *Chroniques de John Abdomen* (tomb for a fiction). He is presently working on the project *Orphée Robot de Combat*, a concert-poem for one-man band, the series of the Ballades (haïkus in the era of merchandise), and the writing of the novel *Kranax*. In parallel, he has been a playwright for choreographers Saskia Hölbling and Nasser Martin-Gousset, and he has written for the Rencontres Chorégraphiques de Seine-Saint-Denis, the Festival d'Automne, and the Dancing Museum.

Archives de la critique d'art (FR)

Sylvie Mokhtari in partnership with Nathalie Boulouch

In 1988 was born the idea of creating a specialized documentary centre, dedicated to, and articulated around art criticism. No documentary centre existed at the time that would call attention to the contributions, however indispensable, owed by us to art critics, as much historically as from the point of view of contemporary creation. In close relationship with the Association Internationale des Critiques d'Art (AICA) and with University Rennes 2 - Haute Bretagne, art critics join forces in order to collect and preserve specific stocks, to give rise to and participate in aesthetic debates, to animate and support research.

Doctor in History of Art, **Sylvie Mokhtari** is senior editor of the magazine *CRITIQUE D'ART* since 1993. She also teaches at University Rennes 2 - Haute-Bretagne and University de Bretagne Occidentale. Specialist in art magazines of the 1960-1970 period, she has extended research on particular aspects of the work of artists active in Conceptual Art and ephemeral art (Body Art and performance, Process Art, Land Art).

Nathalie Boulouch is lecturer of conference in History of contemporary Art at University Rennes 2 - Haute Bretagne; vice-president of the Société de photographie, Paris; member of the editorial board of the magazines *Études Photographiques* (Paris) and *CRITIQUE D'ART*. She is also member of the board and scientific council of the association Archives de la critique d'art, where she directed a documentary research program (2003-2008) on art and performance archives.

François Chaignaud (FR)

François Chaignaud is graduate of the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique et de Danse in Paris. Since 2003, he has worked with several choreographers (Emmanuelle Huynh, Gilles Jobin, Boris Charmatz, Alain Buffard...) and has presented many performances and concerts that mix libertine literature, operetta and hula hoop. Since 2005, François Chaignaud has collaborated with Cecilia Bengolea. They created *together Pâquerette, Sylphides and Castor & Pollux*, three pieces based on very intense disposal, and *Free Dance* - from the 1920's repertory of François Malkovsky. He's also involved in many collaborations: with Marie Caroline Hominal (*Duchesses* - minimal hulla hoop performance), Marlène Monteiro Freitas and Trajal Harrell (*Mimosa*), Benjamin Dukhan and Jérôme Marin. In addition, he has an historian activity in university and has published a book about french early feminism: *L'Affaire Berger-Levrault : le féminisme à l'épreuve (1898-1905)*.

Boris Charmatz (FR)

Dancer and choreographer, Boris Charmatz presented from *Aatt enen tionon* (1996) to *enfant* (2011) a series of highly memorable pieces.

While maintaining an extensive touring schedule, he also participates in improvisational events on a regular basis (with Saul Williams, Archie Shepp, Médéric Collignon).

Director since 2009 of the Rennes and Brittany National Choreographic Centre, Boris Charmatz proposes to transform it into a Dancing Museum of a new kind. A manifesto is at the origin of this museum, which has travelled to Saint Nazaire, Singapore, Utrecht, Avignon and New York.

From 2002 to 2004, while an artist-in-residence at the Centre national de la danse, he developed "Bocal", a nomadic and ephemeral school that brought together students from different backgrounds. In 2007 and 2008, he was a visiting professor at Berlin's Universität der Künste where he contributed to the creation of a new dance curriculum.

Charmatz is also the co-author of *Entretenir / à propos d'une danse contemporaine* written with Isabelle Launay and published jointly by the Centre national de la danse and Les Presses du réel. His latest book "*Je suis une école*" was published in April 2009 by Les prairies ordinaires. Boris Charmatz was the associate artist of the 2011 Festival d'Avignon.

Heman Chong (SG)

Heman Chong is an artist and a curator, he works with Vitamin Creative Space (Beijing/Guangzhou). In 2002 he received the M.A. in Communication Art & Design from The Royal College of Art, London. His art practice involves an investigation into the philosophies, reasons and methods of individuals and communities imagining the future. Charged with a conceptual drive, this research is then adapted into objects, images, installations, situations or texts. He has developed solo exhibitions at Hermes Third Floor (Singapore), Vitamin Creative Space (Guangzhou), Art In General (New York), Project Arts Centre (Dublin), Ellen de Bruijne Projects (Amsterdam), Kuenstlerhaus Bethanien (Berlin). His work has also been shown extensively in group exhibitions including Stedelijk Museum Bureau, Arnolfini, Thyssen-Bornemisza Art Contemporary, Hamburger Bahnhof, Fukuoka Asian Art Museum, Daejeon Museum of Art. He has participated in 2008 Singapore Biennale, 2006 SCAPE Christchurch Biennale, 2004 Busan Biennale, 2000 10th India Triennale, Venice Biennale 2003. He has collectively written a science fiction novel entitled *PHILIP* with 7 other collaborators.

Cosmin Costinaş (RO)

Cosmin Costinaş is a curator, a writer and an art historian. He is nowadays the director of PARA/SITE Art Space in Hong Kong, after being curator at BAK, basis voor actuele kunst in Utrecht, since early 2009. Costinaş is an advisory board member of PATTERNS/ERSTE Foundation, Vienna. He co-curated (with Ekaterina Degot and David Riff) the 1st Ural Industrial Biennial, entitled *Shockworkers of the Mobile Image*, Ekaterinburg, 2010, and was an editor of documenta 12 Magazines, Kassel/Vienna in 2005–2007. He co-authored the novel *Philip* (2007) and has contributed his writing to numerous magazines, books, and exhibition catalogs across Europe and South East Asia. Other recent curatorial projects include: *After the Final Simplification of Ruins. Forms of historiography in given places*, Centro Cultural Montehermoso Kulturunea, Vitoria-Gasteiz, 2009; *The Demon of Comparisons, Electric Palm Tree*, Stedelijk Museum Bureau Amsterdam (SMBA) and University of Amsterdam, Amsterdam, 2009; *Like an Attali Report, but different. On fiction and political imagination*, Kadist Art Foundation, Paris, 2008; and *Textground*, Display Gallery, Prague, 2004.

Yves-Noël Genod (FR)

Yves-Noël Genod studied acting at the École d'Antoine Vitez and has been working a lot in the field of dance. He works with Claude Régy, François Tanguy (Théâtre du Radeau), Julie Brochen, and since 10 years with Loïc Touzé. He has followed many workshops in contact-improvisation, and improvisation in the broadest sense as well as contemporary techniques (Ménagerie de Verre), and since 10 years classical dance with Wayne Byars. Since 2003 and starting with *En attendant Genod* until *Une saison en enfer...*, Yves-Noël Genod creates his own work: 50 pieces (and several "performances"). Despite the fact that his pieces are a lot involving techniques of theatre, they have been all presented in the context of contemporary dance, new forms and festivals. <http://ledispariteur.blogspot.com/>

Nikolaus Hirsch (DE)

Nikolaus Hirsch is a Frankfurt-based architect, and director of Städtelschule and Portikus. Previously he has held academic positions at the Architectural Association in London, the Institute for Applied Theatre Studies at Gießen University and the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. His work includes the award-winning Dresden Synagogue, Bockenheimer Depot Theater (with William Forsythe), unitednationsplaza (with Anton Vidokle), European Kunsthalle, the Cybermohalla Hub in Delhi, and a number of exhibition structures such as Bruno Latour's *Making Things Public* (ZKM, 2005) and *Indian Highway* (Serpentine Gallery, 2008). Hirsch has curated *ErsatzStadt: Representations of the Urban* at Volksbühne Berlin, *Cultural Agencies* in Istanbul and a number of exhibitions at Portikus such as Julieta Aranda's and Anton Vidokle's *Time/Bank*. He is the author of the books *On Boundaries*, *Track 17*, and *Institution Building*.

Martina Hochmuth (AT)

Martina Hochmuth is a curator and dramaturg in the field of contemporary dance and performance. PhD in french literature, she is director of productions of the Musée de la danse / Centre chorégraphique national de Rennes et de Bretagne (direction Boris Charmatz) since 2009. From 2001 to 2009 she was dramaturg, curator and head of research at Tanzquartier Wien, where she co-initiated *What to affirm ? What to perform?* (2008, 2009), together with author and curator Georg Schöllhammer ; and she curated leer (2009), the congress *Inventory – Dance and Performance* (2005) and *EASTWEST*

Academy (2004). From 1997 to 2000, she was artistic coordinator of T junction^{Gegenwartstanz}, Wien. Further curatorial activities include among others *Gibanica*, Ljubljana (2005), *performing identities* Bucharest (2004), and *Movements on the EDGE*, Bucharest (2000, 2001). She is co-author of *It takes place when it doesn't. On dance and performance since 1989* (with Krassimira Kruschkova and Georg Schöllhammer).

Janez Janša (SI)

Janez Janša studied sociology and theatre directing at the University of Ljubljana, Slovenia and performance theory at the University of Antwerp, Belgium. He is an author, performer and director of interdisciplinary performances a.o. *Miss Mobile*, *We are all Marlene Dietrich* for, a performance for soldiers in peace-keeping missions (with Erna Ómarsdóttir), *Pupilijs, Papa Pupilo and the Pupilceks – Reconstruction*, *Slovene National Theatre and Life [in progress]*. His visual works include a. o. *Refugee camp for the first world citizens* (with Peter Senk) and *Name Readymade* (with Janez Janša and Janez Janša).

His work contains a strong critical and political dimension and is focused on the relation between art and a socio-political context. He is the author of the book *Jan Fabre - La Discipline du chaos, le chaos de la discipline*, Armand Colin, Paris 1994. Since 1999, he is the director of MASKA, institute for publishing, production and education, based in Ljubljana, Slovenia.

Anne Juren (FR/AT)

Anne Juren studied at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Danse de Lyon and on graduation received the State Scholarship which helped her complete her education in New York, at the Trisha Brown studios. Besides her activity as a dancer with various choreographers (Laurent Pichaud, Saskia Hölbling), she creates in 2001 the solo *OSLO*, followed then the solo *A?* and in 2004 *J'aime* in collaboration with Alice Chauchat. In 2005 she premiered her solo *Code Series* and created *Look, Look* in collaboration with Krööt Juurak. The group piece *Komposition* in collaboration with Marianne Baillot, Alix Eynaudi and Agata Maszkiewicz premiered at Tanzquartier Wien in spring 2008. Through her projects, Anne Juren explores the various implications and impacts of movement in general. His work tries to answer to the question «what kind of information the moving body carries and how is it received on the stage?».

Boyan Manchev (BG)

Boyan Manchev is philosopher and cultural theorist, Professor at the New Bulgarian University, Visiting Professor at the Sofia University and the Berlin University of the Arts and former Vice-President of the International College of Philosophy in Paris (2007-2010). His actual research, which advances the perspective of a radical mobilism and materialism, is focused on the fields of ontology, philosophy of art and political philosophy.

He has collaborated to artistic projects of Tim Etchells, Boris Charmatz and Ani Vaseva, among others. He published recently the books: *L'altération du monde: Pour une esthétique radicale* (2009); *La Métamorphose et l'Instant – Désorganisation de la vie* (2009); *Rue Descartes 64: La métamorphose* (2009); *Out of Time* (2011); *Miracolo* (2011); *Logic of the Political* (2012).

Donna Miranda (PH)

Donna Miranda is a dance artist living and working in the Philippines. She studied Anthropology at the University of the Philippines and received specialized training in contemporary dance in Manila and Europe, participating in several exchange programs, intercultural dialogue and multimedia collaborative projects in parts of Asia. In 2000, she co-founded Green Papaya Art Projects with Norberto Roldan, facilitating experimental platforms for contemporary dance practice in Manila. In 2007 she received the Jury Prize Award at the Yokohama Dance Collection-R Solo x Duo Competition for her solo *Beneath Polka-dotted Skies* and nominated for the Rolex Mentor Protégé Arts Initiative the same year. At the moment she sits as artistic director of The Lovegangsters an open collective of artists, autodidacts, hangers-on and talkers working in contemporary dance, sound, new media and performance.

Joavien Ng (SG)

Joavien Ng began her choreographing and performing career in 1997, after graduating from La Salle School of Performing Arts in Singapore. Her most recent work, *The Diary of Alice*, a collaboration with Paloma Calle, was presented by TheatreWorks (Singapore) in January 2011. As Theatreworks' associate Artistic Director in 2011, she initiated a choreographic Lab *The Screw of Thoughts*, together with Jochen Roller. In 2009, *Body Swap*, a collaboration Dani Brown, was presented at Kampnagel - Live Art Festival and Singapore Arts Festival. In 2008, *LAB and Body Inquire*,

were commissioned by Esplanade - theatre on the Bay and the Singapore Arts Festival 2008 respectively. Joavien has also attended various dance exchange platforms. She participated in *Pointe-to-Point* (Lisbon, 2009) organised by the Asia-Europe Foundation, the *Dance Expert Workshop* (Sydney, 2008) organised by the Goethe Institute, and the *Asia Contemporary Dance Conference* (Tokyo, 2007) organised by the Japanese Centre of international Theatre Institute.

Michael Riedel

Michael RIEDEL lives in Berlin and is represented by the David Zwirner Gallery (New York), the Gabriele Senn Gallery (Vienna) and the Galerie Michel Rein (Paris). He studied at the Frankfurt Städelschule, the École Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and since then has exhibited widely in Europe and the United States. Among his recent exhibitions: *Stutter*, Tate Modern (London, UK, 2009); *Four Proposals for Change*, Staedelmuseum (Frankfurt, Germany, 2009); *Filmed Film*, David Zwirner Gallery (New York, 2008) / Deutsches Filmmuseum (Frankfurt, Germany, 2004); *Records Played Backwards*, The Modern Institute (Glasgow, UK, 2008); Biennale d'Art Contemporain de Lyon (Lyon, France, 2007); Moscow Contemporary Art Biennale (Moscow, Russia, 2005); *Art Statements*, Art 37 Basel (Basel, Switzerland, 2006); *Neo*, David Zwirner Gallery (New York, USA, 2006); *Context, Form*, Troy, Wiener Secession (Vienna, Austria, 2003). He founded the *Oskar-von-Miller Strasse* exhibition space in 2000 and published *Oskar* (Silverbridge, Paris, 2003); *False Frieze Art Fair Catalogue* (Revolver Verlag, Frankfurt 2004); *Tirala* (Schleebruegge Editor, Vienne, 2006); *Printed and Unprinted Posters 2003 – 08* (Verlag Walther Koenig, Cologne, 2008); *Shitting and Pissing; Johnson Robert; Neo* (series of transcriptions, Revolver Verlag, Frankfurt).

Georg Schöllhammer (AT)

Georg Schöllhammer is an author and curator based in Vienna. He is the founding editor of the influential art and theory magazine *springerin - Hefte für Gegenwartskunst*. From 2005 to 2007, he was editor-in-chief of *Documenta 12* and initiator and head of *documenta 12 magazines*. In addition Schöllhammer is chair of *The Julius Koller Society* (Bratislava) and of *transit.at* and he heads the research groups *Local Modernities* (Frankfurt/Berlin) and *Sweet Sixties* (Istanbul/Vienna). Schöllhammer, who studied architecture, art history and philosophy has

published extensively on fine arts, architecture and art theory. He has curated shows and has lectured at art institutions, universities and colleges around the world.

Gerald Siegmund (DE)

Gerald Siegmund has studied theatre, as well as English and romanian languages in Frankfurt University. He teaches dance with a particular focus on choreography and performance at the Justus-Liebig University in Giessen. His main research work is devoted to contemporary dance and post-dramatic theatre, in dialogue with performance and visual arts. He has published: *William Forsythe – Denken in Bewegung*, at Henschel Verlag, Berlin, and *Abwesenheit. Eine performative Ästhetik des Tanzes – William Forsythe, Jérôme Bel, Xavier Le Roy, Meg Stuart*, at Transcript Verlag, Bielefeld.

Acknowledgements

We would like to thank all participants of *expo zéro*

September 19 & 20, 2009 - Le Garage, Rennes (FR)
expo zéro with: Boris Charmatz, Raphaëlle Delaunay, Vincent Dunoyer, Anne Juren, Faustin Linyekula (dancers and choreographers), Tim Etchells et Janez Janša (artists, authors), Georg Schöllhammer (author and curator), Sylvie Mokhtari together with Nathalie Boulouch (members of Archives de la Critique d'Art).

October 3 & 4, 2009 - LiFE, Saint Nazaire (F)
www.liflife.org
expo zéro with: Boris Charmatz, Raphaëlle Delaunay (dancers and choreographers), Laurent Chétouane (director and choreographer), Cosmin Costinaș (author and curator), Yves-Noël Genod (actor and director), Yves Godin (light designer), Janez Janša (artist and author), Michael Riedel (visual artist), Gerald Siegmund (dance theoretician).

November 7 & 8, 2009 - Flying Circus Project, Singapour (SI) / www.theatreworks.org.sg
expo zéro with: Boris Charmatz, François Chaignaud, Padmini Chettur, Mette Ingvarsen, Donna Miranda, Joavien Ng (dancers and choreographers), Yves-Noël Genod (actor and director), Heman Chong (visual artist), Torrance Goh, FARM (architects), Ong Keng Sen (director and curator).

April 16 & 17, 2010 - BAK basis voor actuele kunst - Festival Springdance (coproduction), Utrecht (NL)
www.bak-utrecht.nl
expo zéro with: Boris Charmatz, deufert&plischke, Valda Setterfield, Sigal Zouk Harder (dancers and choreographers), Heman Chong, Sung Hwan Kim (visual artists), Cosmin Costinaș (author and curator), Nikolaus Hirsch (architect), Boyan Manchev (philosopher).

the authors and contributors of the catalogue

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The ongoing interest for future editions of the project underlines what Cosmin Costinaș points out in his essay: "expo zéro allows and invites for scenarios of empowerment...the art field as a civic space for producing knowledge and debating the terms for common action." (*expo zéro*, edition 4, BAK Utrecht),

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