

European Attraction Limited

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Producer URO: Bo Krister Wallström
Prosjektleder URO: Alette Schei Rørvik
Editor: Line Ulekleiv
Translation (Bjørkås) and copy-editing:
Natalie Hope O'Donnell

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Architect: Zamecznik Tegnestue og Håndlangeri
Engineer: Haug og Blom-Bakke AS
Entrepreneur: Olaf Eriksen AS,
Østlandske Montasje
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Artists's credits:

To our kids Laura, Naomi and Reuben for sharing the time during this project that was supposed to be theirs.

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The unexpected return of historical events

It happens that historical events emerge from oblivion with surprising force and relevance. The story of the Congo Village is an example of this. The artists, Lars Cuzner and Mohamed Ali Fadlabi, have, over the last four years, helped us rediscover the 1914 establishment of a "human zoo", a "village" in which 80 Senegalese men, women and children were put on display for public entertainment for five, long months. The Village was part of the large jubilee exhibition in Oslo's Frogner Park, which was staged to celebrate the centenary of the Norwegian constitution. The art project, *European Attraction Limited*, is named after the British company, which organised the Congo Village as one among many attractions at the 1914 exhibition. It is a process-based art project that will reach its climax exactly 100 years after the original Congo Village opened, coinciding with the celebration of the bicentenary of the constitution.

The project has three central aspects. Firstly, Cuzner and Fadlabi have, undoubtedly, reminded us of an event that had been suppressed in our collective memory. The mass-attendance and enthusiasm shown at the exhibition in 1914 can, of course, be explained – and maybe also understood – within a specific historical context. But these racist and colonial sentiments should neither be forgotten nor explained away. Both the media debate and, not least, the exhibition of the reconstructed Village in Frogner Park has had, and will continue to have, great pedagogical potential in the understanding of history.

Secondly, the shocking fact that the artists want to create a reconstruction of the Congo Village has sparked widespread debate on current issues of racism, representations of others, and cultural dominance. Cuzner and Fadlabi have succeeded in creating uncertainty around what will actually take place in the project, and have actively contributed to raising a number of ethical and political-ideological questions in the process. Initially, the conversation took place in

workshops and conferences within the international field of art. An extensive debate in the Norwegian media then ensued. Interest, combined with indignation and confusion as to whether and why someone would recreate such a disgraceful event in Norway today, is great. Via the many contributions and different submissions to the debate, two things emerged, simultaneously. The first is that the range of perspectives and points of view in the discussion of racism, integration and representation of minority groups in Norway has been expanded. The second is that the heatedness of the debate has shown how complex and ambiguous collective discussions of such issues can be, particularly when the agenda shifts and new voices are added to the discourse.

The artists have contributed to this ambiguity, and have used it as a central artistic device in *European Attraction Limited*. This points to the third and final aspect of the project, namely that the historical reminder and the “threat” of reproducing the work today – as a re-enactment with real people on display – is effective because it is being done as a work of art. Artists are capable of turning any kind of material into an artistic gesture or tool; they are also capable of pinpointing the issues in the debates surrounding the Congo Village. The artists have created a mix of exasperation, indignation, engagement, amazement, anger, curiosity, objective discussion and subjective opinion with two major consequences. Firstly, the issues have become more complex and, thus, more interesting as a topic of long-term, public debate. Secondly, the freedom of artistic expression has been questioned through the various demands to shut the project down – not because anything has actually happened to warrant that – *just in case* it could.

For KORO – Public Art Norway, which has financed the project and acted as the producer in the reconstruction of the portal and the huts in Frogner Park, the process has been as uncertain and uncomfortable as it has been for most others. It is, nevertheless, important to maintain the unpredictability of process-based art projects. Artistic means of expression do not follow established conventions, and appealing to

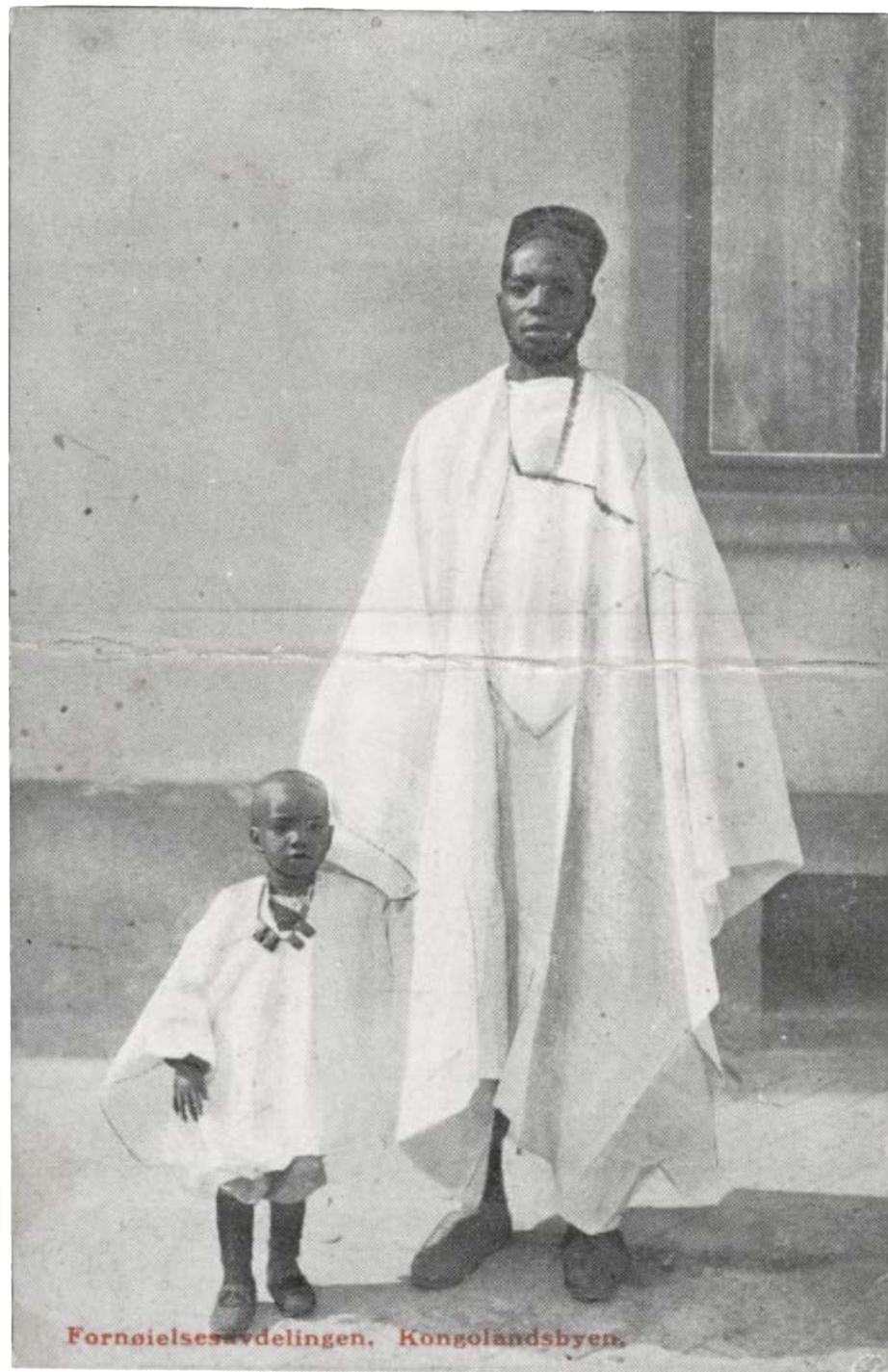
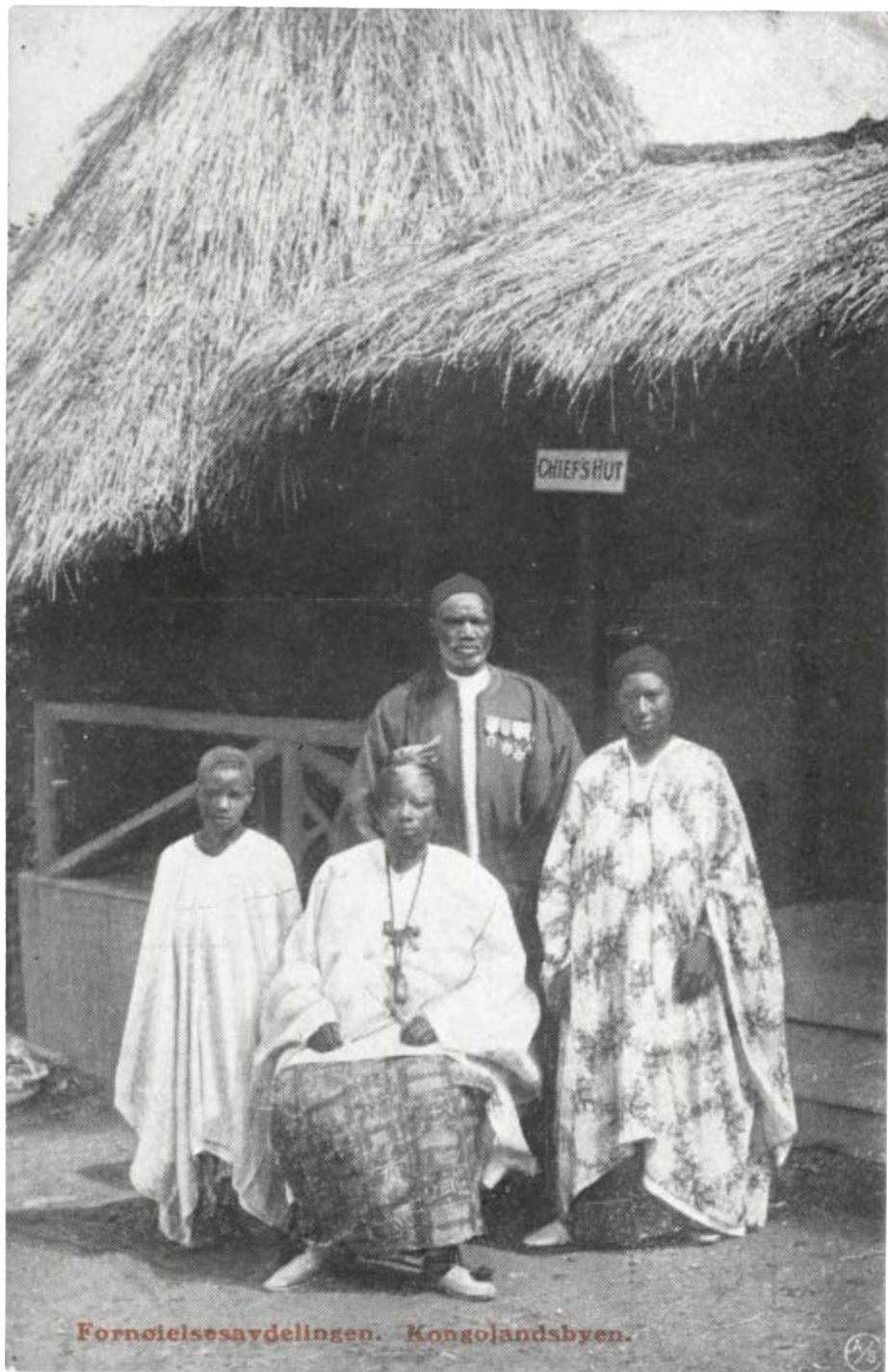
potential consequences, which have not yet arisen, certainly should not stop them. If we dare to see what may happen, we might learn something we didn’t know we needed to learn. That way, we might be able to look at ourselves, our surroundings, and our moral and cultural challenges in light of the potential knowledge production that resides in the unexpected return of historical events.

Svein Bjørkås

Director of Public Art Norway

Fornøielsesavdelingen. Kongolandsbyen.





Disse har jeg set på udstillingen

Fornøielsesafdelingen, Kongolandsbyen

Det er ^{meget} sjældne børn som er på skolen

stakar

Skole

kom til Jule

Dem er så rare kan du høre
når de synger.

1916



Norges Jubilæumsutstilling 1914. Fornøielsesavdelingen.
Kongolandsbyens Port.

Will Bradley:

The Norwegian Revolution

Norway celebrates the bicentenary of its constitution on the 17th of May, 2014. This is a time for national rejoicing, and for a heightened display of the traditionally uncomplicated Norwegian patriotism that initially bemuses tourists and immigrants alike. The 17th of May is rivalled only by Bastille Day and the 4th of July as a mass display of flag-waving that turns the main street of every city and town into a tide of red, white and blue. The echo of France and the USA is no accident, of course. In 1814, the constitutions of these two newly revolutionised states were the direct inspiration for the many progressive innovations in the Norwegian text. Nevertheless, the Norwegian document was a product of very different circumstances, equally marked by political exigency and the monarchist compromises necessary to keep potential alliances with Denmark and Britain open to a fragile and threatened state-in-waiting. Before the end of the year, it had also been radically edited to reflect the reality of military defeat and union with Sweden.

The wholehearted celebration of the bicentenary is predicated on the restoration of the 1814 constitution in 1905, when the State of Norway was, at last, established as an independent, constitutional monarchy. The continuity of the constitution is, in many ways, remarkable; it has survived two centuries and, like the possibly more celebrated US document, continues to underpin the political form of the state. It is, however, particularly worth noting here one of the several exceptions to this survival, which every Norwegian schoolchild

learns. The second paragraph of the 1814 document asserted that *The Evangelical-Lutheran religion remains the public religion of the State. Those inhabitants, who confess thereto, are bound to raise their children to the same. Jesuits and monastic orders are not permitted. Jews are still prohibited from entry to the Realm.* The prohibition on Jews was rescinded in 1851, after a long public and political campaign. The prohibition on Jesuits survived, in constitutional law, at least, until 1956.

The 17th of May appears, to the outsider, to be the misplaced celebration of a revolution that never happened. So let us imagine that Norway is not, in fact, celebrating the continuity of its constitution, but its discontinuity, a slow revolution that has taken two centuries and is today still far from complete. An apparently seamless, but, in fact, dramatic and hard-won development, from the initial conception of a racist pro-monarchy-for-sale coupled with a token landowners parliament, to a functioning modern democracy with a universal franchise and a shared concept, if not yet fully realised practice, of universal rights. From this perspective of slow transformation it is also easier to understand how, in 1914, the celebrations of the first centenary of the constitution might have included the presentation of an ersatz "Congo village", a human zoo.

The one-hundred-year-anniversary of the Norwegian constitution was marked with an international exhibition in Oslo. Oslo was late when it came to staging such a spectacle, behind even Bergen, which had held an International Fisheries Exhibition in 1898. The Oslo exhibition was also atypical in that it primarily celebrated neither industry nor colonial expansion, but rather a political moment that must, in practice, have referred more directly to Norway's recent independence than to its 1814 constitution. Possibly it took the established international exhibition model as its blueprint in order to belatedly project an image modelled on that of its successful European neighbours. If that was indeed the aim, then the timing could not have been much worse: with the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand only two months away, Oslo also gained the dubious distinction of holding the last of the Great Exhibitions of the 19th century.

The London-based, Hungarian-born impresario Benno Singer was engaged by the Oslo 1914 exhibition committee to produce an amusement park as part of an extensive exhibition in Frogner Park. The Congolese village was, in turn, part of Singer's fairground, alongside a rollercoaster and a pantomime theatre, among other attractions. Eighty people, allegedly from the Congo but most likely brought from Senegal, performed some version of their supposed daily life for the Oslo public in a setting built to suggest the image of an African village drawn from the popular imagination. The reactions from the Norwegian press were enthusiastic and overtly racist: "exceedingly funny" wrote Norway's newspaper of record, *Aftenposten*; "it's wonderful that we are white!" wrote a now-defunct magazine called *Urd*. As an attraction, the village was a great success, and it was credited with drawing a significant proportion of the 1.4 million reported visitors to the exhibition.

The primary precursor to the Congolese Village in Oslo was the 1897 exhibition at the Brussels International Exhibition, which explicitly celebrated Belgium's brutal African conquests. Many of the 267 Congolese citizens transported to Brussels for the occasion died during the exhibition period, and were buried in a common grave. Despite this early setback, in the following years it seems that the pantomime African village became a regular feature of the international exhibition circuit, a modern extension of the carnival sideshow, married to a colonialist ideology of European domination.

At this point the situation might seem clear. A naive Norwegian public are faced with an African other, created by Belgian colonialism, and presented as a carnival sideshow by an entrepreneur who knows how to create a sensation that will draw the crowds. And to self-consciously re-present this situation now is both to point to historical Norwegian racism, and to ask what has changed since then, or even to suggest that some of these historical racist attitudes have survived.

This looks like an eminently reasonable conclusion, perfectly compatible with a contemporary liberal worldview, but it's also a trap, constructed, in part, from the racist ideology that framed Singer's own

plans for a European Attraction. Looking at the Congolese Village from a sociological perspective, it is certainly possible to gain a better understanding of the prevalence and the social and political significance of racist attitudes in early twentieth-century Norway. Looking at the Congolese Village only through the ideological filter of the constructed image of race, however, it is easy to miss the political and economic dimensions connected to its production that might give it greater contemporary significance.

Even from the very incomplete public records of the exhibition, two things stand out.

First, it seems that the Congolese Village was initially conceived as a Sami Village. In a Norwegian context, the Sami people are, of course, the proper colonial other, Norway's unspoken conquest. As such, their representatives might well have played the same uncomfortable role in the Oslo exhibition that the inhabitants of the Congo played in Brussels in 1897. But the exhibition committee rejected this idea on political grounds, since the Sami people, in the new settlement of Norwegian independence, were considered Norwegians: "The idea of putting franchised Norwegian citizens on display for money is too distasteful."

So already there is a political distinction made between the supposedly exotic lifestyles of some Norwegian citizens, which cannot be displayed for money, and the supposedly exotic lifestyles of some people from the Belgian Congo (most likely played by people from Senegal), which can.

Second, available sources indicate that the group who played the Congolese villagers in Oslo were a travelling troupe. They were not assembled specifically for the Norwegian centenary, but were established performers on a European circuit. Slavery having been abolished in Europe several decades earlier, it seems probable that a symbolic contractual relationship existed between the performers and their management, which would have mandated some kind of recompense, most likely, but without evidence not necessarily, at an absolute minimum, for their services.

An additional consideration concerns the way in which the Congolese Village was established and represented. Though it seems that some small communication was possible across the language barrier, the form and means of the Congolese representation in Oslo were determined by the organisers of the exhibition. The villagers were not only on display, but on display within a set regime, obligated to play a passive role in which their interactions were tightly controlled. Though there is no record currently available of the contractual restrictions under which they appeared, the fact that contemporary reports only describe encounters within the Frogner Park exhibition suggests that their freedom of movement was restricted. This fact in itself does not constitute firm evidence, but it seems altogether likely that, although they were resident in Oslo for several months, the "Congolese Villagers" were prevented from exploring the daily life of the city.

With these adjustments to the initial image of the Congolese Village in mind, we can perhaps begin again to think about its significance now.

The power relationships at stake, even in 1914, were not only those of now-supposedly-departed cultural prejudice (a politically manufactured prejudice that is, of course, still being actively promoted now, by many organised political groups in Europe) or European imperialist oppression, but also the political and economic realities of emerging capitalist globalisation. What made Benno Singer's Congolese Village possible was not only the correctly-assumed cultural racism of its intended audience, but the formalisation of a profoundly unequal relationship within the structure of global capitalism. National political determinations, the enactment of human rights in law and practice, were then, and are still, the primary means by which the broken ideology of racism is ultimately either defeated or institutionalised by the power of the state, and by which the result enters into the global political discourse. If not for the political intervention of the exhibition committee on the grounds of Norwegian citizenship, there might have been a Sami village on display in the 1914 exhibition. Similarly,

it seems likely that the performers who did populate the Village were what in the contemporary euphemism would be called economic migrants, their subjugation not a matter of pre-modern enslavement, but a rational consequence of the socio-economic relationships established by force between European capital and African land and labour. The Congolese Village was a profitable attraction because of its perceived exoticism, presented in such a way as to manipulate the cultural attitudes of the Oslo audience. But its creation was also a consequence of the political rights of citizenship, or their absence, and the economic subjugation of a group of performers proletarianized by the imposition of capitalist social relations following their colonialist expropriation.

In other words, it seems possible to map significant elements of the material conditions that made the production of the Congolese Village possible directly onto current conditions in the global capitalist labour market. People dispossessed by the force of capitalist imperialism, people whose unchosen nationality does not give them the same rights accorded to, for example, Norwegian citizens, are remade as unrealised potential migrant workers, impelled to leave homes and families and undertake precarious journeys in search of often-illusory, or at best marginal and purely economic benefit, under working conditions which deny them basic human freedoms.

Given the dearth of historical evidence, it should be noted that this is merely the most plausible of several alternative scenarios. It may be that the inhabitants of the Village were, in fact, violently enslaved or coerced, illegally or with the secret complicity of the Norwegian authorities. Equally, they may have been as free as any contemporary theatrical troupe, happy only to have had their temporary visas approved – never a straightforward process for a performer from sub-Saharan Africa, particularly if one's entire family is part of the production – and saving their touring revenue to spend at home.

But it seems most likely that, behind the hugely popular and, to certain individuals, profitable image of fake primitive theatre, there were

dispossessed people forced, by difficult and perhaps extreme conditions they had no hand in choosing, to leave behind everything they knew, family and friends. To gamble everything on the outside possibility of gaining a foothold in the supposed economic paradise of Europe, even if that effort were to cost them their dignity, their health, and their very identity.

With this reading in mind, the significance of Cuzner and Fadlabi's project is both historical and absolutely contemporary, since it has the potential to raise unresolved and still current questions regarding the political and economic rights of all peoples, not only those colonized and oppressed by the European adventures in Africa. First and foremost, however, their project is concerned with the relationship between Norwegian history and Norway's future. If it does no more than add one corrective footnote to the story of the modern state and its constitution, still that work might not be wasted in the hoped-for, ongoing, future unfolding of the Norwegian revolution. Yes, 1914 belongs firmly to the past, and yes, the reconstruction of history and the critique of history is as worthless as the celebration of history – unless it can help to show us how much, in 2014, still remains to be done.

Gabi Ngcobo:

No One Ever Steps in The Same River Twice

1.

A number of readers of this text will recall a legend about one Peter Davies, a then recent graduate from Northwestern University, who, during a bush hike in Kenya in 1986, came across a young distressed bull elephant standing with one leg raised. Peter, as the legend goes, advanced cautiously towards the elephant, got down to inspect its foot and found a large piece of wood deeply embedded in it. Knife in hand and with all the gentleness he could muster, he managed to work the wood out, much to the elephant's relief. The elephant turned to face Peter, staring at him intensely for what seemed like the longest time. Peter's mind could think of nothing but being flattened by the very same foot he had just rescued from anguish. Eventually the elephant trumpeted loudly, turned, and walked away.

This experience remained implanted in Peter's mind.

Fast-forward to 2006, twenty years later. Peter, now a father of a teenage son, named Cameron, walked with the boy through Chicago Zoo. As they approached the elephant enclosure, one of the elephants turned and walked over near where they were standing. The large bull elephant stared intensely at Peter, lifted its front foot off the ground, then put it down – repeating the movement several times – then trumpeted loudly, eyes still fixated upon Peter.

Remembering the 1986 encounter in Kenya, he could not help but wonder if this was the same elephant. Peter summoned up his courage, climbed over the railing, and entered the elephant enclosure.

That is how Peter met his end; I will spare you the details.

It was not the same elephant. But, had it been, would the story have ended differently?

Peter, an ego that underwent an unforgettable experience, was more attuned to the laws of memory, which relates to a past that has never been present – a time regained. Had he believed in the nature of repetition, a return that differs from itself, perhaps his life would have been prolonged; his death less dramatic.

Ghosts aren't attached to places, but to people – to the living.

Huay's ghost in *Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past Lives* (2010)
— a film by Apichatpong Weerasethakul

2.

In repetition, to quote Jacques Derrida, "one touches there on what one does not touch, one feels there where one does not feel, one even suffers there where suffering does not take place, when at least it does not take place where one suffers..."¹ Therefore, in order to be effective, historical reenactments as an artistic strategy should avoid entering history's enclosures and, rather, opt for moments in history that leave enough room between the Thing and its apparition. Re-entering history does not necessitate courage, as such. It is an endeavor that permits us to pursue the past with a blindness that seems virtually impossible to achieve. It is in this blindness through which may surface a newly considered economy of commemorating; one that is stripped of accountability, of ideas of nation-building, and open to moments of surprise, moments that are neither depressive nor awkwardly hopeful.

1. Jacques Derrida in *Specters of Marx*, Routledge, New York, 1993, p. 151.

Strategies of reenactment in recent artistic practices are essentially the poetics of confronting ghosts or phantoms. One certainly does not want to tackle a ghost head-on. In *Specters of Marx*, Derrida emphasizes that the pursuit of ghosts is a paradoxical hunt and a specular circle that "one chases after in order to chase away, one pursues, sets off in pursuit of someone to make him flee, but one makes him flee, distances him, expulses him so as to go after him again and remain in pursuit."²

Revisiting history in search for meaning in the present is a pursuit of something that can't even see itself in the mirror, of answers that have no questions, at least not yet. Historical legacies and their relevance and impact on contemporary art take the battle scene as a metaphorical site in which the main concern is not winning or seeing others suffer. Instead it is an observation into the everyday practices that have been characterized by political legacies that have shaped the pile of history's debris.

*Each generation must, out of relative obscurity, discover its mission, fulfill it, or betray it.*³

— Frantz Fanon

3.

In South Africa, the rubbles of history are best exemplified by the precariousness of one archive of the late Alf Kumalo, who converted his old house in Diepkloof, Soweto into the Alf Kumalo Museum in 2003. For more than five decades, Kumalo had documented some of the country's vital moments in history: the burning of the passes, protests, massacres, funerals, sports, political leaders and all other indications of the violent apartheid state at work. The countless images he took of Winnie Mandela are astounding, almost obsessive, and depict a woman whose suffering has come to be ridiculed in post-apartheid

2. Ibid.
3. Frantz Fanon, "On National Culture" in *The Wretched of the Earth*, Grove Press (1963 Translation), Paris, 1961, p. 145.

South Africa. Kumalo told of his many near-death experiences: more than once he made the same deal with God, "if you spare my life here, now, I will never take another photograph, ever." He told of many strategies he devised in order for the image to be produced and for it to survive. Because of his initials, A.K., the state often raided his house looking for AK47s, finding instead photographic equipment and images, confiscating some. His museum, therefore, is evidence of the accumulations of Kumalo's lifetime as a photographer. In July 2011, during our visit at the museum, my colleagues from the Center for Historical Reenactments (CHR) and I were shown around a room, housing his most iconic images, a darkroom that was no longer in function, and a room with heaps of boxes, negatives, prints, personal notes and outdated photographic equipment. We became curiously absorbed, the spirit and energy that seemed to hover over what was trapped, hidden and covered in dust in this one room appeared about to explode.

In March 2012, we took a 72-hour, self-initiated residency at the museum. For three days we searched for the inapparent, for everything, cleaned, learned, listened to Kumalo's narratives, discussed, sorted boxes, bags, images, documents, equipment, people and more people, some we knew, most we didn't, many dead, many survived, black people, in agony, in love, at funerals, at rallies. A photograph of a poster on a pole reads: "If you like Idi Amin, you will love Nelson Mandela." Now they love him, do they love Idi Amin too? We were confused. We protest. "Why are we doing this?" Explorers!!! Winnie Mandela, the beautiful Nomzamo Winfreda Madikizela Mandela sitting with one of her daughters "after 12 midnight on a story that was to quote her," reads the caption at the back of the image. Mandela, Tutu, Biko, Ongopotse Tiro - assassinated! Letter bomb, says Mr. Kumalo. It's all too much! Ali in the Congo. Ali! Bumaye! Kill him! Kill them! The archive is alive; the archive is dead, no! It has all the ingredients that make up a potential bomb. We are alive?⁴

"They will never kill us all." These are words written on a banner carried in a 1985 protest rally commemorating the 25th anniversary of

4. Alf Kumalo died on 21 October 2012 aged 82.

the Sharpsville Massacre (21 March 1960). Kumalo was there, in Uitenhage, Eastern Cape province. The black and white photograph hangs in the room with other iconic images. Seemingly unaware that the government had banned the demonstration, the protestors were suddenly faced with police gunfire, in which more than 20 people lost their lives.

As part of the 72-hour residency project we titled *Fr(agile)*, we reconstructed the banner to make direct reference to the banner in Kumalo's image. To single out this reference was our attempt to reinstate the fact of history lived or destiny foretold. Metaphorically, the banner makes reference to a sort of determinism/determination that characterized the apartheid era: it is a single declaration to the state that no amount of physical casualties would extinguish the people's desire to be free. The statement "They will never kill us all" dramatizes the continuity of polarization ('they' versus 'us'), the banner, leaping out of this historical moment, revives a discursive platform within which the current space(s) of struggle might be critically examined, through its many archives.

The project *Fr(agile)* was driven by questions regarding the fragility of memory, of archives – as well the hierarchies – inherent in the memory industry, the franchising of memory.

The reconstructed banner is not the banner of 1985; the copy does not take the place of the model. It is, at the moment of writing, hanging awkwardly, not completely out of joint, in the exhibition "The Rise and Fall of Apartheid: Photography and the Bureaucracy of Everyday Life".⁵

5. "The Rise and Fall of Apartheid" is a traveling exhibition curated by Okwui Enwezor and Rory Bester. At the time of writing it was showing in Johannesburg at Museum Africa.

Julia Moritz:

It's this season again. Sun out. Sea quiet. The ferry to Tangiers huge,
and empty, smoking.

These other boats: small, and packed.
The exiled, live on TV.
The drowned: quiet.

I – look out, look for, look back

Looking Back: Zoo as Fair and Fair as Zoo

– And another spring, 100 years down the timeline,
2000 km up the map, north.

The world in a nutshell, packaged.

According to recent art historical trends to cover “exhibition histories” – the excavation and lineaging of curatorial artefact – the World Fair is considered to be the decisive progenitor of perennial art exhibitions (such as the biennial, most prominently), and their production of large-scale art projects, largely in “public space”. These behemoth events maintain their confidence, leaning on the common principle of exclusion, a.k.a. exclusivity. However, neither World, nor Fair, nor Show of any kind could perform their crucial socio-economic function without the dialectical opposite: means of inclusion, a.k.a. integration.

Or incarceration. Hence, little surprise that the modern Zoo made its appearance in the context of the great colonial exhibitions of our last century. The zoo then, and now, appears as the progeny of nature. An environment where animals, mostly exotic, are confined within highly art-fificial enclosures, displayed to the public, and in which they may breed. To cut a potentially long (hi)story short, by way of beginning: in procreative conjunction, both bourgeois devices of mediated/educational experience, "fair" and "zoo" nurture capital in a vital way. In their mutual legitimization, they manifest exchange value and the capital of knowledge – the control of capital, and the capital of control.

Addressing these larger logics of exploitation, as well as their possibilities of being expressed and addressed, understood and undone ultimately, the poet Keston Sutherland writes:

The worker reduced to Gallerte meets with the most horrible fate available in Marx's satire on wage labor, but he is not the object of that satire. (...) The worker's suffering is for Marx categorically different from the suffering of the bourgeoisie. The worker's suffering is not injured vanity, not discomfort over a grotesque image of himself, but "dehumanization" and "immiseration." The object of Marx's satire on abstract human labor is not the worker reduced to a condiment but the bourgeois consumer who eats him for breakfast, (...) the "vampire which sucks out its [the proletariat's] blood and brains and throws them into the alchemist's vessel of capital." But Marx, surely, is joking with his talk of vampires, and this, surely, is a book of theory before us, a "critique of political economy," from whose scientific perspective the vampire must surely be an impossible person? No, says Marx in the Communist Manifesto, the point is that the vampire is not yet impossible, and it remains the task of revolution to see that he is "made impossible." Its fetish-character may prevent the bourgeois consumer from seeing in Gallerte the brains, muscles, nerves and hands themselves: (...) Can the bourgeois consumer exit the stage of this satire, protesting his abstinence or his vegetarianism? No, he cannot, because the rendering of human minds and bodies into Gallerte is not, on the terms of Marx's satire, an abuse of wage labor by the coven of leading unreconstructed vampires but the fundamental law of all wage labor. The satire, abruptly, at the moment when its object might wriggle free of it, is revealed in fact to be "theory." (...) Social existence under capitalism is thus gruesomely primitivistic, not simply in that we bourgeois moderns

behave toward commodities in the way that "les anciens peuples...sauvages & grossiers" or "les Noirs & les Caraïbes" of Enlightenment ethnography behaved toward their fetish idols, but in the still more disgusting sense that our most routine, unavoidable and everyday act, the act of consumption of use value, that is, first of all, purchase, is in every case an act of cannibalism.

Keston Sutherland: *Marx in Jargon*, <http://sro.sussex.ac.uk/27796>

Literalising political economy – retrieving its critique along the corporeal lines of life and death – also sheds light onto the peculiar politico-anthropological ramifications of the zoo: the Ancient Greek concept of "zoon politicon". Developed by, of course, Aristotle via Plato, this reading of the human being as fundamentally inscribed in, and simultaneously scripting, a social situation (a *con-text* proper), that is defined by the workings of the "polis" – a proto-urban state of civic capacity, responsibility, governance. Ever since, the resulting notions of "demos" and democracy are inextricably tied to "public space": an arena of agency defined by the right to represent (to display). A right, not given, but to be struggled for. A struggle, not just to be affirmed, but to be defined, once more, via a set of instruments; instructive means of governing knowledge, in order, ultimately, to grant superiority – the main concern of humanism and Enlightenment. To implement universal subordination – Enlightenment's liberal guise within the confines of nation states, and economies. To, once more, state the obvious.

Less obvious, perhaps: the intricate relationship of the zoon politicon and zoology; the study of animals by the socio-political animal. Basically, mastering its essential Other by way of the logos, by erecting boundaries around the animal; systematizing and classificatory boundaries. To confine Outsideness – and keep all inner animality out. Beyond these psycho-epistemological operations, the zoo also provided very real power-knowledge-relations, such as accumulation by collection, public pet property, and extinction as planned obsolescence, including the surpluses of exoticization. It is not by coincidence, if not by outright mutual legitimization (another plane, same

story), that the growing popularity of zoology was coupled with the ingermation of industrial metro-polises (smoking); or the premature autopsy of wild life, and loss.

Today, we express, address, understand and attempt to undo such governance of life, including death, not so much in the zoological register. The socio-political situation and navigational term of "bio-politics" has entered the arena (with the widespread reception of Foucauldian analysis). And yet: zoos are also called "bio-parks" nowadays. So, from the point of view of the political, in terms of the *polis* (including its literalization up to the point of neoliberal-urbanisation-no-return), what does *bios* (Greek too, of course) really mean – and what does it *not* mean in relation to *zoon*? It leads, I believe, to the phenomenon of human zoos – a dead end?

FOOTNOTE

All my grappling here is based on three footnotes. They are footnotes because they are fundamental. In no sense on equal footing, let alone margins. I stand on them, walk with them, fall over them sometimes too. Here, such indispensable grounding extremity is provided by three wonder-women philosophers whose thought and work I admire and followed in different stages of my positioning within this discourse, that is, the world. I wish to introduce their voices uncommented, in their striking communion of already and amazingly having said everything I could ever wish to say, here:

– LOOKING OUT

"According to Foucault, in the Classical era the figure of the madman combines criminal poverty and idleness with the animal, inhuman principle. Because as you know, the human of the Classical era is one who is thinking. The one who doesn't think is not human. Madness reveals the absurdity of the animal nature of man. That's why, as Foucault says, madness actually acquires the same status as animality. Places of isolation set aside for madmen look like zoos or menageries. The purpose of isolation is to secure the mind against madness and the human against the animal, who now bears no resemblance to the human. And of course, Cartesian exclusion is the theoretical side of this process. (...) At the era of the Cartesian exclusion (not only of madness, but also of animality as of the absence of a reason) the status of animality is absolutely different. Its place is now at the anatomical table of Descartes, or in the butcher shop, or at the plate together with fruits and wine."

Oxana Timofeeva: "Animals" and "Animalities": An Outline of History, <http://chtodelat.org/b9-texts-2/timofeeva/oxana-timofeeva-animals-and-animalities-an-outline-of-history/>, 2013

– LOOKING BACK

"The word species also structures conversation and environmental discourses, with their "endangered species" that function simultaneously to locate value and to evoke death and extinction in ways familiar in colonial representations of the always vanishing indigene. The discursive tie between the colonized, the enslaved, the noncitizen, and the animal

– all reduced to type, all Others to rational man, and all essential to his bright constitution – is at the heart of racism and flourishes, lethally, in the entrails of humanism. (...) Looking back in this way takes us to seeing again, to respect, to the act of respect. To hold in regard, to respond, to look back reciprocally, to notice, to pay attention, to have courteous regard for, to esteem: all of that is tied to polite greeting, to constituting the polis, where and when species meet.”

Donna Haraway: When Species Meet, 2008, p.18

– LOOKING FOR

Minoritarian-fantasy hybridity is futurity without ethics. Acceleration aesthetics attends to the slowness of meditative ethical interaction over the results-based drive for a hybrid human object that self-fulfills its own eye's desire for itself as a new object. The animal, vegetal cosmic eye is an a-human eye that does not see in genus and species, in recognition, in fulfillment of representational criteria, or in a future which is confounding for its own sake. But nor does it homogenize singularities in their rhizomatic interactions. Guattari may offer a possibility of activism in what he calls 'residual territorial assemblages': How can we utilize aesthetics to activate an ethical configuration of desire that is only defined by its deterritorializing usefulness at any given moment?

Patricia MacCormack: Futurity and Ethics, e-flux journal, No. 46, 2013

Looking for, still

Believe it or not, but I *do* believe in exhibition history. That is, to some extent, an archaeological approximation, art historical or artistic; a digging up and digging into petrified polises, and people.

One of the inevitable perennial exhibitions of the zoo of art is called *documenta*. The second oldest of its kind, it was founded in 1955 – sitting almost exactly in the middle of our agreed time line here, between 1914 and today – as an important instrument of industrialising the post-war cultural consciousness of Western Germany; and thus an incisive factor in the cultural Cold War – with Kassel sitting almost exactly on that Iron Curtain line that ran through Germany for most of *documenta*'s history, to some extent until 2012, when I happened to work there, heading and footing educational and other programs.

The concept of the 13th edition of *documenta* announced itself as a “non-concept”, attempting the utmost entanglement of people, things, thoughts, ideas, forms and species. In short, a radical embrace of holism (the simple reason why it would not claim a “concept” after all). This is somewhat at odds with previous notions of education at *documenta*, with Enlightened ideas and practices of education. And here again, literalizing is everything: education, as in “e-ducare”, in German translates to “führen,” including the “Führer” or, closer still, the Italian: “duce.” And here again, it is not by coincidence that the “Führung,” the German term for “guided tour”, has been the most successful educational format in the history of *documenta*, on most levels.

Needless to say, our educational approach set out with a particular scepticism towards didacticism equalling dictatorship. All the while, some difficulties with aligning itself to newer, more critical approaches to education ensued. For certain strands of radical education (much appreciated and discussed) tend to subscribe to discursivity, even in deconstruction, in a logo-centric way ultimately. With *documenta* 13's exercises in “speculative realism” or “object-oriented ontology” (a trajectory of thinking about objects as agents – with consequences for concepts of knowledge), in combination with a sincere

belief and praxis in multi-species co-evolution (stressing the existential alliances between different species – with consequences for concepts of subjectivity), we needed to venture into the terrain of non-anthropocentric education. We needed to address the fundamental paradox of thinking, but also actually realizing an education that would no longer rely on any of its parameters by definition, and thus actually be, and not shy away from being *no education at all*.

In order for any kind of new knowledge on the matter (or on any matter) to emerge, the outcome of our endeavour could not be known prior to – or at times even during – its realisation. We were faced with the question: What do we do when we don't know what we're doing? Then, only one thing seems for sure: any answer to that would need to involve the words "may" and "be", the breeding of a *maybe education*.

In a preliminary program pamphlet on the, now past and processed, behemoth programme, you can see my struggle with questions of art education, more painfully:

The question claims an activity: to do. In fact, the activity in question is *the* activity. Doing presumes an active state of being, an active life, the embodiment of a certain action. It engages the physicalities of the making, yet does not posit an aim or objective. It dwells in the subjectivity of the action as such. "To do" figures as a key premise of our programs. It does so precisely by not being an opposite of "to think". We do thinking as we think doing. We imagine new means of action that unfold while the empirics of the doing fuel our train of thought. Like walking in circles at night, or just walking, but particularly walking with others—that is, not marching, rather passaging through several theoretical and practical architectures and maps. The doing also creates the rhythm of the question. Repeated three times in this little line, it takes the form of a wave, or the curve of a spiral that does not move towards a certain end, but that contains. Just like the rhythm implied by a "Program"; semi-intuitive moments in which an action occurs and reoccurs, leaving a trace in the wider process of action taking shape. The word "we" in the question designates a plural. "We" means an energy that multiplies, that radiates outwards from the doing – strengthening, not weakening, the effort. And because of this, the "we" radically alters the doing in question. By way of acting together, we might become indivisible rather than individual. It is a doing-together, resulting

from the becoming-with of the multiple subjectivities in the entangled publics that a "Maybe Education" seeks to engage. An a priori (or A priority) political condition for everything that a public program can ever hope to achieve, and that is much.

Looking out

...What do we do when we don't know what we're doing?
We search, and research – but most importantly: we persist."

Now, some of these efforts, I believe – some of this thinking and making – are shared with the project from which you received this booklet. They could be identified as the attempt to let go of knowing. Not knowing, in that sense, is neither a celebration of negation nor a rejection of information, let alone experience. On the contrary: actively knowing-not might figure as one way of suspending what we take as certainties. When only shreds remain. Or: space for the not-known, to actually enter our scope of doing. Yet, not in a form to possess or belong, but as a force that in-forms thinking and counters confinement. Forms such as Terms and Facts then become possibilities, and their sounding signs, the history that resides within them, might eventually lead away from any idea of the logical center, away from the anthropocenter. De-anthropocentrization (the process) or non-anthropocentrism (the claim), or whatever the fuck to farewell the "anthropos", and all its "immiseration", welcomes the zoon.

Regarding that idea of the political in terms of the polis, it aligns with animality, the captured and enslaved. Where the near-complete recuperation of all things bio has zombified most methodology of a *vita activa*, or live life, the zoo-political seems to allow for some possibility to retrieve the un-mediatised and un-representable through the paradoxical possibility of re-search, re-enact, re-spect.

So much remains – will forever remain – to be learned about life and death; the animate, inanimate, re-animated; about this being in the world and its many materialities un-like. Still, I believe, all this

must be seized – to profoundly and urgently let it go. If only for another look, perhaps, a pre-face to the history and the institution of knowledge, of education, of the new institutionalisms of programs and projects – a postscript to the idea of presence equalling presentation.

Sunset over the sea, rear-viewed. The ferry leaves without me,
emptied of me (smoking).

These other boats now empty – God knows, the drowned.
The quieted, disquieting, exhumed, unextinct, moving north.

I – look forward

Adam Kleinman:

A fool's paradise

Feral African hippos now roam freely in Colombia. Beware of, not one, but a herd of approximately 30-adult specimens found there. Even though these foreign beasts should be a strange sight, locals know not to mess with them. While the animals' foreboding size and fierce reputation is something to take heed of, many leave the hippos alone because they are mythical creatures. Yet, this reverence is not religious, in fact, they are revered because of their former owner: the notorious drug lord, Pablo Escobar (1949–1993).

Escobar's reputation should precede him, but for those who do not know, this "King of Cocaine" led a multi-billion dollar drug trafficking cartel whose brutal business tactics – not limited to execution, torture, kidnapping, and an ostensible war against the state – became as legendary as his income. Like many kings, *El Patrón* ("the Boss") as he is commonly known, demanded a king's spoils. To such ends, this lord built himself the Hacienda Napoles, a sprawling, 20 km² luxury estate that featured, not only a mansion, fancy cars and a pool, but a fully functioning zoo, complete with giraffes, ostriches, elephants, ponies, antelope, exotic birds, and – as you might have guessed – our, now feral, hippopotamuses. While it would be difficult to rationalize this zoo as a scientific project – I forgot to mention that the ranch also hosts giant dinosaurs statues engaged in sensationalized movie-like battles such as a triceratops gorging a T-Rex in the groin – its other agenda was clear: to provide a fantasy palace setting wherein deals could be made, while politicians and police were entertained and subsequently bought or shot. According to lore, Escobar once ordered that his donkeys be painted to mimic a lost herd of zebras. Although I often encourage my

students – be they artists, historians, writers or curators – to be creative, I never ask for them to take such flights of the imagination. In any case, I have often taken my students to the zoo.

While questions of aesthetic representation abound, such as what image to use to refer to what idea, artistic representation can become political when the choice of image casts a shadow on living subjects. Even though no one should play the role of a culture cop, discussions on whether images empower or exploit are always necessary. To explore this, I take my students to the zoo – one of the reasons being that ethical thinking is easier to stoke while being confronted by living subjects. However, even objects have ethical dimensions, such as in the case of national treasures or symbols. Often a proposed trip to the zoo is greeted by two voices: the first excited, the second dismayed, which fortunately provides the two poles needed for a good debate. For the excited, it's easy to oppose them with the concerns of the dismayed, namely that zoos are cruel. But, as a counter to such argumentation, the discussion grows in complexity when considering how zoos function as both pedagogical tools and as research centres. Not all zoos of course, and certainly not Escobar's. Take for example the zoo we always visit: New York's Bronx Zoo.

With a marketing slogan like "Saving Wildlife and Wild Places", the Bronx Zoo doesn't seem intent on simply turning a cheap admission buck. Yes, there are captive animals, but this zoo also wallpapers its exhibits with, not only zoological and botanical didactics, but countless displays explaining deforestation, global warming, and other grave, and usually unexamined, everyday acts that exploit plants and animals in ways far greater, and far more devastating, than the sum total of cruelty that goes on in all of the world's zoos combined. And, although most zoos have yet to take on the tricky issue of industrialized farming, one might propose that humans are also studied and are also on display. Moreover, humans are made subjects of the zoo itself. While this topic, and others like it (such as how the Bronx Zoo features an activist conservatory that often reintroduces endangered species

back into environments formerly thought of as lost) are unpacked with my students, such analysis is almost always interrupted by someone spotting and then enthusiastically crying out "panda" or "snow leopard" or "polar bear".

As I too love these animals, I rush over, just as my students do – even the group of zoo detractors. And right there, right in front of a panda – or next to a polar bear – I stare, not only into the bear's eyes, but also at the faces of all my human compatriots, who dare to spy the wonder of these amazing creatures. Often people smile or stand open-mouthed. However, these superficial gestures reveal a greater emotion, namely a budding sense of either empathy or admiration for life, no matter the context. Could this awaking subjectivity be the very thing the zoo tries to make instrumental? Instead of simply selling tickets, which in turn fund those research centres, the exhibitions and exits are lined with boxes asking visitors to help save – through charity and advocacy – the very kinds of life trapped inside. Paradoxes aside, the question of how public displays and confrontations can provoke interpersonal and even interspecies understanding is a concern all artists and all societies contend with. Extrapolating from here, in the case of zoos, it is not only the human who is put on display, but a question of how our society shapes the world, and, conversely, how this too can be presented. Sadly, when it comes to the history of how this zoo, the Bronx Zoo, was created, we must all also revisit the story of one of its founders, the conservationist and eugenicist Madison Grant (1865–1937).

Although a great champion of animal protectionism, Grant was also an ardent advocate for scientific racism.¹ A key work in this regard is his infamous *The Passing of the Great Race* (1916), a pseudo-academic rant that warned how the "favourable" Caucasian stock of the then American people was being threatened by miscegenation with the then new immigrant populations – mostly coming to the United States from places beyond Northern Europe. To stem such a tide and prevent ensuing "racial suicide", Grant proposed a form of racial hygiene – replete with selective breeding rights – that would ensure the alleged

1. The false use of scientific principles to "prove" that various races are superior to others; currently there is no valid scientific evidence that can point to any form of racial superiority. In fact, this idea is completely falsified by the scientific record.

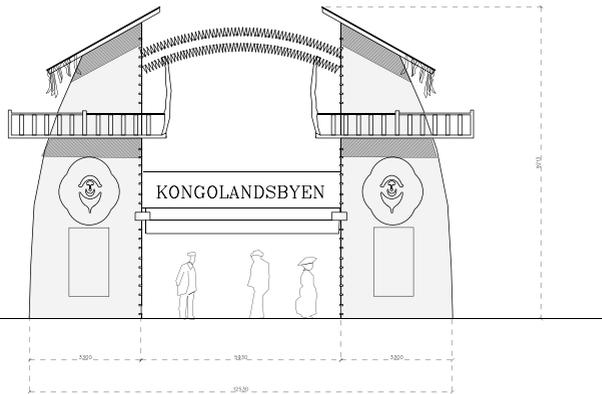
“purity” of his preferred bloodline, a lineage he mythologized and termed the “Nordic Race.”

If some of this ill logic sounds familiar, it could be because Nazi ideologist Alfred Rosenberg counted Grant as an influence, while Heinrich Himmler, *Reichsführer* of the *Schutzstaffel* (SS), relied on Grant’s “good” physical attributes, such as blonde hair and blue eyes, as a litmus test of racial purity – not to mention that mass murderer Anders Behring Breivik (1979–) favourably cited Grant’s work several times in his own recent screed, *2083: A European Declaration of Independence* (2011). Not limiting his ideas to text alone, Grant also decided to use his zoo as a means to advance his bogus and perverted notions through a 1906 publicity stunt.

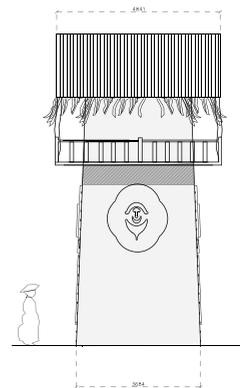
To do so, Grant duped a young Congolese man, Ota Benga (circa 1883–1916), to be put on public display in one of the Bronx Zoo’s monkey cages, side-by-side with the primates. Ota was tricked into doing this by being told that he was only coming to the zoo to take care of its elephants. Although being the centre of an exhibit was not a new phenomenon for Ota, who was first brought to the United States to be displayed in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition (aka the 1904 St. Louis World’s Fair), the exhibition in the Bronx backfired as many, including the *New York Times*, harshly criticized the show. In a cruel twist of fate, the exhibition led, not to an end of Grant’s feared “racial suicide” but to Ota taking his own life – after the show. Ota fell into a deep depression and was known to walk the streets shouting, “I am a Man”, before shooting himself. And while another writer might here attempt to tie together this horrendous story to the status of zoos today, let’s instead address another question entirely: what is the fate of bodies considered as objects today?

On my way to a biennale in Ecuador in March 2014, I encountered a frightening poster in Panama’s Tocuman International Airport. The image in question was of a beautiful, young girl dressed in suggestive clothing and seemingly caged by the very borders of the poster, her huddled posture barely contained within the picture frame. Although

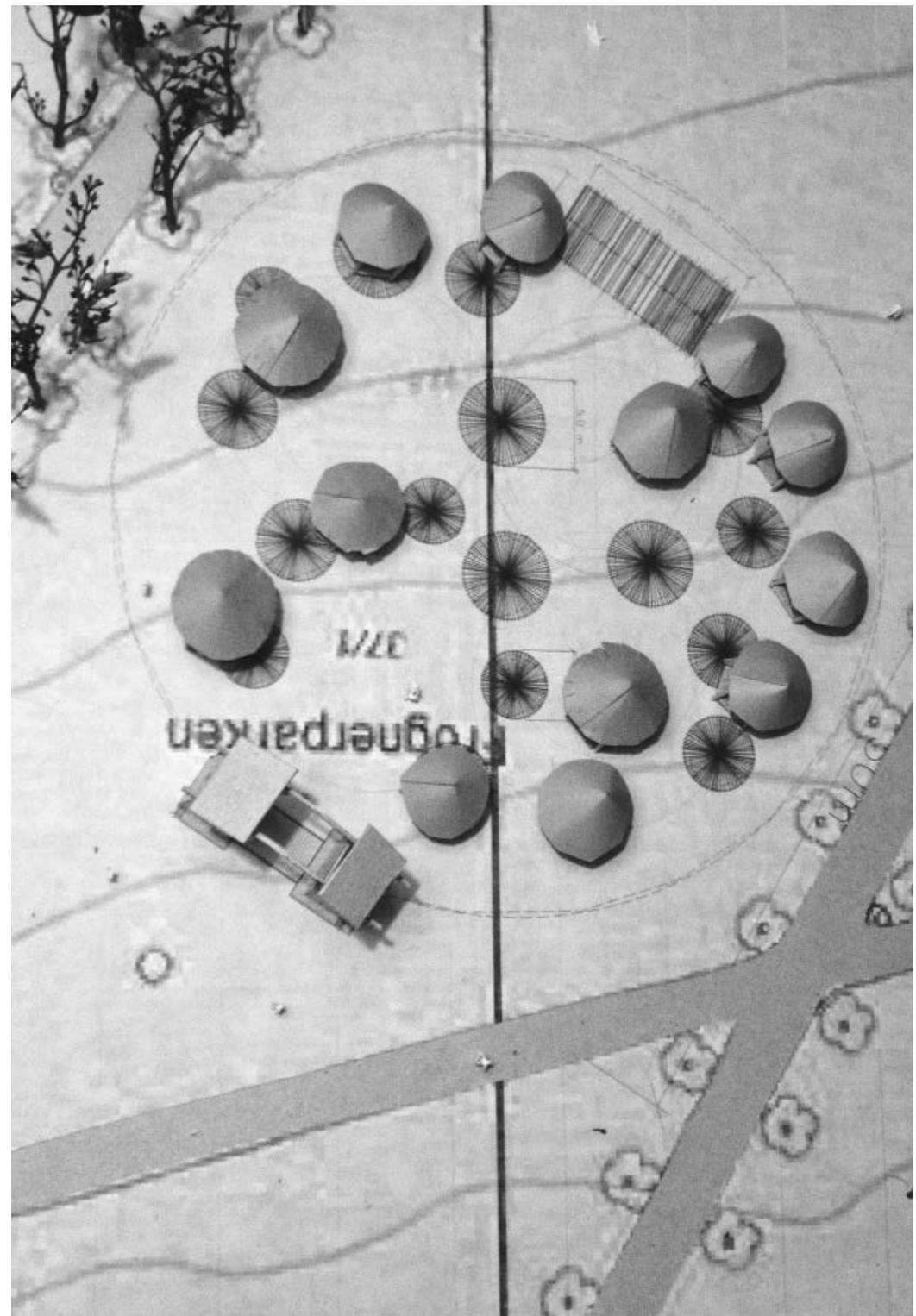
this tight cropping is in line with some of fashion’s current photo-editorial clichés, her pose was to be read against the poster’s text, which demanded: “I am not a toy”. And, while contemporary society might pat itself on its back for ending things like human zoos (maybe eventually all zoos), I wonder: are we ready to confront the hidden jungle that is today’s vast network of human trafficking, itself a market whose stock and trade turns “exotic” persons into readymade entertainment for more “advanced” nations?



FASADE NORD
FASADE SØR SKALA : 1:100



FASADE ØST
FASADE VEST SKALA : 1:100











Mohamed Ali Fadlabi & Lars Cuzner:

In 100 years, this will be forgotten

While we were building the Congo Village, some passers-by stopped and asked us: “very nice project, but how are you going to show what you want to achieve with it?” Some guy told us: “really nice”. Then he laughed and winked, pointed to the huts and asked: “are you going to sell something there?” The lady on the TV panel show *Nytt på nytt* said: “I think the point with the project is that 100 years ago, people said: ‘really cool!’ when they saw the village. Now we have to say RACISM! and then in our minds whisper ‘really cool!’ A neo-Nazi wrote to us that this Village, which apparently is intended to pollute Vigeland’s Park, will be burned! And an “anti-racist” group told us the same. A friend told us: “This is the most important art project in years.” Another said: “you know I love you guys, but this is pointless.”

One year ago, we did an installation entitled *Forensics of Attraction* (2013) at Bergen Assembly, as a part of the research in this project, in which we tried to highlight a contemporary human zoo that exists in Thailand today. We showed how the so-called Long-Necked Tribes, the Paduang (aka Kayan) women, have, since the 1980s, have been displaced to ethnic villages built for tourists, which generate massive revenue and have become the *raison d’être*, of some northern Thai states. The reactions we got to the Congo Village, were surprising to say the least.

One day, when we were working on the site, getting ready to build the Village, a lady came up to us and told us that her great-grandfather had held one of the highest positions in the making of the 1914 national exhibition. She had grown up with pictures and proud stories of the family's involvement in an exhibition that helped define the nation's position in industrialized Europe. And then she told us that no one in her family had ever mentioned the Congo Village. She first heard about it when we introduced this project. She said this with visible sadness.

A class of school kids came by when we were about halfway through building. The teachers had not planned on talking about this particular exhibition, but the kids, who were all nine years old, obviously wanted to. We watched the teachers struggle to explain what had happened here 100 years ago. The adults didn't want to say it, they didn't have the tools to say it, so the explanation turned into a uncomfortable non-explanation, and then they had to leave. This is partly how things disappear from history. This is how misconceptions create dishonesty or denial further down the line.

When we write together, we normally don't use our own voices. A new joint inflection has emerged in the last four years. But I want to tell a story about Lars, so the coming lines are my voice alone. It's OK, I guess, since I am going to talk about him.

Once, Lars told me that he wanted to prepare his daughter for the challenges of life. After all, it is still a white male-dominated world. Lars told his daughter not to take shit from boys. He said girls are not inferior boys in any way, "so, dear daughter, never let them put you down." When he said that, he noticed a change in her face. She then asked him: "but why are you saying that? I never thought that boys were better than me." At that moment he realised that, in seeking to protect her from this potential, he had introduced her to it. In a sense he had created the problem, and then tried to shield her from it. I thought a lot about that story when some of the critics of the Congo Village project created imaginary problems associated with it. And now, here we stand – the Village is built – and none of the imagined

problems has become reality. Yet, they still live on in the minds of those who created them.

The process of building the Congo Village started four years ago, and there is still a long way to go. We are still at the beginning, for the more we learn from our research and the making of this project, the more we realise how little we know. This project took us to different countries, introduced us to different people, libraries, archives, books, sleepless nights, jetlags, joys and anxieties. During the building process, a strange feeling started to grow inside us: as we were perfecting the details of the buildings, we started to like them the way we like the objects that result from us making art. It is a strange feeling, because we were building what we described in the media as "a monument to misrepresentation" and how can any one like that? Sometimes, we hated ourselves for liking the paint job we just finished or for trying to make the structure of a hut stronger. It's been an emotional rollercoaster.

As much as this project has consumed us on so many levels, it would never have been possible to get to this point without the support of so many people. We want to thank each and every one for their help and the big role they played in the making of this project. Finally, we would like to thank you, who came to see Kongolandsbyen Anno 2014. This wouldn't be at all possible without you being here.

OM HUNDREDE ÅR ER ALTING GLEMT

Jeg driver i aften og tænker og strider,
jeg synes jeg er som en kantret båt,
og alt hvad jeg jamrer og alt hvad jeg lider
det ender vel gjerne med gråt.
Men hvi skal jeg være så hårdt beklemt?
Om hundrede år er alting glemt.

Da hopper jeg heller og synger en vise
og holder mit liv for en skøn roman.
Jeg æter ved Gud som en fuldvoksen rise
og drikker som bare fan.
Men hvi skal jeg fare med al den skjæmt?
Om hundrede år er alting glemt.

Så stanser jeg virkelig heller striden
og ganger til sjøs med min pinte sjæl.
Der finder nok verden mig engang siden
så bitterlig druknet ihjæl.
Men hvi skal jeg ende så alt for slemt?
Om hundrede år er alting glemt.

Å nei, det er bedre at rusle og leve
og skrive en bok til hver kommende jul
og stige tilslut til en versets greve
og dø som en romanens mogul.
Da er det nu dette som gjør mig forstemt:
Om hundrede år er alting glemt.

Knut Hamsun, *Det vilde kor* (1904)

Will Bradley is currently Artistic Director of Kunsthall Oslo. He has been Guest Professor at the Stuedelschule, Frankfurt (2007–8); Curator at the CCA Wattis Institute for Contemporary Art, San Francisco (2005–7); researcher in art and social change at Manchester Metropolitan University (2002–5); co-founder and Director of The Modern Institute, Glasgow (1997–2002); and a member of the Committee of Transmission Gallery, Glasgow (1994–96).

Gabi Ngcobo is an artist, curator and educator based in Johannesburg. Ngcobo has collaboratively and independently conceptualised projects in South Africa and internationally. In 2011 she curated "DON'T/PANIC," an exhibition that coincided with the 17th UN Global Summit on Climate Change (COP17) in Durban. She is the first POOL Curatorial Fellow, and her exhibition *some a little sooner, some a little later* was held at the Zurich POOL/LUMA Westbau space from June–September 2013. She is co-founder of the Center for Historical Reenactments (CHR) based in Johannesburg. Ngcobo is a graduate of the Center for Curatorial Studies, Bard College, New York. She is faculty member at the Wits School of Arts, Fine Arts Division in Johannesburg.

Julia Moritz is the Curator of Theory and Programmes at Kunsthalle Zurich. She was the Head of Maybe Education and Public Programs of dOCUMENTA (13), taught contemporary art history at Lüneburg University. Moritz graduated from Leipzig University and completed her dissertation "Institutional Critique in Spaces of Conflict", a result of her Critical Studies Fellowship at the Whitney Museum Independent Studies Program in New York and a research residency in Bilbao, Spain. In different capacities, Moritz worked at Galerie für Zeitgenössische Kunst Leipzig, European Kunsthalle Cologne, the German Pavilion of the 52nd Venice Biennale, and Manifesta 7 in Fortezza, Italy, in 2008.

Adam Kleinman is a writer, lecturer, occasional performer, and sometime curator. He is sometimes based in New York.

