

Maya Rasker
Yael Assaf
Claire van der Poel
Sam Yazdanpanna Ardekani
Sonja Wyss
Taatske Pieterse
Igor Kramer
Joep Kuijper
Kay Schuttel
Bogomir Doring

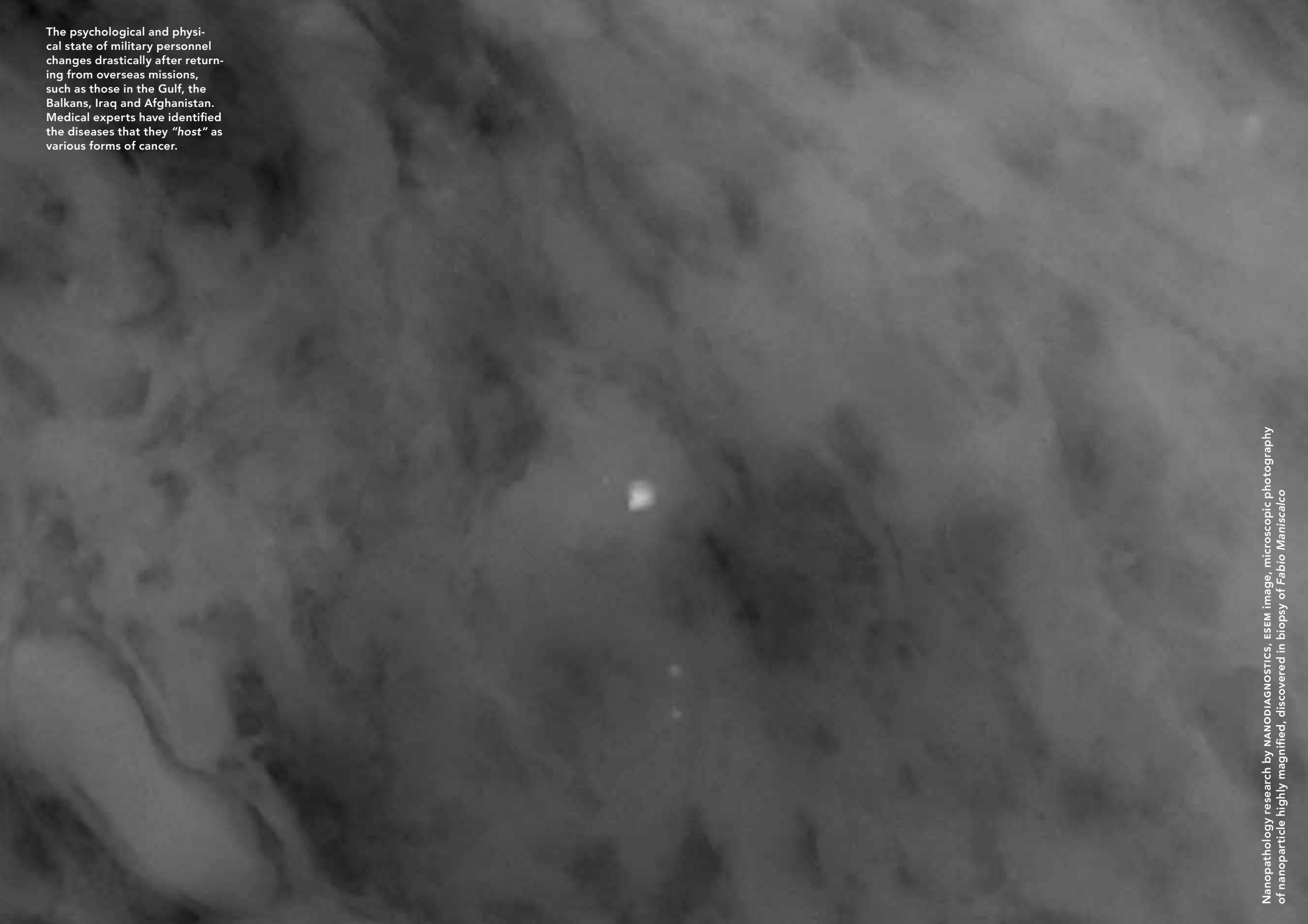
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The psychological and physical state of military personnel changes drastically after returning from overseas missions, such as those in the Gulf, the Balkans, Iraq and Afghanistan. Medical experts have identified the diseases that they "host" as various forms of cancer.



Nanopathology research by NANODIAGNOSTICS, ESEM image, microscopic photography of nanoparticle highly magnified, discovered in biopsy of Fabio Maniscalco

"My name is Antonietta Morena Gatti, I was born April 5th 1948 and I am Italian.

You are interviewing me because I wrote a book called "Nanopathology" on the impact of micro and nanoparticles and dusts on human health and on how they interact with our inner body.

I met many soldiers who were ill and sometimes I stayed with them until they died. It's all really sad. I told them that their bodies were contaminated during their peacekeeping missions.

What struck me first was how confused they were—people who'd gone away healthy but three to six months after returning from the mission became sick, with serious irreversible health problems.

They're completely lost and confused because they don't understand anything at all; have no idea what's happening to them.

They're looking for medicine to treat their problems. They can't find it and can't even find an explanation for what's wrong with them. The fact that I can give them some kind of explanation, show them internal scans that reveal the dust particles—perhaps that helps in some way, allows them to understand. It's an important step in their journey, and though it can't give them back their health, it does, to some extent bring them a certain sense of inner peace."



"My name is Lon van Dop, I live in Belgium, I am Dutch, and I am born the 8th of May 1941. Why you are here to interview me? Because of my son, my oldest son, who died of cancer after doing his military service in Bosnia.

I promised him that I would continue, that I would try to figure everything out. But I kept hitting into a wall."

"My name is Emerico Maria Laccetti. I was born in Rome on December 8th '63 and I am an Italian citizen.

I am a senior officer in the Military Corps of the Italian Red Cross; I respond to both national and international emergencies. We tried to give these people the drive to still believe in tomorrow, to get up, and to move on because things would change. Knowing that, while we were doing our best so that people would get back on their feet, in reality, a hidden enemy was creeping into their and into our flesh. That's the thing that has hurt me the most, I remember that... that that's what saddened me the most. The fact that you'd be helping all these people and having in return the certainty... Because a lot of us fell ill but the local people had it even worse—many, many more fell ill."



"My name is Maria Rosaria Ruggiero, I was born August 26th 1969, in a small town near Naples, Ercolano. I'm Italian. I'm here because I am the widow of Fabio Maniscalco who was a lieutenant in the Italian army who died of pancreatic cancer, most likely due to the exposure to depleted uranium.

A nanodiagnostic test of the nanoparticles present in Fabio's body indicated the presence of gold. For me there was a very simple and obvious explanation for this: Fabio spent time at religious sites that had walls painted in gold. He had been inside mosques, Eastern Orthodox churches and the Sarajevo library; places where a charged explosion (with depleted uranium), can micronize a mineral such as gold. So in a paradoxical way, Fabio was poisoned by the very cultural heritage that he wanted to preserve and that he wanted stored in people's memory."



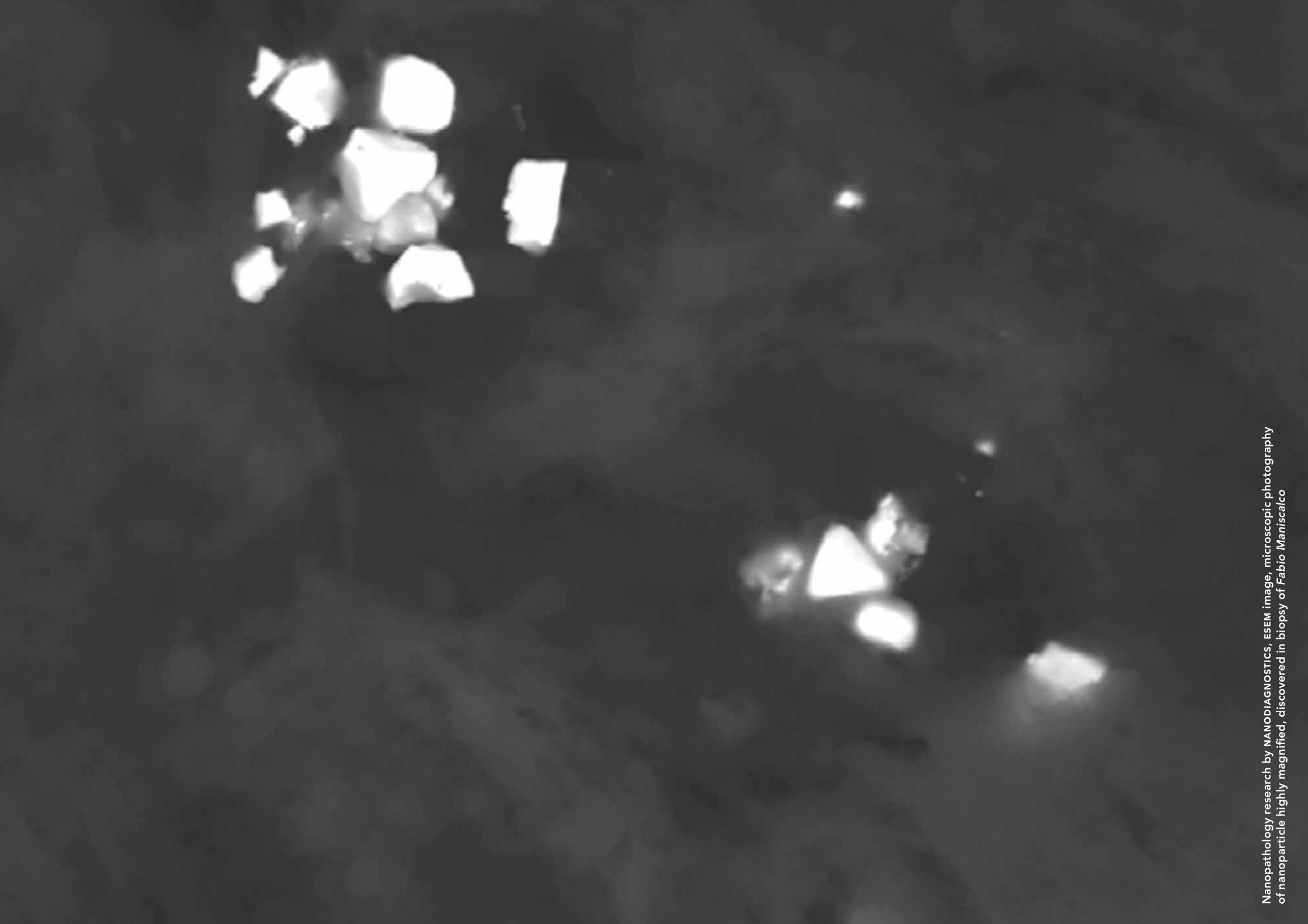
"My name is Antonio Attianese, I was born August 26th 1978 in Pagani, in the Province of Salerno on and I am Italian.

I used to be in the military and now I'm a civilian employee at the Ministry of Defense.

Today I feel very defeated, very down, not so much because of my situation, but because of the injustice that was done to me. The disease has changed me enormously. Physically, and especially psychologically because I just can't take it anymore. I've been enduring this since January 2004. I've got to the point that I have collapsed physically and mentally—since they informed me that they have to take everything out. And even worse, that there is a chance that they won't be able to reconstruct my bladder. The fact that at the age of 32 you can't have children anymore is not a nice thing. I don't know how to... live at the age of 32 with an external bag... for urine. I am in a situation; really I don't know how to describe it... You do it!"

"My name is Soria Giovanna, I was born June 23rd 1969 in Paola in the province of Cosenza and I'm Italian. We are here doing this interview to tell the story of my husband who died from exposure to depleted uranium

I remember shouting at him, saying "Pasquale, darling, don't leave me!" I put my arms around him, I see him opening his eyes, his heart rate increases, then drops back to zero. He dies in my arms. It's really bad, seeing your loved one die."



HOSPITALITY IS NOT A HOME r t r s r c h v o l . 4 n o 1

The Netherlands Film and Television Academy (NFTA) at the Amsterdam School of the Arts (AHK) has been running the Master of Film course since 2009. It is open to filmmakers from all disciplines as well as to artists from other fields who have an affinity with the moving image in the broadest sense. The concept behind the course is as hybrid as it is a challenging. It focuses on research as practice, being a creator, and the position of the image producer at large. Students come from all over the world and have a wide range of backgrounds. What they have in common is a great commitment to the social arena and a keen sense of their responsibility within it.

This issue of RTRSRCH presents the work of nine Masters students: *Yael Assaf, Bogomir Doring, Igor Kramer, Joep Kuijper, Taatske Pieterse, Claire van der Poel, Kay Schuttel, Sonja Wyss and Sam Yazdanpanna Ardekani*. Over a period of six months they engaged with the challenge of relating to the theme of hospitality—in imagery, through imagery, with imagery, and with the absence of imagery.

One consequence is that this issue is distinct from others in the series. Here, the word serves the image; the underlying research is implicit, and the makers' argumentations are more likely to be found in the white and the grey tones than in the printed word.

This issue's guest editor is novelist Maya Rasker, who is a visiting lecturer at the Master of Film. She was invited to take on this role by the executive editor of RTRSRCH and Artistic Research professor at the University of Amsterdam Sher Doruff, as part of her Artistic Research Master at the UvA.

'*Hospitality is not a home*' is the first in the RTRSRCH series published by ARTI (Artistic Research, Theory and Innovation) to come into being in collaboration with the Netherlands Film and Television Academy. ARTI represents a partnership of artists and researchers from the creative and performing arts at the Amsterdam School of Arts who are actively engaged in practice-based research processes. RTRSRCH reflects the interests and problematising strategies of the ARTI research group concerning current discourse in practice-based research in the arts.

The presentation of content will vary from issue to issue, depending on the topic and stylistic concerns of the guest editor.



BIOGRAPHIES

r t r s r c h v o l . 4 n o 1

Y a e l A s s a f is a multidisciplinary filmmaker. She completed her bachelor studies at the Gerrit Rietveld Academy and won the first prize at the 2008 in Amsterdam Tent Academy Awards, a competition involving all art academies in the Netherlands. Yael is currently finishing her Master of Film at the Netherlands Film and Television Academy in Amsterdam for which she was awarded an Excellence Scholarship from the Ministry of Education, Culture and Science. The Netherlands Film Fund gave Yael a scenario development grant for her film *In-Words*.

B o g o m i r D o r i n g e r grew up in fragmented Yugoslavia. He nonetheless managed to experience and collect traces of this unique culture. Film introduced him to a layered understanding of hidden horror, human destruction and, finally, injustice. Growing up in this kind of environment and witnessing the loss of human values through war made it impossible for him to avoid socio-political issues and critical thought. He received his bachelor's degree from the Gerrit Rietveld Academy in Amsterdam, where he was nominated for best student work. He graduated cum laude from the Master of Film.

S h e r D o r u f f has been working in the visual and performance-based arts since the 1970's. She currently mentors and supervises Masters and PHD students in postgraduate artistic research

programmes at the Amsterdam School of the Arts, Gerrit Rietveld Academy, University of Amsterdam and the Royal Academy of Art in The Hague. She is on the editorial board of *Inflexions Journal of Research Creation*, *FibreCulture Journal*, and *RTRS RCH* and has published numerous texts in academic and artistic contexts.

I g o r K r a m e r was born on 8 May 1972 in Amstelveen. He made his first movie at the age of 11, made a lot of art, did classical ballet and some cooking, made some music, worked for eight years as a nurse for the mentally disabled, worked in theatre and television and enjoyed philosophy of science. At the age of 30 it was necessary to make a choice. He chose cinema.

"I will not bore the audience with an experiment."

J o e p K u i j p e r is a concept developer and process designer; a student of the Master of Film researching cross-overs between film and interactive media; co-founder of *openmargin.com*, an online public space where readers can initiate a dialogue about the stories they love; and a crew member at *newshoestoday.com*, where he collaborates with social entrepreneurs in the design of processes for creativity, innovation and change.

PAY IT FORWARD

I used to have a school friend called Robbie. Robbie had the good fortune that both he and his grandma lived in West Goes. On the way home from school he'd pass right by her house. I, on the other hand, had to sit in the back seat of a 2CV for two hours before I could fall into the arms of my grandma. And that was when conditions were most favourable, when there was no need to call out the breakdown service.

The advantages of having your grandmother nearby were the sweets and the extra pocket money. I'd often cycle along with Robbie. Once at the front door, it was a simple matter of staying on the bike, saying hello, hauling in the loot and riding off again. All in all the transaction took just a few minutes. Grandma would always give us sweets. It got me wondering what was in it for grandma. What was her return on the candy investment?

I think she was willing to pay for those three minutes of attention from her grandson. Robbie's attention was for sale—just as a nurse sells her solicitude, a prostitute sells her love and a filmmaker sells her dreams. And grandma seized with both hands the opportunity this arrangement provided. Grandma was a true Homo Economicus, someone who lives according to the economic model. The Economicus views exchanges between people as transactions that only involve giving when there is an expectation of receiving something in return. There's no such thing as a free lunch, and you don't get something for nothing.

The Homo Economicus believes that everything is for sale. In an intimate conversation in which you reveal your dreams and fears, the Economicus is wont to suddenly interject with a question: "Fancy a beer?" And when you have been slaving away in the kitchen the entire evening preparing a Jamie Oliver dish, the true Economicus will ask if he can help pay for it.

When trading, the Economicus makes no distinction between material and immaterial things. If it can be named, then it can also be brought to the market.

We can apply this same logic in a time when we are being deluged with information. There is a surplus of communications and a lack of attention. The television licence fee that my grandparents paid to watch a single channel is outdated. These days, it seems more reasonable to be paid as a recipient; we prefer to give our attention to anyone who earns it. But this idealism may—will—turn against us. Attention is a rare commodity, and we should assign it the value it deserves.

For this reason, I would like to recompense you, the reader. You have paid attention to me, and I would very much like to pay you back. Based on the average reading time of 2 minutes and 26 seconds, I have estimated the value of your attention to be 2 cents. I hereby offer you this amount in the form of a postage stamp. The stamp is the definitive currency for communication. I hope that by attaching a financial weight to my message,

you, the recipient, will more readily appreciate its value. I hope that your communications will also find a listening ear.

**Get your payment
(only after reading the
article thoroughly)**

×

**It's been a pleasure
doing business with
you!**

In her film and photography work Taatske Pieterse often merges elements that were not originally located in the same place—or in the same time. On the other hand, wherever possible she tries to allow things to occur naturally; to rely on what's already there. She does this in an attempt to gain an understanding of the way we relate to one another and our surroundings.

On graduating from secondary school aged 17, Claire van der Poel traveled to Los Angeles, where she quickly advanced into production and filmmaking. She graduated from the Netherlands Film and Television Academy in 2000 with a degree in Creative Producing and started her own full-service production company. Claire has managed a wide variety of television shows, corporate films and documentaries and also developed her film directing skills. After ten years she decided to go back to school to deepen her knowledge of storytelling. She explores the essence of imagery.

"I use my camera to learn to see without one."

Maya Rascher is a novelist. Her visiting lectureships include the Master of Film at the Netherlands Film and Television Academy (NFTA) and at the Utrecht School of the Arts (HKU). She was a film producer until the publication in 2000 of her debut novel *Met onbekende bestemming* (*Unknown Destination*), published in seven countries. Her most recent novel is *De vleugels van Ikara* (*Icara's Wings*, 2008). She currently follows the Artistic Research masters programme at the University of Amsterdam.

Kay Schuttel works with the moving image. She followed up her photography studies at the art academy in The Hague with a two-year Master of Film at the Netherlands Film and Television Academy. In her work she studies the influence of popular media on young people's representations of themselves. Her work also serves as a reflection on the medium within which she is operating.

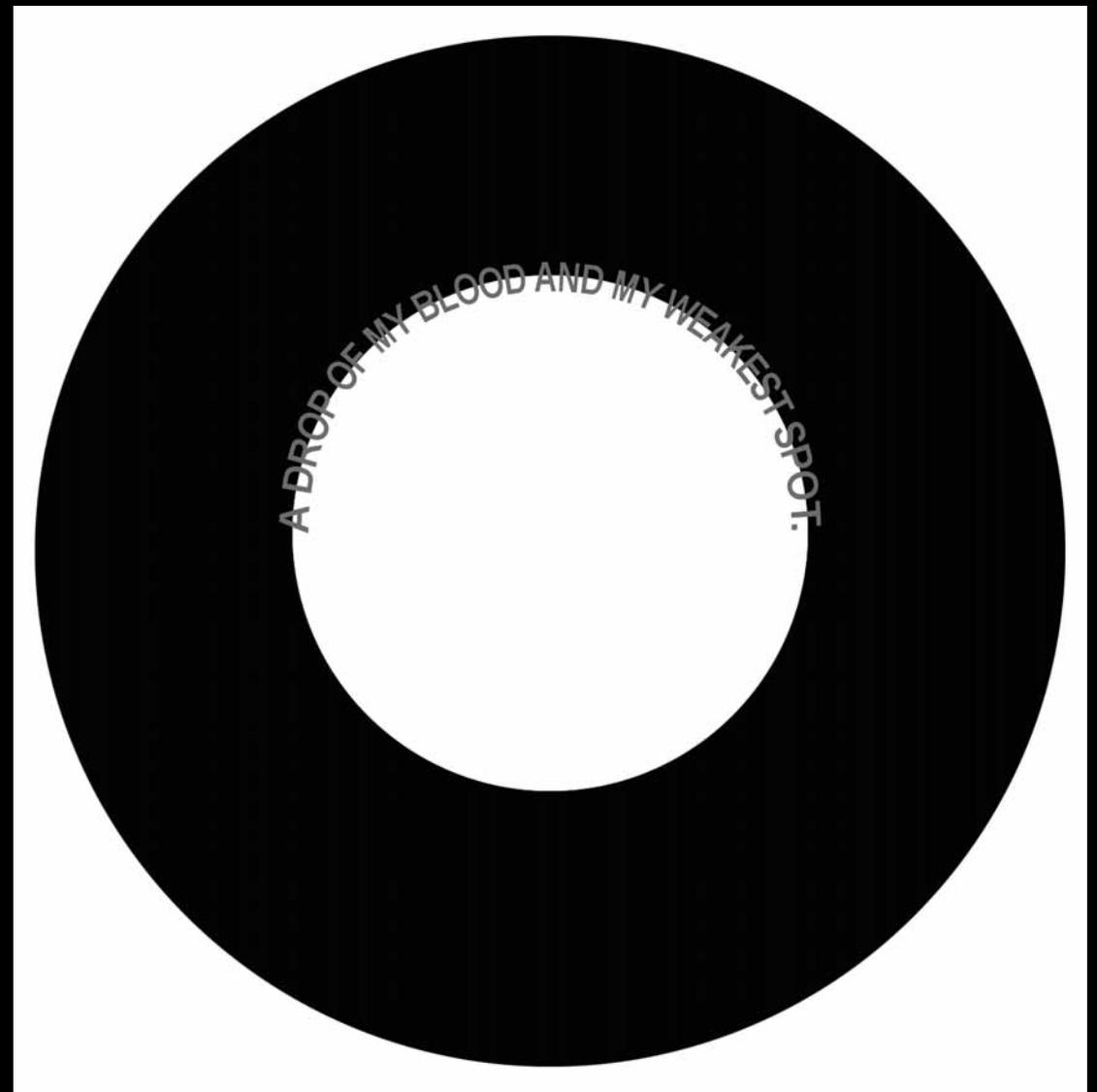
Harma Staal is a graphic designer, teacher and educational developer in design and film education. As a designer, she has worked on many projects with artists; as a teacher and educational development professional, she is primarily concerned with the support of concept development and the use of visual language and coding. Harma is curriculum innovator at the Netherlands Film and Television Academy.

Sonja Wyss was born in the Bahamas. She grew up in Switzerland and is a long-established artist in the Netherlands. Her video installations and experimental films are shown internationally at galleries, museums and film festivals. Wyss combines lyricism with a dry sense of absurdism. She creates dramas with surrealistic imagery and evocative sound. In 2008 she wrote and directed her first feature length experimental fiction film *Winterstilte* (*Winter Silence*), which won a Golden Calf and was selected for the Forum Berline 2009.

Sam Yazdanpana Ardekani left his native Iran at the age of 16, arriving in the Netherlands in 1998. For most of the time that Sam

was studying at the Gerrit Rietveld Academy in Amsterdam, he was an illegal immigrant, but he was legalised by a general pardon in 2007. In his work he researches the transformation of identity, the tension between fiction and documentary, and the fragmentation of the story. In 2010, he started the Master of Film at the Netherlands Film and Television Academy.

I AM ASKED TO WRITE SOME THING. I, OBVIOUSLY HAVE OBLIGED. I WILL WRITE ALL SENTENCES STARTING WITH "I". I DO THIS BECAUSE THIS IS THE SUBJECT OF THIS TEXT. I CONSIDER THIS TO BE ARROGANT. I AM NOT SO VERY INTERESTED IN ME. I PREFER ART THAT CONCEDEES "WE", ALWAYS AND EVERYWHERE" INSTEAD OF "I, HERE AND NOW". I, HERE BY, INVITE YOU TO KNOW ME. I GIVE YOU A DROP OF MY BLOOD. I SHOW YOU MY WEAKEST SPOT. I HOPE THAT HERE BY THE RESEARCH QUESTIONS "WHO AM I" AND "SELF REFLECTION" ARE ANSWERED. I WISH YOU PLEASANT TIMES. IGOR KRAMER.



as we could see on the previous page, we go on

I AM ASKED TO WRITE SOME THING.
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Should we correct this text?

with the concept of welcoming our

or show my dyslexia?

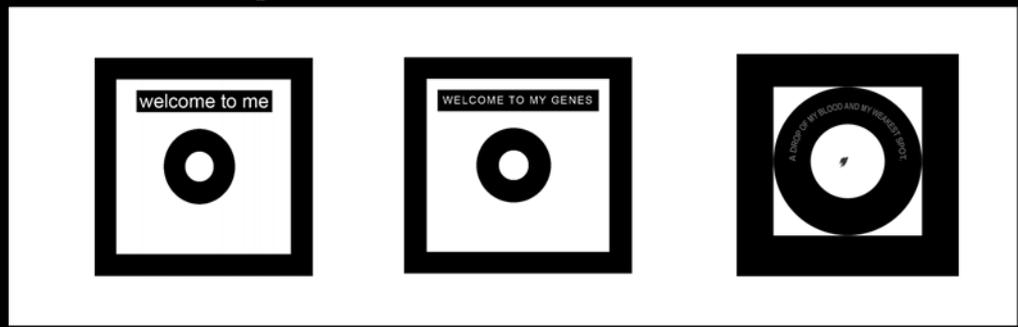


Should we explain that this is an QR code and that

you can scan it with your smartphone?

readers (that is you) in the artist (that's me)

welcome to me and my genes is sort of the same ...



actually, I don't think anyone will use it.

can make a full DNA profile of me. (I can't be more open)

versions of the place where we put a bit of my blood, so that everyone



We also wanted to make a

SD model of my spine (weak spot), but a little

HOSPITALITY IS NOT A HOME

THE VIEW

The mountain is over 5700 meters high and shows itself from a long distance, sovereign among the lower peaks. The landscape from which it rises is not just *'formless and void'*, it is unapproachable and golden, iconic. I'd seen it before I ever came here. It is Tora Bora and National Geographic. *Alladin* and Desert Storm. It is *Oxiana* meets *Lawrence of Arabia*.

This is the Alborz mountain range in northern Iran, soil and substrate of this dormant volcano, Mount Damavand.

"Even the horizon comes to an end," I wrote in my notebook, out of nowhere. Sometimes a sentence falls onto paper like a raindrop on a newspaper article you just sat down to read. As empathic as it is meaningless. Why should even the horizon come to an end? Why here? Now?

Still: though I am not there yet by far, I do imagine seeing the horizon fade.



Panorama Heesterveld (Amsterdam Zuidoost) 2010-2011-Fotocollage (2,80M x 12M)





The Damavand marks—not so much the earth with its ambiguous offing, but rather that mysterious transition between heaven and the rest of the world. As if the mountain is a manifestation within its own order, more than just solidified lava. Who (or rather, what) draws such a sharp line between two worlds, separates and shapes. Even from a long distance it is an unquestionable truth.

From the edge of the volcano's crater, the Persian hero Arash shot arrows in all four directions of the compass to set the boundaries of his empire. Within its caverns the three-headed dragon Azi Dahak was chained to be kept there *'until the end of the world'*.

That is beautiful: in this legend time and space apparently had similar meanings. The end of the world must coincide with the end of times—for what other length of time would you want to hold the dragon captive?

The photo I take leaves the horizon inconclusive: the weakness of the archetypal image is precisely that it is so all-embracing. The Damavand is a mountain as every child would want a mountain to be, with its conical form and its dark isoscelean slopes; the little

powdering of snow or, in the evening light, the pink candy floss that envelops its peak.

A Thing. An independent apparition. The surrounding mountain range you could just as easily imagine absent.

Without mountain legs, the Damavand is hardly a destination: at best it is a view, or reference point. For the locals the volcano is primarily a weather station. The veil of clouds around its peak can be read like a weather forecast, and in the choreography of the herds on the surrounding slopes the prediction is mirrored, as they all move upwards, or down to the valleys, or over the ridge to a neighbouring valley where there will be water and grass, or shelter from the sun.

Like tiny waterfalls or landslips the herds of white and brown sheep traverse through the landscape in unison. The mountain directs their movements, without effort.

I want to climb the Damavand but I can't read its language. What it has to say apparently is meant only for the initiate: are we in stable air strata, or is a change coming? The mountain ogles. The landscape is silent. With a little ill will I could

I was given my first shoes and warm clothes in preparation for the cold in Europe.



Every evening, the sharks come
in the twilight. Black sharks.
They move like shadows in the
clear water by the pier—
the water where I swam this
afternoon.

already feel excluded before even installing myself in my room-with-a-view.

My mountain boots stand by the door. I look out of the window and wait for an invitation.

IS THIS RESEARCH

“What changes is what you feel, not what stays the same.”

These words are not mine. They are the words of a poet, a poet on the road.* What this travelling poet says applies as well to the landscape as it does to a human, but to put your finger on a truism this solid, you need indeed be a poet. Or a scientist. Preferably both.

And, continues the poet: *“Even if it happens gradually, you cross a line.”* Take a journey, read a book, paint a painting, fall in love, and you will understand what the poet means. Something happens, unnoticed. You are right there but unsuspecting. Suddenly your mind has made that tiny leap. But even if something like the crossing of a border has taken place, where you come from never completely disappears, otherwise you wouldn't feel it changing: *“Each convergence points at differences,”* concludes the poet. And each

*From: Rutger Kopland, *Het mechaniek van ontroering*. Uitgeverij Van Oorschot, Amsterdam 1995

difference points at correspondences that you did or rather did not want to discover—otherwise there would never have been a convergence.

But why does the poet speak of *‘feeling’*? Wouldn't *‘seeing’* be more suitable here? The sense that something is awry, not quite right, or is just right—that something has become something else—usually comes trailing along behind the observation. Nonetheless, the poet knows what he's saying. To sense the transgression is what connects the riverbanks; you are the connecting link. To see, on the other hand, fixes time and place. Moreover, seeing can take place without you, because if you look away just briefly, someone else will have looked.

How do you make visible the tangent between what you did not yet know—what you are looking for—and the finding itself? How do you make the invisible tangible if it's behind you before you have understood it? Before you know it, you run up against the banal solidification of the *‘truth’* or *‘reality’*—the Thing—, from which all poetry has receded. A piece of Art. A word. A dead volcano.

HERE AM I TO SAVE MYSELF

H1 F16

I was six years old and sitting in my uncle's car. My parents' car was driving directly ahead of us. It was chaos on the roads. Everyone was wanting to get out of the city. Long traffic jams. The moment seemed to come to a standstill. Because of the long wait, some people got out of their cars and started chatting with one another. The cars were packed with belongings; everyone had taken everything they could. You could see the fear on the faces in the cars on the motorway. After waiting 20 minutes, my uncle got out of the car; I moaned that I wanted to come too. He got me out of the car and set me on the ground. He looked skywards, a look of fear on his face. A few minutes later I heard piercing sounds coming from above. Everyone looked up in panic, screaming. My uncle started to run. Terrified, I looked around me. I saw planes above me. A few seconds later: massive explosions; the earth shook; I ran away.

H2 ILLEGAL BREAD ROLLS

Twelve years old I was. It was one o'clock in the afternoon in Ramadan month. Ali and me were hungry. Everyone in the class was drowsy. I said to Ali, "Man, I'm hungry." And he replied with the same words. My stomach started rumbling. The break bell rang in the schoolyard and everyone rushed from the class and into the schoolyard. The school canteen was closed for the month, and I said to Ali that we would have to think of a way to get some food.

Ali came up with the idea of setting up an illegal canteen. I agreed to it. The entrance to the schoolyard was locked. I said to Ali that we would have to jump over the gates because that was the only way we can escape the school walls. Very slowly and inconspicuously, we walked towards one of the school walls. I stood against the wall, Ali stood on my hands, and then on my shoulders and up on to the top of the wall. He grabbed my hands and I climbed up the wall. We jumped down from the wall. There was a supermarket at the corner of the street and we went there as fast as we could. I bought a kilo of Iranian mortadella sausage, a portion of pickle, two big bags of bread

and two tomatoes. We got back onto the schoolyard using the same trick to get over the wall. We were back in the schoolyard. We went into the basement of the school. It was hardly ever used. The only thing in there was the boiler for the central heating. It was pretty warm. It was the best place to start our 'canteen'. So there in the basement of the school, we started making mortadella rolls, and after ten minutes we had about fifteen. Meanwhile we ate some of the sausage and tomato and pickle. I went onto the schoolyard to find a schoolmate who I knew well. Within ten minutes we'd sold fifteen rolls. Things were going well for our little business. It went on like this for eight days, and almost half of the pupils knew that they could buy illegal mortadella rolls from us. Sometimes there was a long queue in the basement; we'd be sold out in ten minutes. On day nine I was busy slicing tomatoes when I suddenly heard a deep voice shouting, "*Filthy rotten kafar, you're dead.*" It was our religious supervisor. He grabbed Ali by the scruff of the neck. I ran away.

H3 ATTEMPTED DATE

Sixteen years old. My first attempt at dating. It didn't last very long. Mo gave me the phone number of a girl he'd met the week before. He gave me that slip of paper with her telephone number on because he wanted to prove his friendship to me. I called her. She ignored me at first. I kept on stalking her, though. After a week she gave up and made a date with me. She said that her family was on holiday and that we could meet at her house. So I borrow a nice cap and jeans from Farshid and go over to hers. I ring the bell and a door opens. I go up the stairs—the heaviest stairs I've ever gone up in my life. She lives on the third floor. On the second floor the door suddenly opens and a man jumps out and shouts, "*Alaf,*" vagabond. "*What are you doing here, who do you want?*" Later I found out that her parents had told their neighbour to keep an eye on their house and their daughter. I ran away.

H4 OBLIGATORY
RELOCATION
MARATHON OF RACING THOUGHTS
MOUSE PEOPLE ON THE RUN
GENERALISE ME FOR A PARDON
I'M RUNNING TOWARDS AN INFI-
NITE POINT

H5 CLOAKROOM RUNNER
Three evenings a week, hanging up
jackets illegally. Well-paid—cash. Seven
hundred jackets a night. Two meters
speed walk to hang up each jacket.
Fourteen hundred metres—
4.2 kilometres a week. Drunk as I am.
Slow motion.

What changes, always changes with respect to that other: to time, to space. Friction—the consistency of poetry or art—occupies precisely those dimensions that are impossible to capture. The in-between space and the in-between time.

If you're there, you're already too late, the poet would say.

ON THE SCHNITT

Stranger (*'vreemdeling'*) is a lovely word. It is a word full of expectation, because what is presently strange—you to me, me to you, the world about us—will perhaps one day be normal, equal, the same. Stranger infers in transit, just as the words stroll (*'wandeling'*), newborn (*'boreling'*) and foundling (*'vondeling'*) refer to intermediate stages in life.

Strangerhood is the suspension of time in an unknown place—who wouldn't want that, once in a while?

But still, everyone wants to land sometime, which raises the question what you are then, when you're no longer a stranger? A selfling (*'zelfdeling'*)? A sameling (*'identiekeling'*)? But then: doesn't it remain doubtful whether that is possible at all?

Because to the other you will always remain a stranger to a certain extent, and you're often one to yourself as well. Put it this way, the stranger helps me to remember that I, too, have never quite reached my destination. Make one step outside your comfort zone and you're back to square one with your de-strangement.

What is also nice about the stranger is that by definition he brings something to you that you didn't already have: something strange, simply because it is something of his own. It may be regarded as a gift or as a threat, but no one can ignore that this stranger connects you with an extra-territory: by an object, a language, a smell, a song—in all instances by a *'something'* that comes to you through the senses. In that gesture of transfer (even if the Thing remains invisible, and even if the gesture is made unconsciously) the first connection is made. In all his strangeness, the other has become more than just a word.

Could it be true?

We contemplated hospitality, and from there it's a short cut to the stranger. Without the other there is no welcome. Someone must make an appeal to me to elicit my hospitality.



GEORGOS (GREECE)

SARAH (USA)

"I am standing here because I wanted a picture of me in front of the ironwork together with the houses and the trees.

We were just in Greece and shot out of the 100 pictures maybe 4 of ourselves.

As we get older we shoot more objects and much less ourselves.

We recently found somewhat like 1000 old pictures from Georgos grandfather. We realised then that there wasn't any explanation or date or name on them, who is who? What a pity. Then it crossed our minds; who will look at all our pictures later, we don't have any children...

Before I never wanted stuff like cars, lampposts, or phone lines in my pictures.

I recently discovered that these are all part of history. And history keeps disappearing. So now I like to date a picture through objects.

I look back at my pictures when I am stressed, it soothes me.

I procrastinate often, but I still make albums.

I don't have my big camera here, it's heavy but it shoots real film.

I like it much better. When I take pictures with that camera I really think about composition. And besides that it has been scientifically proven that delaying gives more gratification than instant pleasure.

The effect of: What did I do?

The extra effect of seeing instead of looking is great!

Once I bought some film in Czech republic.

I was on my way to Berlin.

These were the days the wall came down, very dramatic times...

Then one day I told my photographer friend: Wow this film is great, it's never ending!

She took a look at it. My film had never loaded.

I still feel still upset about it.

Since I don't speak Greek, I take our camera and shoot the family of Georgos- my husband.

I can step back a little and they don't see me.

Like now with this economic turmoil the conversations are very heated.

The family album is finally not posed, but very natural.

My husband's town were he grew up used to be idyllic. I saw it changing in front of my eyes. My Greek husband didn't like it when I walked around with my big camera.

He was ashamed of my bold American attitude. Now his town is totally gone and all he has are my pictures to assist his memory. Because memories are not reliable you know.

Photography has changed a lot.

It used to be more serious.

Now everybody is smiling and acting very silly.

Maybe we are doing this to create a selective view of the world to protect ourselves.

We look back at our trip and say: *Oh wow look how happy we were happy then!!*"



THORRY (HAWAII) STEFANY (AUSTRIA)

"Why we make pictures?
Why do we take tattoos?
It's whatever your passion is.
It's like taking a tattoo, there
isn't just one reason.
It loses its significance if you
put it to words.

If I make pictures I get more
sensations, I see different.
Before we just had 24 expo-
sures.
Now it's limitless.
Now your mind is not involved
so you shoot crazy stuff.
You can go on and on until
you get the right moment,
which is great, but you can also
abuse it.

This fast technology opens up
your mind, that's the positive
side of it.
Afterwards you can reflect on
what you did.
Snap-photography is basi-
cally without much thinking,
although you do snap out of the
moment.
It becomes complicated to
just enjoy the moment with all
these great toys around.

Aren't we looking too much for
things we already have?"

That appeal remains undefined. You cannot know what the other needs or strives after. And neither do you know what you have to offer in terms of options or limitations. Not until you are asked for it. Can you give me a bed? A home?

A name?

And there's the rub.

What border—visible or invisible—must one cross in order to transform from stranger to guest? Is the only thing of consequence my willingness to welcome you, or is there more at stake?

More questions: is reciprocity possible between guest and host, or are these roles so defined that reciprocity is excluded?

Can a landscape be hospitable? A body? Can hospitality be infinite, boundless?

Who is the stranger, when two strangers meet?

Everything we touched turned out to have an obverse. Hospitality has a formidable Janus head—the name taken from the Roman god Janus, the god of the beginning and the end, of opening and closing—indeed.

Ultimately then, it was on this plane that we were searching—on the *Schnitt* the filmmaker would say. It turned out

not to be a tangent, not the space inbetween, but something as abstract as a fold that connects and divides our search.

WHAT IS NOT

The fact that we were born is irrelevant. At the same time it is all we have when we start in this life: a time, a place, dna, a name (if you're lucky). After that, it just gets more complicated. 'Von jetzt ab geht's nur Bergab' as the Germans so charmingly put it—you can hear the rutsch—but that one clutched straw, that single root in the earth's crust where our crib once stood can sometimes offer just enough grip to prevent sliding off into the ravine.

And even if that is not the case, even if looking back we don't find a handhold, (home) ground—or the absence of it—is a compelling point of departure. At least for all of us who made work that is contained within the binding of this issue.

Or is this a fallacy?

The personal perspective proves to be both starter and anchor for the contributions to this periodical. Not the question of what we are talking about when talking about hospitality,

Two years ago I think it was, there was a big military operation in Israel, ~~where I come from~~. In the news here they were talking about a war. One night I dreamt that an atomic bomb was thrown on IL and that I wake up to find all my dear ones are gone. I am away and my home, my family has disappeared, gone.

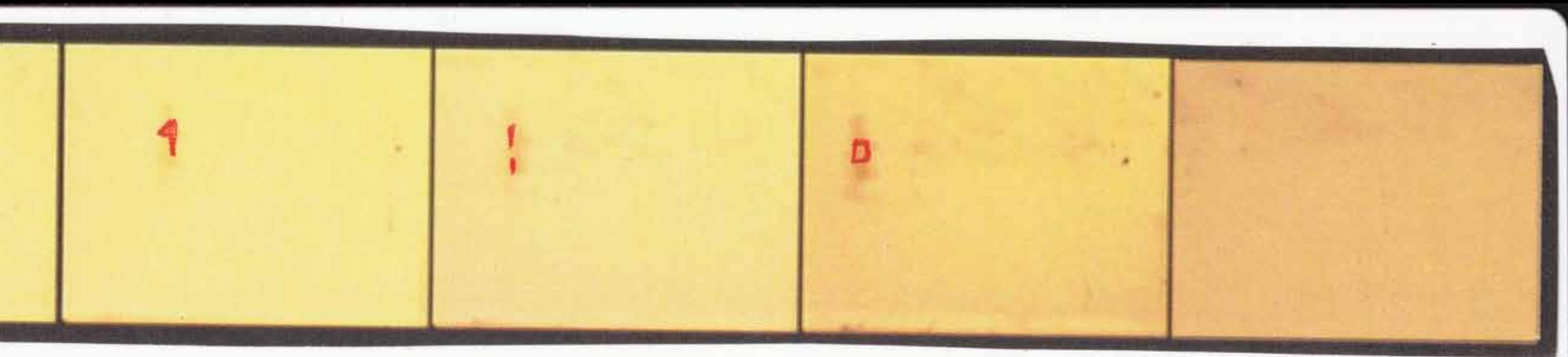
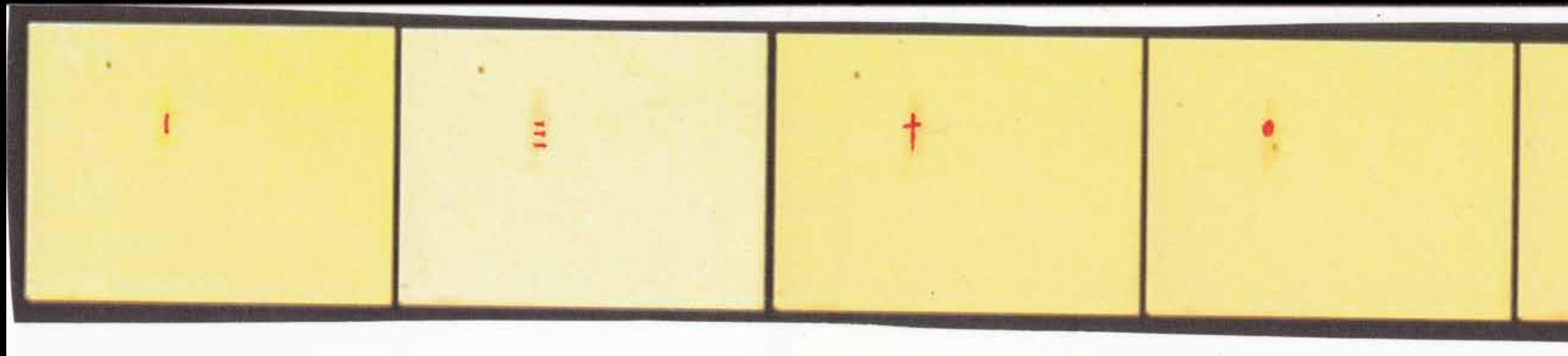
I am a lone in
That I am completely alone in a desert.

I was wondering, as I woke up, if this is how my grandparents felt, after the holocaust.

Hospitality you get only when you are not at home.

~~This is by no way a politic work/statement ect. Even though I am from Israel. Even though I am a stranger here. Even though I mention the holocaust, atomic bomb or the word military.~~
It's just a fragment of a soul, a reflection of a fear or a search for a home.

"Image from 8mm family film"



but, precisely and literally: how the 'I' relates to the material, becomes the common denominator. Our research into the essence of hospitality transformed into research in hospitality; the individual relating to it, or excluded by it. This I dare to say: quintessential to hospitality is the courage to show one's own face—and that is mutual: for the 'host' as much as for the 'guest', for the stranger as much as for the stranger opposite. Without the generosity to reveal who or what you are, any benevolent gesture is a farce.

And having excavated this courageous foundation, we discovered the basis for making relevant things: dig until you hit the void. Where the true questions lie.

HOSPITALITY

No, I won't tell you what you will discover in this issue. That would limit your freedom. Even though you are guest in our little universe for a short while, my introductory text is an attempt to do more than simply function as a pocket torch to show you the highlights. Such small moment of enlightenment would shed no light on the stratification in the works made by *Kay Schuttel*,

Sam Yazdanpanna, Igor Kramer, Taatske Pieterse, Bogomir Doring, Claire van der Poel, Joep Kuijper, Sonja Wyss, Yael Assaf. It would only emphasize the contours, the mountain's slopes; not the mountain itself.

Descend with us into the crater where time is solidified in rock, where stories wander as long as they've not been rendered impotent, where images are more than representations. Where space is more than unfilled emptiness. The dormant volcano is yours to discover.

Place your shoes on the doorstep.
And look.

Maya Rasker, October 2011



Damavand, Polour, Iran augustus 2011

COLOPHON

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RTRSRCH is a publication of the ARTI (Artistic Research, Theory and Innovation) research group at the Amsterdam School of the Arts. The journal aims to provide a complementary/parasitic dissemination forum for themes linked to international external event structures, contributing alternative, interdisciplinary perspectives. RTRSRCH reflects the interests and problematising strategies of the ARTI research group concerning current discourse in practice-based research in the arts, exploring and facilitating processes for creating, sharing and distributing emerging knowledge(s). The presentation of content will vary from issue to issue, dependent on the topic and stylistic concerns of the guest editor. ARTI was originally initiated by Marijke Hoogenboom and Henk Borgdorff. RTRSRCH is produced by the Art Practice and Development research group, chaired by Marijke Hoogenboom.

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