

Witnessing

by Alina Lupu

An overview of the exhibition ~~Closer Circle~~ *Soft Delay @ Broedplaats De Vlucht, Amsterdam Nieuw West*

It started with an email¹, as was the case with most things in 2020, under lockdown. And the email laid the groundwork. It summarily introduced me to the characters at large:

Sara Campos ⁱ

Temra Pavlovic ⁱⁱ

Josje Peters ⁱⁱⁱ

Mitchell Thar ^{iv}

Michelle Son ^v

caner teker ^{vi}

Dorian de Rijk ^{vii}

and to the place: **De Vlucht**^{viii} or rather a subdivision of it: **Goleb**^{ix}. Though I had some recollection of what the place was even before this experience, before this Live Action Role Play of "How to setup an exhibition when physical restrictions are in place", or "How to be the only visitor", or "How to become a witness".

So, when's the last time you spent 7 hours in an exhibition? I mean, an exhibition which you weren't yourself an artist in. When's the last time an exhibition followed you home and kept your mind busy for a few weeks after it had happened?

1 "hope you are doing well in this strange time period. I have been enjoying reading your pieces that you have made over the past months in your series, and I wanted to write to you about a project I am organizing to take place at artist-collective Goleb, where I am a member artist, in Nieuw-West.

Initially planned and started before Covid-19 but now going through despite the uncertainty, as part of my residency earlier in the year (March-May) at Goleb I planned to make an exhibition in the project space with a few Amsterdam-based artists. Since then, the show has expanded and a few spaces in the Broedplaats de Vlucht (where Goleb is located, on the second floor) are going to be used. However, in March 2021 a series of constructions will begin in many of these spaces, where they will be made into smaller studio spaces, among other things. The show looks to this condition of spaces in transition with artworks which relate to a sense of transitional/liminal space. But this is possible to change, as we go forward with the show. The artists that are participating in this exhibition are Sara Campos, Dorian de Rijk, Temra Pavlovic, Michelle Son, caner teker, and Josje Peters working collaboratively with myself (who is also a Goleb member).

I wanted to write to you to ask you if you would be interested to write a reflection on the show, which is most likely due to happen on the second weekend of January, 2021. I thought of your work because of the way in which you contextualize the relationship of artists to the city of Amsterdam and all of the complications therein. The show is a group of artists all working in Amsterdam, happening in a building in transition in a neighborhood in transition: there is much to discuss.

The show is being supported by the AfK; I applied for and was granted 'Het Spreekuur' for the exhibition. The fee that I can offer for a text is 300 euros (ex).

If you are interested, I would suggest we could have a follow-up conversation and speak more about what is possible. I hope you can consider it and to hear back from you.

All best,
Mitch"

For me it's rare. I could very well justify this by saying that exhibitions are usually not created to allow you to immerse yourself in the work, unless their goal is entertainment, in which case they do aim to retain your attention in the moment. But otherwise, they want you in and out smoothly. Your eyes should rest a polite amount of time on surfaces, you might get the chance to listen to a sound piece, there would be a video or two, and the space would be used in a balanced manner. You'd get a leaflet, you'd check the discourse post-visit or pre, and then forget about it.

There would usually be a richness as far as discourse goes, a richness of layered sociality which might escape you, as a visitor, unless you knew the artists, or unless the artists were there, and unless they had the time or willingness to guide you through the work, or you had the time and willingness to ask.

In that sense, "Soft Delay" felt like an experiment. There was a complete understanding that there would be a visitor which would immerse themselves into the work, and that visitor would happen to be me. That visitor would then end up showered with attention, would be given a personalized tour, would be told backstories and would be allowed to freely associate within the space of the exhibition. That visitor would perform herself. It wouldn't be a regular visit.

"Soft Delay" wasn't a certainty. The dates keep switching, slipping and sliding. Time made itself languid.²

As the one visitor I had some basic knowledge about what works would go on display, even before getting to see them, though the space reserved for each was not yet properly defined.

"What was supposed to be a spiral in de Vlucht building across multiple spaces (from Goleb project space to the ground floor) has now developed to two downstairs spaces. We are reacting to spaces in transition, but also to the situation which we all now know all too well with the lockdown and the suspense of 'is it happening'. That the Covid situation permeates is inevitable, but I hope that the exhibition still retains its initial impulse, to give primacy to artworks in spaces where it will no longer be possible." Mitch said to me.

The title underwent its own transition, turning from "Closer Circle" into the now overly mentioned "Soft Delay". The title ended up elegantly covering the pressure of rescheduling, as if to say "this really isn't a problem".

So as a visitor I allowed myself a first impression based on the initial plan (to be put on the website) that Mitch shared with me: *"Sara Campos presents a sculptural installation and video in collaboration with **Toby Paul**^x; **Alina Lupu**^{xi}"* – there I go! - *writes a text reflection on the exhibition; Temra Pavlovic shows a video installation; Toby Paul makes a music vignette for Soft Delay; Dorian de Rijk shows photographic research and sculpture; Michelle Son makes a sculpture-intervention and present two other sculptures; caner teker hangs three posters from a recent series; Josje Peters and Mitchell Thar start a collaboration based in print and painting. Website and graphic design by **Studio Ott Metusala**^{xii}. Forthcoming is a publication. Documentation of the project is by **Ayako Nishibori**^{xiii}. The project was initiated by Mitchell Thar and is supported by the AFK (Amsterdams Fonds voor de Kunst)."*

And then there was reality.

On January 18th, 2021, and I arrived at De Vlucht around 10:30 AM and became the visitor.

² "Firstly I want to apologize for my delay in a response. We are getting things on track, and I am still waiting on a confirmation of dates for the installation, but that still be somewhere in are of 8-10 Jan (so very, very soon)."

And reality hasn't really played by the rules for almost a year by the time I got to immerse myself into the physicality of the show.

I spent a bit of time in a side-room of a side-space. Bits and pieces of shelves were stacked towards the left side of the space's wall. Bits and pieces of desk were assembled to the back. Bits and pieces of desk were deconstructed to the front. An old server enclosure sat quietly in a corner. On the floor there was the box of a Samsung Crystal UHD 7 series, 43" screen. On top of the box there was the screen itself, waiting to be placed on a mount on the wall.

There was a glass wall separating this side room from the larger space. This glass wall had a slide that one could pull up using a textile band to reveal an indoor window. On the windowsill - 5 potted plants and a series of cuttings that had been lingering around for long enough that their roots screamed out - plant me! - but they were also well watered enough that it mattered less if they still had to wait. Between the plants, propped up on a pot's side; a clamped magnifying glass on a flexible arm.

Outside, they were cutting the grass, so I forgot to hear myself think, while Mitch ran in, one ear to his mobile phone, talking to the Samsung Crystal UHD 7 series, 43" screen artist and checking with her on a missing monitor thingamajig.

In the larger room Ayako took turns photographing the works while cradling her daughter to her chest, lifting her up from the pram after she got restless. Ayako's body bobbed up and down. The child turned quiet. She was born in November. She might not have had the patience for an art show, but here she was, immersed.

This was the opening day, but since the visitor – myself – was part of the overall choreography, there was no front and back stage, so I began the day as being allowed full access.

When all was finally set in place I got to sit down and we talked.

With Josje Peters and Mitchell Thar.

Three works hanging on the wall, two large scale and one medium roughly cut paper carriers with images that had been scanned and reworked— a wheat field, the back of a dog, a monolith-esque shape foregrounded and floating in an equally ambiguous background—treated with a color wash on top.

The process was the work in this case. And their collaboration started a year ago after they had met at an opening of an exhibition Josje co-organized at Goleb, with a series of image exchanges born out of each other's archives - archives filled with images which related less to work, and more to the personal, images that struck each of them. The images were then put through printing and copying, a loose and somewhat coincidental process. What followed was then a series process-exchanges which led to a procedure of scanning, images being blown up and tile printed, cut, and ultimately colored - rabbit glue mixed with pigment in singular colors. The works ended up using materials which were on hand, which reflected the mediums Josje and Mitch already (primarily) work in, painting and print, and taking into account the limits of the 2020 restrictions. Whatever material didn't need to be ordered ended up being put to work. Printers, scanners, A4 prints, scissors, and the inevitable small mistakes in putting the layers together, embraced rather than deterred. And with the occasion of the show, one layer of conversation - the first chance to actually put up the work, look it over and talk it through, and to understand what the balance between the two practices has lead to.

The work was in the end defined by what it wasn't - a collage, a grid, a perfectly fitting set of images, a drawing, a painting, a series of posters – fitting rather at the intersection of all of these formats, but purposefully failing to want to be any of them. Still making up its own mind.

And this first moment of being displayed seemed to me like only the beginning of a longer conversation which flowed between Josje and Mitch. The work looked like a way to figure out how to work together, in spite of the restrictions - be they physical, motivational, material or of display. It was resolved, up until the moment it went up, as stressing the fact that keeping in touch is the most important part. And keeping in touch doesn't have to be perfect.

Who is the work's audience? How many people constitute an audience? Is one person - myself -, enough, as a witness of the work? Are the artists themselves already an audience, by having never seen their work put up before this moment? The online audience? No audience? And is the audience always the goal of display? And what about casually meeting over an exhibition opening and starting a collaboration a year from then which would lead to new work?

And then there was **Temra Pavlovic**, the one wrestling with the 43" screen.

We were supposed to have talked online in advance of the exhibition, but our chat moved to being in person. From this failure to digitally connect, we moved to how one can embrace failure, errors, glitches.

The work, helped along by conversation with Temra, spoke to me about what it means to have openness to understand the ways in which things can go wrong, and rather than correcting them, allowing them to happen, and even responding to them.

Things such as stabilization calculations on DaVinci.

The cracked camera lens of an iPhone.

An unresolved codec.

A platform incompatibility.

And with that I pulled out my smartphone; my Samsung S9 that runs the open source Lineage instead of Android, opened up the camera app, switched to video, pressed play, and waited as the screen started to explode in bright green intermittent monochromes: the same flickering green that's incorporated in Temra's video work. What might frustrate me, entices Temra.

A push and pull between making something new and embracing what's already there. Captured and orchestrated video artifacts brought into composition, with the formality of a narrative structure, still managing to stay loose.

Temra's work played in an imperfect loop from a shiny and flat TV, mounted on an expandable arm and pointing, almost like an open flower, towards the window, to receive light and reflection, that overlaid the image as an additional layer. At a certain moment in the video, an orchid comes into view, tentatively held still by stabilization software, to further double the body of the mounted monitor. A mechanical flower.

Behind the monitor there was a small round magnifying mirror, held by a similar yet different type of expandable accordion-like mount, facing the opposite window of the space, pulling the outside in.

The work took to the plants on the improvised indoor windowsill, the stacks of disassembled furniture, expanded and contracted like a breath, and reminded of the need to observe, even if one can question how much is artistic originality and how much is happily incorporated accident.

From Temra to **Sara Campos** and **Toby Paul**.

Sara dragged me up two flights of stairs to a work space in De Vlucht, away from the space we were in, the former Van Eesteren Museum space.

“This is Toby”, she mentioned, “he’s also part of the show. He’s going to do a sound-essay.”

Yet I only identified Toby in the show’s second description which reminded me once again of the mismatch between a show’s planning and a show’s realization, and the way in which planning should not prevent what can be achieved, but how it often does, at times out of necessity - of proper payment - other times because of fear that if one doesn’t comply to the plans all the project will crumble to dust.

I’d later on, weeks later, talk to Toby asynchronously. We would end up stretching our thinking time via WhatsApp over several days. I would ask him a question, life would get in the way, he would respond, I’d send him an update on the text, he would add to it, and then I’d correct it.

Ideas change, as conditions change.

He would tell me "The idea for an audio reflection only came up when the exhibition turned into a mainly online affair. Initially I was going to perform a DJ-set for the people attending the opening, taking into account the space, the context and the exhibited works."

Toby - with a practice which ranges from Dj-ing, to sound collages for video in collaboration with visual artists. - made the soundtrack to Sara’s video piece together with Sara. Toby reacted sound-wise, intuitively, on Sara’s material, he allowed the sound to lift up the images, while the images lifted up the sound, through a practice which can be called one of mutual support. His love of working with a pre-existing context helped.

He worked on revealing what was apparent in the images, on sonically reinforcing. But this didn't come out of nowhere since Sara and Toby have known each other for a long time and they both have known the women featured in the movie. With this fertile starting point it was easy for him to contribute something sonically genuine to the images and to supplement that with an additional speech recording and a French chanson which they both liked and hated and which he proceeded to destroy.

That which supports might not be immediately apparent, and support is not always straightforward, but a longer dialogue.

As we settled into the room, looking for chairs, and Toby made sure the sound was plugged into the monitor and the mixer, I realized I was getting the treatment nobody would have gotten if they would have seen the work as audience members. The intimacy of our first encounter would have never taken shape as such. As part of the audience, this piece would have never been screened in anyone’s working space. It was though screened like that for me. And I settled in.

Sara sat down next to me on another chair and she started reading a description she wrote down in her notebook earlier in the day, in expectation of our meeting. Later on, she'd fully rework that description, allowing more vulnerability into the process, after she'd initially tried to polish it away.

The text went a little something like this:

“This work is part of a series of gestures, attempts to practice and redefine conditions of production. Based on personal and intimate relationships with people I admire, that have different ways of being, different abilities than my own, I can build alliances and get rid of the idea and frustration that (most) big institutions are there to care about what I have to offer. Building these alliances takes time, creating these friendships can take years filled with emotional commitment and also joy. To have someone on your mind. To tell others what they told you, making their selves present. To find ways where support can be given and received, not in terms of a mere negotiation or petty help but with pleasure, to have desires being recognized and lived through the other person.

My starting point is making gifts, in this case portraits, which in this day and age can risk crossing boundaries. It's a situation of having ones image appropriated for someone else's profit. Nonetheless it's a challenge to make a portrait of someone and that to still be an act of appearance, an act of love.

At a later stage in my process my friend Toby Paul got involved after I showed him the images and the people addressed in the video are also his friends. I counted on him because with music you can reach a tone different than what the visual can achieve and the nuances between embarrassment and tenderness can be worked out. We had the narration and a french chanson as materials. The song was given to me by one woman in the video, with whom I've been corresponding at different stages, during different versions of this work.

The video offers glimpses of conversations, e-mail exchanges, meetings at dinner parties, as well as fragments from text scores of Pauline Oliveros and Virginia Woolf. I wanted to connect the political with the sensual. Music seems to “say it all”. Me and Toby found out that we dislike editing processes and the sound of the video was a live recording of Toby's performance. The images were produced by avoiding having to heavily edit them afterwards. Which means that hesitations and interruptions were welcome, part of the complexities of everyday, part of encounters and art making. ¹_{SEP}

I watched the video piece directly from the video editing program. But before that our conversation drifted towards talking about training the voice, towards making sure we're listening to the piece in stereo rather than mono, and making sure the edit we're listening to is the final one.

When all was set in place the video played. There was no climax. 8 minutes went by, though time expanded and I forgot to check my clock widget, so I could be excused if I misperceived 1 minute more or less. Sara's voice worked in spirals around the images and in between beaded curtains, a couple of which were also displayed in the show downstairs.

She invited, she asked, you could say that she might even have been begging, but given that her voice remained intentionally monotonous, as did the music, it was really hard to pinpoint her position.

The women mentioned in the video were friends and acquaintances and they filled up a space which was not inhabited by art. Yet. They were not strangers. But they could be called art strangers, since they never talked about art with Sara. There's a delicate balance to be achieved when inserting the topic of art in their conversations.

How does one insert art in a conversation in a non-violent manner, honoring rather than appropriating the other? How can one propose without being imposing? How does one allow themselves to be vulnerable, but not pathetic? How does one ultimately confess love? And how does a global pandemic complicate all this? What happens between women?

What happens is a matter of trust and an act of love, but it's so little talked about. Even less in the context of artistic practice. There's an almost universal entrusting of personal stories, from one woman to the next.

We allowed the conversation to drift off.

We mentioned an instance of symbolic social practice.

A sculptural work that's relationally sad.

A soundtrack that didn't have a climax.

My mother phoned me so I had to pick-up and break our conversation off.

I walked back down to the project space where **Michelle Son** and her works were waiting.

Two works - one pre and one during corona times - bookending a year. Exercises in language and perception.

As far as the "pre" goes, Michelle was interested in experimenting with magnification lenses which were originally designed for light houses. Curious to see how they functioned and to understand how light is refracted through multiple layers of magnification, she produced casts of objects that surrounded her, specifically cosmetic and domestic objects like face creams, vitamin bottles, lichees, eggs and walnuts. Fragments of these objects were cast in transparent resin and dried flowers; building on a collection of pastel coloured "see-through" things. Some objects had objects inside of them.

She then decided to build a vitrine lined with the magnification lenses, working to their given dimensions. "The moment I had placed the objects inside and took a step back, I experienced something that both startled and excited me at the same time. The inner world of the contained objects seemed to shape-shift like a playhouse of scale and form, possessing its own set of rules and complexity. A moment of phys-fi, a moment in which physics and fiction could exist," she added.

The vitrines induced blind spots, making objects not always visible from every angle. Based on your height, movement and positioning, the vitrines could play like a personal film, a nod to the early beginnings of cinema, projection and magic lanterns, a mental experience of enigmatic images. From a certain angle, putting one's head in between the vitrines, the outside world flipped upside down.

They were blown up slices of reality. A little bit of magic.

The piece made "during" was of a different nature altogether, a return to language that forms part of her current ongoing project: "Study for a new alphabet" which started during the first lockdown. This began as a collection of intuitively hand-draw glyphs, one of which was given attention to for the show. This resulted in a large-scale symbol attached to one of the windows in the space, making it visible from within and outside of the building. Illuminated by the natural light and time of day, slight pink and purple hues could be seen from certain angles. Michelle's finger tips pressing down on the shape in her process of making were visible from up close. A symbol that expressed an alternative form of communication and connection.

Our own conversation trailed off from the professional into the personal and by late afternoon, having absorbed the works and thoughts, I gathered with the artists, we sat down, and shared large slices of meringue cake – an improvised opening moment, and allowed ourselves to all be tired.

The things that transpired while the show was being set up and in the subsequent 7 hours were the relations of care behind it. The cups of tea being poured and drunk, the sleeping body of a child bobbing up and down next to their mother's chest, the endless phone calls making sure all the tech is in order, strips of tape cut from a roll and made to prop up the work on one of the walls, ladders being hidden from view, lighting figured out, cake delivered, all open, willing and able structures of support to their various degrees.

The things that transpired were also the physical absences. Dorian and caner.

I got to talk to **caner teker** on the 3rd of February.

Their work is in the show, laid out next to Michelle's contribution.

3 out of a series of 7 posters, which are attempts to archive performances, A1 offset prints on blueback paper, framed as collaborations:

anarchiving KIRKPINAR (Ursula Xanadu) , 2020
"A score".

anarchiving KIRKPINAR (Joy Mariama Smith) , 2020
"How do we archive in the dark"

anarchiving KIRKPINAR (Stanton Taylor), 2020
"All tender touches and reciprocal support.

The posters felt cryptic though, as they were intended to be. A nod to the fact that there are multiple ways to archive the performative, multiple voices that have multiple insights, which together form an image, that can never be exhausted.

To get a better grasp of the posters I allowed the exhibition to expand beyond the time I got to watch it in the space at De Vlugt.

I got the chance to enter yet another backstage, this time virtual. I got to set my own pace while viewing. I fetched my computer, laid back on a couch and added the supporting Vimeo link I was sent in my open browser window, an action which prompted a password request which I could easily fulfill. I could switch between fullscreen and minimizing the video while I traveled between tabs, checked my email, allowed the soundtrack to creep up on me.

The video: Caner Teker: Kirkpinars. A performance by caner teker in collaboration with Aaron Ratajczyk, Lou Drago, Valerie Anna Zwoboda and Isabel Gatzke premiered at Tanztage 2020 at Sophiensaele curated by Anna Mülter.

The recording I was sent looked like a time capsule that was taken a year ago in Berlin, at the Sophiensaele. In it, clusters of people gathered around a central stage area from all sides. They were chatting in anticipation. The exhibition space was generous. It allowed walking in and out during the performance.

You could somehow remember back to crowded halls while watching it. You could somehow imagine the smell of bodies in anticipation. One performer tied their hands as if they were about to step into a fight. The other prepped on the other side of the space.

What followed was an anxiety inducing soundtrack. Two bodies on all fours. A mirrored choreography. Fists in the air. Chests open. Fluid movements from one position to the next. Mouths open. Gloves off. Breaking of the spell. A delineated rink and a change of music. A ritual of changing outfits and oiling up. Then a struggle that looked like a dance that looked like seduction, through mere slowing down. A pin down, another, a release. Repeat.

And scene.

caner left Amsterdam for Christmas and hadn't yet returned. They were in Berlin when we caught up via zoom on the 3rd of February. They hadn't yet met the other artists in the show that they were taking part in, but had Mitch as a lifeline. Since there was no chance to make an actual performance during "Soft delay", they chose for the posters, keeping in mind that the posters are the translation of the ones that were present during the Berlin showing of the performance that was documented in the video I watched.

How can one document a performance? Which standpoint to start from? Does video offer an accurate representation? Do photos? A sound-piece? Would interviewing the audience help?

What caner ended up with was a filtering of a live event, a filtering several times over. They asked the people that witnessed the event "what do you remember?", in a slight nod to what nightclubs in Berlin tend to do when they set up a "no photo" policy, and permit you to only experience an event through your body, without the mediation of technology.

While writing this down I saw my own position of witness, talking to caner via zoom about a show that they never attended, about a performance that they were a part of, abstracted through posters of their friends, in a review on a website that will only be able to transmit a 5th hand interpretation of something that happened.

I chatted with **Dorian de Rijk** on February 4th.

We also used zoom, but the difference was that Dorian was in the space, she did come to set up her work in De Vlucht, but couldn't be there during my visit. During the set up she decided to gear her energy towards the collaborative effort and experience.

But we got to deep dive into all three of her works during our conversation.

From Rommelen: a small non-community-community on Zeeburgereiland, which had organically grown since the 1970s, but ended up in present time being subjected to redevelopment. Dorian attempted to capture the DNA of the area through a long period of embodied research: through interviews, pinhole camera photography, and co-creation, starting from the simple question of:

"What's there that people love so much that I don't see?!"

The community itself was rather an eclectic mess, easily dismissed, since not immediately apparent. A community united not in the need to be a community, not in a common brand, or events, or common history, but in idling, messing around, inefficiency, no desire of productivity, a united individualism. And how to capture that?

Dorian got around to making pinhole cameras from the remains of the area, starting from the idea that the tools that captures the area need to be similar if not also part of the area that they capture. She built cameras alongside the residents, a process which was as exciting as it was frustrating, with failure following failure, and the end images looking like colorspace experiments expanded in time – some taking a year to be made.

As the area got cleared for redevelopment the images ended up part of a grieving process, reminding how in co-creation you can't control every element, but also of how idling needs some sort of stable ground to take place on. The residents, while natural idlers, mostly found it frustrating to deal with an open artistic process, prone to failure.

From Rommelen we jumped to pictures of Ezra, Dorian's cat, to ecological thinking, and other types of co-existence, to the ethics of non-human care, to María Puig de la Bellacasa, to actor-network theory, Latour, Donna Haraway, to choosing to take pictures of one's cat everyday instead of going out and photographing the empty streets, and asking oneself:

“Who do you share your life with? How do those relationships work?”

And we slid into talking about Dorian's final piece: “Glass elbows” (for breaking the glass ceiling), three of them, making up a triangle, which she dreamed of making in her first year in art school, but never realized until now. Meanwhile the elbow gathered increased significance in 2020 – sneezed in, greeted with -, as Dorian's elbows, glass blown, finally came into being, but also suffered damage.

This all feels like a marathon.

"So, what is the show about?"

“Just look at it. It's really nice to take the time, see the work and let the work speak. It's probably about the work and its formal properties, if I am to guess.”

Then again, the works are not accessible, and only variations of them will be visible to every person participating. The artists themselves would not get the chance to talk to each other about the works, they would not get the chance to read through the extensive textual documentation that I compiled because time is of the essence and there's never enough of it to dive into an experience from multiple angles.

To make it simple, for them, for the funding body that supported them, for potential online viewers, there's always **Ayako's** video.

In it, what remains, what is accessible, is a ghost in the machine feel, the empty space, except for the physical works that it could contain. The resulting trajectory through the exhibition accounts for 1.22 minutes of a camera gliding seamlessly, perhaps imagining what would happen if, all of a sudden, all the artists, the documentary photographer, and myself, the lonely visitor, would be obliterated out of existence.

The works would remain. Yet, devoid of any ties to their makers, even as they keep on producing themselves, they would conceptually collapse.

There is a stated plan to document some works differently for the online. Which makes me realize that my experience will once again be further edited.

There probably is no real end to this exhibition, so it makes sense to stop.

Exhausted, I do a final read through and send the text to **Ott**.

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- i **Sara Campos** was born and raised in Portugal. She moved to the Netherlands long time ago where she studied at the Rietveld Academy and right after studied a Masters Artistic Research at the KABK in Den Haag. She is an artist, performer and occasional writer and organizer, living and working in Amsterdam. She won the Rietveld Prize in 2010 with her video performance “Thank you for coming”, where she conveyed the impossibility of communicating the meaning of art. She often collaborates with other artists, craftsmen, filmmakers, writers and musicians. In 2015 she organized “A Supernova Plus an After-Thought”, a group event in the VU botanical garden and Amstelpark, setting up a meeting place to fleet away from the small talk at art openings. She is currently working on redefining modes of production based on intimate and personal relationships, mostly with friends. Engaged in feminist politics, story-telling and music, Sara is working on a co-authored film "From Home to the Bar", together with an all female group of artists in a local bar in Amsterdam where they all hang out.^[1]_{SEP}
 - ii **Temra Pavlovic** lives and works in Amsterdam. She earned her degree Film/Video from CalArts and is currently pursuing a Research Master’s in Media Studies at the University of Amsterdam. Recent solo exhibitions include ‘T2019 je t’aime’ at Kantine (Brussels) and ‘Prefixes 4 and 2: the way you customize your uniform’ at Lodos (Mexico City). She also has a collaborative practice Oa4s (On all fours), active since 2013. Recent Oa4s solo exhibitions include ‘Friendship’ at KevinSpace (Vienna) and ‘Spirit Butterfly X’ at Lodos (Mexico City).
 - iii **Josje Peters** researches states of being in which figures and spaces seem to lose their identity. In minimizing the amount of information given within the compositions and the abstract approach towards the anonymous figures and spaces, her work questions what it is we actually see. Peters studied fine arts at AKV St Joost (BFA 2008). She was a resident at the Rijksakademie voor Beeldende Kunsten (2010/11), awarded the Buning Brongersprijs (2012) and a Mondriaan Fonds Start Stipend (2012/13). Recently she co-organized the group show ‘Zonder Commentaar’ at De Vishal (Haarlem) this summer as well as the group show(s) ‘Casting a Shadow Wherever We Stand’ at Goleb in 2018 and 2019.
 - iv **Mitchell Thar** studied at The School of the Art Institute of Chicago (BFA 2013), Kunstakademie Düsseldorf (Klasse Williams, 2016/18), and Gerrit Rietveld Academie (2012), and is currently following the MA Artistic Research at the University of Amsterdam. His work in the last years has focused on printing, drawing and installation, resulting in installations which address appropriation, copy, media and medium. In 2016 he published the book ‘Untitled A2’ and was the recipient of a Mondriaan Fonds Werkbijdrage Jong Talent (2015/2016). Recent exhibitions have taken place at The Balustrade (Tilburg, 2020) and Autarkia (Vilnius, 2020).
 - v **Michelle Son** graduated in Fine Art from the Gerrit Rietveld Academy in 2016. Her interest in the paradox of language has been expressed throughout her artistic practice in multiple forms. For her, investigating the intricacies of communication and perception has personal agency and exercising its limits and possibilities remains a catalyst for change and connection. She has exhibited mainly within the Netherlands, namely Prospects and Concepts: Art Rotterdam 2020, puntWG (Amsterdam), Vlaamse Cultuurhuis de Brakke Grond (Amsterdam), Kunstpodium T (Tilburg) and Teylers Museum (Haarlem). She is a recipient of the AKF (Amsterdam Fonds voor de Kunst) project grants (2017) and the Mondriaan Fonds Werkbijdrage Jong Talent (Stipendium for Emerging Artists 2018 - 2019). Since 2018, she has been a curatorial committee member of the puntWG, an artist-run project space in Amsterdam.^[1]_{SEP}
 - vi **caner teker** (born 1994 in Duisburg) lives in Amsterdam, Berlin, and Düsseldorf, graduated in 2019 as master student at the Kunstakademie Düsseldorf under John Morgan, and subsequently studied at SNDO – School for New Dance Development, Amsterdam. The premiere of the play KIRKPINAR (in collaboration with SOPHIENSÆLE Berlin) at the 29thTanztage Berlin, was followed by invitations to DISAPPEARING BERLIN and Radikal Jung in Munich. Further guest performances followed at the Favoriten Festival in Dortmund and Theater Neumarkt in Zurich (both 2020). caner teker’s performances have been presented at Museum Abteiberg Mönchengladbach

(2017), Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westfalen, Düsseldorf, and tanzhaus nrw in Düsseldorf (2019). Last year, caner teker received a fellowship from the Nobert Janssen Stiftung, Munich, the Förderpreis für Bildende Künste from the city of Düsseldorf, and was a Guest Fellow at the PACT Zollverein, Essen.

- vii Through her practice **Dorian de Rijk** researches the visible and invisible mechanisms of, and in, exclusion within our social systems. The cinematic film installation “Valerius”, about mental healthcare, was awarded the AHK prize in 2016. It is part of Play the program, a series that reflects on the role of fear in society and how it has become an internalized tool of control. Her essay film “Winging It” was censored in Istanbul and toured as part of Post-Peace with the support of the Württembergischer Kunstverein Stuttgart. She holds an MA in Film from de Nederlandse Filmacademie, a BFA in Fine Arts from the Gerrit Rietveld Academie and studied photography with Christopher Williams at the Staatliche Kunstakademie Düsseldorf. She has worked as a concept developer for Dutch Broadcasters VPRO, BNN/VARA and makes commissioned works for private and public parties such as KAAN Architecten, de Hoge Raad and Gemeente Amsterdam.
- viii **De Vlucht** is a multiform group of creative entrepreneurs that work in a former school on Burgemeester de Vluchtlaan, in Amsterdam. Since April 2010, the former classrooms in the right wing of the building have served as a studio, office, sound, film or photo studio. The space will be further redeveloped and divided to accommodate even more creative professionals, and increase cashflow. For now the space is confirmed to continue functioning for another 10 years, in spite of the increased flexibilization of the rental market in Amsterdam and the need to turn every centimeter of space into one capable of bringing ever more capital in.
- ix **Goleb** is an artist led space located on the second floor of De Vlucht – the former school building in Amsterdam New-West. It consists of nine studios, a guest studio and a project space. The space blurs the boundaries between the personal and the outside world.
- x **Toby Paul** is a DJ and sound artist living in Amsterdam. He is self taught and taught by others.
- xi **Alina Lupu** is me. Or rather I am Alina Lupu.
- xii **Studio Ott Metusala** is run by Ott, who is a graphic designer and web developer.
- xiii **Ayako Nishibori** is an Amsterdam based hungry photographer / videographer who works in food, travel and the culture sphere for editorial and commercial as well as local business including artists.