

ures, standing on places where the it'd take me. malk lines would intersect. I liked Then he said, "I'm watching you" and he grab fistfuls of white sand and let run steadily through my fingers I was walking, creating lines I could not disobey. The next day, I

Thanks, uh, what?" I replied.

ng the Bionicle." Hendrick seemed very proud of me. ry serious.

said I didn't understand.

I was a young boy, I prayed Hendrick explained that it didn't matsand. The boys from my class ter to him how I'd do it, but that it ere playing a game I couldn't un- was very important to our friendship stand-something to do with lines that I'd eat the Bionicle. To digest it chalk on the ground and Bionicle completely. It didn't matter how long

sand on the pavement. The boys took apart the Bionicle, first swallowouldn't have any of it-once they ing some of the smaller pieces whole aw me (accidentally) pouring sand with a glass of orange juice. I broke the green Bionicle, they formed up the bigger pieces and ground them group around me, forced me to the into rough powder with my father's manound and beat me. I got bruises on ual coffee bean grinder. I put the LEGQ arms, neck and chest. When I got dust on sandwiches, with extra peanut ome, I told my mom exactly what hap- butter to mask the taste. I did this ened. She talked with the school's all in secret but I did document the rincipal and the boys got two weeks process, proof to show to Hendrick and the other boys.

few days later Hendrick, one of the That night I dreamt that I had become the green Bionicle. I was supremely green, I'm sorry for what you had to I glided through the air with ease They, I'm sorry for what you had to I glided through the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe offortlessly sliced through trees and vines as I climbed through my jungle of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. My axe of the all while jumping from tree to tree. around Kanae Bay. I preferred to inhabit the treetops because I was somewhat endrick ceremoniously handed me the clumsy on land and flat surfaces. Then I woke up in a cold sweat.

You can have it. I don't need it I felt nauseous for weeks. I did no $\operatorname{\mathsf{nymore}}$. Take it as a symbol of me know if the nausea was caused by anxing sorry. You could do me a favor lety or by the green plastic in my blood stream. But in a way, I had more strength than before. I knew, deep down, that I was no longer a scrawny Eat it. The Bionicle I mean. Dutch boy. I had become TOA LEWA, TOA tou could return my apology by eat- OF AIR. I knew that the other boys, were

Alumni Image and Language, 2019

EXCERPT OF

I believe that I fall faster

When I lay down I wonder how much

my lungs expand when breathing in

in the same rhythm as someone else

think I touch my ears way more

المهام

When I talk I sometimes realise

Mara-Luna Brandt Corstius,

I can't stop noticing when I'm breathing

because I'm tall

how my tongue moves

ften than I think I do

Image and Language

Gersande Schellinx, TXT TOPIC HARTLA* (POLYPHONIC) THEMA PLARTLA (MEHRSTIMMIG)

Discrimination in the job center Because They think it is right to improve others. Because The world overwhelms us and the future is taken away from the children

In our current multicultural community, the English language $\,$

dominates. Many don't get to utilise their mother tongue

Curated by Marite Kuus, TXT

Un vase est un objet ambigu. Artefact de l'arti-

fice humain, sa fonction remplace notre action:

tenir une fleur ou un bouquet de plantes circon-

cises de leurs racines. Le plus souvent ornemen-

récipients qui n'étaient pas destinés à cette fonc-

A vase is an ambiguous object. Artefact of human ar-

tifice, its function replaces our action: to hold a flow-

er or a bouquet of plants circumcised of their roots.

Often ornemental, the vase is an object that rarely

serves its purpose. Become then vase other vessels

who weren't meant to be, yet do so admirably.

tal, le vase est un objet qui rarement satisfait

sa fonction. Deviennent alors vase d'autres

ion, mais la remplissent admirablement.

on a daily, weekly, monthly basis (if only to a screen). Here is

an opportunity to let out the words and thoughts that sit in

those languages, because translation is not always the answer.

Who are the others? The others, that's us. And what about those who live longer? This has to end!" Let's see... where it all leads to."

lartz 4 should be abolished and it should.. Stop discrimination! There is no Hartz 4 anvwhere else!? Right?

We just can't get any further with our wishes! The main thing is that the politicians always fill their pockets. In any case, it cannot go on like his. Citizen benefit is more real! Hartz 4 is better 🛮 so nicht weitergehen. Bürgergeld ist realer! han citizen benefit because of health insurance etc. Still discriminatory! I'm lost for words. Why Krankenversicherung usw... Trotzdem are you speechless? Is a job better? It depends on diskriminierend! Mir fehlen die Worte. now it is designed. LOL Definitely... More money!

by STAGE Projekt is a theater project with Jong-term unemployed people in Saarbrücken, Germany

Diskriminierung im Jobcenter Weil Sie denken es sei richtig, andere zu verbessern. Weil Die Welt uns überfordert und Kindern die Zukunft genommen wird.

Wer sind denn eigentlich die anderen? Die anderen, das sind wir. Und was ist mit dener die länger leben? "Damit das mal ein Ende hat!' "Mal sehen… wohin das alles hinführt."

A ruse

a vak is

a ruse in

a verk in

a vare ir

a vax in

Hartz 4 sollte man abschaffen und es sollte Schluss sein mit der Diskriminierung! Woanders gibt es gar kein Hartz 4!? Stimmt's?

Wir kommen mit unseren Wünschen einfach nicht weiter! Hauptsache die Politiker machen sich die Taschen voll. Es kann jedenfalls damit Hartz 4 ist besser als Bürgergeld wegen der Warum seid ihr sprachlos? Ist ein Arbeitsplatz besser? Kommt darauf an, wie es designed ist. LOL Auf jeden Fall... Mehr Geld!

Eugen Georg, Alumni Dogtime, 2013





Läksin sõpradega jooma. Plaanisin juua kolm õlut.

Jõin kolmkümmend õlut.

edition no. gruben graben krähen jagen radau erfüllt den vollen betrag ein piepton drei eingekauft ein schlüsselbund bunte kreide

schneidet zugwind vom fahrrad schrott zu kunst angstropfen ein paralleluniversum schrumpf

und atme

vor deinen augen eine spirale ertinkt im sumpf eine ode an alle bekannten ein versessenes stück kreide bleibt zurück ich stopfe meinen mund

Anna Sieberns, Basic Year

TEIMGESCHILICHE WINISSING ENWITE MITTERWOHLNIER

In der Küche auf der Fensterbank: Random Ablage oder hübsche Sammlung? Beides irgendwie. Wenn schon die Aussicht nicht überzeugt, tun's vielleicht die bunten Fermente. Täglich ein prüfender Blick aufdie blubbernden Substanzen, oft der ersteAkt am Morgen.

Das Regal, voll mit eingelegten Experimenten, definitiv ein Schmuckstück. In bester Gesellschaft neben anderen Gläsern, ein erster Blickfang für alle Gäste.

In der einzig freien Ecke: Der Inkubator. Eine alte Styroporkiste, oder: Perfektes Zuhause für Rhizopus oligosporus. 48 Stunden ständige Observation. Besondere Bedürfnisse erfordern besondere Zuwendung. Verhältnis am Ende dieser Beziehung: fest zusammengewachsen. Ein eingeschworenes Team aus Zerdrückten und Erhofften

Manche brauchen weniger Zuneigung. Eine dunkle Kammer wäre ihnen wohl am liebsten, mit einer Ecke im Flur scheinen sie jedoch auch zufrieden. Ungestört transformiert es sich nun mal am besten

Wenn der Platz langsam ausgeht, wird's ganz intim, wer am wenigsten müffelt, darf einziehen. Zwischen Büchern und schlaflosen Nächten, ein Ort am Bettrand wird gewährt. Denn auch die ganz langsamen Kandidaten, verblenden allmählich, ehe man sich versieht, zum dauerhaften Interieur meiner Welt.

Joanna Czekajlo, TXT exchange2019





Thom van Hoek, Alumni Temporary program

Materialisation Sandberg Institute, 2017

Ran-Re Reimann, GD

La nuit du 19 au 20 iuillet 2003 je suis tombé dans un trou dans le plancher d'un garage sombre quelque part dans la elle ville de Paris

Il me semble que je m'en sortais, peu de temps après, avec rien d'autre qu'une malédiction, ine petite peur et un genoù douloureux Ensuite je suis allé à une fête, jusqu'à tôt le matin

Et je suis rentré chez moi sur ma trottinette

En route je voyais une bande vidéo, sur une place pas loin de la Gare du Nord

a bande entourait 4 arbres qui formaient les 4 coins d'un carré

Je me suis arrêté

J'ai mis la trottinette contre un lampadaire et commençais à lérouler la bande

Pendant ce temps-là, un passant volait ma trottinette Quand je m'en rendis compte l était déià loin

Je lui ai encore couru derrière, nais c'était trop tard J'ai dû prendre ın taxi pour rentrei

e crois que e m'en souviens Mais si j'y ense vraiment 'ai mes doutes

Le son de l'art à sa naissance était-il le même que le son de l'art aujourd'hui?

Cette nuit-là après ma chute, suis-je vraiment sorti du trou?

LE SON DE L'ART à SA NAISSANCE. éTAIT-IL LE MêME QUE LE SON DE L'ART AUJOURD'HUI?

VAV guest teacher



So many people seem to be going through a rough period this year and a complaint I hear a lot is that people feel a lack of connection and emotion at the moment. So have dinner, invite someone you don't know well, get to know them. Talk about something other than school and art and open up. Cooking is the best way to show someone you care and food is the best way to bring people together. When you have this hypothetical dinner, try making this dish, it's not complicated but it looks impressive. The addition of pomegranate always impresses people

and if adds some brighiness.

1 medium egg

More flour in hand to help

you during the process

half of everything 1 full egg

Bio flour always works, if you

want to include whole wheat

use ratio 1 part of whole wheat

+ 2 parts of normal flour

Boil potatoes fil fender

FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE

PACKAGE OR JUST GRAB A FORK AND

CHECK IF YOU CAN SMOOTHLY BREAK

THROUGH THE POTATOES. ALWAYS

● ● Drain the potatoes and

• • • Smash the potatoes. Take

whatever has multiple holes in

the kitchen, or a flat end of a

metal spoon. Take your time, enjoy

AND HARDER TO MIX BY HAND. //

face to give shape to your gnocchi.

DIRECTLY ON THE PLATE OR BOWL, ADD

Boil water and splash them in.

When they are floating up they 🦠

CHECK THE BIGGER ONE

FOR 2 PEOPLE

PROCESS

peel them

the arms workout!

to work in it).

dough properly.

flour: ready to be cut.

are ready to be plated.

SAUCE AFTERWARDS.

Curated by Natalia Ruhe, GD



CHAPTER 1. THE CUTLERY A dialogue between a fork and a knife The fork, sweet: I wish I could ouch the food The knife, crying: Can you please stop penetrating the food with your tooth

The fork, mad: No The knife: You bitch

The fork: Wanna fight? The knife: to \ to CK + ne fork: krakakakakaaka TSSHIOUUU

The spoon enters the stage)

The spoon: two xking hord

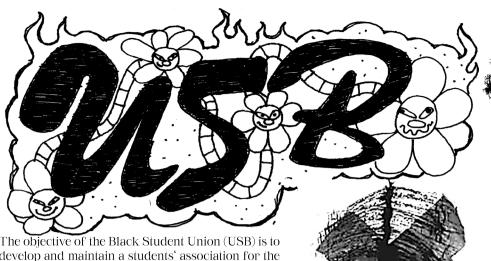
Enzo De Tandt, Fashion



I RECOMMEND TO DISPOSE THE GNOCCHI

Elena Braida, TXT

76



develop and maintain a students' association for the African and Caribbean diaspora within the Gerrit Rietveld Academie and the Sandberg Instituut.

Curated by Senakirfa Abraham, TXT

🛘 n 1976 New York, a sculpture is taken off a gal $oldsymbol{1}$ lery space and leaves stains of hair grease on the wall. A mix of scalp oil and other fat that was oozing from the artworks during the show. The art piece is LADY WITH BONES, composed of lines of hair glued to brown paper bags meticulously soaked in grease. Its creator is David Hammons. The location Just Above Midtown Gallery (IAM)

When Hammons started his Greasy Bags and Bones series in the early 70's, he was in a research of materials which, as opposed to his previous commercial success body prints series, would be ephemeral and not likely to be sold. "Many of these pieces." stank and left traces of hair grease on the museum of gallery walls. No wonder almost no one wanted to buy the works when they were shown", writes Kellie Jones about Hammons' work in The structure of myth and the potency of Magic, David Hammons: Rousing the Rubble, 1991.

The Creasy Bags and Bones series also marks a transition in Hammons works in the way it from then on becomes composition of material elements belonging to an African American version of existence in cities like New York, aiming to address me. Would I even ever find me? and comment on this very experience.

Barbecue leftovers like ribs bones, or wrapping papers, empty whiskey bottles collected in trains, and retrieved hair from barber shops, are as many materials dense with embedded information used by Hammons.

'The ephemeral nature of these materials was matched by their implicative gesture' (...) the bones, the missing/consumed barbecue, type of hair and grease, all things known to and used by African American, were employed by Hammons specifically as intimate and personal comments on the culture'.

By inserting elements, mostly leftovers and traces of a black experience in the art space, Hammons raises questions around the visibility of these experiences. He does so by celebrating as much as thest role. Role, it's all a he troubles references to Blackness. The materiality of these elements is calling into question which kind of substances could eventually legitimately represent Blackness within the context of art A (accidental?) stain of hair grease is not trying to essentialize and define a condition, it is more a gesture suggesting a quality of Being that slips

lot about the many me, but yet Somewhere in the Caribbean discourse, Martime. Maybe right now I don't nique poet and philosopher Edouard Glissant talks know and I can't define the about the name 'African' as being the pan-continental name given to (our) slaves ancestors when edge of it, or maybe it's be arriving on the American costs from the slave ship: 'they became african when they stopped being it'. A haunting thought Hammons seems to be familiar with, and which we should always home". She's possessing me have in mind when trying to enclose our selves in I'm gone. " stable identities.

Clémence, Fine Arts











friends, lovers, teachers...

according to who I'm relat-

ing to? The different charac-

ters I become ... Are they me? I'm

ot me. I've never been me.

idea of myself, me? Is isolat-

ing myself from the world the

solution for discovery? I need

the others around me to define

need the yous as I need me ...

I'm drawing in my ego trip.

BLA BLA BLA, let me complain

to You, You that is me. No one

will ever read this and no one

all my doubts inside my body,

pulling me down. They own me!

All of them own me, the two of

them own me as they created

me. Who created me owns me? I

must leave the nest. Yes they

er over my feelings owns me.

ceptance in people's eyes and

I create a character that I/

we think is going to play the

role play for me. Today is

one, tomorrow another one, for

you another one and for them

Here we are again... the many me.

What the actual fuck is the

many me? I speak to myself a

on't know what it mean

meaning of it. Maybe who I am

right now has no fear or knowl-

cause she's owning me and her

spell over me is more powerfu

than The Many Me. "Just go-

She has me. "Shall I come?"

Manfredi Enrico

oppolecchia, VAV

do own me. Whoever has pow-

I walk around looking for ac-

needs to know this. I can feel

Once a week, usually in the weekends, an unusual customer came into the shop. He was easy to spot because of his huge build and his shiny bald head. The first time we met each other he kept going on about my Chinese star sign. He said that our star signs were supposed to get along great.

Our conversations became a tradition. Every time he would come shopping we would have a chat. Sometimes these chats got a bit dragged out mainly because he couldn't stop talking. The topic of our conversations would be varied but he was usually the one to initiate the topic. Thinking back, he was mainly the one talking.

It was hard to get on with my work when he was in the shop so occasionally I would sit in the office checking the camera footage waiting for him to leave. This never worked since he started to know what days I would work and he would hang around until I had no other choice but to leave my hiding spot.

We would talk about many things like; money, his crazy holidays to Thailand, sexy women, about his kids, the time he spent in prison, but mainly about powerlifting. It is peculiar he thought that powerlifting would interest me in any way since I couldn't look less like a powerlifter.

He used to be a powerlifter which is why he was so obsessed with his diet and did organic shopping. Not only was he obsessed with lifting weights, he was also infatuated with the water he drank. He only drank one kind of water which we sold in big two liter bottles which came from an Icelandic glacier. He would buy two six-packs of water each time and he made sure to tell me every week that all other water was disgusting.

I knew the water thing was a big deal but I didn't realise how big of a deal it was for him until the bottles were out of stock. Instead of spending an hour doing his shopping, to my relief he left within seconds. No talk about crazy holidays, nothing about the kids and how much money they cost him and mainly no more fucking powerlifting.

The bottles never came back in stock. It had something to do with the glacier melting away and global warming. My colleagues thought it would be best if I brought the bad news. Which I did and it wasn't easy. He said it was the only reason he came to our overpriced shop and that he couldn't believe it, in fact he didn't even believe in global warming. But I do and I love it.



A collection of thesis excerpts from graduating students from both the Rietveld Academie and the Sandberg Instituut.

Curated by Renée van Zadelhoff, VAV & Poppy Paulus-Nicolas, Alumni VAV, 2019



FREE IMMERSION NOTES ON THE DISJOINTED, UNCANNY the body of the women are more beautiful, and they AND AFFECTIVE ELEMENTS OF A NETWORKED EXPERIENCE

I take a deep breath and pull myself forward and downward—head first. Using the top half of my body as a weight, lifting the bottom half above water, kicking to push myself down. The momentum gained from this movement can take me all the way down to the sea floor—1 just need to maintain it.

The stone secured on my wrist weighs me down deeper and deeper. It breaks past the first layer of the earth. I pinch my nose and blow gently, gradually depressurisi

my ears, as 1 sink through superimposed strata of various densities. Displacing gravel and minerals on the way. Magma immediately refills the gaps, creating new stone skies to gaze up towards, during my descent. I almost go to apnoea as I get closer and closer to the nucleus of iron and nickel. My ears ring from the perennial rock ibrations, my eyes mist from the sulphur-dust. Each

Here the division of shapes and negative space is more arbitrary than on the exterior. More temporary, because nternal skies are hard and solid, the earth a sticky ing in whirlpools and pullulating with gass get caught in a flow of magma rising to the surface, then sucked by an air pocket to another gro with another rock-dome arched over me without know ng whether 1 am higher or lower than the point 1 ha

> 1 let my diving-stone drop and sink deeper once more.

I lose the tip of my right ring-finger along the way, when it gets pressed between two moving tectonic plates. I'm told to let the broken bone heal before getting the wound stitched. A small metal wire is drilled into it, its tip protruding from the bandage. Pink and yellow keep oozing out of it, concentrating like slime and drying around

A few months pass. The stone sky surrounding me has trations of chromium and magnesium collect rine dead

rock. The bone has healed but the nail-bed is irreparably damaged. I get the metal wire pulled out, the necrotic tissue-shell scrapped off and the excess bone ground so that the remaining skin can be stitched around the exposed flesh. I continue my descent, with a shorter, softer and nail-less ring-finger.

The weather changes suddenly. A hailstorm of zinc and the hollows of the spongy rock. The darkness is mo ly pierced with a zigzag of flame. Rather, o cent metal slithering down a mineral vein. F

and textures, adjusting my senses to the atmospheric vi orations. Ears popping and blocking. Pupils dilating and constricting.

blink. Where to now? Myrto Vratsanou, Fine Arts

Sandberg Institute



ON "ASIAN WOMAN" AND THE FEAR OF FEMINIZED GHOSTS IN ASIA

One night, rubbing the greasy fingers from the meat pies to the side of the jeans, we wondered: "Why would so many women die in the movies? And so often? And why do they keep on coming back?" One boy in the group answered: "Well' that's because... attract more attention?" With the wide smile on his face, he'd mimic the curves of the woman with two hands in the air. Me and my fellow girlfriends shared a look and kept our mouth shut. However, 1 must admit that what he said that night never left my mind afterwards. When 1 climbed back the dark hills up that day, to go back home alone, I thought if 1 die tonight by some unfortunate coincidence, 1 will be the ghost who wanders around the hills, trying to find out what killed me and what I did wrong. In the meantime, I also thought whether I am wearing a nice outfit that when 1 am found dead, people won't talk shit about me - but it should not be too nice that people would talk shit about how I have brought the problems or have attracted the danger. 1 had to climb that hill every morning and night, for another three years of my high school.

This account that you are holding right now is my attempt to reach out to the fellow Asian female ghosts by studying the existing representation of them in different cultures over East and South East Asia, and how the history, political situation, and media-film and literature mostly- has played its role in shaping them as such.

Wreless made Somuablelle ON CONSENT, ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE AND SEX

1 thought about sex being a state of mind, about the many ways my body could experience sex without the presence of someone else.

In a conversation with a female friend of mine, we iscussed what our own first sexual arousal was like. She felt attracted to lubrication and sliminess since a very young age, while my first memory of something a fight with a plant. When 1 was 4 my family used to have a small garden where ivy would grow wild. When playing alone, 1'd throw myself into the plant, let the branches surround me and try to escape then ighting it. I'd run away from the plant and the nrow myself back to it again. During this act I felt some sort of energy that now 1'd characterize as sexual, like sexual attraction to this act. Back then 1 felt some sort of uneasiness in myself because 1 couldn't ame a frustration to me. While remembering this noment with her, I thought about how this energy pushed (by social media, TV, family, school) to b nalized into heterosexuality. And as you grow up as a female, it is canalized into being penetrated and inding pleasure in it, and into being passive. What sex robots, if artificial intelligence wouldn't be a bstitute for human contact, but instead an incen ive to open up our desire to other ways and practice th other human beings? What if they could act a ediators? How plausible is that?

Paula Sans, VAV



ictoria Allakhverdyan, GD

BIMBO DIBAMBE

DI BOORS

AND BIMBO PERFORMANCE

1magine this: It's a warm summer day in the park.

your brain goes blank. You forget where you are. You

This narrative of a "normal" girl developing into a

bimbo is similar to that of most bimbofication por-

nography. Bimbofication can be enjoyed in different

structed the following definition of a True Bimbo:

she is helplessly unaware, ditzy, but often kind-heart-

1 would like to propose an alternative

to the True Bimbo:

want to please. You. Need. To. Fuck.

creasingly bimbofied.

ers, not by herself.

lours. She calls herself bimbo.

ated characters and performers?

ON BIMBOFICATION PORNOGRAPHY

Biking down Singel in the winter, to its deflated proportions. Trying to hydrate my eyes and my temper, 1 already hear the girls lining up to pee. Under the pressure of the surrounding, and the end of pass the rows of coffee shops where tourists sit dead-eyed and slack-jawed, foregrounding the the lunch break, 1 give myself one last look in the mirror. Still red, still swol- len. In times of performative toughcloudy sky like depressing busts. They move slowly, lighting up ess, sensitivity defies the norm and reigns supreme. their conically shaped joints. The cool January air makes the smoke even thicker. They in- and exhale theatrically.

> The wind is fierce. I bike into it while I think about nothing, about very few things. The weed-smoking tourists recede behind me along with their white-boy dreadlocks and cheap sunglasses.

My friend told me he finally stopped smoking because he had the realisation that he was never really a smoker to begin with. I gave him The sun is shining bright and you are thirsty. a puzzled look, and he elaborat-A kind stranger offers you a beverage and you thank ed. He had never been a smoker, him and begin to drink. But something is not right: but had always liked smokers very your body is changing! Blonde locks grow from your much. This caused him to inadverhead and your lips swell. Your t-shirt rips apart as your tently spend a lot of time around tits expand. Your ass grows so big that your denim smokers and, since smoking is a shorts simply disappear between your cheeks. Suddenly social activity, he began smoking too. Also, it was cool. But now he is older and has found that smoking is not really his thing. I nodded my head in recognition and took a drag of my cigarette. He took out the rolling tobacco from his pocket.

media—written erotica, animations, transformation "People who are addicted blogs etc.—but most popularly as illustrated timeline to cigarettes and just dumb sequences, in which a cartoon character becomes inand weak," my other friend said.

Based on both bimbofication cartoons and pop-cul- "We smoked a cigarette ture phenomenons from my 2000s youth, I have contogether yesterday," I said to him.

"Yeah, but I'm not addicted." The True Bimbo was born to be a bimbo—

ed, easily dominated and eager to please (men). She is "Oh,"

white, blonde and fuckable. She is called bimbo by oth- I say. The three of us sit together in

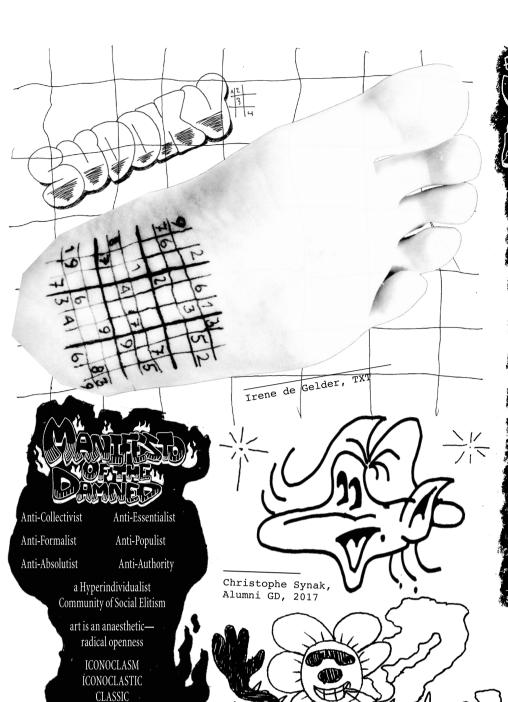
the brown bar, cigarette smoke whirling above our heads. The Recontextualized Bimbo who is reflective. She per-

Now, I don't know where y'all forms bimbo in order to position herself in a specific would get the idea to associway or to achieve something (politically, economically ate me with such morally deor personally). She comes in all shapes, sizes, and co-crepit behaviour! I will have y'all know that since January For most bimbo-identifiers, bimbo is a costume you ty, I am smoke free, yes lord, third, two-thousand and twendress up in, rather than a character trait or an inborn not a single puff from a cigafemale identity. It's a set of recognisable accessories rette, a blunt, spliff or doobie, (hair-extensions, long nails, high heels) that can be put four-twenty blaze it (makes sign on and taken off again as desired. Presenting yourself of the cross), has passed these as a bimbo becomes a way of performing rather than a blessed lips!

way of being. A performance based on an idealised ver- And let it be known, before the sion of a woman, a performance that imitates norma- Lord, that I do not intend on tive notions of hyper-femininity and exaggerates these starting again, no ma'am! I pray traits to the extreme. By simultaneously embodying the to God that he may give me the bimbo in a way that is loving, absurd, frivolous, exaggerated, campy, bimbo-identifiers gently dismantle ease and lead me into the light! aggerated, campy, bimbo-identifiers gently dismantle and denaturalise the illusion of a bimbo as female or of the devil to pick up that damned eminine nature. Perhaps bimbofication is not actually cancer-stick again, He, as in humiliating to women; perhaps it is mocking the pa- God, not the devil, will give me triarchal idea of the True Bimbo, of every woman being the strength to throw it into the toilet where it belongs! I have faith that if I do give in to the Bimbo-identifiers are determined to redefine, recondevil, he will forgive my weaktextualize and reclaim the bimbo, but their work is ness as long as I repent. And not done yet. Wouldn't it be a relief to wave a magic he shall give me the strength to wand and dispose of the derogatory use of bimbo forsake this curse once again, imbo-di Bambe-di Boobs*—and instead respect, to quit, goddammit, quit! With enjoy or even worship bimbos as empowered and liber- the Lord behind me, I will never lose hope. He knows of the purity of my motivation and he forgives me when I fail. Even if I fail one thousand times and smoke one thousand cigarettes, he knows that it is not because I want to, but simply because I am weak. So (dramatic pause), let it be known to all (another pause) that when I start smoking again, it will not be my intention!

Feline Hjermind, VAV

Isabel Pontoppidan, VAV



semi psychedelic dream l screaming intensely and get yourself someone who is nice and rel

OF THE COLLECTIVISTS AND ITS RACISMS, WE WILL BE SELF LIBERATED Self-Liberation!

Anaesthetic Fantastic

Aesthetic Ascetic Acidic

our emotions and our anarchisms

are the most important.

Process in a paratextual ocean

On the last day on Earth,

we the living, we the damned;

VE WILL TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES

AND WE WILL DESTROY OURSELVES

VE WILL NOT REPEAT THE MISTAKES

we throw a ball

OUR SADNESS OUR BROKEN HEARTS OUR DISEASES AND ILLNESSES OUR MENTAL DISASTERS AND BEAUTIFUL SHIPWRECKS OUR TRASHED MINDS AND SCARRED MEMORIES OUR LOST FUTURES OUR LOST PASTS OUR LOST PRESENTS OUR BODIES IN CONFLICT UR SEXUALITIES IN DISARRAY

are cast as under

OUR BODY AND MIND

And we will Dance and Create as the world falls back into the sky, Art as a means to Survive.

obias Mud, Basic Yea



Gravy fated. Stock villain Stock still Stuck in the muc A stick. Stuffed with stuff Served with spuds Fat fleshy pink raw Slit my belly Snap my bones

lap me so I'm tender Sitting on a platter Can't stand n't stand the stampin of the stupid Stupid stupid stupid Men in suits

Won't change their underwear their spots or their minds. Start to mould, Get stinky old Haunted Hunted

Cunts. STOP! Please.

Stunted

Little runts.

Shifra Osorio Whewell, VA



Noé Cottencin,

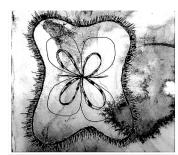
wish you were an oyster, to open you and take the bug you have insid as in a video call, to open the mollusk and transfer the body that it houses.

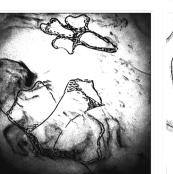
I keep you in the chest petween the bra and the skin. take me from unknown places

From time to time I feel on the other side out I remember: I always end up on the shore

mall stone robot If I could, I would give you legs arms and hands

a heart, eyes and ears





Open Sesame. Only a few may know the secret of entering treasure caves. Even just the treasure of communicating in the same language. A password that a lot of us seem to be searching for.

Eva van der Zand, The Large Glass



Seen from above, Like quarters thrown into a wishing well,

I'm underwater, Fish pass me by, Above me there's a blue sky, pened up like a fridge when you're hungry,

Rolling around in the sand, Everyone is just grains, On a breezy beach,

The one I was when they liked me, Has disappeared like a line on a table at a party, Now it's all seagulls in the sky,

Green grass of spring tickling my chin, Everyone is just dots, 's all I see nowadays, But I love the sky

and the clouds, And the birds in the morning, It all makes for a good cup of coffee,

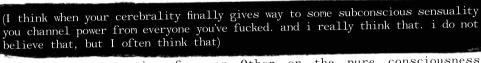
Cowboy rodeo, People get on and people get off, and the night swallows the train,

Watcha doin' with your life, Smelling flowers on a green hill, Or dinner being cooked in the distance,

My thoughts are just pillows, jump off bridges, But if I'm not careful, I'll spill soup all over the car seat, And fall asleep,

But my jaw always gets so clenched, And my nails so bitten,

Julian Hill, Basic Year



she can steal the rings

ut instead a

comforts

round her ear

e squeezes the rings

nd the necklarges dround her nos

hu hal/e t/p d/chipt to)your

Sound waves emanating from an Other or the pure consciousness playing with itself? WHO THE FUCK KNOWS RIGHT\? B U T I did write this and I won't delete it.

(Unlegit writing is a mash-up, a collaboration, an assemblage of

different writings. Neither the grammar, nor the punctuation,

nor the logical sense of it have been transformed)

My overly excited fingers hover above the keyboard ready to reveal the truth

maybe thats not a good start. or maybe it is So I keep some parts of myself

I've been touching and afraid to harm the sensitivity of the connection.

We can drink the cocktails before we leave the store. It's fine we can check out in the piano. Play me a sweet pop tune and I'll lie under the pianonononono. But then how to live right? Well i wont go into that because I can only negotiate

that in my terms and would in no way want to promise any successful guidance to anyone. Only because I struggled a lot with this sort of moralist guidance philosophy type. It's like the horse instructor. And its not easy to be a good horse instructor. I wont be one. I wanna be a rider.

Unlegit writing reviews and observes all the forms of writing as sufficient and legitimate. Cross-languages, cross-stylistics, extra-plagiarism, non-readable, non-

poetic, misreading, copy-pasted, poetic of dyslexia, boring to death and all the other possible forms of

writing are encouraged and eventually published. Unlegit

writing welcomes all the undefined categories and writing

experimentations which might not fit or usually be tolerated.

as if the unknown presence

while the sky is getting even more distanced away

Its like if confrontation disabled me to touch it right

grounds me to the floor

elieve that, but I often think that)

Curated by Morgane Billuart, VAV

MYSTERY MY MASS TERY(?) mastery!

ah yes, I get it.

Leaning against, something which is not. We must cleanse the mess, open the flow, cleanse the order, build, like play. a bUÏLDÏNG THAT ALWAYS results in something other than

Flowers viewed face front, a relationship with respect. Times are dark, so the lightbulb is overworked.

Funny how fast the truth I've been touching eroded into the confused self degradation party again. And 🗸 I didn't eat yet today so goodbye,

s^{moke} and the smell of it feast of the new the scent revolution has in my mind with you I will dance into improbable futures hahahahahahaha komik biraz

komik bias

şşşşşşş şive ve şelale

used google traduction to translate some sentences i wrote on my notebook in basic year je me suis déposée sur le sol, j'avais tellement froid j'avais même plus de sensation dans les doigts - le soucis c'est que y'a rien qui me vient là tout de suite alors j'invente

Enough I'm gonna blame it on someone else now. I am focused on one sharp point And I dissolve into the bench. The passing of a running man.

I am hungry and 1 HAVE A Headache, front of my lob. I associate this with the city. everything around me has been teasing the headache to come sit its big ass Eve Boontje & Anna Sieberns, Basic Year on my head. City lights, computer lights. There is something about the shared Emma Lou Burkel, Fashion headache versus the one thats just there.

headache versus the one thats just there.

Enslaved material stolen from it's family at a young age now does its job well.

EVERYTHING SHALL SERVE ME AS I AM HUMAN —constant shouting results from Cemre Eraslan, Fine Arts my urban existence. Where are our roots that can grow so long into unspeakable Larizza Beyla, Basic Year wisdom in multimillion relations. NOW: EVERYTHING IS NEW: The sole root Anonymous connecting us is the Leash. I imagine your touch opening the grounds behind my back, through white curtains darkness of nothing.



Rosa Shepherd, Basic Year

what others had told me because I think that on I don't remember and two I don't understand ha the things I am told

don't even get me ther that's quite special by itsel I taste yes cigarettes and spit from two mornings ago And that cannot be mystified either And I think o f But that's already invented

now, I don't have the right to ask this, but if you're a gaming person who enjoys roleplaying and exploring the limits of real-world role-playing or you enjoy working with cards, why should yo leave that behind to become a lawyer?

we share our separate. loneliness intellectually so well

So, preferably alone Print the current directory as a .pst and call with the correct path argumen if desired.

"If you could get a tooth chip that could mov it'd be brilliant," Dr. Heft said

(and we start anew naked) (naked is not old nor new) This could be a typical day

But it's ten degrees colder

To sum up, we can declare: "We don't

fleeing the own

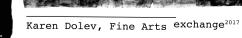
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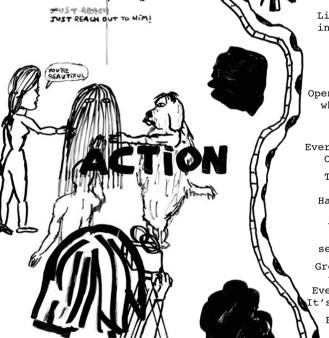
Beyla, [11.06.19 10:05]

with the participation of

30









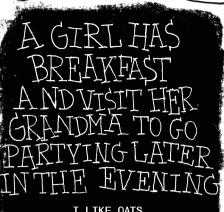


ou are my amulet "

to familiar ones.

aybe that way you feel the temperature of the gazes the temperature of the breeze

the temperature at the tip of the fingers. Jimena Casas, VAV



BLOATED TUMMY COFFEE YUMMY EMPTY STOMACH NO MORE RAIN ALBERT HEIJN I'M IN PAIN FIFTY CENTS

WHERE ARETH THOU MY LOVETH MAN YOU MADE COFFEE TOO HOT IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN DO RIGHT?!

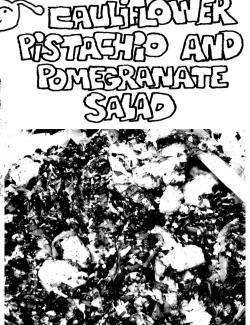
ENTERING THE GATES I FEEL LIKE I SMELL OLD THINGS THERE SHE IS COLLECTING DUST ON HER EYEBROW READY ON THE FLAT SURFACE JIGGLY RED WAITING FOR ME I CAN SEE THROUGH THAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH WORSE REFINED SUGAR

BLU BOOTS DANCING HIGH HEELS RED NIGHT STANDING ENGAGE THE FLAVORED STEAM PIERCE THROUGH A WET SURFACE LIGHT BENDS SHIMMERING SILVER REFLECTION GRAB THE SPOON YOU FOOL!

Mabel Ranselli, Pre-course



PANCAKES BY SANNA, DASHA ANDIRIS



INGREDIENTS

1 cauliflower

1 half grated \(\mathbf{T} \) half roasted onion a bunch of parsley, mint, tarragon or cilantro

half a pomegranate 1/4 cup of lightly toasted

also use almonds lemon juice and zest

pistachios or you could

za'aiar a middle eastern spice blend cumin

olive oil

PROCESS

Start by preheating the oven on 180 degrees celsius. Then start cutting the cauliflower in half. Cut the individual florets of the first half and put them in a roasting pan. Drizzle some olive oil, salt, pepper and a sprinkle of za'afar.Puf if in the preheated oven for around 30 to 40 minutes until it's golden.

•• Meanwhile grate the other half of the cauliflower and place in a bowl. Slice the onion into very thin rounds. Take a skillet and cover the base of the skillet with olive oil. Turn the gas on to high and lef the oil heaf up. Then put the onions in the skillet and add some salt. It's always super important to salt vegetables while they are cooking instead of at the end. Fry the onions until they turn golden brown, around ten minutes. Roughly chop the parsley, mint and tarragon and place in the bowl with the grated cauliflower. Chop the pistachios and place in the bowl along with the seeds of half a pomegranate.

••• Once the onions and roasted cauliflower have cooled off, put them in the bowl with the other ingredients. Drizzle some olive oil on top, along with the zest and juice of half a lemon. Sprinkle some salt, pepper, cumin and za'atar on top.

Natalia Ruhe, GD





Emma Lou Burkel, Fashion

the Covid-19 crisis, the Riecvella doctarial adjust its program in 2020. Usually protice the Rietveld Academie, with the help Wiersinga in the Offset and Letterpress p, the third edition of the Journal had to

relocate its production to membrain relocate its production to make a constant in London, in order to respect the current social distancing measures taking place in Amsterdam. Newspaper Club assures that they follow the appropriate measures to ensure a safe working environment within their production.

While encountering a lot of spatial and logistic obstacles, we managed to adapt and rethink the Journal's needs. This is possible thanks to the support of the Student Council, obstinate work of all Rietveld Journal team members and advisors, as well as the constant input of our contributors. The Rietveld Journal strives for community and wishes to be of support and warmth to all in these times of confusion and physical scattering. We might not stand beside each other in body, but we do in mind.

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TYPE SET & OFFSET WORKSHOP

SCREEN PRINT WORKSHOP)

GERRIT RIETVELD ACADEMIE

TSANDBERG INSTITUUT'S

EDWARD JULY

ALEX ZETA

PRINTED BY

HULTGREN ,

GATHE GABRIÈLLE DELAITE

TYPEFACE CONTRIBUTORS

AGATHE GABRIELLE DELAITE

Soon after its birth in 2019, on the bridge of a new decade, the Rietveld Journal got to experience a lot

After two publications of delightful, yet intense labour, Irene de Gelder, co-founder of the Rietveld Journal passed on her jacket to two new faces joining the ranks of the Head of Editorial: Marite Kuus and Karolina Wisniewska. We'd like to thank her for all her hard work and the build up of strong foundations that made it possible to continue this project in 2020.

This last year has been rich in new experiences: the Rietveld Journal T(ree)eam has grown into a beautiful network from the inside towards the outside. It has travelled the world from our hands to yours, from your hands back to ours. You fed us as much as we tried to feed you, and we would like to thank you for that.

"We felt the need to fill in the "gaping hole" to express ourselves in a textual manner. We as analogue enthusiasts created a printed platform for all students, alumni and employees of the Gerrit Rietveld Academie and the Sandberg Instituut to share their works with a broader public. Even though the Rietveld Journal is and will remain mainly a textual platform, we are accepting all sorts of contributions that have their place in a paper landscape, such as comics, illustrations and collages." This has been our motto since the beginning of this project and still is.

For this third issue of the Rietveld Journal, we welcome you in an old fashioned-like design landscape: our new Graphic Design team, Ran-Re Reimann and Łukasz Matuszewski of first year Graphic Design, have dived and explored 80's publication design and printing methods. As a result of their research, all hands in, they stepped away from digital methods to physical ones, dismantled and folded back together the Journal, rendering a new kind of facade for the Rietveld Journal. Welcome to their collaged inspirations and discoveries. Have a nice journey!

WANT TO CURATE A SECTION? INTERESTED IN JOINING THE PRO-

, DUCTION OR GRAPHIC DESIGN TEAM? OR, HAVE ANY OTHER WILD

PROPOSALS FOR US? LUCKY YOU, BECAUSE OUR MAILBOX IS OPEN

24/7! ALL GERRIT RIETVELD ACADEMIE AND SANDBERG INSTITUUT

,STUDENTS, ALUMNI, AND EMPLOYEES, ARE INVITED TO SEND US A

CONTRIBUTION AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, AS THE RIETVELD JOURNAL

All the best from your three! editors,

IS AN ONGOING PROJECT.

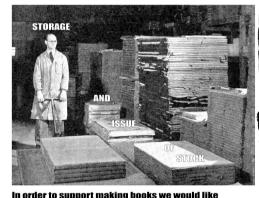
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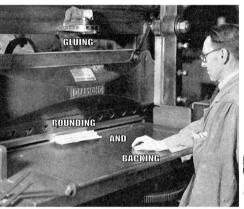
Gersande Schellinx, Marite Kuus and Karolina Wisniewsk



workshop their leftover paperstock.



to donate it to anybody interested in making bigger print runs of publications. Come and ask for samnles and explain your project to us. We can see what we night have to offer. First come, first serve



Bookbinding Workshop is open (on the best of days) on Monday, Tuesday, Thomas Alexandry, Thursday and Friday. On various occasions we also do Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thomas and Friday. Some other weeks Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday Maybe at some point even Manay, Tuesday, Wednestimes are on the window of our workshop. Walk in

ALUMNI SMOMS

Alumni Now is a series of interviews with Rietveld graduates, some only just finished, others a long while ago. Scattered across the world, alumni from all departments are paid a visit in their current workspace; whether it is a resin splattered studio, a garden shed, their own kitchen table, or a cubicle on the 8th floor of a high-rise. Looking back on their studies, they contemplate the unforeseen effects the Rietveld may have had on their life, their work, their values, and viewpoints.

Curated by Bieneke Bennekers,

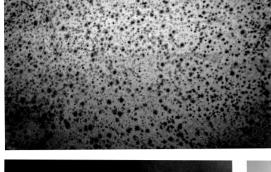
"m not a chef, this is not my table, and I don't believe in the hierarchy that a chef's table suggests. Instead, I'm an artist, I have a conceptual interest in food, and there's an interdependent reutionship between me and my guests. They give me heir trust, I give them something back. Without my uests, there's no cooking, nothing happens. It's a huid ecosystem in which everyone has their own ole and place.

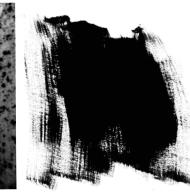
This is the atmosphere I try to create with liptych. It's a free-flowing space that doesn't realfit into a box. It's a pact of trust that takes three ours. It's not really a restaurant, it's a journey hrough different ideas that manifest themselves in food. People decide for themselves what to call it: a work of art, a social experiment... The important thing is that people are thinking about what it neans to them.

The omakase approach allows Ola to offer her guests an experience designed to stretch the taste buds and, correspondingly, the brain. Her courses are full of metaphors, ideas translated into flavour and shapes, meticulously enhanced by carefully rranged plates, lighting and sound.

You can read the full interview at rietveldacademie.nl — Alumni Now

Interview by Celina Yavelow of Ola Lanko, Alumni Photography, 2012





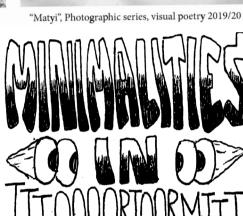


Claire Bamplekou, Alumni The Large Glass, 2016



He who always deeply desired to live by the sea - immensely dragged by its smell anytime he took a train to the beach on holidays: how the sun heated and eventually dried up the salty water on his bathed, bronze-glazed skin, how the reflection of the azure light from the modest waves tingled in his eyes or how the quiet buzz of the island made him rapturously calm, when he could spend hours and hours merely surrendering himself to the ambience, just lying on the warm rocks clasped by the holy water—twenty-five years later, the day after he sold all his values, he took all his savings and finally bought and renovated a small stonehouse on the shore, went for his first swim elevated and intoxicated by the achievement of this long devoted goal, swam restlessly obliviously away from the small stone house, away from the warm rocks and away from the island's quite buzz; so far that the inevitable threat of the great open sea welcomed him entirely, snarling on his lively arrival with its mystical strength, turning wild into a dark red wave, scrolling on wholly in the azure divine, whereafter it eventually found rest on the warm rocks of a distant shore.

Máté Kohout, Fine Arts



Tertu had painted the wooden walls of her kitchen green, the kind of shade of green that grows onto ropes when they have been submerged in water for a long time. She was getting the pan hot to fry some slices of seal fat.

She was sitting at her desk, at the far end of the second floor of their house, by the window that faced out onto the sea, when she heard her husband come in through the front door downstairs. She put her hand onto the nape of her neck and ran her hand up through her thick hair and stood up to face the stairs just as he was coming up them. She sat on the bed and asked about his day while he undressed and put his clothes into the cupboard. She watched his broad back and his scruffy hair from behind as he told her about the gossip he heard at work. She laughed and he came over to her, already naked, pulled her nightdress over her head and they both reclined onto the bed. They kissed and he put his hand between her legs, where she was already dripping a little and after a little while she felt him inside her. She closed her eyes and saw shades of red and pink, shades that she doesn't see in many other places other than this bed. Their soft flesh was against each others and it was a specific type of warmth that arises in sharing of bodies. He kissed her chest and her breasts, she liked it when he tickled her nipples with his tongue, and left patches of saliva on her skin that felt cold in the air of the room. But she liked that too, it felt good in contrast with the hotness of her skin. Later, it was too warm to put on her nightdress again so they both slept naked in their pink skins.

Marite Kuus, TXT



