

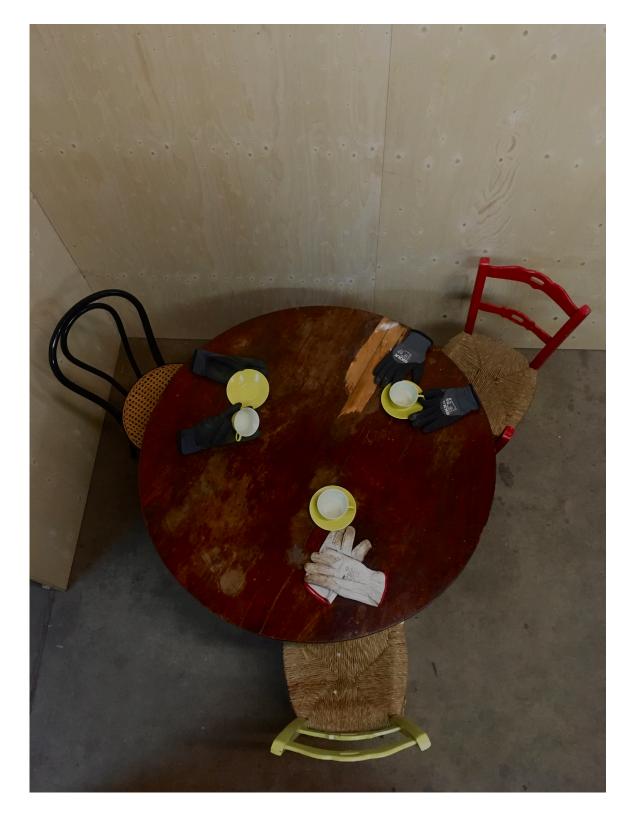


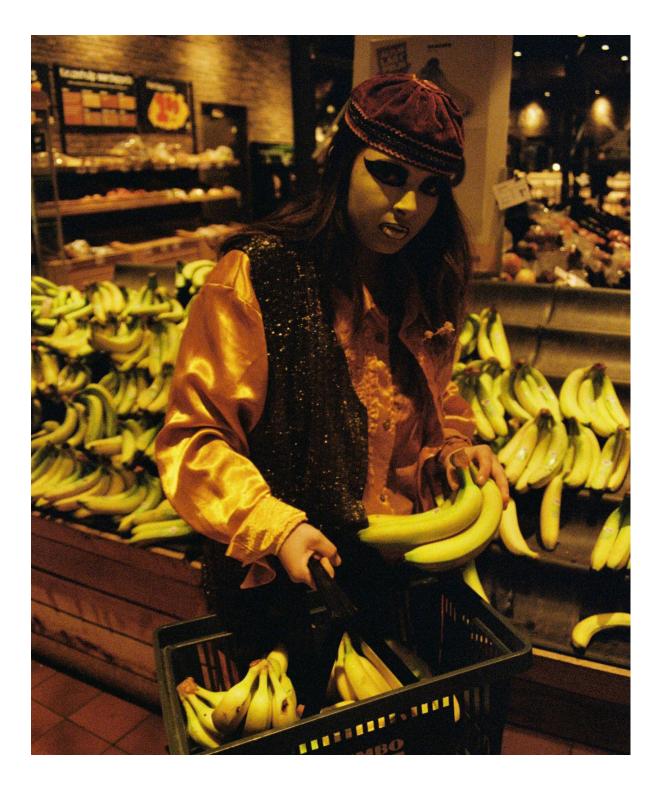
These photos have been made for a staged photography assignment for VAV 2, led by me during the Corona Crisis. Staged photography is a form of photography in which the photographer acts as a director, staging everything in advance in order to have full control over the image.

In the midst of these uncertain times, where we don't have so much control over what the future will bring, the students have collaborated on this magazine - each from their own home, from all over the world. 'These days' gives hope in these difficult times, as there are always freedom and connections to be found though creativity and art.

Simone Bennett

twothousand and twenty years and still time passing by. seconds hours days years. these times, these days. This crazy little thing called 'Life'. I haven't changed, the times have changed!











For the sake of cooking the Chantash, by the recklessness of Sbosh, the Lord of the angels, the spirit, and the earth, we came voluntarily.

Okay, Tijosh, Ayush, Abyoush, Tihosh, Tiyush, Antakh, the calf, with the sanctity of Sheppaten Ashqosh





My bedroom is just under the roof.

Early this morning, while half-asleep,

I heard the sound of rain.
When I woke up later, I wasn't sure anymore if it was the rain, the rats, or the wind in the

leaves. Not knowing upsets me more than I like to admit.

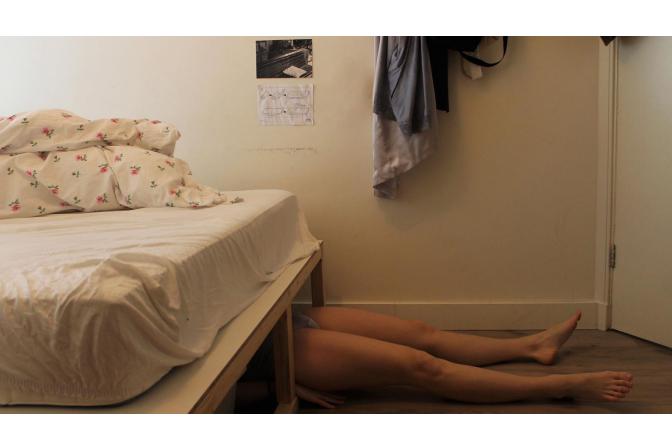
But even if there is nothing else, I would still hear my own body.

I wish it rained every night, to be sunny again when the day comes.



The Chronicles of my Beds (Agamemnonstraat, 2020)

Lying down, very much lying down, lying down heavily. lying on the bed, under the bed, next to the bed. Once, I was looking for a mattress with my brother, and we went through all of them so we can choose wisely. One by one, we lay on all the mattresses in the city.





Out of doors

Now we are all waiting
Waiting for the touch
For now we recreate and while recreating,
we wait...

Till our feets can touch the grounds and our skins can feel the sun.

But till that moment we wait...









"Who will be the bearer of bad news? Me or my brother?"

Is all I thought in those days, that I had to muster courage up to voluntarily turn the lights on in the apartment. Not a blessing or a holiday. I laid awake in wait of some spindly embodiment of the butterfly effect to hatch from its host, the warm cocoon of my body, and to flutter from mouth to mouth until... He was very sick as a child and I remember in his sober voice how it was for him during the 5 minutes that he was clinically dead.

The days brightened as I followed his example: Back then, someone told him to return to his body, and so I do the same. I take it step, by, step, and call my brother up often.



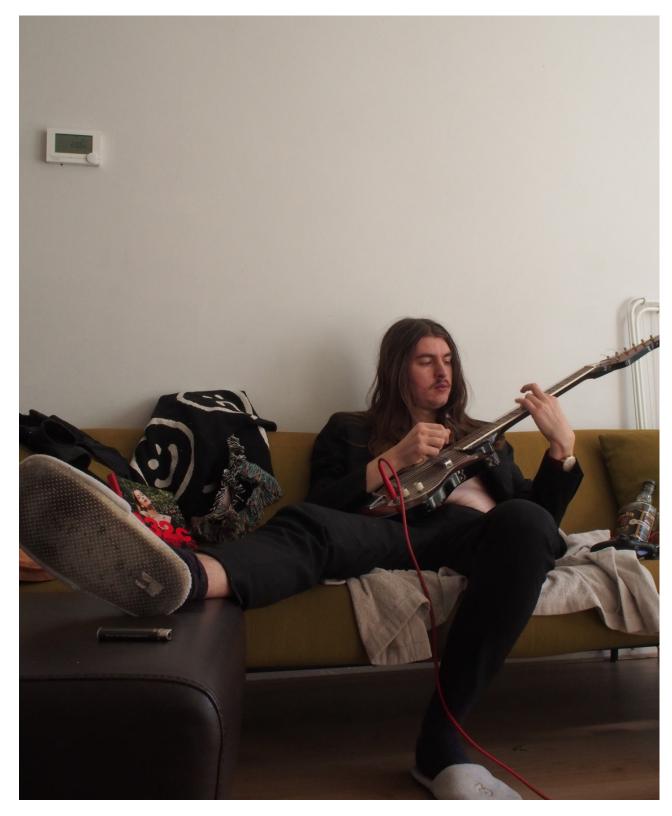




Wanna where? but go, Wanna but where? go, where? Wanna but go, where? Wanna but go, where? Wanna but go,

In the mirror it looks like you're falling

Outside looks like a world I've never seen before









as if to suggest that all lives are interwined

In chronological order

Abel Kars Talisa Kiyiya **Surim Kim** Hala Namer Sara Elzinga Guru Khalsa **Marie Diamant** Noa Bar Orian **Jette Ketholt** Jiyan Düyü **Luna Deckers** Dax Niesten **Alex Harris** Mari Janeva Sophie van den Berg Luca Heydt **Azul Ehrenberg**

