



When I was a young boy, I played with sand. The boys from my class were playing a game I couldn't understand—something to do with lines of chalk on the ground and Bionicle figures, standing on places where the chalk lines would intersect. I liked to grab fistfuls of white sand and let it run steadily through my fingers as I was walking, creating lines of sand on the pavement. The boys wouldn't have any of it—once they saw me (accidentally) pouring sand on the green Bionicle, they formed a group around me, forced me to the ground and beat me. I got bruises on my arms, neck and chest. When I got home, I told my mom exactly what happened. She talked with the school's principal and the boys got two weeks of detention.

A few days later Hendrick, one of the boys, came up to me.

"Hey, I'm sorry for what you had to go through. What we did was very violent and mean. I've been thinking a lot during detention. I just wanna say I'm sorry. I want to make it up to you," he said.

Hendrick ceremoniously handed me the green Bionicle.

"You can have it. I don't need it anymore. Take it as a symbol of me being sorry. You could do me a favor and eat it."

"Thanks, uh, what?" I replied.

"Eat it. The Bionicle I mean. You could return my apology by eating the Bionicle." Hendrick seemed very serious.

I said I didn't understand.

Hendrick explained that it didn't matter to him how I'd do it, but that it was very important to our friendship that I'd eat the Bionicle. To digest it completely. It didn't matter how long it'd take me.

Then he said, "I'm watching you" and he walked away with a menacing look.

I could not disobey. The next day, I took apart the Bionicle, first swallowing some of the smaller pieces whole with a glass of orange juice. I broke up the bigger pieces and ground them into rough powder with my father's manual coffee bean grinder. I put the LEGO dust on sandwiches, with extra peanut butter to mask the taste. I did this all in secret but I did document the process, proof to show to Hendrick and the other boys.

That night I dreamt that I had become the green Bionicle. I was supremely competent with aerial activities. I glided through the air with ease while jumping from tree to tree. My axe effortlessly sliced through trees and vines as I climbed through my jungle around Kanea Bay. I preferred to inhabit the treetops because I was somewhat clumsy on land and flat surfaces. Then I woke up in a cold sweat.

I felt nauseous for weeks. I did not know if the nausea was caused by anxiety 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 Dutch boy. I had become TOA LEWA, TOA OF AIR. I knew that the other boys were very proud of me.

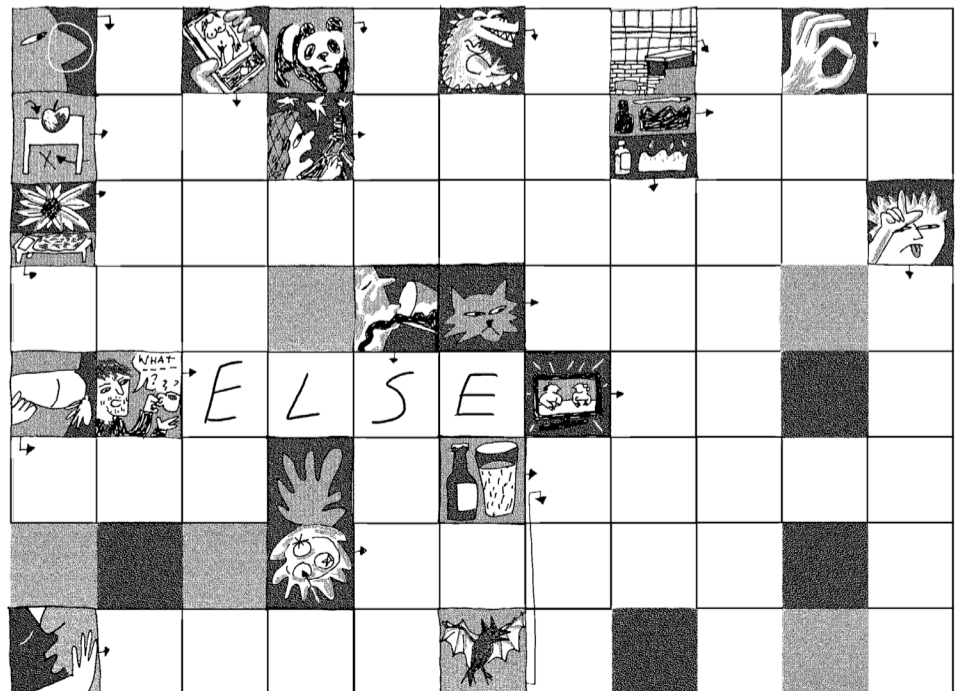
Teun Grondman, Alumni Image and Language, 2019

# CROSS-WORD

## EXCERPT OF PHYSICAL SENSATIONS

I believe that I fall faster because I'm tall  
 When I lay down I wonder how much my lungs expand when breathing in I can't stop noticing when I'm breathing in the same rhythm as someone else  
 When I talk I sometimes realise how my tongue moves  
 I think I touch my ears way more often than I think I do

Mara-Luna Brandt Corstius, Image and Language



Victoria Hoogstoel, GD

# WASE

In our current multicultural community, the English language dominates. Many don't get to utilise their mother tongue 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.

Curated by Marite Kuus, TXT



Un vase est un objet ambigu. Artefact de l'artifice humain, sa fonction remplace notre action: tenir une fleur ou un bouquet de plantes circiscées de leurs racines. Le plus souvent ornemental, le vase est un objet qui rarement satisfait sa fonction. Deviennent alors vase d'autres récipients qui n'étaient pas destinés à cette fonction, mais la remplissent admirablement.

A vase is an ambiguous object. Artefact of human artifice, its function replaces our action: to hold a flower or a bouquet of plants circumscribed of their roots. Often ornamental, 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.

Gersande Schellinx, TXT

# TOPIC HARTZ 4\* (POLYPHONIC) THEMA HARTZ 4 (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.

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."

Hartz 4 should be abolished and it should... Stop discrimination! There is no Hartz 4 anywhere 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 this. Citizen benefit is more real! Hartz 4 is better than citizen benefit because of health insurance etc. Still discriminatory! I'm lost for words. Why are you speechless? Is a job better? It depends on how it is designed. LOL Definitely... More money!

(Welfare) German unemployment benefit, paid after the first 12-18 months of unemployment. by STAGE Projekt is a theater project with long-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 denen, die länger leben? "Damit das mal ein Ende hat!" "Mal sehen... wohin das alles hinführt."

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 so nicht weitergehen. Bürgergeld ist realer! Hartz 4 ist besser als Bürgergeld wegen der Krankenversicherung usw... Trotzdem diskriminierend! Mir fehlen die Worte. 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

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Thom van Hoek, Alumni Temporary program Materialisation Sandberg Institute, 2017

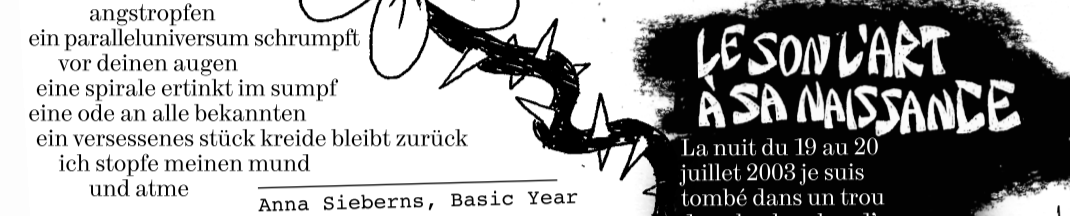
# ROTTENBROT

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 parallelniversum schrumpft vor deinen augen eine spirale ertinkt im sumpfung eine ode an alle bekannten ein versessenes stück kreide bleibt zurück ich stopfe meinen mund und atme

edition no.3

Läksin söpradega jooma. Plaanisin juua kolm ölut. Jõin kolmkümmend ölut. Enammai joo

Rqn-Re Reimann, GD



# LE SON D'ART A SA NAISSANCE

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

Il me semble que je m'en sortais, peu de temps après, avec rien d'autre qu'une malédiction, une petite peur et un genou douloureux

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

La 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 dérouler la bande

Pendant ce temps-là, un passant volait ma trottinette

Je lui ai encore couru derrière, mais c'était trop tard J'ai dû prendre un taxi pour rentrer

Je crois que je m'en souviens Mais si j'y pense vraiment j'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?

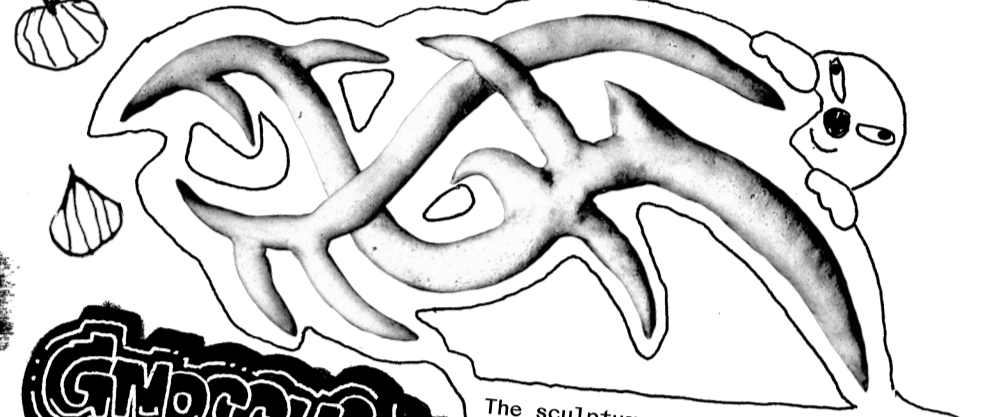


Harold Schellinx, VAV guest teacher

# EATERY

DEAR READER, 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 it adds some brightness.

Curated by Natalia Ruhe, GD



The sculpture made out of bread with love for nice bread. Do you know where Please send your recommendations via email to MILKUSAUGUSTINAS@GMAIL.COM

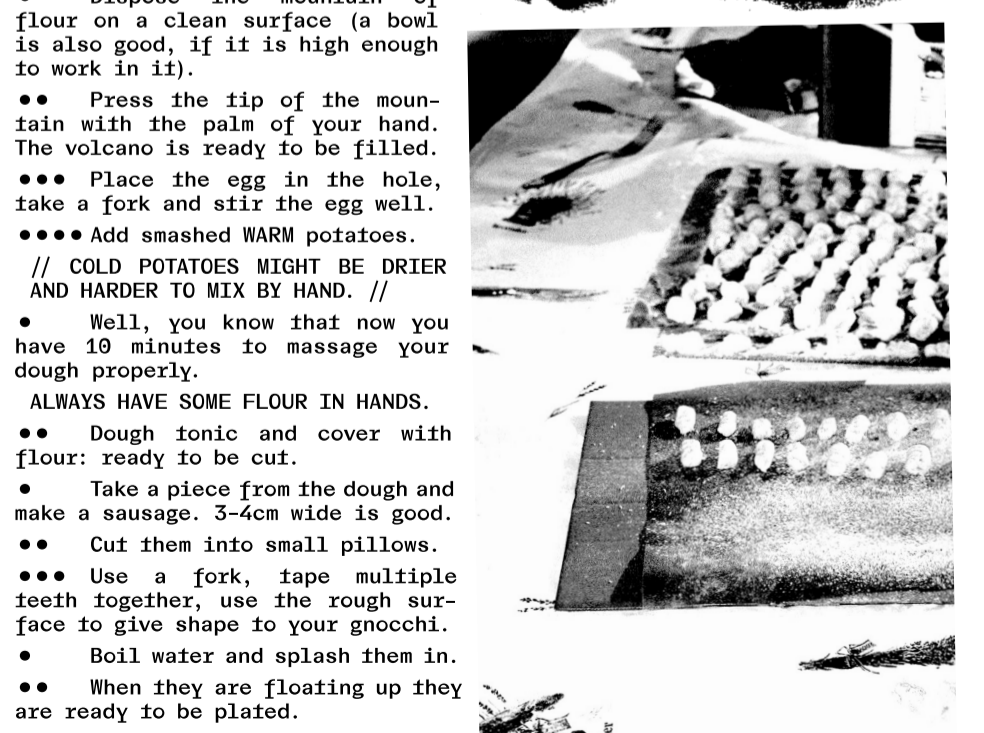
Augustinas Milkus, Basic Year

FOR 4 PEOPLE  
 300 g flour  
 1 kg potatoes  
 1 medium egg  
 More flour in hand to help you during the process

FOR 2 PEOPLE  
 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

# PROCESS

- Boil potatoes til tender FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE PACKAGE OR JUST GRAB A FORK AND CHECK IF YOU CAN SMOOTHLY BREAK THROUGH THE POTATOES. ALWAYS CHECK THE BIGGER ONE.
- Drain the potatoes and peel them.
- Smash the potatoes. Take whatever has multiple holes in the kitchen, or a flat end of a metal spoon. Take your time, enjoy the arms workout!
- Dispose the mountain of flour on a clean surface (a bowl is also good, if it is high enough to work in it).
- Press the tip of the mountain with the palm of your hand. The volcano is ready to be filled.
- Place the egg in the hole, take a fork and stir the egg well.
- Add smashed WARM potatoes. // COLD POTATOES MIGHT BE DRIER AND HARDER TO MIX BY HAND. //
- Well, you know that now you have 10 minutes to massage your dough properly.



Elena Braidia, TXT

# USB

The objective of the Black Student Union (USB) is to 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

## DAVID HAMMONS POST IDENTITY LADY WITH BONES GET HER OUT OF OUTDATED DICHOTOMIES

In 1976 New York, a sculpture is taken off a gallery 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 (JAM)

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 Greasy 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 and comment on this very experience.

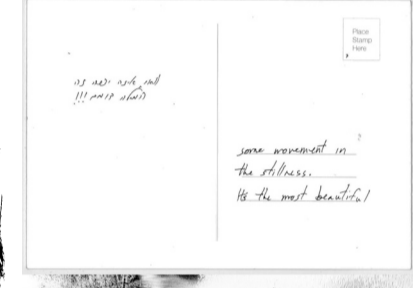
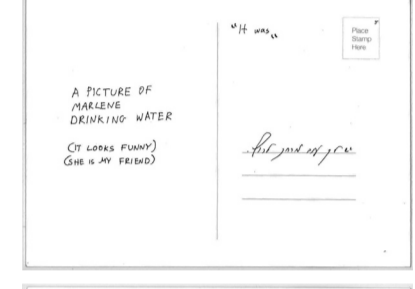
Barbecue leftovers like ribs bones, or wrapping papers, empty whiskey bottles collected in trains, and retrieved hair from barber shops, are as many materials dense with embedded information used by Hammons.

“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 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 between ontologies.

Somewhere in the Caribbean discourse, Martinique poet and philosopher Edouard Glissant talks about the name 'African' as being the pan-continental name given to (our) slaves ancestors when arriving on the American coasts 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 have in mind when trying to enclose our selves in stable identities.

Clémence, Fine Arts



Noa Bar Orien, VAV

## ICELANDIC WATER

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.

Joe Eshuis, VAV



Rini Brakkee, Alumni Fine Arts, 2006

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END

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

### PRE-IMPERSONATIONS USING FREE IMMERSION NOTES ON THE DISJOINTED, UNCANNY 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—I 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 depressurising my ears, as I 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 vibrations, my eyes mist from the sulphur-dust. Each rotating layer separated from the other by the greater or lesser fluidity of their elements, floating, grinding, re-shaping around me.

Here the division of shapes and negative space is more arbitrary than on the exterior. More temporary, because the consistency of the elements is constantly changing. The internal skies are hard and solid, the earth a sticky glue, moving in whirlpools and pululating with gassy bubbles. I get caught in a flow of magma rising to the surface, then sucked by an air pocket to another ground with another rock dome arched over me, without knowing whether I am higher or lower than the point I had started from.

I 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 the knuckle.

A few months pass. The stone sky surrounding me has now solidified beautifully, with clouds wherever concentrations of chromium and magnesium collect. The dead finger-tissue has turned black and hard, like volcanic 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 leaden rain. There's nothing to do but to take shelter in the hollows of the spongy rock. The darkness is momentarily pierced with a zigzag of flame. Rather, of incandescent metal slithering down a mineral vein. From the comfort of the porous cave, I am observing the colours and textures, adjusting my senses to the atmospheric vibrations. Ears popping and blocking. Pupils dilating and constricting.

I blink.

Where to now?

Myrto Vratanou, Fine Arts Sandberg Institute

### WE THE SHARY WOMEN

#### 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... the body of the women are more beautiful, and they 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, I must admit that what he said that night never left my mind afterwards. When I climbed back the dark hills up that day, to go back home alone, I thought if I die tonight by some unfortunate coincidence, I 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 I 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. I had to climb that hill every morning and night, for another three years of my high school.

Dickhead.

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.

Juni Mun, VAV

### wireless made screwable ON CONSENT, ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE AND SEX

I 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 discussed 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 that can be labelled as arousal, or sexual energy, was a fight with a plant. When I was 4 my family used to have a small garden where ivy would grow wild. When playing alone, I'd throw myself into the plant, let the branches surround me and try to escape them, fighting it. I'd run away from the plant and then throw myself back to it again. During this act I felt some sort of energy, that now I'd characterize as sexual, like sexual attraction to this act. Back then I felt some sort of uneasiness in myself because I couldn't put this energy into words or a concrete goal. It became a frustration to me. While remembering this moment with her, I thought about how this energy is pushed (by social media, TV, family, school) to be canalized into heterosexuality. And as you grow up as a female, it is canalized into being penetrated and finding pleasure in it, and into being passive. What if sex robots, if artificial intelligence wouldn't be a substitute for human contact, but instead an incentive to open up our desire to other ways and practices with other human beings? What if they could act as mediators? How plausible is that?

Paula Sans, VAV

## ITS MY PARTY ANOTHER DAY ON DISPLAYS OF EMOTION FEMALE HYSTERIA AND TEARS

Today, I am in fortune—the prime spot is all mine. Once again, and not for the last time, I sit on the dirty tiles of the toilet and religiously wait for my face to turn back to its deflated proportions. Trying to hydrate my eyes and my temper, I already hear the girls lining up to pee. Under the pressure of the surrounding, and the end of the lunch break, I give myself one last look in the mirror. Still red, still swollen. In times of performative toughness, sensitivity defies the norm and reigns supreme.

Victoria Allakhverdyan, GD

### BIMBO DI BAMBE DI BOOBS ON BIMBOIFICATION, PORNOGRAPHY AND BIMBO PERFORMANCE

Imagine this: It's a warm summer day in the park. The sun is shining bright and you are thirsty. A kind stranger offers you a beverage and you thank him and begin to drink. But something is not right: your body is changing! Blonde locks grow from your head and your lips swell. Your t-shirt rips apart as your tits expand. Your ass grows so big that your denim shorts simply disappear between your cheeks. Suddenly your brain goes blank. You forget where you are. You want to please. You. Need. To. Fuck. This narrative of a "normal" girl developing into a bimbo is similar to that of most bimbofication pornography. Bimbofication can be enjoyed in different media—written erotica, animations, transformation blogs etc.—but most popularly as illustrated timeline sequences, in which a cartoon character becomes increasingly bimbofied.

Based on both bimbofication cartoons and pop-culture phenomenons from my 2000s youth, I have constructed the following definition of a True Bimbo:

The True Bimbo was born to be a bimbo—she is helplessly unaware, ditz, but often kind-hearted, easily dominated and eager to please (men). She is white, blonde and fuckable. She is called bimbo by others, not by herself.

I would like to propose an alternative to the True Bimbo:

The Recontextualized Bimbo who is reflective. She performs bimbo in order to position herself in a specific way or to achieve something (politically, economically or personally). She comes in all shapes, sizes, and colours. She calls herself bimbo.

For most bimbo-identifiers, bimbo is a costume you dress up in, rather than a character trait or an inborn female identity. It's a set of recognisable accessories (hair-extensions, long nails, high heels) that can be put on and taken off again as desired. Presenting yourself as a bimbo becomes a way of performing rather than a way of being. A performance based on an idealised version of a woman, a performance that imitates normative notions of hyper-femininity and exaggerates these traits to the extreme. By simultaneously embodying the bimbo in a way that is loving, absurd, frivolous, exaggerated, campy, bimbo-identifiers gently dismantle and denaturalise the illusion of a bimbo as female or of feminine nature. Perhaps bimbofication is not actually humiliating to women; perhaps it is mocking the patriarchal idea of the True Bimbo, of every woman being born part bimbo.

Bimbo-identifiers are determined to redefine, recontextualize and reclaim the bimbo, but their work is not done yet. Wouldn't it be a relief to wave a magic wand and dispose of the derogatory use of bimbo—'Bimbo-di Bambe-di Boobs'—and instead respect, enjoy or even worship bimbos as empowered and liberated characters and performers?



Feline Hjermin, VAV

## AN ODE TO SMOKING

Biking down Singel in the winter, I pass the rows of coffee shops where tourists sit dead-eyed and slack-jawed, foregrounding the cloudy sky like depressing busts. They move slowly, lighting up 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 realization that he was never really a smoker to begin with. I gave him a puzzled look, and he elaborated. He had never been a smoker, but had always liked smokers very much. This caused him to inadvertently spend a lot of time around smokers and, since smoking is a 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.

"People who are addicted to cigarettes and just dumb and weak," my other friend said.

"We smoked a cigarette together yesterday," I said to him.

"Yeah, but I'm not addicted," he clarified.

"Oh," I say.

The three of us sit together in the brown bar, cigarette smoke whirling above our heads.

Now, I don't know where y'all would get the idea to associate me with such morally decrepit behaviour! I will have y'all know that since January third, two-thousand and twenty, I am smoke free, yes lord, not a single puff from a cigarette, a blunt, spliff or doobie, four-twenty blaze it (makes sign of the cross), has passed these blessed lips!

And let it be known, before the Lord, that I do not intend on starting again, no ma'am! I pray to God that he may give me the strength to cast away this disease and lead me into the light! I pray that when I am tempted by the devil to pick up that damned cancer-stick again, He, as in God, not the devil, will give me the strength to throw it into the toilet where it belongs! I have faith that if I do give in to the devil, he will forgive my weakness as long as I repent. And he shall give me the strength to forsake this curse once again, to quit, goddamnit, quit! With 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!

Isabel Pontoppidan, VAV



