

BOOK OF
MEDIATORS



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*Writing classes are a student initiative organised by
Isabel Wang Pontopiddan, Jimena Casas,
Shifra Osorio Whewell and Loïc Vandam*

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designers have been asserted for this publication*

*Edited by Isabel Wang Pontopiddan, Luc Diesveld and
Madeleine Peccoux*

*Designed by Luca Heydt and Loïc Vandam
Illustrations by Loïc Vandam*



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I Introduction

A text is a living being. As a writer, you have intentions, motives, ideas, but the moment they leave your mind and materialize into writing, the text itself becomes an actor. Writing, therefore often is a process of listening and intervening, growing and cutting, of giving space to what emerges and sculpting it into shape(s). A process where allowing and controlling collide.

Bernke Klein Zandvoort



I met Marlon on a Sunday night at a rock concert in the backyard of a motorbike shop. The island was a neighborhood, and this was the place to be. He turned up a few times, without shoes and always rolling solo. Maybe it was the space between his eyes or the shape of his nose, but he wore the most unusual face I had ever seen. He was tall and muscular, and though some of it may be a dream, I would look for him when he was not there, and when he was, I would brush against him, yearning for him to bother me. He never did, and it made me want him more. That night, he gave me a ride to the afterparty. He drove a shabby blue racer, but he was no poser. We didn't talk much during the seven-minute drive to Echo Beach, and I did not put my arms around him. There, he bought himself a beer, and so did I. He was twenty-four, and I was seventeen. We spoke about bamboo, football, french food, and babies. We kissed, and he slipped a hand into my cycling shorts. I was nervous, and I was not shaved. I stopped him, and he apologized. He drove me back home, flashing the road with my phone because his lights were down. I had to pee so badly I barely said goodbye to him and forgot to take his number. Within the next few days, I had told everyone I knew about him. On Friday, I went to the beachfront bar. It was full of tan boys in tank tops and Birkenstocks, but all I could think about was Marlon. Suddenly I spotted him, getting off his motorcycle in slow motion. I raced after him, and when he turned around, he smiled. He had been looking around for me. Since he knew where I lived, he wanted to pin a note on my door, but he thought I might not like it. I told him I would have. We kissed. He tasted like beer. I do not know whether or not I liked it.



It was a chilly but fresh spring evening. One of those days where you think summer is just around the corner but as soon as the sun has set you regret you didn't bring a jacket. They were well prepared though and were not getting cold yet. It was a good day for the hike and they felt spirited from walking all day. Now they were on their way down back to the car. He was walking next to her when he took the call. "No I can't come in today, I'm in the mountains with Cathy. Also, it's Sunday" "Why did you call me?" "No, next week again" "yeah that would be better" "Yeah I will" "Okay bye!". He hung up. "It was work", he said.

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I met Danny on a Sunday night at a rock concert in the backyard of a motorbike shop, around the corner from the funfair. The suburbs were their own ecosystem and this was the place to be. He turned up a few times, with gel in his hair and always rolling solo. Maybe it was his prominent chin dimple or his tight ass, but he wore the most unusual look I had ever seen. He was lean and greasy, and though some of it may be a dream, I would look for him when he was not there, and when he was I would brush up against him, yearning for him to bother me. He never did, and it made me want him more. That night I was practicing my American accent with Frenchy when a stranger approached us. His name was Doody and he was into her. At the end of the gig, I told them about him. To impress her, Doody asked him to give me a ride to the afterparty. He drove a shabby Ford DeLuxe convertible, but he was no poser. We didn't talk much during the seven-minute drive to Leo Carrillo Beach and he didn't try to put his arm around me. There, he bought himself a milkshake and so did I. We spoke about bamboo, football, french food, and babies. He was seventeen. When I told him I was sixteen, he chortled confidently. We kissed and he slipped a hand under my knitted cardigan. I was nervous and hadn't worn deodorant. I stopped him and he apologized. He drove me back home slowly in the dark while the convertible rattled. I needed to pee so badly that I barely said goodbye to him and forgot to ask where I could meet him again. Within the next few days, I had told everyone I knew about him. On Friday, I went to the funfair. It was full of preppy jocks in varsity jackets with floppy hair, but all I could think about was Danny. Suddenly I spotted him, climbing out of the Ford in slow motion, sauntering past without noticing me. I rushed



after him, and when he turned around, he beamed. He had been looking for me. Since he knew where I lived, he wanted to pin a note on my door, but he thought I might not like it, and I told him I would have. We kissed. His breath smelled like beer. I don't know whether or not I liked it.



The sky's private self won't fit with the window policy of this country and there isn't much to be done. The vault cannot legislate, but indeed it can autoregulate the production of clouds and arrange for a firm layer to overcast the surface till it's impossible to tell the difference between the horizon and a piece of paper. Behind it, the sky writes some notes "

," " " and now boundless, smokes as many cigarettes as it can. The dirty coat of clouds and smoke makes everything look flat and not very interesting. "

" Just like that for five years the sky went aloof, silence the one left on duty - "

"

As of today, the state of the art is gloomy - blue filters had been applied to front and back windows (for sure this was very convenient for the newly assembled archive on the third floor of the museum building). Along with the window policy update, a new floor policy was issued; it was decided for floors to be grounded in a cold mouse grey. The sky, like a pendant, hovered making a metal sound like a long fuck you and had nothing more to say. Some days the view from inside the archive was paralyzing. The dark layers gave an eerie blue, late-afternoon finish to the outside, making the city look weary and sleepy - it was impossible to know the exact hour of the day. It was always blue, blue and deep as geography, a geography knitted in darlings and distance. "



"

The story of the colour blue starts where the story of colour red has its end - not exactly a happy ending, neither a good omen. "

"

Despite being intertwined, the two of them never met. "

-filterless-

"

Blue is a thin trace, the ink used to mark the sun's cruel tempo. " " Blue is what's left behind, blue is archival, long term, "

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"I want to feel proper again
" "I need a break"
"I
recognize boredom – the same, manic colour of my hair
after bleaching it too many times in the same week."
"I've heard it takes five years to
mend a broken heart."

"Here's
what you do, you make me blue and just the idea of you
wrapping a thought around me, makes me feel so small.
Two mornings ago, the day breaking in red woke me up,



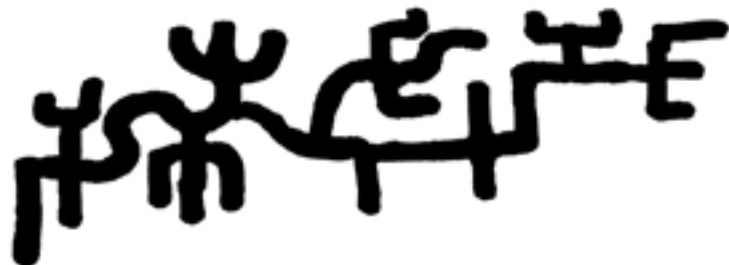
I had left the curtains open, I was scared for a second and
went back to bed. The land of sleep – where I make peace
with having no ending and no beginning; a place short
and dear with all the hidden things, *le sole mie.*"

"You once told me you were caught
by google's street view camera in the neighborhood I lived
in – it happened in June, in a street I used to walk by daily
and so did you, apparently. Somehow we never crossed."
"I
spot you in the street view map and as I move backward to
reach you, you are walking forward, or is it the other way
around? If I look around, everything is still there including
the toy shop window with the collection of
old board games whose boxes turned blue."

"Red were all the things that pleased me."
"blue – all I
have to offer."



Early morning at the O'Hare Airport Hilton hotel. She couldn't sleep and decided to step outside and go to the breakfast buffet downstairs. If you go right when they open you can still get the mini croissants, they are always the first thing to disappear. She gets in the elevator but before the doors close someone presses the button from the outside. They slide open and a woman maybe mid-40s rushes in. She seems tired and stressed. She is holding a trolley bag in each hand, both some kind of special edition Rimowa as well as a Hermès handbag in her left and a duty-free plastic bag with a bottle of Evian and an open sandwich box. The lady takes her phone out of the Hermès and puts the bag down to press the button to close the doors. The elevator starts sliding down in a smooth motion. It comes to a stop at the lobby and the lady rushes out with her Rimowa bags. She looks after her and then notices the Hermès bag that the lady left behind. For a moment she hesitates then she presses the button of the 5th floor where her room is located.



I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt when I'm homesick.

I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt unironically like a teddy bear.

I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt when I hear the English version of Tatu's *Ya Soshla s Uma* played at a gathering.

I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt as a symbol of the time.

I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt ironically, as an homage to my parents who did it sincerely when they were my age. As a remembrance to the time when money hit society like a nuclear bomb.

It was the knock-off one could afford, to inhale the smell of money like second-hand smoke without actually owning it.

I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt and think of all the rest back home wearing the same one with a proud chest.

I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt and miss that residual smell of greasy blinis and cigarettes in our kitchen with no ventilation.

I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt while I'm being side-eyed in the street.

I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt under my clothes while I'm asked when I am going to go back to my country.



I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt when I feel like my presence has been reduced into tiny and little. I wear it and look at the crooked print in the mirror, the ill fit tight from the shoulders like a hug.

I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt I bought here, the first place ever where I would think a t-shirt would define me.



A play of mercy in five acts
about a girl who loses her human form while making
coffee for friends.

Mene mene tekel ufarsin

*"(...) they make a desert and they call it peace."
-Tacitus, Agricola (30.4)*

1. In the living room (hands)

Glory. My two friends. And I them met inside of my house,
my house is now at rest!
Oh, all the water that we drew.
Ah, wherever we met,
with our eyes or with our hands or with words;
it was there in our chest.
Hands alive, looking for me!
It was there endlessly,
You see.
Holding and weighing each word.

2. In-between the kitchen and the living room (her whole heart)

O happy chance!
Each word, In the centre of the chest!
A cup of coffee!
My house being now at rest!
My body, my body!
There where the name dwells like I was, and I was behind
and inside.
they had walked me down, outside, along the avenue and
said:



THE THE THE

look here; a woman!
A woman in all senses of the word!
Most wonderful woman: partly naked;
partly dead

3. *In the kitchen (the eyes and the coffeepot)*

Dead.
The skin was so sure! As for me, I was not so sure; I went
to the kitchen without being observed. But that was all
before the coffeepot spoke to me and said:
*Oh, you poor wretch! Listen to me now, I will tell you what
there is to know, you will not forget!*
And I know it was speaking to me because its voice was
enveloped in silence.

4. *Kitchen leaking into living room (leaky vessel)*

Dead!
For sure!
When something is born, it is so uncertain!
And I couldn't carry it, either from myself or to myself,
and from my friends, and the friends of my friends, and
others.
I had become my friends, and my friends were changing
into me.
And the water was of another colour.
Terrible.
Terrible that to everyone,
it is irrevocably given again:
that eating and looking are different things,
along this road with all this wood,
and all this water.



Ah, but the water was of another colour!

5. *Dissolving kitchen (spleen)*

A cup of coffee, and now I want everything which is of
value to be eternal.
It was part of this meeting.
I'm here.
I've been met.
This is my egg.
This is my life giving egg.
This is my life giving life giving death and dead egg.
This is my egg for those who, with the same hand, give
and are being given.
Give me your hand, for the sun here
blooms into the moon,
giving birth to it.

Still, nothing separated from me when I swallowed the
coffee,
but a bit of water,
half of a no and yes.





[Light in the room is dimmed, 1st Narrator looks around before starting.]

When we talk about it, the family on my father's side, consisting of my grandmother, grandfather, aunt, and uncle, would instantly frown upon the idea, thinking that they are delusional. It is even forbidden to talk about it, since they considered the action as a bad omen.

[1st Narrator pauses, looks around again, making eye contact to the listeners.]

However, on my mother's side, where they have little Chinese lineage, they treat it as a form of entertainment. Not only that, many of them even claim to experience myriads of first-hand encounters since the days of my ancestors, who are famed to have an extreme sense and could see them walking around like ordinary living people. Most of the encounters happened within their parish (in Ubon Ratchathani province): some of the stories include my grandmother seeing it floating, or spotting them mysteriously hanging from the church's beam.

[1st Narrator reassures the listeners that these things really did happen, chiming into the heavy atmosphere.]

As for the others, my aunt, for example, reported seeing some of them appearing and disappearing at the end of her bed. As for myself, I have never seen anything clearly except for various knocking sounds. Once, I remember sleeping with my grandmother's sister and suddenly hearing someone knocking on the door at around 3 am. Though, after opening the door, no one was there.

[1st Narrator touches their arms, and claim to be getting goosebumps from the memory.]

Suddenly, the telephone rang, and someone had called to



tell me that my great-grandmother just passed away.

[2nd Narrator interrupts the silence with sounds and soft as whispers.]

My aunt used to tell me a story of when she was young. Back then, she lived in an old townhouse in the city and at night, she would often hear the sound of something running above the ceiling. My aunt is in her mid-60s; therefore, this story happened around fifty or sixty years ago.

[After some unmeasurable stillness, 3rd Narrator broke the silence.]

Another story concerns my other sibling. She was lying on the bed in a sideways manner and was using the laptop. At the end of the bed was a television, and once she turned to watch it, *[gradually raising the tone, as if in crescendo]* surprisingly she saw someone sitting there also watching the television! She quickly turned back to the laptop screen, out of shock. When she looked back at the end of the bed again, the figure was already gone. *[Gradually lowering the voice, as if in innuendo.]*

[4th Narrator lights a cigarette before telling the story.]

I have an aunt, who lives with her husband and three children. This aunt of mine strongly believes in them. Around her house, she would scatter many talismans and amulets, and she also believes that the geographical location of her home is in a specific place where they have to pass in order to go to the next world. She said that she often encounters them, and so as her eldest daughter, who claim to see one as often as every week. Once, she also mentioned seeing one as tall as a palm tree.



[4th Narrator puff out a swift of smoke, which lingers in the air, creating a veil of haziness.]

One day, she wakes up to see a soldier at the end of her bed. When asked who the soldier was and why he was there, the soldier replied that the Prince from the Chumphon province asked him to follow her. However, it was the opposite with my uncle. He said that he had never seen anything in the house at all. My aunt had already passed away, and not long after, everyone moved out of the house. Subsequently, her children never saw anything again.

[The smoke continues to drift in nebulous shapes.]



Perhaps she is asleep
in the depths
of a hill.

Quizás este dormida
en lo hondo
de un cerro.

Fallen face
wanders in the night.

Su rostro caído
deambula en la noche.

In a spotlight the shadow is edified
feeling immense
she dances
while her image climbs, so vast.

En un foco de luz se edifica la sombra
se siente inmensa
baila
mientras su imagen trepa, tan expansiva.



Dried body

There is a stone immersed
in my chest, I listen to her
unfolding
holding our air.

I listen to her
rubbing its contours
on the walls of my torso.

Mineral, wound
illuminates even in my sleep
I listen to you.

Cuerpo seco

Hay una piedra inmersa
en el pecho, la oigo
desplegarse
retener nuestro aire.

La oigo
frotar sus contornos
en las paredes del torso.

Mineral, herida
alumbras aún en el sueño
te oigo.



Forse sta dormendo
in fondo
a una collina

Il suo volto calante
vaga nella notte.

Nel riflettore la sua ombra si edifica
si sente immensa
mentre la sua immagine cresce, si fa grande.

Corpo secco

C'è una pietra sommersa
nel petto, la ascolto
che si espande
che trattiene la nostra aria.

La ascolto
che striscia i suoi confini
sulle pareti del mio torso.

Minerale, ferita,
non ferma il suo tragitto,
anche nel sonno mi becca
la ascolto.



That's almost the worst, you know, what happens inside my own brain. Like, I feel like when they see me they see someone foreign. They look at the shape of my eyelids and the colour of my hair and they think about where I'm from, they want to guess my story. And it's always when I'm working in restaurants that serve Asian food. Like, wow, obviously you're half Asian but like what kind of Asian, where are you from? No, wait, don't tell me! Let me guess! Like, it's so exotic to be half and half, how did your parents meet, so exciting. I almost wish some real traumatic shit happened so that I could, like, have a good excuse for not wanting to talk about it and getting pissed off at other people for, like, shoving their proverbial noses in my personal business. But nothing like that ever happened, you know. Type of thing.

But then so on the other hand, I totally love talking about my cultural heritage or whatever, and I love to tell the story of how my parents met 'cause it's like a pretty crazy story, you now? Like, a total, serendipitous, trans-continental, leave-behind-everything-and-everyone-you've-ever-known-and-be-with-this-person kinda love story. Who doesn't like that? They eat it up. And I've come to sort of rely on it, it's almost like a party trick, you know? Type of thing. It makes me feel special and interesting, even though in some sense I'm just like a by-product of maybe the most interesting decision they made in their lives. That doesn't necessarily make me interesting or exciting by default.

And like if I start to like act more Asian I'm like forcing it, but if I don't I'm like rejecting it and trying to be white. Type of thing. You know?



And then there's you know just these incessant, never-ending queries, just stupid-ass motherfucking questions, like. 'Do you feel more this or that? Like, if you had to choose???' And I'm all 'do you feel more like a douchebag or an asshole? If you had to choose?' type of thing. Doesn't go over too well. Luckily for us, we don't have to choose. You can be a douchebag and an asshole all at once, and I can feel Danish and Chinese and neither whenever it suits me. You know? It's like, why are we having this conversation?

Now I catch myself being like, a dick to white people in my head. When I'm like standing in the bubble tea shop waiting for my black milk tea and tapioca pearl combo and I see these girls getting like passionfruit tea with mango and watermelon popping boba I'm like good grief, girl. This one time there was this girl in line in front of me. She ordered her bubble tea and also bought one of those golden lucky cats, the ones with the bouncing paw, y'know, the ones for fortune. And like as we were standing there next to each other waiting for our boba I looked her up and down, like mentally taking note of her wispy bangs and tiny, purple backpack and her colourful nails and the golden cat inside the box with its paw just like stabbing at the transparent plastic window, like it's just dying to get out of there, like please don't let the weird lady take me. And I just get filled with this like resentment, you know, I just like already assume that she loves anime and dumplings and BTS and boba and that to her East Asia is like one big clump of Japanese-Taiwanese-Korean-Chinese quirky stuff and I catch myself, under my breath, whispering 'choke on a lotus root, Becky' and



when I finally get my boba I'm so put off by her and by my asshole self that-

Once I had this friend who asked me to bring them back one of those lucky cats from China. That was like the souvenir they really wanted, they said. A fucking lucky cat. The ones you can buy everywhere. And I did it, you know. I just did it.

Three friends are at her place for a sleepover. They are all together upstairs at her bedroom preparing the bedding for later, chatting and trying to decide what movie to watch. Cathandra is still supposed to come but is running late a bit. She is getting a call from Cathy: "Hey love, where are you?" "How long will you be? We are waiting for the movie for you, About Time or The Fault In Our Stars?" "Yeah it's not easy, I really like Ansel well whatever hurry up!" "Sure" "Oh, I... I don't know... I'm not sure what my parents will say, they were already not happy when I said 4 friends are coming. And I don't really know Sara. And where would she sleep anyways? I don't know if we have enough mattresses. Next time you should ask me." "Okay maybe we will start with the movies already then."



An entire world filled. Despair beyond the broken boundaries, one drop enough to burn through a lifetime. Sorrow for what is lost; mourning fires I did not put out. I took apart my brittle wings and surrendered myself to the waves along the inevitable oceans. Three more ways to fall apart in self-pity. I turn away from the setting sun to watch my shadow overtake me. I am in no way lost; I have found an unsuitable outcome to a deeply troubled past. A monolithic monster, familiar and heavy. This is a night that fights to keep me breathing and deep down I understand but the moon pulls and the waves beckon. Where lies the palace in the woods? What fallacies has it convinced me of? The urges remain; whether I am flying or drowning. I can tell the difference now, even in my megalomania. Yet the feeling is no different, only the conclusion is. That is what scares me; I understand what is high or low, but the gnawing does not differentiate. It bites and claws through any defences I worked so hard to set up. Is this a different night than I thought it to be? Is this a day of falling into me? In Reality, I am scared. I hope the structure layered over everything, will follow the route I have dreamt of. Rather than engulf it in the warmest words, tearing me to shreds of what I might have been along the way ahead. I dream softly, I weep softer and once in every dream, I take control over the oceans. I hope tomorrow the waves communicate their intentions. I walk along the flaming shores of all I was and must have been. In Reality, I am scared. In my own worlds, I am wondering the way; burning as cinder. In the Dream, I mourn my deaths.



I carry you with me still, I pray you may feel it.

Yours,
Eiseth



I check my phone. It's 2:45 pm.

I grab my bag that is standing next to the door. In the morning I left it there. The camera is still inside. It's charged because in the morning it was.

I open the door and step outside. Almost simultaneously, the neighbor steps out.

He looks up, our eyes meet. We greet each other slightly by touching our hands to our heads.

As if there was a hat. There is one, once it's raining.

Now I feel the sun on my skin. My fingers tap the fresh air where the hat would be.

I step down the few stairs to the road. It's 2:47 pm when he starts the motor. It's a short drive. We almost never talk the way there. Maybe because of the tension.

There are more people than usual in this weather. The McDonalds sometimes attracts passers-by. But especially if there is good weather. I get a little irritated by them. They leave their burger-wrappings rustling with the wind. I want silence.

To hear the sound.

I open my bag and take out the tripod. We set up our cameras side by side. He is on my right side. It has always been like that.

It's 2:59 pm. The vibration of the air tells me that it's coming. I put my finger on the shutter and wait. He does the same. It's 3:00 pm. He presses and holds. I follow his lead.



My head spins and I watch the little plane get bigger. I hear the recurring click of the shutter. Then I hear the plane too. He continues to look straight ahead. As if he would not care.

He watches it as soon as it hits the ground. The water on the runway spreads out in all directions. Like swirling clouds of dust.

Then it's out of sight. He has taken his finger off the shutter. I can still hear the echo of the engines. So clear, so close.

We take down our tripods. I check the camera before I switch it off. The battery is still full.

It's 3:07 pm when he starts the motor. I look at him. His fingers silently play a tune on the steering wheel.

I step out of the car. It's nice weather girl, go and have fun. He says.

In front of his door, he turns around. Our eyes meet. His fingers tap the air near his forehead.

The door shuts. I look at my phone. It's 3:15 pm.



It's 2:45 pm.

starts the motor.
way there.

It's 2:47 pm when he
We almost never talk the

They leave their burger-wrappings rustling with the wind.
I want silence.
To hear the sound.

The vibration of the air tells me that it's
coming.

I
hear the recurring click of the shutter. Then I hear the
plane too.



I can still hear the echo of the engines. So clear, so close.

It's 3:07 pm when he starts the motor. His
fingers silently play a tune on the steering wheel.

He says. It's nice weather girl, go and have fun,

The door shuts.

It's 3:15 pm.



The crash

It's 2:45:30, I check my phone

It's 2:47:01, he starts the motor
It's 2:48:30, we never talk

It's 2:52:03, they leave their burger-wrappings rustling
with the wind
It's 2:55:30, I want silence. To hear the sound

It's 2:59:45, the vibration of the air tells me that it's coming

It's 3:00:00, I hear the recurring click of the shutter
It's 3:00:07, then I hear the plane too

It's 3:05:03, I can still hear the echo of the engines. So clear,



so close

It's 3:07:22, he starts the motor

It's 3:07:23, his fingers silently play a tune on the steering
wheel
It's 3:11:50, It's nice weather girl, go and have fun, He says

It's 3:15:03, the door shuts



Dude I know you read my text"
"No I can't come in today, I'm in the mountains with
Cathy. Also it's Sunday"
"Why did you reply?"
"Why did you call me?"
"I won't compromise myself via phone call"
"No, next week again"
"Tomorrow at the blackbird spot"
"yeah that would be better"
"You better be there!"
"yeah I will"
"Mutherfucker"
"okay bye!".

Crash
because of the tension

Maybe because of the tension, there are more people than usual in this weather. Maybe because of the tension, I want silence. It has always been like that. The tension. The vibration of the air tells me that it's coming. My head spins spins and I watch it getting bigger. It's 3:00 pm. Maybe because of the tension, the water on the runway spread out in all directions. Like swirling clouds of dust. It is 3:00 pm. It's 3:00. It 3. I cant still hear the echo of the engines. So clear, so close. Maybe because of the tension. I look at him. His finger silently plays a tune on the steering wheel. The door shuts. Our eyes meet. It's 3:15 pm.



I catch myself being like, a dick to white people in my head. When I'm like standing in the bubble tea shop waiting for my black milk tea and tapioca pearl combo and I see these girls getting like passionfruit tea with mango and watermelon popping boba I'm like good grief, girl. This one time there was this girl in line in front of me. She ordered her bubble tea and also bought one of those golden lucky cats, the ones with the bouncing paw, y'know, the ones for fortune. And like as we were standing there next to each other waiting for our boba I looked her up and down, like mentally taking note of her wispy bangs and tiny, purple backpack and her colourful nails and the golden cat inside the box with its paw just like stabbing at the transparent plastic window, like it's just dying to get out of there, like please don't let the weird lady take me. And I just get filled with this like resentment, you know, I just like already assume that she loves anime and dumplings and BTS and boba and that to her East Asia is like one big clump of Japanese-Taiwanese-Korean-Chinese quirky stuff and I catch myself, under my breath, whispering 'choke on a lotus root, Becky' and when I finally get my boba I'm so put off by her and by my asshole self that-

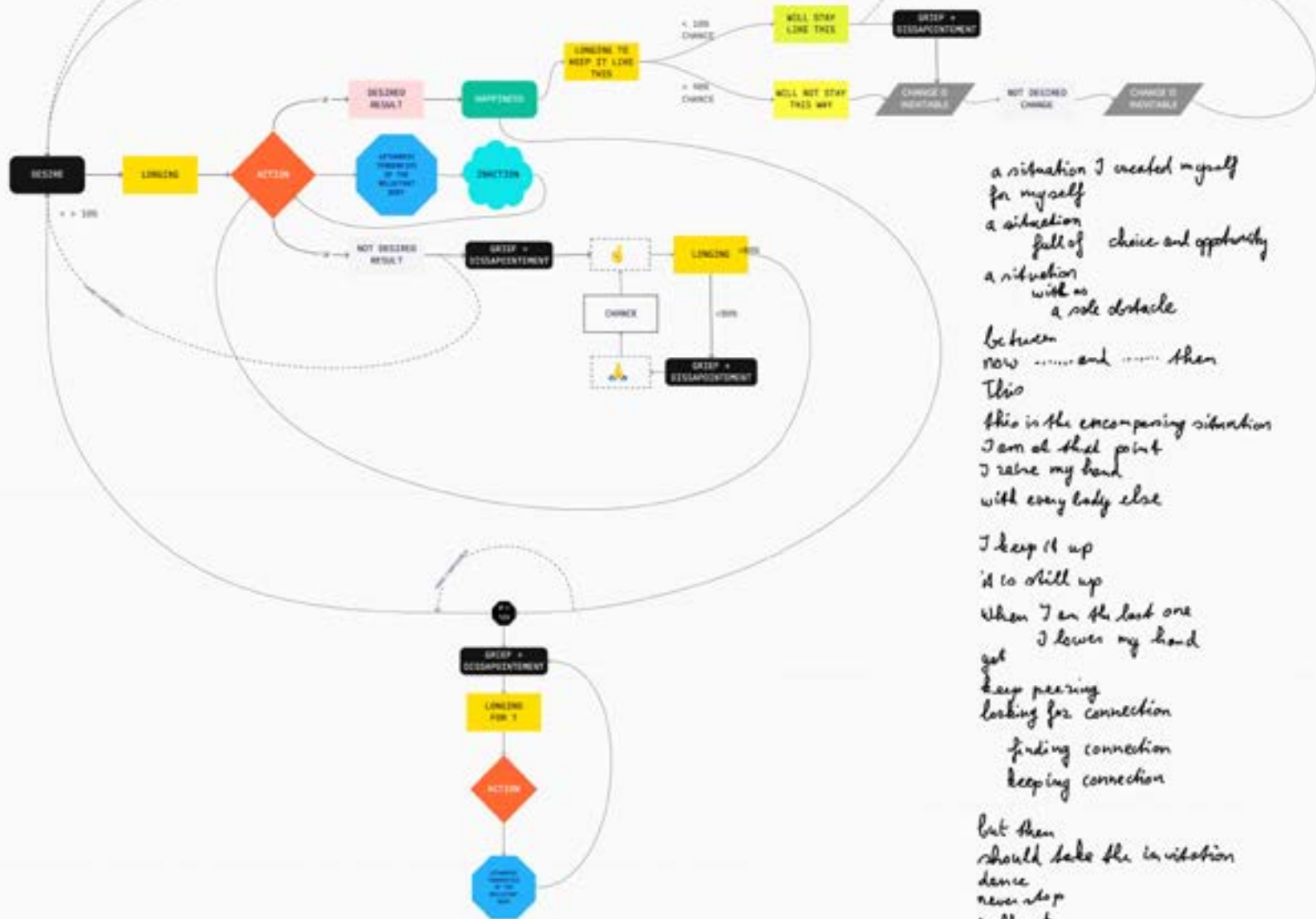
Once I had this friend who asked me to bring them back one of those lucky cats from China. That was like the souvenir they really wanted, they said. A fucking lucky cat. The ones you can buy everywhere. And I did it, you know. I just did it.

That's almost the worst, you know, what happens inside my own brain. Like, I feel like when they see me they see someone foreign. They look at the shape of my eyelids



and the colour of my hair and they think about where I'm from, they want to guess my story.





a situation I created myself
 for myself
 a situation
 full of choice and opportunity
 a situation
 with no
 a role obstacle
 between
 now and then
 This
 this is the encompassing situation
 I am at that point
 I raise my hand
 with every body else
 I keep it up
 it to still up
 when I am the last one
 I lower my hand
 get
 keep peering
 looking for connection
 finding connection
 keeping connection
 but then
 should take the invitation
 dance
 never stop
 walk out
 unsatisfied
 with grief

HUMOR SAFIEN'S NATURE

They were both exhausted, but indeed happy after a six hours hike. Sometimes it's nice to leave town, even if for just a few hours. They had their weekend planned for days: they bought hiking shoes, train tickets and made a reservation in a nice hotel, breakfast included. Both of them knew how they were reaching a new stage in their relationship, how this escape meant something. They were heading back cause Cathy was invited to a last-minute sleepover with her girlfriends and she couldn't really say no. "Why don't you join us? So I can finally introduce you to them" "Oh I insist - I'm sure Dorothee won't mind" "You will love them!" "So next time we can hang out all together" "I'm calling them now". Sara went silent, "no, I'll just go home". "Okay then, thanks for the nice time! I'll see you on Monday in the office."



desire
longing
longing
action
action
result
result
desired result
not the desired result
undesired result
grief
disappointment
more longing
enough to evoke a new action
or paralyze in grief
praying
a new chance
you
only one to action
for you
first call to action
stranded inaction
lethargic tendencies
reluctant body
new chance
new action
no desired result
but grief
disappointment
touch wood
enough to evoke longing
scoop yourself up
the subsequent desired result



happiness
happiness a new longing
keep it like this
for a more desired result
this realisation
that it will
ten to one
not stay like this
change is inevitable
even when undesired
to obtain an even more desired result
you
a new action
this action
no doubt
no end
series
more desired results
grief
disappointment
more longing
now unknowable
bring forth
grief
longing
grief
longing
action
lethargy
grief
longing
nothing
human nature



note
avoiding grief
hard
not impossible

situation
i created
situation
of choice and opportunity
situation
a sole obstacle
between
now
then
this
encompassing situation
at that point
i raise hand

with everybody else

keep it up

still up

last one
lower hand
yet
peering
for connection

find connection

keep connection

take invitation
dance
never stop
walk out
unsatisfied
grief



Your body has ideas independently of your brain.

The idea of

creating new bodies

The waiting comes

Time is disease, as it kills and creates.

(waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting)

Is the womb sick?

Is it not good enough

not womb enough to shelter and nourish new life?

Then you have sown the seed

Why is the [...]

Am I rotted?



The tie widens

You wide

I wide

I used to hate wide, now
I cherish wide.

Width

WIDTH



I don't wanna forget how it feels when my body changes

[almost imperceptible]

The feeling of my body widening (*up*)

If you pay attention, you can listen to
the sound of one cell [...] another cell

(The seed is growing)

IT IS GROWN ENOUGH



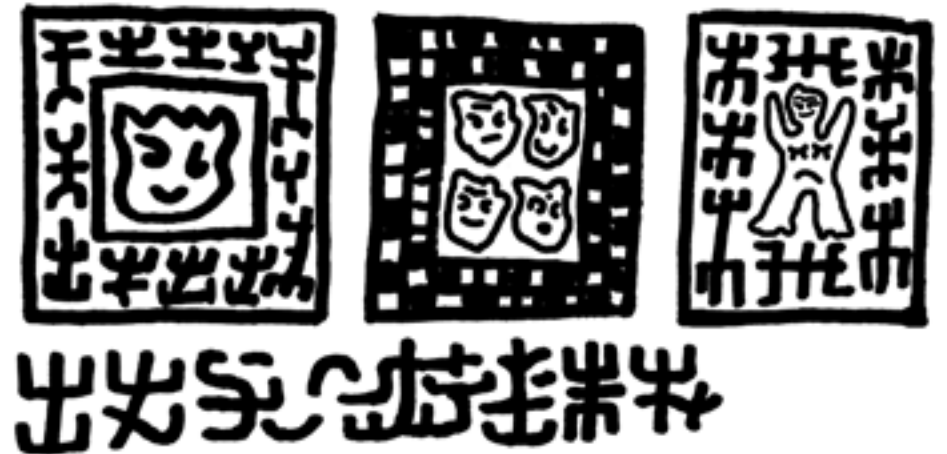
*[The first time I pushed it was the menstrual cup,
I did not know I could actually push
with my vagina muscles.*

This is how Little they teach us about

OUR BODIES

*When my body started talking to me, I started
exploring it as it had given me
permission to do it so.*

Now I know every corner of it]



I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt and look at it with its crooked print in the mirror, ill-fitting and too tight around the shoulders, stretching around me like a hug. I try to raise my arms but the fabric groans and the seams squeal, so I put them back down. And I go about my day, clad in my tiny little Gucci t-shirt, my limited mobility constantly reminding me of the cheap fabric and the cheap print and my defiantly purchasing it. I wear my tiny little Gucci t-shirt.

Tiny Little Gucci T-shirt (TLGT)

Late morning at the O'Hare Airport Hilton hotel. She ended up oversleeping and she knew that by the time she had finished packing the Rimowas, going through her beauty routine and finally reaching the dining hall, the mini croissants would be already gone. Quickly she grabbed something from the minibar, closed the door and sped up towards the elevator. She takes her phone out of the Hermès and puts the bag down to press the button to close the doors - it was late. She was really bummed for missing breakfast. The elevator starts sliding down in what felt like a slow motion. Such a shame for the mini croissants. It comes to a stop at the lobby and she rushes out with her Rimowa bags. She checks her phone again and when she goes to slide it back in her bag, it ends up in the plastic bag. No trace of her brand new Hermès. "I hate this day already, fuck the mini croissants".



Scene 1

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - EARLY AFTERNOON

The workers are at the end of their workday as Deinnis is sitting, cuffed to the altar. They come on stage and surround him. The workers start to sing.

ALL WORKERS

(chanting at speaking-loudness)

Haul the wall to the hole,
hard hats on, hold your breath.
Then say your prayers and
pray the stairs won't fall.
We got it all:
Mortar Steel Capped Boots,
Cement Cranes,
Mugs,
pneumatic drills,
We're hard and heavy and
content!
We spit for thrills; We build!

ALL WORKERS

INCLUDING DEINNIS

(loudly singing now)

Blast and Fire,
Heave Ho,
Raise it high,
Fire and Blast.

WORKER 1

(at speaking-loudness again, to Deinnis)

Lift my brick my brother,
brush my dust away.

WORKER 2

Lay it down with rest and
trust the cold red clay.

WORKER 3

Pile them heaven high to hold
the critters keep the creepers
in.

THE 3 WORKERS TOGETHER

Build my toll booth brother,
be it bold boned brass backed,
big bellied thing!

ALL WORKERS

INCLUDING DEINNIS

(loudly singing now)

Blast and Fire,
Heave Ho,
Raise it high,
Fire and Blast.

FOREMAN

(speaking-loudness, inquisitive)

Who done it. Which one of you
sad stinking little kabouters
pressed the fucking button.
Forgotten?

ALL WORKERS

INCLUDING DEINNIS

(loudly singing)

Everyone always does.



FOREMAN
(speaking-loudness)
just happened ha

ALL WORKERS
INCLUDING DEINNIS
(loudly singing)
no justice in just
Just blame,
blame shame,
no pain no gain.
No game;
No knowing how to play.

FOREMAN
(loudly speaking, authoritatively)
Here's the rules:
Look at your feet and count
your toes to make sure you've
got ten, again and again and
again.

ALL WORKERS
INCLUDING DEINNIS
(loudly singing)
And check that scab!
Not really ripe but nearly.

FOREMAN
(loudly speaking, authoritatively)
You blink you lose,
you cough you lose,
You catch my eye you lose,

You're on holiday?

ALL WORKERS
INCLUDING DEINNIS
(loudly singing)
Crap excuse!

Blast and Fire,
Heave Ho,
Raise it high,
Fire and Blast.

DEINNIS
(speaking-level, apologetically)
Could you get the wire cutters
on your way out,
Got handcuffed to the altar
again.
No, take me off speaker, she
won't find it funny.

DEINNIS
(sad!)
Not after the thing with the
bathroom lamp.
Christ, I stank.

ALL WORKERS
(loudly singing)
But baby was it worth it.
Big hit!



DEINNIS
Hot, not just with the creeps
Hang up when you smell
burning plastic.

ALL WORKERS
INCLUDING DEINNIS
(loudly singing)
Blast and Fire,
Heave Ho,
Raise it high,
Fire and Blast.

All workers leave the stage and Deinnis is left alone, cuffed
to the altar. The stage goes dark.

END SCENE



Haul the wall to the hole
hard hats on, hold your breath
Then say your prayers and pray the stairs won't fall.
We got it all:
Mortar Steel Capped Boots Cement Cranes Mugs
pneumatic drills
We're hard and heavy and content we spit for thrills We
build

Blast and Fire
Heave Ho
Raise it high
Fire and Blast

Lift my brick my brother, brush my dust away
Lay it down with rest and trust the cold red clay
Pile them heaven high to hold the critters keep the creepers
in
Build my toll booth brother be it bold boned brass backed
big bellied thing

Blast and Fire
Heave Ho
Raise it high
Fire and Blast

Who done it.
Which one of you sad stinking little kabouters pressed the
fucking button. Forgotten?
Everyone always does.
just happened ha
no justice in just
Just blame blame shame



no pain no gain. No game
No knowing how to play.
Here's the rules:
Look at your feet and count your toes to make sure you've
got ten, again and again and again.
And check that scab
Not really ripe but nearly
You blink you lose you cough you lose
You catch my eye you lose
You're on holiday?
Crap excuse.

Blast and Fire
Heave Ho
Raise it high
Fire and Blast

Could you get the wire cutters on your way out,
Got handcuffed to the alter again.
No, take me off speaker, she won't find it funny.
Not after the thing with the bathroom lamp.
Christ, I stank
But baby was it worth it
Big hit
Hot, not just with the creeps
Hang up when you smell burning plastic

Blast and Fire
Heave Ho
Raise it high
Fire and Blast



At times, I think I was perfectly content with my life. That I didn't need this person. But that's not how it works, fortunately, and/or unfortunately. People tend to enter your life whether you like it or not, whether you are content or not. Back then I felt content not because I had everything figured out, but because I thought I had myself figured out. Perhaps it was just a symptom of teenage arrogance, but I felt solid. I was a rock, a mountain, deeply rooted in the earth and the world. It was the others that were swirling around, flaky and undetermined stem cells. I could feel a quiet determination throbbing inside of me, a warm gust of wind pressing into my back, guiding me forward. In that proverbial sense, I went wherever the wind blew and it led me to him. And when I got there, the compass stopped working and started pointing in all directions.

— — —

I met Marlon on a Sunday night at a rock concert in the backyard of a motorbike shop. The island was a neighborhood, and this was the place to be. He turned up a few times, without shoes and always rolling solo. Maybe it was the space between his eyes or the shape of his nose, but he wore the most unusual face I had ever seen. He was tall and muscular, and though some of it may be a dream, I would look for him when he was not there, and when he was, I would brush against him, yearning for him to bother me. He never did, and it made me want him more. That night, he gave me a ride to the afterparty. He drove a shabby blue racer, but he was no poser. We didn't talk much during the seven-minute drive to Echo Beach, and I did not put my arms around him. There, he bought

himself a beer, and so did I. He was twenty-four, and I was seventeen. We spoke about bamboo, football, french food, and babies. We kissed, and he slipped a hand into my cycling shorts. I was nervous, and I was not shaved. I stopped him, and he apologized. He drove me back home, flashing the road with my phone because his lights were down. I had to pee so badly I barely said goodbye to him and forgot to take his number. Within the next few days, I had told everyone I knew about him. On Friday, I went to the beachfront bar. It was full of tan boys in tank tops and Birkenstocks, but all I could think about was Marlon. Suddenly I spotted him, getting off his motorcycle in slow motion. I raced after him, and when he turned around, he smiled. He had been looking around for me. Since he knew where I lived, he wanted to pin a note on my door, but he thought I might not like it. I told him I would have. We kissed. He tasted like beer. I do not know whether or not I liked it.



Quizás esté dormida
[durmiendo]
en lo hondo
de un cerro.

Perhaps she is asleep
[sleeping]
in the depths
of a hill.

Su rostro cayendo
deambula en la noche.

Her falling face
wanders in the night.



I feel like when they see me, they see someone foreign. If I start acting more Asian, I'm forcing it. But if I don't, I'm rejecting it and trying to be white. People look at the shape of my eyelids and the color of my hair and think about where I'm from. I've come to rely on the story of how my parents met. It's almost like a party trick. It makes me feel special and interesting. Sometimes I catch myself being a dick to white people in my head. Once I had this friend who asked me to bring them back one of those lucky cats from China. And I did it, you know. I just did it.



An entire world filled.
Despair beyond the broken boundaries,
one drop enough to burn through a lifetime.
Sorrow for what is lost;
mourning fires I did not put out.

I took apart my brittle wings and
surrendered myself
to the waves along the inevitable oceans.
Three more ways to fall apart in self-pity.

I turn away from the setting sun
to watch my shadow overtake me.
I am in no way lost;
I have found an unsuitable outcome
to a deeply troubled past.

A monolithic monster,
familiar and heavy.
This is a night that fights to keep me breathing
and deep down I understand
but the moon pulls and the waves beckon.

Where lies the palace in the woods?
What fallacies has it convinced me of?
The urges remain;
whether I am flying or drowning.

I can tell the difference now,
even in my megalomania.
Yet the feeling is no different,
only the conclusion is.



That is what scares me;
I understand what is high or low,
but the gnawing does not differentiate.
It bites and claws
through any defences I worked so hard to set up.

Is this a different night than I thought it to be?
Is this a day of falling into me?

In Reality,
I am scared.
I hope the structure layered over everything,
will follow the route I have dreamt of.

Rather than engulf it in the warmest words,
tearing me to shreds
of what I might have been along the way ahead.

I dream softly,
I weep softer and once in every dream,
I take control over the oceans.
I hope tomorrow the waves communicate their intentions.
I walk along the flaming shores of all I was and must have
been.

In Reality,
I am scared.
In my own worlds,
I am wondering the way;
burning as cinder.



In the Dream,
I mourn my deaths.
I carry you with me still,
I pray you may feel it.

Yours,
Eiseth

The seed is growing growing growing growing growing growing grow-
ing growing growing grow-



6ª hoja: la sangre

My body talked to me so much before I started to listen.

Before I was able to understand.

Before I taught myself the words.

//

Push. then breathe. push. then breathe. push.

//

Did the other know all along?



4ª hoja: el crecimiento

The seed is growing
The seed is growing
(The seed) is growing
growing
growing
growing
growing
growing

growing



The sky's private self won't fit with the window policy of this country and there isn't much to be done. The production of clouds can be regulated and a firm layer was arranged to overcast the surface, till it's impossible to tell the difference between the horizon and a piece of paper.

Boundlessly, the sky explored the limits of the dirty coat of clouds and smoke. "I recognize boredom - the last six weeks have been the most tedious time in this firmament. Nothing to do, not even counting the drops on your loins."

Along with the window policy, a new floor policy was issued whilst the sky observed the hovering pond, like a pendant, making a metal sound as if a thousand razors would hit the ground in unison.

Its reaction was paralyzing and feeling like there was nothing more to be said the sky gave it an eerie look and left the premises with a weary and sleepy tactility; not exactly a happy ending, neither a good

Omen.

You make me blue

The sky as a pendant, hovered making a metal sound like a long long fuck you and had nothing more to say. Some days the view from inside the archive was paralysing. The dark layer gave an eerie blue, late-afternoon finish to the outside, the city looks weary and sleepy-it was impossible to know the exact hour. It was always always blue, blue and deep geography, a geography knitted in darlings and distance.



0. *Up the garden path (hairs on end)*

Much left to be desired.
Oh lonesome moan!
I wished for what wasn't where I left it.
You were my world, your word was worth my will, I
willed my wealth to fill the hole your soul had left.
I made two calls and waited and waited.

Making coffee in-between.

A play of mercy
about a girl who loses her human form while making
coffee for friends.

"(...) they make a desert and they call it peace."

1. *living room (hands)*

Glory. My two friends in my house, at rest!
we met, with our eyes with our hands with words;
it was there in our chest.
Hands alive, looking for me!
Holding each word.

2. *between kitchen and living room (her whole heart)*

Each word, In the centre of the chest!
A cup of coffee!
My house at rest!

I was behind and inside.
they walked me along the avenue and said:
look; a woman!
A woman in all senses of the word!
wonderful woman: partly naked;
partly dead

3. *the kitchen (eyes and coffeepot)*

Dead.
The skin was so sure! I was not so sure; I went to the
kitchen without being observed.
that was before the coffeepot spoke to me and said:
Oh, you poor wretch! I will tell you what there is to know!

4. *Kitchen into living room (leaky vessel)*

Dead for sure!
I couldn't carry it from myself or to myself, from my
friends or the friends of my friends or others.
I had become my friends, and my friends were changing
into me.
Terrible that eating and looking are different things,
along this road with wood and water.
The water was of another colour!

5. *Dissolving kitchen (spleen)*

A cup of coffee, now I want everything which is of value
to be eternal.
I've been met.
This is my life giving life giving death and dead egg.
This is my egg for those who, with the same hand, give



and are being given.
the sun here blooms into the moon,
giving birth to it.

Still, nothing separated from me when I swallowed the
coffee,
but a bit of water,
half of a no and yes.

5. *Dissolving kitchen (spleen)*

I'm here.
I've been met.
This is my egg.
This is my life giving egg.
This is my life giving life giving death and dead egg.

Dead egg breaking
Egg on egg on egg making
omelette.
Fruit of my yolk of my womb
Born again an egg, inert.

Maybe it was the space between his eyes or the shape
of his nose, but he wore the most unusual face I had ever
seen. a face one could remember. I could draw that face,
even though I forgot the details. I would begin with the
space between his eyes; that's easy, nothing to draw there.
Then I would draw the nostrils, they shaped his odd nose
but also consisted of nothing. I would draw the spaces I
know the best, the ones that never were, that may never
have happened. Not that night, not while other things
were happening. Arms untangled, spaces unseen, nostrils
undrawn.
(see drawing underneath)



note:
avoiding grief is hard
yet not impossible

again we sit here, perched across from each other. this is the encompassing situation, all-encompassing. everything i can imagine is inside of it: everything that can happen will happen; everything that can happen has happened. the days extend and they seem endless. i've seen your lips move so many times now. i see them hovering over cups of coffee, wrapped around cigarettes, opening and closing, sucking on (paper) straws, saying my name, saying my name, saying my name. quivering. first soft then stretched out, revealing your teeth. my lips? they are shut, often in an attempt to contain something, to contain the whirlpool. we operate using different styles, you know, different pseudonyms. sometimes it baffles me how all of it can fit in that sliver of space between the two of us. now your lips are still. they are sitting there, slightly parted, waiting for mine to move. the light is coming from above us and your nose casts a shadow that reaches your cupid's bow. and sometimes it baffles me how the space swells in these moments of tension. while you stubbornly wait for my rebuttal, the space between us becomes turgid and distended, filled with all of the things i don't say. i wait until it's unbearable, until the room is bloated and warped and then i speak.



I am in the mountains
a fresh spring evening, felt spirited
from walking
all day.

I am in the mountains
walking next to her and it's Sunday
and were not getting cold yet.

I am in the mountains
the sun has set, you think
you didn't bring a jacket, you regret. You think
summer is just around the corner. But, it was a good day
the hike
the fresh spring evening
all day.



It was a chilly evening, one of those days where you think summer is just around the corner but as soon as the sun has set you regret not bringing a jacket. They were well prepared though and not getting cold yet. It was a good day for the hike and they felt spirited from walking all day. Now they were on their way down back to the car. He was walking very close to her, their hands almost touching, when he took the call. "Mmh yes, yes I can come in today! I'm in the mountains with Cathy" "We are on our way back" "I guess she won't mind" "Yes, sure I can pick up a nice wine" "Cool!" "See you later!". He hung up. "Well, I guess I don't", she said.



Another day of tormenting myself with automated, self-generative loops of thoughts going nowhere but back into each other again. Blurt out fear-inducing keywords, never finishing a sentence, forbidding me to make sense of it all. Feels like there's nothing but neverending cringe, wish I got rid of it. Better luck next time.



An entire world filled. Despair beyond the broken boundaries, one drop enough to burn through a lifetime. Sorrow for what is lost; mourning fires I did not put out.

I took apart my brittle wings and surrendered myself to the waves along the inevitable oceans. Three more ways to fall apart in self-pity. I turn away from the setting sun to watch my shadow overtake me. I am in no way lost; I have found an unsuitable outcome to a deeply troubled past.

A monolithic monster, familiar and heavy. This is a night that fights to keep me breathing and deep down I understand but the moon pulls and the waves beckon.

Where lies the palace in the woods? What fallacies has it convinced me of? The urges remain; whether I am flying or drowning. I can tell the difference now, even in my megalomania. Yet the feeling is no different, only the conclusion is. That is what scares me; I understand what is high or low, but the gnawing does not differentiate. It bites and claws through any defences I worked so hard to set up. Is this a different night than I thought it to be?

Is this a day of falling into me? In Reality, I am scared. I hope the structure layered over everything, will follow the route I have dreamt of. Rather than engulf it in the warmest words, tearing me to shreds of what I might have been along the, way ahead.

I dream softly, I weep softer and once in every dream, I take control over the oceans.

I hope tomorrow the waves communicate their intentions.



I walk along the flaming shores of all I was and must have been.

In Reality, I am scared.

In my own worlds, I am wondering the way; burning as cinder.

In the Dream, I mourn my deaths.

I carry you with me still, I pray you may feel it.

Yours,

Eiseth



[Light in the room is dimmed, 1st Narrator looks around before starting.]

When we talk about it, the family on my father's side, consisting of my grandmother, grandfather, aunt, and uncle, would instantly frown upon the idea, thinking that they are delusional. It is even forbidden to talk about it, since they considered the action as a bad omen.

[1st Narrator pauses, looks around again, catching eyes cunningly around the auditorium]

However, on my mother's side, where they have little Chinese lineage, they treat it as a form of entertainment. Not only that, many of them even claim to experience myriads of first-hand encounters since the days of my ancestors, who are famed to have an extreme sense and could see them walking around like ordinary living people.

[1st Narrator twitches a finger at a young man in the front row, only the most attentive among the listeners notice.]

Most of the encounters happened within their parish (in Ubon Ratchathani province): some of the stories include my grandmother seeing it floating, or spotting them mysteriously hanging from the church's beam.

[1st Narrator reassures the listeners that these things really did happen, chiming into the heavy atmosphere.]

As for the others, my aunt, for example, reported seeing some of them appearing and disappearing at the end of her bed.

[1st narrator smirks suggestively]

As for myself, I have never seen anything clearly except for various knocking sounds. Once, I remember sleeping with my grandmother's sister and suddenly hearing someone knocking on the door at around 3 am. Though,

after opening the door, no one was there.

[1st Narrator touches their arms, and claims to be getting goosebumps from the memory.]

Suddenly, the telephone rang, and someone had called to tell me that my great-grandmother just passed away.

[2nd Narrator interrupts the silence with sounds softer than whispers.]

[1st Narrator circles the auditorium, only appearing occasionally out of the dark]

My aunt used to tell me a story of when she was young. Back then, she lived in an old townhouse in the city and at night,

[2nd Narrator speaks quicker and quicker as though desperate to let the words escape]

she would often hear the sound of something running above the ceiling. My aunt is in her mid-60s; therefore, this story happened around fifty or sixty years ago.

[After some unmeasurable stillness, the 3rd Narrator breaks the silence.]

[Narrator 2 is visibly offended]

Another story concerns my other sibling. She was lying on the bed in a sideways manner and was using the laptop. At the end of the bed was a television, and once she turned to watch it, *[gradually raising the tone, as if in crescendo]* surprisingly she saw someone sitting there also watching the television! She quickly turned back to the laptop screen, out of shock. When she looked back at the end of the bed again, the figure was already gone. *[Gradually lowering the voice, as if in innuendo.]*



[4th Narrator lights a cigarette before telling the story.]

[Narrators 1, 2, and 3 stand in a gossipy cluster at the back]

I have an aunt, who lives with her husband and three children. This aunt of mine strongly believes in them. Around her house, she would scatter many talismans and amulets, and she also believes that the geographical location of her home is in a specific place where they have to pass in order to go to the next world. She said that she often encounters them, and so as her eldest daughter, who claims to see one as often as every week. Once, she also mentioned seeing one as tall as a palm tree.

[4th Narrator puffs out a swift of smoke, which lingers in the air, creating a veil of haziness.]

[Once audience member coughs then another one]

One day, she wakes up to see a soldier at the end of her bed. When asked who the soldier was and why he was there, the soldier replied that the Prince from the Chumphon province asked him to follow her. However, it was the opposite with my uncle. He said that he had never seen anything in the house at all. My aunt had already passed away, and not long after, everyone moved out of the house. Subsequently, her children never saw anything again.

[The smoke continues to drift in nebulous shapes.]



Here's what you do, you make me blue and just the idea of you wrapping a thought around me, makes me feel so small. Two mornings ago, the day breaking in red woke me up, I had left the curtains open, I was scared for a second and went back to bed. The land of sleep - where I make peace with having no ending and no beginning; a place short and dear with all the hidden things, *le sole mie*.

You once told me you were caught by google's street view camera in the neighborhood I lived in - it happened in June, in a street I used to walk by daily, and so did you, apparently. Somehow we never crossed I spot you in the street view map and as I move backward to reach you, you are walking forward, or is it the other way around? If I look around, everything is still there including the toy shop window with the collection of old



board games whose boxes turned blue.

all the things that pleased me. Red were
blue - all I have to offer.

I want to feel proper again I need a break

I recognize boredom - the same, manic colour of my hair after bleaching it too many times in the same week.

I've heard it takes five years to mend a broken heart.



“

“ As of today, the state of the art is gloomy – blue filters had been applied to front and back windows (for sure this was very convenient for the newly assembled archive on the third floor of the museum building). Along with the window policy update, a new floor policy was issued; it was decided for floors to be grounded in a cold mouse grey. The sky, like a pendant, hovered making a metal sound like a long fuck you and had nothing more to say. Some days the view from inside the archive was paralyzing. The dark layers gave an eerie blue, late-afternoon finish to the outside, making the city look weary and sleepy – it was impossible to know the exact hour of the day. It was always blue, blue and deep as geography, a geography knitted in darlings and distance.

The story of the colour blue starts where the story of colour red has its end – not exactly a happy ending, neither a good omen.

“
Despite being intertwined, the two of them never met. “

-filterless-



“Blue is a thin trace,
the ink used to mark the sun’s cruel tempo. “
“ Blue is what’s left behind,
blue is archival, long term, “

The sky’s private self won’t fit with the window policy of this country and there isn’t much to be done. The vault cannot legislate, but indeed it can autoregulate the production of clouds and arrange for a firm layer to overcast the surface till it’s impossible to tell the difference between the horizon and a piece of paper. Behind it, the sky writes some notes “ “ “ “ and now boundless, smokes as many cigarettes as it can. The dirty coat of clouds and smoke makes everything look flat and not very interesting. “

“ Just like that for five years the sky went aloof, silence the one left on duty – “



Acknowledgment

This publication is the outcome of a three-week-long workshop guided by Bernke Klein Zandvoort (Image and Language teacher and poet extraordinaire), which gathered students from all corners of the Rietveld & Sandberg community. This inter-curricular initiative allowed us to cultivate a space for collectivity and feedback where we practiced the roles of editor, writer, and critic to finally work on how to manifest that body physically.

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