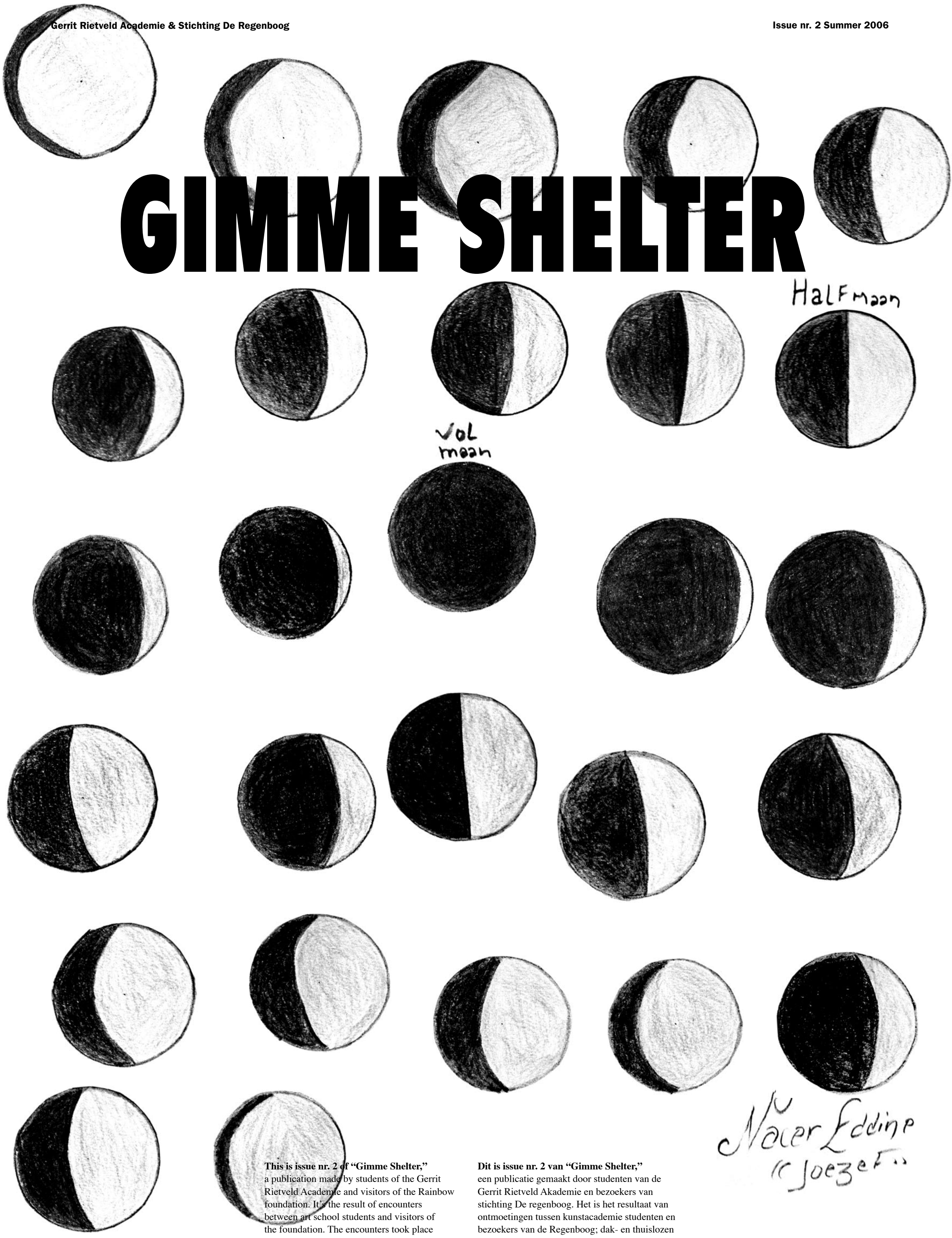
Gerrit Rietveld Academie & Stichting De Regenboog

Issue nr. 2 Summer 2006

GIMME SHELTER



This is issue nr. 2 of "Gimme Shelter,"
a publication made by students of the Gerrit Rietveld Academie and visitors of the Rainbow foundation. It's the result of encounters between art school students and visitors of the foundation. The encounters took place in Februari, March and April 2006 in the the user rooms and drop-in centres. Together they cooked, talked, painted on walls, made clothes, made drawings, made signs, designed bags and a curtain, told stories, made and recorded music, danced together and were each others inspiration.

Dit is issue nr. 2 van "Gimme Shelter,"
een publicatie gemaakt door studenten van de Gerrit Rietveld Akademie en bezoekers van stichting De regenboog. Het is het resultaat van ontmoetingen tussen kunstacademie studenten en bezoekers van de Regenboog; dak- en thuislozen en druggebruikers. De ontmoetingen vonden plaats in Februari, Maart en April 2006 in de gebrv uikersruimtes en inloophuizen. Er werd gekookt, getekend, gepraat, verhalen verteld, tassen ontworpen, muren beschilderd, kleding gemaakt, muziek gemaakt en opgenomen, en samen gedanst. We waren elkaars inspiratie.

COLOPHON
COLOFON
A publication by 2nd year graphic design students of the Gerrit Rietveld Academy and visitors of The Rainbow Foundation.
Een publicatie door studenten 2e vakjaar grafisch ontwerpen Gerrit Rietveld Academie en bezoekers van Stichting De Regenboog.

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&
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&
Special guest from AKV Den Bosch, Annet Nooijen
&
Ebby, Herbie, Roy, Ramon, Ricky, Dennis, Gino, Ronald, Ulrich, Carolien, Jay Jay, Jackson, Aya, Wilfred, Ruud, Boyke, Hans, Leo, Lois, Sabine, Annemieke, Glenn, Luciano, Richarda, Regi, Maantje, Andrew, A. Aleksander, Jaapio, David, Gary, Ria, Thomas, Erik, Jacky, Adri, Jay, Harry, Ben, Micheal, Iwan, Nacer, Youssouf, Josef, Nino, Manu, Jay, Valentine, Clifton, Marcel, Florien, Peet, Eddy, Chilli, Daryl, Richeline, Marisa and all the others whose names we don't know.

PHOTOGRAPHY
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All women of the women night shelter.

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The Rainbow Soulclub - encounters between art students and visitors - is an initiative of Saskia Janssen & George Korsmit and The Rainbow Foundation.
The Rainbow Soulclub - ontmoetingen tussen kunstacademie studenten en bezoekers - is en initiatief van Saskia Janssen & George Korsmit en Stichting de Regenboog Inloophuizen.

Interchurch foundation for the care of homeless and the drugaddicted.
Interkerkelijke stichting voor de sorg en opvang van dak- en thuislozen en verslaafden.
www.deregenboog.org

"Opening of De Princehof"
Amsterdam 13/4 2006
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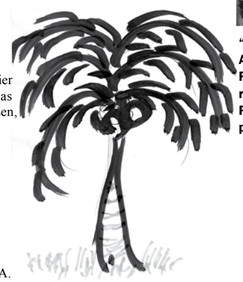

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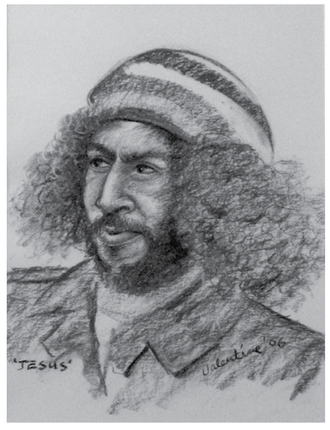

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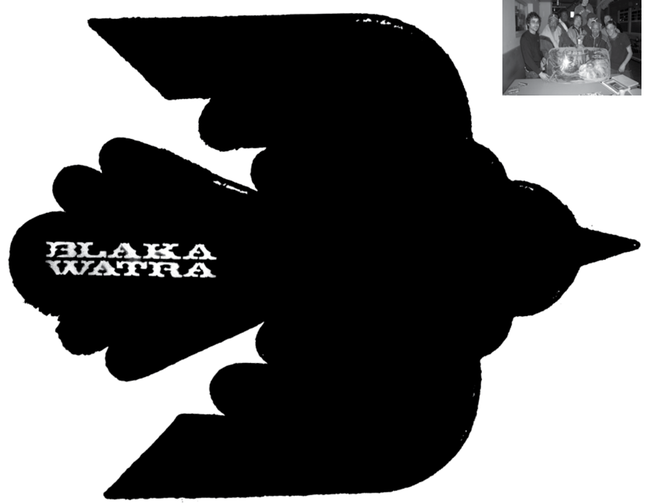

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Eight special pages with Blaka's artists; Ebby, Totti, Herbie, Wilfred, Ramon, a rock concert, and a slang contest
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Dora

"Fly on the Wall"
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Mountains of wishes in clay
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"Make Signs! Making signs!
Let's make signs"
A workshop at Makom, by Nina, Linn and Aleks
p. 21

"DE SOULCLUB SESSIE"

CREATIEF MET WEINIG HAREN
NOG JONG VAN JAREN
HELPENDE HANDEN IN MAKOM
ZINVOLLE DAGBESTEDING AL
LIJKT DAT STOM??
DAK EN THUISLOZEN ZIJN
NIET DOM
MAAR ONTHOUDT GOED ALS HET
ARTISTIEKE ZIT IN JOUW BLOED
GA JE DOOR MET ENORME
KRACHT EN MOED
EEN HELE STOET VAN
ACTIVITEITEN KOMT NU IN DE
DAK- EN THUISLOZEN WERELD
VOORBIJ!!
IK "JAAPIO" ZIE STEEDS MEER
MENSEN DIE WORDEN BLIJ
BIJVOORBEELD DIE MAN UIT
ETIOPIA (??)
NEE, IK BEN NIET ZIJN PA
MAAR HIJ WIL GRAAG MIJN
AANDACHT ALS KUNSTENAAR, JA.
WANT KUNSTZINNIG IS HIJ
GEBOREN
VOOR BUROCRATIE VERLOREN.

MAAR GEEN VERLOREN MENS

JAAPIO
GMG.

"Felt Fever with Fanny and Nathalie"
How to turn rough wool into fancy bags
p. 22

Have a closer look at one of the 300 cotton bags, designed by students and visitors. All the bags were given away at the opening of De Princehof
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I'm definitely a Mona Lisa type.

"Collection from Makom"
Preview of the catalogue from Makom's art suite
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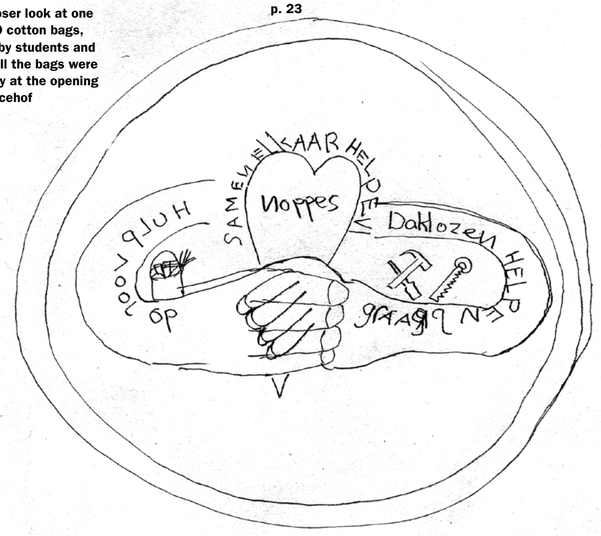

"Social Map"
Practical information about showers, meals, and places to sleep in Amsterdam
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HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A SOCIAL WORKER, AN ART STUDENT, A PRIEST, A POLICE MAN, A JUNKIE, A TEACHER AND A POLITICIAN IN ONE ROOM?

From left to right: Hannah, Belliot, Daryl, Brita, and Gerda

April 13, opening of De Princehof

When I came to the opening of De Princehof I met a man in the entrance hall presenting himself as a neighbor, he seemed a little confused. He told me that he received an invitation but he didn't really know what all this was about. Looking around I understood what he meant I couldn't locate the diversity of people surrounding us to any familiar occasion. The place was full of people. I had to squeeze myself into the drop-in room. There where probably 100 people; users, volunteers, homeless, art students, politicians, neighbors, and police, all crammed together in a space the size of a high school class room.
The ventilation system, that was usually filled with crack smoke, seems to have difficulties with all the people demanding fresh air. In the far back, the user room was used as coffee room for this occasion. No dope but just cakes for today. One of the users who didn't notice his room was 'closed' for today tried to smoke some behind a plant.
Carefully placed on the table was the piece for the opening ceremony made by Brita, it was covered with a satin cloth. A time back Brita met Andrew, one of the visitors of the Kloof. Since the year 2000 he had been working on a series of drawings called 'The Language of the Heart'. He has made about 900 drawings of dancing hearts already. His aim is to make 2000 of these drawings. According to Andrews instructions Brita had translated one of them into a real sculpture. It had to be in the style of Fernando Botero, covered with gold leafs and as voluminous as possible.
The speeches began. One by one ten people were presenting themselves, then they were going to unveil the opening piece together. Soon the presentations shifted into a kind of countdown, the curiosity spread through the room, it was intense. It was finally time to unveil the piece. People moved like a concert crowd trying to get a glimpse of what was about to happen. Aaahh, it's a banana box! Is this the... opening piece?
A quick manoeuvre and the box was gone. A dancing heart covered in gold leaf! Lighted by the flashes of many press photographers, the heart was studied and touched passing through the hands of politicians, founders of De Regenboog, police officers and visitors..... It even moved an older woman

and an older man with a long white beard to a few tears.
It was like Andrew says:
"Everything is about the Language of the Heart."

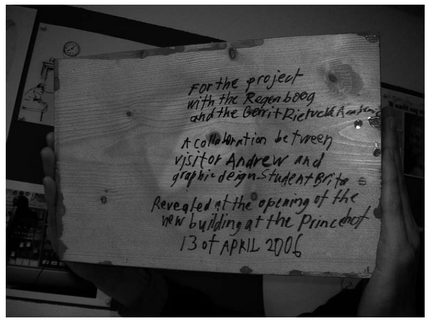
-from the interview of Andrew given by Brita, Gimme Shelter vol. 1.

Robin & Linn

Brita struggling for a heart of gold

Language of the Heart part 2.
The gold heart sculpture for the series "The Language of the Heart" was not finished until the very moment of the opening ceremony of De Princehof. The paint wasn't even dry when it was unveiled. It was made from a drawing by visitor Andrew in De Kloof, and then cut out by a machine in 3D. The material this machine uses is foam, so the heart is soft. It needed extra coating of hard plastic not to break and I found it in a store that has all kinds of plastic material normally used for objects in the movie industry. After the plastic coating it was covered with real gold leaf and details where painted in colors after Andrews drawing. After that, the finished sculpture was carefully attached to a pedestal made of wood, put in a banana-box and brought to the opening at De Princehof. There we wanted to cover it in a white satin cloth but the slippery material made it impossible, so we made some kind of construction with the banana-box and sticks, then we put the satin cloth on top. It was offered to alderman Hannah Belliot as a symbolic gift during the opening ceremony.
Every stage in the process of making the heart needed help of another professional: Andrew who made the 2000 drawings of dancing hearts, Jacob who made the 3-D drawing that went to Christian who operated the 3D machine, then the plastic coating expert guy, then the girl in the art supplies store at Rozengracht, and Patriez who helped me put it together and fix the wooden pedestal. At the end the result was striking. It looked rather like an Easter egg of chocolate or a giant bonbon than a heart of gold. It is supposed to be placed at a shelf permanently. At this moment it is still sitting on top of the kitchen's cupboard.

Brita



We tried to track down Andrew in every shelter but unfortunately we couldn't find him. We hope he is doing well and will see the sculpture soon in the Princehof.

Squatters on the fourth floor

Ebby's big painting was hanging outside of the building. It was quite windy outside and I was a little bit afraid that the canvas was not strong enough. But everything was ok and the painting looked really funky on the facade. As if we had squatted the new building. Unfortunately I didn't see any visitors from Blaka Watra at the opening. Too bad because we made an entire wall of drawings and paintings and photos from Blaka Watra specially as an appreciation for Ebby, Herbie, Roy, Wilfred and others. We made some buttons there as well, with different Soulclub logos made by Kalle. People really liked them, we couldn't even produce them quick enough. However the most popular were the cotton bags of course. We had an extra table for them and after some hours the table was almost empty. Later on I saw several visitors from De Princehof in the vicinity, bags hanging on their neck. As some secret brotherhood.

Jaan

Gimme Shelter issue 1

Ebby's painting on the fourth floor

Ester's paper clothes

Preparing the opening of De Princehof

April 12, 2006. It's six o'clock in the evening when we arrive at the Princehof. It's one day before the opening of this newly renovated shelter and also a day before the opening of the exhibition that we, students, made together with clients of the shelters.
Robin and George are working behind the glass with a brush and black paint. They are finishing their "Wall of Fame" that they were working on the entire day with visitor Martin. Walking through the hallway you can see a black silhouette portrait on every window, but everybody agrees the one of Anja Joos is the best (see page 6). Looking at the building, we can see it is almost finished. The walls are painted in bright colors and all the furniture are in place. We wonder if we brought enough works to complete the exhibition since this building is so big.
Then Ebby and Jaan enter! Big canvasses and paintings get carried inside. Now we can start for real. We frame pictures and drawings and put them up in all the rooms. The Jesus posters Sirkel made with visitors in Makom we hang in the office of the priest and a calming abstract painting of Herbie is for the room of the social worker.
The yellow and red makes an unusual combination with the candy pink walls. Ebby rolls out a huge canvas with beautiful wild colors, and we decide to hang it on the outside of the building. It's so big that even the third floor wasn't high enough, so we try the fourth. While Ebby and Jaan put it up, we watch them from the street outside. It looks like a rainbow on De Princehof.
On the first and second floor we had large areas painted with magnetic paint. We used hundreds of little magnets to put up all the photos, drawings and portraits made by the students and visitors. While the women's night shelter opens, we are sorting out all the material, and some woman are even making new drawings on the spot. We piled up the first edition of the newspaper as well, so everybody can take a copy the next day. The regular clothes in the clothing exchange we replaced for one day with the funky clothes that student Esther made in the woman night shelter. It's an exotic array of paper dresses and plastic skirts, hats and jewelry made of Christmas decoration. From November till February Esther visited the woman night shelter every Wednesday night to make these fashion items with the ladies of the night.
The signs of the toilet, shower and needle exchange were attached to doors and walls. These were made in a workshop at Makom with Nina, Linn and Aleksandar (see page 21).
Then almost done, we just have to find a spot for 'the bags'. Every student, together with a visitor, made a design for a cotton bag. We printed nearly three hundred bags at school to give away to visitors and neighbors, as self made business gifts. We decided to hang one piece of every design on the wall, 15 all together, so everyone can have a good look at them. They looked so flat and empty so we filled them up quickly with some clothes from the laundry basket. But halfway hanging the bags we realize that it's the middle of the night and we are banging our hammers on the walls. We forgot that in the middle of the Red Light district are also real neighbors. We're really sorry, neighbors!
We left the building at 2.30h in the morning. The woman from the night shelter looked almost more fit and alive then we did …but our mission was completed. We're pretty proud of our Rainbow Soulclub.

Fanny

WALL OF FAME

or Death Row

Anja Joos on the kitchen door

The Princehof, April 2006.
De magnetische velden deden het goed. Het zag er dynamisch uit, alles was door elkaar opgehangen, tekeningen, foto's, teksten, schetsen en veel werkfoto's van de bezoekers.
Het beste van de magnetische velden is natuurlijk dat ze iedere keer weer opnieuw bruikbaar zijn om nieuwe tentoonstellingen te maken. De werkfoto's die tussen de tekeningen hangen werken hopelijk aanstekelijk voor de andere bezoekers om ook aan de slag te gaan.
Naast de magnetische velden wilde ik graag ook iets permanents achter laten voor de aanloop en de gebruikersruimte. Een soort moderne bezwering om het nieuwe gebouw goed in te wijden. Iets luchtigs, iets moois, maar ook met een kleine serieuze touch, iets wat iedereen zou aanspreken, bezoekers, medewerkers, studenten, wijkagenten. Maar het zou ook iets met een verwijzing naar dope moeten zijn. Het moest niet de dope romantiseren, maar er ook geen drama van maken. Ik wilde er zeker geen stichtelijke boodschap in stoppen. Mijn eerste idee was het maken van een 'memorial soul garden'. Er zouden grote boomachtige planten gekocht worden voor het hele gebouw en op alle potten zouden portretten en namen van fameuze druggebruikers geschilderd worden. Druggebruikers die ten ondergegaan waren aan de drugs, maar ondanks dat wel fantastische dingen hadden achtergelaten voor de wereld. De planten zouden dan verzorgd kunnen worden door de bezoekers, die zo hun helden letterlijk levend konden houden. Samen met bezoekers en edewerkers maakten we een shortlist van kandidaten. Op een enkele schrijver na kwamen de meeste kandidaten uit de muziekscene; David Bowie, Keith Richards, Kurt Cobain, William Burroughs, Brian Jones, Bob Marley, Billy Holliday, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix.
Een aantal vielen zowiezo af: David Bowie en Keith Richards omdat ze nog niet dood zijn, en bovendien beiden multimiljonair. Kurt Cobain viel af omdat geen van de gebruikers iets had met z'n muziek en William Burroughs kende bijna niemand.
Er werden nieuwe kandidaten aan de lijst toegevoegd: Herman Brood. Iedereen had hem wel eens persoonlijk gesproken en droeg hem een warm hart toe. En Chet Baker die zelfs vlakbij De Princehof in de buurt dood uit een hotelraam was gevallen. We kwamen niet verder dan twee vrouwelijke 'dope' talenten: Janis Joplin en Billy Holliday. (Nico van de Velvet Underground leeft nog, dachten we) En all time favoriet bij iedereen waren Jimi Hendrix en Jim Morrison.
Tijdens het maken van de shortlist viel iemands oog op de foto van Anja Joos aan de muur. Anja was een geliefde bezoekster van de vrouwennachtopvang die twee jaar geleden op gewelddadige wijze om het leven kwam na een vermeende diefstal uit een supermarkt. Het werd als vanzelf besloten dat Anja Joos het middelpunt van de Wall of Fame zou worden. Ze zou de beste plek krijgen tussen Jim Morrison en Jimi Hendrix in.
Het idee van de 'memorial soul garden' sneuvelde snel. De planten zouden zo verspreid over de vier verdiepingen komen te staan dat het idee van een hele tuin verloren zou gaan. En daarbij, het risico dat de planten konden doodgaan en daarmee ook de helden die ze vertegenwoordigden vond ik te triest. Ik zag al een verschrompelde Billy Holliday voor me, of een geknakte Miles Davis. Een beter idee was de portretten te schilderen op de glazen ruiten in de gang naar de inloop en de gebruikersruimte. Daar zou iedereen elke dag langslopen en zo zou het ook echt als een Hall of Fame werken. George en student Robin schilderden de portretten een dag voor de opening met porcelein verf op de ruiten. Bezoeker Martin wilde graag Bob Marley en Herman Brood doen. Bob was z'n held en Herman had hij nog persoonlijk gekend.
Het was een race tegen de tijd, de verf was nog nat toen de opening begon. 'Wall of Fame', dat werd het niet. De boodschap kwam goed over want de titel werd al snel door de gebruikers veranderd in 'Death Row'. Niemand trouwens die daar problemen mee had. Ze waren weliswaar allemaal dood door de dope, maar toch helden: niet onopgemerkt voorbijgegaan en nooit vergeten.

Saskia

A.

De eerste keer dat wij elkaar zagen
ging het over de vrouwennachttopvang
en over de opening van het nieuwe
gebouw.
Ik weet niet meer wat ik zei, maar kan
me nog goed herinneren, dat jij vond
dat het onzin is, dat vrouwen kwetsbaarder
zijn dan mannen.

Ik vond jou best indrukwekkend, met je
pet en je mening.
Haar in een staart en je tatoeages. Mij
vielen ze op, ik vind ze heel mooi.
Ik had zoiets nog nooit gezien.
Een soort gebed.
Ik heb ook wat tatoeages, makkelijk om
het daarover te hebben.

Ik ben naar boven gegaan, want ik
moest beginnen.
Jij kwam er later bij.
Er moest een tas komen. Een excuus
om contact te maken.
De meeste mensen schrikken van
directe aanspraak.
Je moet voorzichtig met ze zijn.

Jij ging tekenen en op een andere avond
knippen. Een trucje.

Ik totaal verbaasd.

Eigenlijk hebben wij elkaar maar drie
of vier keer gezien.
Ik vond het te weinig.
Het vreemde is, dat jij een enorme
indruk hebt achtergelaten.
Jij ging iets vertellen over wat je die
dag had meegemaakt.
Het ging die avond niet goed met je, zei
je.
Je vertelde mij ook nog een klein beetje
over jouw familie. En dat er ergens een
schilderij is.
Ik ben benieuwd.
Wat is er op te zien?
Maar dat soort dingen vraag je niet, je
moet wachten totdat iemand ze aan jou
gaat vertellen.
Ik wilde je helpen en advies geven,
maar plotseling besefte ik dat jij wilde
praten.
Ik heb toen geprobeerd zo goed
mogelijk te luisteren.
Dat moet ik vaker doen.
Ik heb trouwens een vader die opnieuw
getrouwd is en een klein broertje van
twee.
Wat mij opviel is dat je haast had.
Nooit even
blijven hangen. Altijd weer op stel en
sprong ergens
anders naar toe. Niet te lang op één
plek blijven.
Ik vraag me af waarom.
Ik heb er een beetje spijt van, dat ik je
nooit gevraagd of uitgenodigd heb om
even te blijven.
Misschien had jij die uitnodiging helemaal niet gehoord of niet willen horen.
En ik vond je wel schuw.

Dan denk ik: heeft dat iets met dakloos zijn te maken?
Schuw zijn?
En verschuil je je dan de hele dag?
Lees je? En wat voor boeken?
Heb je lievelingsplekken?
Hou je van wandelen? Of vind je er
helemaal niks aan?
Is Amsterdam je dierbaar?
Of mis je je geboorteplaats?
Vind je vogels leuk, of een luipaard?
Had ik dan meer moeten vragen, door
moeten dringen?
Ik ben soms ook best schuw, weet je.
Herten zijn dat ook. Die hebben een
prachtige bruine vacht.

Één keer heb ik je op straat gezien.
Daar liep je. Heel erg trots. Glimlachend. Met een blik op je gezicht, die
iets zei.
Ik heb je toen niet aangesproken.
Ik op de fiets.
Denken.
-"Hallo?"
"Alles goed" roepen?
Blijven staan?
Koffie?
Totaal vergeten, dat dit het echte leven
is.

Voorbij. Te veel gedacht.

Nu dat het project bijna voorbij is en ik
weet dat Amsterdam groot genoeg is,
om elkaar heel lang niet te zien, baal ik
ervan, dat ik nooit intensiever geprobeerd heb met jou contact te maken.

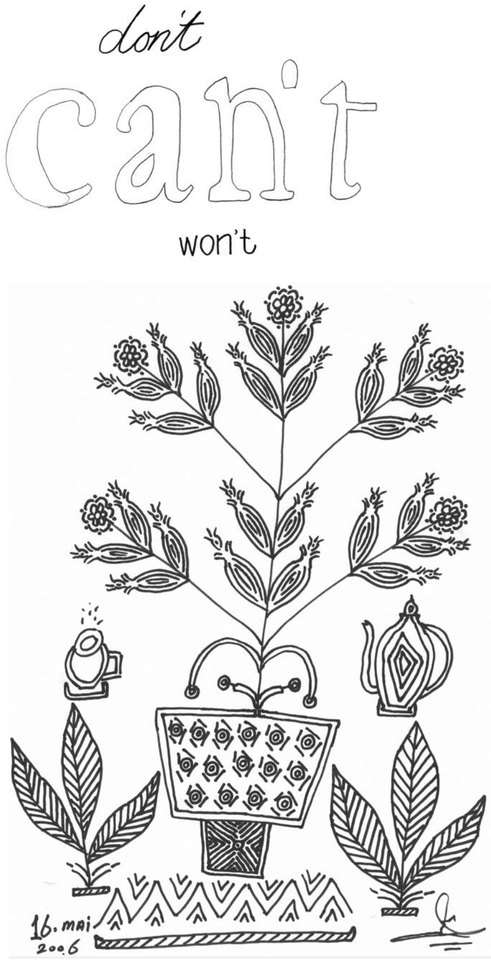
Wat mij zo enorm verbaasde was niet
wat je zei,
of wat je deed,
maar een grote zachtheid en kwetsbaarheid.
Net als bij kleuren, die moet je zien,
niet omschrijven.
Soms ging je een beetje stoer doen.

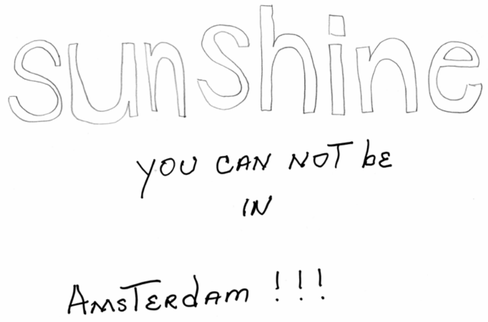
Je hebt mij iets meegegeven.
Ik weet nog niet zo goed wat dat is.
En omdat ik jou heel graag iets daarvoor terug wil geven,
schrijf ik nu een tekst over jou.
Ik weet helemaal niets van jou.
Niet je leeftijd.
Niet je achternaam.
Had je nog nooit eerder op straat
gezien.

Ik had al bedacht, wat ik van jou zou
kunnen leren.
Kan ieder mens iets van een ander
mens leren?

Kan ik jouw angst soms heel duidelijk
zien?
Misschien.
Als ik één ding fijn vind zijn het
mensen, die menselijk zijn.

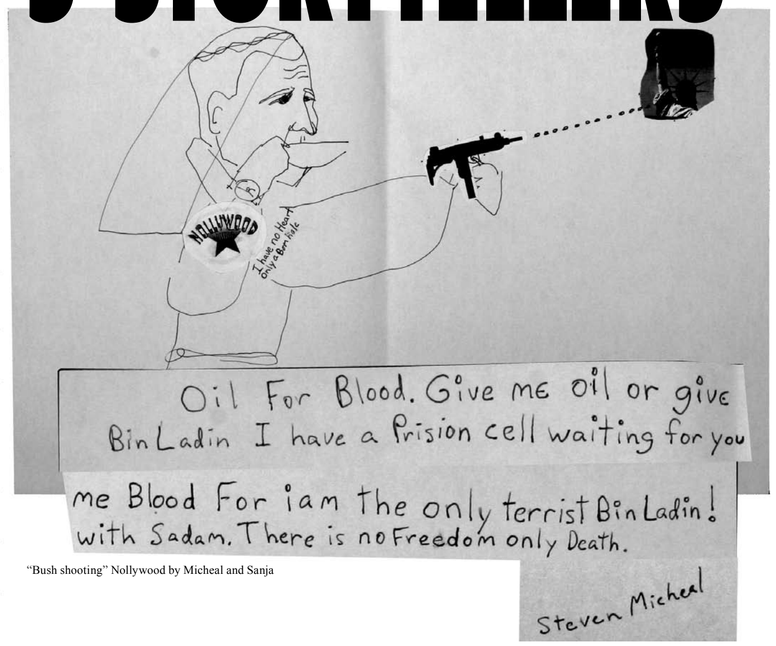
Christian





MAKOM'S STORYTELLERS

Nollywood



"Bush shooting" Nollywood by Micheal and Sanja

Nollywood culture come up with real big film! The first film will be the opposite of apocalypse

1st PART
We beat up the human being meat selling kindness of the world and out of the world. A little bit like in "Lords of the Ring" but then totally different. Even at the end of the film it is shown to the people any time.
First film is how we shoot out all kind of atomic clock bombs and we can put the pressure on human being meat selling persons and Bush is eaten in the film.

2nd PART
The eater of Bush becomes then president Bush. At the end -this ends battle as the second part -really destroying and I thought, let's use clones of human being meat sellers.

3rd PART
Has to become an opera but I thought it's in half of ten years. But I know it's going to happen.

Adri

Freedom

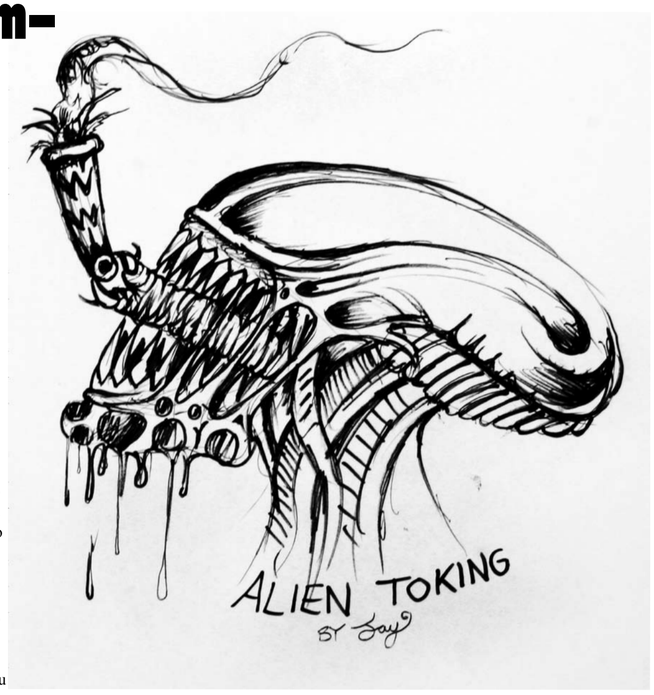
I was in America and I ask: "Where is the Falton street 65?" Nobody knew! Nobody wanted to give me an answer. Nobody helps you. But here if you ask somebody.. you need really help..sometimes they give you help. Why? Why? Mmm..I think..I don't know. It's very difficult to say. Because aa... this country has a big history, you know? And aah.. before the second war it was only like.. Dutch people. After the second war..like..much..imigrate.. people, you know? From Suriname or whatever. So they mix it you know? They have open coffee shops and open this, open that.. everything.. get to be free. And what you've got now? Now you have more tight rules. Before it was allowed to drink on the street. Now it's not allowed any more. Later the coffee shops.. they close. I know. Because it's free. If it's not free anymore about what you think, about what you do, about what you want.. than you.. If you are not free.. people don't aah... talk free or... you know? This structure from the inside.

Erik

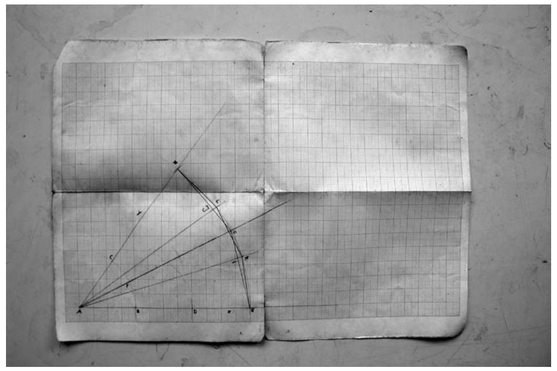
It's nice to be important but it is more important to be nice

For me the most important is.. for everyone I wanna tell this, everyone that will hear this -Just keep your head up-. My life was very difficult, you know? Because I was.. with 13… my parents they kick me on the street, you know? I was living on the street.. I was two years in the jail. For me it was a hard life. So I see many things. I know I'm still young but I need time to get a better situation. But for everybody also.. I wanna tell this -Just keep your head up and have patience-. If you wanna do things too fast.. then you fall down. You.. you understand? Then you.. If you want too fast.. it's not working. Just take your time. Aaah.. my father.. he was drug addict and my mother.. she was alcoholic. That's why they kick me out. It's nice to be important, you know? You understand what I mean? It's nice to import.. It's nice you are important, you know? But is more important that you are nice. You know? You understand me?

Erik



"*ALIEN TOKING*" by Jay



"Mathematical Angle" by Thomas

I call it "a creation"

A creation in mathematics. It's a corner... it's divided in three equal pieces. The problem is, what to find on the mathematical olympiad and ah, mm... it's declared as an unsolvable problem and does oda watt, not come as a problem into the mathematic olympiad and so it goes a little bit around a thing. For these people here I have shown, yeah? It's clear oda watt, it's goals... main goals, yeah? Absolute exact... for äh... äh... you understand? 360 degrees yeah? What you like... äh... and it makes it possible oda watt, to do it oda watt, for the numbers from one... to all, up to all, you know? They never end... to all. And ähhh, tja, this is clear and the problem, ähh... I think... when you understand that, that this is not in common sense with the mathematic olympiads!
Yeah, the problem is not asked on the mathematic olympiad - you can't reach it! In the institution ähh... mathematics and you... you heb, ähhh... to, to do a little bit private and must give it to another institution that proves it again... against! This institution mathematic that has conscious, but when it's exact and... äh... exact shown and proved... and proved! Then it must oda watt... ähh... heb... ja eigentlich oda watt, gat dat oda watt, social... äh...social science. Social science and... je mut oda watt von the social science oda watt gegeben werden and... mh... to, to, to... to the mathematics, that is shown this time at all, that not again the thought is done. Äh... that it is un... unsolvable, solvable, unsolvable! That must happen through another institution, I think. That's the only problem.

SOLVING THE PROBLEM
Yeah, yeah,...that is shown,...ne, ne, ne, Ralf heftt ook gesagt dat het stimmt. Sein mut oda watt door en specielle consequencie oda watt in ähh,...det opheldered door Sprach. Ne... you can, you can demonstrate... in the speech, ähh,.... by the,...picture! picture, picture, geometrical picture, you can oda watt,... exactly oda watt declare, you can make it understandable why it must happen... a little bit later. You know? It's a special thing. It does not happen oda watt, directly but you can oda watt show that... appear a little bit later, you know? A little bit later. And that...and that... And that is the point... and that is the point. You can oda watt... that it must behave so, by showing oda watt... by speech... by logical speech. But it has to be a little bit later. Äh... I can show you, I can show, I can show you oda watt, oda watt. This is it. It goes around here, äh... over this, and this first yeah?...And one... this, this, ja?...Zack, zack and... and hmm... denn oda watt ga je hier... yeah? Je mout je gan je hier, from dat to diese, from da naar da. AB gleik BD gleik BE! Dan heb je drie keers so groot. And... ähh... het problem dabei is, dat the proov oda watt davor dat het in twee deelen... dat is oda watt... nn... nn... the.... and äh... the hele oda watt, this oda watt... the most eminent, eminent from these, yeah? And je heb... you can do a little, when you see oda watt.... here, from C to B, yeah? And then you heb, heb a right hook there... yeah? Up to there, right, yeah? Yeah? You know... a right one! Nee... a right one! Yeah? Nine, nine, 90 degrees yeah? Here! Yeah! This and this and then from C to F and on the other side from F to B! And oda watt, this piece, yeah? This... this is one. And then you oda watt, do it here, yeah... it's... three times farer and bigger and so this line is the same line then this line but it's... äh... three times bigger and you cut it there! So it is already done!! You understand? But not prooved. Yeah? You know it will happen through the geometrical logic a little bit later and it appears on wo? Here! On both sides! Here you can it, can you, can not do it... here not. You can do it here. L... tussen L and K. Not tussen J and I. Tussen L and K, yeah. Here not. That doesn't do, you know? And then it's done.

Thomas

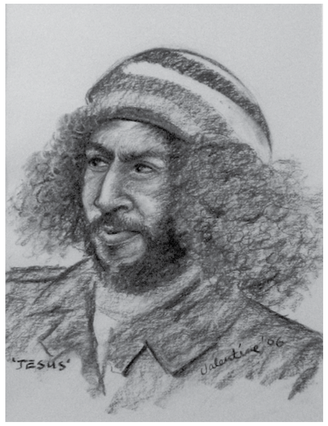
Girls with big boobs have more fun

I was in the metro and then there was a terrorist attack. I woke up in the hospital and I realized something happened to me. The nurse came in. I said: "Nurse, nurse what's going on?! Why am I in hospital?" The nurse said: "Sorry to say; there was a terrorist attack on the metro and now both of your breast exploded. We have to amputate them both". "Oh my god!". I felt really upset and I was completely shocked. "Oh! Give me a tranquilizer nurse". Then she told me: "Just lie down and be quiet - doctor will come to speak with you - doctor Prick is coming right away to talk to you". Now the doctor came and said to me: "It's terrible but both of your breasts are exploded and we have removed them. But we have very good news for you because the Pamela Anderson Fonds has called us. Pamela Anderson is very sorry what happened to you. She has new breast for you and she is coming to the hospital - breasts are also coming and then you are going to get a nice picture - Pam and you - for the very shit paper in this country, the Telegraaf. Then we will give you the new breasts and she will pay the operation. And then inspector will come to ask you questions". The inspector has a moustache and is called inspector Bromsnorr. Ok, I have Pam on the picture and I get new breasts and I walked out of the hospital in a week with my new breasts. I didn't feel very comfortable with it but the doctor assured me, they will not explode again because they put something in. So when the next attack comes, I'm completely safe. They gave me my old breasts also and they packed them for me so I have something to remember. All the guys are watching on the street. Oh, they have never seen that before. Everybody pays attention to my breasts so I feel a little bit uncomfortable. Then I came home, put my old breasts on the table and then I decided to burry them in the garden next to my hamster who recently died. I went back to the house to check my mail and there was a postcard from Pamela Anderson with the text: "Yeah, I hope you like your breasts - girls with big boobs have more fun -love Pam".

Jacky

WAITING FOR SOULMATE(For all the storytellers)
"When spring gives voice to their lifes they will become swans and butterflies."
NACER

All stories were recorded in Makom by Sanja Kuzmanovic and Julian Hagen. Spring, 2006.



Portretten van bezoekers van het inloophuis Oud-West. Gemaakt door Valentine Efiong

Valentine is kunstenaar en vrijwilliger in het inloophuis Oude-West. Twee maanden geleden is hij begonnen met het maken van portretten van bezoekers van het inloophuis. Portretten van: Lois, Richard, Diny, Jesus, Gary, Richard, Josef, Gerry.

Valentine

THOSE WHO FEEL IT KNOW IT

Blaka Watra Soul Painting

As soon as we -students Xavier, Ludvig (the Swedish ambassador) and Tobias heard that it might be possible to do a wall painting in drop-in centre and user room Blaka Watra together with the visitors, we knew what to do. The building is up for renovation next Fall, so all the walls were available for artistic experiments. One of the regular visitors, Ebby, had already started a huge painting on one of the walls and did such a great job that the first talent was obviously found. His some what trippy, organic, emotional and gracious paint-flows were definitely something to work with. To scout other talent we had several drawing evenings with the visitors. While the ink was flowing and the pencils left their traces on the paper, we and the blaka boys got to know each other. Many stories were told from both sides and laughs filled the room. Visitor Roy (Totti) showed interest from the beginning and when he showed us the collection he had put together of drawings made and left by visitors of Blaka Watra, the project was off to a good start. He helped us trace down some of the artists and introduced us to them. This is how we met Wilfred, Ramon and the tropical sceneries they like to draw. It was the work of Herbie that struck us especially. Totti told us that Herbie looked at his aluminum foil after smoking, then pictures would appear to him and he would draw them. In the intensely detailed drawings the shape of the stain on the foil was still very recognizable, but had transformed into beautiful images of lions or ballet dancers.

The idea came up to use all this wonderful material to make a design for a wall painting in the newly renovated building of De Regenboog called 'Princehof'. Amongst others Ramon helped us to make a collage of everybody's work in an evening full of cutting and pasting. Designs were made, hopes were up, but circumstances didn't allow us to work at De Princehof. After a little moment of disappointment we all decided not to let anything stop us. The same day we were supposed to start working at De Princehof, Totti, Ebby, Wilfred and Herbie went back to Blaka and pulled aside some tables and we all just started painting. With the bumping sounds of reggae, soul classics, and hip hop blasting out the speakers we had a great time. We used an overhead projector to project the visitors drawings on the wall and Ebby put life into it with his great use of color. For the coming weeks we would work and see the wall piece evolve. Student Fanny and visitor and former student of the Rietveld Academy Carolien joined us for a few painting sessions and put in the female touch. Student Jaan was there the whole time to document the process.
The dancing and painting continues as the piece keeps expanding and will result in a monument of great fun and the meeting of two different worlds... To speak with Ebby's words: "Those who feel it, know it!".

Tobias

Herbie

Ramon, Ludvig, Xavier

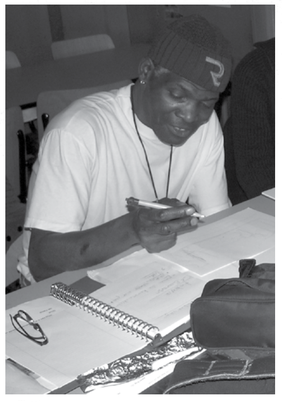
Ebby

DIE BLAKA TORI FU STRATI

Pappies en mammies, ik front niet. Check deze tori:
Die andere nacht, ik probeer wat dope te fixe. Op zoek naar die spange vibe, je weet. Kon die vaste snachtsverpatser niet lokaliseren, dus ik naar een of andre soso . Die tatta loopt altijd met feeke kledij te slange, maar je weet, ik kom net uit de Ax Coast helemaal met die moltrein, is mijn barrio, toch?! Ik zeg "Yo sup,brada? heb je wit?", "a regel!" zegt ie, "paas die doekoe" "wacht, swa... Check die blauwe sletje ons loeren dan!" "Fok die smurf, yo! Kep skijt!" Ik dacht nog wat een takkies heb die bounty, maar je weet, ik dacht aan die flash, dus ik paas 'em die pleurootjes. "Taz! die skotoe heeft ons gegluurd!" zeg ik en zie zo die wizgger tjooke en hij split 'em op ze boekoe! Fok, ik wist die gast gaat skintie doen! Ik snel me matties getext dat ze dude van ze bike moeten poppe als ze em zien. Je begrijpt, ik ben weer skeer en rundvlees is aan, muthafukka! Damn, die shit lijkt op een grap! Nou moet ik WEER lopen stunte!
Neem een hit van m'n laatste jonko en klik klak ik ga weer op stap.. Kleine tori gezet bij de flappetap, net genoeg poen om wat sopi te scoren en m'n lulijzer trilt. M'n negers hebben die bustah gepakt dus ik boek em naar die spot, die scrale toekan krijgt code! Die kill begint meteen te janken as ie me ziet, toch? "Eyo, mi brada, no spang, je zou die shit vamme krijgen, je weet toch?" "Eyh bo mama, swa! Beter tab je je lip want ik pomp 'em op!" zeg ik. Zeker hebben we die neppe nachtapotheker ze shit gebost en al ze stash geript als een stel tantoe speerwerpers. En je weet, m'n kroe krijgt afoe. Kaolo battieboi, met ze feeke patta's! Sjiiit! pan pang loopt voorlopig niet op straat te manifeste! Fissa was aan tot bam, haha! Voel je me? Malle gevalle tot zon op, je weet toch?!
Deze is voor al m'n straatsoldaten in de struggle, beter herken je "Pre pre veti e kirie stong doivie!"
Dus dat!

Tobias

Frame by Wilfred



Totti

Totti's design for a hairdo

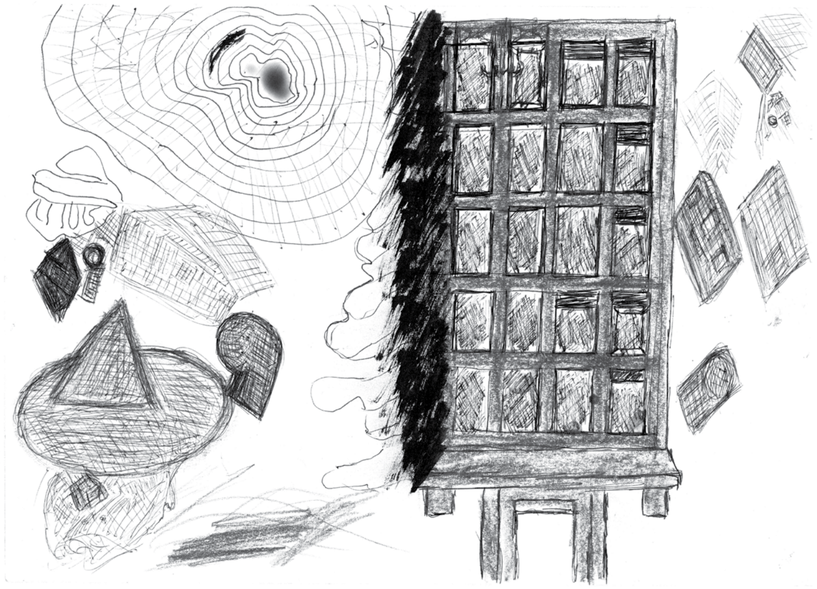
Translation Contest!!

Time to show off your streetcredibility!!
Translate this text as good as you can!

Prize for the best Dutch translation:
3 packets of Drum tobacco + rolling papers.

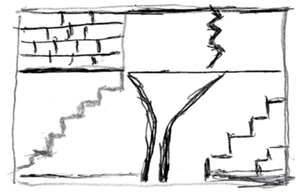
Prize for the best English translation:
3 packets of Marlborough + a lighter.

Mail it before 1 october to mvhasselt@deregenboog.org
Mentioning: Rainbow Soulclub Slang Contest!



Wilfred

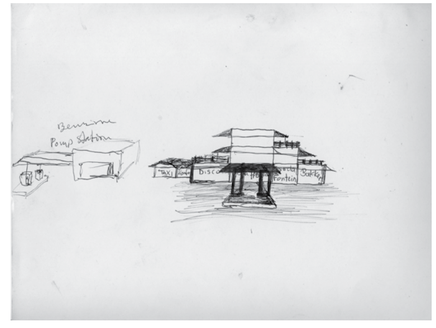
Herbie



Wilfred

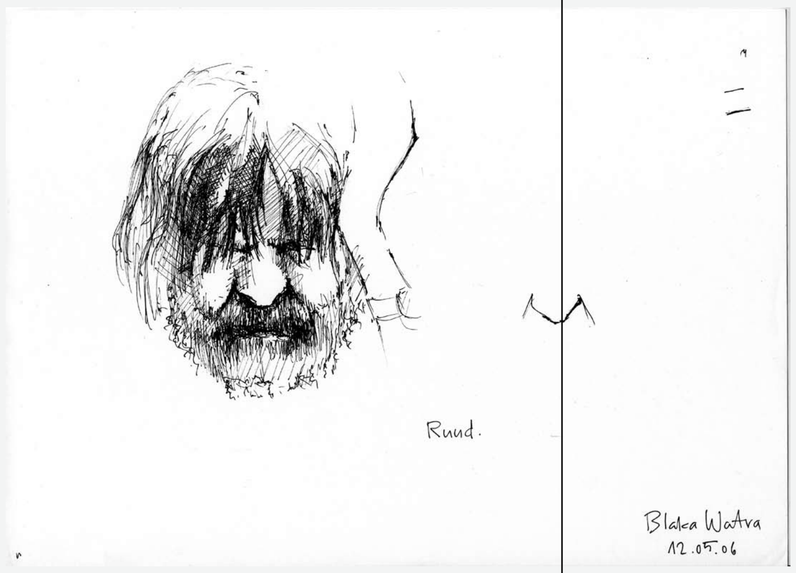
Ramon

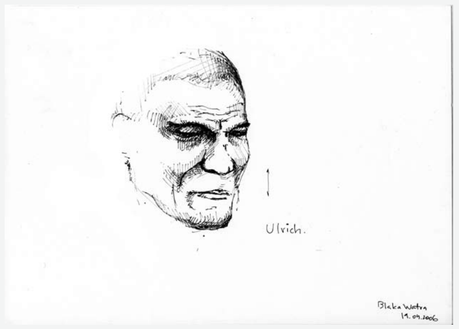
Wilfred

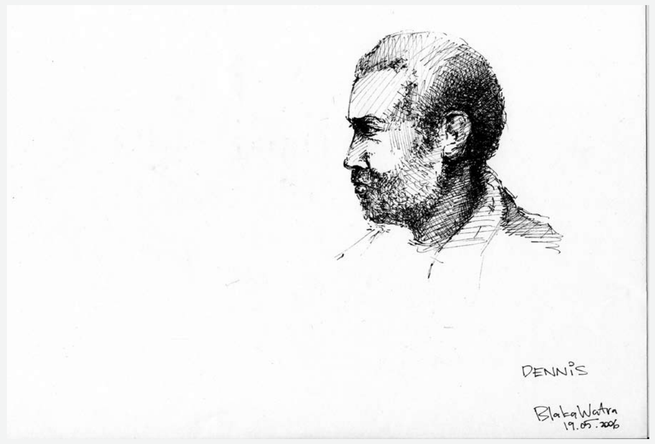


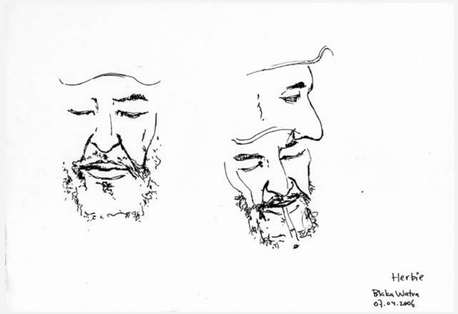
Wilfred

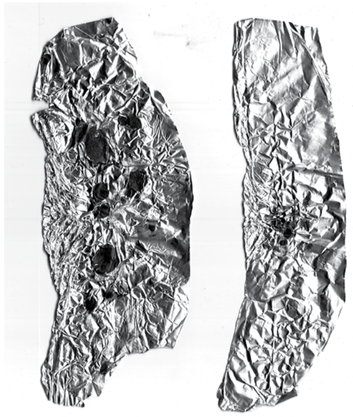
Drawings of visitors in Blaka Watra made by Jaan, March-May, 2006



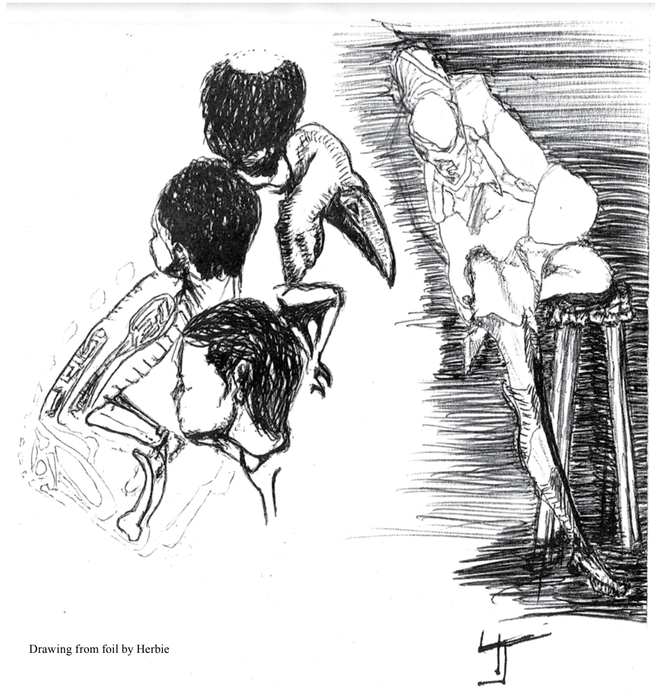








Drawings from foil by Herbie



Drawing from foil by Herbie

Herbie by Jaan

Jaan by Herbie

SOUL WAVES FROM EBBY

You are a child of the universe

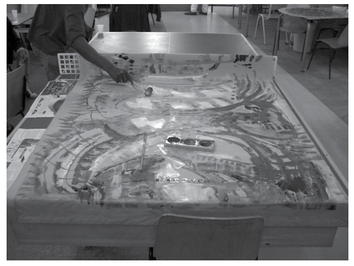
Ebby working on the soul painting

Ebby was the first person in Blaka Watra I talked to. He seemed to be an open person in the very beginning and right away he was into joining the project. The first thing that caught my attention in the main room was a big wall painting covering the whole wall. There were also a number of smaller paintings around in the space, some finished, some still in progress. Mainly made by Ebby.
On our second encounter Ebby suggested me to join him painting. To be honest, while holding a brush in my hand, I wasn't too sure about my skills anymore - I used to be more into painting, but some years ago. We started with regular copy paper, A4 size, but pretty soon Ebby moved over to the wall. In this evening he covered the whole corner with painting. I very much like to observe Ebby working. He's is completely in his own world, so concentrated that nothing going on around him would catch his attention. Quite often he even forgets about the cigarette between his lips. Usually he's busy with several paintings at the same time - adding some paint to one image he's moving on to another one, ending up in front of a third painting. It's interesting to listen to his explanations, his ways of thinking are full of fantasy and creativity. But before he says anything about his work, he always wants to hear the viewer's version of the story in his painting. As if testing you he's listening very carefully, reading every word from your lips, until there's nothing but a big smile on his face. The material he's painting on doesn't make a big difference for Ebby - it might be canvas, wall, a roller blind found from garbage, random piece of furniture or what ever. What matters for him is the opportunity to express himself through what he does. To let his soul flow.

Jaan

Jaan and Ebby

The first wall painting



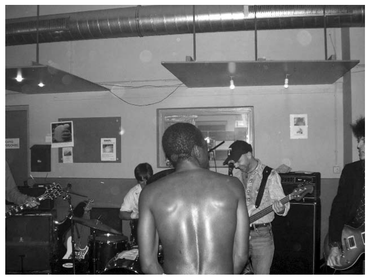
Using the ping pong table as an easel

KEEP ON DANCING IN THE JUNGLE

14 March 06
Rocking in Blaka Watra with the 'shrink of the Amsterdam streets' Jules Tielens and his Electric Space Cowboys. It took an effort to get all the users out of the user room basement but it was worth it. Dancing with Ebby, Marcel, Rick, Ricky, Merlijn, Jackson, Jules, Koen, Hans, Totti.

Electric Space Cowboys & special guest on guitar David Hollestelle.

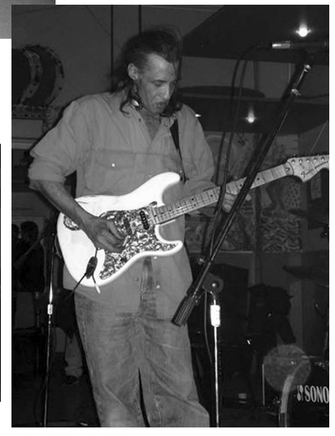
Making a move with Jackson


Steaming wild cat Jackson

Ian

Ricky down in the jungle, photograph by Ebby

We don't need a smoke machine


Exotic blues by Ricky

'Hate it or love it
the underdog is on top and I'll be around
-Krista- 2 of a kind-so you could get to know me'

'I love Glenn Romeo Zeegelaar
-Let nobody fight my baby because you gonna fight me'

'Good Girls go to Heaven, Bad Girls goes Everywhere!'
Dora

FLY ON THE WALL

Op 30 maart 2006 verhuisde Het Tabe Rienkshuis naar het nieuwe gebouw de Princehof. Het Tabe Rienkshuis zat al tientallen jaren op Oudezijds Achterburgwal 91 maar was de laatste jaren te krap geworden en het pand had ernstig achterstallig onderhoud.
De ingang was aan de zijkant in de Barndesteeg en had een 'interessante' route naar de huiskamer. Eerst via een krap donker halletje in de kelder langs de spuitomruil dan langs de gezamenlijke kledingkast, langs het toilet en de wasmachine en dan noodgedwongen zijwaarts de trap op.
De huiskamer was een kleine gezellige Amsterdamse pijpenla. Zitjes verspreid door de ruimte, een keukentje, tv, spelletjes en de kleuren van de muren in kalmerend mintgroen en zalmroze.
De kachel lekker opgestookt en warme soep op het fornuis.
Overdag functioneerde het als inloophuis voor iedereen en's nachts als opvang uitsluitend voor verslaafde vrouwen. De spuitomruil was dag en nacht voor iedereen open.

Begin april, na de verhuizing ben ik nog eenmaal in het lege gebouw.

De geest hangt er nog.
Nu het zo leeg is valt pas op hoe de muren bedekt zijn met tekeningen en teksten van de bezoekers. Waarschijnlijk was het personeel zo streng niet meer de laatste maanden en konden de bezoekers ongestoord hun gang gaan op de pastelkleurige muren.
Van een afstand lijkt het geheel nog meest op een ruig getatoeeerde dame. Vissen, rozen, ornamenten, namen, hartjes, yin-yang tekens en clichés: 15 jaar leed en plezier.

Van dichtbij gezien is het een staalkaart van menselijke emoties.
Verliefdheid en kwaadheid, agressie en spiritualiteit wisselen elkaar af.
Filosofen van de straat, zachtmoedige raadgevers en wraakzuchtigen kronkelen door elkaar. Ergernis, frustraties, liefdesverdriet, dreigementen, mantra's. Aan de namen te zien is het voornamelijk door de vrouwen geschreven. Misschien zijn de nachten lang en komen de overpeinzingen voort uit de cokepijpjes, misschien uit elkaar, of uit gedeelde ervaringen en solidariteit.

Als een moderne archeoloog fotografeer ik alle muren, alle teksten, alle kleinste krabbeltjes op de tafels en stoelen. Ik wil het vastleggen en bewaren als een achtergebleven portret van een onzichtbare groep bezoeksters. De nachtvlinders, zoals ze zichzelf noemen. Alleen 's nachts zichtbaar.
Het meubilair is door de jaren veranderd van blank hout in luipaardvel motief. Duizenden sigaretten, joints en cokepijpjes lieten er hun sporen achter, uit de hand van de slapende bezoeker gegleden of gewoon even zo op de tafel gelegd. Vier stoelen met het luipaard patroon zijn door iemand bij het vuilnis gezet. In twee van de rugleuningen is de naam Frits gebrand.
Tenminste, op een staat Frits en op de andere Frit. De s is er nooit meer van gekomen.
Ik kan het niet over mijn hart verkrijgen de stoelen te laten staan dus ik neem ze mee naar mijn atelier, waar ik Frits en Frit aan de keukentafel zet. Ze ruiken opvallend naar een mengeling van rook en parfum. Bitter en zoet. Als de herinneringen aan het Tabe Rienkshuis zelf.

Saskia

'The truth never changes. It's only lies that hide behind different masks'

'I'll run the streets forever'

'Your heart is like
a burning fire deep down
in my soul, sexy and cool'

'If you take a good look in my eyes you know i'll be a gangsta till I'll die, the callafornia dream has got me so high - east side high- west side, the ame''When I'll die I''ll go to heaven because I've spent my time in hell''
13-03-06, *Krista*'

'Motje,
I miss you so much'
Dortje

Blank hout is veranderd in luipaard motief

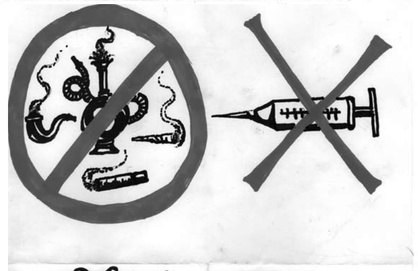
GE KUNT NIET ALLES HEBBEN, MAAR ALLES IS TE KLEIEN

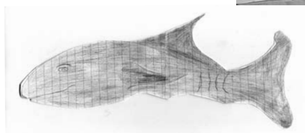
Makom, begin januari 2006. Daar zit ik dan in de eerste bezoekersruimte, achterin naast de piano aan mijn geïmproviseerde kleitafel.
Veel ogen op me gericht. Vragend, nieuwsgierig. Voor me een met kranten opgevulde berg van klei. Het idee dat ik met de bezoekers wilde uitvoeren was simpel. Je kunt niet alles hebben, maar alles is mogelijk in klei. Klei alles wat je wilt en we maken er bergen van verlangens van, of wensbergen zoals ze al snel genoemd werden. Ik begon met kleien en gelukkig bleef het niet bij nieuwsgierige blikken. De bezoekers en de vrijwilligers zorgden ervoor dat mijn tafel nooit leeg was. Meestal kwamen ze om te kleien, maar altijd om te kletsen. Levensverhalen, dromen, verlangens, fantasieën, alles was onderwerp van gesprek. Soms kleiden we samen een wens, maar meestal probeerde ieder op eigen wijze zijn wens aan de berg van verlangen toe te voegen.
Vele momenten en ontmoetingen aan de kleitafel zijn me bijgebleven. Met plezier denk ik terug aan Florien in Makom, die Aad de Geus al kleiend op zijn sodemieter gaf; aan Richard's enthousiasme (in Oud -West) die een halve berg bevolkte; Eddy (ook in Oud-West) die de berg als zijn woning wilde; Peet (De Kloof) die zijn eigen coffeeshop realiseerde; Ben en Chilli in Blaka Watra, die een biljet van 1 miljoen Euro maakten, (waarvan ik 10% krijg als de wens uitkomt!). Zo heeft elk voorwerp op de berg zijn eigen verhaal. En wat bovenal zo mooi is, dat je ook de verschillende sferen in de huizen terugziet in de bergen, van de lieve mensen bij Makom tot de ruige mannen van Oud-West en de exotische sferen van Blaka Watra. Maar waar ik nog het meest blij mee was is het enthousiasme waarmee gewerkt is. Ik ben blij met het resultaat en hoop iedereen snel weer te zien als de bergen geëxposeerd worden.

Annet

Oud-West

De Kloof





MAKE SIGNS!

Making signs!
Let´s make signs!

At Makom little of anything was indicated by pictograms or signs. And of the signs that did exist, most consisted of scribbling on small pieces of paper. We thought it would be great if the visitors of Makom could make their own signs.
In the beginning of the project we just went to Makom a few times to get to know the place and the people.
With help from Kathleen and Nathalie we announced our idea to see what the response was.
To prepare the workshop we brought a lot of books and made a fanzine with inspiration material. Everyone was invited to participate and we were curious to see who would turn up. Slowly people started to gather around the table, -in the beginning probably just out of pure curiosity.
To begin with the subject was not so much about the signs, but more to get to know each other, with a small talk, about them and about us and how each person had found his or her way to Makom.
Manu and Nina started out with a long discussion about Bush and Vietnam, but after a while the focus shifted to a playful creation of alphabets, and Manu ended up being so focused on the project that he made three whole alphabets and several signs. He also learned Nina a drawing trick which can come in handy. Alexander showed us a self-invented cutting technique for creating a beautiful paradise-bird. Ria was there every workshop and made a series of personal drawings that we used for many of the signs.
In the end, the interest was so large that unfortunately we could not use all the designs. From the toilet to the kitchen, every nook and cranny was covered.
During the workshop Linn and Jacky were talking about making a calender. Being homeless it can be difficult to keep track on what day and date it is, so Jacky suggested to give each day one sheet. We started to write little sayings and rhymes, but after one hour where we decided on 5 or 6 we realized that 365 would maybe take a whole year to complete. Maybe it was better to make one for every Saturday, suggested Jacky. When she was homeless Saturday was often the most difficult day of the week.
Next time we were there we saw that Nacer was working on a large drawing series of the cycle of the Moon and he let us use it for the calender. It turned out to be a quite time consuming project xeroxing 365 different combinations of days, dates, months and moons. We are sure it will become a beautiful thing in the end, but right now it is a race against time since one of the months that we actually finished already has passed. On the day before the opening and with the help of volunteers, we brought the new signs to De Princehof, and we hope that the project brought a personal language to the information on the walls in de Princehof and Makom. Most importantly we feel that the collaboration with the visitors of Makom was very successful.

Aleks, Nina, Linn

How to make felt

Towel, bamboo mat, bubble plastic, olive soap, 1 spoon of soft soap in 1 liter of warm water, colored wool.

1
Place the wool pieces evenly across the plastic. Lay them all in one direction (vertically) overlapping each piece slightly
Repeat horizontally.

2
Repeat the layers of wool again. Make sure each layer alternates in direction vertically/horizontally
Use as many colors as you like or make a nice pattern.

3
The next step is to make all of the fibres totally wet with the soap-water. Rub it in your hands and put it on the wool.

4
Roll the wool into the plastic and roll back and forth.

5
Gradually unroll the plastic and turn the felt 1/4.
Turn and roll for another three times, with 5 minutes in between.

6
Roll the wool into the bamboo mat again and roll back and forth.
Test the felt by rubbing it with your fingers.
The fibres should not move and the felt should be quite thick.
If it is still soft, turn it again and keep rolling it.

FELT FEVER
with Fanny and Nathalie

Felt drying

Jesus showing his bag

Nathalie told me she bought a lot of wool a while ago. She wanted to make scarfs of felt with the visitors of Makom but didn't know how. I liked the idea of making felt, but I also didn't know how; so I went to Nicky's workshop in school and she taught me.
At Makom Nathalie and I prepared a big table, putting plastic over the table and making a lot of soap water.
Then the two of us started to felt to show people how this strange process works. Soon a lot of people joined and the whole table was covered by towels, water, pieces of soap and a lot of wool. Ria selected two nice colors, pink and turquoise, and started pulling the fibres. She put the wool fibers carefully on a piece of plastic, criss/cross over each other using the different colors of wool. Josef picked bright orange and green to work with. David made a cross and even the Moroccan flag was made by someone.
Next step was to make all of the fibers totally wet with soapy water. After that came the nice part, taking the soft olive soap and making the wool all soapy and soft. With a lot of rubbing, rolling, singing, and dancing, beautiful felt pieces were created.
Jaapio, the famous poet, did not join the workshop but he wrote a nice poem about us working together.
The next week, when the felt pieces were all dry, we made some beautiful bags of the felt. Ria brought a zipper and sewed it carefully on the felt. Because she made two different pieces of felt, the bag matches all different kinds of outfits you are wearing, depending on witch side of the bag you are showing! Josef sewed his bag together, attached a flower button to close it and a red string to put it on his shoulder.

Fanny

David

The process

Felt is a fabric made from wool. The fibres themselves make up the fabric. There is no yarn involved when making felt, unlike weaving, knitting etc. To make felt you need wool fleece, water and friction. The fibres on the wool have small scales on the outside surface. When the wool is watered down the scales open up. When the fibres are rubbed together, the opened scales close and get interlocked. The soap quickens the process and makes the wool nice and soft.

Did you know?

Did you know?
Felting is one of the oldest textile forms. It is thought to have originated in Asia. There are still some original pieces of felt that were found in central Asia. Some of them are 5000 years old. Felt was used for hats, wall coverings, boots, blankets, scarfs and many more things.

COLLECTION FROM MAKOM

**"The idea to make a catalogue for Makom was initiated by Gary.
A long time ago, in another life in another country, Gary worked for the international book publisher Phaidon. At Makom he showed us two folders filled up with hundreds of photos and he find it a pity that nobody ever sees this plenty of good art pieces made by the people of this shelter. We, graphic design students, liked the idea to make these works public in a book. Besides making a design for the book, we spent a lot of time at Makom to speak with artists in the Art Suite. Just to add a more personal touch to the images and give them a face.
Here's a few excerpts from the book.**

"I`m definitely a Mona Lisa type."

When I asked Gary for an interview he answered me, that he hasn't a lot to say.
"For me its very simple. I like to paint, and I wonder how well I can do it. 15th., 16th., 17th. Century high Renaissance. That's my world. Da Vinci and other Renaissance painters tried to do art as perfect as possible." He stands in front of his paintings. On one of the pictures you can see the King, on the other one the Kings wife. He goes a step back and moves forward again, to add a tiny little detail at the crown of the King. "I also like modern art. I like Picasso. It looks very abstract, but it is very structured underneath. I don't like Kandinsky, I don't like Pollock because I don't want to imagine something. When I want to imagine something I go to sleep." Meanwhile, he explains to an art student how he can add a raster on a canvas, and asks him what kind of background he wants to add.
"I draw a King family because this is one of the most drawn topics of high Renaissance. I like rich clothing, the ornaments and the jewelry. It demands a lot of painting skills." He points out the beard of the King. "For the beard I studied Holbein and Dürer, they do the hair the best. Beard and eyes I got from a Holbein painting, eyeballs from Rafaël."

"I always paint Paradise."

David looks at one of his paintings; "Everything is closed, only at the basis it is open. It's a door. If some people want to visit this garden, they go to this side, pass along all these trees. They will go up and will come back again. The fountains are the four Gospels and in the middle is Jesus Christ. Matthew and Mark on the right side, Lukas and Johannes on the left side.
The garden is the Paradise; It is an utopia, but with a strong relation to Holland. The flowers he saw in nature here in Holland are an important part in his paintings. He paints flowers in the gardens when it is Spring in his home country. "In September in Ethiopia are everywhere flowers."
Painting is for David like a dream. When he paints, he never thinks.
David has an other dream. He wishes to go back once to Ethiopia, where he studied theology and was a semi priest. With some of his paintings on a CD- ROM, he wants to show his paintings to the children and his people in Ethiopia. He wants to educate them with his experiences in Europe"
He gave us this letter:
For Ethiopian Students, my Ethiopian Brothers.
I made this painting to develop my country. I'm here in Holland, I visited many museums, I saw the paintings of Van Gogh. They are very beautiful. I started to draw and I learned a lot from this paintings. First it was difficult for me to paint but after long time, I became a good artist. Now I have three important paintings. The first is the flow of the Nile river, the second is the garden of Paradise, the third is the flower of September, for new year. It is very beautiful, please look at my pictures and teach the children and develop the country.

Thank you, David Tegegne from Ethiopia.

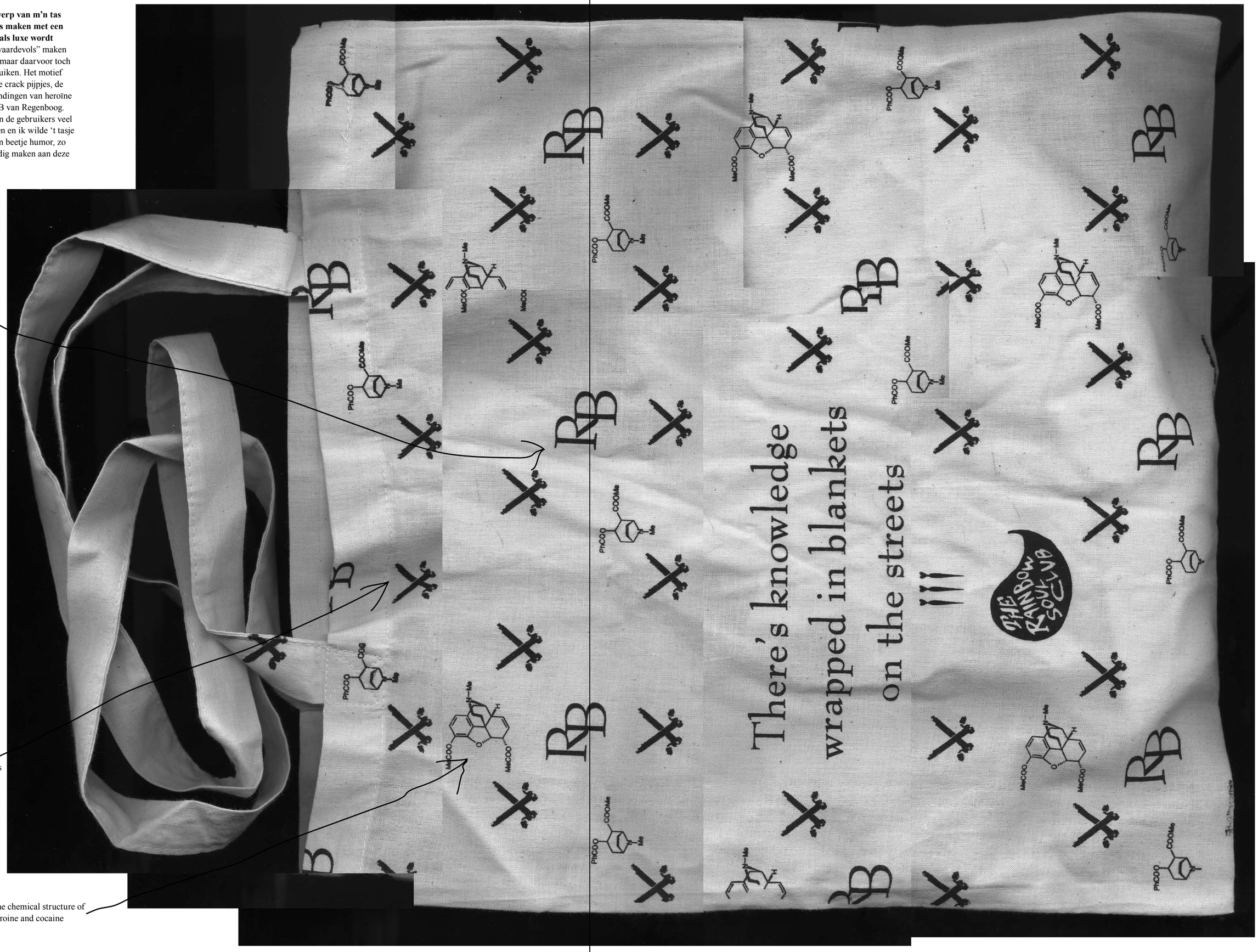
Wat ik met ‘t ontwerp van m’n tas wilde doen was iets maken met een knipoog naar wat als luxe wordt beschouwd. Iets “waardevols” maken voor de gebruikers maar daarvoor toch hun symbolen gebruiken. Het motief bestaat uit gekruiste crack pijpjes, de scheikundige verbindingen van heroïne en cocaïne en de RB van Regenboog. In mijn ogen hebben de gebruikers veel waardevols te bieden en ik wilde ‘t tasje van 18 cent, met een beetje humor, zo veel mogelijk waardig maken aan deze groep.

Tobias

The Rainbow Foundation

Crossed crack pipes

The chemical structure of heroine and cocaine



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