

# Gimme Shelter

This is issue nr. 5 of "Gimme Shelter", a publication made by students of the Gerrit Rietveld Academy and visitors of the Rainbow AMOC Foundation. It's the result of encounters between art school students and visitors of the shelters of this foundation. The encounters took place from September till December 2007 in the the user rooms and drop-in centres. Together they cooked, painted, sung, laughed, made masks, drawings, t-shirts, a pirate island, we've seen the sea, celebrated Ramadan, designed lamps and somebody even turned a Walkman into a tattooing- device. We were excited, worried, surprised, touched.

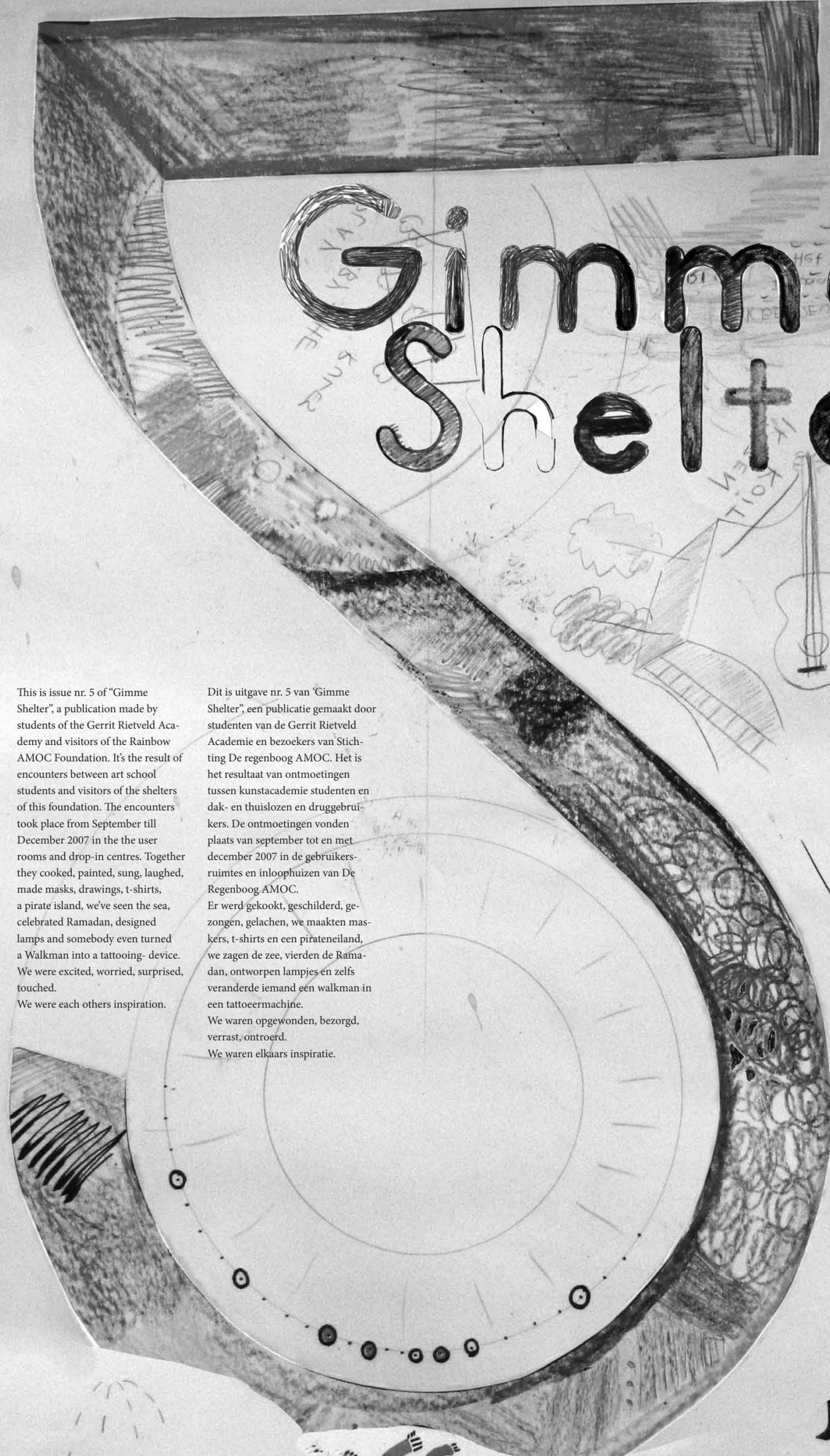
We were each others inspiration.

Dit is uitgave nr. 5 van "Gimme Shelter", een publicatie gemaakt door studenten van de Gerrit Rietveld Academie en bezoekers van Stichting De regenboog AMOC. Het is het resultaat van ontmoetingen tussen kunstacademie studenten en dak- en thuislozen en druggebruikers. De ontmoetingen vonden plaats van september tot en met december 2007 in de gebruikersruimtes en inloophuizen van De Regenboog AMOC.

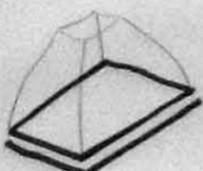
Er werd gekookt, geschilderd, gezongen, gelachen, we maakten maskers, t-shirts en een pirateneiland, we zagen de zee, vierden de Ramadan, ontworpen lampjes en zelfs veranderde iemand een walkman in een tattooermachine.

We waren opgewonden, bezorgd, verrast, ontroerd.

We waren elkaars inspiratie.



QUECHUA



LES  
SANS-  
PAPIERS



Gimme Shelter is een publicatie door bezoekers van Stichting De Regenboog AMOC, studenten grafisch ontwerpen van de Gerrit Rietveld Academie en studenten van de AKV St.Joost/'s-Hertogenbosch.

Gimme Shelter is a publication made by clients of the Rainbow AMOC Foundation and students of the graphic design department of the Gerrit Rietveld Academy and students of the AKV St. Joost 's-Hertogenbosch.



Published by :

The Rainbow Soulclub - ontmoetingen tussen kunstacademie studenten en bezoekers - is een initiatief van Saskia Janssen & George Korsmit en Stichting De Regenboog AMOC Inloophuizen.

Dank  
Thanks

Alle bezoekers, personeel en vrijwilligers van Blaka Watra, De Princehof, De Kloof, Makom, Oud-West, AMOC en inloophuis De Eik, Ad de Bruijn, Kathleen Denkers, Merlijn van Hasselt, Ralph, Nathalie Roos, Sebastiaan Cobelens, John Qvadvlieg, Margit Veldhuyzen, Femke, Lydia, Ronald, Linda van Deursen, W139, Gijs Frieling, Yu-Lan van Alphen, Tanneke Janssen, Drukkerij Robstolk\*

Speciale dank  
Special thanks  
Stichting DOEN!  
www.doen.nl



Stichting voor zorg en opvang van dak- en thuislozen en druggebruikers.

Foundation for the care of homeless and the drug-addicted.

www.deregenboog.org

www.rainbowsoulclub.nl



Gimme Shelter # 5 is dedicated to Jaapio (poet of the homeless, who died in October 2007) and to Franky Easy (musician who died December 8, 2007). May they rest in peace forever.



### Renaissance Revival

p. 22

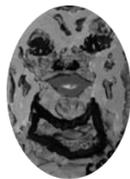


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Alban Schelbert Annet Nooijen Antonio (Tony) Aleksandar Zass Gary (a.k.a. Garrison) 50Cent Clifton Anne Huijnen Aleksandar Todorovic

Annemieke Aline Weyel Andreas Tscholl Christopher West Alexis (Sexy Lexy) David Tiamo

Fanny Kriek

Felix Peter Jaap

RoyTelgt ( a.k.a

Jamal (a.k.a.'50

Jay-Jay Coco

Koit Randmäe

Leo (a.k.a.Com

Margo Niit

Michal Jurys

Muhrad Paul

Ricky Easy & Fr

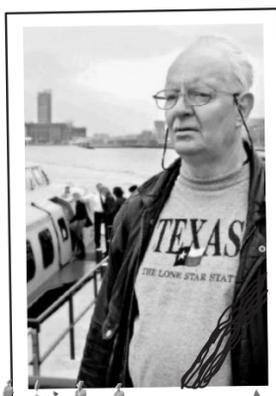
Merel Schenk

Nel 1 Jimmy

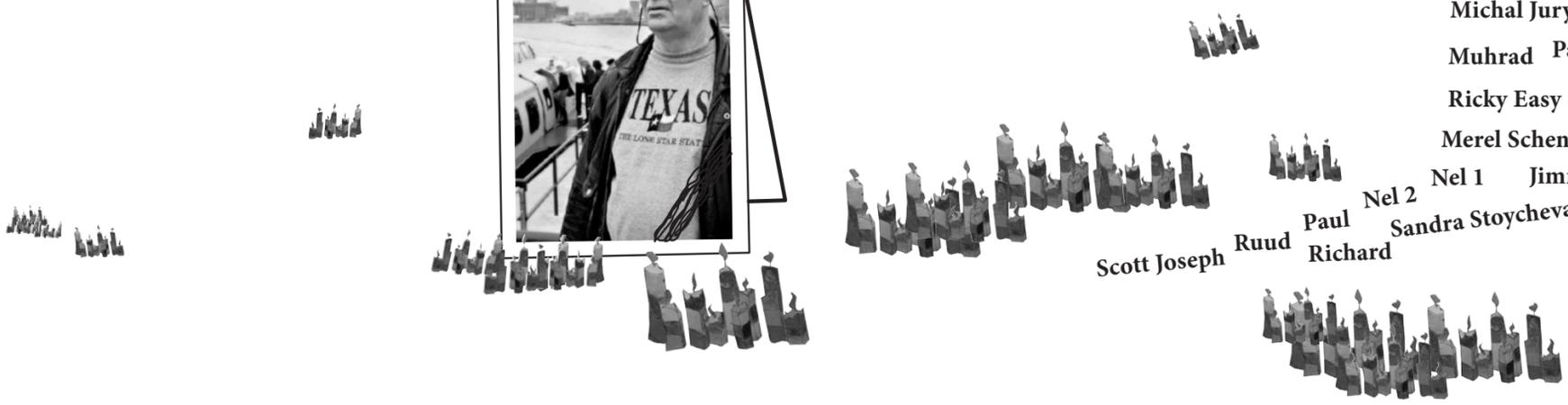
Nel 2 Sandra Stoycheva

Ruud Richard

Scott Joseph



R.I.P  
October  
2007



Fotografie  
*Photography*  
 Saskia p. 4, 5, 8, 10,  
 11, 12, 13, 18, 19  
 Lora, Merel, Sandra p. 10, 11,  
 12, 13  
 Felix, Andreas p. 6, 7  
 Elsa p. 18, 19  
 Michal, Aleksandar p. 22  
 Koit, Margo p. 20, 21



Makom-wo-31-jan-2007  
 Makom-kunstsuite-amsterdam  
 -Helena-

Een van de belangrijkste mensen op dit moment van de kunstsuite is naast Nathalie en Ralph toch wel Helena. Helena is in Zuid-Amerika geboren, vandaar haar temperament. Hoewel zij Nederlandse ouders heeft doet zij wat aristokratisch aan. Zij is nogal intelligent maar beslist niet uit de hoogte. Van oorsprong een styliste, dat is heel iets anders als typiste. Zij is bijzonder kunstzinnig en helpt anderen vooruit, innig. Buiten zeer keurig en netjes is zij gepassioneerd van mensen en kunst. Samen met haar te mogen werken is een bijzondere ervaring en gunst.

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 Saskia Janssen,  
 dec. 2007



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 Part II

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Anthony Stefania Frans & Nanda Darwit  
 Ebby Addo Gijs van Lith Henny  
 Ulrich & Hans VonkDennis Avigail Moss  
 Saskia Janssen & Herbert Thompson Ferry

Kate George Korsmit  
 Kees Elsa Manceaux  
 ( R.I.P. October 2007)  
 Totty) Jak Peters  
 cent') Jean-Paul  
 Marike Josje Peters

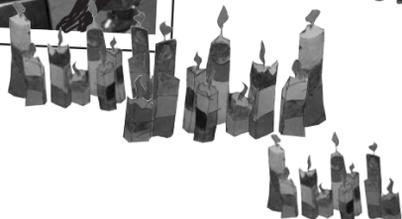
Lora Rounevaska  
 (mando) Klijdi  
 Matthias Marzodko  
 Sebastian Max  
 Mette Lund Mira

anky Nice ( R.I.P. 2007)  
 Pieter ( a.k.a.KLM)

Regi Saïd Richard Rustan Soderling  
 Ralf Teun Jansen  
 Stephan Nauert  
 Renold  
 Ramon Jamal  
 Tobias Krasenberg



R.I.P.  
 8 December  
 2007



# Love is like Oxygen

In het voorjaar van 2007 werd de Rainbow Soulclub uitgenodigd om mee te doen aan de tentoonstelling 'Love is like Oxygen' in kunstenaarsinitiatief W139. De tentoonstelling zou onderdeel zijn van het jaarlijkse evenement 'Liefde in de Stad' in september. Een initiatief van het gelijknamige instituut dat de liefde in de stad wil bevorderen en kunstenaars uitnodigt om hun creativiteit daarvoor in te zetten.

We waren natuurlijk vereerd met deze uitnodiging. Na het tweejarig bestaan van onze Soulclub vonden we dat we er wel aan toe waren om de buitenwereld ons werk te laten zien. Maar het beste was eigenlijk nog de locatie van de W139, namelijk midden in de Warmoesstraat, hartje Wallen, heel bekend terrein voor de meeste bezoekers.

Het was een groepstentoonstelling. We deelden de ruimte met nog vijf andere bijzondere liefdevolle initiatieven. o.a. met Gil & Moti, een Israelisch kunstenaarsduo dat er een dating service maakte voor Palestijnse en Israelische homo's en de Amerikaanse kunstenaar Joel Tauber, die zich al een tijd ontfermde over een boom op een parkeerplaats ergens in de V.S. De boom dreigde er te stikken tussen de auto's en het asfalt, maar Joel redde hem door het asfalt uit te graven, een hek rondom hem te maken en de boom te verwennen. Er waren zelfs foto's van de boom met grote oorbellen in.

De ruimte die we hadden om te gebruiken voor onze presentatie was in het midden van de grote achterzaal, we hadden geen 'muur' om werken aan te hangen dus bedachten we een ding dat het midden hield tussen een leestafel, een altaar en een pirateneiland. We timmerden het van hout met een kleine ploeg van bezoekers en studenten, maakten krukjes om er aan te zitten, en uitsteeksels om de hele collectie cocosnootlampjes van Totti aan te hangen en een schilderij van Ebby op te zetten. Het hele eiland en de krukjes schilderden we roze en van cola flessen maakten we vazen om bloemen in op te hangen, boven alles.

Op het eiland legden we stapels Gimme Shelter 1 t/m 4, schilderijtjes van Herbie (die er helaas niet bij kon zijn omdat hij vast

zat) een monitor met optredens van Hennie en Ricky, de Bergen van Verlangen van Annet en een serie dia's van de Soulclub van de afgelopen twee jaar. En heel veel gekleurde kaarsen uit de kaarsenmakerij van Oud-West.

Op de voorruit maakten Frans en Nanda samen met Fanny en Anne een grote schildering.

Het was een uitvergrootte tekening van Herbie van twee afgeknipte dreadlocks in een papieren servetje. Ze waren er dagen mee bezig en hadden veel bekijks, niet alleen van toeristen maar vooral van 'bekenden' die de hele dag daar in de buurt rondlopen.

Krap een uurtje voor de opening was eindelijk alles klaar. Het zag er goed uit, we waren echt trots met z'n allen. Het Parool en de Trouw zouden komen kijken om een stukje te schrijven

De opening was enorm druk en gezellig, het leek wel een nachtclub. Rond middernacht stonden er rijen voor de deur en het feest ging door tot diep in de nacht.

Welcome to our Soulclub, red carpet already rolled out.....

De tentoonstelling met de Rainbow Soulclub in W139, Warmoesstraat 139 Amsterdam was van 1 t-m 30 september 2007. [www.W139.nl](http://www.W139.nl), [www.liefdeindestad.nl](http://www.liefdeindestad.nl)

*Het instituut Liefde in de Stad wil de liefde in de stad bevorderen en onderzoekt de omgangsvormen in de stedelijke cultuur en de manier waarop deze positief zijn te beïnvloeden. Het instituut bevindt zich op het snijvlak van kunst en wetenschap, serieus en ludiek, en van de opgeheven vinger en een knipoog. Liefde in de stad is een experiment waarbij originaliteit en aantekelijkheid zwaarder wegen dan controleerbaarheid.*

*Want liefde valt niet te defineren, maar wel te missen.*



Totti en de cocosnootlampjes



George en Totty



Nanda



Anne



Frans



Opbouwen met George, Gije en Totti



Muziek opnames van Jac uit Blaka Watra

## Twee leefwerelden vinden elkaar in kunst

**I**N DE INLOOPHUIZEN van daklozen- en verslaafdenopvang De Regenboog AMOC hebben 'blind dates' een heel andere betekenis. Daar zijn het spontane ontmoetingen tussen kunstacademiestudenten en bezoekers van de opvang. Deze samenwerkingen monden zo nu en dan uit in kunst of in andere bijzondere projecten.

In een expositieruimte aan de Warmoesstraat wachten zes mensen op publiek. Het zijn vijf deelnemers en één begeleider van het

ontmoeten twintig studenten een wisselende groep van ongeveer tachtig bezoekers van stichting De Regenboog AMOC in zeven inloophuizen en gebruikersruimtes. De groep studenten wisselt iedere zes maanden van samenstelling.

Eén van de initiatiefnemers is Saskia Janssen, docente aan de Rietveld Academie. Zij begeleidt ook het project. "Ik geef mijn studenten wel begeleiding in de vorm van werkbesprekingen, maar ik ga er niet iedere keer bij zitten als ze iets maken. Wat en hoe vaak er iets gemaakt wordt, is ook niet belangrijk. Het samen bezig zijn, het 'doen' is een veel belangrijker onderdeel."

Aan deelnemers van het project worden geen eisen gesteld, deelname is vrijblijvend voor beide groepen. Janssen bestrijdt dan ook het idee dat het alleen maar om hulpverlening van studenten zou gaan. "De ideeën komen wel degelijk van twee kanten. Het is echt een samenwerking tussen studenten en bezoekers van De Regenboog. Beiden hebben een compleet eigen leefwereld. Wat is er nou mooier dan die twee te combineren en van elkaar te leren?"

Om dit mogelijk te maken krijgt Rainbow Soulclub sinds een jaar subsidie van Stichting Doen. Met dat geld worden materialen aangeschaft en wordt er om de zoveel tijd een eigen krant gedrukt, waarin de activiteiten van de groep te volgen zijn. In de afgelopen twee jaar liepen die uiteen van soep uitdelen op de Dam tot het beschilderen van fietsen in het Vondelpark.

De twee aanwezige verslaafde mannen vertellen enthousiast over hun ervaringen en de positieve ef-

fecten hiervan op hun leven. Roy Telgt: "Als ik terugkijk, is er best veel veranderd. Je bent nuttig bezig en dat is heel bevredigend. Ook geeft het je rust en structuur in je leven. Ik loop nu niet meer doeleloos rond op straat drugs te scoren."

Het project was voor hem een opstapje naar een ander bestaan. "Aan het einde van deze maand ga ik een eigen zaakje opzetten. Samen met enkele anderen ga ik doen wat ik leuk vind: knutselen. Van tweedehandse spullen gaan we

### 'IK LOOP NIET MEER DOELLOOS ROND OP STRAAT'

nieuwe gebruiksvoorwerpen maken en proberen die te verkopen."

Ook voor studente Fanny Kriek was de samenwerking een verrijking, al had ze in het begin wel haar twijfels. "Ik dacht bij mezelf: wat kan ik nou helemaal voor die mensen betekenen? Als je nooit met daklozen en drugsverslaafden te maken hebt gehad, is dat erg moeilijk en weet je niet wat je moet verwachten."

Uiteindelijk werd ze één van de meest actieve studenten van haar groep. "De samenwerking was heerlijk. Weken ben je bezig om samen iets moois te maken en alles daarbuiten valt weg. Ook houdt het me aan de grond. School is een beschermde wereld, dit is meer puur."



Opening van de tentoonstelling



Frans beschildert de ruit



De opening



Trouw  
31 Augustus  
2007

### Groepstentoonstelling

Liefde in de Stad, een kunstproject over omgangsvormen en liefde, van 1 t/m 30 sept. in Amsterdam. Vanavond om 21.00 uur opent 'Love Is Like Oxygen' in W139, Warmoesstraat 139. [www.liefdeindestad.nl](http://www.liefdeindestad.nl).

Een succesvolle blikverruimende samenwerking is de Rainbow Soulclub, waarvoor beeldend kunstenaars en docenten Saskia Janssen en George Korsmit studenten van de Rietveld en de AKV St. Joost in Den Bosch in een *blind date* samenbrengen met bezoekers van inloophuizen en gebruikersruimtes van stichting De Regenboog in Amsterdam.

Ze richten de tentoonstelling in W139 in en Nanda Frieser schildert met enkele studenten grote rastavlechten in servetten gewikkeld op de voorruit, naar een ontwerp van bezoeker Herbert. „Dat is iemand die wij goed kennen, maar die hier helaas niet aanwezig kan zijn.”

Herbert zit tot december in de gevangenis, maar krijgt zeker de foto's opgestuurd. „We zijn zo trots”, zegt Frieser. „Mijn man had ook een zwaar drugsprobleem en kent iedereen in de Warmoesstraat. Voorbijgangers zagen hem gisteren staan schilderen, en zeiden: kijk nou, hij is iets aan het maken!”

De samenwerkingen zijn op basis van gelijkwaardigheid en leveren bijzondere projecten op. Fietsen met spuitbussen beschilderen in het Vondelpark bijvoorbeeld, naast het bord: 'Kom lekker spuiten met junkies', een soort antidiefstalkunst.

De gebruikersruimte is nu als een atelier. Dat er onder het schilderen en tekenen pijpjes worden gerookt, went snel, zegt Janssen. Ze zorgde met Korsmit voor een kast met slot waarin het werk opgeborgen kan worden. „Erg handig voor wie zijn bezit altijd met zich mee draagt.”

Een 'explosie van creativiteit' is Ebby Addo, die even later vertelt dat de jonge studenten 'fragiel' ogen als ze binnenkomen. Het contact groeit snel. „Zo heb je geen integratiecurcus nodig.”

Addo heeft veel aan de studenten, maar omgekeerd geldt hetzelfde, zegt Janssen. Zo is student Jaan uit Estland, die met hem samenwerkt, veel verlegenheid kwijtgeraakt. „Nu zit hij rustig met *heavy boys* in de gebruikersruimte te tekenen.”

Studenten denken door hun directe vragen van gebruikers beter na over hun werk, merkt Korsmit op. „Wij zijn als een oase van ideeën voor elkaar.” Addo gaat weer aan het werk, en zegt nog: „Zodra ik kleur kan voelen, heb ik rust. Verf op mijn handen maakt me kalm.”



Hans Nauta van TROUW interviewt Ebby



Ebby

**Monday, September 10th 2007**

Today we had the first class in W139. Saskia explained the project of Rainbow Shelters and introduced two shelter visitors to us. At the end of the afternoon Antonio came in, a man about 45 years old and 1.70 meters tall with short hair. He was dressed in a sports jacket and a checked shirt, which he wore unbuttoned. He didn't look like my idea of a typical drug user. He exhibited his well-trained upper body and talked his head off. He explained to me that his muscles were his recipe for success in order to earn money, because he offered sightseeing tours through the red light district. Every day he stands on the same bridge under a police surveillance camera and canvasses for customers. This seemed to me an exciting way to get money. So I met him the same night at midnight in front of the W139 in order to accompany him for one hour. Tony was excited and obviously happy to see me and was bursting with energy. On the way he told me a lot about his experiences. He said that people on the streets call him "old-school" or "50cent." He obviously enjoyed getting the respect of the others. He's one of them and greets them. But as soon as he passed them, he bitched about them and said how bad the Islam is, "Islam is Rape and Murder!" and that all of them are racists. He didn't recognize that he contradicted himself.

The American tourists are the best to approach. Tony said that his confident appearance helped to attract them. He will typically accompany them through the district telling stories, lead them to coffee shops, show them the "hottest" shop windows, or even get drugs for them. So he can easily earn about 400 € a day. He said that some of the guys hanging around in those streets only sold bad drugs, that they robbed or cheated tourists. He said that those guys were jealous that he earns so much money every day. He was proud of this.

We ran towards Nieuwmarkt, where he showed us the "she-males." He made fun of the tourists leaving the area. After that we went into an erotic shop where a friend of his was working. His friend is a flight attendant at KLM and earns some money here on the side. During a cigarette break Tony explained that he lived in New York before and did a lot of sports there. He would train rich people in parks and during his stay in prison he also trained other inmates. His specialty is in-line skating with a basketball and a hockey stick. We ambled back and paid Tony for the tour. That was

one of the most absurd tours I've ever taken. But I was keen on his energy and the continuous stream of stories I was hearing.

**Monday, September 17th 2007**

Today the whole class was in W139. Everybody presented the ideas they had come up with to do together with shelter visitors. I decided to propose a sports program to Tony and to ask him if he wanted to coach me. By chance Tony was there and I talked to him. First we sat in the exhibition room, but then we were asked to go outside because of the smoking ban in this room. So we decided to find a cafe and Tony knew at once where he wanted to go. So I followed him and we ended up at a coffee shop. But this was not successful because there was no room for us. On the way out a guy asked me if I had hash. He became very pushy. Tony recognized that and successfully turned the spotlight on himself. I ran away while Tony and the guy were arguing. Fifteen minutes later Tony came back from the police station, where he had reported the man. This experience seemed to burden him. He had not been as strong as the guy and had been forced to run away. From now on he only spoke about his weakness. He said that if he still had a same body like before and was not addicted to drugs such an occurrence wouldn't have happened. This event seemed to motivate him to practice again: "Today I will stay clean from alcohol and drugs. Tomorrow I'll start with the work-out." He started to call us "Switzerland" and "Germany."

**Wednesday, September 19th, 2007**

I met Tony in front of W139 at 17.45 pm. He was dead on time. After fooling around some time we went in the direction of Waterlooplein by bike. Before practice, he had thrown a small tube into the canal. I couldn't recognize the substance that was in there. He said, "I'm done with drugs." Our thirty-minute workout contained five to six sets of chin-ups. That was a good number for the beginning. He was much better than me. After that we did push-ups, two sets with 20 repeats, and trained our triceps. That was definitely too much. I knew that I over-strained myself. Today (one day after) I'm so sore and my entire body hurts. Anyways, Tony was happy and wanted to see me again on Friday to exercise some more.

**Friday, September 21st, 2007**

Our date was for 17.45 pm at W139. But Tony hadn't come yet. I called him to ask what had happened. He had forgotten about our meeting. So we arranged a new one.

**Saturday, September 22nd, 2007**

Today we met as usual at W139. Tony had sprained his ankle because he had jumped from his bed and landed badly on his feet. So no sports today again. Too bad. I'm thinking it means something that Tony has made two cancellations in a row. Does he need a new motivation? We agreed to change our schedule like he wanted it. Two days of practice and then a break of two days etc. I hope we can start on Monday. I'll talk to him because I think that he feels guilty. He doesn't have to give account to me for his life and drug consumption. I don't want to be his therapist.

**Monday, September 24th, 2007**

Today we had our date at four o'clock, but we met in Warmoesstraat accidentally at three o'clock. Tony was with a guy who wanted to give him his apartment for three weeks. Tony looked much happier than last week. He mentioned that he had been banned from the shelter. He accused them of doing this for racist reasons, but the people in the Shelter said the same of him. So we went to a yard behind the Nieuwmarkt and practiced there on a playground. My muscles were still sore from our other practice. We did five sets of push-ups and ten repetitions. Tony even did twenty. I was done, but it had been fun, too. At the end Tony gave our practice the name "Recovering training." He wants to get off the drugs, but I think it's still the same. However, we'll continue the exercises and I'm looking forward to them. On the way back Tony saw a dealer who wanted to trick a tourist. At once he tried to protect the tourist and I went home.

**Tuesday September 25th**

Four o'clock, again W139. Tony was there with an American customer who had given him an order for the night. It seems as if he gets 200 Euro for this deal and his mood has been raised. After having bought some drinks we went to the same playground like yesterday. Again we started with chin-ups. They were hard. We limited our exercises to push-ups because we had done so much the day before. Now it was much more fun. We did five sets of push-ups and then we went to the Albert Heijn, where he talked to the manager about an incident with an employee of the AH. The atmosphere was strange. I didn't find out what had really happened. Then, Tony showed me a side street that I should avoid during the night because of the big number of dealers hanging around there. I wondered why Tony felt threatened by some of the visitors of the shelter. He thinks that they hate him and want to kill him. I recognized that his mood started to change.

**Thursday, September 27th, 2007**

Today I was in contact with Tony two times. I called him in order to meet him at the playground. He asked me to write him a text-message to remind him. I did so, but he didn't come. Too bad.

**Monday, October 15th, 2007**

Two o'clock. Does Tony call? No. Too bad.

**Thursday, October 18th, 2007**

I met Tony today only to talk. He was in a bad mood and seemed to be weak. It's getting colder outside and more difficult to find a dry place. He told me that he has not found a place to sleep yet and that he urgently needs a break from living in the

streets. His plan was to break a window of a police department and he hoped to be arrested for some days. It seems to be his only possibility to get a roof over his head. We talked about consequences if he wanted to return to the USA. It didn't matter to him. A roof, a bed, something to eat – that is what he really needs at the moment. He said he'd call me if he got in prison.

**Sunday, October 28th, 2007**

I heard from Saskia that Tony had lost his mobile phone, so I couldn't call him anymore. I decided to look for him. I walked through the red light district, but saw neither hide nor hair of him. I remembered the erotic shop where his friend worked. I asked Tony's friend if he had seen Tony (maybe he was already in prison) and he told me that he had seen him yesterday and that he often was on the bridge at about five o'clock, but not today.

**Saturday, November 10th, 2007**

No contact with Tony for two weeks. I decided to look for him a different way. My intention was to hang up posters with a self-portrait and my telephone number in the streets. I hope he'll see them and get in contact with me.

**Tuesday, November 27th, 2007**

I was in the red light district in order to see if the second poster was still there, but there were only a few scraps left on the wall. Disappointed, I rode back to W139 to ask the director if I was allowed to hang posters up there. The girl at the entrance told me that she knew Tony. Almost every day he dropped by the gallery at six o'clock and spent about thirty minutes in the bathroom. I went there and saw some cloths on the floor in front of the door. When Tony came out he was surprised to see me. He looked very weak and almost couldn't speak. He explained to me that he hadn't slept for three days and he got wet on a boat last night. Together we went in the direction of Central Station and got coffee at the Salvation Army. On the way Tony made the usual racist comments and he told me that he had broken some windows at Shelters. Three days ago he had consumed 2000 € worth of cocaine with an American tourist and had almost died. He talked about his hallucinations and said that he was barely able to see and to think. He definitely wants to be sent to prison, and that is why he has broken the windows.

Two months ago he was caught while smoking cocaine in the streets but he forgot his appointment in court yesterday. Now he waits till he gets arrested and sent to prison for ten to fourteen days. The sooner the better! The Salvation Army closed and we had our coffee on the doorstep. I gave him my mobile number again because I wanted to do something together with him. He told me that he had lost his mobile when he had consumed too much cocaine and his nose had bled. It seems like Tony feels even worse than I have thought, but he can't stop provoking others with his racist statements. I hope he will get in contact with me. I think he likes to see me. He couldn't believe that I had hung up life-sized posters for him in the red light district. Too bad that he didn't see them.



Handwritten graffiti on a chalkboard background, including the words "ATU" and "15 x 15 #1".



**Champ!**  
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# Totty's Lamps

## Part II

When I started with this project my approach to the process changed alongside the relationship with the people connected to Blaka Watra.

Initially you have an idea that you wish to carry out, in my case I thought it would have been nice to have this exchange of different things such as jokes, slang, and small drawings, which could be collected and then given to the people in the form of a booklet.

I often wondered how the people that visit Blaka Watra, viewed the students connected to the project. As we only would spend a short period of time at Blaka Watra, I was a little anxious about whether we would be considered as outsiders, but after meeting with Ebby and Totti, I found what great energy they had, also with a kind mind and more importantly an opinion on many subjects.

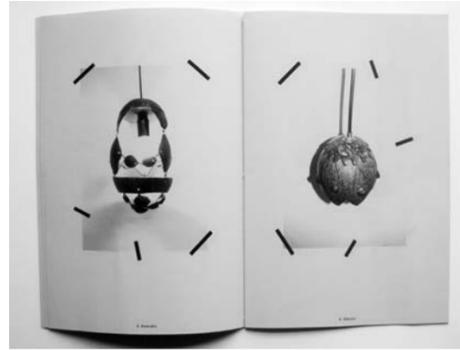
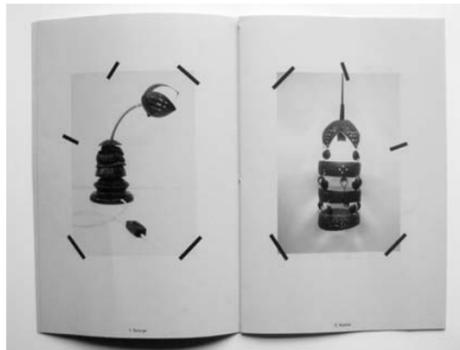
Totti had been making these lamps for the previous couple of years and you could see from his mini workshop at his home what a love for tools he has. I really was free

to document what he had made and just enjoy the times spent at Blaka Watra during the painting workshop.

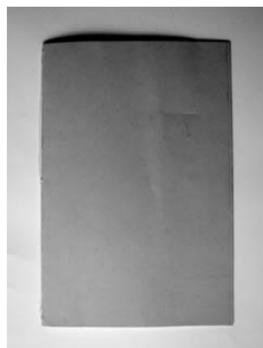
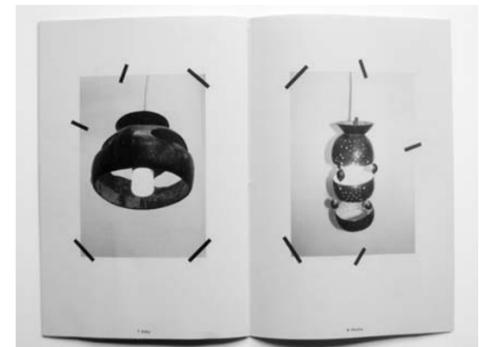
Reflecting on the experience perhaps it's a shame that we stopped visiting Blaka Watra as this maybe makes people feel that we are only spending time there because we have to, but it's an experience that will stay with me in my mind, as I didn't expect it to have such an impact on me in the beginning. Its this great quality in people that they always find a way to connect, which was very satisfying.

Although maybe for both parties it was a little chaotic, yet it wasn't so much about what was produced, it was more about this interchange of social background. So the ideas that you begin with get put behind you, as you will always learn something new about yourself by doing what you have never done before.

Totty's coconut lamps can be ordered:  
Call him at 031633945016

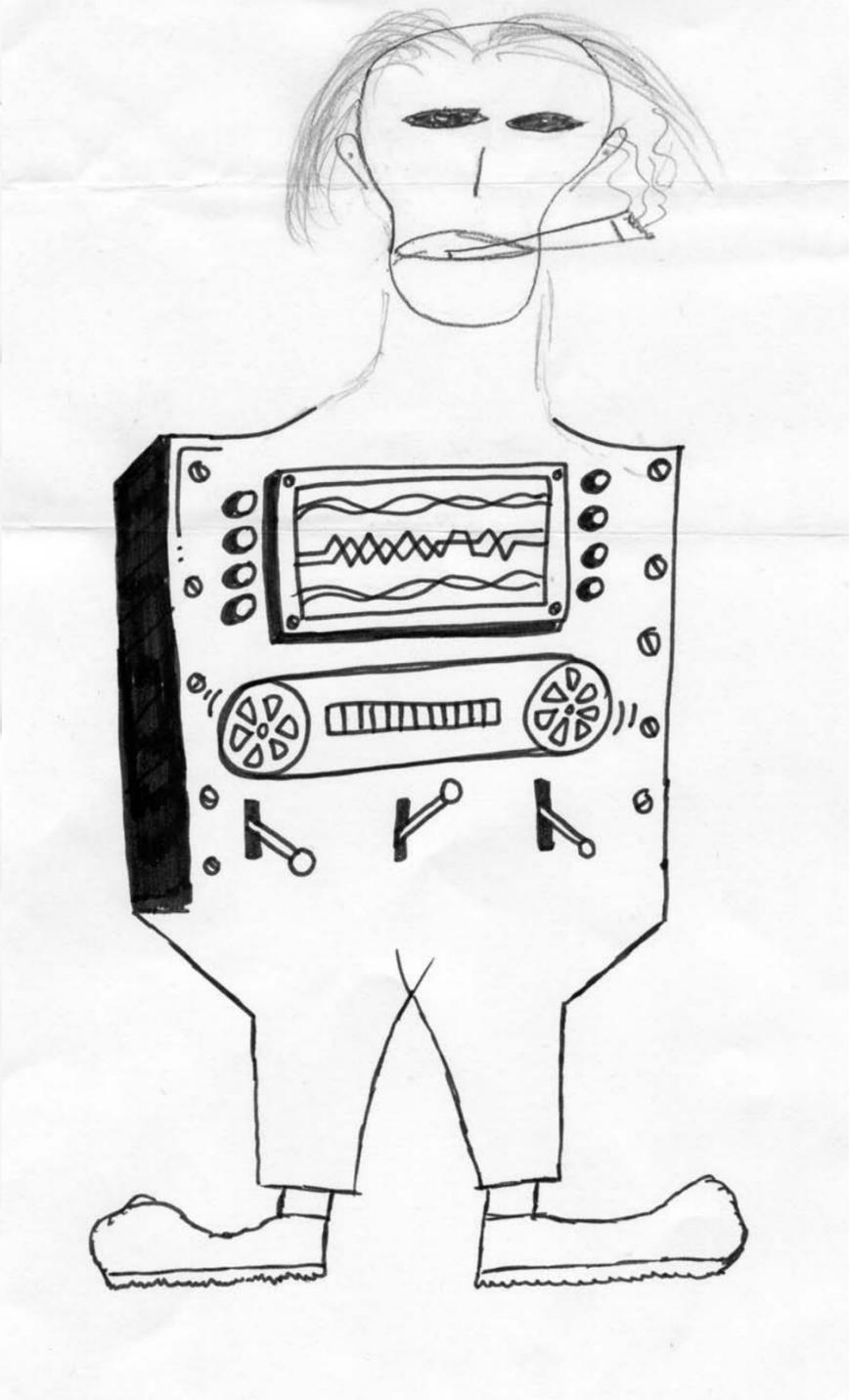


Scott and Totty





Rustan  
Kees  
Klijdi



Klijdi  
Rustan  
Kees



Rustan  
Klijdi

## Exquisite Corpse

Exquisite corpse is a method by which a collection of words or images are collectively assembled, the result being known as the exquisite corpse or cadavre exquis in French. Each collaborator adds to a composition in sequence, either by following a rule or by being allowed to see the end of what the previous person contributed. The name is derived from a phrase that resulted when Surrealists first played the game, "Le cadavre exquis boira le vin nouveau." ("The exquisite corpse will drink the new wine.")



Where do you get your inspiration from?

**Clifton**

Inspiration?  
Freedom in your mind. Fantasy from that moment that comes in your mind.

**Ebby**

I get inspired when I see somebody do very wrong things. And if I can't help the person I feel pain and I try to change the situation; to make it good, to tell my story in colour, in paint. Even if the person gets it or he doesn't get it.

**Aleksandar**

From Merel.  
"Sex, Drugs and Rock'n Roll"  
(laughing).

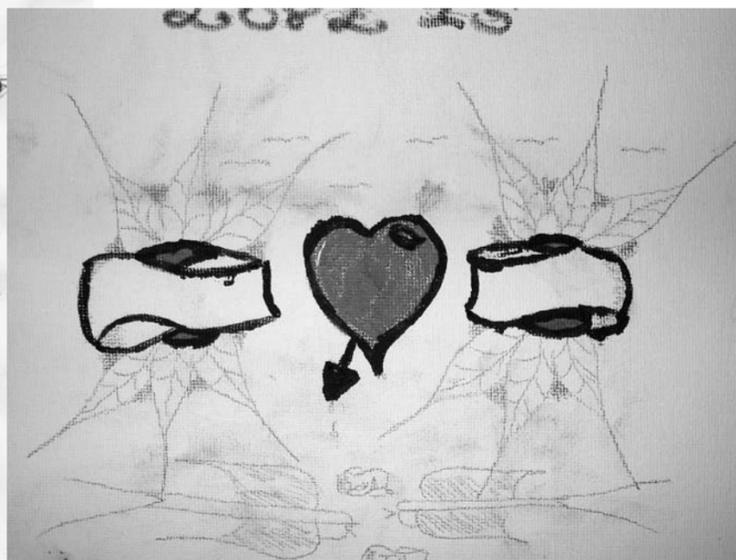
I like to paint landscapes. Realistic. Every week is better.

**Ebby**

I prefer abstract things. I like to paint on throw-away materials, which nobody gonna buy if they were for sale, or hopeless materials. To give them life again.



Historia  
Anno 3 Decembe  
2-2007



What is art for you?

**Clifton**

Art is...  
You can make art that I like, and I can make art that I don't like. If people like it they buy it. But first you have to like it. It's just like some people like fat women, some don't like fat women.

**Aleksandar**

It's a very important thing.

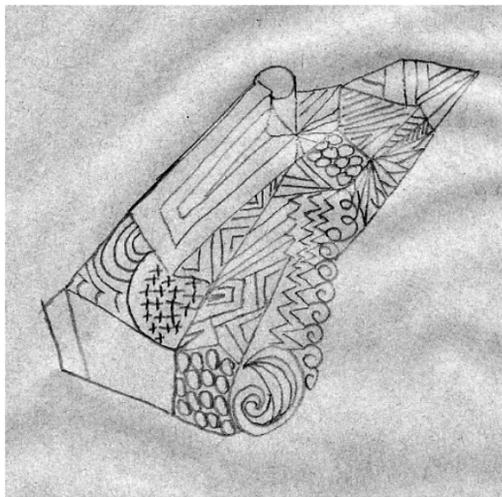
**Ebby**

Art is the right music at the right time to tell a story, like medicine to make your pain softer, like a light to make the night bright. Art is like meeting a long lost friend more complete and sadly enough, a long meeting, a long lost lover or traveling companion in a lonely and desolate desert terrain.



May Day  
37 J. Van?  
Commando h. B. Small  
Onder e.d.  
Namens de alkerhoogsten.  
E. naam de Oppermacht  
Hij is Groot en Op Rechtmachtig  
en onzichtbaar vry  
en hy is mynen ordze heer der  
en ik en wy ontbreken niet?  
Brother en Sisters?  
Kom together and late,  
We make one Power Stronger.  
God will bless us o amen

Drawing by Commando



When did you start?

**Clifton**

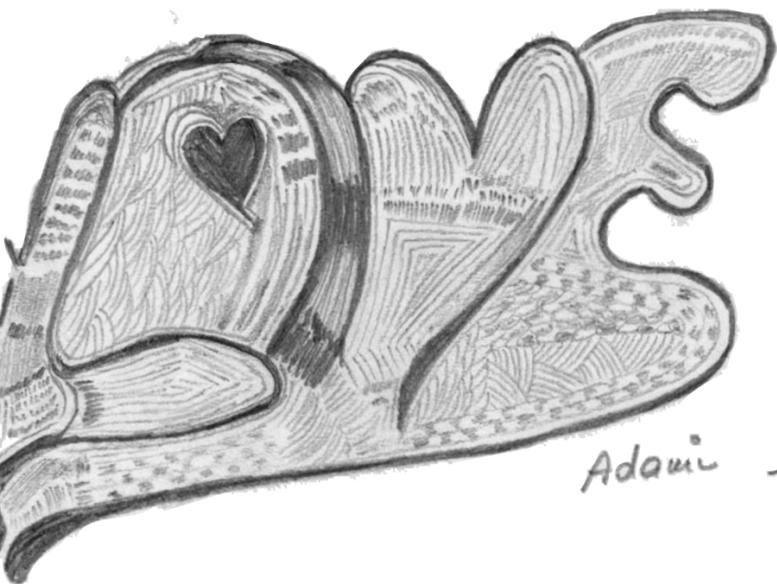
I like pencil, but paint is better. I started to paint in jail.

**Ebby**

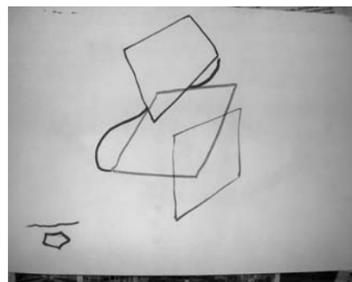
I started yesterday. And to draw the day before yesterday.

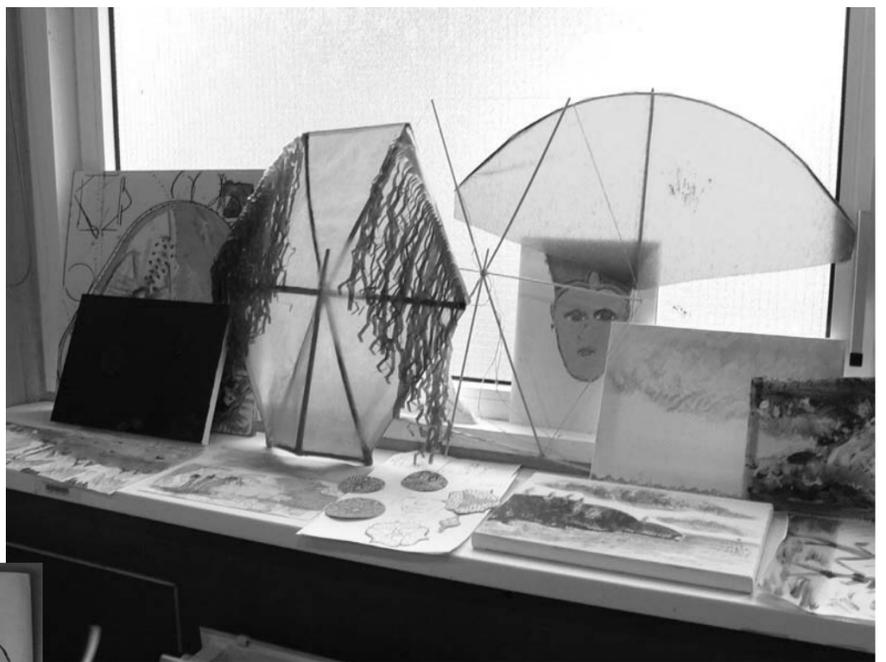
**Aleksandar**

I started two months ago.



Adami





Drawing by Herbert



Aleksandar and Ebby





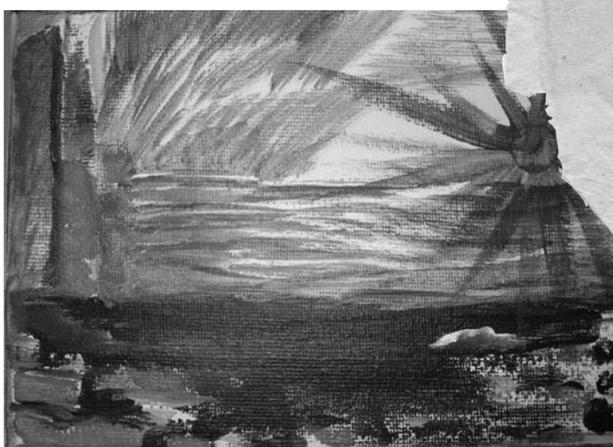
Painting by Aleksandar Zass



Iwan's painting



Painting by David Tiamo



Ebby's teapot



Merel and Lora



David



Fantasmagorico



## Wallpaper without walls

The true beginnings of architecture lay in the very first garments of clothing made for the human body from textile shapes.

If architecture is so closely connected with the lining physical human body, and no longer with a body that represents a set of ideal proportions, then space too may become physical, full of life, then architecture becomes more than a purely functional system of coordinates. It can present itself as a fluid constellation of sensory stimulations, sequences, experiences. *(Quote from Gerrit Rietveld *studium generale notebook*, 2005)*

On a three-meter-long table in a cosy, candlelit shelter living room, we were talking, drinking coffee, eating marzipan cake and tracing an old seventies wallpaper pattern with big black markers.

I printed the new wallpaper pattern to hang with the shelter visitors in the shelter's remodeled atelier. It was a great experience working with people. We grew a little bit closer together while bringing something unpredicted out on paper. Maybe they will be reminded of our experience when they see the outcome hanging around them. The wallpaper warms up the wall as well as our souls.

Tattoos are made for many different reasons. Maybe you want to show what social group you belong to, or what football team you root for, or maybe what country you're from. But it can also be because you think tattoos make your body more beautiful. Maybe you get tattooed because you can't

stop getting tattooed. Maybe (but hopefully not) you get one because someone told you to.

I've heard many different stories when talking to people about tattoos in the shelters Blaka Watra and AMOC, but there is one thing that is more common than others: Prison. It is

Why did you start getting tattoos?

-Well, in french prison we had no TV in the cells.

where they get their tattoos, and also where some tattoo artists learn the trade.

On my first visit to AMOC, Paul told me how to build a tattoo gun out of a few common items. These things are easily bought, or found in a prison.

## Interview with Paul 19/11-2007 at AMOC

Paul: When I started to tattoo here at AMOC,

Christopher: Yeah,

P: I had just a normal pen.

C: Yeah.

P: And a beard trimmer. I take the motor from a beard trimmer...

C: Okay

P: Already the motor is set off-center to move the knives on the beard trimmer...

C: ...

P: I take the metal from an umbrella, put this over the pen on the motor...(inaudible)...and the round shapes, take the motor and then take the handle of the pen, the umbrella to the motor, inside the pen. And you take a piece of plastic from the refill of the pen where the ink is inside...

C: Yeah

P: And the umbrella also in there... And ehm the smallest string of a guitar, they have a little foil around...

C: Yeszz

P: And the metal in the center is point three millimeters. A tattoo needle is zero point three millimeters. And if you know a bit of chemistry you take a cup with water, salt, a razorblade a transformer for electric, 12 volts,

C: Yes...

P: ...with the razorblade on the minus, in the water, and when you hold the needle to the plus and into the water, you get a chemical reaction. It sharpens the needle, it starts to eat away on the metal, sharpens the needle...

C: ...You make it sound kinda easy... but... haha.

P: But it is easy, it is easy. It takes five minutes to make a machine. But these kind of machines, they are prison machines. You take your spoon and your pen and a motor...



## Tattooed stories

With tattoos come stories. That has been my motto in doing this project at the Blaka Watra and AMOC. I have met tattooed people and I have asked them about their tattoos. Any question about their tattoos is interesting: Why, when, how, who, what does it mean, and so on. The answers I got were without exception amazing. The stories come from rich and eventful lives, lived outside of the safe zones of today's society.

I remember how X, a bit reluctant at first, showed me a tattoo on her hand (of a cross) and the scars from two other tattoos, on her hand and leg. One of the removed tattoos was of the name of her man. He had passed away. She kept the tattoo of the cross.

I met Jean-Paul at Blaka Watra, a man with his body filled with prison tattoos (a few of them shown on this page). I asked him why he started to get tattooed, and he answered "In French prison we had no TV".

I talked to Bas at AMOC. He is a tattoo artist himself. When asking him about the stories of his tattoos he simply said "The story of my tattoos is the story of prison." He went on to tell me that he could build a tattoo gun in any prison in Great Britain within hours.

The person I have talked to the most is Paul, at AMOC. Paul is also a tattoo artist, but he recently retired from tattooing because of blindness in one eye. Through his tattoos I heard most of his life story. Paul also told me in detail how to build a tattoo gun in prison; what materials and how to assemble them. Shown in this spread is a tattoo gun built by Paul. It is made of everyday stuff easily found in prison. It is put together with electric tape, so if the guards come it is easy and fast to disassemble it. This gun is not nearly as precise as professional tattoo guns. And most important of all, it is not possible to disinfect it. That makes tattoo guns like this spreaders of disease. To be safe, get your tattoo done professionally!



1

This is the material you need to build a tattoo gun (starting upper left corner going clockwise): A motor from a walkman, some electric tape, some wires (preferably with clippers to connect to a battery), a battery pack, some rubber bands, and needles. These are made out of the inside of a Bic pen (left) or the inside of a stiff pencil (right).

The needles themselves can be an ordinary sewing needle (produces a very rough and wide tattoo line) a professional tattoo needle (hard to come by in prison) or could also be made out of a guitar string. With this method you take the D-string from a guitar and you strip off the winding, which leaves you with a 0.03 mm steel wire. Connect this to the plus pole of a 12 volt battery. Take an ordinary wire and connect to the minus pole. Put both wires in a glass of water. The current eats away on the wire connected to the plus pole, thus sharpening your 0.03mm wire to a needle. Continuing, the two last items needed to build the gun is a bent piece of metal, and half of a pen.



2



Connect the half pen and the bent piece of metal using the rubber bands.

3



Take the motor and the cables.

4



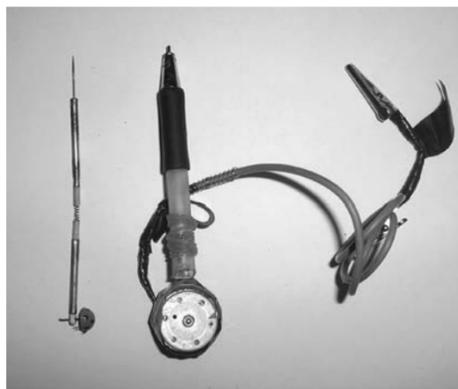
Connect them to each other. Use electrical tape.

5



Connect the pen and the motor. Fasten the bent piece of metal sticking out from the pen to the side of the motor, so that the pen part is looking to the rotating part of the motor (see also image 8). Use electrical tape to fasten. You have now created the foundation of the tattoo gun.

6



Take the needle.

7



Put the needle inside the pen with the end part of the needle close to the rotating center of the motor (where the ladybug is on the picture).

8



Using a piece of plastic, fasten the needle to the rotating part of the motor. Make sure that it is fastened OFF-CENTER, i.e. the needle is a bit off from the rotating motor, creating a pending motion. This is what makes the needle go back and forth. Depending on how off-center you place the needle to the motor, you can adjust the speed and depth of the needle.

**You are now finished. Connect the wires to the battery and your tattoo gun is working.**

**DONE**

# 3-11-2007, LET'S GET TH

From the beginning on, the plan was to leave town. We were dreaming about the beach. I remember sitting in the user's room with Ebby. Together we were trying to figure out how to organize this trip. What do you need to go to the beach with 20 people? A bus, a football, a kite and a flag.

For the occasion, we made kites in Blaka Watra. I learned how to make a kite "Surinam style" with Ronald. There is no secret, except that everything has to be symmetrical, like any other kite. But what is a kite "Surinam style"? You have to put some razor blades on the place that connects the string with the frame of the kite. Once in the sky, you try to cut other people's string with your kite and watch their kite fly away. It was funny to hear some visitors: "Oh, I remember when I used to play this game when I was a kid!" or "I don't exactly remember how to do it, it's been a long time since I built a kite...."

Unfortunately we were not able to try our kites at the beach. It didn't matter so much, because we found out there were a lot of people with kites there.

The date was fixed for the third of November. It was a beautiful sunny day. Fifteen people from three different shelters came along (Blaka Watra, Oud-West and Makom). Two workers from Blaka Watra (Sebastiaan and Roy) came along as well. We nearly missed the speedboat to Velsen, but at the last minute, but we caught it. In Velsen we took a short bus ride to finally arrive in IJmuiden.

Frans ran right away into the cold water (of course with his clothes still on). Sebastiaan followed. Nanda, Gary and I collected shells. "For the mask workshop!" Gary said. Saskia and Ebby found a heart drawn in the sand, made it their spot and sat there for a bit. Others started playing football while Klijdi traced a love letter in the sand for his girlfriend.

We carried a white flag wherever we went. Beside being a surprise for the end of the trip, the flag was actually a very good way to find one another on the beach.

The group slowly drifted to a Beach Bar. We all sat for food and drinks, surrounded by palm trees and dog owners. I remember Ralf and Nel talking on the way:

- Let's go to the end of the beach!
- Yes! Let's go to Groningen!
- Yeah! Let's go to the end of the world!

Elsa and Ronald



Jay-Jay and 50 cent



Frans



Ebby



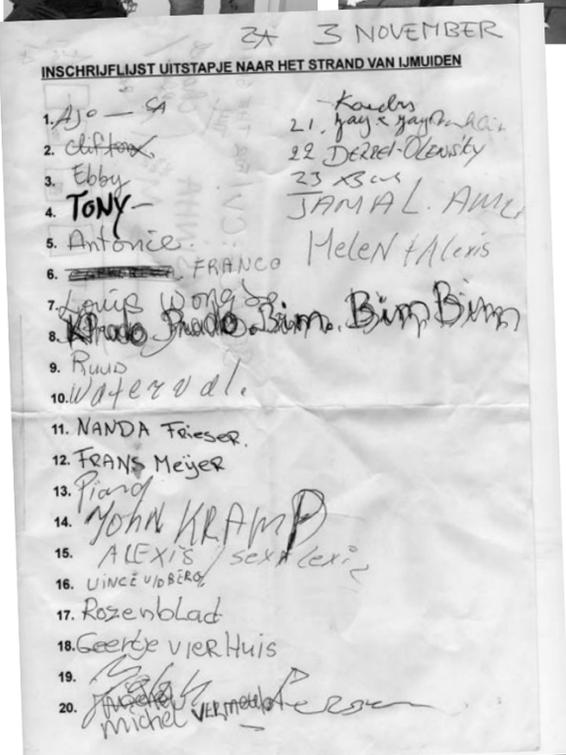
50 cent



Klijdi in his heart



Sebastiaan



At the beach bar



Jimmy, Sebastiaan, Saskia, Pieter, Ebby, Frans, Nanda

# E HELL OUTTA HERE DAY



Frans



Nel and Jimmy



On the way back



Elsa



Saskia and Ebby



Group on the way back. From left to right: Jimmy, Nel, Sebastian, Jay-Jay, Kees, Roy, Ralf, Me, Pieter aka KLM, Nel, Gary, Nanda and Frans, Kees. Sitting: Aleksandar, Saskia, Kljdi.



Time went fast. It felt like the trip had just started when we had to run to catch the last bus.

And what a bus driver! He waited a long time for us because we forgot '50 Cent'! We couldn't figure whether he had decided to stay or if we had left him behind on accident. But it was too late. We couldn't miss the last speedboat in Velsen.

There was a sudden rush. I thought that my flag surprise had crashed. A white flag is beautiful, but what if the plan is to have a flag spray-painting ritual all together to celebrate the day?

Saskia had brought some Prosecco (bubbly white wine) and plastic cups. To kill time while waiting for the boat we painted a tribute to our lost friend '50 Cent,' who had

been with us all day, doing crazy figures. Time to leave with a colorful flag. Nothing could have been more beautiful than singing and clapping in the boat, so that is what we did.

It was a wonderful group. At the end of the trip we felt like we had known each other for a long time.

Some days later I found out that 50 Cent had decided to stay in the beach bar. He partied all night long with the people there and they gave him money for his trip back to Amsterdam the following day. He slept on the beach. He was happy.

# What's Cookin'?

## Macaroni and Honeydew dessert

Makom is one of many shelters in Amsterdam. On the facade of the house standing next to a church is a painted, big sign „Wijkgebouw Der Nederd Herv Gemeente“, which could be translated as the community building of the Dutch Reformed Church. One of the windows is covered with a thick and floppy curtain and the other has a veneer placed in couple of squares where a glass should be. The door seems to be slightly bigger, but otherwise just like any other house in Amsterdam – in disguise and hiding away amongst others alike.

The first visit gives out a bit of a hectic vibe. The visitors are already at the table and digging in their macaroni casserole when we enter the room. There's a loud music coming from the speakers. From pop-rock classics to reggae hits, as if the local radio station has been helping out with the win-all play list.

Food is served in the same room and the coupon you received while entering, can be turned into a plateful, which is by all means as good as any dish in a typical fast food joint. We take our own coupons, put them into use and take seat behind one big table to find out if anyone is interested in chatting with us during the meal.

The answer to our question is mostly abstract and polite refusal. The first person we got to talk to was a heftier, big man who was engaged with planning his annual trip to Thailand. He has been receiving about 500 euros of handicap compensation for the last 25 years, but lives off as a regular client of shelters without spending almost any money. This budget is also „aided“ with having no permanent residence and with secrets from the „Man-in-need“ guide in blue folders. This man has done it for years ensuring him a regular holiday trip as a reward.

We try to have a slight conversation with another cheerful man „Ik ben alles“. We found out that most of „Gimme Shelter“ newspapers have been boring, so he has no real interest in talking to us. He only deals with large scale newspapers and video projects. Nevertheless, the first „Gimme Shelter“ was more or less good, as he collaborated some of his bits and pieces there.

## Vegetable Risotto

The next Wednesday we appear with a big paper, ready to draw the number. Bright sun is peeking through the window. There are usually less visitors with that kind of weather. The old and haggard looking cupboard standing in one of the canteen's corners is secretly keeping memories of the old studio room. We take the crayons, colours and pencils, which are needed for the number from the cupboard and start making a calendar for Makom. One, that's really big in format, because the eyesight doesn't get any better with age and the room itself, is quite big as well. Small calendars don't say what the want to in these kinds of rooms; big ones might have more weight, voice and power in that place. Compared to the last visit, it seems to be really quiet, only few people have taken a seat behind a table. Less of tobacco smoke and more air to breathe.

We draw a big „eight“ consisting of geometric circles on the paper. Both of us seem to be pleased with the curvy-lined result. We are having a laugh over a fact that we share a mutual affection to geometry, probably due to being a graphic designer. We have been snickering and imitating drawing for some time, when a guy in his twenties with a huge backpack joins us. He introduces himself, sadly none of us can recall the name while writing the interview. He seemed to be French by his accent and his vivid eyes are filled with curiosity. After a while, he coyly starts to colour the eight and drawing into it, chatting about his decision to travel around the Europe. His first stop was Amsterdam, without a vague idea or plan of what he is going to do next.

He recommends setting a tent in Oosterpark for the night. He says that this place is bit out of sight for the police. Peculiar, as October is not the most

common tenting season. For Koit, it seems truly unbelievable that someone would set up a tent in the centre of the city despite of it being prohibited. We hear about the protests and poor conditions of the homeless and people without a citizenship and we talk about the life in Estonia. We say goodbye, when the tiredness reminds us to call it a day. The French leaves saying he has couple of things to straighten out. He gives his „signature“ on the paper by sketching a tent model given to homeless for free in France.

Koit bumps into him few weeks later in a large, new library, but still can't memorize his name. Maybe we should write it down the third time we meet?



Front of the Makom shelter

Klijdi, Koit, Margo and the 1st 3



*Cream sauce, knot bread and cookies*

We heard that tonight is going to be Open Stage Night. The doors open at five and the meal is served as usual. Our plan is to find people who would be interested in helping out with the next number. The pace for reaching the target is quite slow – we get only one number done with every visit and we have to aid a lot. We are joined by Darwin and some other enthusiasts.

The usual spirit of the shelter has turned into something reminding the Centraal Station within 40 minutes. There is a photographer from an art school, who is, according to Saskia, interested in portraits. Two people from the Amsterdam local TV channel are filming footages. In addition to Saskia, there are also several Rietveld's students hanging

around. It is time to shine for some of the most remarkable characters of the shelter during this evening. Those who are used to sitting in the corner by themselves won't fall out of the routine even tonight.

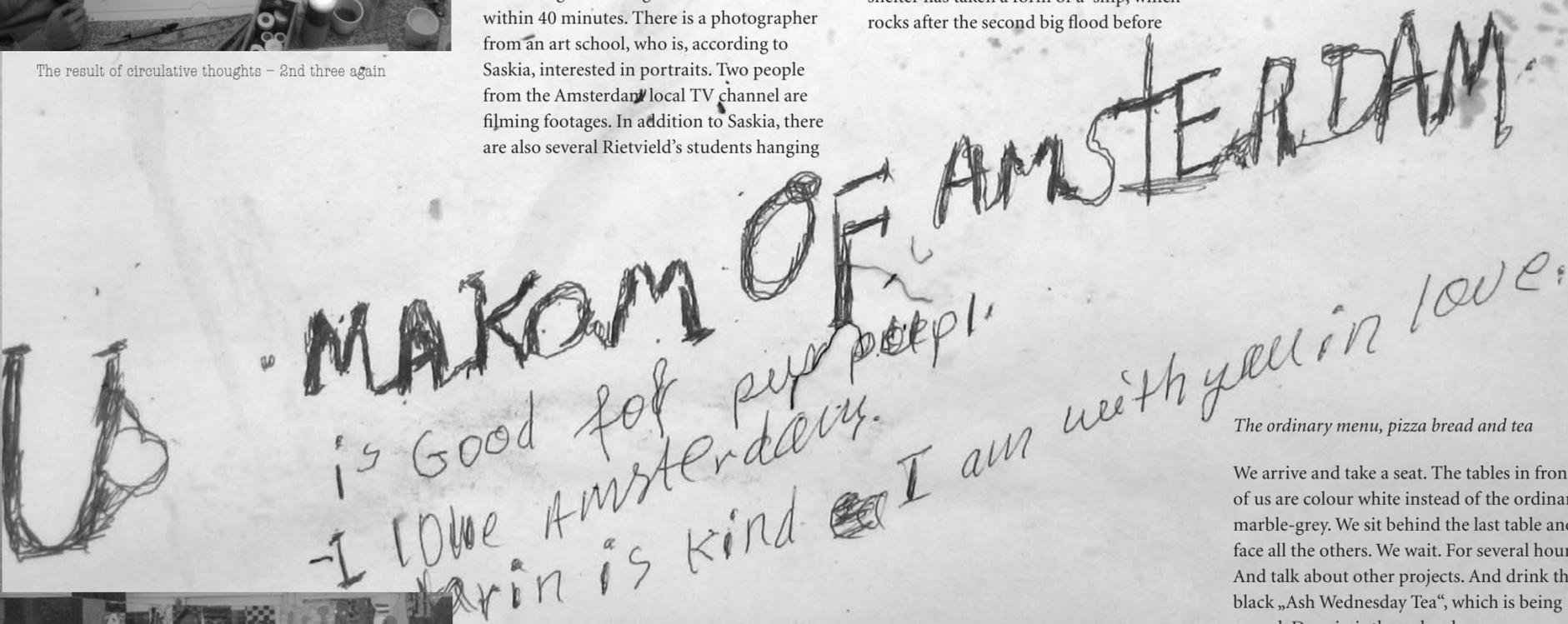
Mostly people still jump at the chance to sing and dance in front of the open microphone. I notice one pantomime man. The noisy audience freezes in an instant. It seems as if the space surrounding us is within this nanosecond the last resort of the few surviving souls of this planet. The shelter has taken a form of a ship, which rocks after the second big flood before

finally hitting the bottom, but this time the flood has come because of the warming of the climate instead of the Higher Will. By the look on the faces of most of the ship's sailors, they knew it would happen years ago.

This time, there is number three on the paper. Why are we doing it the second time around – we have one from a previous meal???



The result of circulative thoughts – 2nd three again



*The ordinary menu, pizza bread and tea*

We arrive and take a seat. The tables in front of us are colour white instead of the ordinary marble-grey. We sit behind the last table and face all the others. We wait. For several hours. And talk about other projects. And drink the black „Ash Wednesday Tea“, which is being served. Darwin is the only who comes over for a second and asks what has happened. Aren't we drawing the number today? We answer that we might do it in the future, when we can. But not now. It is just simply not possible.



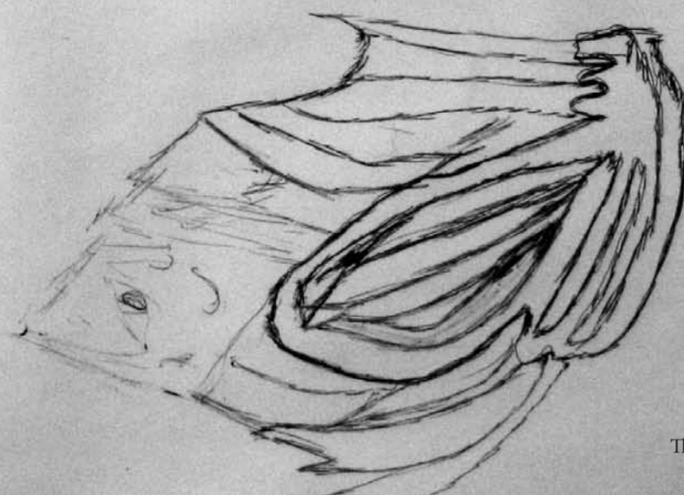
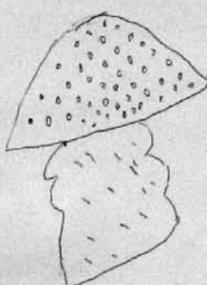
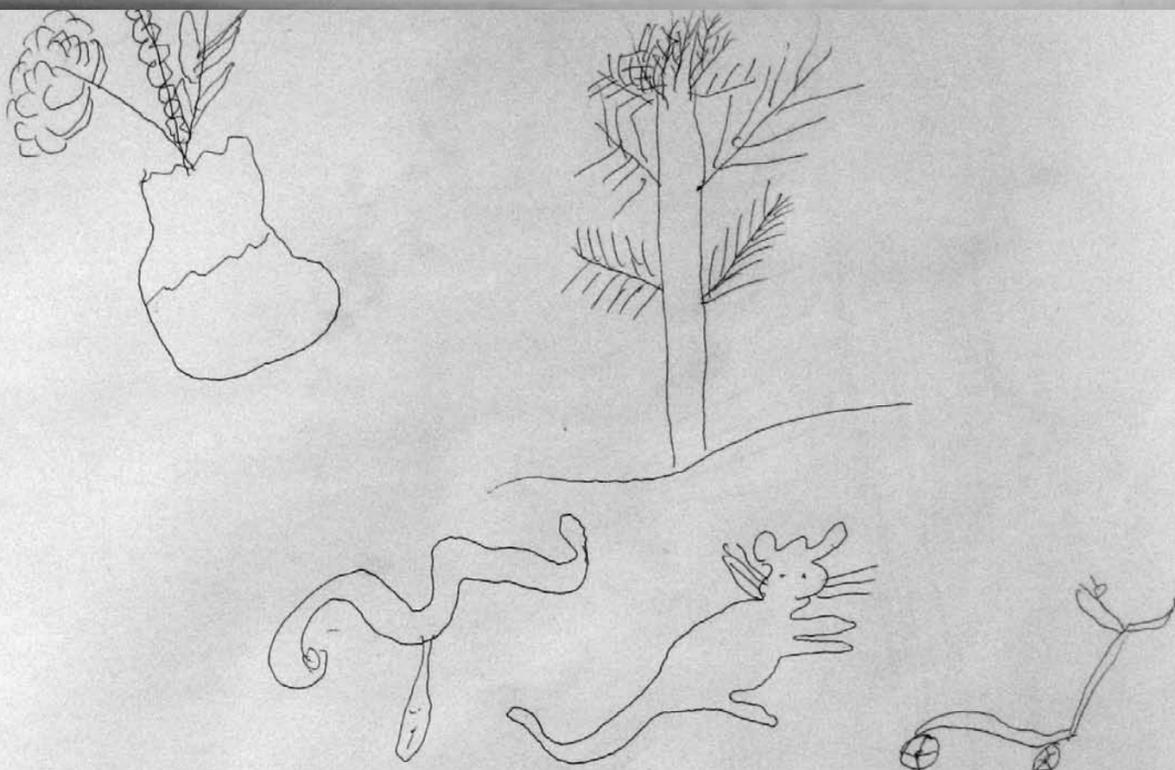
Open Stage Night



Before opening, probably 4:45 PM



Margo is sitting on the left corner. Taken after 5:20 PM



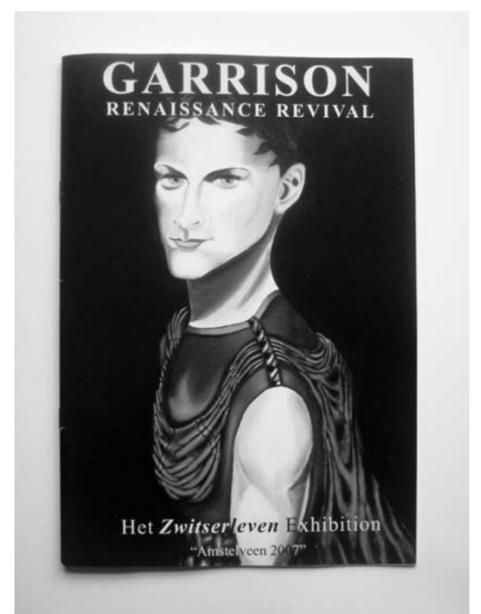


# Renaissance Revival

Over the years Gary Watson, a visitor of the Makom shelter, painted nine impressive paintings, using oil on canvas, which are disclosing sundry studies on landscape, the play of light and body shapes. Influenced by famous artists like Caravaggio, Rembrandt or Holbein, Gary definitely could develop his own style which is an interesting and novel approach on classical painting.

Now Michail and me thought it would be nice to help him with finally disposing them and not get dusty in the shelter's corner. We offered Gary to design a small catalogue, which shows his whole collection of paintings.

By doing this we had to consider different aspects like precise colour-fast photographs of the paintings and a appealing design, which should fit to Gary's style. Honestly, Gary was a quite tough client, but which one is going to be easy. Nonetheless this was a really good exercise for our upcoming design career. At the end we were really satisfied with the result. And fortunately we could finish the catalogue before the announced exhibition, which should take place at the Swiss Life building in Amstelveen.



# Neighbours Now

The first three to four weeks I used my time to visit Makom and get to know the visitors and the workers.

During these weeks I sat at the tables and drank coffee with the visitors. I had many good conversations with them. The visitors told me interesting stories from their own lives and we talked about our cultural differences.

After some weeks I got to know Darwit from Ethiopia. When I first met him he was playing on the piano, which made me think of doing something together using music as a starting point. The following week we showed each other our drawings and paintings. Darwit was open about his background. He showed me the scrapbook he had made about himself, his family, his country, and his life in Ethiopia before he came to the Netherlands.

We talked back and forth about our music project and how to put it into practice, but finally we decided to do a painting together instead.

I bought canvas and colors. We decided to divide the painting in half and each of us would paint a house with a garden from our home country on each half.

Darwit gave me some advice about how to make the garden in different colors to create depth in the painting.

During this semester Makom arranged different events, like a talent night and a movie night. Talent night really showed that this is a place with many people with hidden talents.

For movie night they showed "Walk the Line," and there was a nice atmosphere and a lot of good music from the movie.

I enjoyed my time at Makom. It is a real experience to meet new people you normally don't see in everyday life at school.



Mette and Darwit

Left is Darwit's home and right one Mette's

## 1001 Nights At Oud-West



We went to Oud-West the first time with Gary, a visitor from the United States who has been living in Amsterdam for a couple of years. Before we started to talk to the visitors, John (the head of the shelter) made a short introduction. He gave us some advice about how to talk to the people and how to motivate them to participate in diverse projects. He said that the visitors were actually very interested in creative work but that they would react quite differently when they met new faces. So Gary came up with the nice idea to do a mask-making workshop, which already sounded like lots of fun. We immediately agreed, because we thought this could be a great project to meet people and to have a nice time.

We also met Murat, a friendly guy, who was planning a Ramadan night called Iftar ("evening breakfast") the next day at Oud West, with some music and special food from the Middle East which had been donated by shops in the neighbourhood. He asked us if we could help him decorate the small room upstairs, which would be used for the little festivity. The next day we bought different kinds of colored paper and foil to create an authentic Middle Eastern atmosphere for the evening. Murat also brought some Arabic pillows which were placed in the room together with an original Turkish water pipe. We made stripes and shapes out of the paper to cover the whole room. Afterwards Saskia came with the icing on the cake; a small CD-

player with original belly dance music. Murat was in the kitchen preparing the food and we were impressed to see how much he had actually collected from different Arabic stores. At seven o'clock the sun went down and our small Ramadan night started by serving a typical homemade Ramadan soup (which was very delicious). It took a little while for the first visitors to arrive, but eventually the room was filled with people and the atmosphere was really nice. Murat served tasty snacks one after the other. Lots of food for everybody! While sitting in the front room we met a guy from Albania who seemed to be quite young compared to the rest of the people. He told us that he had just

come to Amsterdam to work but unfortunately he hadn't found any job yet due to the strict laws for foreign nationals in the Netherlands. This was why he had to go to the shelters. He talked a lot about his country and how different life was in this part of Europe. He also had a certain kind humor, which definitely lifted up the tune in the room. On the whole, we can say that the Oud-West Ramadan night was a great experience and a promising beginning. And, by the way, we realized how entertaining Gary can be and how many stories he can tell about the places he has visited, the people he has met, and also how to mix a good martini cocktail...

## The Unsolved Mask Mystery At Oud-West\*

We went to the shelter again the following week to announce our mask-making workshop. We came prepared with some nice-colored flyers which we hoped would attract lots of people. But to be honest, we were quite insecure so it took a while until we could grab their attention for the project. Fortunately we met Mira, a very funny and ambitious person, who was really interested in doing some funny masks with Rietveld students. So she helped us animate the others to participate the following Monday, which was the first day for the workshop. She did it in a quite funny and flashy way, so at the end we had around ten participants for the first "lesson".

We started our workshop with a big group of people. Since Gary was the only one who had made masks like this recently, everybody listened to his instructions of how to make them out of aluminium foil, paper and flour. After that everybody got some material and started with their own mask. Usually the shelter is open until four, but this time we could stay much longer.

We really enjoyed doing something apart from our regular schedule and we also found it interesting to see another environment, which actually had a very relaxing effect. The first workshop turned out to be a success; around 15 different masks were made and we really looked forward to meeting the next week to paint them.



Prepared with some snacks we arrived the following Monday to continue with the workshop. But when we got there something unexpected had happened: the masks were gone! And nobody could tell us where they were. We really couldn't believe that this happened for we had expected to find them there. When the first clients came we had to disappoint them and say that the masks were really gone. Nicht desto troitz we didn't want to give up so we decided to just start from the beginning. In the end we couldn't animate the same amount of people to join the project but we were still satisfied with the diversity of the masks. The masks had become really beautiful.

Although there was this little incident of losing the masks, we had a lot of fun with this project and with our participants. Therefore we want to thank the Oud West shelter and everybody who participated.





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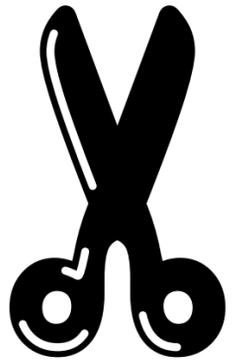
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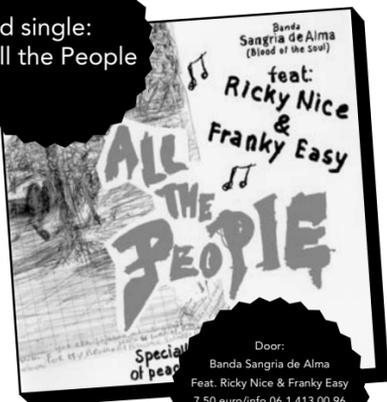
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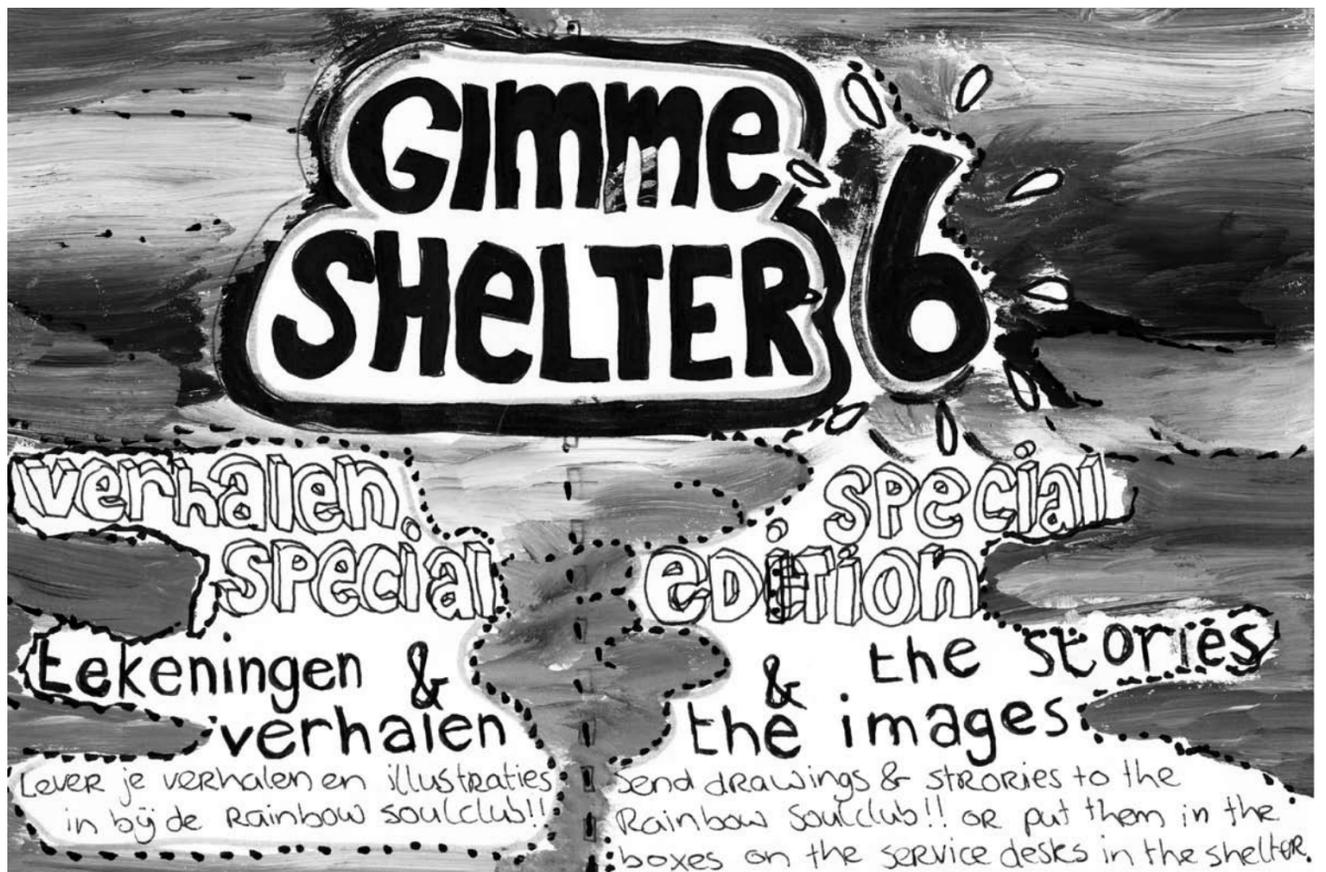
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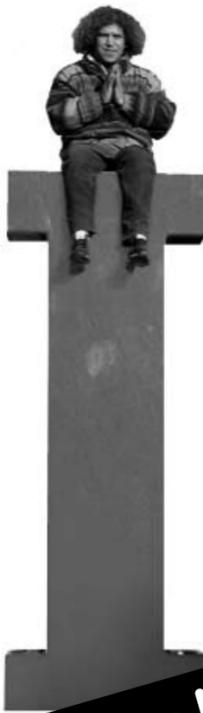
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