

RIETVELD JOURNAL #5

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OPEN #5 CALL

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DEADLINE
05.03.22

YOU CAN:

- Contribute to the upcoming issue
- Curate a section of content
- Take part in the editorial

Send in your *printed-matter-to-be* or any questions and propositions to journal@rietveldacademie.nl

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DEADLINE
05.03.22

spring 2023

Dear reader,

BIOJOURNAL #5

Chances click in marbled lobbies
a cross with Baroque legs
in table top position
if I feel inclined
I could
see my heavy words
as the piano keys
race like rabbits
as we start to get across
by the Anglo-Saxons
built this in Greek Classical
so as to allude
to macadamia
sweet tasting glossary
my life too was empty
before finding my way
to crocheting my gaty feelings
on pillows of soft light
the last lines
always shodding the
of the matter is
I bought them
to dunk my weary mind
the color matching
just a coincidence
or maybe unconscious
honestly I'm a corpse
when I go shopping
and only alive
when I feel life thrust
deep into me

Visual
Graphic Design
Julian Hill

PO
ET
RY

RIETVELD JOURNAL #5

spring 2023

WRITING

Glasses clink in marbled lobbies
a man with Baroque legs
in table top position
if I feel inclined
I could
rest my heavy words
as the piano keys
race like rabbits
so as not to get eaten
by the Anglo-Saxons
built this in Greek Classical
so as to allude
to macadamia
sweet tasting glossary
my life too was empty
before finding my way
to crocheting my gaty feelings
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when I go shopping
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deep into me

Julian Hill

GRAPHIC DESIGN

PO
ET
RY

puppy Accident

current seemed to be strong
and the origin of the world known amongst most
I'm back on track! Woken up out of
someone else's sweat-stained track pants
by maleficent bendable waterhands
confessing my secrets to the underworld as usual, I tell about
the three rustians breaking into my neighbour's room
to steal the massage table a tiny tattoo artist
left behind for my Italian landlord
and forgot to pick up. It's one of the stories I tell
but I'm disappointed by the lack of evil in my morning
I only behatted one little red puppy
and even that was an accident.

Frede Rosendal 96, 1076 ED, Amsterdam
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Jill van Grinsven

IMAGE AND LANGUAGE

Max van Meelwou

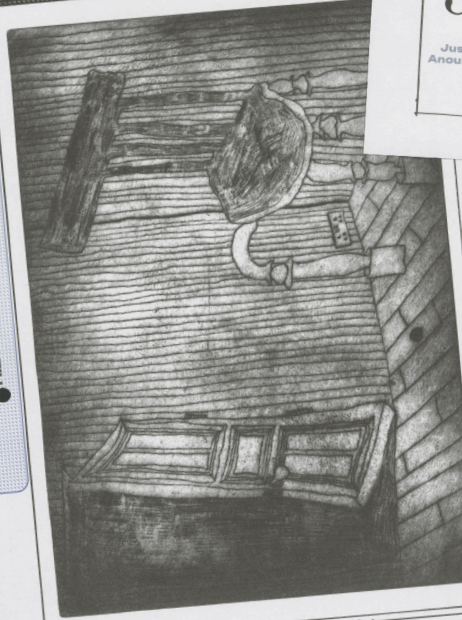
JEWELRY

Violin Practice

Quiet in the heads of mice
a single chew
rang out and cracked
in earthy marble pillars
walk among bare toes
witness
the buttery leather of divine
ruptured bite
cascade of crumb
a wilderness foreboding
kiddy pools, grass and burn
a step into
Kitchen Orange
laced between
your fingers Westward
O thank gods
I thought it was the dolphins
dummy girl
play those strings for them
under train tracks

spring 2023

Make
you dropped your coat



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VISUAL

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GRAPHIC DESIGN

Mihail Pavlopoulos

WRITING

A long walk to somewhere close

This text is dedicated to Fates
Walking as an observational falling. Again, a long walk to somewhere close. The movement of
water that shapes a rock over hundreds of years echoes an insurmountable flowing, that is almost
ungraspable if it weren't for the rock itself. To think of a rock in that sense, taps into a different
rhythm of experience and thereby affirms the uncertainty of exactly knowing how things move and
in what form that movement will be registered. The relation is not the distance between the body
of some then and the rock now. To reinvent distances, is to dwell in the thickness of relation and to
wander where other places and ways to be moved are. How to take a long walk to somewhere close?
To replace the question "where are you going?" with "how do your intimate movements take shape?"
It is the beginning of July and it's raining. Almost twenty five years ago a baby was crying in a
hospital. Tomorrow will mark yet another year around the sun. The night is fast approaching,
and, my eyes, I tremulous I, can hardly stay open, the grief of a day ends like a slanting door,
a realization that there was barely any movement all day.

The mouth is sagging ajar three times to ask for a few drops of water and it is already too much
because the agitation, the noise of people who go into cesspits, scream, sweat, sleep, applaud in
the streets, to show off their joy to cry out for existence, the horns of cars pressed against the heart
of jugglers, the quarts that point their noses at the corner of the street, a drunken creature vomits
into a bush of flowers and jingles the crowd of furry sentences, that crack open across messages,
and brushes the feet of a crying child, and it all comes up through the window like a sad wedding,
this is going to burn out, by fear of seeing too bright, too artificial, too real.

If there was barely any movement today and the eyes were almost closed, it's become everything
more so intensely in this whirlpool, and it is only by remaining still that I can understand that
there are particles of minutes every second. If there was movement today, it would decrease by at
least twofold the chances of seeing even a glimmer of this discolor without which there would be no
life. No life for this movement still, as I am going through insatiability.

The neck slips into a sweater of grey wool, which itches a little but not too much, to remind me that
I'm alive but not too much, a wool not too washed, because the more one washes a sweater, the more
these washes amorphous, and the more the stitches move closer to each other. Today needs leaving.
The summary of this text can be something like:
The day before their 25th birthday, the narrator cannot get out of bed, and senses the city change
through a bedroom window. In the evening, they resign from going out, in need of crying. As soon
as they are ready to cry, moans invade the street. Someone else seems to have taken away their tears.
It's December, who is breaking after a sequence of violent experiences. They are going to spend
the next 24 hours together. They seem in perfect synch but something seems to tug the narrator
misses a fifth mark on their chest - the brightest star Vega - to perfectly draw the constellation
of Lyra.

Or, the summary of this text can be something like:
How something is missing and gets lost and found and perhaps never found now.
Going outside, slamming the door a little too loud. No whitening in the room today. Tears in the bed
are reserved for moments of heartbreak and solitude. Outside, nervous cries can be heard. To prepare
for the thunder, there might be some chocolate at the night shop. A few meters from the front door
there are stairs of a cloud hotel. The tinted glasses cover the sight in yellow and everything is ready,
except the tears. A few more breaths.

Or perhaps, the summary of this text can be something like:
We did not make the deadline but continued writing the somber and then the deadline got
extended. Somewhere far, something slow and then sudden; a contamination, a pond-momentum
of particles, an orbit of turning points in space around ghosts too heavy to fly.

Justine Gense & Anouk Hoogendoorn

Justine Gense is currently travelling near and around Medelin,
with only one book, the 81 short stories of Clarice Lispector.
Anouk Hoogendoorn has an artistic research practice with a
strong, phenomenological, and experimental orientation to it. The typical texts,
poems, photos, sketches, videos, and audio works are moments of
processes rather than presentations fixed and cold for all.
Justine and Anouk write together, which each other over to undefined
locations. They met them on a scooter in Milan, taking a simultaneous nap
in Brussels and Amsterdam, and drawing in both in the middle of the
ocean. Recent publications in Soapbox Journal include a list of
low-resolutions, or a love letter as long as December.

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